

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XVIII, NO 50

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1906

WHOLE NO. 992.



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.

NEWBURG.

Mrs. Geo. Washburn and little daughter of Onondaga, Mich., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Grow.

Orrin Kells and wife and Harry Bohm and wife of near Howell visited Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ostrander Monday night, enroute for the State fair at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Joy left Tuesday for their home at Toledo.

School began Tuesday in this district. Reuben Barnes is in extremely poor health, having an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Frank Knickerbocker is now considered out of danger.

Mrs. Tom Davey, Jr., and daughter Beatrice, are spending the week with her parents at the farm.

Mr. and Mrs. James Joy returned from Detroit Sunday, bringing her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Beckhold and their sons Charles and Arthur, for a day's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Grovenstein are very proud over their small baby boy, born last week Thursday.

Grandma Dickerson returned home last week.

Mrs. David Barrows is at Detroit this week.

Mattie Smith is working at Plymouth.

Whitney Smith is visiting his mother this week.

The ladies' aid society will meet at the hall for supper next week Friday. Each member will recite a verse from Proverbs.

May Joslin's city boarders have returned to Detroit, where they will attend school.

Donald Ryder returned to Chicago Sunday.

Roy Laing of Chicago is visiting his parents. His wife and son have been in Plymouth for several weeks.

Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale

LIVONIA CENTER.

Almost everybody from these parts took in the fair at Detroit this week.

W. O. Minkley is entertaining his daughter, Mrs. Glympe, this week.

And now we hear the school bell once more calling "olive branches" together.

O. E. Chilson and wife called on Center friends on Wednesday.

Mr. Vanbuskirk was taken seriously ill on Monday and Dr. Peck was called, who stated he had symptoms of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Fred Lee accompanied Mrs. McCormick home to Ohio on Wednesday.

The blight has struck the cucumber crop in dead earnest and the housewife who did not care for her pickles will be short of that eatable this year.

Eatril Cook returned to Plymouth Saturday, after a week's stay with her grandparents.

Frank Peck has a very sore hand, caused by a felon.

There was a merry party at Will Garchow's Saturday night and they got away with some twenty watermelons.

E. R. Peck and Chas. Wolfson are employed in the city now.

The age limit pension passed the two houses of Congress and has become a law. Under its provisions when a soldier of the civil war arrives at the age of sixty years, he is allowed \$6 per month without examination as to disability. At sixty-two he gets \$8, and at seventy years of age \$12 is allowed him. When the pensions are small the bill does away with any controversy as to disability and gives every soldier a pension regardless of disease contracted in the war or since that time. — Ex.

Estimates made by crop experts indicate that the United States this year will have a total production of wheat in the neighborhood of 750,000,000 bushels. This may be cut down by the fact that there has been some damage done to the crop. It is predicted that there will be \$1 wheat before Jan. 1st, 1907.

CONQUISH

David Epps was the only son of the late Stanley Epps and his wife Angeline, now living. He was born at Ancester, near Hamilton city, Ont., May 3, 1847. He came to the State of Michigan about 25 years ago and had lived in this place for the past twelve years. He was married to Miss Jennie Papban in 1883 and five children were born of the union, four of whom are living. Mr. Epps had a fine education and was much respected as a neighbor. For about two years his health had been failing, until about three weeks before his death he took to his bed and from that time on his suffering was intense. Dr. Foster of Wayne pronounced it cancer of the stomach. He died Aug. 27th and was laid to rest in Glenwood cemetery, funeral services being held at his late home Wednesday, Aug. 29, Rev. Steadman officiating.

Miss Birdie Epps of Ravenna, Ohio, came to attend the funeral of her father and is still visiting friends here.

Mrs. George Russell and three children, while moving from Baltimore, Md., to Eaton Rapids, Mich., last week, stopped and visited their aunt, Mrs. John Hix and family for a few days.

Cady and Ralph Hix, also others from here, started to school in Plymouth on Tuesday, driving to and fro.

Otis Rowe's little girl, who was very sick, is better at last report.

REUNION.

The Christopher Hasselbach Family Hold First Reunion—Several Addresses Made—History of the Family.

The first reunion of the Hasselbach family was held Saturday, Aug. 11, at the residence of Mrs. Ph. Dingledey in Canton township. The weather being perfect, the day was thoroughly enjoyed by the eighty relatives present. The time was spent in conversation, speeches and music.

The Hasselbach family represent a body of wide awake people, men and women of the highest type and residents, whose name is a credit to parents. They are successful people wherever they have gone and are leading families in the community they grace. Their reunion was a very pleasant one and will hereafter be an annual affair, looked forward to with keen pleasure.

After a great deal of research, Mr. Edward Lauppe was able to give a complete history of the family. Christopher Hasselbach was born May 14, 1789, in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany. He married Miss Julia Becker, of the same place, December, 1825, who was born Nov. 17, 1802. To them were born eight children, four boys and four girls. In 1852 they decided to try their fortune in the new world and arrived in New York April 20. Like a great many of the early pioneers they went west and settled on a fine farm in Canton township, June 19, 1852, which has been in the family continuously since that time. Chris Hasselbach died March 12, 1879, his demise being caused by a stroke of apoplexy, having reached the age of ninety years. He was a man of remarkable strength and ruggedness, and it is known that at this great age he many times drove to Detroit, a distance of twenty miles, with farm produce, and back again the same day. At his death he was survived by his wife and all his children.

Mrs. Hasselbach resided on the farm several years longer and then made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Lauppe in Detroit, where she died Feb. 2, 1899, having reached the great age of 97 years. She was survived by six children and a host of grand, great-grand and great-great-grandchildren. Of the children still living, Geo. Hasselbach resides in San Francisco, Christ Hasselbach, Jr., Richmond, Mich., Mrs. Andrew Lauppe of Detroit, and Mrs. Ph. Dingledey, Sr., Canton township. At this date there were 159 relatives, of whom 27 have died, leaving 132 living descendants of these sturdy pioneers.

Of the out of town relatives present there were Mrs. Kate Smith, Mrs. Mavis and daughter of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Streng and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lauppe and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lauppe and family, Dr. A. Lauppe, Miss Emma Lauppe of Detroit, Mrs. Becklein and son of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller and son of Youngstown, Ohio, Mrs. Miles of Hudson, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Balwin Hasselbach, of New Haven, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Ryder and family of Salem, Mrs. Long and family of Inkster.

Mrs. A. E. Worden and son, of Grand Rapids, who have been spending a few days with Mrs. C. W. Valentine, have returned home.

PINCKNEY, PAINSTAKING PHARMACIST FOR ARTICULAR PEOPLE.

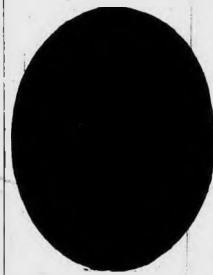
FALL HAS COME BUT
CITRON CREAM

—AND—

CAMPHORTA

ARE HERE THE YEAR
ROUND TO

Smooth the Skin and Cure Cold Sores, &c.



DR. JOHN F. BENNETT

FOR CORONER.

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

Pere Marquette Elevator

Highest
Price
Paid for
Grain.

J. D. McLAREN & CO.

Both Phones.

SERIAL STORY

A SPARTAN.

Unmoved, he sees the years go by,
The seasons flash and fade;
Old comrades pass, old memories die,
Himself still unafraid.

He knows the irony of Death
Is but a jest of Fate;
And his task, with even breath,
To steadfast watch and wait.

Power and spoil, he needs them not,
Ambition's voice, nor Fame's;
He knows the sands of centuries blot
Lost records of great names.

For him the bitterest words that blow
Shall only make him strong;
He finds in rain and hail and snow
The solace of a song.

The iron tone of bells may toll
Dirges or wedding chime;
He rides in peace, with stoic soul,
Himself the peer of Time.

Content, what'er shall cross his way;
Happy, if fortune send
Out from the wrecks of nights and days
One woman, and a friend.
—Ernest McGaffey, in Nashville Daily News.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"I think that's it. He's getting old, and he's come along into his second childhood. A couple of more months at this rate, and I'm afraid I'll have to ring up one of those nice shiny black wagons to take him off to the foolish house."

"Can't you talk to him, and tell him better?"

"I could. I know it, all by heart—all the things to say to a man on the downward path. Heaven knows I've heard them often enough, but I'd feel ashamed to talk that way to Uncle Peter. If he were my son, now, I'd cut off his allowance and send him back to make something of himself, like Silie Higbee with little Henery; but I'm afraid all I can do is to watch him and see that he doesn't marry one of those little pink-silk chorus girls, or lick a policeman, or anything."

"You're carryin' on the same way yourself," ventured his mother.

"That's different," replied her perceptive son.

Uncle Peter had refused to live at the Hightower after three days in that splendid and populous caravansary.

"It suits me well enough," he explained to Percival, "but I have to look after Billy Brue, and this ain't any place for Billy. You see Billy ain't city broke yet. Look at him now over there, the way he goes around butting into strangers. He does that way because he's all the time looking down at his new patent leather shoes—first pair he ever had. He'll be plumb stoop-shouldered if he don't hurry up and get the new kicked off of 'em. I'll have to get him a nice warm box-stall in some place that ain't so much on the band-wagon as this one. The ceilings here are too high for Billy. And I found him shootin' craps with the bell boy this mornin'. The boy thinks Billy, bein' from the west, is a stage robber, or somethin' like he reads about in the Cap' Collier lib'ries, and follows him around every chance he gets. And Billy taps up too many of them little striped drinks; and them French-cooked dishes ain't so good for him, either. He caught on to the bill of fare right away. Now he won't order anything but them alias—them dishes that has a 'la' something or other after 'em," he explained, when Percival looked puzzled. "He knows they'll always be something all fussed up with red, white and blue gravy, and a little paper bouquet stuck into 'em. I never knew Billy was such a fancy eater before."

So Uncle Peter and his charge had established themselves in an old-fashioned but very comfortable hotel down on one of the squares, a dingy monument to the time when life had been less hurried. Uncle Peter had stayed there 30 years before, and he found the place unchanged. The carpets and hangings were a bit faded, but the rooms were generously broad, the chairs, as the old man remarked, were "made to sit in," and the cuisine was held, by a few knowing old epicures who still frequented the place, to be superior even to that of the more pretentious Hightower. The service, it is true, was apt to be slow. Strangers who chanced in to order a meal not infrequently became enraged, and left before their food came, trailing plain short words of extreme dissatisfaction behind them as they went. But the elect knew that these delays betokened the presence of an artistic conscience in the kitchen, and that the food was worth tarrying for. "They know how to make you come back hungry for some more the next day," said Uncle Peter Bines.

From this headquarters the old man went forth to join in the diversions of his grandson. And here he kept a watchful eye upon the uncertain Billy Brue; at least approximately. Between them, his days and nights were occupied to crowding. But Uncle Peter had already put in some hard winters, and was not wanting in fortitude. Billy Brue was a sore trouble to the old man. "I jest can't keep him off the green nights," was his chief complaint.

By day Billy Brue walked the streets in a decent, orderly trance of bewilderment. He was properly puzzled and amazed by many strange matters. He never could find out what was "going on" to bring so many folks into town. They all hurried somewhere constantly, but he was never able to reach the center of excitement. Nor did he ever learn how anyone could reach those high clothes lines, strung 40 feet above ground between the backs of houses; nor how there could be "so many shows in town, all on one night;" nor why you should get so many good things to eat by merely buying a "slug of whisky;" nor why a thousand people weren't run over in Broadway each 24 hours.

At night, Billy Brue ceased to be the astounded alien, and, as Percival said Dr. Von Herzlich would say, "began to mingle and cooperate with his environment." In the course of this process he fell into adventures, some of them, perhaps, unedifying. But it may be told that his silver watch with the braided leather fob was stolen from him the second night out; also that the following week, in a Twenty-ninth street saloon, he accepted the hospitality of an affable stranger, who had often been in Montana City. His explanation of subsequent events was entirely satisfactory, at least, from the time that he returned to consciousness of them.

"I only had about \$30 in my clothes," he told Percival, "but what made me so darned hot, he took my breastpin, too, made out of the first nugget ever found in the Early Bird mine over Silver Bow way. Gee! when I woke up I couldn't tell where I was. This cop that found me in a hallway, he says I must have been give a dose of Peter. I says, "All right—I'm here to go against all the games," I says, "but pass me when the Peter comes around again," I says. And he says Peter was knocked out drops. Say, honestly, I didn't know my own name till I had a chance to look me over. The clothes and my hands looked like I'd seen 'em before, somehow—and then I come to myself."

After this adventure, Uncle Peter would caution him of an evening: "Now, Billy, don't stay out late. If you ain't been gone through by 11, just hand what you got on you over to the first man you meet—none of 'em'll ask you any questions—and then pike fur home. The later at night it gets in New York the harder it is for strangers to stay alive. You're all right in Wardner or in Hellandgone, Billy, but in this here camp you're just a tender little bed of pansies by the wayside, and these New Yorkers are



AN AFFABLE STRANGER.

terrible careless where they step after dark."

Notwithstanding which, Mr. Brue continued to behave uniformly in a manner to make all judicious persons grieve. His place of supreme delight was the Hightower. Its marble splendors, its myriad lights, the throngs of men and women in evening dress, made for him a scene of unending fascination. The evenings when he was invited to sit in the cafe with Uncle Peter and Percival made memories long to be cherished.

