

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1906

WHOLE NO. 1006.

Brown & Pettingill,

The White Front Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HOLIDAY CANDIES,

FRUITS AND NUTS,

TEAS AND COFFEES,

FANCY GROCERIES,

VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

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ARE you looking for Holiday Gifts? If so, call on us and look over our line of Napkins, Table Linens, Fancy Towels, Handkerchiefs, Japanese Drawn Work, Belts, Hand-Bags, Gloves, Mittens, Combs, Sofa Pillows, Ladies' Collars, Collar and Cuff Sets, Woolen Blankets, Quilts with and without fringe.

What would be better than a nice Umbrella or Dress Suit Case for an Xmas present? We have a good assortment in this line. We have a large line of Fancy Suspenders for the Holiday trade, put up in Christmas Boxes. Also a new line of Neckties, Collars and Cuffs, Silk Mufflers, also the new style of Sweater Collar and Chest Protector, Sweaters, Kid Gloves and Mittens and Working Gloves and Mittens, a full line of Wool and Cotton Socks. In fact we have everything that a man could wish for in the shape of a useful present.

We would be pleased to have you call at our store, whether you wish to make a purchase or not. In fact, come in and see us. Our store will be open every evening next week.

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ALVARADO OF MEXICO

MAN IMBUED WITH THE SPIRIT OF GIVING TO THE POOR.

Rich Mine Owner Who, Emulating Carnegie, Declares He Will Distribute His Wealth While He Lives.

Don Pedro Alvarado is a generous hearted mine owner of Mexico, who has resolved that he will die poor, somewhat after the spirit and purpose of Carnegie, of this country. He owns a mine which can produce net profits of \$12,000,000 a year, and all this immense income he declares he will give away. In order to attain his purpose he offered not long ago to pay off the national debt of Mexico. But in this attempt to empty his treasury he was thwarted. The Mexican government was so proud that it declined the favor. Don Pedro, however, is not a man to be easily discouraged. He is going to give his money away, in spite of obstacles. And so, after long deliberation, he has announced he would give \$10,000,000 to the poor of Mexico, the money to be distributed by the government. Little, if any, is to be



Don Pedro Alvarado, the Mexican Carnegie.

given outright to any applicant, but each of those who are found worthy in the eyes of the government will receive a small farm, be provided with a home or be helped to establish himself in business. Provision has been made to found free schools with the fund, and a small amount will be given to struggling churches. It is estimated that as many as 20,000 persons will be benefited by Don Pedro's generosity.

To the American mind Don Pedro is an enigma. It is not his philanthropy that causes the Yankee to wonder, for the Yankee can be one of the most generous givers when so inclined, but it is his indifference to the making of money. Although his mine, it is said, could be worked by an American company to produce \$1,000,000 a month, Don Pedro contents himself with much less than that amount.

He has been reported as only working the mine now and then when he needed the cash, but this he denies. "I operate my mining plant," he says, "the same as you gentlemen from the United States would, if you had it, but with this difference: I don't try to dig out all the silver in it at once. If I did I might spend it all and be a poor man again. At any rate my 500 miners are working; I'll get \$500,000 a month as long as I live."

Another strange thing about Don Pedro is that he loves his poor relatives. He keeps his house at Parral filled with them. Anybody who can trace the slightest connection with the wealthy mine owner, either by birth or marriage, is welcome within his gates. And when he cannot spend his income on his people fast enough at home, he chartered a special train, packs them all aboard and starts off on a journey, just where he never knows in advance. Accordingly he always makes an arrangement with the railroad company to stop his special train wherever he takes the notion.

Unlike the average American who grows wealthy, Don Pedro does not care for personal attendants. He shaves himself, cuts his own hair, blacks his own shoes, and does a part of his own cooking. After his wife died he for a long time dressed his three children himself. Nor is he circumspect in his spending of money as many American capitalists. If he takes a fancy to something he will buy of it a dozen times as much as he needs. A year ago he met an American sewing machine agent, who so interested him in his particular machine that Don Pedro bought 50 of them, and put one in each room in his house. Another great source of enjoyment for this peculiar man is to give work to the poor. If a beggar asks him for alms he will shake his head. "No, but I'll let you work for me and pay you for your labor," he will say. Not long ago, when the grape crop in the region around Parral proved a failure, most of the farm-

KNEW WHAT HE W

Astute Yankee Made Money by Wearing Queer Pair of Trousers.

A Massachusetts man tells a story of "Old John" Langley, a veteran Worcester horseman, that is illustrative of Yankee astuteness.

One day Langley sought his tailor and in somewhat profane terms demanded "a pair of breeches of the best stuff in the shop." Of the many samples submitted "Old John" hit upon a beautiful silky broadcloth, the most costly piece of goods the tailor had, and although this was most unsuitable for the purpose, Langley insisted that it was just what he wanted. Furthermore, he declared that he desired it "made up wrong side out."

The tailor expostulated in vain, but the trousers were made as per specifications, and delivered.

A day or so thereafter a friend, calling on Langley, remarked on the trousers in uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More giving resulted in an offer from "Old John" to bet \$50 that the cloth cost more per yard than that in his friend's trousers. The bet was taken and the tailor was to decide it. He named the price. The friend would not believe that the rough goods could be so costly until he was shown the shiny silky side. Then he paid, as other men had on similar bets, so that "Old John" reaped quite a harvest on his original idea.

TYPE OF CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Rare Qualities Will Make "Chinese Gordon" Long Remembered.

Once in the Sudan, having inadvertently injured a lizard's tail by switching his riding whip, he was rendered unseizable for days by the remembrance of it. At Woolwich he spent much time and care in trying to cure a canary belonging to a lady friend of his which had broken its leg. No man has written more feelingly of the horrors of war or has more strongly denounced those who enter upon it with a light heart. To him it was a dreadful necessity, and nothing could justify its employment but the hope of putting an end to some evil greater still. When he quitted China he wrote to his mother: "I know I shall leave China as poor as when I entered it, but with the knowledge that through my weak instrumentality upward of 80,000 to 100,000 lives have been spared. I need no further satisfaction than this." His sole object in undertaking the administration of the Sudan was to put down the slave trade. "I declare solemnly," he says, "that I would give my life willingly to save the sufferings of these people, and if I could do this, how much more does He care for them than such imperfection as I am?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Curious, Indeed.

"Curious thing, that automobile accident in New York the other night, wasn't it?"

"Which one?"

"The one that is reported in this morning's papers. Haven't you read about it? The man who was running the machine started down Broadway, and, after passing Wall street, he turned on all the speed he had, paying no attention to other vehicles and laughing at the policemen who commanded him to stop. Having arrived at the Battery, he went right on at the rate of 50 miles an hour, going over the sea wall into the bay, where he sank, with the machine on top of him. The man and the two women who were with him were rescued, but it is feared that one of the women will not survive."

"The fellow undoubtedly was crazy." "Certainly he was. But that was not the curious part of the incident. It appears that neither of the women was an actress or a chorus girl."

As They Each Saw It.

Two women met on the street corner on a cold day, when the wind was playing havoc with skirts and treasures. The first had her head tied up in two veils and several yards of fur were wrapped about her neck. On her feet were fine spun silk stockings and little patent leather pumps. The other wore a big, floppy hat, with no veil, and several inches of her neck showed above the flat collar of her lawn waistcoat, but her feet were incased in heavy shoes and cloth gaiters.

"Aren't you awfully cold?" queried the first, looking at her friend's bare neck.

"Not at all," responded the other with a glance at the feet of the first, "but I should think you would freeze to death."

Ma Clements Was Gams.

Not many years ago there lived in the town of Waldo, Me., a man by the name of Hall Clements. One of his daughters married a man by the name of Hiram Mixer, another married Loren Sheldon. He also had a son Jack.

A neighbor, commenting one day upon the names of the tribe of Clements, the old man broke in with: "Yes, I have H. L. Jack and the old woman is gams for an all."

THE FEMININE FOR CHARITY

"Charity," said Mrs. Hunter, as she and Mr. Hunter got comfortably seated in the elevated train on their way uptown after the theater, "is what makes the world go round."

Mr. Hunter looked bored and indifferent. "I know of other things," he returned cynically, "that make the world go round. For instance, observe that young man across the aisle—"

"He's—intoxicated!" said Mrs. Hunter, in a shocked voice. The young man in question was trying vainly to snatch a few minutes of sleep with his ear on one edge of the window ledge. Next to him sat a respectable looking elderly gentleman, quite mellow, but not exactly drunk, who picked up the young man's hat from time to time and nudged him whenever he was about to fall.

"Isn't that disgusting?" remarked Mrs. Hunter, drawing her skirts and wraps close around her. "Why don't you practice charity?" she asked, returning to the subject on her mind. "If you had heard Mrs. Hardpen this afternoon at the Ladies' Lecture club, I'm sure you would—"

"I don't get a chance," broke in Mr. Hunter, unfolding his "night edition." "You give all my clothes away to the janitor before they are half worn out." "Well, I have to do something to placate him," protested Mrs. Hunter. "And besides I'm charitable," she added, virtuously. "Why, just look at that old man," she whispered, interrupting herself.

Mr. Hunter looked over his glasses. The respectable old gentleman, in the goodness of his heart, despairing of waking up the inebriated youth, had placed a protecting arm around the boy's shoulders and was holding the youngster's hat on his knees. Mrs. Hunter watched him, fascinated. Gradually the young man's head slid over onto the older man's arm. Then the old gentleman patted the boy's cheek smartly and began talking to him, trying to arouse his interest. The young man answered in monosyllables and without opening his eyes. Every time the old gentleman would stop talking he would nod off into the land of dreams again. Finally the elder man gave it up and pressing the young fellow's brown head down onto his own shoulder let him slumber there.

Mrs. Hunter sighed. "I do think that's too pathetic," she whispered.

"Shut up," commanded Mr. Hunter. "It's none of your business. Look the other way if you don't like it."

Just then, above the rattle of the train and the noise of the passengers there rose a cracked, high-pitched masculine voice. The old man was singing a lullaby! He nodded across at Mrs. Hunter and deliberately winked as he pointed tenderly at his sleeping companion. Everybody in the train was smothering a giggle by this time. But Mrs. Hunter only remained staring sorrowfully at the sight before her. Presently the train reached Fifth street. The old man shook his companion gently, rose unsteadily, pulled the boy up with him as tenderly as a mother might, and, still with his arm around the youth's shoulders, half helped and half dragged him off the train to the platform.

Mrs. Hunter heaved a deep sigh. "That poor father!" she exclaimed, sympathetically, as the train started forward again.

"Father! What father!" asked Mr. Hunter, looking up from his paper and regarding his wife in astonishment.

"Why, the poor old man with the drunken son," replied Mrs. Hunter. "How his heart must ache!"

"Don't you worry about his heart," retorted Mr. Hunter; "it's his head that's going to ache—later. And don't you deceive yourself into thinking that he's the other fellow's father."

"Of course he is," argued Mrs. Hunter. "If he isn't his father, why is he so gentle and tender with him? Why is he taking him home like that? Why—"

"Because," said Mr. Hunter, patiently, "the boy's drunk, isn't he? And the old man isn't—that is he isn't as drunk."

"But that's no reason," retorted Mrs. Hunter.

"It's reason enough for a man," declared Mr. Hunter. "Wouldn't you do as much for another woman if you found her alone and drunk and helpless on the street?"

"What!" Mrs. Hunter's eyes blazed with indignation. "Do you think I'd lower myself to—"

"No," said Mr. Hunter, "you'd draw your skirts aside and sweep by like a blooming Pharissee. That's what you'd do. And then you'd go next day and lecture on 'Charity' at your tissue paper club. Don't talk to me about feminine morality or—"

"Now you're going to be disagreeable," said Mrs. Hunter. "Oh, well," she sighed, "I never expect you to understand me."—N. Y. Press.

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If you are wandering in the desert of dissatisfaction, if you want to get out of the burning sands of distastefulness, the Kar-a-van is the oasis to which you should turn your attention. At the pool of trade and in the homes of thousands it is filling a long felt want and filling it so completely that there is no room for doubt or argument.

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Santos Blend	18c
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" Java	30c
" Mocha and Java	35c
" Swiss Villa	38c

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ROE & PARTRIDGE

Free Delivery. Phone 13.

Follow the Crowd

TO

D. A. JOLLIFFE'S.

Where are you going my pretty maid?
I'm going to Jolliffe's store, she said.
And why to Jolliffe's do you go?
Because his prices are so low.
For when I to his store am sent
Ma says it saves just ten per cent.
And all his goods are up-to-date,
As good as any in the State.
And oh, how everybody stares!
When told the prices of his wares.
Of Groceries and Dry Goods, too,
And Christmas presents not a few.
And if you do not think this true
Just come and I will go with you.
And you will see I have not lied
About this store on the north side.
Why, quoth the man, I have no doubt,
About this store you tell about;
For I have always heard it said
That Jolliffe's store's the place to trade,

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL—"

By M. E. LOWMAN

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

Kent Trevor came round the corner of the house whistling his latest acquisition in "ragtime," a fishing rod on his shoulder, a tin can of "bait" in his hand. He stopped expectantly at the back piazza steps, but seeing no one, called: "Mother!"

