

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIV, NO 13

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1906

WHOLE NO. 1007.

FARMER SAM MULL LONGS FOR A WIFE

After accumulating a fortune at farming, Sam Mull, of Shelbyville, Ind., tired of hard work and went to Dayton, O., to live. Something more than a year ago he became a widower. Forty years of happy wedded existence made it impossible for him to live alone, and he returned to Shelbyville to dwell and to find a suitable mate.

He advertised for a wife, offering to share with the "right party" his broad acres in Shelby and Rush counties, and the houses he owns in Dayton and other Ohio cities. He supposed that there would be no applicants for at least a week, and he was even prepared to linger in suspense a month. No wonder, then, he was surprised when he received at Dayton, O., where he had gone, the following telegram from a close friend in Shelbyville who was looking after his matrimonial interests:

"Come home, Sam; good prospects in sight."

It was enough to surprise and elate any wife hunter. He telegraphed back that he would come the first of the week.

Sam Mull wears chin whiskers and carries a bank account that is well up in figures. Admitting that he is 66, he adds in the same breath: "But I'm as frisky as a yearling colt, boys. I've never been sick a day in my life, and I'll live 30 years if I live a day." He wears tailor-made clothes and an Alpine hat that has a fancy band on it. His friends in Shelby county tell him he is "foxy." And he likes it.

"Perhaps it isn't just the proper caper to be advertising for a wife," he said the other day when he put the advertisement in the local paper, "but what else can I do? I'm a busy man and I haven't got the time to be running around over the country begging first this woman and then that to marry me. Besides, I'm not up on this new fangled courting that you read about in the Sunday papers."

"Take a man like myself, who has worked hard all his life and has been faithful to one woman, and it's out of the question. I'd make a pretty mess of it, wouldn't I? I'll try the newspapers every time. I know there are plenty of widows and old maids right here in Shelby county who would have me if they only knew that I was on the hunt for a wife."

Thereupon he left the newspaper office and prepared for a brief visit in Dayton, O.

Mr. Mull hadn't been out of the city an hour before Miss Bettie Hopper appeared at the newspaper office in answer to the advertisement and offered herself as a candidate for the degree of "Mrs. Mull."

Her hair was parted in the middle and patted down. In her ears she wore earrings about the size of walnuts. Around her neck was a string of massive beads. Her carefully pressed black dress was buttoned up the back and she wore "congress" shoes. Altogether she impressed one as being a nice lady who had had far more experience with housework than with society. She puckered up her mouth when she talked and smiled when she was silent.

"I'm a poor lone woman," she said. "I have property that makes me a good living. But I want to get married. If Sam Mull really wants a good wife who can cook him meals what will make his mouth water and sew buttons on his clothes, tell him I'm the woman he's looking for."

Mr. Mull's confidential friend and matrimonial adviser was immediately set to work. He talked with Miss Hopper. He was almost cruel, he was so outspoken.

"Married to a man?" he began.

"Single, and a chance once. It was in the year of 1880 that my intended died. He was a most noble man."

"Never mind that, Miss Hopper; your age."

Here she fumbled, but quickly recovered.

"Between 45 and 50."

"Your parents living?"

"No, mamma died in 1880, just a month before my betrothed."

"How old was she when she died?"

"In her seventy-seventh year."

Mull's friend gave a low whistle. Then he took out a pencil and did some quick figuring.

"She was about 55 years old when you were born, eh?"

Miss Hopper nodded.

"I'll lay your case before Mr. Mull just as soon as he comes back from Dayton. I'll do all I can for you."

"I wish you would," said Miss Hopper, arising to go. There was real earnestness in her voice.

A Faithful Fire Horse.

The late Chief Meminger, of the Milwaukee fire department, told of the devotion of a horse he once had. It was at one of the large fires in the south side of the city. The chief was among the first to arrive. He hitched

his horse to a telegraph pole and then ran to a large open doorway from which dense smoke was pouring. He plunged into the smoke and ran down a wide corridor and half way up a stairway to find where the heat of the fire was. At the first landing he met the flames, which turned him back. Gropping his way, he came to the foot of the stairs, where he was surprised to find a horse and buggy. It proved to be his own horse, which had broken loose and followed its master down the alley through the door and down the corridor.

DEAD MEN'S BONES

TELL OF PREHISTORIC RACE IN BRITISH ISLES.

Discovery of Scientists Which is of Great Interest and Importance to the Anthropologist.

Dead men, they say, tell no tales, but dead men's bones leave records behind them which the anthropologist is eager to study in the search for the history of prehistoric man, and the discovery of the north coast of Cornwall, England, of an ancient burying ground has opened up new fields of activity. As is so often the case in such discoveries, it came entirely by chance, and it was only after many dry bones and skeletons had been unearthed by workmen engaged in excavating for a building, that scientists got scent of the—to them—rich find and began active operations.

It was as long ago as August, 1900,



Looking into One of the Slate-Lined Cists.

that a gentleman named Mallett, drawn to the spot by the quiet beauty of Harlyn bay, purchased some three acres of land and started with the erection of a dwelling house. As the work of excavation proceeded and a slate cist or tomb was encountered at a depth of about 15 feet, and therein were found bones and characteristic ornaments and implements of a very early stage of civilization.

Mr. Mallett, appreciating at once the importance of the find, communicated at once with various antiquarian societies. Finally funds were raised for carrying out systematic excavations under the direction of the Royal Society of Cornwall, and now it is possible to tell the complete story of the research and the valuable relics discovered, as the result of which the Harlyn Bay museum was founded by Mr. Mallett for their accommodation, although a large number of them were removed to the Truro museum.

But the discovery of new cists continues to be made. The Scientific American is authority for the statement that only a few weeks ago the present proprietor of the place, Col. Bellers, discovered a new cist, besides finding a number of ancient slate implements and other relics.

The burial ground has the appearance of a number of glass-covered cases. It is through these that one can inspect the cists these that one can inspect the cists or tombs with the skeletons in them.

There are some six in all, some containing only one skeleton, and others two and more. They are in a sitting posture, with the knees almost up or down. In every instance the graves are in straight lines, one head to another, all running toward the north or south. There were many lines of graves side by side, about three feet apart. Beneath these were other rows of graves. In every instance, too, the graves were lined with great slate slabs. It is not without interest to note that in one grave the skeletons are flattened. They must have been flattened before they were placed there. That is an indisputable fact. It is supposed by many that this is a proof that the people of those days indulged in human sacrifice. After the feast or religious rite, the remains, or rather the bones, of the sacrificed one were purposely flattened by some heavy instrument and then interred. Then in another grave the skull is broken in several places, and the nasal bone covered by a clean, cut across the front. These are these

teeth out of position projecting through the side of the left ramus of the lower jaw, beneath the normal row of teeth. This is supposed to show that these people were in the habit of hastening the end of a dying person by killing him either in the grave or on the naked rocks by breaking his head with a stone.

As to the age of these prehistoric remains, there would seem to be no doubt that they belong to the neolithic period, and anthropologists are virtually agreed that the skeletons recently found must have been buried 2,500 years ago. It may even be earlier still. One popular writer has stated that the cemetery must have been founded at the time of King Solomon; but this is mere conjecture.

Matter of Taste.

The missionary bishop was dedicating a new school house in Rumbi-foe.

"I advise you," he said in conclusion, "to study hard here. For, after all, my children, the brain is the best part of man."

"Rubbish!" shouted a reformed cannibal in the rear of the hall. "Rot! Nothing of the kind!"

SENT HER HOME REJOICING.

Disciple of Esculapius Banished Old Lady's "Gastritis."

Some of the medical faddings at Bellevue hospital manage to find amusement even in the ills of the people who flock to the institution for treatment, says the New York Press. An old negro woman entered the reception room one morning last week and said she felt "mighty sick, indeedy." When the doctor who was summoned examined her he could find nothing the matter with her.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

"I'm sure I has gastritis, doctor, because I see got an awful pain in ma stomach," replied the woman.

"Do you live near a gas house?" he inquired.

"Yes, I live right across the street from one, and dat's what makes me think I see got gastritis," answered the old woman.

"Well, take this bottle of medicine home with you," said the doctor, "and if that gastritis isn't gone in a week come back here again and I'll amputate your stomach."

The old woman thanked him profusely and took the medicine along with her.

Englishman a Sound Sleeper.

There have been extraordinary sleepers in England whose cases have been reported in detail. There was Samuel Clinton of Tinsbury, near Bath, a young man of a robust habit of body, "not fat, but fleshy, and with dark brown hair." In 1694 he fell into a sleep from which he could not be roused, and he slept for a month, when he awoke of his own accord; but during this sleep he neither ate nor drank. His next sleeping fit lasted 17 weeks. Fortunately for him, the use of a pipe had made a hole in his teeth, so they poured nourishing liquids into him by means of a quill. The third time he slept six months, nor did he stir even when Dr. Oliver injected into a nostril half an ounce of "spirit of sal ammoniac," and after a few days from quicklime, and afterward powder of white hellebore, and also drew blood from him and ran a large pin into his arm to the bone.