He spent such an evening there at the end of their first month in New York. Half a dozen of Percival's friends sat at the table with them from time to time. There had been young Beverly Van Arsdel, who, Percival disclosed, was heir to all the Van Arsdel millions, and no end of a swell. And there was big, handsome Eddie Arledge, whose father had treated him shabbily. These two young gentlemen spoke freely about the inferiority of many things "on this side"—as they denominated this glorious Land of Freedom—of many things from horses to wine. The country was rapidly becoming, they agreed, no place for a gentleman to live. Luddie Arledge confessed that, from motives of economy, he had been beguiled into purchasing an American claret.

want to test a new barrel, we inject three drops of it into a jack-rabbit, and if he doesn't lick a bulldog in six seconds, we turn down the goods. That's as far as our education has ever gone in vintages."

It sounded like the old Uncle Peter, but he was afterward so good-natured that Percival concluded the irritation could have been but momentary.

CHAPTER XX.

UNCLE PETER BINES THREATENS TO RAISE SOMETHING.

Uncle Peter and Billy Brue left the Hightower at midnight. Billy Brue wanted to walk down to their hotel, on the plea that they might see a fight or a fire "or something." He never ceased to feel cheated when he was obliged to ride in New York. But Uncle Peter insisted on the cab.

"Say, Uncle Peter," he said, as they rode down, "I got a good notion to get me one of them first-part suits—like the minstrel wear in the grand first part, you know—only I'd never be able to get it on to the track right without a hostler to harness me and see to all the buckles and cinch the straps right. They're mighty fine, though."

Finding Uncle Peter uncommunicative, he gazed during the remainder of the ride, envying the careless ease with which Percival and his friends, and even Uncle Peter, wore the prescribed evening regalia of gentlemen, and yearning for the distinguished effect of his black and white elegance upon himself.

They went to their connecting rooms, and Billy Brue regretfully sought his bed, marveling how free people in a town like New York could ever bring themselves to waste time in sleep. As he dozed off, he could hear the slow, measured tread of Uncle Peter pacing the floor in the next room.

He was awakened by hearing his name called. Uncle Peter stood in a flood of light at the door of his room. He was fully dressed.

"Awake, Billy?"

"Is it gittin' up time?"

The old man came into the room and lighted a gas jet. He looked at his watch.

"No; only a quarter to four. I ain't been to bed yet."

Billy Brue sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Rheumatiz again, Uncle Peter?"

"No; I been thinkin', Billy. How do you like the game?"

He began to pace the floor again from one room to the other.

"What game?" Billy Brue had encountered a number in New York.

"This whole game—livin' in New York."

Mr. Brue became judicial.

"It's a good game as long as you got money to buy chips. I'd hate like damnation to go broke here. All the pay-claims have been located, I guess."

"I doubt it's bein' a good game any time, Billy. I been actin' as kind of a lookout now fur about 40 days and 40 nights, and the chances is all in favor of the house. You don't even get half your money on the high card when the splits come."

Billy Brue pondered this sentiment. It was not his own.

"The United States of America is all right, Billy."

This was safe ground.

"Sure!" His mind reverted to the evening just past. "Of course there was a couple of Clarencees in high collars there to-night that made out like they was throwin' it down; but they ain't the whole thing, not by a long shot."

"Yes, and that young shrimp that was talkin' about 'vintages' and 'trouserings.'" The old man paused in his walk.

"What are 'trouserings,' Billy?"

Mr. Brue had not looked into shop windows day after day without enlarging his knowledge.

"Trouserings," he proclaimed, rather importantly, "is the cloth they make pants out of."

"Oh! is that all? I didn't know but it might be some new kind of duds. And that fellow don't ever get up till 11 o'clock a. m. I don't reckon I would myself if I didn't have anything but trouserings and vintages to worry about. And that Van Arsdel boy?"

"Say!" said Billy, with enthusiasm. "I never thought I'd be ever in the same room with one of that family, 'less I prized open the door with a jimmy."

"Well, who's he? My father knew his grandfather when he kep' tavern over on the Raritan river, and his grandmother!—this shrimp's grandmother!—she tended bar."

"Gee!"

"Yes, they kep' tavern, and the old lady passed the rum bottle over the bar, and took in the greasy money. This here fellow, now, couldn't make an honest livin' like that, I bet you. He's like a dog breeder would say—got the pedigree, but not the points."

Mr. Brue emitted a high, throaty giggle.

"But they ain't all like that here, Uncle Peter. Say, you come out with me some night jest in your workin' clothes. I can show you people all right that won't ask to see your union card. Say, on the dead, Uncle Peter, I wish you'd come. There's a lady professor in a dime museum right down here on Fourteenth street that eats fire and juggles the big snakes—say, she's got a complexion—"

"There's enough like that kind, though," interrupted Uncle Peter. "I could take a double-barrel shotgun up to that hotel and get nine with each barrel around in them hallways; the shot wouldn't have to be rammed, either; 'twouldn't have to scatter so blamed much."

"Oh, well, them society sports—there's got to be some of them—"

"Yes, and the way they make 'em reminds me of what Dal Mutzig tells

about the time they started Pasco. 'What you fellows makin' a town here fur?' Dal says he asked 'em, and he says they says: 'Well, why not? The land ain't good for anything else, is it?' they says. That's the way with them shrimps; they ain't good for anything else. There's that Arledge, the lad that keeps his mouth hangin' open all the time he's lookin' at you—he'll catch cold in his works, first thing he knows—with his gold monogram on his cigarettes."

"He said he was poor," urged Billy, who had been rather taken with the ease of Arledge's manner.

"Fine, big, handsome fellow, ain't he? Strong as an ox, active and perfectly healthy, ain't he? Well, he's a pill! But his old man must 'a' been on to him. Here, here's a piece in the paper about that fine big strappin' giant—it's partly what got me to thinkin' to-night, so I couldn't sleep. Just listen to this," and Uncle Peter read:

"E. Wadsworth Arledge, son of the late James Townsend Arledge, of the dry goods firm of Arledge & Jackson, presented a long affidavit to Justice Dutcher, of the supreme court, yesterday, to show why his income of \$6,000 a year from his father's estate should not be abridged to pay a debt of \$48,322. Henry T. Gotlieb, a grocer, who obtained a judgment for that amount against him in 1895, and has been unable to collect, asked the court to enjoin Judge Henry P. Manderson, as executor of the Arledge Trust company, and the Union Fidelity Trust company, as executors of the Arledge estate, from paying Mr. Arledge his full income until the debt has been discharged. Gotlieb contended that Arledge could sustain the reduction required."

"James T. Arledge died about two years ago, leaving an estate of about \$3,000,000. He had disapproved of the marriage of his son and evinced his displeasure in his will. The son had married Flora Florence, an actress. To the son was given an income of \$6,000 a year for life. The rest of the estate went to the testator's widow for life, and then to charity."

Here is the affidavit of E. Wadsworth Arledge:

"I have been brought up in idleness, under the idea that I was to inherit a large estate. I have never acquired any business habits so as to fit me to acquire property, or to make me take care of it."

"I have never been in business, except many years ago, when I was a boy, when I was for a short time employed in one of the stores owned by my father. For many years prior to my father's death I was not employed, but lived on a liberal allowance made to me by him. I am a married man, and in addition to my wife have a family of two children to support from my income."

"All our friends are persons of wealth and of high social standing, and we are compelled to spend money in entertaining the many friends who entertain us. I am a member of many expensive clubs. I have absolutely no income except the allowance I receive from my father's estate, and the same is barely sufficient to support my family."

"I have received no technical or scientific education, fitting me for any business or profession, and should I be deprived of any portion of my income I will be plunged in debt anew."

"The court reserved decision."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As She Expressed It.

It is a kindly beneficent custom in some country villages for the wealthier inhabitants to subscribe and make good the loss which a poorer villager may sustain through the loss of a pig. Maj. Currie, however, had but recently returned from India, and knew little of the local customs; and therefore he was astounded recently to receive a visit from the wife of a laborer who lived near.

"Lost a pig—eh?" he repeated, gruffly. "Well, I haven't got it! I don't collect pigs!"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," faltered the woman; "but, you see, sir, the pig died."

"Well, d'ye want me to go to the funeral, send a wreath, or what, woman?" he fumed.

"No, sir—indeed, no! This was the reply. "But we're poor folks, sir, and we thought that, bein' the biggest pig in the neighborhood, you'd give us a little 'elp."

The major's reply was distinctly pungent.

Familiar.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife in a narrow road met a hay wagon fully loaded. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. He should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if we have to stay here all night."

The man in the automobile was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted:

"Never mind, sir," he exclaimed, "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"With His Wife's Money."

Once upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited \$500 from a grandfather. This was all she ever received, but the man never got credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new store. "Did it with his wife's money," the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. "His wife's money did it," was the only comment. The little mealy \$500 she inherited was given the credit for everything he did during his life, and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, "Her money paid for that," was said again. But this is what her money really went for. During her engagement she bought herself a \$350 piano and a \$150 diamond ring, and in a few weeks lost the ring, and there was always some regret that she didn't lose the piano. —Atchison Globe.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was fading fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

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

A Real Celebrity.

The local pride of the natives of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is so intense that it takes the attitude of pity for all who have the misfortune to dwell elsewhere. This is known to regular summer visitors, and by most of them respected.

One rainy day a newcomer, who had joined the gathering at the store, composed of fishermen and summer visitors, ventured to enumerate some of the distinguished men who had come from Maine.

"There's Longfellow," he said, "and Hannibal Hamlin, and James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed, and—"

Here an old fisherman looked up from his work of splicing grass blades, and broke in:

"Smart? Those fellows smart?" he questioned. "You just come down 'n' see Josh Pillsbury skin fish!" —Lewiston Journal.

WILD WITH ITCHING HUMOR.

Eruption Broke Out in Spots All Over Body—Cured at Expense of Only \$1.25—Thanks Cuticura.

"The Cuticura Remedies cured me of my skin disease, and I am very thankful to you. My trouble was eruption of the skin, which broke out in spots all over my body, and caused a continual itching which nearly drove me wild at times. I got medicine of a doctor, but it did not cure me, and when I saw in a paper your ad I sent to you for the Cuticura book and I studied my case in it. I then went to the drug store and bought one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and one vial of Cuticura Pills. From the first application I received relief. I used the first set and two extra cakes of Cuticura Soap, and was completely cured. I had suffered for two years, and I again thank Cuticura for my cure. Claude N. Johnson, Maple Grove Farm, R. F. D. 2, Walnut, Kan., June 15, 1905."

Beit's Deed of Generosity.

One of the many persons whom the late Alfred Beit had befriended repaid him with ingratitude and abuse. Later the ingrate fell on evil times. Though down in the gutter, he still had a little shame left and would not ask Mr. Beit for help. The South African diamond magnate sent for one of the unucky one's friends and said:

"Go and see So-and-So, ask if he wants any help, and give it to him, but don't let him think it is from me. I have had a difference with him and perhaps it would annoy him!"

Sensible German Idea.

On continental railways and the Rhine steamers there is no miscellaneous scrambling for meals. Instead a steward goes through the train or boat and lists the people who want to eat. Each gets a number, and this insures a seat without crowding or delay.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anæmia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anæmia. I had spools of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to. I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deadly sensations would come over me."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It's unsafe to bury the dead past—better cremate it.

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

What a miserable crowd of pessimists we would be if we could see ourselves as others see us.

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 *Dr. J. C. Williams*

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

Fear for Cologne Cathedral.

Serious damage to the magnificent central portal of Cologne cathedral is feared. Several large pieces of carved stone have fallen and numerous other portions show signs of loosening. The cathedral, begun in 1248, was not completed until 1850. It is generally regarded as the finest piece of Gothic architecture in the world.

A HEALTHY OLD AGE

OFTENTHE BEST PART OF LIFE

Help for Women Passing Through Change of Life

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.



Mrs. Mary Koehne

Nervous exhaustion invites disease.

This statement is the positive truth. When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspiration easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and during the period of change of life we know of no better medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Mary L. Koehne, 371 Garfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years in my family and it never disappoints; so when I felt that I was nearing the change of life I commenced treatment with it. I took in all about six bottles and it did me a great deal of good. It stopped my dizzy spells, pains in my back and the headaches with which I had suffered for months before taking the Compound. I feel that if it had not been for this great medicine for women that I should not have been alive today. It is splendid for women old or young, and will surely cure all female disorders."

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick and ailing women to write her for advice. Her great experience is at their service, free of cost.

MOTHER'S FAVORITE



For Baby's Skin & Scalp

Because of its Delicate Medicinal, Emollient, Sanative, and Antiseptic Properties combined with the purest of Cleansing Ingredients and most refreshing of Flower Odors.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Ointment, 50c. Cuticura Tablets, 25c. Cuticura Cream, 25c. Cuticura Lotion, 25c. Cuticura Powder, 25c. Cuticura Starch, 25c. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Ointment, 50c. Cuticura Tablets, 25c. Cuticura Cream, 25c. Cuticura Lotion, 25c. Cuticura Powder, 25c. Cuticura Starch, 25c.

A CONFIRMED OLD MAID.

By M. M. COUPER.

Miss Margaret Brentwood and Montmorency her cat lived together near Union square.

Montmorency was four years old, and was striped all over like a tiger, with the exception of an immaculate white shirt-front. Montmorency had his own particular chair and cushion in the drawing room and boudoir; this was Miss Brentwood's fady, and Montmorency good-naturedly nuzzled her. When a man and woman set up house together a certain amount of give-and-take is necessary, and this particular instance resembled many others in that the giving was monopolized by one side.

It seemed to afford Miss Brentwood satisfaction to give Montmorency thick cream in dainty china saucers, and soft velvet cushions to lie upon, and consequently what could he do but gracefully accept the attentions? Montmorency was very fond of his mistress; he had grown accustomed to her, as he had to his respective chairs and cushions, and not being without experience of women in general, he placed her emphatically before any others of his acquaintance. He liked to see her graceful figure bending over her work, or the writing table, and to watch the cool white hands which were always busy over something.