"Yes, Kent, in just a minute," came a voice from the kitchen; and in about that time the owner of the voice, a sweet faced woman with a firm mouth, appeared.

"I thought you were out here, mother. I only wanted to tell you that I would not be home to dinner, as John and I are going over to the Blue Pond. But you may expect a five pound trout for supper."

His mother smiled. Kissing his hand to her he resumed his whistling and set off with a sturdy stride across the fields to meet his chum. Pride and affection showing plainly in her countenance, his mother watched him out of sight.

As he left the fields and entered the road he was joined by his friend, John Fenton, a boy of his own age, whose face lacked the strength that was the predominant characteristic of Kent's, but had far more claim to beauty. They reached Blue Pond, a famous fishing place, in good time and proceeded to the business of the day.

"I was just thinking, Kent," said John, "of the contrast between to-day and yesterday. To-day we are a couple of idle vagabonds, apparently absorbed in thoughts of angle worms and roach, with a possible trout later on as a lure; yesterday," and he threw out his chest and spoke in as deep a bass as he could compass, "yesterday, we stood in the classic halls of Senoia high school and orated (at least you did) and received the plaudits of the admiring multitude, and incidentally our diplomas and the congratulations of our friends on being first and second honor men. Was yesterday a reality and to-day a dream, or vice versa?" Kent laughed, albeit a little soberly.

"To me they are both realities and both a little saddening. It is no light matter to leave your childish days behind you and find yourself confronted with the great problem, What is my life to be? or rather, What am I to make of my life? for after all, we choose what it is to be. Have you thought that to-day is probably the last we will spend together in the old careless fashion? What are you going to do now that you have graduated from the high school?"

"Father says I am to help him in the store for a few years, with a final view to partnership I suppose, as I am the only boy in the family. What are your plans?"

"I am going to college."

"P-h-e-w! I thought it was just all your mother could do to keep you in the high school until you graduated, and now you announce in the coolest manner and as a matter of course that you are going to college."

"My plans are not perfected yet, but if you will not mention it I will tell you what I am thinking of. You know the people of Chetney have to come to Senoia, 15 miles, for their mail, and it is a great inconvenience to them. Judge Dent has been trying for a year to make arrangements to have the mail delivered there three times a week. He is about to succeed in this and I intend to apply for the position of mail carrier. It will only pay \$350 a year, but that will take me to college for one year. I can go and come the same day, and that will take but three days out of the week, and the rest of the time I can help with the farm work and relieve mother of a good deal of care. All my spare time I shall put in preparing to enter the junior class, and when I get through that I am going to make the money to take the senior year."

"I must say you are gritty. But even if you get the place you surely cannot take the horse from the crops three days in a week or there will be no crops. It would take a lot of your wages to buy a horse; you haven't even a bicycle and you cannot walk 30 miles a day."

"Buying a horse is not to be thought of. I have a plan, but I propose to keep that to myself yet awhile, at least until I can talk it over with Judge Dent. I am to see him about it to-morrow. Now let's get to fishing. I promised mother a five pound trout for supper."

"You remember what promises are like, don't you? And I expect this one is no exception."

But it was. When Kent reached home late in the afternoon the speckled beauty dangled at his side and he laid it at his mother's feet with quite a flourish, after which he proceeded to prepare it for cooking.

The next morning Kent had an interview with Judge Kent and when they parted the judge looked very much amused, while Kent's jaw looked square and determined; but there seemed to be an excellent understanding between them, for the judge clapped Kent on the shoulder and said: "You'll do, Kent. I hope your plan will succeed. It certainly deserves success."

"Thank you!" Kent quietly responded. "I am sure it will succeed if I am allowed to put it to the test."

When Kent returned to his home he was observed by his mother to be very busy with his tools under the woodshed, and afterwards spend several hours each day in a small but

secluded piece of woods back of the house.

In a short time, through Judge Dent's influence, the position of mail carrier was secured to Kent Trevor. Not only had John Fenton been exercised in mind as to the manner in which the mail would go to and from Chetney, but the entire village speculated upon the probability of Kent's doing this or that; but all agreed on one thing, that if Kent Trevor said he would take the mail back and forth he would do so, even if he had to crawl.

At length the day came when he was to make his first trip. His appearance in the village as he called at the post office for his mail bag was the signal for such a shout as had not been heard in the rather sedate village of Senoia for many a day.

"Where did you get your seven league boots?"

"When did your legs grow so long?"

"What did your mother feed you on to make you grow so tall?"

"Lie down, Sonnie, so as to let us pat you on the head."

"You expect to drink water out of the clouds, don't you?"

"No, no; he's going to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

These were a few of the exclamations that greeted his first appearance. It really seemed as if the village had resolved itself into one laugh, long and loud. But Kent laughed with the rest, tossed saucy replies to those who addressed him and stalked on the even tenor of his way.

He dismounted at the post office, strapped his mail bag firmly to his shoulders, remounted and set off at a pace that augured well for the speedy delivery of the mail at Chetney, followed by the cheers of the crowd. As he passed out of sight one gentleman was heard remarking to another: "Not one boy out of a thousand has the pluck and determination to do a thing like that. Mark me, we will hear from him yet in a way to make us proud of him."

Kent's arrival in Chetney caused little less commotion than his departure from Senoia. Judge Dent was on hand to meet him and after the delivery of the mail insisted upon taking him home with him as he wanted a talk with him.

After dinner as they stood on the shaded veranda he put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said: "Kent, my boy, I am proud of you! You have this day proven that now and henceforth you are the master and not the slave of circumstance. It re-



Mounted on Stilts of Great Height.

quired no little moral courage to do the thing you have accomplished. Most boys would rather face a loaded gun than the ridicule you encountered to-day."

"And I am no exception, sir; but I was determined to face it even as I would a loaded gun, and the anticipation was far worse than the reality. There was plenty of ridicule, but it was the good-natured article."

"You have not yet told me how you ever came to think of such a thing."

"I was reading lately of how the Scottish shepherds used enormous tall stilts in tending their flocks, both for the convenience of seeing a great distance and of getting over ground at a rapid rate. I then remembered that I was the champion stilt-walker among the boys of our village a few years ago, and as I had in view applying for the position that you have since so kindly secured for me, it occurred to me that if the practical use of stilts were feasible in Scotland it was equally so in America. The more I thought of it the more practical the idea seemed to me, and I determined to carry it out if I should be made carrier. I had to put in a good bit of practice to perfect myself sufficiently to undertake it, but I think I succeeded fairly, for I made the distance here to-day in marvellously short time."

"Well, I admire your grit. Now there is another matter I want settled."

And before Kent left Chetney it was arranged that on the days he brought the mail to Chetney he should remain with Judge Dent as long as possible, studying under his guidance to fit himself for the junior class in college.

For a whole year Kent went back and forth on his stilts with the mail, and so well did he apply himself to his studies under the direction of Judge Dent that he easily entered the junior class, where he soon became a favorite with student and instructors, even as in the old days at Senoia high school.

HOG OF BRILLIANT COLOR.

West African Animal One of the Most Brightly Colored Mammals.

That really beautiful species the Red River hog of West Africa is now well represented in the zoo. In common with other juvenile wild pigs the Red River hog is striped in the early part of its life. When about three months old it loses these markings, and the body has a spotted appearance.

The adult is one of the most brilliantly colored mammals in existence but its bright red hue no doubt harmonizes with its surroundings. The soil in many parts of West Africa being red. It is of an elegant shape and with its tufted tail and long, pencilled ears has considerable pretensions to beauty.

Though it has not the enormous tusks found in many of the wild swine the Red River hog is not devoid of means of defense. Its face is protected by hard callouses on each side, just below the eyes, and there is a bony ridge on each side of the upper jaw. And that these growths are not merely ornamental is proved by the fact that this animal can hold its own with the war-hog, a species provided with formidable upturned tusks.—Westminster Gazette.

IN THE BUSINESS HIMSELF.

Good Reason Why Caller Had Been Listened to With Patience.

"I don't wish to take up your time," the caller said, "unless you think it is likely I might interest you in the subject of life insurance."

"Well," replied the man at the desk, "I'll not deny that I have been thinking about it lately. Go ahead. I'll listen to you."

Whereupon the caller talked to him 45 minutes without a stop.

"And now," he said at last, "are you satisfied that our company is one of the best, and that our plan of doing business is thoroughly safe?"

"Yes."

"Have I convinced you that we furnish as good insurance as any other company and at rates as cheap as you can get anywhere?"

"Yes, I am satisfied with what you say—perfectly satisfied."

"Well, don't you want to take out a policy with us?"

"No? Oh, no. I'm a life insurance agent myself. I thought I might be able to get some tips from you!"

The Great Song Town.

Philadelphia prints more than one-quarter of all the music in the United States, and the total amount of it is six times as great as it was 15 years ago. But, while Europe shows no such increase as that, this country's total output is still less than half that of Leipzig, Germany, and less than that of several other European cities. In this city the amount of instrumental music printed used to exceed that of vocal music. This was due, it is said, to the cheapening of pianos in recent years and the popularity of banjo and guitar music. Now, however, the banjo, at least, has lost some of its popularity, and the gain in vocal music—until it is about equal to the instrumental in quantity—is attributed to the current prevalence of musical comedies. In vocal music the comic and the sentimental keep about even. The gain in religious music has not been so great as that in other lines.—Philadelphia Record.

Invited to Dinner.

The Emotional Yankee—Come along for dinner. Pot luck. We always have something good to eat and enough for ten. To-night it will be chicken soup, chicken fricassee—

The Theatrical Englishman—Forgo it! Forget it! There's one thing we Brits can't stand, and that is boiling the juices out of a chicken and making two courses of the bird. Now, if you had said roast chicken—

"Oh, well, I'll telephone to my wife to have a roast instead of a fricassee. That will be—"

"What! Roast a boiled chicken?"

"Certainly. What do you do at your home when you boil a chicken, say an aged hen or veteran rooster?"

"We throw away the water and eat the bird; but we never think of making two courses of it."

Would Give Mira Half.

One of Marblehead's old Grand Bank skippers used to tell the following:

Skipper Mira Preble was fitting out for a trip and "Mopy" Chambers, the champion wood sawyer of the town came to the wharf and asked if the skipper would bring him some tongues and sounds.

Preble agreed if "Mopy" would furnish a firkin.

The next day "Mopy" came to the wharf with the largest firkin made and said: "There, Mira, if you will bring that full to me I will do the handsome thing for you."

"What will you do?" asked Preble.

"If you bring it back level full I will give you half," replied "Mopy."

The Lost Label.

On the bleak heights the miners were preparing their dinner.

"Bill," said a red-whiskered man, "is this here potted turkey or deviled lobster?"

Bill blushed and hung his head. "I can't tell you," he faltered. "The label's got torn off the can."

Collywobs.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked the kindly old gentleman. "You seem to be in great pain."

"G'on! Yer mixed," groaned the little boy. "I ain't in no great pain, but dey's a great pain in me, all right."

WOMAN LABORITE

PROMINENT ENGLISH LEADER TO VISIT UNITED STATES.

Miss Mary R. MacArthur Manages Strikes and Holds Sway Over 135,000 Women Workers of British Isles.

Aside entirely from the present agitation by adult women of England for the right to vote, there has been, an enormous increase in the powers of working women. This has been particularly true during the past year and silently, and without apparently wishing to give the alarm, industrial women have organized themselves so perfectly that to-day, in England members of women's unions number about 135,000. As a result their social status is daily increasing in importance.

There will soon visit the United States—to take part in the great women's conference to be held in Chicago early in February—one of the foremost women organizers of the United Kingdom. This is Miss Mary R. MacArthur, secretary and organizer of the Women's Trade Union League, which society is the hub of the women's industrial movement.

The Women's Trade Union League is a federation of affiliated women's unions. It has been almost entirely through this unique organization that Great Britain's women workers have been brought into a unity which is truly remarkable.

Miss MacArthur has been able through her rare abilities to take this vast number of women, all representing divergent interests, and combine, amalgamate and shape into a symmetrical, working, dynamic force, which is exerting a profound influence on English industrialism to-day. She is tall, handsome, with light golden hair, blue, laughing eyes, and a youthfulness that is quite in harmony with her age, for she is only 26 years old. In speaking of her work she says:

"My connection with the women's movement came about in a very singular way. I went to a labor meeting at Ayr, in Scotland, one day, for the purpose of writing a skit on the proceedings. It turned out to be the old story of going to scoff, but remaining to pray. I became impressed with the truth and meaning of the labor movement, and it was not long before I had joined forces with these very people. In due time I became a member of the Ayr branch of the national union of shop assistants and clerks."

"After acting as delegate, and then first president of the Scottish council of shop assistants, I became a member of the national executive of the union,



MISS MARY R. MACARTHUR. Chief Leader of Trade Union Movement of England.

being the first woman to hold that position. In 1903, I was a delegate to the Scottish trade union congress.

"Desiring a wider scope for my work I came to London in 1903, taking a position with a commercial firm. The secretaryship of the Women's Trade Union League happened to become vacant just at that time, I was appointed by the committee to that position.