To-morrow, To-day.

When traveling on a lonely stretch of the road near the Arctic circle, in Sweden, Charles J. Glidden overtook an old Finnish woman peddling along at the rate of half a mile an hour.

"Where are you going?" the interpreter asked.

"To my daughter's," was the reply.

"How far is it?" the interpreter asked.

"Fifteen miles."

"When do you expect to get there?"

"To-morrow morning."

Mr. Glidden picked the old woman up and in 40 minutes had set her down at her daughter's home.—Saturday Evening Post

Measured Grief.

While on the subject of the distinguished dead, I am reminded of a story concerning Gounod, the celebrated musician. Some 20 years ago the composer and his wife (the latter died only the other day) were paying a visit of condolence to a woman friend who had just lost her husband. Mrs. Gounod was very much affected and wept copiously as she embraced her friend. The widow, on the contrary, bore up with admirable fortitude. When Gounod and his wife had left the house the musician turned to his partner and remonstrated with her for her excessive demonstration of sympathy, adding: "My dear, you should never be sadder than the widow herself."—London Globe.

"What is the greatest danger encountered in running an automobile?"

And without hesitation the chauffeur answered, "The police."—Washington Star.

Brown & Pettingill,

The White Front Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HOLIDAY CANDIES,

FRUITS AND NUTS,

TEAS AND COFFEES,

FANCY GROCERIES,

VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

OYSTERS IN BULK,
(SOLID MEATS.)

PHONE No. 40.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

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, Handbags, 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.

FURS FURS FURS FURS

Don't fail to see our line of Furs, just received. We bought them late and for that reason got them at a very low figure and will sell them accordingly. We can save you money.

J. R. RAUCH & SON

Local Phone No. 140-2r.

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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.

We have in stock five grades:

Santos Blend	18c
Kar-a-Van	25c
Java	30c
Mocha and Java	35c
Swiss Villa	38c

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We have everything for Christmas in the line of Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Dates, Figs, etc. First class Groceries in all departments.

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.

The CHRISTMAS BELLS

BY TEMPLE BAILEY



IT WAS so cold that the snow looked blue under the dark sky when the Bells ran swiftly down the hard road.

There were five of them—Mary and Jimmie and the twins and baby Bell, and they were orphans and very poor, and it was the day before Christmas.

The five Bells stopped in front of a big house.

"Now sing," said Mary Bell, and the five sweet voices were upraised: "Merry, merry Christmas everywhere, cheerily it ringeth through the air," sang all the little Bells, with red noses and blue fingers, as they stamped their feet and shivered in the snow.

The door of the big house opened and a pompous servant came out and shook his finger at them. "Go away," he said, "go away! We don't want you howling around here."

"Oh!" gasped the little Bells, and away they flew, with Mary Bell bringing up the rear, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, for she was the oldest, and at home there was nothing to eat and no fire, and she didn't know what they would do.

They sang before other places until their throats were sore, but everyone was too busy or too selfish to listen; and the night was coming on when at last they limped into the grounds of a dark old mansion that stood far back from the lonely road.

In this mansion lived a bachelor, which isn't an ogre, although it is something like one, for bachelors haven't any children, and they are apt to forget that they were ever young, and sometimes they are very fierce.

The bachelor was all alone. He had sent his servants away to keep their Christmas at their homes, and he was in the loneliest room in the lonely house.

The Bells sang two songs before he moved.

He drew back the curtain. "Go away," he motioned.

They turned to go out of the gate, but when they reached it Baby Bell stumbled and sat down and then she cried, and the other four cried—a forlorn little group, for they were all so tired and cold and hungry that they didn't care what happened.

"O, by George," said the bachelor, watching them. "By George, they are nothing but babies!" and he ran downstairs and out into the snowy path.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"No one wants to hear us sing," sobbed baby Bell.

"Huh!" said the bachelor, gruffly. "I do."

But Mary just looked at the bachelor with eyes that reminded him of days of long ago, and suddenly he found himself holding her hand and talking eagerly.

"Come in," he urged, "where it is warm, and sing to me there."

The lonely room was not lonely any more when the five little Bells stood in a row in front of the fire, which the bachelor poked into blazing brightness. They sang with a will, and the bachelor clapped his hands, and then took out his purse.

"Here," he said to Mary, and handed her a dollar.

But Mary shook her head. "It is too much," she said. "You must give us a penny apiece for each song, for that is all that it is worth. We can't sing very well. We are not beggars."

"By George," said the bachelor. "By George! I believe you are half-starved."

Then he looked at Mary. "Can you cook?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," cried all the little Bells.

"I need a cook," said the bachelor, with twinkling smiles. "I haven't anyone to cook my Christmas dinner, and if you don't take pity on me I shall have nothing."

"Shall I begin now?" asked Mary, eagerly. "I should love it."

"I haven't anything in the house," said the bachelor. "But there is the telephone."

"Is a telephone good to eat?" asked baby Bell.

"No," said the bachelor, "but it's fine to talk into. Now take off your things and stay with me."

"O, I'm afraid we will be a trouble," said Mary, uncertainly.

"Will your mother worry?" asked the bachelor.

"We haven't any mother," said Mary. "We are orphans, and we are all alone."

"That settles it," said the bachelor. "You are to stay." And he went to the telephone and ordered everything from turkey to tarts and from plum pudding to pies.

It was the jolliest Christmas eve, and the jolliest person of all was the lonely bachelor, because he wasn't lonely any more, and there were children in the house to make Christmas what it should be.

"You must stay with me always," he said, as they sat warm and well fed and rosy around the fire. "The house is so big and I am away half the time, and you could sing for me—yes, you shall come here," and he tossed baby Bell high in the air.

"O, how happy we will be," sang the children. "How happy you have made us, dear bachelor."

But the bachelor shook his head.

"It is not who have made the happiness, you with your music, dear little Christmas Bells."—Detroit Free Press.

A WONDERFUL PRESENT

BY GRACE HALLONE



IT WAS just two days before Christmas. Outside the wind was whistling and the snow falling fast, but they only made Grandma Laring's pleasant and cheerful kitchen all the more pleasant and cheerful by contrast.

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, around which were three rosy, bright-eyed children, Nellie, Josie and Willie, roasting chestnuts and as happy as happy can be.

"I wonder what I shall have this year!" said Josie. "I had, oh, such beautiful presents last Christmas—a book, a tea-set and a work-box."

"And I had a top, a white wabbit, and, oh! such a lot of goodies!" said little Willie, who was the youngest of the three.

"I know what I'd like," continued Josie; "I'd like a wax doll like Katie Brown's, that will open and shut its eyes, and has real hair, and cries like any baby; wouldn't you, Nellie?"

Nellie was taking the chestnuts off the fire. When she turned her face, rosier than usual, toward the light, it had a rather sober look.

"Yes, I'd like it. But a doll like that costs lots of money, and papa feels almost too poor this year; I heard mamma say so. I shouldn't wonder if I didn't have any Christmas present at all!"

These solemnly spoken words fell like a damper on the spirits of Josie and Willie, who loved dearly their gentle, sweet-tempered little cousin.

"Is Uncle John poor, grandma?" said Josie.

"No, dear, Uncle John isn't poor, but he has met with some losses this year that makes him feel as if he were."

"Cousin Nellie s'all have a Christmas present!" said Willie stoutly. "I'll give her my—my white wabbit."

Now the white rabbit was the most precious of all Willie's possessions.

"And I'll give her my box of puzzles!" cried Josie, not to be outdone in generosity.

Grandma Laring smiled.

"I am glad to find my children so unselfish, but I think Nellie will be provided for. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if her present was the nicest of all."

"Nicer than Katie Brown's doll?"

"A great deal nicer."

"What is it, grandma?" cried both the little girls in a breath.

Grandma shook her head mysteriously.

"It's a secret—Nellie isn't to know till she gets home."

Then the door opened and in walked a tall man, his shaggy great-coat so white with snowflakes as to make him look something like the "polar bear" that he, laughingly, called himself.

But Nellie did not mind this.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she cried, flying into his arms, which gave her a bear-like hug that nearly took away her breath.

Half-an-hour later Nellie was seated on her papa's knee, treating him to the chestnuts she had roasted, in a very happy and contented frame of mind.

"She suddenly bethought herself."

"Papa, grandma says that you've got a Christmas present for me home that's nicer than any I've had yet?"

Mr. Laring looked across the table at grandma and smiled.

"So I have, daughter; a present that's worth more than all the presents you ever had put together."

Nellie looked wistfully into the smiling eyes of the speaker.

"Is it a secret, papa?" she whispered.

"A great secret, little girl."

Nellie said no more, partly because she knew it would be of no use, and then she was not one of those little girls who make themselves and everybody around them unhappy by continual teasing.

"What is my little daughter thinking about?" said Mr. Laring on Christmas morning as the two were on their way back to the city.

"About my Christmas present, papa. Shall I have it as soon as I get home?"