Miss Margaret Brentwood was 40, and a confirmed old maid, so her friends and acquaintances declared, but the fact did not appear to trouble her in the least. There was nothing old-maidish in her appearance, and the sprinkling of gray in her dark hair only lent an additional dignity to her face. Montmorency had never seriously considered whether his mistress might truthfully be described as handsome or fascinating, but he knew that every detail of her presence, from the soft tones with which she addressed him, to the delicate perfume she always affected, all went to make up an exceedingly pleasant personality.

Now, it so happened that one fine afternoon two friends of Miss Brentwood's



"She Has Very Good Taste, Hasn't She?"

met on her door-step, both purposing to honor that lady with a visit. They were ushered into the drawing room, where Montmorency was in sole possession, Miss Brentwood having only just returned home, being still engaged in removing her wraps.

Montmorency's first idea on recognizing the visitors was to rise and leave the room; his second, that he might derive some amusement if he remained, for he had long ago made the discovery that the conversation of certain women was apt to become extremely pleasant.

"She has very good taste, hasn't she?" said Mrs. Otway Lashington, sending her glance comprehensively round the room through her gold pince-nez.

"Or the reputation for it, which amounts to the same thing," responded the other lady.

"Thought that was smart, didn't you?" murmured Montmorency, watching the speaker through his half-closed lids.

"Odd she has never married—so well off as she is, too!" pursued Mrs. Otway Lashington.

"Well, I don't know about its being odd," said Mrs. Brasher, pursing up her lips with much significance.

"Why, was there anyone? Oh! do tell me, dear Mrs. Brasher; she will be down in a moment."

"Of course you understand it must go no further!"

"Of course, of course."

"Looks for all the world as if she saw a jug of cream," interposed Montmorency with disgust.

Well, when she was quite a girl, one of old John Dorrington's sons fell madly in love with her, and she with him; but the old man, who was as mad as a hatter even then, vowed that his son should marry rich, and wouldn't hear of an engagement between them. Margaret Brentwood has always had plenty of pride, and she absolutely refused to marry young Dorrington against his father's wishes, and consequently they parted with the usual protestations of undying constancy, and I believe they have held so communication with each other since. She has kept her word, as you see."

"And he?"

"Unmarried, too! Refreshingly romantic, isn't it?"

"Surprisingly so. And where is Mr. Dorrington now?"

"Oh! I have no idea of his present whereabouts. I haven't set eyes on him for years. He was a very handsome boy, but I expect he is a gray-haired old bore by this time. I know she keeps his photograph, and looks at it every night. Oh! my dear Miss Brentwood, how d'ue do? We were just admiring your beautiful cat. Quite unique specimen, I am sure!"

"It's you who are the unique specimen," hissed Montmorency. "Don't touch me, you make me sick!" he added sharply, every hair bristling with antagonism as a delicately gloved hand attempted to stroke his ears.

"The darling doesn't like strangers, does he?" cooed Mrs. Otway Lashington.

"No, he doesn't—when they are anything like you," said Montmorency, and stalked majestically to the door. He had not acquired the ethics of society, and considered his candor worthy of all commendation. He was also much excited by the news that he had just heard, and decided that the air on the roof would be soothing and conducive to thought. Mrs. Brasher's story was as new to him as to Mrs. Otway Lashington, and threw light on many circumstances which had hitherto puzzled him.

He had noticed that every night Miss Brentwood unlocked one of the drawers of a small inlaid cabinet in her boudoir and took out a photograph. He had watched the performance with scant interest, for it had no definite result like the turning out of a lamp or the ringing of a bell, and he had come to look upon it as a mere idle habit on the part of his mistress. Sometimes also, in the twilight, he had seen her take from the same drawer a packet of old, faded letters and hold them tight in her white hands. He had been surprised that she had never unfolded the ribbons which bound them, the simple reason that she knew the contents by heart not occurring to him.

That night, when Miss Brentwood took out the photograph as usual, Montmorency sprang on the back of the sofa where she was sitting and looked at the picture over her shoulder. It was the portrait of a young man, whose firm mouth was only partially concealed by an incipient mustache. Montmorency studied the face carefully, but could not detect the good looks to which Mrs. Brasher had referred. When Miss Brentwood rose to replace the photograph Montmorency was industriously washing his already spotless waistcoat. It was his first step along the tortuous pathway of deception.

But if he had so far forgotten himself as to yield on the spur of the moment to a vulgar curiosity, it was not likely that he was going to publicly acknowledge the fact.

One afternoon Miss Brentwood and Montmorency sat together in the boudoir. It was early spring, and outside in the square the trees were beginning to bud. The New York sparrows were discussing important domestic matters loudly among the branches, their sooty little forms contrasting oddly with the ethereal background. Montmorency watched them from the window-seat with the air of a policeman who is told to keep an eye on suspicious characters, it was evident that he considered them a blot on the landscape.

Miss Brentwood presently came to the window, and followed the direction of Montmorency's green eyes.

"So spring has come again, Monty," she said, stroking his soft head. "Look at that tree— isn't it lovely? Much too pretty for New York. I wonder if the trees are out in the old garden—"

Miss Brentwood seemed to be gazing through the trees at something which Montmorency could not see; her voice trailed away into silence and they both gave a start at the prosaic sound of the front door-bell.

"Visitors, Monty," said Miss Brentwood, a trifle wearily, "and I am not in the mood for them. You lucky little cat! you can fly if you want to, and I can't."

"Why on earth do you let them, in if you don't want to see them?" asked Montmorency's eyes.

"Duty, Montmorency," said Miss Brentwood. "To think you don't even know what that means." And then the door opened and the servant announced "Mr. Dorrington!"

Montmorency turned sharply and saw a tall man with a bronzed, deeply lined face and iron-gray hair and mustache. He advanced quickly towards Miss Brentwood.

"Margaret," he said simply, "my father is dead!"

It was the strangest greeting Montmorency had ever heard. He looked quickly from the visitor to Miss Brentwood. She had turned very white and swayed a little where she stood, and her answer was only one word—

"Frank!"

"I have come to claim your promise, Margaret," said he huskily. "Have you changed, or are you mind still, after all these long years?"

There was a pause. Montmorency could hear the clock ticking, and a cinder fall from the fire, also the quick breathing of the two human beings. Then Miss Brentwood broke the silence.

"After all these long years," she repeated dreamily, and stretched out her hands to her old lover. He took them in his own and drew her towards him.

Montmorency, with true delicacy, turned his back and resumed his espionage on the sparrows.

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Beardsley.)

All Chemically Pure. The mistaken idea of a few years ago, about Alum in Baking Powders being injurious, no longer prevails, or scarcely exists. It is a well established fact by chemical analysis that Cream of Tartar being less volatile than Alum, when exposed to heat, is not entirely vaporized as is the case with Alum, but leaves a residue in the bread, which is injurious. Alum, on the contrary, is entirely evaporated while performing its function during process of baking, leaving no atom of injurious residuous substance. The words "Chemically Pure" erroneously used to designate Cream of Tartar from Alum baking powder is a misnomer. Baking Powder made of pure Alum is as chemically pure as made from pure cream of tartar. These words mean nothing more nor less than pure chemicals, and in no way can they imply that one baking powder is Alum and another Cream of Tartar. Alum has been declared to be wholesome; an established fact. Every large water system in the cities along the Missouri river use Alum in large quantities to purify the water before pumping it into their water mains for consumption. Cream of Tartar baking powder is perhaps good enough for any one; Alum baking powder is better, and very much cheaper.

Deadly New Rifle. Bullets from the new 30-caliber rifles of the United States army whirl with great rapidity. The rifling gives one revolution of the bullet about its axis in ten inches. At the muzzle the velocity of the bullet is 2,300 feet a second, which means 2,760 turns a second, assuming that the bullet does not strip in the rifling. The circumference of the bullet is .942 of an inch, which gives a peripheral velocity of 2,600 inches each second, or 13,000 feet a minute.

To keep your auto looking bright use the following mixture for all painted parts: Sperm oil, one-half pint; common vinegar, one-half pint; oil bergamot, one dram. Mix and rub with clean cloth. For all brass work use tripoli, one and one-half pounds; any lubricating oil, eight ounces; gasoline, three quarts. This is one of the best cleaners for all polished brass.

If you contemplate buying a medium priced automobile and want to be certain of securing a car suitable for touring on country roads, up hill as well as down hill, you will make no mistake in buying either a Buick, Maxwell, Mitchell, Reo, Knox, Franklin or Queen. These range in price from \$750 to \$2,000.

MORE PULQUE BEING DRUNK. Mexico City Gets Away With 800,000 Litres Every Day.

The consumption of pulque in Mexico city is rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue on a number of lines entering the city.

On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run into the city daily and many of the regular freight trains carry large numbers of cars containing the popular drink.

During the month of June three railroads, the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Interoceanic, carried into the city 59,861 barrels and 334 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of sixty miles of the city. The National, the Central and the smaller lines brought in an amount probably half as great.

Allowing that the population of Mexico city is 400,000 men, women and children, the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply almost two liters to every individual. Do you drink your share? During the month of June 14, 985,290 liters of pulque were brought into the city, as in one barrel there are 250 liters and in one skin 60 liters. During each day of the month an average of 748,263 liters was brought to the city.

The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulque brought to the city in wagons and on muleback from the nearby haciendas.

GOOD AND HARD. Results of Excessive Coffee Drinking.

It is remarkable what suffering some persons put up with just to satisfy an appetite for something.

A Mich. woman says: "I had been using coffee since I was old enough to have a cup of my own at the table, and from it I have suffered agony hundreds of times in the years past."

"My trouble first began in the form of bilious colic, coming on every few weeks and almost ending my life. At every attack for 8 years I suffered in this way. I used to pray for death to relieve me from my suffering. I had also attacks of sick headache, and began to suffer from catarrh of the stomach, and of course awful dyspepsia."

"For about a year I lived on crackers and water. Believing that coffee was the cause of all this suffering, I finally quit it and began to use Postum Food Coffee. It agreed with my stomach, my troubles have left me and I am fast gaining my health under its use."

"No wonder I condemn coffee and tea. No one could be in a much more critical condition than I was from the use of coffee. Some doctors pronounced it cancer, others ulceration, but none gave me any relief. But since I stopped coffee and began Postum I am getting well so fast I can heartily recommend it for all who suffer as I did." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

North Dakota Solves the Adulteration Problem.

North Dakota seems to have found the key to the question, "How shall we protect the people from frauds in manufactured products?" A new law has recently gone into effect designed to make it impossible to deceive people into buying inferior and adulterated paint under the impression that they are getting real paint, viz.: pure white lead and linseed oil.

The North Dakota lawmakers did not attempt to absolutely prohibit the inferior pigments, or mixtures of pigments. They adopted the slogan, "Let the label tell," and then left to the people to buy whichever they wished.

Under this plan, if any one wishes to buy a mixture of rock-dust, ground quartz and other cheap elements which are found in many paints and so-called "white leads," no one can object; for they do it with their eyes open. But if they prefer genuine white lead and linseed oil, they can be sure of getting it, for none but the genuine article can bear a label which says "pure white lead."

In all other States mixtures are often sold as pure white lead which contain little—sometimes no—real white lead.

It would seem that were this same principle applied to food, beverages and all other prepared articles, where deception is practiced upon the buyer, the question would be solved. It would leave us free to buy what we pleased, but would protect us from unwittingly buying what we did not want.

Cruising for Derelicts.

The excellent work in destroying a dangerous derelict last week, begun by the Tacoma and completed by the Columbia, gives renewed point to the suggestion hitherto made in these columns that vessels of the navies of the world might with peculiar profit be employed in tracking and destroying the abandoned hulks which dot the seas and which present one of the one of the most serious dangers to navigation, says the New York Tribune. Of the need that derelicts shall be destroyed as speedily as possible there can be no question. Many known accidents and disasters have been due to them, and there is reason for supposing that many, perhaps most, of the mysterious disappearances of vessels might truly be explained on the ground that they had come into collision with those wandering destroyers. Carrying no lights, making no noise, giving no signal of any kind, often lying so low in the water as to be scarcely perceptible, and heavy and solid almost against which a vessel can scarcely be guarded in the dark and collision with which is always serious and often disastrous.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, it's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Magnificent Sacred Edifice.

The largest and costliest building thus far undertaken in New York, the city of immense structures, is the magnificent \$10,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being erected on Morningside Heights. This will be the greatest edifice in America, and the fourth in importance in the world.

Mice and conclusions are not synonymous, yet women jump at both.

PITMAN FADELESS DYES, are fast to light and washing and color more goods than others. 10c per package.

Eugenie's Mission to Austria.

The Paris papers still insist that Empress Eugenie went to Ischl on a match-making errand. She wishes, it is said, the hand of a granddaughter of Francis Joseph for Prince Louis Napoleon.

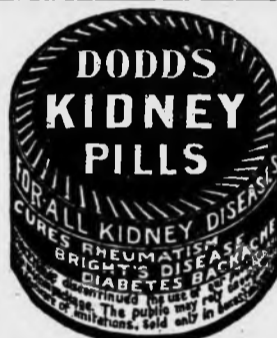
Superb Service, Splendid Scenery en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System, Double track Chicago to Montreal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

Atmospheric Poisoning.

The protests against the automobile omnibuses of London have received a powerful reinforcement by a declaration of Sir James Dewar on the chemical basis. He is undoubtedly among the high chemical authorities of the world, and his condemnation of the motor buses and freight vans seems conclusive unless invention provides innocuous motive power.