To afford an idea of the numerical strength of the women trade union movement in Great Britain, Miss MacArthur stated that already over 135,000 women are effectively organized; and the number is increasing every day.

The upper grades of women's labor are being disentangled from the meshes of class prejudice and sham superiority which have so long constituted the chief obstacle to their organization, this being evidenced by the marked growth of unionism among women civil servants, and by hundreds of women telephone operators, telegraphists, typists and others throughout the country.

Not only are women of higher intelligence taking advantage of organization but working girls throughout the British Isles have recognized and grasped the idea of the power they may obtain by unity. There are now effective organizations of women tailresses, tea packers, bookbinders, milliners and dressmakers, paper bag makers, shop assistants, textile workers—in fact, of nearly every department of woman's work capable of being organized.

The cook who disobeyed orders and hurried up the slow-burning kindling with kerosene was promptly fired. —Woman's Magazine.

ABOUT THAT CRAPE BAND.

Mourning Symbol Out of Place on the Arms of Gentlemen.

It is astonishing how many persons, both men and women, who give every other indication of culture and refinement, are seen on the streets nowadays wearing crape bands on their coat sleeves, says the New York Herald. This form of mourning was originally a military one, the British officer's cap, with its ridiculously low crown, not admitting of a band. When he boasted a decoration the medal also was covered with crape.

From the military the sleeve band descended to the coachman and footman, and has long been the recognized servant's mourning when there was a death in the master's family. Then the costermongers adopted it because it was cheap. When one of 'Arry's friends dies the purchase of a black coat is out of the question, so he puts the band of crape around the sleeve of his old coat and lets it go at that.

The well-to-do New Yorker who unwittingly adopts this custom is first cousin to the parvenu who invests in a coat of arms and picks out one with a bar sinister because he thinks it looks just the thing.

GRIP MADE DOCTORS RICH.

British Physicians Had Harvest in the Epidemic of Influenza.

The British Medical Journal is authority for the statement that the incomes of English physicians have fallen off one-fourth since 1900, and among the causes mentioned is the abatement of the influenza epidemic, which appeared some years ago, and the mildness of recent English winters.

We are hearing much less of the influenza or grip in this country, says the Springfield Republican, and there may be those by and by who will assert that it never existed as a distinct disease except in the imagination, but those who have had it will never forget it or be persuaded to the contrary.

British medical statistics ascribe 19,000 deaths to this trouble in the one year of 1900, when the epidemic seems to have culminated. It is now pretty well established that the influenza is a specific disease, which is supposed to originate in the fifth of life in the Far East, and which moves from there around the world in increasing virulence until the epidemic culminates and gradually dies out.

Triumphing Over Difficulty.

There passed away some time ago a dressmaker who had been so unfortunate in her marital experiences as to have several husbands, and who rejected her maiden name for professional purposes. The day of her death a sister actress waited on an undertaker, to make arrangements for the funeral.

"Well," said he, "as to the casket, I should advise one lined with white satin if the lady was unmarried. If she was married, heliotrope would be a happy thing."

The undertaker smiled. Then she said: "I will call her other friends," and went away. Later in the day she came again.

"Well," she said with dignity, "we have reached a decision. We should have our dear friend's casket lined with the best grade of white satin, with heliotrope here and there of heliotrope."

Pins in Letters.

"If people must stick pins in their letters, I wish they would cover up the pins so they wouldn't push through," said a mail clerk whose hands were fastured by tiny scratches. "I'll bet you a hundred dings a day from pins if systematic folk use to hold their correspondence together. I never could get them out, anyway, why so many letters need to be finished off with a pin."

"Of course, I understand that about half of those written by women have a postscript in the shape of samples of dress goods or newspaper clippings, which perhaps require a pin or two to hold them in place, but even that habit cannot account for the large number of letters that come through the post office with a pin sticking out of one corner."

His Eridal Layout.

There lived a man near Franklin, N. H., who was known as the "stingy" man. He was one of those unfortunate lards of creation who had, in not a very long life, put on mourning for three departed wives. But time assumes healing wounds as well as those of the flesh, and in due time a fourth mistress was inaugurated.

As has been said, he suffered nothing to be wasted—and as the new mistress was putting things to rights while cleaning up an attic she came across a long piece of board. She was about launching it out of the window, when little Sadie interposed and cried: "Oh, don't mamma! That is the board papa lays his wives out on, and he wants to save it."

Expensive Pink Tea.

"The next time I have a tea," declared the society man, "I'm going to make my telephone some way or other. At the last tea they caught sight of it on the table the first thing. 'Let's make it a telephone party!' they cried, and proceeded, one at a time, to talk to everybody they knew and didn't know."

"My telephone bill that month was exactly \$12.99," he finished with a sigh.

An Exception.

Kicker—The child is father to the man.

Kicker—Not much; the baby who hurried up the slow-burning kindling with kerosene was promptly fired. —Woman's Magazine.

FURNITURE!

Makes a useful and beautiful present. We carry the best and largest line ever shown in Plymouth. We have Leather Rockers and Rockers of all kinds to suit any person's taste or pocket-book. Come and see them. A most elegant and useful Christmas present.



The Bissell Superba Carpet Sweeper is another of our many useful presents—\$2.25 and up.

Select your presents early and we will set them aside until you want them delivered for Christmas.

SCHRADER BROS.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors. Phone 51-2r. Night or Day

Make Way for Santa Claus

With his big auto overflowing with Holiday Gifts for you. Never in the world so genuinely happy as at Christmas time. The joy of giving, the pleasure of receiving, the wide-spread good cheer of the Christmas season—these all make the time the red letter period of the year.

With the wealth of Holiday Wares we offer to choose from the time-honored custom is made doubly pleasant to the giver and receiver alike.

CHINA

Decorated and Plain White Dinner Sets, Vases, Jardiniere,

A line of beautiful Decorated Up-to-date China in Cake-plates, Cracker Jars, Salads, Sugar and Cream Sets, Chocolate Pots and Cups and Saucers.

The Largest Line of Toys in Plymouth.

Shooflies, Autos, Carts, Doll Cabs, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Chairs that are useful, Games, Books, Toy Furniture, Engines, Tea Sets, Tool Chests, Fire Dept. Wagons.

Xmas Tree Ornaments and Candles, Knives, Children's sets of Knife, Fork and Spoon, Nutcracks and Picks.

Toilet Soaps of the best.

A full line of Dabrook's Perfumes, all the best odors, in bulk or package.

Candy, Nuts, Fruits and an up-to-date line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

We will hold your selections until Christmas if you wish.

GAYDE BROS.

Telephone 53. Free Delivery.

Detroit, Plymouth & Northville Ry

TIME CARD.

NORTH				SOUTH			
Ar. Wayne	Leav. Corners	Ar. Plymouth	Ar. Northville	Leav. Northville	Ar. Corners	Ar. Wayne	Ar. Wayne
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12:00	12:00	12:45	12:45	1:00	1:00	1:15	1:15

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.

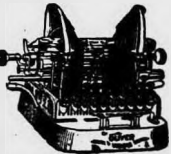
Michigan Telephone No. 2. Local Telephone No. 71.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 30, 1906. Trains leave Plymouth as follows. For Grand Rapids, North and West. 7:40 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 5:52 p. m. For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron. 8:12 a. m., 9:08 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 5:15 p. m. For Saginaw, Manistee, Ludington, and Milwaukee. 8:15 a. m., 9:08 a. m., 2:05 p. m., and 5:15 p. m. For Toledo and South—11:55 a. m., 2:40 p. m. and 8:35 p. m. For Detroit and East. 6:45 a. m., 12:22 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 7:25 p. m., 12:35 p. m., 8:43 p. m., 8:53 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Daily. H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Agent—E. D. VOYLES, City 25, Michigan 18. Telephone—City 25, Michigan 18.

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—make out accounts or hotel memos 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—enter your card memos—make out your accounts, or a hotel memo—or do any kind of writing you need, on any kind, size or thickness of paper, and space any way you want on



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 points than most other typewriters. 80 per cent easier to write with than those other complicated, intricate machines that require "jumping"—technical knowledge—long practice and special skill to operate. Than 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 neat, superior, 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.



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

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

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

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.

Fresh Barrel of Sauerkraut, 5c per quart.

TEL. 23

W. F. HOOPS

BLOOD DISEASES CURED

If you ever had any Blood or Skin Diseases, you are never safe until the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. Don't be satisfied with a "patch up" by some family doctor. Our New Method is Guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. No Nuisance Used without Written Consent.



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

Established 28 Years.
We treat and cure Varicocels, Blood Poisons, Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Physical Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. Question Blank for Name Treatment and Books Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 145 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.
At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-eighth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Eliza J. Forshee, deceased.
An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this Court for probate.
It is ordered, that the third day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

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

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frederick W. Stender, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of P. W. Voorhies, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the 19th day of February, A. D. 1907, and on Saturday, the 16th day of May, 1907, at ten o'clock A. M. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 16th day of November, 1906, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated Nov. 19, 1906.

WILLIAM FARRAND, WILLIAM A. ECKLES, Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret M. Smith, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Ernest N. Passas, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, A. D. 1907, and on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock P. M. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1906, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated November 22, 1906.

LOUIS HILLMER, ALBERT GAYDE, Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Levi Tibbitts, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of John Vincent Harris, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the 26th day of February, A. D. 1907, and on Tuesday, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock P. M. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 26th day of November, A. D. 1906, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated November 28, 1906.

C. SHERWOOD, FRANK TILLOTSON, Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of John Zarn, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the store of Roe & Partridge, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the 26th day of February, A. D. 1907, and on Tuesday, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock P. M. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 26th day of November, A. D. 1906, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated November 28, 1906.

BURTON BROWN, HIRAM BOE, Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, Wayne County.
Before Charles W. Valentine, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the township of Plymouth, in said county. Village of Plymouth petitioners, vs. Lewis H. Bennett, William H. Bennett, Frank Chandler, Julia E. Patterson, Augustus N. Kinyon and William F. Markham, Respondents.
In this case it appearing by the return of the Village Marshal on the summons herein that he has not been able to secure service of the summons on the above named respondents, William H. Bennett and Frank Chandler, and that a certified copy of this order be personally served upon each of said respondents at least six days before the time named for their appearance, or that a certified copy of this order be published in the Plymouth Mail, once each week for three weeks in succession, the last publication to be at least six days before the time named for said appearance.

CHARLES W. VALENTINE, Justice of the Peace.
Dated November 17, 1906.

A True Copy of appearing by the return of Charles W. Valentine, Justice of the Peace, E. W. Voorhies, Attorney for Petitioners.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

TIME TABLES FOR CLOTHES.

Darky Gives a Proper Answer to a Stranger's Suggestion.

"I was walking on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington one day at high noon when a nigger loomed up on my horizon coming rapidly toward me," said a well-known negro comedian. "He was wearing the most outlandish outfit I ever saw on a human being, on or off the stage. His trousers were frayed and torn above his shoetops. He wore a muck-colored woolen shirt, a celluloid collar and a tattered sack coat. On his head was a sombrero which looked as if several dogs had been trying to pull it to pieces. But the crowning glory was a new and immaculate full dress vest. He had pulled back his coat and shoved his thumbs into the armholes of that vest. As he came sailing before the wind he certainly was the most comical figure I ever saw. I couldn't resist the temptation to stop him.

"Look here," I said, "what do you mean by appearing at this time of day in such a dress? Don't you know that you're de trop?"

"De what—what's that?"

"Don't you know that you're de trop?" I repeated, "that it isn't permissible to appear in full dress before six o'clock in the evening?"

"The darky drew himself up very proudly.

"Look here," he said, "I'll have you to know that I don't 'low nobody to make time tables for my cloas.'"—Kansas City Times.

CAUSE OF CERTAIN DREAMS.

Each Type Has Its Origin In Matters Purely Physical.

"Every dream, I like every laugh or tear, has its cause," said the psychologist. "Every well-known type of dream has a cause equally well known.

"You dream, for instance, that you are in church, or at the theater, or on the street, with hardly any clothes on you, and you nearly die of shame. The bed coverings falling off is the cause of this dream.

"You dream that a dog has bitten you or an enemy has given you a stab with a knife. Some slight pain—a cramp, a touch of rheumatism—is behind all such dreams.

"Innumerable persons dream of flying. Time and time again they dream this dream. It is because the respiration of sleep, the great, deep, billowy breaths, rising and falling rhythmically, are so akin to flying that they bring visions of it to the sleeper's mind.

"An uncomfortable position in the bed causes dreams of painful effort, of unendurable hard work, like mountain climbing or the lifting of heavy weights.

"I say nothing of the mental causes of dreams, since we know well enough that the things we talk or think about awake are apt to be talked and thought about that night in sleep."

Rents Were Too High.

One of the active workers of the Democratic town committee is but recently married, says a writer in the Boston Herald, having a wife who thinks him so able that if he should announce his candidacy for presidential honors it would cause her no surprise, as she thinks him fully capable of holding down the job.

A few weeks ago he attended a School rally in a neighboring town, returning very enthusiastic, at a late hour. While undressing he was talking to himself and one remark of his: "We'll see if no poor man can go to congress" was overheard by his wife, who cried:

"Oh, John, please don't go to congress; rents are awful high in Washington."