"Just as soon as you get home."

Nellie did not find her mother in the sitting-room as she had expected.

"I think mamma must be in her room," said Mr. Laring; "we will go and find her."

And taking Nellie by the hand he led her upstairs into a pleasant room, where her mother was sitting, and who kissed her many times.

"Nellie is anxious to see her Christmas present," he said, looking toward a woman at the other end of the room, whom Nellie had not noticed, and who had a funny-looking little bundle of flannel in her lap.

At a sign from Mrs. Laring the woman laid this bundle very carefully in her arms, and her mother began to undo its various wrappings.

As she reached the last one Nellie uttered a scream of delight, for there lay just the dearest and sweetest baby you can imagine, with such bright eyes and cunning little hands and feet that Nellie fell in love with it directly.

"It is none of your make-believes," she said in dilating upon her good fortune, "but a live, sure-enough baby!"

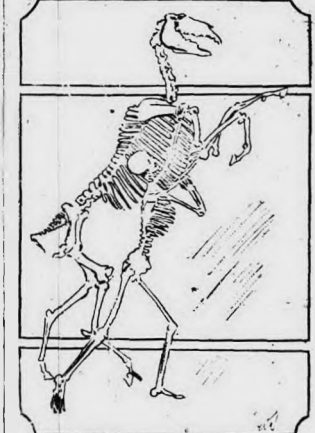
Nellie had often wished for a little brother, and now her wish was gratified. And as he began to know her, as he very soon did, and to laugh and prattle, her delight increased daily.—N. Y. Weekly.

A HORSE'S SKELETON

TO BE USED TO SHOW ACTUAL ARTICULATION IN LIFE.

Bones of the Dead Pacer Sysonby Being Moulder for the American Museum of Natural History.

James R. Keene, the owner of the famous racer Sysonby, which died a few months ago, has had the skeleton prepared for public display at the American Museum of Natural History at New York city. In the horse alcove on the fourth floor of the museum there are already several specimens of the equine skeleton. In accordance with the scheme of the man-



Man and His Friend Compared.

agement to prepare specimens to portray active life, each of these is mounted so as to typify some characteristic phase of the life of the horse or of its history. So Sysonby, when placed on public view, will be shown galloping, arranged to suggest the wonderful speed he showed on the track. The bones of the great stallion after their long preparation are now disarticulated in the laboratory of Dr. S. H. Chubb, who is in charge of this particular phase of the museum's activity. When the work of mounting them will be begun is not yet determined. It will be some months before they are prepared for public display.

Those who have not seen the specimens displayed in the great museum cannot fully appreciate the effect of their novel treatment. Each exhibit placed on view there is immeasurably enhanced by this suggestion of animation. Birds in their eyries, beasts in their lairs, and reptiles in their nests are made to picture life as nearly as the dead reproduction can. This idea is not surprising, but to employ the plan in the mounting of skeletons is certainly highly ingenious and strikingly effective. It is amazing what the framework of the animal can tell when, by careful study, each part is made to suggest its function in actual life.

An instance will serve for illustration. The draught horse, beast of burden, molded on powerful, heavy lines, trained to drag great weight, automatically adjusts its body to its task, so that each part with the greatest economy of effort produces the greatest resultant force. When the right hind leg is set firmly, its broad hips lowered, its body swerved to the right to bring its massive shoulders in direct line for freest action, with head to right and lowered, every muscle is set for the greatest strain. So, too, is its frame. The skeleton of the horse, when set up thus in action, shows the hind leg, the lowered, flattened pelvis, the arched and curved vertebrae swinging to the side, the shoulders hunched and neck bent—each bone, in short, true to life—in the position it would occupy when actually engaged in such action. So also the skeleton of a pony, set as if grazing, is truthful to the minutest detail. Everything else that is placed on view shows the same painstaking effort, and the effect is truly amazing.

As striking a display as any to be found in the museum is the combined figures of horse and man. "Man and His Friend" it is called, and it is set up to illustrate the subjugation of the horse by man after the animal had reached its present form of development. The skeleton of the horse is erected on hind legs, rearing as in fear of the figure by its side. The human frame walks beside, with hand uplifted, evidently holding the bridle and restraining the mad plunges of the animal. Each bone tells plainly the story of its purpose to those who care to seek its meaning.

So Sysonby will tell his tale. While to the unthinking his frame will serve merely to recall his prowess, the student will find it of greatest interest. Posed as galloping, the agility and easy grace of his movements will be in evidence rather than the power which the figure of the draught horse typifies. The power will be there, but subserving the suggestion of speed. There will be conservation of strength and nervous, racking energy in its application to attain the swiftest flight; the eager tenseness which drives the modern race horse at its greatest pace for short stretches, surpassing all achievements of the turf monarchs of the past, though lacking, perhaps, the stamina that carried the great horses of old over long distances unwearied.

God takes care of a blind man's cow.

THE PESSIMISTIC BACHELOR

THE Bachelor lived in a boarding house. He was 55 years old, and his hair was growing thin at the top and gray at the temples. He had recently invested in a cane because of the gout which he had stopped calling rheumatism. After he had bought the cane he had grimly stalked to an oculist's. The new eyeglasses were in his pocket now, and he was on his way to the boarding house (he disdained to call it home) to test them on the Rufus that a New York friend had sent for Christmas.

These things (including the coming of Omar Khayyam) had made the Bachelor a pessimist—or so, at least, he thought.

It was Christmas eve. "The Christmas spirit!" he growled, under his breath. "Huh! The Christmas greed, I call it. Everybody seems to be rushing around like mad, and everybody is filled to bursting with a lively sense of favors to come. Will that confounded car ever show up? I can't stand this chattering rabble much longer."

The car came at last and the Bachelor heaved a sigh that was almost satisfaction as he sank into the only vacant seat.

The Bachelor found himself on the



Throw Down the Book in a Rage.

same seat with a little woman who held many bundles and a baby. The baby was asleep. The woman looked agitated and tired, but when her eyes chanced to rest on the infant in her arms, they grew soft with maternal tenderness. She apologized in hushing haste to the Bachelor when the baby's restless movements set a paper box squarely on his knee, but he pessimist only grunted. She tried to recover the box, but this, as she had only two arms, and both were full, was difficult.

"Get the box stay, madam," snapped the Bachelor. He had not thought to help her. "It does not inconvenience me in the least."

So the box stayed. The Bachelor looked sedulously the other way, and tried to forget that it was there. The baby's pudgy pink hand was hung on his coat sleeve, and the Bachelor tried to forget that, too.

"I get off at the next corner, sir," said the woman. "Could you—would you—"

She rose in hurried anxiety to her feet, and more bundles raised down to the Bachelor.

"I could help you out, if that is what you mean," said the Bachelor sourly. "Oh, no, sir—thank you, sir!" For the Bachelor, red with irritation, had watched up the scattered parcels.

The conductor grinned as he jerked the bellcord, and the perspiring Bachelor could have beaten him with his hand.

"I'll carry these bundles home for you, madam," he announced gruffly and reluctantly, when they reached the sidewalk. "My car has left me, anyway," and he smiled grimly after the rapidly receding lights.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, meekly. "That's far," she added, "just a block."

When he at last reached his cheerless room, he adjusted his new glasses with a scowl and picked up Omar Khayyam with a feeling of sudden distaste. "The Christmas spirit!" he growled. "Bahaw!"

But he did not see the printed page, though his eyes were screwed intently upon it for many minutes. Suddenly he threw down the vellum-covered book in a rage and tore off the place mat. "Hang it all!" said he furiously, "these glasses are no good. That driving idiot of an oculist ought to be drawn and quartered! I'm going downtown."

So he jammed his hat on his head and went downtown, and when he came back his overcoat pockets were bulging with a flaxen-haired doll warranted to say "mamma" without much pressure and a red jumping-jack of startling agility.

But the Christmas spirit had cast its magic and potent spell over the pessimistic Bachelor, and he had suddenly remembered—that he had so often tried to forget—that his landlady was the mother of two riotous children.

"Good news, mi!" said the Bachelor.

UP MOON MOUNTAIN

ACCOUNT OF DUKE OF ABRUZZI'S EXPEDITION.

Ascends the Kiyanja Peak in the Mount Ruwenzori Range in the African Interior.

The Duke of Abruzzi is back from his remarkable expedition into the interior of Africa, where he explored the wonderful Moon mountains, ascending Mount Ruwenzori, and scaling the Kiyanja peak, a feat never before accomplished. The intrepid mountain climber has just paid his respects to the Royal Geographical Society of London, through whose generous support he was able to carry on his explorations.

The story of the duke's journey through Uganda, and his ascent of Mount Ruwenzori is an interesting one as told by a member of the expedition. The party left Entebbe on May 14 last and arrived at Fort Portal fifteen days later, where the British authorities received them, kindly and gave him an escort of 30 native soldiers, commanded by a Sudanese captain, for it must be remembered that the duke had to traverse a strange and in some cases hostile country in order to reach the starting point of the real object of the expedition.