Sir James Dewar states that the combustion of petrol or gasoline in these motors throws off vast quantities of noxious gases. Some of these are absolutely poisonous and all injurious. He holds that the air of London is bad enough already without the addition of carbonic acid gas, the sulphurous gases, and, worst of all, the asphyxiating carbonic oxide. Moreover, while he admits that science can improve motors, he declares that it is impossible for it to burn petrol and render the resulting gases innocuous.



THE BEST COUGH CURE

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

Kemp's Balsam

This famous preparation cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip and consumption in its first stages. Irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes is immediately removed by the use of Kemp's Balsam. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

Marvin's Cascara
Chocolate Tablets
The Great Constipation Cure
Cascara is a remedy for Liver, Stomach and Bowel Troubles. Purely vegetable. They stimulate and tone the digestive organs, make pure and rich blood, and bring back health and vigor. For sale by all druggists.
You can obtain a FREE sample by addressing MARVIN REMEDY CO., DETROIT.

When you buy **WET WEATHER CLOTHING** you want complete protection and long service.
These and many other good points are combined in **TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING**. You can't afford to buy any other.
TOWER CLOTHING CO. DETROIT, MICH.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes
BEST IN THE WORLD

W. L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

To Shoe Dealers: Jobbers, Retailers, Wholesale, Complete in this country. Send for Catalog.



SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES. Men's Shoes, \$5 to \$10.00. Boys' Shoes, \$2 to \$4.00. Women's Shoes, \$3.00 to \$10.00. Misses' & Children's Shoes, \$2.00 to \$4.00. Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses' and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them. For Color Engravings, they will not wear. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 12, Brockton, Mass.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

SALESMEN WANTED.

We want a life active and thoroughly experienced salesman in this locality with sufficient money to buy outright his first month's supply of our "Smelly Low Pressure Hollow Wire Gas-Fire Light." A utility needed in every home and home and fully complying with insurance rules. To such a man we will give exclusive sales rights and guarantee to refund money if goods not sold in 30 days. For particulars on request. The Standard Electric Light Co., 850 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

60 Bus. Winter Wheat Per Acre. That's the yield of Salzer's Red Cross Hybrid Winter Wheat. Send 2c in stamps for free sample of seeds, also catalogue of Winter Wheat, Rye, Barley, Clover, Timothy, Grass, Bulbs, Trees, etc. for fall planting. SALZER SEED CO., Box W. E. La Crosse, Wis.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 36, 1906.

THE WINNING STROKE

If more than ordinary skill in playing brings the honors of the game to the winning player, so exceptional merit in a remedy ensures the commendation of the well informed, and as a reasonable amount of outdoor life and recreation is conducive to the health and strength, so does a perfect laxative tend to one's improvement in cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches, etc. It is all important, however, in selecting a laxative, to choose one of known quality and excellence, like the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., a laxative which sweetens and cleanses the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects, as it acts naturally and gently on the internal organs, simply assisting nature when nature needs assistance, without griping, irritating or debilitating the internal organs in any way, as it contains nothing of an objectionable or injurious nature. As the plants which are combined with the figs in the manufacture of Syrup of Figs are known to physicians to act most beneficially upon the system, the remedy has met with their general approval as a family laxative, a fact well worth considering in making purchases.

It is because of the fact that **SYRUP OF FIGS** is a remedy of known quality and excellence, and approved by physicians that has led to its use by so many millions of well informed people, who would not use any remedy of uncertain quality or inferior reputation. Every family should have a bottle of the genuine on hand at all times, to use when a laxative remedy is required. Please to remember that the genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale in bottles of one size only, by all reputable druggists, and that full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co., is plainly printed on the front of every package. Regular price, 50c per bottle.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1906.

Council Does a Little Business.

There was just a quorum present at the meeting of the council Tuesday evening.

President Beals stated some complaints had been made to him regarding the condition of the cemetery, commonly known as the Baptist cemetery. It had been neglected in the past and needed some attention.

Warrants were ordered drawn on the treasurer for \$675, interest on water works bonds and \$625 interest on electric light bonds.

Trustee Lundy was authorized to place the electric light in front of the Commercial House in a position where it would throw more light upon the streets.

Bills of J. J. Kimmel for cement walks were ordered laid on the table pending a verification of measurements by the street commissioner.

Fifty dollars was allowed on the bill of Arthur Hood, of \$50.75 for painting electric light poles. The balance will be paid after the council committee has inspected the job.

On motion of Trustee Bogert, O. A. Fraser was instructed to place the stone walk in front of his store property in proper shape.

Three more crosswalks were ordered built—two at Geo. Wills' corners, one on Bowery street between the King and Pitcher properties.

Chief of Fire Department Cuttiss was present and stated that the fire bell was not of much value in arousing sleeping firemen at night, and suggested that the council purchase a steam whistle for the electric light plant of a power sufficiently loud to be heard by everybody.

The bell would answer all right in the day time, but the whistle was the thing at night. The council was of the same opinion and the wonder was it had not been thought of before since steam is now kept up all night and a man there to sound the alarm.

Trustee Lundy was authorized to buy the whistle.

Trustee Lundy recommended that an arc light be placed on the corner of Harvey and Church streets and that the arm on the pole corner Sutton and Church streets be extended further out into the street.

Recommendation adopted.

Asa Joy explained to the council the advantages of a new street on part of the landowners was not willing to give over 40 feet of land.

The proposition didn't seem to strike the council very favorably but it was referred to the street committee.

The council recently ordered new cement walks to be built in front of the Rank and Butler properties on Main street.

The owners say they are unable to build. New walks are badly needed and the council ordered the building of the same with the costs taxed to the property.

A resolution ordering the building of sundry new cement walks before Sept. 20th was adopted.

On motion of Trustee Bogert the street commissioner was instructed to clean the crosswalks after a rain.

Council adjourned to next regular meeting.

Lecture by Rev. E. E. Caster.

The Red Rose division of the ladies' aid society of the M. E. church announce a lecture on Friday evening, September 14th, given by Dr. E. E. Caster on "Over the Mountains of Israel on Horseback," in the M. E. church.

Admission—children 10c, adults 15c, or two for 25c. We append the following press notices:

Presiding Elder E. E. Caster gave the best lecture on Wednesday evening ever delivered in West Branch. His subject was the Holy Land. Mr. C. has the happy and remarkable trait of seeing everything and remembering all he sees, and is able to describe it in a taking manner.

We hope to hear him again in the near future.—Times-Herald.

Mr. Caster has been an extensive traveler in this and other lands. He travels with his eyes wide open, and has the happy faculty of describing scenes and incidents in a most entertaining way.—Milford Times.

For two hours and a half the crowd at the opera house was held spellbound by his description of scenes in Palestine.—Arens Independent.

To Rent—Store formerly occupied by Wm. Roe. Enquire Albert Gayde.

K. O. T. M. Celebration.

Labor Day attractions elsewhere, combined with the State fair tended to limit the crowd in Plymouth last Monday, upon the occasion of the celebration of the 16th anniversary of Case Tent, K. O. T. M. The weather was exceptionally fine and the people appeared to be in the full enjoyment thereof.

It was not until after dinner that the athletic sports were pulled off. Nelson Schrader won the fat-man's race. Louie Evans the 100-yd. free-for-all dash. Fred Armstrong the 100-yd. dash for boys under 16, Steve Jewell the wheelbarrow and sack races. Louie Evans the potato race.

The people then gathered around the band stand and after a selection by the band, listened to speeches by E. J. Lehr, great auditor of the Maccabees, of Port Huron, C. B. Kniseley, deputy great commander, Mrs. Rachel Bailey, Past Lady Commander of L. O. T. M., and Dr. John Bennett.

After the speeches came the base ball game at Athletic park between Plymouth and Dearborn. There was a large crowd present and everything went along smoothly until the seventh inning, when the pitcher for the visitors quit play because of a decision of Umpire Penney. The umpire was in the right. He had repeatedly warned the pitcher that he was making balks yet he persisted in doing so, until the Plymouth boys finally objected so strongly that one of their runners was allowed to take a base on a balk.

The manager of Dearborn club tried to induce the pitcher to go back to the box but he refused. The game was then in favor of the visitors three to two. Although the visitors were not entitled to any expense money under the circumstances, yet to promote a friendly feeling it was promptly paid them.

In the evening the egg race and night shirt race were run and considerable sport was furnished by attempts of the boys to climb a greased pole, which was finally accomplished by F. Sherman.

The torchlight parade numbered about a hundred men in line and was one of the features of the day. Taken as a whole, the members of Case Tent have no cause to regret their efforts made to entertain the people on the 16th anniversary of their local institution.

CHURCH NEWS.

Committee Nos. 2 and 3 will have a home baked goods sale at the Baptist church, Friday Sept. 14th.

Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church the pastor will speak on "Acquaintance with God." Sunday school at 11:30. No C. E. meeting.

The sacrament of the Lord's supper and the public reception of members will be held Sabbath morning, Sept. 16, at the Presbyterian church.

Sunday morning services at First Church of Christ, Scientist, at ten o'clock. Subject, "Matter." Everyone is invited to attend.

Mrs. F. B. Kitch of Detroit will address the Christian Endeavor society at the regular service Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church on a missionary theme.

There will be a lecture on Christian Science given by Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, C. S. B., of Concord, N. H., member of the Christian Science Board of Lecturers of Boston, Mass., at opera house, Plymouth, on Friday evening, Sept. 21, at 7:30 o'clock. Admission free.

The White Rose division of the ladies' aid society of the M. E. church will hold a bake sale Sept. 15th, at 1:30 p. m., at some convenient place to be given later. Also a meeting of this division will be held at the home of Mrs. E. O. Huston Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 1:30 p. m. Every member is requested to be present.—Sec'y.

M. E. church Sunday services.—10:00 a. m., sermon by the pastor, "Preparing to meet God." 11:30, Sabbath-school—attendance increasing at every session, 6:00, Epworth League, 7:00, sermon by Rev. Jacob Horton, of Ypsilanti, a former presiding elder of Detroit conference. He should have a large audience.

Conference session convenes at Ishpeming Sept. 20. All accounts should be settled before that date.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mrs. J. Smith returned Monday from Grand Rapids where she had been visiting her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Roove of Belleville have been visiting their parents, H. C. Packard, for a few days.

Miss Ida Whittaker visited the Misses Lydia and Florence Wahl at Salem Wednesday.

Mrs. E. H. Partridge and Melburn visited friends at the corners Tuesday. Quarterly meeting will be held at the Lapham's church Sunday, Sept. 9, at 10:30.

Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for headache, constipation and biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at The Wolverine Drug Co's and John L. Gale's.

Trouble for O. A. Briggs.

Ann Arbor: "She said she didn't care half as much for me as she did for Orla Clapper's big toe," is one of the charges made by Orvin A. Briggs in his cross-bill to the bill for divorce filed by his wife, Clara Briggs, of Salem. Mrs. Briggs made a rather general charge of cruelty and this Mr. Briggs denies.

They were married in Charlotte in 1881 and the present troubles celebrate their quarter centennial.

In Mr. Briggs' answer the name of Orla Clapper is very prominent. He says Clapper lived at his home for six weeks until he fired the boarder out and then Clapper came to Ann Arbor upon which move Mrs. Briggs took occasion to come to the county seat once a week.

He says that at one time when he was building a house he allowed his wife to carry the pocket book containing \$500 and that she took \$50 of the money and deposited it in her own name. Further that in the last eight months she said she hated him and never wanted to see him again, whereupon she proceeded to strip the house of furnishings, leaving him hardly enough bed clothing for his couch of rest. He says that she even took a photograph of their dead child, whom she forgot to mention in her bill of complaint.

W. G. T. U.

Our meetings have been somewhat broken up lately for various reasons, but it is cooler weather now and it is hoped that all will feel rested and ready to rally to the meeting next week Sept. 13, to be held at the hall. It will be a mothers' meeting led by Mrs. Ishell and Mrs. Ableson and will surely be an interesting meeting. Let us encourage our leaders by a good attendance.—Supt. Press.

The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale. Price 30c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE DERE MARQUETTE

FLINT, Rate, \$1.00
SAGINAW, BAY CITY, " 1.50
SUNDAY, SEPT. 16.

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:35 a. m. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

ISLAND LAKE, Rate, \$.35
LANSING, " 1.00
GRAND LEDGE, " 1.25
GRAND RAPIDS, " 2.25
SUNDAY, SEPT. 16.

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

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver, constipation, bad breath, constipated bowels, ferment all these by giving small, frequent doses of Ayer's Pills. All respectable druggists.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAZ VIGOR, AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Mrs. Frances Meyer to David Oliver and Maria Oliver, his wife, dated the second day of May, A. D. 1906 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the 4th day of May, 1906, in file 472 of mortgages on page 21 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of three hundred and fifty-three and 50/100 dollars (\$353.50) and an attorney's fee of ten dollars, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned will, on Monday, the first day of October, 1906, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the southeast corner of Congress street entrance of the Wayne County Building, that being the place where the circuit court for the county of Wayne is held, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six per cent interest and all legal costs, together with said attorney fees, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the village of Northville, in the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot 14, J. A. Dubuar's addition to the village of Northville, Wayne county, Mich., as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, July 2, 1905.

DAVID OLIVER & MARIA OLIVER, Mortgagees. C. W. VALENTINE, Att'y for Mortgagees.

Commercial Hotel

THOS. HEMENWAY, Prop.

RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY.

Newly Remodeled and Refurnished, with Bath Room, Hot and Cold Water, Electric Light and Everything Modern.

SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNER, 25c.

BOARD BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

Marx's White Label Beer for Family Use—\$1.25 per dozen. Quart Bottles. Pints 75 cents per dozen.

Having bought out the Pierce Meat Co. I will continue the business at the old stand.