Why "Fizzy" Drinks Are Popular.
The Lancet of London, a leading medical journal, in discussing the extensive use of effervescing beverages gave the reasons for it. The Lancet is quoted as saying that the effervescent properties of a liquid promote digestion in two ways—first, by the carbonic acid acting as a stimulant to the movement of the stomach, and second, by assisting in the disintegration of the contents of the stomach. Most people are not so much concerned in knowing whether or not beverages like champagne or Apollinaris are extensively used, but rather in knowing how these "fizzy" liquids can be extensively acquired without assisting in the "disintegration" of the contents of the pocketbook.

High Art.
There is a certain great cartoonist who is an ardent advocate of spelling reform because he is so poor a speller himself. His editors watch with the greatest care the inscriptions he puts on his work and correct misspelled words almost every day.

A short time ago the cartoonist was working on a picture that had to do with the international peace congress. He looked up from his board and said to his neighbor:

"How do you spell Angelo?"

"A-n-g-e-l-o," spelled the other. How are you going to use it?"

"Oh, the cartoonist replied, "I am making a cartoon about this Angelo-American alliance."—Saturday Evening Post.

Calling Her.
"A Boston minister says that 'wine, women and song' should be broken up as an alliance, that woman should be regarded as the saving influence in man's life and I think he is right."

"The saving influence! And you have just spent \$10 of my hard-earned money for a bonnet! Oh, Lu!"—Hosier Post.

JACK'S DELINQUENCY

"Mary, do you think I look as if I had been crying? Well, I suppose the wind has made my eyes a little red.

"Jack—Mr. Harris—didn't meet me at that tearoom downtown as he promised. But I don't care at all—not in the least. I had rather an unpleasant time and couldn't eat anything. It's all Jack's—Mr. Harris—fault, too.

"You need not make coffee for his dinner. No, nor tea. We'll have just milk. Oh, I know he doesn't drink milk, but we can't always be considering what he likes. By the way, you need not fry the chicken, either. We'll have creamed codfish; Jack detests it. If you can think of anything else that he doesn't eat, you may as well cook that, too.

"No, I'm not in the least angry. No, indeed, I never get angry with my husband. I merely can't always be thinking of his dislikes and likes. He didn't remember his engagement with me today and I—I don't care if I never, never see him again. No, I don't. I suppose I'd get along equally well without him. So, Mary, you may as well get the dinner at once. I won't wait for him—he can eat it cold; though perhaps it would be better to have dinner very late—for he always comes home so hungry.

"Why, it's after five o'clock now. What do you suppose is the reason he doesn't come?"

"Oh, can anything have happened to him? You say he may have been struck by an automobile? Mary, how can you suggest such a thing? You had a friend who was smashed to pieces by one? Oh, oh! If they are bringing Jack home in pieces—I'll love every little tiny piece.

"Oh, some one is coming! It's Jack!"



"But I Didn't Stop."

"What's the matter? Low can he when I'm mourning him for dead?"

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to see you I can't even think! It—it was such a surprise to—open the door and find you here. I felt sure you were coming to my head, so I told Mary to put on the hot water—"

"John Vincent Harris, why didn't you meet your little wife in the southwest corner of the luncheon room, as you promised? Yes, it was the southwest corner. I remember distinctly, because I kept saying 's' for soup and 'f' for fish. W-h-a-t-e, fish, you know."

"Are you sure? Maybe it was northwest—'n' and 'w'—soup and fish—peas soup, of course. Yes, that was it. I was there promptly at two o'clock.

"Well, if you think I could do all that shopping and get there at 12 o'clock, you never were more mistaken in your life. Now, John Vincent Harris, do you mean to say that you think more of your business than of your own wife, so that you could not wait two hours for her?"

"Oh, about the lunch. I ordered for you, too, because I knew you would be so hungry. Jack, the waiter, had such handsome eyes! I think he rather liked to look at me—so I ordered more than I wanted and all the things you liked. When you disappointed me I couldn't eat a thing. I gave the waiter 50 cents—he had been so kind. But I nearly fainted when I looked at the bill and discovered that I hadn't money enough—I didn't know things cost so much.

"I wanted to be brave and dash out without paying, and then send the cashier postage stamps, but I was afraid the patrol wagon would come after me, and if the police got me you never, never would know where I was, would you, Jack, dear?"

"So I counted my pennies, pretended that I was in a awful hurry and fairly threw the money at the cashier. Yes, some of the money rolled on the floor—but I didn't stop.

"Now, Jack, dear, please pay me for your lunch and send the cashier a check for seven cents—and you'd better make it anonymous so—so that waiter won't know."—Chicago Daily News.

Points

To look out for when buying your Coal is to see that it is good quality and



Clean Coal

Ours is the best quality and clean, because we fork all our Soft Coal and hand-screen our celebrated

Susquehanna Hard Coal.

WE KNOW YOU WILL LIKE IT.

BOTH PHONES **M. M. & L. CO.**

DO YOU EVER SEND MONEY

To people or firms in other towns? Do you realize that the safest and most economical method of making the remittance is by bank draft?

We issue drafts payable in this and foreign countries and our charges are very moderate. For drafts payable in this country, under \$10, the exchange is only 5 cents; \$100, 10 cents; larger amounts in proportion.

The next time you wish to send money through the mails let us furnish you with a draft.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

SPECIAL VALUES IN SEASONABLE GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

WHITE GOODS DEPT.

Our importation of Irish, French, Swiss, Belgian and Madeira Handkerchiefs are now all in stock. We have about the most complete assortment we have ever offered at prices to suit every purse.
Plain Handkerchiefs, each, from 3c up to \$2.75.
Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs, all linen, 12 1/2c up.
Embroidered Handkerchiefs, each, 10c to \$40.
Lace Handkerchiefs, 25c to \$100.
Men's Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, 12 1/2c to 50c.
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c to \$10.
Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c to \$1.25.
Children's Fancy Box Handkerchiefs in large variety.
Splendid line of plain and fancy White Goods and a large assortment of individual Waist Patterns in boxes.

MEN'S WEAR—

Fine assortment of new styles in Four-in-hands at 25c, 50c, \$1.00.
Negligee and stiff bosom Shirts—\$1.00 and \$1.50.
Full Dress Mufflers up to \$1.50.
Long padded Mufflers—\$1.00 and \$1.25.
Square Mufflers—50c to \$3.50 each.
Fancy Suspensers (1 pair in box)—50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Silk Half Hose—\$1.25 to \$2.50 a pair.
Don't forget the Dermophile Unshrinkable All-wool Underwear—
"It is a class of itself"—nothing compares with it. Once used always worn. In three weights—\$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 a garment. Money back if it shrinks.
Special Values in Lace, Neckwear, Fancy Goods, Art Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Toilet Goods, Ready-to-Wear Goods, etc.
Fan Sale—All Fans at half price.

Send Us Your Christmas Orders.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.,

165 to 169 Woodward Ave., DETROIT.

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

Rent Receipt Books

Get them at The Mail Office.

15c.

BEEBEE'S YELLOW TABLETS
A PRIZE to those who would be physically strong.
The YELLOW TABLET will cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY and BLADDER troubles. Stops the weakening drains on the system caused by OVER-EXERCISE, BRAIN WORK and excessive use of stimulants.
Mc. All Druggists or by Mail. THE YELLOW TABLET Co.
Sold by Wolverine Drug Co.

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

We Give Special Attention to all Kinds of Draying & Teaming
GOOD STABLING. 10c
HARRY C. ROBINSON

Penny's Livery!

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

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.
A complete and up-to-date directory of all the registered trademarks, designs, copyrights and patents in the United States and foreign countries. Published by the Scientific American.
Scientific American, 435 Broadway, New York

Gov. Joseph W. Folk, in addressing the retail merchants of Missouri at their convention held in Jefferson City, Mo., spoke against the mail order business and favored advertising in the town papers.

"We are proud of our splendid cities, and we want them to increase in wealth and population, and we also want our country towns to grow," he said. "If a place is good enough for him to spend his money."

"No merchant can succeed without advertising in one way or another. Patronize your town papers, build them up and they will the town up and build you up in increased trade and greater opportunities. Do not be afraid that business is going to be hurt by the recent exposure of wrong doing in the commercial world. No man who is doing an honest business can be injured by the light.—Detroit News.

A New Pair For a Hole

Troubled with your stockings? We've got an article that we guarantee against holes or rips for six months. No "fits" or "ants"—it's a hole developer you get a new pair.



Evocet Hosiery

The newest idea in stockings. Made to wear; not only to sell. That's why we guarantee them absolutely.

FOR SALE BY
A. H. DIBBLE & SON.

Central Grocery

Roe & Partridge

Phone 13 Free Delivery

DR. J. J. TRAVIS, DENTIST.

Office in old Bank Building. Phone 120.

DR. W. R. KNIGHT, 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.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M., Physician & Surgeon.

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

Office at home, 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 Elggs' store.

Office Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone No. 8.

P. W. VOORHIES, Attorney and Counselor at Law

Real Estate, Loans and Collections.

Telephone 78. Plymouth, Mich

DR. T. L. HERRODER, Osteopathic Physician

Phone Independent 47, Plymouth, Mich.

Typewriting!

Work done neatly and at reasonable rates. Phone 153.

CLIFTON D. JACKSON

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Pure Medicine for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Scurvy, Rheumatism, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister's Tea Company, Madison, Wis.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.71
Wheat, White, \$.71
Oats, 50c.
Rye, 50c.
Potatoes, 25c.
Beans, bush \$1.00
Buckwheat, \$1.12 per cwt.
Butter, 25c.
Eggs, 25c.

Local News

House for sale. Enquire at Elggs'.
Something elegant in stationery at Pinckney's.
Lester Brown was home from Detroit Sunday.
Will Cook has moved into the old bakery on South Main street.
Mrs. Sheldon of Deckerville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller.
Ed. VanVleet has moved into his new house on Fair Ground ave.
Miss Helen Stevens of Whitmore Lake is visiting at Dr. Nichols'.
Mrs. Chas. Fitzpatrick returned to her home in Port Huron Tuesday.
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Stuart of Northville Wednesday night, a son.
Mrs. Carmen Root has been in Detroit caring for an aunt for the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren of Chelsea visited at J. D. McLaren's Sunday.
Mrs. Phebe Spencer has returned to Plymouth from a two month's stay in Detroit.
C. H. Rauch attended a meeting of telephone managers at Ann Arbor Tuesday.
D. A. Jolliffe tells in verse why people should trade with him. Look up the ad.
Beginning next Monday, all the stores will be open evenings until Christmas.
New Independent 'phones this week:—Paul Rengert, Geo. Walker, Mrs. M. C. Polley.
Mrs. D. Patterson has gone to Dutton, Can., to spend a month with her daughter.
Mrs. Thomas Clegg of Toledo visited her mother, Mrs. E. Hassinger, Saturday and Sunday.
Dolls, from 1c to 50 cts., at Mrs. Harrison's.
Northville Commandery, K. T., will confer the Temple degree in the asylum next Tuesday evening.
Dr. H. E. Safford of Detroit was called here Monday by the illness of his mother, Mrs. R. C. Safford.
Samuel Johnson of Livonia left Tuesday for Bart, Pa., where he will spend the winter among friends.
Miss Helen Wheeler of Grand Rapids visited her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Valentine the first of the week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. VanAken, of Detroit and Mrs. P. E. White of Northville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riggs Sunday.
The firemen expect to give an entertainment in the opera house during Christmas week. They will be assisted by parties from Detroit.
J. S. Brunner and Miss Eva Brunner of Ruthven, Can., are visiting Mrs. A. E. Patterson this week, on their way to Florida for the winter.
Reduction in all millinery at Mrs. A. Ulan's.
Miss Clara Patterson sprained her right ankle quite badly Wednesday while going down cellar, the stairs giving away and letting her fall.
Linn VanVleet, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanVleet, has been very sick the past week with pneumonia, but is now on the road to recovery.
The Whiting Motor Car Co. was organized in Jackson Dec. 4, capitalized at \$500,000. W. O. Allen of this village was elected one of the nine directors.
The finest candies ever in town at Pinckney's.
J. W. McNally and daughter of Simcoe, Ont., visited their brother-in-law and uncle, Robert Walker, Saturday and Sunday. They were on their way to LaFayette, Louisiana, for the winter.
Miss Ella Chaffee and Miss Entican leave next Tuesday for Grand Junction, Col., where they will spend Christmas and then go on to Los Angeles, Cal., to remain the balance of the winter.
The suit of M. R. Weeks in a plea of Assumpsit for \$1,000 against W. F. Markham was tried in the Circuit Court before Judge Mandel last Thursday. The jurors immediately rendered a verdict of "no cause of action."
Fred Schrader will sell at public auction on his farm 3 1/2 miles south 2 miles west of Plymouth, on Thursday, Dec. 20, at 10 o'clock a. m., all his farm property, including the farm of 100 acres. Hot lunch at noon. John Bennett, auctioneer.
At a special meeting of Plymouth Chapter, O. E. S., held Tuesday evening, it was decided to accept an invitation of the South Lyon Chapter to visit that Chapter on Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. The Plymouthites will leave on the afternoon train and return on the nine o'clock.
Your best girl wants a bottle of good perfume and you know that Pinckney's is the place to get it. Enough said.