On the road from Entebbe to Fort Portal the duke was met by several chiefs, who brought him the usual presents of cattle, poultry and fruit.

The party was accompanied by about 100 native carriers, who sang as they marched, sometimes war or love songs, sometimes a song they had especially composed in honor of the duke—the pale Mulanghira (prince) braver than the leopard.

On reaching Fort Portal the expedition was met by the British governor and the king of Toru. Here a rest of two days was taken.

On June 1 the expedition moved towards the valley of the Mobuku river, which springs from Ruwenzori; the weather, which during the first part of the journey had been very hot, grew gradually cooler, until when the high glaciers were approached it became bitterly cold. On June 6, after seven hours of hard marching, the party reached Kichincin, which is situated at an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet above sea level.

At this point the Uganda carriers refused to proceed further on account of the cold, and the duke had to change them for eighty carriers recruited among the inhabitants of the low mountains (Wakondjo). From here to Bujongolo the party experienced for the first time the damp weather of the Ruwenzori district—mist, fogs and rains, through which only at intervals they could obtain a view of the splendid scenery that surrounded them. At Bujongolo the duke ordered camp to be struck, and from this place, taking with him four trusted Italian guides of the Aosta valley, he started on June 9 for the ascent of the first peak of the Ruwenzori. During the duke's absence the camp had to be removed and pitched higher up near the glaciers, but of the eighty



The Kiyanja Peak Ascended For the First Time By the Duke of Abruzzi.

new carriers only seven could be induced to proceed, and those only after the promise of a large gift in money. Three days later the duke returned, after having reached the first peak, which is 16,000 feet high.

On June 13 a dramatic incident occurred. For several days the party had reason to suspect that it was followed by some wild animal, although on account of the great elevation and of the rigor of the temperature such a thing seemed rather strange. However, in the evening of the same day the Duke Abruzzi was sitting in front of his tent giving instructions to Signor Filippo Bulli, who was in charge of the scientific section of the expedition, when he sprang to his feet, crying: "The leopard! the leopard!" Signor Bulli turned and saw a big leopard two yards away, its eyes shining in the darkness, with gaping jaws, and on the point of making a spring. Signor Bulli seized the box whereon he was sitting and hurled it with all his might at the beast, hitting it on the head. The leopard leaped backwards and ran away through the mud and bushes, howling with fear, and despite a two hours' chase it was impossible to trace the animal.

On June 18 the duke reached the highest and hitherto untraced peak of Ruwenzori (18,220 feet). This he named the Margherita, in honor of the dowager queen of Italy. A careful topographical survey of this mountain chain was made. It seems that the loftiest peaks are in the Congo and not in the Uganda.

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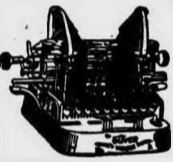
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PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 30, 1906.
Trains leave Plymouth as follows:
For Grand Rapids, North and West, 7:40 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 4:55 p. m., 8:30 p. m.
For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron, 7:12 a. m., 9:05 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:15 p. m.
For Saginaw, Manistee, Ludington and Milwaukee, 7:15 a. m., 9:08 a. m., 2:05 p. m. and 4:15 p. m.
For Toledo and South—11:55 a. m., 2:40 p. m. and 8:55 p. m.
For Detroit and East, 6:45 a. m., 10:22 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:25 p. m., 3:35 p. m., 8:43 p. m., 8:50 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Daily.
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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-ninth 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 E. W. Voorhies, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1907, and on Saturday, the 16th day of May, 1907, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, 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 November 22, 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. Pasqua, 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 of said days, 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 Tibbits, 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 Plymouth United Savings Bank 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 ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, 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.

T. 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 of said days, 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.

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THE NAMING OF A MOTOR-CAR

By EDGAR TURNER AND REGINALD HODDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"What to call her? that's the question," said Branson, the director, of the Zoological gardens, as he walked round his new 16 horsepower motor-car at the gate, admiring her build and indicating her strong points here and there.

"Call her Rattlesnake, or Eagle, or Bison," I suggested. "Regard her as another strange creature added to your collection."

"None of those names exactly describes 16 horsepower," he objected. "Indeed, I walked through the gardens this morning, from the ostriches to the tortoises, without finding just the thing wanted."

Dr. Branson's house, where I was spending a short holiday, was on the outskirts of the gardens, facing the encircling road, and from behind the heavy banks of foliage at the back we could hear the growling chorus of the denizens of the zoo. A lion roared majestically; jackals bayed at the full moon rising above the tree-tops; and the hyaenas laughed again. With the sound of the primeval forest in our ears, the motor throbbing with pent energy seemed strangely unreal.

"No, I'm hanged if I know what to call her," said Branson after a brief, reflective silence. "Here, let's take a spin round the circle at high speed. There's no one about, and 50 miles an hour might inspire us with a name."

"Sorry. Afraid I can't come," I replied. "I want to catch the late mail, and have only a quarter of an hour to do it in."

"All right," he said, getting in, "see you later." And the car started round the circle in search of a name.

I ran up to the house and in a few minutes finished my letter. Then, wheeling out my bicycle, I mounted and set off for the post office. As I passed along the outer wall of the gardens, I heard a commotion among the ducks, accompanied by loud shouts. What was the matter? Possibly, I thought, some keepers chasing a predatory dog that had no right in the zoo. And, as the shouting soon ceased, I assumed that they had successfully scared the marauder away from the duck ponds.

As I drew near a large acacia shadowing the path outside the wall, I concluded that my guess was correct, for I saw a huge dog leap over on to the roadside and stand in the shadow watching my approach. He appeared to be one of those massive Great Dane brutes, but I could not see him very distinctly.

When I drew level with the acacia, I flicked my fingers and said gaily: "Hello, boy! After the ducks, eh?"

For a moment I thought he liked my pleasant greeting. But only for a moment. Then my heart stood still and my hair rose on my head; for a mighty roar came from the animal's throat, and with a tremendous bound he launched himself in the air at me.

Involuntarily I made a sudden spurt to escape the spring, and glancing over my shoulder, saw the huge beast descending. I groaned as I heard the heavy fall of his feet a little way behind my back wheel. That momentary glance showed me that it was a savage lion, and not a dog, that was at my heels.

While he pulled himself together after his spring, I put on speed and gained a few yards. But he followed swiftly. And presently there was another roar, and I knew he was in the air a second time. Thinking that in a second his sharp claws would be in my shoulders, I nearly rolled off the bicycle with terror. Again, however, he fell short, and again I sprinted for dear life.

He followed at a gallop and then sprang once more. The moments while he was in the air seemed hours, and when his four paws thudded on the road again, I felt to my horror that he had alighted a little nearer to me than before. I bent over the handlebars and strove to increase my speed, but my legs were weak and trembling, and I could not. I heard his angry growls and quick breath as he galloped again, and I expected presently to hear his roar before his next spring. And at that roar I felt I should collapse. It is an awful sound when it is hard on your heels.

Again he sprang—this time with a short snarl. Cold thrills shot down my back as I spurred forward. The snap of his jaws sounded not two yards off my back wheel, and a growl of baffled rage spoke of his disappointment.

But I was now beginning to collect my wits, and my legs were getting firm again. I resolved that at the next spring I would swerve from the center of the road to the right-hand side and so possibly evade him. It came. I felt him rushing through the air behind me, and swerved sharply. No sooner had I done so than he alighted almost abreast of me on the track I had just left. His bark and snarl were terrible to hear.

Keeping on the extreme right-hand side of the road, I increased my pace, the lion following at a gallop less than half-a-dozen yards behind. Suddenly I saw the lights of a motor-car rounding the curve ahead of me. This, I thought, would frighten him; but no; he was mad and determined to have me. The car was approaching very rapidly, like lightning, I made up my mind to cut across its path, hoping in this way to scare or baffle my pursuer.

Just as I swerved to do this, there came another roar from behind. Apparently the lion had guessed my plan, and this time I felt that his spring was right on my track. I found, too, that I had misjudged the pace of the car, which was now tearing down on us at racing speed. I swerved further and headed direct for the opposite side of the road to avoid being run down. The thing occupied not three seconds. The roar and the spring of the lion, the "toot-toot" of the motor a dozen yards away, and my swerving to escape, were almost simultaneous.

I felt the wind of the rushing car as it grazed my hind wheel! There was a shout, a crashing thud, and a jolt on the part of the car; while I, unable to stop my career, dashed full tilt into the thick hedge at the roadside.

The yielding foliage of the micro carpa, of which the hedge was composed, saved me from serious bones, but it was some time before I could pull myself together. At last I did so and crawled out. Branson and two of the zoological garden keepers, both breathless as if they had been running, gathered round an object in the middle of the road: it was the lion, dead.

"How did it happen?" I asked, feeling very much saved.

"Why," said Branson, "all I know is that at the moment you cut across my track, I saw the brute, with his eyes gleaming in the light, descending from his spring. He touched ground within a few inches of your wheel, and at that very moment we caught him fair on the head. It nearly upset us. Heavens! old man, it was a narrow escape all round."