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET THE BEST OF EVERY KIND OF MEAT,

BOTH FRESH AND SALT.

Telephone your orders and you will get the best of cuts and they will be delivered to your door.

TEL. 23

W. F. HOOPS

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

THE CHOICEST CUTS

of Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal Salt and Smoked Meats

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

WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

Telephone 12

H. HARRIS'

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Fresh and Salt Meats

Try Him and Be Convinced.

Orders Taken and Delivered.

Telephone 44.

H. HARRIS

THE OLD FOGY DOCTOR

FAMILY Doctors are all right as general practitioners, but they are not specialists. The nerve centers comprise the most intricate and important system in the human body and require the most skillful treatment. You might as well expect a blacksmith to repair your watch, as a family physician to cure specific complaints. We have invested tens of thousands of dollars and have every facility known to medical science to cure them. Every case is taken with a positive guarantee of No Cure—No Pay. BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES—Whether inherited or acquired, are positively cured forever. The virus is eliminated from the system by the danger of return. Hundreds of cases cured by us 25 years ago and no return; best evidence of a cure. WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—And other complications, such as weakness, nervousness, varicose, etc. are cured by our New Method Treatment under a positive guarantee—No Cure—No Pay. We Cure All Diseases of Men and Women. Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for question blank for private Home Treatment. Everything confidential.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 160 EMBURY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 24, 1906.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows: For Grand Rapids, North and West. 7:40 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 5:32 p. m. For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron. 8:15 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:18 p. m., 9:50 p. m. For Saginaw, Manistee, Ludington, and Milwaukee. 7:15 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 2:05 p. m., and 4:18 p. m., and 9:50 p. m. For Toledo and South. 2:45 p. m., 5:10 a. m. For Detroit and East. 6:55 a. m., 10:25 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:25 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 8:55 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 9:50 p. m., 5:10 a. m.

Daily. H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Agent—E. D. WOOD. Telephone—City 25; Michigan 16.

Detroit, Plymouth & Northville Ry

TIME CARD.

Table with columns for NORTH and SOUTH, listing train numbers and times for various routes.

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

LIVERY 'Bus Draying

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

GOOD STABLEING, 10c HARRY C. ROBINSON

Penney's Livery!

When in need of a life ring up City Phone No. 1.

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited. CZAR PENNEY



CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

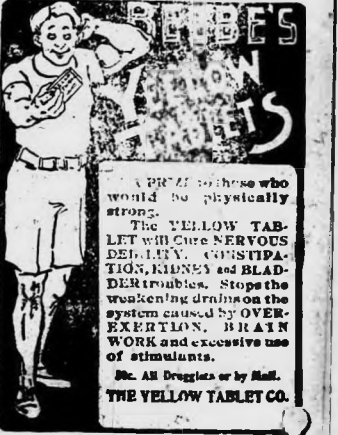
"DROPS" taken internally, rid the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct cause of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from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

DR. S. D. BLAND Of Brereton, Ga., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a number of years with lumbago and rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could get, but without success. I finally secured a bottle of 'DROPS,' and used it as directed. Nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to me for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself. "DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum and other similar ingredients. Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 50, 169 Lake Street, Chicago.



Sold by Wolverine Drug Co.

Central Grocery



DOC SAYS:

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

ATTEND THE
DEMONSTRATION

Nat. Biscuit Co.'s
PACKAGE
GOODS at

Roe & Partridge's

Saturday, Sept. 8,

and find things good to eat that will give "hubby" the smile that won't come off. Remember the date, Saturday, the 8th.

Roe & Partridge
Phone 13 Free Delivery

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
DENTIST.

Office in old Bank Building.
Phone 120.

DR. W. R. KNIGHT,
PLYMOUTH,
DENTIST

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

DR. W. F. LUBAHN,
Dentist.

Crown and Bridge Work and Gold Inlay a Specialty.
Office with Dr. Belham. Phone 95

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

Physician & Surgeon,
Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 2; after 7 P. M.

Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

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

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

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

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

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

Physician & Surgeon
Office with at residence on Main street.
Phone 50.

P. W. VOORHIES,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Real Estate, Loans and Collections.
Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich.

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

Local News

Miss Ada Safford is home from Detroit.

Miss Mary Penney Sundayed at Salem.

Blanche Gentz returned home Sunday from Bay City.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs spent a couple of days in Detroit this week.

George McGill of Detroit visited his father and sister here Sunday.

Miss Tena Luckshe visited in Detroit the latter part of last week.

Miss Alice Watson has returned from her home in Ridgeway, Can.

Earl Finkbeiner, of Dayton, Ohio, visited at Geo. Delker's a few days.

Miss May Wolgast of Detroit is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. John Watson and children of Detroit are spending a few days in town.

Mrs. C. G. Payne of Buffalo, N. Y., visited her sister, Mrs. Mark Ladd this week.

Mrs. Mary Pankow has purchased of W. O. Allen the new cottage on Church street.

The weather this week has certainly been exceptionally favorable for the State fair.

Mrs. Nelson Cole and daughter Mary went on the excursion to Buffalo Saturday.

Miss Vera Townsend is now employed in the office of the Michigan Lumber Co.

New independent telephones: Rev. H. N. Ronald, Andrew Ellenbush, H. L. Whitehead.

Miss Sattie Spicer, who spent a week with Miss Watson in Ridgeway, Can., has returned home.

Mrs. Bert Ray returned Tuesday from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riggs at Reed City.

Mrs. F. H. Lee and daughter, Elizabeth of Springfield, Mass., visited at Asa Joy's this week.

Orson Polley is attending a business college in Detroit and Miss Clara Lyon will begin next Monday.

Miss Edna McKeever returned last Thursday from a two weeks visit in Toronto and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies has sold her house on the park corner, now occupied by Ed. Richmond, to Dr. Peck.

Misses Bessie and Mabel Hollister and Mr. Smith of Detroit visited at Lewis and Arthur Cable's this week.

Mrs. John Lundy entertained friends from Saginaw, Merrill, Midland City and Northville the first of the week.

Mrs. Watson has returned to her home in Grand Rapids, after spending the summer at C. W. Valentine's.

Peter Fisher of Blissfield and daughter, Mrs. Cora Smith of Grass Lake visited at Peter Delker's Friday.

Mrs. Lida Kurtz of Memphis, Tenn. and Mrs. Eli Cortrite of Wayne were visitors at Mrs. W. T. Pettingill's yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Butterfield returned Sunday evening from a ten days' trip to Mackinac Island and Potoskey.

Mrs. W. T. Conner and family returned Monday from Walled Lake, where they had been staying for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Congdon and Fred Othwaite of Detroit were guests of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Caster over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Safford and children of Detroit and Mrs. Sunderland of Toronto are visiting at R. C. Safford's.

Herbert Lowrey and Olive Coleman of Van Wert, O., who have been visiting at E. D. Wood's returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Houppert from Saginaw and Mrs. Will Stewart and daughter Helen spent Monday at Mrs. Ida Dunn's.

Art. Vansickle, of South Lyon, has become a Plymouth resident, and will be engaged with the J. D. McLaren Co., of which he is a member.

The Michigan State Telephone Co. has tile on the ground for laying an underground cable on Main street, from Sutton to Ann Arbor streets.

Mrs. W. C. Hull and little son, George Gray Hull, returned to their home in Lansing, after a visit of ten weeks with her sister, Anna McGill.

A mothers' meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Samuel Abelson, Thursday, Sept. 13th. A cordial invitation is extended to all mothers to be present.

The State Fair was the center of attraction for hundreds of Plymouthites this week. The fair people put up a good show this year and everybody speaks very highly of it.

The marriage of Sidney Liddell of Milford and Miss Harriett Skinner of Northville will take place Sept. 12th. Miss Skinner is quite well known in this village, being a niece of Mrs. J. R. Rauch.

Mrs. James McClumpha spent yesterday in Northville.

A new sidewalk has been built in front of Wm. Roe's residence.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Minthorn Monday morning, a son.

Bessie Robinson of Canton is clerking in the Wolverine Drug Store.

Miss Myrtle Delker has resigned her position in the Bell Telephone office.

Miss Hattie Berdan of Detroit has been spending a few days in Plymouth.

The primary election last Tuesday for Congressman was taken advantage of by just 50 voters. All the votes cast were for Chas. E. Townsend.

Nearly a hundred old veterans attended the reunion of the 16th Mich. Infy. in this village yesterday. A complete report of the affair will be given in our next issue.

A special meeting of the council was held Tuesday afternoon to give permission to the Daisy Mfg. Co. to tap the water main for purposes of protection in case of fire.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Margaret Patterson to Bert E. Norton, of Rochester, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. D. Patterson, Sept. 12th, at 6:30 p. m.

Whitney Smith came home last Friday from a six months' business stay in the western part of the State. He has arranged with his company to work in this vicinity hereafter.

The Markham Air Rifle Co. has had its entire factory building painted and a Detroit artist did a fine piece of lettering in painting the firm name on the walls and "King Air Rifles."

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Holloway attended the funeral of Mr. Holloway's aunt, Mrs. Boyd, at Fowlerville last Thursday. Mrs. Boyd has many friends here who will be sorry to learn of her death.

The boards of the township of Handy and the village of Fowlerville have bought a voting machine and the two boards will be joint owners of the machine. What's the matter with the township and village boards of Plymouth doing likewise?

Frank Tillotson's horse became frightened while at the creamery yesterday morning and ran away. The wagon was tipped over and broken south of the railroad and the horse continued its run until it reached the main corners where it was stopped.

School opened with a full attendance, some departments being crowded. In Miss Smith's room, 2nd and 3rd grades, there are 75 pupils. High school enrollment 82, largest ever at this time of year. There are 31 non-resident pupils. All seem enthusiastic and ready for work. Watch for school column next week.

When Rev. Hugh Ronald and bride came to town Friday afternoon a happy surprise awaited them. They found the manse in perfect order, from cellar to garret—furniture, rugs, carpets, etc., had all been uncrated and arranged by the church ladies and even the larder was fairly overflowing with good things to eat.

By the will of the late Dr. A. L. Walker of Salem, his daughter, Dr. Nina W. Oliver of Lapeer, who was one of the persons involved in a story sent out from Akron, O., when her divorced husband attacked a Kalamazoo attorney, will get \$20,000. The report that Mrs. Oliver was engaged to the Kalamazoo lawyer was denied by both of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cooper returned home last Friday. Mrs. Cooper was still a sufferer from appendicitis and on Sunday her case was regarded by her physician as being so critical that he advised an operation at once. She was taken to Harper hospital on the afternoon train and the operation was successfully performed. Mrs. Cooper gaining steadily.

The item in last week's Mail regarding the renting of the hall known as Penniman par by the Knights of Pythias for dance and lodge purposes was an error. The K. P.'s have rented the hall formerly occupied by The Mail and are having same fitted up in nice shape for their home. They have bought a fine lot of furniture and the side room fronting Sutton street will be fitted up as a sort of reading room. The hall will be known in the future as Castle Hall. The K. P.'s are growing rapidly in numbers.

Lest you forget, We say it yet, Uneeda Biscuit. Get it Saturday, Sept. 8th, at Gayde Bros. All day demonstration of National Biscuit Company's package goods.

"To Cure a Felon," says Sam. Kendall, of Phillipsburg, Kan., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for burns, boils, sores, scalds, wounds, piles, eczema, salt rheum, chapped hands, sore feet and sore eyes. Only 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co's and John L. Gale's. Guaranteed.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.67
Wheat, White, \$.67
Oats, 30c.
Rye, 50c.
Potatoes, 50c.
Beans, bush \$1.25
Butter, 20c.
Eggs, 17c.

The North Side

Robt. Walker was a Flint visitor last Saturday.

Boy Peterhans and friend of Caro visited relatives in town this week.

Miss Vera McCollister of Wayne visited Mrs. Oliver Wingard this week.

Mrs. Isaac McFally, of Simcoe, Ont., sister of Robt. Walker spent Saturday and Sunday with him.

H. E. Crum of Hillsdale, secretary of the Michigan Rural Carriers' Association, was a guest of Robt. Walker over Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Stewart and children, who have been visiting her parents here the past two weeks, returned to their home in Peru, Ind., Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Allen returned from their three months' trip to California and other states Wednesday night. They report a fine trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shattuck entertained the employes of the master mechanics office, where Mr. Shattuck is employed, Tuesday evening to a supper and melon feast. Miss Maude Markham entertained them on the piano.

Permanent Work Done.

T. F. Chilson has just completed his third bridge, one on Golden street, one on Golden street, one on the cross road south of Gideon Durfee's and one on the Ann Arbor road near D. D. Allen's, all of which are of steel and cement. There will be no wood to rot out or wear out as they all have cement decks instead of plank. Mr. Chilson says that while the first cost is only a trifle more than the old method of using plank that wear from eight to nine years, the cement and iron bridge will wear for ages.

Reception to Rev. and Mrs. Ronald.

The reception given by the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church in the church auditorium and parlor Wednesday evening for Rev. and Mrs. Hugh N. Ronald was well attended and apparently much enjoyed by those present. No pains were spared by the ladies to make it a pleasant occasion. The parlor was tastily decorated and dainty refreshments were served. The presence of all the local ministers and members of their church speaks eloquently of the happy state of harmony that prevails among the denominations here. Rev. W. S. Jerome of Northville was an out-of-town guest.

Serious Farm Fire.

Wm. Minehart, living two miles south and a mile west of Plymouth, suffered a severe loss by fire last week Friday noon. He was at the time threshing oats and while the men were eating dinner, his little daughter ran in with the cry that the barn was on fire. Everyone hustled out, but the flames had already obtained such a headway that only a few articles could be saved. The separator, belonging to Fred Geissold, which stood on the barn floor was also burned. The loss on barn and contents is about \$3,000, with an insurance of \$1600 in the Washenaw Mutual. Mr. Minehart is a hard working man and seems to have his share of trouble, the loss falling very heavily upon him.