The Universalist fair held Wednesday and Thursday was well attended, and despite inclement weather, the ladies netted quite a good sum for the treasury.

The entertainment given last Friday evening at the opera house by Link's orchestra of Pontiac and the Northville Male Quartette was not largely attended. However, all the numbers given were well received, many bringing forth an encore.

Christmas Wreaths, with or without bells. Order early. Cora L. Pelham.

At the last regular meeting of Plymouth Lodge F. & A. M., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M.—Mark Ladd.
S. W.—Clarence Cooper.
J. W.—Ed. Richmond.
Treas.—Elmer Huston.
Sec.—E. C. Lauffer.
S. D.—Dan Murray.
J. D.—George Henry.
Tyler—Jay Cochran.

The following officers were elected by the L. O. T. M. M. at their last meeting.

Commander—Phebe Patterson.
Past Commander—Mary Conner.
Lieut.—Minnie VanDeCar.
Sergeant—Ella Peck.
Master-at-Arms—Alma Pinckney.
Chaplain—Mary Lyon.
Record Keeper—Kate Lauffer.
Finance Keeper—Lily Brown.
Sentinel—Lizzie Gale.
Pickett—Nellie Passage.
Hive Physician—Dr. Patterson.

For beads, fancy baskets, doilies, and handkerchiefs go to Mrs. Harrison's.

Officers of Union Chapter No. 55, R. A. M., of Northville, elected Wednesday evening:

High Priest—N. A. Bovee
King—Edward Gayde
Scribe—T. E. Murdoch
Treasurer—B. A. Wheeler
Sec'y—Ward Bower
Captain of Host—A. B. McCullough
Principal Sojourner—M. H. Ladd
R. A. Captain—Herbert Thayer
Master 3rd Vail—E. A. Richmond
Master 2nd Vail—James Hogle
Master 1st Vail—Wm. Alexander
Sentinel—D. F. Griswold

K. P. Lodge Work.

Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, will be a banner night for the Plymouth K. P.'s. A special car will leave Detroit at 6 P. M., bringing the members and degree team of Wayne lodge, No. 104, K. of P. to Plymouth, where they will work the Amplified Third Rank, after which Plymouth lodge will confer the Second Rank upon a candidate. Northville Lodge, and it is expected Grand Chancellor, P. L. Abby of Kalamazoo, will also be present. Wayne lodge has one of the best teams in the state and some fine work will be done. Refreshments will be served after the work.

Make Your Purchases in Plymouth.

Our advertisers are numerous this week, necessitating an extra sheet to accommodate them. Of course, nearly all are advertising Christmas Goods and we believe not a ketter stock of this kind has been seen in Plymouth for many years. For toys of all kinds J. L. Gale and Gayde Bros. are the leaders, their assortment being very large and fine. The dry goods, hardware, clothing, drug stores and jewelry stores each make an attractive display of goods in their several lines and the taste and purse of every person may certainly be satisfied. Read over the many advertisements and you will certainly find among the many articles enumerated something that will be acceptable as a holiday gift. Spend your money in Plymouth and keep as much of it at home as possible. A dollar spent away never comes back.

Dandy—"So you were snowbound out west. How horrible."
Jim—"Not much. The buffet car and two pretty girls were attached to the train."

Long Tennessee Fight.

For twenty years W. L. Rawls, of Belts, Tenn., fought nasal catarrh. He writes: "The swelling and soreness inside my nose was fearful, till I began applying Buckle's Arnica Salva to the sore surface; this caused the soreness and swelling to disappear, never to return." Best salve in existence. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co.'s and John L. Gale's.

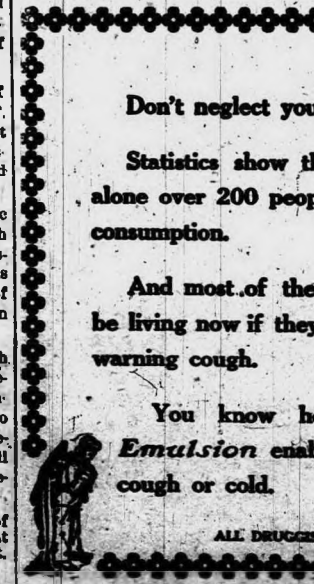
Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly **Scott's Emulsion** enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



The North Side

Little Harry Lang son of John Lang is on the sick list.

Mat. Powell has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Mrs. Schley of Saline is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Ehnis.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Mat Fahrner, Tuesday, Dec. 11th, a 9-lb. son.

Mrs. Nina Slyfield of Salem visited F. F. Pinckney and family this week.

Miss Amelia Gayde is visiting her sister Mrs. C. F. Beyer in Detroit this week.

J. B. Henderson of Grand Rapids has moved into the Purdy house on Oak street.

Fred Shattuck of Eaton, Col., is home visiting his mother and other relatives.

Mrs. Peter Van Voorhies who has been on the sick list the past two weeks is slowly improving.

Fire Department Entertainment.

The Plymouth Fire Department will present the funny rural comedy drama, entitled "Vermont Folks," at the opera house in the near future. The play will be staged under the direction of A. E. Dake, late of the Chicago Stock Co. The members of the fire department never shirk their duty, they being ever ready to pile but of their beds at midnight in the dead of winter and pull their heavy reel through the cold and mud to a fire. They have not only done it once, but many times, never complaining when they ruined a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes. They are doing their duty, always willing to sacrifice pleasure and comfort, and suffer no end of inconvenience, if by so doing they save valuable property, and possibly human lives. Now the boys come before the citizens of our town and ask assistance, for which they give us a first class play. There is no citizen in Plymouth that should fail to attend. If you cannot go, buy a ticket at least and show your appreciation.

The state board of canvassers, in session at Lansing Wednesday, announced the results of the state elections with the following votes and pluralities: Governor, Fred M. Warner, 227,567; Charles H. Kimmie, 130,018; Warner's plurality, 97,549. Lieutenant Governor, P. H. Kelley's plurality, 104,682; secretary of state, G. H. Prescott, 104,247; state treasurer, I. P. Glazier, 104,282; auditor-general, J. B. Bradley, 108,320. The Prohibition candidate for governor secured 9,139 votes, and the Socialist candidate, 5,925.

WANTED—10,000 cords oak Bolts, 24 and 28 inch, long, for which I will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Plymouth or Salem. J. O. EDDY.

FOR SALE—33 Great Lincoln Ewes. H. MILLER, Route 4

H. W. Murray will have a fine new stock of Candies of all kinds for the holiday trade. Call and see him at the old stand, Hoops block.

Registered Hogs for Sale.

C. W. Honeywell, R. F. D. No. 1, has registered Poland China hogs for sale. One yearling hog at \$25. Three pigs ready for service \$15 each. Farm five miles southwest of Plymouth on Ann Arbor road.

Taxes Now Due

And may be paid at Jolliffe's shoe store every Wednesday and at Roe & Partridge's grocery every Friday. After Jan. 10th, 4 per cent. will be added for collection.

E. J. BURR, Township Treasurer.

Two wood stoves for sale. Enquire of L. H. Bennett.

FOR SALE—House and lot on north-west corner of Harvey and Sutton streets. A. W. CHAFFEE.

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

FOR SALE—A lot of Dressers, beds, mattresses and heating stoves. THE PLYMOUTH HOUSE.

A 6-foot show case for sale very cheap. Enquire at this office.

SPLENDID LINE

—OF—

Christmas Toys

—AT—

GALE'S



Rocking Horses, Doll Carriages, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Snow Shovels, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Mechanical Toys, Automobiles, Drums, Mouth Organs, Blocks, 10c Games, 25c Games, 50c Games, Children's Books, Christmas Cards, Christmas Postal Cards, Boys' Books and other things too numerous to mention.

We have a very large stock of

China & Glassware

For Christmas Trade—Cups and Saucers, Salads, Cake Plates, Bread and Butter Plates, Berry Sets, Spoon Trays, Celery Dishes, a large stock of Vases, Chamber Sets. A large stock of Lamps, all very pretty.

A Fine Line of Candy,

Box Candies, Candies in bulk, Mixed Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Figs, Bananas, Dates, etc.

Holly and Holly Wreaths, Pine Wreaths, Red Bells and other goods too numerous to mention, all at the bottom Cash prices.

Christmas Gifts for 1906....

The merry rush is greater than ever, but our variety of articles and wide range of prices make Xmas shopping both delightful and easy here.

Something for Everybody

COME AND SEE OUR

Beautiful Christmas Display

—OF—

Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, Toilet Articles and Jewel Cases, New Patterns in Hand Bags & Purses, Music Rolls and Jewelry Cases, Card Cases and Cigar Cases, Fountain Pens, Pearl-handled Pens, An entirely new line of Books, Books for Boys and Girls, Books for Sunday-school Classes, Books for Babies, Christmas Cards and Calendars, Sewing Machines, Cameras, Balls, Mitts,

Don't Miss our Special Watch Sale

All Watches to be sold at a special discount until Jan. 1.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL NEW YEARS

Don't fail to see our splendid assortment and take advantage of the splendid inducements offered.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optician.

MADONNA AND CHILD.



Christmas in Bethlehem

How the Glad Holiday Is Celebrated in Christ's Natal Town.

The little city of Bethlehem is set upon a hill which is crowned by the Church of the Nativity, writes Marion Harland. The Grotto, which all sects of believers have agreed upon as the birthplace of our Lord, is directly under the church and entirely dependent for light upon artificial means. A silver star is set into the pavement of a semi-circular niche, above which is an altar adorned with the usual churchly symbols. By the light of 15 colored lamps suspended under the altar we read the inscription in Latin:

"Here Jesus Christ Was Born of the Virgin Mary." The long line of pilgrims prostrated themselves, one by one, and kissed the star, some with dropping tears—all, silently—solemnized beyond the range of speech. It did not add to our solemnity to be shown the manger, decorated with lace and an embroidered altar-cloth.

The really impressive things were occasional glimpses of the rough stone walls and roof of the ancient stable, visible here and there between the gaudy decorations. The service of Christmas Eve began at half-past ten at night and concluded at half-past ten in the morning. At midnight a lullaby from the organ preluded the supreme moment of the occasion—the sudden folding back of a curtain above the altar, revealing a manger-cradle and a box wax doll. The exultant outburst of organ and choir in a magnificent Gloria in Excelsis accompanied the stately procession of the entire staff of priests and acolytes, chanting and swinging censers while they bore up one aisle and down another, back to the high altar, the same doll, dressed in cambric and lace, and nestling in the embrace of the richly appareled bishop.

Every incident of our last night in Jamal's camp in Bethlehem recurs to me with peculiar distinctness. How, as the darkness deepened, the red, blinking eyes of the charcoal craters of the wonderful portable stove presided over by our accomplished chef in the door of the kitchen tent—the sight being breezeless—shone upon the under side of the olive boughs over our heads, while our quiet talk went on of what had happened in the old town behind us.

We spoke longest of David's Great-est Son, and of the Birth that was to draw the eyes and thoughts of all nations to the little city on the hilltop in the land of Judea.

At midnight, kept awake by the rest and burden of thought, I arose to look from the tent door upon the

watchful stars that here have a conspicuous majesty I had never recognized elsewhere, and wondered anew where, amidst the glittering hosts "marshaled on the nightly plain" had flashed the Star of Bethlehem. For the last time

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells, On the air the music swells; All join in the glad some lay; Christ our Lord was born to-day.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells, O, the joy and cheer which tells Of our Saviour's lowly birth, Peace and good will to the earth.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells, On the air the song still swells, See the Star of Bethlehem shine With a light so bright, divine. —Marie Meriam.

A Difference. Christmas comes but once a year, and in that respect it differs from the collectors who call to collect for Christmas expenses.

In our eventful series of journeyings we saw the dawn redden the mountains of Moab, the thin crescent of the waning moon dying, while we gazed, before the brightness of the coming sun.

A Mythical Scapegoat.

"Do you think children should be encouraged to believe in Santa Claus?"

"Yes," answered the man who never looks happy. "A little touch of the supernatural keeps them from being too frank in expressing dissatisfaction with their Christmas gifts."—Washington Star.

Provision Sure Enough.

"Are you making any provision for the future?"

"My wife is." "Your wife is?" "Yes, she's just building her Christmas fruit cakes."—Houston Post.

Three Times.

Christmas in reality comes three times a year—at Christmas, and before and after.—Life.

A Christmas Carol

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.
C. E. Sears.

THE AUTHOR-MAN'S SURPRISE

Little Story with a Sequel That is Hard to Guess.

Upon a certain day there was an author-man who needed the money; so he sat down and took up that object which is reputed to be mightier than the sword and wrote a piece. Having finished his article, he went to the post office, purchased some milling stamps and mailed the piece to the editor. Then he waited for the child of his brain to make its way back to his mantel piece, accompanied by a warm note from the editor saying that, owing to a redundancy of similar matter, he was compelled to reject the piece, although this action wrenched his heart strings to such an extent as to almost drag that organ from its moorings. However, this rejection was to be considered as in nowise a condemnation of the merit of the article, etc., etc.