"It was the narrowest escape I ever had," I exclaimed; and I narrated the pursuit briefly.

"The pity of it is," he said, dejectedly, "it's the finest lion in the garden."



"Yes, I've Killed Him with My Motor Car."

dens, and I've killed him with my motor car. His skull is completely smashed.

He was indeed a magnificent beast. As he lay there dead on the road in the moonlight, I could not help admiring him, though he had almost been the death of me.

"Yes, I've killed him with my motor car," repeated Branson. "But," he added, turning to the keepers, "if it hadn't been for your carelessness, he would have been alive in his cage now. How the deuce did he get loose?"

One of the keepers started to explain in a lame fashion.

"Yes, yes," broke in Branson, cutting him short. "You shall give me the rest of the details later. Now see about taking the animal away. And remember that this is purely a departmental matter. No chattering to newspaper people or anything of that sort. And be careful over the skin—it must go to this gentleman who nearly lost his life through your carelessness."

Leaving them to their task, we got into the motor car and drove off.

"Well, there's one thing," remarked Branson presently. "We've lost a first-class lion, but we've found a good name for the car."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Unicorn," he replied, with a smile. "The famous fight between the lion and the unicorn for the crown was, I believe, won by the lion. But on this occasion the other animal has come out on top. Yes, the name of the car is the Unicorn."

And a little later, when Branson opened a bottle of rare old wine in celebration of my escape, we formally toasted it under that name.

Trade Union Old Age Pensions.

It may be doubted whether the public generally are fully aware of what is already being done for the aged by working men through their trade unions and other great self-help organizations. Forty of the principal trade unions paid in 1904 no less a sum than \$267,396, in superannuation benefit. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers itself is paying more than \$100,000 a year to its aged members. All this is in addition to large expenditure on the unemployed, which again is no doubt greatly aided by those who are made workless through old age. The Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief fund has for many years made provision for its aged members. In 1904 there were \$491 on the fund, the total amount paid in superannuation for the year being \$26,094.—Nineteenth Century.

HOW DID THEY KNOW?

Trying Hard Not to Be Found Out.

By KENNETH HARRIS.

They sat on opposite seats, the young man with his back to the locomotive, the young woman, of course, facing it. He was reading a newspaper; a book lay open in her lap, but she was looking out at the landscape with much interest. After a little while the man yawned. "I'm going back into the smoking compartment," he announced.

"All right," said the young woman, and she yawned, quite extensively, though more delicately, than her husband, and resumed her inspection of the landscape as he sauntered away. In a few minutes she turned to her book and read several pages with an air of great absorption, after which she began to flutter the leaves. She hardly looked up from this occupation when the man returned, and, seating himself, picked up his paper.

"You remember when we were in the White mountains two years ago?" he said.

"Yes."

"This scenery reminds me of it." "It is something like it."

"I wonder what the cook will have for dinner when we get home. Do you know I hardly think she's as good as she used to be. What do you think?"

"Perhaps not quite so good as when she first came to us," said the young woman. "But my! She is so much better than the others were."

The man had a fit of coughing and his wife patted him on the back. "You must do something for that cough, Richard."

"I must," agreed the man, wiping his eyes.

"You haven't had such a cough as that since we've been married."

"I don't remember that I have."

The man sitting in the next section began to cough and the couple looked apprehensively at each other. The woman lifted her eyebrows; the man shook his head.

"Certainly not," he said. "No earthly reason. Are you cold?"

"I think, perhaps, that window—"

The man reached across her to lower it. "Excuse me," he said.

The woman smiled and inclined her head.

"Let me put that wrap around you," he said, solicitously.

She frowned at him.

"Or you'll be catching cold and I'll have another doctor bill to pay for you," he continued, rather brutally.

"I'm not at all cold," said the young woman, with some asperity. "I wish you wouldn't fuss so much."

"I wouldn't if you weren't always so careless," the man retorted.

"Well, never mind."

"I believe I'd be more comfortable on your seat," said the man in a little while. "Would I disturb you?"

"Not at all," answered the young woman, moving her skirts to make room for him. "Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Please don't."

The man whispered.

"I'm sure they will—if they don't already."

The person in the section behind rose and walked in the direction of the smoking room.

"Good enough," said the man, with an air of relief. "I thought we never would get a minute. Don't you think I've done pretty well?"

"Don't you think I have?"

"I should say so. Didn't we manage beautifully and don't you think there was a sick crowd at the other station? I had James take all those old trunks and check 'em in the baggage room and told him to go around this evening and haul them all back again. I'll bet you anything you like that those Indians bribed the baggage man and broke in and pilfered and desecrated them from stem to stern. Oh, it was a good one on them all right."

"Wasn't it?"

"How are you enjoying the journey, Mrs. Parkinson?"

"Dick, doesn't it seem strange? I can't realize it at all. Can you? Mrs. Parkinson?"

"If you don't like the name it's too late to change it now."

"I—Dick, straighten up, quick! They're watching us across the aisle. I feel sure they saw you then, and if they did—"

"They didn't."

"I wonder if they—Dick, are you quite perfectly sure that there wasn't anybody at the station we knew? That porter's talking to those people there. I feel sure it's about us, and—dearest, won't you go out into the baggage car and look at our trunks just to make sure?"

"I will, of course, if you say so," said the man, "but I'm quite sure it's all right and nobody has the least suspicion."

He rose reluctantly and went away. When he returned the young woman's face was suffused with color.

"It's all right," said the man.

"Dick, it isn't," returned the young woman. "They know. After you were gone they whispered and laughed and I distinctly heard somebody say, 'B. and G.'"

"I declare!" exclaimed the man. "Now, how do you suppose they ever got on to that?"—Chicago Daily News.

The Mode.

"Johnny has got the political job he was after and he's kicking all the time. What does he want, anyway?"

"Water, of course."—Detroit News.

Local News

House for sale. Enquire at Riggs'. Miss Ruby Newman has a new piano.

Reduction on all millinery at Mrs. Ulan's.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

G. E. Grainger, of Wyandotte is visiting at Dr. Grainger's.

All the out-of-town teachers go home tonight for the holiday vacation.

Miss Besie Robinson is assisting in Rauch's store during the holidays.

G. L. Wight has moved into L. C. Hall's new house on Dodge street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Partridge, Sr. visited at A. D. Stevens' Thursday.

Mrs. Scott Lovewell, of South Lyon visited Mrs. Frank Oliver this week.

Miss Alice Watson returned to her home in Ridgetown, Can., Wednesday.

Burnt wood work for sale at Mrs. Ulan's.

Mrs. Roy Lang and son from Chicago are visiting her mother, Mrs. Fanny Mott.

Mrs. A. Harlow leaves tomorrow for Chicago to visit her daughter, Mrs. Harry Green.

Miss Zelma Lane of Detroit is spending the week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Lyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. F. Miller of Watkins, N. Y. are visiting their son and wife, Rev. F. W. Miller.

Mrs. Jacob Streng was taken to Harper hospital Wednesday to have an operation performed.

Miss Laura Fralick, who has been visiting in Three Rivers for six months, has returned to the home of her sister, Mrs. Herrick.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies entertained a few friends Monday evening in honor of her son, Paul's, birthday.

Mrs. A. I. Hall and Miss Minerva Hall have gone to Decatur, Ind., and Leslie Hudd went with them as far as Chicago.

Prof. Isbell is in receipt of a letter from Olivet College which reads as follows: "We are pleased to continue the high school in Plymouth on the accredited list of Olivet College for a further term of two years."

If you have friends visiting you during the holidays or you are going out of town yourself, let The Mail know about it. We will be pleased to receive items of this nature or any other at all times. Our phone number is 6.

About twenty members of Plymouth Chapter, O. E. S., went to South Lyon Tuesday to exemplify the work of the Order for the edification of the neighboring chapter. A sumptuous banquet was served the visitors and they were royally entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Dean celebrated the 49th anniversary of their marriage last Sunday, Dec. 16th, a few friends being present. It is hoped the worthy couple may live to celebrate the golden anniversary in another year and many more thereafter.

Christmas Wreaths, with or without bells. Order early. Cora Lehman.

Chas. Trumbull, a Canton township farmer, died last Tuesday after a short illness. He had been sick with typhoid fever and was recovering therefrom, when heart disease carried him off. He leaves a widow and one child to mourn their loss. The funeral takes place this afternoon at his late home, Rev. Hugh Ronald, officiating.

"Vermont Folks" a four-act rural comedy will be presented at the opera house, Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, by Plymouth amateur talent for the benefit of the fire department. The cast is an exceptionally strong one and a first class amateur performance may be expected. Tickets are 25 and 35 cents and every Plymouth resident should buy one or more.

Suggestion of an Exchange.