Notice.—Village taxes must be paid before Sept. 15, 1906.
C. S. BUTTERFIELD, Treas.

LOST.—Last Monday, gold hatpin, round head. Finder please return to Minerva C. Hall, Sutton street.

NOTICE.—From this date I refuse to pay any bills contracted by my wife.
HOMER STEVENS.

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

FIFTY CENTS

IN some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

Send for free sample

Scott & Bowne, 409-415 Pearl St.
Chemists
New York
Sole and Gen. All Druggists

GROCERIES



We're Ready for You...

with a complete stock of this season's Canned Goods and other delicacies. When we tell you we are selling 3 cans of Pride of Drenthe Peas for 25c; 3 cans Great Western Hominy for 25c; 3 cans best Sweet Corn for 25c; 3 cans Aurora Golden Pumpkin for 25c, you may smile doubtfully. It's a fact, nevertheless. Other good things to eat are equally low. We haven't space here to tell you about them. Come in and see for yourself and

TRY OUR B. & P. COFFEE.

Brown & Pettingill

THE WHITE FRONT STORE.
Telephone 40. Free Delivery.

GALE'S

For School Books and School Supplies

GO TO GALE'S.

For Groceries go to Gale's.
For Fruit Cans and Crocks, all sizes, go to Gale's.
For Drugs go to Gale's.
For Wall Paper go to Gale's.
For Clover and Timothy Seed go to Gale's.
For China and Glassware go to Gale's.

JOHN L. GALE

Telephone 16.

OUR ANNUAL

Store Cleaning and Inventory Sale,

From Monday, Aug. 27, to Sept 9,

I will Close Out the following goods at

1/4 OFF

to make room for an entirely new and different line of holiday presents. Don't miss this sale if you are in need of any of these goods:

Hand Bags	Purses	Pocket-books
Toilet Cases	Mirrors	Photo Frames
Collar & Cuff Boxes	Desk Sets	Work Boxes
Necktie Boxes	Jewel Boxes	Shaving Sets
Handkerchief Boxes	Smoking Sets	Military Sets

BASE BALL GOODS

1-2 Price on All Books, Medallions and Baskets

\$22 Graphophone for \$11—disk. 87 Graphophone for \$3.50—cylinder.
\$6 Graphophone for \$3.00—cylinder. 20 10-inch Disk Records, \$10

Come and Look Over Our Bargain Counter.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optician.

Call and See Me

I am now doing business in

MY NEW BARN

and am prepared to furnish good rigs at reasonable prices to all who wish.

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER.

Telephone No. 7, 2 R.

HARRY C. ROBINSON,

AUCTIONEER

The Mail only \$1 a year.

Ruin of Bank Brought About by "Lucky" Dream

Chicago.—From a youth's dream, through a maze of dissipation, frenzied gambling and the resultant debauchery, into which was sucked the cashier who in turn drew in the president, until the whole structure tumbled with a crash, the fall of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank has been traced.

Walter Frantzen, once confidential secretary to Paul O. Stensland, a striping of excellent promise, saw in a dream that which aroused the spirit of chance within him. Through the boy the unrelenting spirit touched Henry W. Hering, the cashier, and he fell, dragging with him Paul O. Stensland, the president, who had also been caught in the magic meshes.

In a dream that came to him the night before the great American Derby at Washington park in 1900, Frantzen, who had never been at a race track in his life, saw the plunging horses galloping to the finish, and just as plainly as if he stood in the press box of the old stand, he saw a card put up, reading: "1. Sidney Lucas." The vision passed and he awoke in the morning a marked man, though unaware of it.

"I had a funny dream last night," Frantzen said to a fellow-clerk. Then he told him of the vision.

"What was the name?" asked the clerk.

"I can't remember exactly, but if the papers have the entries, and this was one of them, I can tell," he replied, and an interest arose within him.

Found Horse of His Dream.

The clerk got a paper and slowly read through the entries of the great racing event. When Sidney Lucas' name was reached Frantzen coolly said: "That's the one."

Frantzen's associates were inclined to regard it as a joke, but kept asking him why he did not "take a chance." He battled with the desire to bet, for as a clerk at \$75 a month he did not

mud and run circles around Lieut. Gibbons, the favorite.

The winner shot under the wire with a trailing bunch of blurred horses and riders behind. The grandstand leaped into life and noise. Frantzen pulled out his ticket, looked it over and walked through the disgruntled, rapidly thinning crowd in the betting ring to the almost deserted bookstand. He presented his ticket, and the bookmaker, with the same grin, handed him a roll that counted up nearly \$600 when he got home.

Sealed Doom of Bank.

Frantzen had won his first bet, and the doom of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank was sealed.

The story traveled through the bank and became known to his friends. Frantzen was looked upon as a sort of wizard, and acquaintances urged him to "go to it" while his luck held out. His head was turned, he followed the evil advice, and became a regular plunger. Some days he would pick as many as six race winners. He seldom sustained a loss. His acquaintances and friends began to take his "steers," and Frantzen, the ambitious young secretary of a few weeks before, sat at his desk with "dope sheets" and studied the horses, about which he had not the slightest knowledge.

Frantzen found new associates to assist him in spending his easily made money, and into these circles of gaiety he took Hering. Hering was a phlegmatic, home-loving German whose amusements had been of a domestic character.

Dazzled by the glamour of Frantzen's wonderful run of luck, he saw no reason why he should not follow Frantzen's lead with the same success.

Downfall of Others Begins.

Frantzen was a natural leader and the pace he set the cashier was not

around. Frantzen was favored with no vision. The nearest thing to a "dream" he could muster up was the name Aladdin, as a winner. Aladdin sounded like a miracle and the "pool" backed it for all it was worth. Aladdin barely reached the wire before the next race was called.

Swift Pace Down Hill.

It was then that the incline was reached, and the members of the pool shot to their doom. Debauchery, fast women, evil associates, and high times figured in their mad efforts to hide from their accusing consciences.

When Stensland was drawn into the pool he met women of a sphere just above Hering's, and it was at that time that Frantzen was charged with embezzlement of from \$40,000 to \$69,000, and sent away. His cunning in picking winners had left him.

Stensland a Wanderer.

The predominating trait of Paul Stensland's character recalls the fact that he was of the blood of the old vikings who set sail in their frail ships, careless of where the wind bore them provided it was somewhere new. Stensland was above all things a wanderer. When he arrived in Chicago after years spent drifting from place to place in the orient and with old age approaching he still could not resist his nomadic instincts. About five years ago he went on a prolonged trip through South and Central America, and more particularly Honduras, in which country he professed a special interest. On his return he displayed a marked reticence to give an account of his travels. In view of this fact the opinion is freely expressed among his quondam acquaintances that the missing man will be found, if at all, in Central America.

Contrary to popular opinion, Stensland is declared to have been far from prodigal with his money. He was extremely frugal in his meals and



have money to throw at the birds, or at horses, either. Besides, the newspapers declared that Lucas did not have a chance on earth.

Frantzen, up to that time, had never gambled, and had seldom played cards. He had remained home at night to study and read. He was ambitious to become a successful business man like Paul O. Stensland, his employer, whom all in that district looked up to and respected.

Frantzen had never been tested in just this way before, and he was unprepared for resistance. Not knowing the price of his folly, he drew \$25 from the bank and decided to put in his Saturday half-holiday at the track. He did not intend to bet; he told his friends he just wanted to see the horse win.

Succumbed to Temptation.

When he reached the track and mingled with the enthusiastic throngs that crowded the betting ring, his dream came back to him with startling reality. He saw the track and grandstand as he had seen them in his dream. The betting ring seemed to draw him with an irresistible force. He crowded through and with a trembling hand proffered \$20. "Put that on Sidney Lucas in the Derby," he said huskily. The bookmaker grinned as he handed back a pasteboard card with a little red numbering at the top, and a scrawl of figures at the center. He placed it in his inside pocket, and then read the "dope" on the Derby. It said that Thompson Bros., the owners of Lucas, were dubious. Frantzen sighed with relief to know his money was already lost.

But when the horses went to the post he was bewildered to see that the horse with "15" attached was Lucas. The number "15" had been on the horse of his dreams. Spellbound he watched the preliminaries and the start. He watched Lucas stir up the

slow. Hering, however, after a few ineffectual attempts to swing into it, finally struck the gait. He made himself at home in crowds he had shunned all through his young youth.

Gradually Paul O. Stensland was drawn into the crowd. He began to lose the moral integrity that had been his. About this time some of his old friends, prominent Norwegians who had heretofore regarded him as a splendid representative of their race, heard of his changed associations and withdrew their confidence from him. This marked the beginning of his personal downfall. He began to steal from the bank in order to meet the demands on him, taking out little by little, animated by a hope similar to Frantzen's that his speculations would reap a rich harvest before the stolen money was missed.

Then Frantzen's luck turned. Thinking that it would surely swing back to his original good fortune on bets, it is charged that he began taking small sums from the bank. He told himself he was merely borrowing until he should be able to win back the equivalent to-morrow or the day after.

Hering says Frantzen stole \$40,000. A memorandum found in Stensland's vault places the amount at \$69,000. Frantzen was never prosecuted by the bank authorities and left the state when his crime was discovered. Now he is being brought back to answer for it, as well as to tell all he knows of the operations of the bank officials.

Hering Wins at First.

Cashier Henry Hering became a "sport" under the influence of Frantzen. He followed the "tips" of Frantzen and won a lot of money. Theodore Stensland, whose father, at that time was not involved in the stealing that finally cost him his ill and spread misery among thousands, used to refer to Hering as a "cheap sport" and a "cheap skater."

When the 1902 Derby day came

would frequently dine in a cheap restaurant near the bank where a table d'hote was served for the modest sum of one quarter. This frugality was varied with occasional curious extravagances. At infrequent intervals he would invite a party of his friends to his house, where he would entertain them in a manner befitting his supposed wealth.

Famed for Capacity for Liquor.

Stensland is said to have taken great pride in his reputation as a connoisseur of wines, and on the occasion of a trip to California a couple of years ago he purchased a large quantity of wine, which was stored in the cellars of the cooperative store, where the bulk of it is still said to be lying.

The ex-president's capacity for liquor was a favorite topic among his friends, even aquavit, the strong spirit which is a favorite beverage among his countrymen, being apparently powerless to upset his equilibrium. His old gardener has remarked with admiration how Stensland would drink a party of companions under the table and appear the next morning at six o'clock fresh and keen for business.

A saloon in the neighborhood of Stensland's home was a favorite resort in which he spent much of his time. The barkeeper recalls an expression which once fell from the lips of the man which throws a strong sidelight on his character.

One evening while Stensland was in the saloon with a friend he was boasting of a real estate transaction that he had just closed which he declared would net him \$200,000. His friend remarked that he wondered he was not satisfied, at his time of life, with what he had already acquired and that he did not retire. Stensland looked at him for a few minutes and then remarked slowly: "It's the game, my boy; it's the game."

FOR ENTERTAINING CHILDREN.

Some Games That Will Afford Amusement to the Little Folks.

It is not a difficult matter to give children a happy time, because of their responsiveness. To them "a splendid time" means merely a few folly games, some bright music, perhaps a little dance, a light supper and a tiny souvenir.

Their childish wishes are then more gratified and they go home happy as larks.

For children from five to 12 years of age, four to eight o'clock is the best time for the party, supper being at about half after six.

For tiny tots, from three to six o'clock is a more suitable time, with supper served at five o'clock.

When a boy or girl can write his or her own invitations they are much more appreciated by their little friends.

But, for the wee tots, mother must, of course, send out the invitations. At these parties the little host or hostess must welcome each guest as he or she arrives.

Mother, or some older person should stand in the background and cordially second the welcome first extended by the little host or hostess.

Half an hour may be allowed for assembling and then the games should begin.

A very amusing form of entertainment is to request each little girl to bring her best doll, and each little boy his finest toy dog.

Then have a "baby show" and a "dog show."

Let each little girl show her baby doll and let the judges decide which is the "cutest," which is the "fattest," which is the "prettiest," and which is the "best dressed." Award the prizes to each little mother.

After this have the "dog show." Let each little man show his dog in the ring, and have some grown men to decide the various points of the dogs shown, and then award the prizes.

A lawn hunt is very nice for children's parties. Souvenirs of various kinds, wrapped in paper are hidden here and there over the lawn and the little one who finds the most of these packages receives a prize.

Peanuts or fruits may be substituted for the packages.

Centerpiece Holders.

Some one has invented a pretty treatment of the broomstick or the pasteboard mailing tube which so many women have found the most satisfactory thing to wind centerpieces and doilies around when they have just been done up.

A 25 inch square of flowered dimity is edged with narrow lace or bound with wash ribbon or with one of the many pretty wash braids and attached to the tube, which has been covered with cotton batting in which sachet powder has been freely sprinkled, and then with the material.

The doilies are laid flat upon the square as soon as they have thoroughly aired after ironing and are loosely rolled around the tube, both doilies and outer covering kept from unrolling by inch-wide ribbons attached, one in the middle of the roll and one on each side near the end.

Back Has New Fixings.

The French women are fastening their skirts on the side, closing the back, fitting it perfectly to the belt. The small snap catches are used, and the assurance that one's gown is intact and perfectly fitted at the back solves a problem that has long agitated the feminine mind.

Buttons, delicately embroidered, are a popular fad. Cut silk or cloth in circles; baste the circles to be embroidered on to a stiff tarleton; with shaded silks in the pastel colors, embroider tiny leaves, French knots, a vine of threads in graduated lengths. The wooden molds neatly covered with a pretty design will amply repay the dainty worker.