The near-author waited a spell, but the letter that he looked for but dreaded, never came. Now, dear reader, we give you three guesses as to the fate of the manuscript. Nope; all wrong. The piece was accepted. This is it.—Judge.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

"About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



PUT DOWN "EDDICATION" IDEA.

Farmers' Plea Had Weight Among Brother Agriculturists.

In the early forties, on a certain "town meetin' day" in one of the small farming communities of the Granite state, there was more than the usual interest and excitement. Some audacious Philistine had secured the insertion in the warrant of an article "To see if the town will appropriate \$500 for a new schoolhouse."

The sturdy yeomanry were out in force to fight down this proposition. The sympathetic moderator didn't "moderate" them worth a cent. The so-called "toneys" advocates, conscious from the start of their numerical weakness, were conciliatory and persuasive, in the hope of thus winning to their standard sufficient of the opposition to carry the day. These hopes were dashed, however, when a veteran farmer, the Nestor of the guild, got the floor, and shouted in foghorn tones:

"What do you want of skulehouses, anyway? This eddication talk is raisin' the old Harry with the boys on the farm! There's that Danny Webster—a likely a young man's ever raised in these 'ere parts! Got this eddication idee into his head—left the farm—never's heard of afterward!" This was a settler. The "toneys" fled the scene, and the "noes" had it.

If a man has a marble quarry he asks: What can I do with marble? He builds, he seeks other builders. The possession of a power, like the possession of an estate, impels to use, to gain, to service.

NO MEDICINE.

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white-bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestine, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overworked by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ills result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest, and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloaty, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food."

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged."

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better, and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since."

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and are very fond of it." Name given by Putnam Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a reason."

IF YOU WANT WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT ALWAYS KEEP A BOTTLE OF

ST. JACOBS OIL

IN THE HOUSE AND YOU WILL HAVE A QUICK, SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR PAIN WHERE YOU CAN GET IT WHEN NEEDED. PRICE 25c AND 50c

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

A woman's idea of a perfect gentleman is any man who agrees with her.

All Cloth Hats, Children's Dresses, etc., made to look like new with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Jealous. Mother—What's Tommy been fighting about? Little Sister—Oh, he's mad because Jimmy Smith has to wear spectacles and he doesn't—Detroit Free Press.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. The Garfield Tea Company's preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of The National Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 384, assigned by the Government, will appear on every package of their goods.

Change in University Rules. By the vote of 206 to 169 the senate of Oxford University, England, has discontinued the publication of the names of students in the mathematical tripos in the order of merit, and hereafter there will be no "senior wrangler."

To Wash Velvet. Velvet may be washed by shaking it about in warm Ivory Soap suds; then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account squeeze or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

May Throw Light on History. While excitement regarding the Hohelohle memoirs is still rife in Europe, there is subdued talk in British military circles regarding the forthcoming appearance of a book which will contain some of the late duke of Cambridge's voluminous correspondence. A diary kept by Emperor Frederick of Germany is in safekeeping in England and the day may not be far distant when it also will be published. Correct answers to numerous historical enigmas may be expected from such a publication.

Buffalo Oil Paint & Varnish Co. Box 103, Buffalo, N. Y.

Buffalo Aged Linseed Oil Ready-Mixed Paints

Stand Every Test for exterior and interior work. A. L. O. Paint contains only the best materials, selected with the greatest care and thoroughly combined in proper proportions with

Aged Linseed Oil

Aged in our own tanks until clear and pure as amber. This is but one of the important processes in the manufacture of our paints, but it illustrates the care exercised throughout in the making of the highest quality products of our works, and which cost no more than inferior paints.

A. L. O. Paint is ground thru powerful mills of special construction which ensure proper assimilation and knitting together of all particles, and produces a paint unequalled in covering power, durability, fineness of texture and beauty of finish.

A. L. O. Paint is the best paint for all purposes it is possible to produce. Every drop and atom is pure. It is the most economical paint made. Will last longer, look better and go farther than any other paint.

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900 DROPS

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed - 1/2 lb
Rhubarb - 1/2 lb
Senna - 1/2 lb
Licorice - 1/2 lb
Ginger - 1/2 lb
Cinnamon - 1/2 lb
Cloves - 1/2 lb
Mace - 1/2 lb
Nutmeg - 1/2 lb
Peppermint - 1/2 lb

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Dr. H. H. Pitcher, NEW YORK.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE KENTON COMPANY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

For Emergencies at Home For the Stock on the Farm

Sloan's Liniment

Is a whole medicine chest

Price 25c 50c & \$1.00

Send For Free Booklet on Horses, Cattle, Hogs & Poultry. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

SERIAL STORY

MARCH OF THE WHITE GUARD

SIR GILBERT PARKER

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The cups were passed round. The Sub-factor measured out a very small portion to each. They were not men of uncommon sentiment; their lives were rigid and isolated and severe. Fire-side comforts under fortunate conditions they saw but seldom, and they were not given to expressing their feelings demonstratively. But each man then, save Cloud-in-the-Sky, had some memory worth a resurrection, and hearts are hearty even under all uncountedness. Jasper Hume raised his cup; the rest followed his example. "To absent friends and the day when we see them again!" he said; and they all drank. Gaspé Toujours solemnly, and as if no one was near, made the sign of the cross; for his memory was with a dark-eyed, soft-cheeked peasant girl of the parish of Saint Gabrielle, whom he had left behind five years before, and had never seen since. Word had come from the parish priest that she was dying, and though he wrote back in his homely patois of his grief, and begged that the good father would write again, no word had ever come, and he thought of her now as one of whom the candles had been lighted and masses had been said.

But Jeff Hyde's eyes were bright, and suffering as he was, the heart in him was brave and hopeful. He was thinking of a glorious Christmas day upon the Madawaska river three years ago; of Adam Henry, the blind fiddler; of bright, warm-hearted Pattie Chown, the belle of the ball, and the long drive home in the frosty night.

Late Carscallen was thinking of a brother whom he had heard preach his first sermon in Edinburgh ten years before. And Late Carscallen, slow of speech and thought, had been full of pride and love of that brilliant brother. But they, in the natural course of things, drifted apart; the slow and uncouth one to make his home at last not far from the arctic circle, and to be this night on his way to the Barren Grounds. But as he stood with the cup to his lips he recalled the words of a newspaper paragraph of a few months before. "The Rev. James Carscallen, D. D., preached before her majesty on Whitsunday, and had the honor of lunching with her majesty afterward." And Late Carscallen rubbed his left hand joyfully against his blanketed leg and drank.

Cloud-in-the-Sky's thoughts were with the present, and his "Ugh!" of approval was one of the senses purely. Instead of drinking to absent friends he looked at the Sub-factor and said: "How!" He drank to the Sub-factor.

And Jasper Hume, the Sub-factor, what were his thoughts? His was a memory of childhood; of a house beside a swift-flowing river, where a gentle widowed mother braced her heart against misfortune and denied herself and slaved that her son might be educated. He had said to her that some day he would be a great man, and she would be paid back a hundred-fold. And he worked hard at school, very hard. But one cold day of spring a message came to the school, and he sped homeward to the house beside the dark river down which the ice was floating—he would remember that floating ice to his dying day—and entered a quiet room where a white-faced woman was breathing away her life. And he fell at her side and kissed her hand and called to her; and she waked for a moment only and smiled on him, and said: "Be good, my boy, and God will make you great." And then she said she was cold. And some one felt her feet—a kind old soul who shook her head sadly at the mother and looked pityingly at him; and a voice rising out of a strange smiling languor murmured: "I'll away, I'll away to the Promised Land—to the Promised Land! It is cold—so cold—God keep my boy!" And the voice ceased, and the kind old soul who had looked at him pityingly folded her arms about him, and drew his brown head to her breast and kissed him with flowing eyes and whispered: "Come away, dear, come away."

But he came back in the night and sat beside her, and would not go away, but remained there till the sun grew bright, and then through another day and night until they bore her out of the little house by the river to the frozen hillsides. And the world was empty and the sky river seemed wider than his heart.

And sitting here in this winter desolation, Jasper Hume beholds these scenes of 20 years before and follows himself, a poor dispensing clerk in a doctor's office, working for that dream of achievement in which his mother believed; for which she hoped. And following further the boy that was himself, he saw a friendless first-year man at college, soon, however, to make a friend of Varre Lepage, and to see always the best of that friend, being himself so true. And the day come when they both graduated together in science, a bright and happy day, succeeded by one still brighter, when they both entered a great firm as junior partners. Then came the meeting with Rose Varcoe; and he thought of how he praised his friend Varre Lepage to her, and brought that friend to be introduced to her. He recalled all those visions that came to him when, his professional triumphs achieved, he should have a happy home, and a happy face, and faces by his fireside. And the face was to be that of Rose Varcoe, and the others, faces of those who should be like her and like himself. He saw, or rather felt, that face clouded and anxious when he went away ill and blind for health's sake. He did not write. The doctors forbade him that. He did not ask her to write, for his was so strong and steadfast a nature that he did not need letters to keep him true; and he thought, if she cared for him she must be the same. He did not understand a woman's heart, how it needs remembrances, and needs to give remembrances.

Looking at Jasper Hume's face in the light of this fire it seems calm and cold, yet behind it is an agony of memory, the memory of the day when he discovered that Varre Lepage was married to Rose Varcoe, and that the trusted friend had grown famous and well-to-do on the

carefully look upon the infirmities of men, and to stretch forth his hand to keep and defend them in all dangers and necessities. Late Carscallen, after a long pause, said "Amen," and Jeff Hyde said in a whisper to Gaspé Toujours, "That's to the point. Infirmities and dangers and necessities is what troubles us."

Immediately after, at a sign from the Sub-factor, Cloud-in-the-Sky began to transfer the burning wood from one fire to the other until only hot ashes were left where a great blaze had been. Over these ashes pine twigs and branches were spread, and over them again blankets. The word was then given to turn in, and Jeff Hyde, Gaspé Toujours, and Late Carscallen lay down in this comfortable bed. Each wished to give way to their captain, but he would not consent, and he and Cloud-in-the-Sky wrapped themselves in their blankets like mummies, covering their heads completely, and under the arctic sky they slept alone in an austere and tent-like world. They never know how loftily sardonic Nature can be who have not seen that land where the mercury freezes in the tubes, and there is light but no warmth in the smile of the sun. Not Sturt in the heart of Australia with the mercury bursting the fevered tubes, with the finger-nails breaking like brittle glass, with the ink drying instantly on the pen, with the hair falling off and fading, would, if he could, have exchanged his lot for that of the White Guard. They are in a frozen endlessness that stretches away to a world where never voice of man or clip of wing or tread of animal is heard. It is the threshold to the undiscovered country, to that untouched north whose fields of white are only furrowed by the giant forces of the elements; on whose frigid hearthstone

offspring of his brain. His first thought had been one of fierce anger and determination to expose this man who had falsified all trust. But then came the thought of the girl, and most of all there came the words of his dying mother, "Be good, my boy, and God will make you great," and for his mother's sake he had compassion on the girl, and sought no revenge upon her husband. Rare type of man, in a sordid, unchristian world! And now, ten years later, he did not regret that he had stayed his hand. The world had ceased to call Varre Lepage a genius. He had not fulfilled the hope that was held of him. This Jasper Hume knew from occasional references in scientific journals.

And he was making this journey to save, if he could, Varre Lepage's life, and he has no regret. Though just on the verge of a new era in his career—to give to the world the fruit of ten years' thought and labor, he had set all behind him that he might be true to the friendship of his youth, that he might be loyal to his manhood, that he might be clear of the strokes of conscience to the last hour of his life.

Looking around him now, the debating look comes again into his eyes. He places his hand in his breast and lets it rest there for a moment. The look becomes certain and steady, the hand is drawn out, and in it is a Book of Common Prayer. Upon the flyleaf is written, "Jane Hume, to her dear son Jasper, on his twelfth birthday." These men of the White Guard are not used to religious practices, whatever their past has been in that regard, and at any other time they might have been surprised at this action of Jasper Hume. Under some circumstances it might have lessened their opinion of him, but his influence over them now was complete. They knew they were getting nearer to him than they had ever done; even Cloud-in-the-Sky appreciated that. He spoke no word to them, but looked at them and stood up. They all did the same, Jeff Hyde leaning on the shoulders of Gaspé Toujours. He read first four verses of the Thirty-first Psalm, then followed the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and the beautiful collect which appears in the Almighty to mar-

no fire is ever lit; a place where the electric phantoms of a nightless land pass and re-pass, and are never still; where the magic needle points not toward the north but darkly downward, downward!—where the sun never stretches warm hands to him who dares confront the terrors of eternal snow.

The White Guard sleeps!

CHAPTER IV.

"No, Captain; leave me here and push on to the Manitou Mountain. You ought to make it in two days. I'm just as safe here as on the sleds and less trouble; a blind man's no good. I'll have a good rest while you're gone, and then perhaps my eyes will come out right. My foot is nearly well now."