This is the time of the year that the idle man is at a loss to know where to go and what to do with himself. He wants some place where he can associate with his kind. Now this is a problem for every community to solve. Wouldn't it be a grand piece of missionary work for the good people of this community to start in some of the vacant buildings that are found in every town, a club room where everybody would be welcome, and where they could read, play innocent games as they would do in our Y. M. C. A., also serve lunches, coffee, etc., at a nominal fee, and thus become partially self-supporting. I am sure such a place would be appreciated by many a wandering boy and might be the means of keeping many out of the saloons that are making them outcasts and unfit for society. It seems to me that there is no nation that needs this kind of missionary work worse than ours.

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.

One and One-Half Fare.

If you are planning a trip for the holidays, figure on paying one and one-half fare for round trip tickets instead of the time-honored rate of one fare. The railroads will ask the higher rate this year and you will probably think about that big bunch of back taxes when you cast about for a reason.

For Christmas.

A printing office isn't supposed to have much to offer in the way of Christmas goods, but nevertheless, here are a few that might make suitable holiday gifts. For instance, a six months' or year's subscription to The Mail for some absent friend who likes to know about Plymouth people and events.

Raise in P. M. Salaries.

According to items in the dailies, the officials of the Pere Marquette have slated all clerical employees along the line for a raise in salary of from \$5 to \$15 per month, to begin shortly. The boys along the line have not heard anything officially as yet but are rather expecting a raise and will try and be at home when it arrives.

Change in Collection of Box Rents.

According to regulations just put in force by the postoffice department, the rent for postoffice boxes is to be collected during the last ten days of each quarter in advance for the ensuing quarter. "If a box-holder fails to renew his right to his box on or before the last day of a quarter, the box shall then be closed and offered for rent and the mail be placed in the general delivery."

Heretofore the postmaster has been allowed to make collections for box rent during the first of the quarter.

Christmas at the Churches.

A Christmas gathering will be held in the Universalist church on Christmas night, Tuesday at 7:00. A tree and exercises for the children more especially will be the principal feature of the occasion.

Preparations are being made for an enjoyable time on Monday, Christmas eve, at the M. E. church. A program of music and recitations has been prepared by the members of the Sunday-school and a chorus of seniors will render several selections of special music, together with songs by the little folks. A real Santa Claus and well loaded Christmas tree will complete the evening's enjoyment. Everybody welcome. Come at 7:00 p. m.

The Baptist Sunday-school will have a Christmas tree and program Monday night—Christmas eve, at 7:30. The tree will be free to any and all who may wish to use it for presents. The program will consist of recitations and singing by the scholars. Santa will be on hand to amuse the children and to see that all of them shall have a present. A cordial invitation to all. Come and find enjoy the evening with the children.

On Christmas eve, beginning at 7:30 o'clock standard time, at the Presbyterian church, the cantata, "Christmas Messengers," will be rendered by the children and young people of the Sunday-school. The music of this exercise is light and catchy, but very pretty and the sentiment is both beautiful and elevating. The production is simple, but in one place at least a highly dramatic scene is afforded where the Christmas Lady sings her lullaby song over the two sleeping waifs. There will be an old-fashioned Christmas tree and after the cantata is over Father Christmas will dispense the presents. Every one is cordially invited to this exercise.

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.

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.

The North Side

Mr. and Mrs. Criger visited their daughter, who is very sick, in Detroit Wednesday.

Mrs. Jacob Streng, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at Harper Hospital, Wednesday, is doing nicely.

A seven-year old son of Mr. Seldberg fell against a wood-box Tuesday and broke one of his ribs. Dr. Patterson attended the case.

Katherine Murdock, who has been making her home with Mr. and Mrs. John Chisholm the past two years, left for her home in Saginaw Wednesday.

Mrs. Peter Micol has at her home a curiosity in the way of a lemon tree, with several ripe lemons on it, which she raised from a seed from a lemon bought at the grocery. The tree is also nearly ready to blossom again.

On account of the parlor car jumping the track, as No. 106 from Saginaw due here at 8:43 in the evening, was coming into the yards Tuesday evening, train No. 8 and the Toledo train, due to leave here at 8:45, did not get out of town until 11:30.

The Fair Was Successful.

The ladies' aid of the Universalist church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Dunn on Wednesday afternoon and reports of the various departments of the recent fair were read. The gross receipts as reported were \$210.69, with some returns yet to come in, so that the net profits will be quite a bit above the \$150 mark.

A vote of thanks was extended to those who have helped in various ways especially to the people of Plymouth and vicinity who so generously patronized the fair.

All—and apparently the public who attended—were especially well pleased with the elocutionary entertainment by Mrs. Stone, and hope she may visit us again.

OBITUARY.

Died, at her home in Commerce, Dec. 14, Pearl, beloved wife of Clyde Noe. The deceased was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Crane of that place and was well known here. She was born in Green Oak, Feb. 18, 1888, was married at Commerce April 14, 1906. Besides her husband, her father and mother, she leaves one brother Fred Crane of Pontiac, and three sisters, Mrs. Ira Teeples of Commerce, Mrs. Ernest Gray of Northville and Mrs. Harry Cooper of Wayne.

Woman's Literary Club.

The Woman's Literary Club held its sixth regular meeting at the usual hour in the club rooms Dec. 14, with the President in the chair. There were 14 active and two associate members present. Roll call responded to with current topics.

The program was given by the sixth division with Mrs. F. A. Dibble as leader. A paper on the China-Japanese war was read by Mrs. Butterfield. A talk was given by Mrs. Dibble on "Insincerity and Indifference of the Chinese."

Mrs. Ralph Samsen read a paper on Society and Amusement of Chinese Women. An interesting discussion followed, "Should a Woman work who is not obliged to?"

On motion the Club adjourned to meet Jan. 4th, 1906.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Forest Ave. Enquire of Mrs. Harrison.

WANTED—1,000 bush. Buckwheat wanted at the Plymouth Mills.

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

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

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.

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.



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a *Scott's Emulsion* baby.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on *Scott's Emulsion* is a sturdy, rosy-checked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

SERIAL STORY

MARCH OF THE WHITE GUARD

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A tent was set up, provisions were put in it, a spirit-lamp and matches were added, and the simple ménage was complete. Not quite. Jaspur Hume looked round. There was not a tree in sight. He stooped and cut away a pole that was used for strengthening the runners of the sleds; fastened it firmly in the ground, and tied to it a red woollen scarf, which he had used for tightening his white blankets round him. Then he said: "Be sure and keep that flying, men."

Jeff Hyde's face was turned toward the north. The blind man's instinct was coming to him. Far off white eddy drifts were rising over long hillocks of snow. When Jeff turned round again his face was slightly troubled. It grew more troubled, then it brightened up again, and he said to Jaspur Hume, "Captain, would you leave that book with me till you come back—that about infirmities, dangers, and necessities? I knew a river-boss who used to carry an old spelling-book round with him for luck. It had belonged to a schoolmaster who took him in and did for him when his father and mother went into Kingdom Come. It seems to me as if that book of yours, Captain, would bring luck to this part of the White Guard, that beln' out at the heels like has to stay behind."

Jaspur Hume had borne the sufferings of his life with courage; he had led this terrible tramp with no tremor at his heart for himself; he was seeking to perform a perilous act without any inward shrinking; but Jeff's request was the greatest trial of this momentous period in his life. This book had not left his breast, save when he slept, for twenty years. To give it up was like throwing open the doors of his nature to such weaknesses that assail and conquer most men at some time or other in their lives.

Jeff Hyde felt, if he could not see, the hesitation of his chief. His rough but kind instincts told him something was wrong in his request, and he hastened to add, "Beg your pardon, sir, it ain't no matter; I oughtn't to have asked you for it. But it's just like me; I've been a chain on the leg of the White Guard this whole tramp."

The moment of hesitation had passed before Jeff Hyde had said half a dozen words, and Jaspur Hume put the book in his hands with the words, "No, Jeff Hyde, take it. It will bring luck to the White Guard. Put it where I have carried it, and keep it safe until I come back."

Jeff Hyde placed the book in his bosom, but hearing a guttural "Ugh" behind him he turned round defiantly. The Indian touched his arm and said, "Good! Strong-back book—good!" Jeff was satisfied.

At this point they parted, Jeff Hyde and Gaspe Toujours remaining, and Jaspur Hume and his two followers going on toward Manitou Mountain. There seemed little probability that Varre Lepage would be found. In their progress eastward and northward they had covered wide areas of country, dividing and meeting again after stated hours of travel. But not a sign had been seen; neither calm nor staff nor any mark of human presence.

Jaspur Hume had noticed Jeff Hyde's face when it was turned to the eddy drifts of the north, and he understood what was in the experienced huntsman's mind. He knew that severe weather was before them, and that the greatest difficulty of the journey was to be encountered. Yet, somehow, the fear that possessed him when the book was taken from his breast had left him, and he reaped in his act of self-sacrifice a larger courage and rarer strength than that which had heretofore stayed him on this cheerless journey.