Care of Household Silver.

Having read or been told that potato water will clean silver, I have tried it for several weeks; and the method promises to reduce such work to a minimum. Each day at dinner time, the water in which potatoes have boiled is poured into a wide pan. In this is arranged all the silver as it comes from the table. There should be water sufficient to cover the silver, and it is left in the pan till the dishes are washed. The first two trials took off the egg stains, and after a week all general tarnishes had disappeared. Silver powder was applied to a few obstinate spots, and the entire collection looks as if freshly scoured.—Mary A. Clark.

To Clean Frames.

Don't attempt to clean picture frames covered with goldleaf, as the finest and most beautiful of all gold frames are. You can tell them by the way the gold, as you look at it closely, seems laid on, here and there curling ever so slightly away from the frame. Any sort of cleaning, except the most casual dusting, is bound to make the gold scale off in an unsightly fashion.

Washing Ornaments.

If alabaster ornaments are merely grimy, washing with soap and water will clean them; if, however, they are stained, wash them first and then spread over them a mixture of whitening and water, made into a stiff paste, wash this off after a few hours, when the stains will probably have disappeared.

Use for Worn-Out Bucket.

A pan or bucket in which holes have been worn may be made available for carrying water for flowers if small pieces of cloth are pulled through the holes as far as they will go.

Pushing Out Your Goods

Emerson's Saying That People Will Seek Out the Man with Good Goods Out of Date Now—To Get Rid of Them—"You Must Hustle"—Specialty Man Tells Some Experiences—"You Can't Distribute Your Employer's Goods to Any Alarming Extent Unless You First Hand Out a Heap of Energy, Attentiveness and All-Round Hustle."

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"It is easy enough to manufacture," remarked Watkins, the Chicago salesman, "but the real job is scattering the stuff after you make it."

"I don't altogether coincide with your idea," remarked Joannis Carolianus, the young college man who was out to pick up points and who, after having listened to the company of plain, blunt business men for a time, had grown a little more at ease. "Does not Emerson tell us that a man may make poor things and fail to sell them on the busiest thoroughfare, but let him make good things—aye, a mousetrap, even—and though he be in the midst of a dense forest, people will make stand in the background and cordially second the welcome first extended by the little host or hostess."

Half an hour may be allowed for assembling and then the games should begin.

A very amusing form of entertainment is to request each little girl to bring her best doll, and each little boy his finest toy dog.

After this have the "dog show." Let each little man show his dog in the ring, and have some grown men to decide the various points of the dogs shown, and then award the prizes.

A lawn hunt is very nice for children's parties. Souvenirs of various kinds, wrapped in paper are hidden here and there over the lawn and the little one who finds the most of these packages receives a prize.

Peanuts or fruits may be substituted for the packages.

Centerpiece Holders.

Some one has invented a pretty treatment of the broomstick or the pasteboard mailing tube which so many women have found the most satisfactory thing to wind centerpieces and doilies around when they have just been done up.

A 25 inch square of flowered dimity is edged with narrow lace or bound with wash ribbon or with one of the many pretty wash braids and attached to the tube, which has been covered with cotton batting in which sachet powder has been freely sprinkled, and then with the material.

The doilies are laid flat upon the square as soon as they have thoroughly aired after ironing and are loosely rolled around the tube, both doilies and outer covering kept from unrolling by inch-wide ribbons attached, one in the middle of the roll and one on each side near the end.

Back Has New Fixings.

The French women are fastening their skirts on the side, closing the back, fitting it perfectly to the belt. The small snap catches are used, and the assurance that one's gown is intact and perfectly fitted at the back solves a problem that has long agitated the feminine mind.

Buttons, delicately embroidered, are a popular fad. Cut silk or cloth in circles; baste the circles to be embroidered on to a stiff tarleton; with shaded silks in the pastel colors, embroider tiny leaves, French knots, a vine of threads in graduated lengths. The wooden molds neatly covered with a pretty design will amply repay the dainty worker.

Care of Household Silver.

Having read or been told that potato water will clean silver, I have tried it for several weeks; and the method promises to reduce such work to a minimum. Each day at dinner time, the water in which potatoes have boiled is poured into a wide pan. In this is arranged all the silver as it comes from the table. There should be water sufficient to cover the silver, and it is left in the pan till the dishes are washed. The first two trials took off the egg stains, and after a week all general tarnishes had disappeared. Silver powder was applied to a few obstinate spots, and the entire collection looks as if freshly scoured.—Mary A. Clark.

To Clean Frames.

Don't attempt to clean picture frames covered with goldleaf, as the finest and most beautiful of all gold frames are. You can tell them by the way the gold, as you look at it closely, seems laid on, here and there curling ever so slightly away from the frame. Any sort of cleaning, except the most casual dusting, is bound to make the gold scale off in an unsightly fashion.

Washing Ornaments.

If alabaster ornaments are merely grimy, washing with soap and water will clean them; if, however, they are stained, wash them first and then spread over them a mixture of whitening and water, made into a stiff paste, wash this off after a few hours, when the stains will probably have disappeared.

Use for Worn-Out Bucket.

A pan or bucket in which holes have been worn may be made available for carrying water for flowers if small pieces of cloth are pulled through the holes as far as they will go.

walked proudly out; but humility came to me before the day was over. I'll bet I went into 40 places. More than once I felt sorry that I had given my bosom friend my old job at clerking, and wanted to go back to the little village and hitch horses for the farmers' wives who came to town. Yet, I had grit and that was in my pistol pocket, and I wasn't going to give up.

"The next morning I walked into a big wholesale cigar house, and by this time I had learned to pick out where the boss stayed myself. As I went in the door I saw an old gentleman sitting in a little glass office to the right. He wore a long white beard and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. This time I braced him straight. 'Good morning, suh,' said I. 'Good morning,' said the old gentleman, politely. 'Is there something I can do for you?' 'Yes, sir, you can,' said I. 'I walked the streets of this here town all day yesterday, and I couldn't find anybody that would give me a job. I know I was raised on a farm and I haven't done anything but clerk in a little country store, but I believe I've got as much sense as a whole lot of these fellows that tote sample cases around, and for a good many years of my life I got up at four o'clock in the morning and fed the horses before I had my breakfast. Now, I want to go to work, sir, and to go to work for you. All I want is a chance,'—and with this I reached back in my hip pocket and flashed that roll. 'Yes, sir; all I want is a chance. You give me a case of samples and if I don't sell goods, don't pay me any money. I can pay my own expenses.'

"I reckon my straight talk looked the old man, for he at once said to me, 'Well, young man, I like your self-confidence, sir. We shall fix up a line for you and give you a territory over in Kentucky, and try you—let us say for a month. At the end of that time, come in and we can talk business a great deal better. You needn't worry about paying your own expenses. We will not put out a man whom we do not think enough of to invest this much in. When you get your samples up, go to the cashier and he will give you \$100 to travel on.'

"It used to be so that a man could make good stuff and go out in the middle of a forest, as my young friend here says, and have people come to him; but nowadays he has a fierce time running 'em in if he has a ground floor on Broadway.

"Merit is a mighty good thing to have as a background, but to get there you must mix it with a whole lot of rustle."

"Yes, sir; that applies even in our business," said the publisher. "It used to be so that books sold themselves, but nowadays we have to sell books."

Specialty Needed.

"Yes, you bet your life, you must sell everything," began the specialty man. "Emerson's college ideas about business are all right, but they won't work. I'd a good deal rather listen to what the Emerson that makes shoes says than to listen to what Emerson, who wrote books, has to say. I used to think that selling was a very easy thing. I was raised on a farm and after I began to wear cuffs and sneak out dad's razor to mow the fuzz off of my face and feel rich enough to go to dances and throw in half a dollar when the derby fiddler passed the hat around, I thought it was a little more honorable occupation to rattle at a coal oil pump in a grocery store than to curry horses. I became a clerk. I used to see these smooth, slick fellows from Louisville and Cincinnati coming into the store where I worked, beam out a glad smile to the old man who owned the business, pass around a few Spotted Fawn cigars to us boys, and in a little while book a nice order. Then he would either have the livery man drive him to the next town, or else kick up his feet on the banister of the hotel porch, and take the world easy until train time.

"This looked good to me, and after I had grown enough in wisdom to wear patent leather shoes a couple of sizes too small, and to have my trousers creased by a washerwoman, I made up my mind that I would go to Cincinnati and look around to see which wholesale house I would go on the road for. "Just before I went to clerking my father gave me a colt, which turned out to be a bird of a horse. I sold this horse and got for him a hundred and fifty dollars in new greenbacks. This was looked as big to me as a roll of rag carpet. I stuck the hundred and fifty into my pistol pocket and went to the city feeling rich as Jay Gould.

"It was lucky for me that I had that was along. I got to Cincinnati and put up at a two-dollar-a-day house. M-m! but I was flying! Then I went out into the city to size up the various grocery and hardware houses—these were the lines that I knew—to see which one I would go on the road for. After I had taken a squint at several of them, I walked into one and asked to see the man who 'hired the drummers.' A small boy asked me if I had a card. About that time my mouth began to twitch and I lost part of my voice. About the only cards I had ever known anything about were the kind that had fancy backs and came 52 and a joker to the deck. I said, 'No, sir; I haven't any card. I have never worked for any firm and had my name on one, but I want to start in here and go on the road.'

His First Turn Down.

"The boy mumbled something to the old man in the office, who said something back without even looking up; then my young friend who had asked me for the card said to me, 'Don't want inexperienced man,' and started at dressing an envelope. That was the first time that a deal had come to me like this. I simply got huffy and

Gladstone's Wonderful Memory.

William E. Gladstone had a marvelous memory. Sir Algernon West tells this story of it: "We were discussing in 1881 the conversion of the malt tax into a beer duty. I had told him that the estimated profit of the malsters was three per cent. on each quarter of malt. The following day he said: 'I understand that the malster's profit is four per cent.' 'No, sir,' I said, 'three per cent.' 'I certainly thought it was four.' And then, turning to Mr. Young, a famous internal revenue official, he said: 'Can you recollect as far back as 1832?' Was not the profit then supposed to be four per cent?' 'It was then, he replied. 'Ah, Mr. Gladstone said, 'I see how four per cent has got into my mind. I recollect studying the question when I became member for Newark in 1832 and it was that figure then.' A gap of nearly 50 years!"

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

Many Suffer from Maladies Which Exist Only in Their Minds.

Medical papers have just been telling us of still more wonderful cures of non-existent maladies.

What wonder, then, that a traveler in Abyssinia, seeing one of his native porters bitten by a serpent, should find the man writhing in agony and with every symptom of snake poisoning?

When the caravan came across a doctor the hero showed to the latter his mutilated stump and the serpent which had bitten him.

ENGLAND'S REDUCED WINE BILL.

Big Restaurant Company Finds Tea Is Hurting its Profits.

The remarkable extent to which tea is taking the place of wine in England was indicated at the lamentful annual meeting of a great London company.

Showing for the year was explained by the steady falling off in the consumption of alcoholic drinks.

In 20 years, while the population of the country has increased by 10,000,000, the consumption of wine and spirits has fallen off by \$55,000,000, and the consumption of beer in proportion.

At one restaurant in a single evening only a single bottle of champagne was ordered, while a few years ago 25 or 30 would have been required.

The golden stream of profits, it was lugubriously said, now flows from the teapot rather than the wine bottle. The railway restaurants have specially suffered.

Civic Pride, Indeed.

"Civic pride," said Lincoln Steffens, the noted reform writer, "is all very well in its way. Humility, though, and discontent usually lead to better things than pride and complacency do, and whenever I hear any man boasting overmuch about his city's excellence, I think of the civic pride of an old resident of Peebles.

To this old man, who regarded Peebles as a finer town than Paris, a copy of Shakespeare's works was once loaned. The old man read the immortal plays for the first time. He enjoyed them mightily, and, on being asked what he thought of them, he slapped his knee and said in a loud, enthusiastic voice:

"They're fine. They're glorious. They far surpassed all my expectations. Why, sir, there are not 20 men in Peebles who could have written those plays."

In Praise of Tramps.

Jack London, the brilliant novelist, was praising the tramp.

"Many a tramp," he said, "is more intelligent and honorable, and has a happier life, than the average rich man. Tramps are renowned the world over, too, for their humor.

"I once knew a tramp named Boston Jack. It is said that Boston Jack knocked on the back door of a farmhouse one July afternoon, and asked for assistance.

"The farmer's wife said sharply to him:

"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"Madam," said Boston Jack, "with-out evading your question, may I ask of what practical utility moss would be to a man in my condition?"

When Poison Has Been Taken.

In case of poisoning, empty the stomach at once, using as an emetic mustard in lukewarm water, a tablespoonful of mustard to a cup of water, salt and water, same proportions, or cold water ad libitum. The mechanical resource would be thrusting the finger in the throat or tickling it with a feather.

Tramcars for Consumptives.

The idea of utilizing old horse tramway cars for consumptive patients has been carried into practical operation in Leith. In a field with a southern exposure near the Pilton Hospital for Infectious Diseases, four old cars have been stationed. Very little has been done to them. Merely the window-glass has been knocked out on the south side, and one of the seats fitted up for two bunks.

MAKING OF ARTIFICIAL ICE.

Five Million Tons Turned Out Yearly—\$50,000,000 in the Business.

Few American trades have grown as rapidly in recent years as artificial ice making. The conditions of ice supply and the number of factories requiring ice in enormous quantities seem to promise a further extension of the business.

In 1879 there were four artificial ice making plants in the United States. In 1880 there were 35. In 1890 there were 269. In 1900 there were 800. There are now considerably more than 1,000.