Yes, Jeff Hyde was snow-blind. This, the giant of the party, had suffered most.

But Jasper Hume said, "I won't leave you alone, my man. The dogs can carry you, as they've done for the last ten days."

But Jeff replied, "I'm as safe here as marching, and safer. When the dogs are not carrying me, nor any one leading me, you can get on faster; and that means everything to us; now don't it?"

Jasper Hume met the eyes of Gaspé Toujours. He read them. Then he said to Jeff Hyde, "It shall be as you wish. Late Carscallen, Cloud-in-the-Sky, and myself will push on to Manitou Mountain. You and Gaspé Toujours will remain here."

Jeff Hyde's blind eyes turned toward Gaspé Toujours, and Gaspé Toujours said, "Yes. We have plenty of tabac."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Superior American Workman.

Notwithstanding that he has to pay more for his clothes than the English workman, the American dresses himself and his family far better and more tastefully than his English cousin. The American also spends more money on holidays and legitimate pleasure, and the food he eats is more varied and of better quality.—World's Work.

fills himself, a poor dispensing clerk in a doctor's office, working for that dream of achievement in which his mother believed; for which she hoped. And following further the boy that was himself, he saw a friendless first-year man at college, soon, however, to make a friend of Varre Lepage, and to see always the best of that friend, being himself so true. And the day come when they both graduated together in science, a bright and happy day, succeeded by one still brighter, when they both entered a great firm as junior partners. Then came the meeting with Rose Varcoe; and he thought of how he praised his friend Varre Lepage to her, and brought that friend to be introduced to her. He recalled all those visions that came to him when, his professional triumphs achieved, he should have a happy home, and a happy face, and faces by his fireside. And the face was to be that of Rose Varcoe, and the others, faces of those who should be like her and like himself. He saw, or rather felt, that face clouded and anxious when he went away ill and blind for health's sake. He did not write. The doctors forbade him that. He did not ask her to write, for his was so strong and steadfast a nature that he did not need letters to keep him true; and he thought, if she cared for him she must be the same. He did not understand a woman's heart, how it needs remembrances, and needs to give remembrances.

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST.

The American Settler is Welcomed to Canada.

A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the subject:

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homesteads entries there in July of this year, as against 3,571 in July, 1905. Canada plumes herself over this fact, with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 97 Canadians who recrossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, or of the 808 from Great Britain, or of the 1,236 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in Canada West.

"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming states, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way, they are welcome over there."

As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The American farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years.

In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knows what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer. The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the manners and customs of the farmer from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the Maritime provinces and the Ontario tiller of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteaders of the Canadian West, and there are hundreds of thousands of them left, that is extended to the settler from the Western States.

BIRD TRAVELS WITH GIRAFFE

Red Billed Weaver Constant Companion of Animal Skyscraper.

The red-billed weaver bird is a constant companion of the giraffe, perching itself upon the withers and flying along when its host takes to flight, and immediately alighting again on its back at the first opportunity. The only means of defense or offense by the giraffe is by means of its hoofs, and the blows it can deliver by kicking are of tremendous power. The old mules during the breeding season fight in this manner a good deal, and the female employs the same means in defending her young against carnivorous animals.

Giraffes are very swift of foot, and it requires a very fleet horse to run them down. Experienced hunters, however, charge them at full speed, and by this means are often able to run into them, and if the giraffes are fat they will soon become "blown." When running, the tail is twisted in a corkscrew fashion over the back and the hind legs at each step are thrown on the outside of the forelegs, giving a very grotesque straddling appearance. The giraffe is mute, but he has a very keen sense of hearing and of smell.

Rich Prize for Scientists.

The person who discovers a method of communication between planets will receive \$20,000 from the French Academy of Science.

Rifle Shooting in Schools.

Rifle shooting will hereafter be included in the curriculum of the elementary schools of Great Britain. Mr. Birrell, the president of the board of education, who made the announcement in the House of Commons, said that the educational authorities had been given permission under certain restrictions, to allow children of certain ages to be taught to shoot at miniature ranges, the instruction to be paid out of the public funds.

Young Man Extensive Traveler.

Lord Ronaldshay, though only thirty years of age, probably has done more traveling for his age than any man living. Few people know more than he about the Himalayas and Persia. He has also found time to explore Kashmir, Baluchistan, Ladak, Tibet and the Persian gulf, to say nothing of Ceylon.

Held to Live to the Last.

An old woman, who has just died at Wisbeck, Germany, at the age of 94, wrote her own obituary notice on the day before her death and also made a list of all the friends to whom she wished memorial cards to be sent.

Lives by Raising Queen Bees.

Miss Flora McIntyre, sophomore, in Berkeley University, California, pays her board and tuition fees by the sale of queen bees she raises.

Worth Knowing.

That Alcock's Plasters are the highest result of medical science and skill, and in ingredients and method have never been equalled.

That they are the original and genuine porous plasters upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That Alcock's Plasters never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectually.

That for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Colds, Lung Trouble, Strains and all Local Pains they are invaluable.

That when you buy Alcock's Plasters you obtain the best plasters made.

A Misunderstanding.

Appropos of a misunderstanding on the canteen question, Gen. Frederick D. Grant said at a dinner in Washington:

"It is like the case of my friend Maj. Green. Maj. Green said to his servant one morning:

"'James, I have left my mess boots out, I want them soled.'

"'Yes sir,' the servant answered.

"The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again:

"'I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?'

"James laid 35 cents on the bureau.

"'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and this is all I could get for them; though the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off.'"

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

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

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

Scheme Worked Out Badly.

Congressman Sulzer represents a densely populated district on the East side of New York city. It occurred to him some months ago that though there were no gardens in his district some of his constituents might grow plants in boxes placed on window sills or fire escapes, so he sent an assortment of seed to the inmate of a model tenement house owned by one of his friends. The latter met him a few days ago and said: "See here, Sulzer, I want you to cut out that seed business. It's the limit!" "Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished Sulzer, and he explained why he had sent the seeds. "Oh, you meant well, all right," returned the friend, scornfully, "but when I visited the place the other day I found that about ten families were raising cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes in the bath tubs."

A New Sleeping Car Story.

Among the railroad visitors in town yesterday was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hollenden Hotel yesterday told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of the St. Paul Road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on The Pioneer Limited. He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep, he said: "I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad. The line was so rough that I could not get any sleep. Since I have been working for the The St. Paul the road has been so smooth that I just could not keep awake."

Mr. Miller says that while the negro had violated the rules, he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.—Cleveland Leader.

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

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The phenomenal increase in railway mileage and branches—has not almost every portion of the country within easy reach of markets, schools, churches and every modern convenience.

The GREAT MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means \$2,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other crops and stock raising.

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Missed Chance for Fame.

The astronomer, Lalande, narrowly escaped being made famous by a discovery. He accidentally struck Neptune with his glass on May 8, 1785, but supposed it was a star. He put it down in his notebook as a star and recorded its exact situation. Two days later he struck it once more and made a record of it. But when he looked over his notes he found he had it down as being in two different places, and as a star cannot move in 48 hours he supposed he had made a mistake in one of his notes. If he had used his mind a little less mechanically he easily might have been a Columbus.

Costly City Burns.

New York city burns 110,000 tons of coal a year to pump water into the public reservoirs in Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond boroughs.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRIGHT'S RHEUMATISM, GRAY'S DISORDER, DIABETES, CALCULI, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, PAINS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY ORGANS. Sold only in the original packages.

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Which entitles for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; opportunities for advancement pay \$16 to \$70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooper-smiths, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, ship-fitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 35 years, entitled to special ratings with suitable pay. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 30 years service. Applicants must be American citizens.

First clothing outfit free to recruits. Upon discharge travel allowance 4 cents per mile to place of enlistment. Bonus four months' pay and increase in pay upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Colic, and all the ailments of the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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For advice and information address the SUPER-INTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any of our Agents.

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A DESERT RAILROAD

IRON HIGHWAY THREADING ITS WAY TOWARDS MECCA.

Mohammedans Adopt Modern Facilities for Making the Way to the Mohammedan Holy City Easy for Pilgrims.

By the year 1913 the Arabian desert will be traversed by a railroad and pilgrims to the Mohammedan holy city of Mecca will no longer suffer the long, tedious, and perilous journey across the hot sands to reach the goal of their religious devotion. Five years ago the faithful of Islam conceived the plan of building a railroad from Damascus southward, and boldly it has been pushed forward into the desert until at the present time it has almost reached Tubuk, 380 miles to the south of Damascus, more than half way to Medina, and one-third the way to Mecca, its ultimate terminal.

The line stands in a class by itself, for there is no enterprise like it. Its inception and progress are due to no political, strategic or commercial considerations. A religious necessity impelled Sultan Abdul Hamid II, the ruler of Turkey and the head of the Mohammedan faith, to build the road.

He called upon Mohammedans all over the world in 1901 to contribute the funds required as a religious duty. They have responded tirelessly, funds are continually pouring into the treasury and nearly the entire cost of the road, as it advances week by week, is defrayed by these free will offerings.

Every Mohammedan who is rich enough to make the costly journey believes it is his religious duty to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, the prophet's birthplace, at least once in his life. About 100,000 of these pilgrims, coming from all parts of the Mohammedan world, meet every year to worship at the Ka'aba and win the special blessing of Heaven.

Many caravans of Arabian pilgrims take the sandy routes across Arabia to Mecca. Many Persians also cross the Arabian desert, but most of them take the sea route to Jeddah, on the Red sea, and then the caravan road to Mecca. From 30,000 to 60,000 pilgrims a year, coming from Egypt, North Africa, and India, as well as Turkey, Asia Minor and south Russia, reach Mecca by way of Jeddah.

It is the Syrian pilgrims, about 6,000 annually, who travel the wearisome pilgrim road from Damascus through Medina and Mecca. For the poorest travelers the journey costs at least \$250, and none but the comparatively well to do can afford this expense.

The route is especially famous because it is the road followed by the caravan of the Sultan of Turkey, who



Train Taking Water Tanks Into the Desert.

sends costly presents to the sheriff of Mecca and the Bedouin sheiks, carried off the way between a battalion of infantry and a battery of field artillery.

The pilgrim railroad, though only one-third completed, is already attracting many thousands of devotees from lands which have hitherto used other routes. The day will soon come when all the pilgrims from European Turkey will travel by rail between Constantinople and Mecca.

The railroad from Damascus north through Aleppo is nearly completed to the railroad which the Germans are building between Constantinople and the Persian gulf. When this German road is completed Persian and Indian pilgrims may also travel all the way by rail from the Persian gulf to the pilgrim railroad and thence south to Mecca. The pilgrim railroad is expected ultimately to carry about half the pilgrims who visit the holy cities.

Up to September 1, 1905, the total amount of contributions from Mohammedans toward the building of this railroad amounted to \$9,340,000. To the steady incoming of contributions the profits of working the phosphate and sulphur beds along the line, add an important amount to the construction funds.

All food and railroad material must be brought from afar, and as the line progresses southward the cost of the material required is increased. It was decided awhile ago that the transportation of the great quantity of railroad material over the French railway between Beirut and Damascus had become too costly.

A part of the railroad fund was therefore diverted to building a branch line from the port of Hail to the pilgrim railroad about 80 miles south of Damascus. This branch is now in operation, carrying material to the main line. It is expected in future to bring many thousands of pilgrims from Mohammedan lands to Hail and over the branch line to the pilgrim railroad.

Ordnance Travels Fast. When ordered an ordnance will travel at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

BEATRICE AND BENEDICK

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Boyles.)

"Hal," said Mona, merrily, "I'm afraid that you're a failure. You can't converse—really you can't."

"Of course, since you prohibit cigarettes—"

"They're nasty things indoors. My hair smells of smoke an hour afterwards."

"What's a fellow to do? Either I have to sit still and fidget with my hands, or else pace the room—and that makes you nervous. No wonder I can't converse. Who could?"

"And you sit stiff-necked in an uncomfortable chair and soliloquize about uninteresting things. What do I care about business ventures, wise or otherwise? Oh, those soliloquies! Your name might be Hamlet instead of Hal. You are impossible. Go home. It's 11, anyway."

"Two hours since I smoked—"

"Good-night, then!" He extended a formal hand.

"No, I can't let you go, after all," she replied; "not like that. Why do we always end up like Beatrice and Benedick?"

"We don't," retorted Hal. "They ended up by marrying each other. Yet we are fond of each other, Mona, aren't we?"

"In a way." Then she added suddenly: "H. I have an idea. I think that I could stand you better out of doors. Take me for a walk."

"When?"

"Will Saturday do?"

"At three o'clock?"

"All right! Come for me in old clothes, and take me out of the New York that bothers us. I'm good for a real tramp, you know."

"You won't get tired and wish that you were home?"

"Do I look like that?"

The question answered itself. She was tall, well-made and strong.

"How about the Pallasades?" said Hal.

"Fine! I've never been there. And oh, the joy of it!" she added. "We shan't have to talk at all."

Mona met him at the door on Saturday. She was dressed wisely in a short skirt, a plain waist, and a little comfortable jacket. "I suppose I'll have to wear a hat and gloves," she said, "until we get across the river. But once really out of doors—hello for comfort!"