That night they saw Manitou Mountain, cold, colossal, harshly calm; and jointly with that sight there arose a shrieking, biting, fearful north wind. It blew upon them in cruel menace of conquest, in piercing inclemency. It struck a freezing terror to their hearts, and grew in violent attack until, as if repenting that it had foregone its power to save, the sun suddenly grew red and angry and spread out a shield of blood along the bastions of the west. The wind shrunk back and grew less murderous, and the last red arrows shot up behind the lonely western wall of white, the three knew that the worst of the storm had passed and that death had drawn back for a time. What Jaspur Hume thought we shall gather from his diary; for ere he crawled in among the dogs and stretched himself out beside Jacques, he wrote these words with shivering fingers:—

January 10th: Camp 39.—A bitter

day. We are facing three fears now: the fate of those we left behind; his fate; and the going back. We are thirty miles from Manitou Mountain. If he is found, I should not fear at all the return journey; success gives hope. We trust in God."

Another day passes and at night, after a hard march, they camp five miles from Manitou Mountain. And not a sign! But Jaspur Hume knows that there is a faint chance of Varre Lepage being found at this mountain. His iron frame has borne the hardships of this journey well; his valiant heart better. But this night an unaccountable weakness possesses him. Mind and body are on the verge of helplessness and faintness. Jacques seems to understand that, and when he is unhitched from the team of dogs, now dwindled to seven, he goes to his master and leaps upon his breast. It was as if some instinct of sympathy, of prescience, was passing between the man and the dog. Jaspur Hume bent his head down to Jacques for an instant and rubbed his side kindly, then he said, with a tired accent, "It's all right, dog; it's all right!"

Jaspur Hume did not sleep well at first that night, but at length oblivion came. He waked to feel Jacques tugging at his blankets. It was noon. Late Carscallen and Cloud-in-the-Sky were still sleeping—inanimate bundles among the dogs. In an hour they were on their way again, and toward sunset they had reached the foot of Manitou Mountain. A abruptly from the plain rose this mighty mound, blue and white upon a black base. A few struggling pines grew near its foot, defying latitude, as the mountain itself defied the calculations of geographers and geologists. A halt was called. Late Carscallen and Cloud-in-



the Sky looked at the chief. His eyes were scanning the mountain closely. Suddenly he paused. Five hundred feet up there is a great round hole in the solid rock, and from this hole there comes a feeble cloud of smoke! Jaspur Hume's hand points where his eyes are fixed. The other two see. Cloud-in-the-Sky gives a wild whoop, such a whoop as only an Indian can give, and from the mountain there comes, a moment after, a faint replica of the sound. It is not an echo, for there appears at the mouth of the cave an Indian who sees them and makes feeble signs for them to come. In a few moments they are at the cave. As Jaspur Hume enters, Cloud-

in-the-Sky and the stalwart but emaciated Indian who had beckoned, to them speak to each other in the Chinook language, the jargon common to all Indians of the West.

Jaspur Hume saw a form reclining on a great bundle of pine branches, and he knew what Rose Lepage had prayed for had come to pass. By the flickering light of a handful of fire he saw Varre Lepage—rather what was left of him—a shadow of energy, a heap of nerveless bones. His eyes were shut, but as Jaspur Hume, with a quiver of memory and sympathy at his heart, stood for an instant and looked at the man whom he had cherished as a friend and found an enemy, the pale lips of Varre Lepage moved and a weak voice said, "Who—is there?"

"A friend."

"A friend! Come—near—me—friend!"

Jaspur Hume made a motion to Late Carscallen, who was heating some liquor at the fire, and he came near and stooped and lifted up the sick man's head, and took his hand.

"You have come—to save me—to save me!" said the weak voice again.

"Yes; I have come to save you." This voice was strong and clear and true.

"I seem—to have—heard—your voice—before—somewhere—before—I seem—to—have—" But he had fainted.

Jaspur Hume poured a little liquor down the sick man's throat, and Late Carscallen chafed the delicate hand—delicate in health; it was like that of a little child now. When breath came again Jaspur Hume whispered to his helper, "Take Cloud-in-the-Sky and get wood; bring fresh branches; clear one of the sleds, and we will

start back with him in the early morning."

Late Carscallen, looking at the skeleton-like figure, said, "He will never get there."

"Yes," said Jaspur Hume; "he will get there."

"But he is dying."

"He goes with me to Fort Providence."

MAINE BEARS ARE WISE SURE ENOUGH

Up in Passadumkeag, Maine, where black bears once owned the land and all upon it, and where to this day their fondness for mutton and honey is sadly realized, there sat upon the bench in front of the post office a bunch of villagers. They were just from the grocery, the wise man, the historian and the boss hunter of the village. They had settled some points when the talk drifted to the question of courage in a man and beast, and they had to sit down on the post office bench and have it out.

Uncle Penny, the wise man, said that beasts of the forest had no real courage—that they fought against desperate odds merely through ignorance. Sim Betts, the historian, pondered deeply to rake up some instance that would contradict this theory; but before he could recall or invent anything, Peletiah Jones, the boss hunter, declared that, while no bigger fool than the bull moose ever stalked the earth, bears had, on the average, more brains than men. And he proceeded to prove it.

"Now," said Jones, "you don't never hear of a bucking injines on the railroad, do ye? Sartlinly not. Moose does, an' allers gits th' wust of it. Nat'rally, injines is iron, an' can make hash outen any critter that walks. Moose ain't got brains enuff to know it; bars has."

"Spose all you fellers recollect that mess of old junk that I helped haul up to the station here last summer? Well, that was what was left of one of them autymobiles after a good, bright bar had a whack at it. Happened down here couple of miles below Passadumky. 'Twas an old she bar that had two cubs, and one day when the fambly of them was a crossin' the road to get into a better berry patch, what should come whizzin' along but some sports in a big steam waggin an' run over one of the cubs an' laid it out cold."

"The old bar an' t'other cub got across all right an' stood at the edge of the road a-lookin' kinder dazed. I was close enuff to drop the two of them, but I'd no gun with me, so I just sot there an' watched."

"Pretty soon the old bar come out an' sniffed at the carcass of the dead cub, rollin' it over with her paw and grunting around as though she expected to wake it up. Seeing that the cub laid there stiff an' still, the old one hustled off into the bushes with t'other cub taggin' on behind. I s'posed that was the last of it, but that's where I had something new to larn 'bout bars."

"Jest a few rods up from where the old bar went into the bushes, an' standin' close to the road, was a big spruce, with an old stub (dead trunk), lodged ag'in it. That stub was two feet through, if it was an inch, an' it was jest barely caught on the spruce, so's the least jolt would bring it down. Well, sir, you can believe me or not, but it's gospel truth—that old bar she floundered up to that there stub an', puttin' her shoulder ag'in it, brought it down, slam bang, right across the road."

"Well, sir, I never see the like, an' for some time I sot there, wonderin' what the old bar was up to. Then, graverly, it began to leak through me that she was after revenge on the sports that killed her cub. She was a-blockin' of the road ag'in the time they'd come back."

"Well, I says to myself, says I, There's no tellin' when the fellers'll come back; it may be a week. An' be' havin' other fish to fry, and it be'n none of my mess, anyway, I kept on. I was gone a couple of hours, an' when I come back along, cuss me if that old bar an' her cub wasn't a-settin' there in the edge of the bushes as though they expected comp'ny. When I went past they never budged an', havin' no gun, I come right along an' left them to tend to their own business."

"I hadn't got more'n ten rods further 'long toward the village when I heard the great tootin' an', looking ahead I see the steam waggin a-streakin' it down the road. 'Now,' says I to myself; 'now, that there masheen must a-cost a thousand dollars, an' with all respect to th' bar's feelings, 't would be a cussed shame to see it go to smash ag'in an old stub not wuth ten cents,' so I holliered for the sports to hold up, but I guess they didn't hear me, for they flew past in a cloud of dust."

"Here," says I, 'is where the old bar gets square,' an' I hustled back after them down the road. It's a thick growth along there, an' hard to see anythin' 'cept in broad daylight, so 'fore the sports knew it they were right onto that big stub. I was jest near enuff to see what happened without gettin' hit with any of the wreck. First I heard a yell, then a bump, an' then come a smashin' an' crashin' like breakin' a jam on the West Branch. That macheden jest riz up like a batteax on a rock, an' in a minute the air was full of it. The two sports, they shot out ahead an' landed face down in the road. One wheeled off into the brush, an' one of them rubbered hoops they have on the rim hopped up an' hung on the branch. It was the completest wreck I ever seee of anything, an' you could smell benzine a mile away."

"Jest as I come up I could hear a crashin' away off in the berry patch. It was the old bar an' her cub, goin' off satisfied, I s'pose, at havin' done a good job an' got square. This fall," concluded the boss hunter, "I am agoin' after that bar. If I get her I'll know her, for she'll smell of benzine."

CHRISTMAS AND ECONOMY

A Day of Reckoning Sure to Follow Holiday Extravagance.

By MARGERET SANGSTER.

(Copyrighted.)