The capital invested in them is more than \$50,000,000, and the amount of ice they turn out in a year is in excess of 5,000,000 tons, of which 1,500,000 tons is manufactured in the southern states.

The original artificial ice plant established in the United States was in New Orleans in 1866, and the intention of its projectors was declared to be to supply artificial ice in the territory south of the ice line, which is south of the North Atlantic, New England, middle and northwestern states. By degrees ice plants have been established in the territory supplied with natural ice, breweries, hotels, restaurants, packing houses and hospitals having refrigerating plants.

Amusing Mixed Metaphors.

The mixed metaphor gives many unsuspecting members of parliament a fall. Mr. Asquith not long ago amused the house with the phrase: "Our tongues are red, our hands are fettered and we are really heating air to no purpose."

Mr. John Burns improved on this by declaring, in reference to the children's employment bill, "I will now repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted me." Then there was the wealthy manufacturer member who, dealing with the legal position of trade unions, asseverated that "the interests of the employers and employees are the same nine times out of ten."

A member of the press, opposing, observing signs of dissent from a Liberal, exclaimed: "Ah, the honorable member opposes a ray shake his head, but he cannot shake mine." "Sir," said Mr. Walter Long, on education matters, "we are told that by this legislation the heart of the country will be shaken to its foundation."

"Dope."

What is the meaning of a "dope fiend," which the murdered millionaire is said to have called the man who killed him? "Dope" is an English dialect word for a simoleon, but probably the millionaire's "dope" is another one altogether, derived from the "doping" of horses and implying that the man was the victim of a drug habit. In America "dope" has long signified any thick liquid or semiliquid used as a food or as a lubricant, and the dictionaries quotes from the Scientific American—"Dope, a preparation of pitch, tallow and other ingredients, which, being applied to the bottom of the shoes, enables the wearer to lightly glide over the snow softened by the rays of the sun." It seems to come from the Dutch "doop," dipping, or paste, which comes from the verb meaning to dip, that also produced "dopper," a nickname for a Baptist.

Would Not Be Bossed.

That there is a startling difference between the temper of the rising generation and that of the youth whose young ideas shot up according to the teachings of Mrs. Hannah More and Sanford and Merton has recently been proved by a little seven-year-old girl, who was laboriously spelling her way through a reading lesson.

"Always speak the truth," she said, "and obey your parents."

"Be gentle and quiet. Never slam the doors and shout and scream about the house."

"At the table eat slowly; not in a greedy manner like a pig."

Suddenly the little girl shut the book with a portentous bang, and announced with firmness and decision:

"I'm not going to let any old third reader boss me like that!"

Why the Fare Was Simple.

A traveler in the mountains of North Carolina stopped at a cabin to obtain a meal, which, when served, consisted of the inevitable "side meat and cornbread." The traveler had observed a great deal of game as he passed along the road, and seeing a shotgun in the cabin, remarked that it would seem that they might add to their bill of fare with but little trouble.

"That's so, stranger," the mountain cook drawled, "an' we all do generally hev right smart game. Would hev had some pottatoes terday if Bub hadn't been sich er fool. He went huntin' yistiddy, an' shot off one bar'l of ther gun, an' then blowed into ther muzzle ter clear out ther nipple."

Harry Lehr in Evidence.

Harry Lehr hit a man the other day for photographing him, but the reporters, failing to appreciate the importance of the incident, neglected to report it with care. One account says Harry struck the man on the beach, but Harry's friends declare he is too hard a fighter to hit the man there. Some think he hit the photographer on the wrist, others say on the ankle. It is not known what he used to hit the man, but certainly it was either his parasol or reticule. The report that he hit him with his cigarette is

HAD TO BE CULTIVATED.

Friendship With Senator Not Likely to Be Spontaneous.

Ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is known as a man of uncompromising adherence to his own ideas of right and wrong, and, like many men of his kind, has little diplomacy, carrying at times a large chip on each shoulder. These qualities made him one of the chief irritants of the upper house of congress during his membership. Senator Hoar's sweetness of temper, however, was not lost on the irascible Chandler, and no difficulties ever entered into their relations. Hoar, however, was not blind to his colleague's failing.

A senator from the middle states, fresh from an encounter with Chandler, sunk into a seat beside Hoar, exclaiming: "By thunder, Hoar, I've had just about enough of that autocrat from New Hampshire. You're about the only man here who can bear him. How do you manage to endure him?"

"Well," replied the Massachusetts man, with one of his familiar smiles, "I like Chandler; I really do; but my friend," and here he lowered his voice, "I must admit that it's an acquired taste."

LONG LIFE EASILY ATTAINED

Prof. Metchnikoff Has Simple Scheme to Secure Longevity.

It is well known that the average length of human life has been considerably prolonged in the last century owing to a better understanding and better fulfillment of private and public hygienic conditions. Few, however, attain old age, especially that of 100 years or more, and among these very few enjoy all their physical and mental powers. Prof. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, shows the causes of decrepitude, of premature weakening. He demonstrates that certain cells constituting the human organism become mutinous and devour the nobler cells of the body. He points out a special danger, the intestinal germs and the poisons or toxins elaborated thereby, which penetrate the system and cause the hardening and degeneration of tissues. The professor goes further and says that man can educate and improve these intestinal germs and their toxins. The most practical and easy way is, said he, to drink a beverage which contains the germs of lactic acid fermentation, whose antagonism to the bad germs he has demonstrated.

Great Men Fond of Tea.

Like all things in the world tea met with opposition at the first thought or knowledge of it. There were some who called it a filthy custom, while others held that it would dwarf the body and destroy personal beauty. Samuel Johnson tells us that he was "a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for 20 years diluted his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant; who with tea amused the evening, with tea soiced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." Thackeray, Shakespeare and Lamb were all devotees to the teacup. "Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea. The afternoon glow is brightening the bamboos, the fountains are bubbling with delight, the soughing of the pines is heard in our kettle. Let us dream of evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolishness of things."

Sixpences on a Tombstone.

Sunday morning 21 old widows of the parish of St. Bartholomew, West Smithfield, went to the churchyard at the close of the morning service to pick up the sixpences which are annually deposited on the tombstone of a parishioner who died several centuries ago.

The origin of the custom dates back to Saxon times, and it was revived some years ago by Mr. Butterwick. The little graveyard is raised several feet above the level of the pathway, and to mount to this eminence the elderly dames are assisted up a step-ladder lodged against the stone coping of the wall.—London Daily Chronicle.

Long Words or Short.

Which shall we prefer in speech and writing? Almost everybody will vote for the short word, and almost everybody will be voting for the best candidate. The short words are usually the strong words. They make up in muscle and liveliness what they lack in size. And they are readily in the eyes of men who have themselves that they wish to lodge in other minds. A man who should run out into the street and yell "Confagration! Confagration! Confagration!" when a fire is burning would be thought to be making a jest of the affair. And so in all matters where ideas are to be handed out quickly and clearly, the short word has first choice.

Fish as Pets.

Many boys and girls who keep pets have been able to raise sets of wild birds and animals. A fish in a pond will come to know you if you feed them regularly, and they will follow you round the edge of the pond and at last grow so tame as to take food out of the hand. They will even come into the shallows and allow themselves to be patted. You will find it easiest to make friends of fish of the carp family.

Shocked.

"A girl out west was driven insane by the sight of a railway train the other day."

GOOD PROOF OF HIS SKILL.

Floor Polisher Surely Left Nothing to Be Desired.

Frank Miles Day, the well-known architect and essayist of Philadelphia, stepped carefully from a Persian rug of dull green and old rose to another rug of rich blue, for the polished floor between was dark and smooth and slippery like ice.

"Rather a good polish there, I think," said Mr. Day's host.

"Remarkably good, indeed," said Mr. Day.

The host just then slipped and nearly fell; and the architect, with a laugh, went on:

"A friend of mine has beautiful floors, and the other day sent for a floor polisher. 'I want these floors polished,' he said to the man, as he led him about the house. 'They are, you perceive, fine ones. They ought to come out as lustrous as rosewood. Do you think you're capable of doing them justice? Give me some proof of your thorough competence.'

"That's easily done, sir," the polisher replied. 'You just go and ask Col. Snow, next door but one, about my work. He'll tell you. Why, governor, on the polished floor of Col. Snow's dining room alone five persons got broken limbs last winter, while two ladies slipped down the grand staircase during the Easter week ball and one dislocated her hip, while the other fractured three ribs. You ask Col. Snow, sir. I polished that floor and that there staircase of his!'"

USED RUSE TO SECURE MONKEY

Animal was Unacquainted with Qualities of Opera Glass.

A professor well known in the scientific world recently hit upon a novel method of capturing a pet monkey which had escaped from the house and taken refuge in the branches of a tall tree.

He looked at the animal through a pair of opera glasses, pointing the small end at him, and then retired to a short distance, leaving the opera glasses on the ground. The imitative monkey descended from the tree, and, taking the opera glasses, gazed in a similar manner, at his master, who seemed to the deluded ape to be many yards distant.

The monkey, continuing to look through the same end of the opera glasses, supposed his master, who was walking slowly toward him, to be still a long way off, when the professor, reaching out, secured the chain and led the victim back to his cage.

The Part of True Wisdom.

The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands. In the nature of things, those who have not property and see their neighbors possessed of much more than they think them to need cannot be favorable to laws made for the protection of such property. When this class becomes numerous it grows clamorous. It looks on property as its prey and plunder, and is naturally ready at all times for violence and revolution. It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property, but to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government.—Daniel Webster.

Courtesy in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, Denmark, is a city of canals and cleanliness—a land of pure delight, free from beggars, organ-grinders, and stray dogs. The inhabitants thereof are born courteous, and seem never to have recovered from the habit. When a passenger boards a car in Copenhagen, he exchanges greetings with the conductor; a gentleman, on leaving the car, usually lifts his hat in acknowledgment of a salute from that official. When a fare is paid, the conductor drops it into his cash box, thanks the passenger, and gives him a little paper receipt. He offers change with a preliminary "Be so good," and the passenger accepts it with thanks. If, in addition, transfers are required, complimentary exchanges go on indefinitely. Yet there is always time enough in Copenhagen.—Four Track News.

The Advice of Experience.

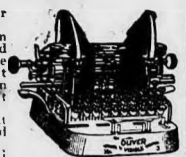
It has sometimes been remarked by the student of childhood that the only child learns to read sooner than the child belonging to a large family. This may be not be psychological reasons for it; but the story of the small boy of five, who was struggling with his alphabet blocks for the first time, may be enlightening to those who wish for reasons. The story was really rather interesting, that otherwise in a large A that fulfilled its usual function of standing on an apple tree; but he had a brother who was nearly right. "You leave me alone," advised the brother; "if you don't begin to read you can never leave off."

Ten Cents on a Dollar.

Swiss hotel keepers are trying to arrange a ten per cent scale of tips. They complain that the scale of gratuities has risen greatly owing to the reckless generosity of Americans. If they can reduce it to ten per cent, well and good; but if they wish to keep Americans from giving more than they must first employ a class of servants who expect no more from Amer-

You Can Easily Operate This Typewriter Yourself.

Don't worry your correspondent. Don't write him anything by hand that takes him time to make out—that may leave him in doubt—that he can't easily read. And don't fill out legal papers or card memos—or make out accounts or hotel menus in your own handwriting. It looks bad, reflects on your standing, makes people think you can't afford a stenographer, and is sometimes ambiguous. You can write out your letter—make out an abstract—fill in an insurance policy—order your card memos—make out your accounts—write hotel menus—order any kind of writing you need on any kind, size or thickness of paper—and space any way you want.



The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer. You can write any of these things yourself if you do not happen to have a stenographer. For you can easily learn with a little practice to write just as rapidly and as perfectly as an expert operator on the OLIVER. Because the OLIVER is the simplified typewriter. And you can see every word you write. About 80 per cent more durable than any other typewriter because it has about 80 per cent less wearing parts than most other typewriters. 80 per cent easier to write with than those other complicated, intricate machines that require "familiarity"—technical knowledge—long practice and special skill to operate. These machines which cannot be adjusted to any special space—with which it is impossible to write abstracts, insurance policies, or old-sized documents except you buy expensive special attachments (requiring experts to operate).

You can adjust the OLIVER to any reasonable space—you can write on any reasonable size and thickness of paper right up to the very edge, without the aid of any expensive attachment or special, and your work will be most appearing, legible and clear.

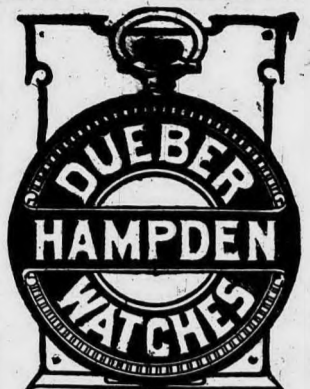
For the OLIVER is the typewriter for the doctor, the lawyer, the insurance agent, the merchant, the hotel proprietor—or any man who does his own writing. Write us now for our booklet on the simplified features of the OLIVER.

The OLIVER Typewriter Co. Wabash Ave. and Monroe Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stomachic Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE.



MADE AT THE GREAT WATCH WORKS AT CANTON, OHIO.

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

C. G. DRAPER, PLYMOUTH



There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is an account of their style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has many 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. Handsome premiums of liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue of 500 designs and Premium Cards (showing our premium) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

PAINT NOW. The fall is a splendid painting time—no gnats and flies to stick to fresh paint; not so many rains to soak into the surface just before you paint; good thing to protect the house against winter storms. If you paint now and use SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT you'll get the best of results and save money. Come in, talk it over and get color cards.

Gonner Hdw. Co., Ltd.

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.