It was a great day for a tramp. They crossed the Hudson on the Fort Lee ferry boat. The domes of Morning-side stood bright above the city they were leaving. There were but a few clouds gathered low along the west; otherwise the sky was clear, and scarcely moist and it dwindled away in smoky mist far down the river.

Mona was light-hearted and light-limbed when they reached the other shore. She scorned to climb the cliff by the serpentine road, and struck up over a little pathway between rocks instead. She was not the sort of a girl whose arm a man would take to help her over nothing at all. Hal followed mutely, in delight at her agility. It was he who was breathless when they reached the top; he had grown a little heavy since his football days.

There was a road or two in sight, with a flagging of suburban sidewalk; but they were seeking a cure for civilization, and set out north and west athwart the woods.

The sunlight sifted through tangled branches and splashed here and there upon the ground. There was a lace of slender trunks on every side.

At last these pedestrians broke out upon a falling valley, with a little lazy river far below. They paused; Mona sat upon the ground, with her head propped against a tree trunk, while Hal sprawled cumbersome a yard away.

"Light your pipe."

"Really?"

Between puffs a sentence came from Hal. "This beats your drawing-room all out, doesn't it? We're really comfortable at last!"

"Quite," said Mona, digging weeds with a little stick. "I thought I should like you out of doors."

"New York makes a deuced difference, doesn't it?"

"Yes, we don't live in town; we go through forms as in a mummy."

They didn't talk much after that, but sat listening to things and seeing them.

After awhile they started up again—eastward this time, vaguely in search of the heights above the Hudson. They had a pleasant sense of being lost and steering by the sun until it went under clouds and bereft them of all guidance but that of mere instinct.

There was a low mutter of thunder out of the west. It rolled nearer and nearer to them until it seemed about to break behind them. They had just reached the brow of the Pallasades when the storm-clouds overtook them. A few big drops pelted down upon the leaves; then a wind-blown sheet of rain flung itself slantwise upon the forest.

"Are you very wet?" asked Hal.

"Yes; are you?"

"Soaking! Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," she said.

"You're a brick, Mona; any other girl would bother about her clothes."

"And any other man would be ashamed and fussy—I guess we're all right."

By the time the storm had spent its

fury, the two were as wet as they could be. "I suppose we ought to get dry, somehow," Hal suggested. His arm was around her now, to keep her from stumbling. And Mona—who never stumbled—leaned toward him and was glad.

The cliff footed on a little meadow, over which came a homely gleam of yellow light. "There's a house," Hal remarked. And now, although there was no reason for it, he lay his arm around her shoulders and steered her for the light. A healthy clatter on the back porch brought a woman to the door. The lamplight fell outward on the two dripping figures.

"We came over from New York," he explained. "Do you happen to have a kitchen fire?"

"Of course! Come right in."

They stepped into a cheery little kitchen, containing three children and six kittens. It was warm, lamplight and homely.

"We haven't any visiting cards," Hal said, drolly. "But my name's Stuart—Hal Stuart; and this is my—"

"I'm Mrs. West," the woman answered. "Dear me! you are wet. I'll get some more wood for the range. Do sit down, Mrs. Stuart."

"Ha—Ha!" Hal shouted. "Benedick and Beatrice at last." Mona was a little confused and tried hard to look angry; but Hal burred with merriment.

"Do be quiet," Mona murmured when Mrs. West had gone in search of wood. "Perhaps it will be better to let her think—"

"Now we'll have a good fire," the



Hal Followed Mutely.

woman promised, returning to poke logs into the stove. Soon there was a steady blaze.

"You must be cold," said Mrs. West. "Shan't I make some tea?"

"I'll make it," Mona volunteered.

While the kettle was boiling Hal played with the kittens, and Mona with the children; and turn by turn they told Mrs. West the tale of their adventure.

"You've been awfully good to us, Mrs. West," said Hal, finally. "I think our things are almost dry. Would you mind telling us where we are?"

"Why, this is Fort Lee. You're right by the road."

"And the ferry?"

"About three-quarters of a mile."

"Just a good walk. It's clear now, isn't it?" He opened the door on a heaven thick with stars. "Bully night! Mona, don't you think we'd better go?"

While Hal was kneeling down to lace Mona's shoes, she combed his hair and patted it smooth. Then she twirled her own hair up gracefully upon her head. "Never mind collars," she said. "It's dark now."

On the way home they thought of many things. "Isn't it all wonderful!" explained Hal, when Mona stood beneath the lamp in her own hall. "We know each other lots better now, don't we?"

"Lots." And she stood quietly looking at him.

Hal didn't know what to do with his hands. He looked upon her sadly. "Mona am I really impossible?" he asked very slowly.

"No, I don't believe I meant it, Hal."

"Don't you think—his voice bothered him—"don't you think that you could stand me indoors—if you tried?"

"Somehow I think I could, now, after all— isn't it funny!"

Hal bent down and kissed her.

Auto Hat for Children.

The best thing which has come out of the automobiling craze," said the woman in the silk dust-coat, "is the dear Quaker bonnets for children. Something had to be devised to protect baby automobilists from the wind and dust, and some very bright person hit on a Quaker bonnet as the proper thing.

"Until this quaint, old-fashioned style of headgear was thought of, mothers were very much puzzled about how to dress the little tots for automobiling trips. Of course futtering and enfolding veils were out of the question, for not only would they look ridiculous but the children themselves would not stand for being smothered in the things. So most mothers allowed the little boys and girls to ride 'halless' to the imminent risk of their laying the foundations for all sorts of ear and nose troubles, to say nothing of contracting their complexions.

But now each little tot peeps out comfortably from the depths of a Quaker bonnet, protected from the wind and sun, and to some extent protected from the dust, and making much daintier pictures than the adults with enveloping veils, dust coats and goggles.

DIG DEEP FOR DRINK

HOW BROOKLYN IS SOLVING THE WATER PROBLEM.

Millions of Gallons Brought Up from Subterranean Channels by a System of Compressed Air Power.

While New York has been priding itself upon its Croton reservoir and putting millions upon millions in a water system, Brooklyn, just across the river, has been going down into the bowels of old Mother earth for her water supply, and has during the past year succeeded in reaching certainly inexhaustible supplies. Seventy-five per cent. of the present supply of the city is produced from these sources. It is a revolution.

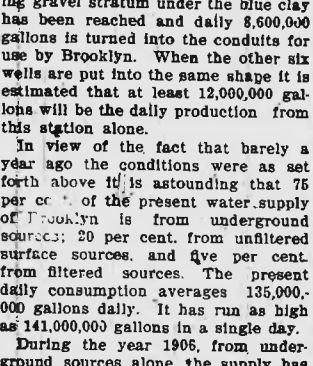
On December 24, 1905, the board of estimate appropriated \$60,000 to improve the water station at Jameco. At this place, there has been 21 wells sunk under the inefficient methods of the old authorities. Together they produced 1,500,000 gallons a day, when they worked. They were practically under condemnation when they were put under the air lift system. It was believed that they were in such shape that nothing could be done with them. In less than a year 15 have been put under the new system, the water bearing gravel stratum under the blue clay has been reached and daily 8,600,000 gallons is turned into the conduits for use by Brooklyn. When the other six wells are put into the same shape it is estimated that at least 12,000,000 gallons will be the daily production from this station alone.

In view of the fact that barely a year ago the conditions were as set forth above it is astounding that 75 per cent. of the present water supply of Brooklyn is from underground sources; 20 per cent. from unfiltered surface sources, and five per cent. from filtered sources. The present daily consumption averages 135,000,000 gallons daily. It has run as high as 141,000,000 gallons in a single day.

During the year 1905, from underground sources alone, the supply has been increased by about 33,000,000 gallons, or 30 per cent. of the entire supply.

In addition to the wells at Jameco station operated under the air lift system, there are over 20 other wells adding their flow to the city's water supply.

A marked instance of the value of the increased supply from the deep



One of the Wells Which Furnishes Over a Million Gallons a Day.

water sources was shown in the experience of the department in midsummer last. The bacteriological examination of the water, frequently made by the department, discovered the existence of the B coli communis in Halley's pond. Promptly reported, the department took prompt action. The pond was shut off as a source of supply. And thus nearly 10,000,000 gallons were taken from the supply. A year previously this could not have been done without deprivations to the consumers. As it was, the public knew nothing of it while all the sources of the pond were cleared up and the condition changed.

It is a question whether all the wells should not be under the air lift system. It is a fact that the engineers are all willing to admit that the air lift method produces double the quantity of water obtained under other methods, while the danger of clogging the strainer is much less. But the methods employed are not of so much consequence as the fact that the existence of an inexhaustible supply at the city's very feet has been demonstrated most conclusively; that its efficient utilization has also been demonstrated and beyond controversy; and, that the extension of the system within borough lines alone will solve the water problem of Brooklyn.



One of the Wells Which Furnishes Over a Million Gallons a Day.

World's Sunday Schools.

The development of the Sunday school idea means a great deal. The chief secretary of the world's fourth Sunday school convention furnishes in his report the following figures: Total of 260,905 Sunday schools, 2,314,757 teachers and 23,442,988 scholars in the world; and in the United States, 185,517 schools, 1,419,297 teachers and 11,492,591 scholars. England and Wales rank next in numbers, but have little more than half as many. The lowest on the list of countries having schools is Greece with four schools, seven teachers and 120 scholars.

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- Tea and Table Spoons
- Guns and Revolvers

Had No Bargains on Hand.

Mr. Simons did not rise from his chair behind the air-tight stove in the sitting room when his wife hurried in and told him that Abel Sanders was in the kitchen and wanted to see him, says the Youth's Companion.

"What do you let him in for?" he asked reproachfully.

"He wants to buy a boss, that's why," replied Mrs. Simons. "You'd have made a great to-do if I hadn't."

"No, I wouldn't," Mr. Simons said, as he reluctantly rose. "I know Sanders' size; I can't do business with him. He wants a cheap horse. And I ain't got anything I can sell for less than \$14."

Merely an Outward Sign.

Miss Fluff—The other day at the show I saw a woman carry a man around on her head.

Miss Vassar—That, my dear, was merely the physical expression in acrobatics of a common psychological experience of the sex.

Miss Fluff—Dear me! What do you mean?

Miss Vassar—That nine women out of every ten have a man on their minds.

Quite Satisfactory.

Old Gotrox—So you want to marry my daughter, eh?

Young Man—Yes, sir.

Old Gotrox—Well, I'm going to be candid with you. My daughter will not get a dollar of my money while I live.

Young Man—Oh, that's all right. I had a talk with your physician the other day and he told me you wouldn't live a year.

Peculiar Law "Exhibits."

What are known as "exhibits" in law cases range from sheets of paper to boilers and other large articles. At various times an omnibus, a motor car and a cab have been on view in the private roadway by the side of the London law courts, and as they could not be brought into the witness box the judge and jury have had to go out and inspect them in the open. One of the most ponderous "exhibits" of this kind was a large ship's boiler

examined for inspection.

Judge Didn't Want Them.

The late Chief Justice Doe of New Hampshire once excused two jurors for absence in quick succession, and without much examination into the soundness of their excuse.

The clerk of court suggested to the judge the possibility of accept on the part of one or both.

"No matter," snapped Judge Doe, "if they're deaf we don't want them, and if they're hars we don't want them."

HAD JOINED HIS PATIENT.

Nurse Was Also in a Condition to "See Things."

His friend had a bad case of the D. T.'s. The man was to stay with him while the doctor was away. The doctor gave explicit directions.

"You see these three bottles on the shelf?" asked he. "The first is medicine, the second is medicine and whisky, the third is all whisky. If he gets bad, give him the medicine; if he gets worse, give him the medicine and whisky; but if he gets very bad, give him the whisky."

Then he went away, and the man waited till 11, till 12, till one, and the patient slept. By and by he looked up at the bottles, and they seemed good to him, particularly the bottle labeled whisky. He took it down and drank it—drank all of it. Then he took the medicine and whisky and drank all of that. By that time it was three o'clock, and the patient sprang up wide awake, very, very bad.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "Look there! Don't you see those pink mameys with the green tails?"

The man looked, looked hard. "I do see one," said he.

Patriotism.

"Can you tell me who was the greatest pitcher that ever lived?" asked the baseball fan.

"The greatest pitcher that ever lived was a woman," replied the old historian with a smile.

"A woman! Absurd!"

"Not at all."

"Tolly Pitcher."—Chicago

Broad View of Life.

Phillips Brooks said: "No man comes to a true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to the race, and that what God gives him He gives him for the good of mankind."

Wealth in Ocean's Depths.

It has been computed that there are \$2,000,000,000 in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

Quaint and Pathetic.

The late Judge Curran brought back from Paris a number of quaint "Baba" letters, peculiarly pathetic, though grotesquely expressed. One read: "Dear and Fair Madam—I have much pleasure to inform you that my deary undertakings will not be so longer under your kind patronage, as having left this world, the other on the night of the 17th ultimum. For your help in this matter I shall ever feel grateful. Yours sincerely,

Yours sincerely,

Yours sincerely,

Yours sincerely,

Yours sincerely,

Yours sincerely,