THE spell of the yuletide lasts very much longer than the yuletide weeks before Christmas. Holidays are all thinking about them, wondering what we can do to make them better holidays than we have ever had, planning surprises for everybody from the grandparents to the little ones toddling about the nursery floor and keying ourselves to concert pitch over the whole matter. America as a nation is growing immensely rich among the nations of the earth, but while men of wealth are no longer extraordinary, the rank

dislike to let sons and daughters know that they have anxieties; they resort to every legitimate or illegitimate means to gratify those who bear their name, and in the end if a crash does not come, there are heart burnings and distress that might as well have been avoided. When the yule-tide casts upon us a spell of foreboding or leaves a legacy of importunate creditors, it has been robbed of its finest essence and defrauded of its noblest meaning.

It is our misfortune that we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling that to make the home happy we must spend too much money for our mental comfort. Never was there a greater mistake. Pleasure in the household depends on simplicity far more than we think. Children often turn away from the playthings that have cost a goodly sum in dollars and cents, and find their delight in something cheap which they may use at their pleasure. The costly doll imported from Paris and dressed in the height of the fashion is shown with pride by its owner

Christmas Bells.



and she still have and always will have limited means, so that thrift is a golden virtue at Christmas as well as at other periods of the year.

Sometimes there is complaint at home that father is moody and tactless, and a little management and tact are in order before mother and the girls ask him for money, the fact being that the poor man is borrowing right and left, and is almost beside himself to meet the drain on his resources.

Several years ago, soon after the glow of the yule-tide had faded into the ashen embers of mid-winter, a business man was taken ill. Dragging along through the weeks of February and March, the victim it seemed of a mysterious malady, he died and was buried during Easter week. When his affairs were settled, they were found to be extremely involved. The entire scheme of living for the family had to be reconstructed, and with pang of agony those whom he had loved discovered that their extravagance had really sapped the springs of his life. They were not altogether to blame. Husbands are not invariably frank and candid with wives. Fathers

to her little friends, but it is not the doll which gives most satisfaction. It is not the doll that the child plays with. Very likely her mother considers it too fine to be spoiled and puts it away in the closet except on state occasions. A doll on the closet shelf may be a marvel of elegance, but it brings no particular gratification to the child who seldom sees it. Our yule-tide should be full of warmth and cheer, our extra money should be spent on plenty of light and an open fire, and there should be good times at home, the best times then in all the year.

The beneficent spell of the yule-tide has most of heaven in it when we remember our poorer neighbors and our lonelier friends. There are people known to us all who will be made very happy by so simple a thing as Christmas-tide as a letter. For instance, there is the seamstress who worked for you 20 years ago and who is ending her days in an old ladies' home. She has nobody of her own left to visit her and one day passes just like another. Her yule-tide will be made more cheerful by a visit if you can make it, or a letter if you can send it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words Written by Maria Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.

Musical score for the Christmas Carol, featuring two staves of music with lyrics: "FROM HEAVEN I COME, TO BRING GOOD NEWS TO YOU BY NAME; GLAD THE KING OF GREAT JOY I BRING, WHOSE OF I NOW WILL SAY AND SING."

To you this night is born a child Of Mary, chosen mother mild; This little child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

He brings those blessings, long ago Prepared by God for all below; Henceforth His Kingdom open stands To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark: The swaddling clothes and manger dark; There shall ye find the young child laid, By whom the heathen and earth were made.



THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

It is One of the Most Beautiful of the Many Legends That Surround the Birth of Christ—Traditional Names of These Three Oriental Sages Who Journeyed from Afar to Worship at the Lowly Cradle of the New Born King—The Splendor of Their Retinue.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him. When Herod the king heard these things he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. Then Herod, when he had privately called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem. When they had heard the king they departed, and lo! the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.—Gospel of St. Matthew.

When the wise men saw the star they said one to another: This is the sign of the great king; let us go and search for him and offer him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. Alleluia.—First Vespers of Epiphany.

There is something exotic in the beauty of this whole story. It reads in St. Matthew's gospel like a foreign legend. The strange secrecy, too, with which this kingly oriental procession with picturesque costumes and jeweled turbans and the dark-faced slaves and the stately stooping camels, passed over many regions, makes it more like a visionary splendor, a many-colored apparition and not a sober mystery of the humble incarnate word.

What a scene for the imagination was the birth of the infant! His first worshippers in that poor cave of Bethlehem are poor shepherds who have been brought to the child by the angels' voices. But now a change comes over the scene hardly in keeping with the lowliness of Bethlehem. A cavalcade from the far east approaches Bethlehem. The camel bells are tinkling. A retinue of attendants, accompanies three kings of different oriental tribes, who come with their various offerings to the newborn babe. It is a romance more romantic than romance itself would dare to be. These swarthy men are among the wisest of the studious east. They represent the lore and science of their day. Yet here they do what the world would surely esteem the most foolish of actions. They

were men whose science led them to God, men, we may be sure, of meditative habits, of ascetic lives. The fragments of early tradition and the obscure records of ancient prophecies, belonging to their nations, have been to them as precious deposits which spoke of God and were filled with hidden truth. They, too, pined for a redeemer, for some heavenly visitant. Their tribes, doubtless, lived in close alliance, and they themselves were bound together by the ties of a friendship which the same pure yearnings after greater goodness and higher things cemented. Never yet had kings more royal souls. In the dark blue of the lustrous sky there rose a new or hitherto unnoticed star. Its apparition could not escape the notice of these oriental sages, who nightly watched the skies; their science was also their theology. It was the star of which an ancient prophecy had spoken. Perhaps it drooped low toward earth and wheeled a too swift course to be like one of the other stars. Perhaps it trailed a line of light after it, slowly yet with visible movement, and so little above the horizon or with such obvious downward slanting course that it seemed as if it beckoned to them—as if an angel were bearing a lamp to light the feet of pilgrims and timed his going to their slowness and had not shot too far ahead during the bright day, but was found and welcomed each night as a faithful indicator pointing to the cave at Bethlehem.

Wild and romantic as the conduct of these wise enthusiasts seemed, they did not hesitate. After due counsel they pronounced the luminous finger, to be the star of the old prophecy, and therefore God was come. They left their homes, their state and their affairs and journeyed westward. They knew not whither, led nightly by the star that slipped onward in its silent groove. The star shone out in the blue heavens and slowly sank eastward over the cave of Bethlehem and presently the devout kings are at the feet of Jesus.

Who that has ever read the jeweled sentences of Faber's "Bethlehem" will ever forget them? Many have read "Ben-Hur," with its description of the journey of the wise men, who know nothing of this great book. And yet there is not in the whole cycle of English literature a more wonderful bit of writing than "Bethlehem."

The Christmas Spirit

By D. D. THOMPSON
Editor Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The Christ spirit influences the world to-day more than at any previous period in history. This is superficially manifest in the more general observance of Christmas by the presentation of gifts to friends and the considerate kindness displayed toward all classes of helpless and dependent persons in providing on Christmas day for their pleasure and temporal needs. This, however, is the least manifestation of the power which the teaching and spirit of Christ exerts upon mankind. It is especially seen in a more kindly attitude of men toward each other. The millennium has not yet arrived, and the struggles between the nations and classes will continue for years; but as the spirit of Him after whom Christmas is named finds lodging in human hearts, the animosities which separate men in antagonistic relations will diminish, and the time will come when the Christmas spirit will be displayed during the entire year as it is now displayed upon each Christmas day. What the world needs most for the right solution of its serious problems is the Christmas spirit.

ATTRACTIONS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Magnificent Crop Returns for the Year 1906.

The manner in which the Canadian West has attracted settlers in recent years has caused many of our journals and public men to "sit up and take notice," to use a current phrase. From every European country and from almost every State in the Union large numbers of settlers have flocked to the prairie provinces of Canada, where free homesteads and wide opportunities are open to all who desire to avail themselves of them.

The greatest factor in attracting settlers lies in the inherent richness of soil and suitability of climate for producing what is universally considered to be the finest wheat in the world—the "No. 1 Hard" of Canadian growth—and other cereals that rank in the very first class. This year the harvest returns were: Wheat, 90,000,000 bushels; oats, 76,000,000 bushels; barley, 17,000,000 bushels; and when it is considered that the entire population of the three provinces—as evidenced by the quinquennial census just completed—is only 810,000, it is easily seen that the lure of the Canadian West is in its agricultural potentialities.

Another feature which attracts the settler is that railway construction is proceeding with such rapidity that almost every district is within easy reach of outside markets, and that good prices for all lines of farm products rule practically from the commencement of agricultural operations. This is a factor which did not prevail when the earlier settlements in the West were made in Canada and in the United States, and has given a great impetus to Canadian Western settlement in recent years.

The free grant system of homesteads which prevails in the prairie provinces, by which every settler who is able and willing to comply with the conditions of actual settlement (by no means onerous) is given 160 acres free, except \$10 for entry, is a great drawing card, and in the last fiscal year gathered in over 189,000 additional to the western population, of which 57,796 were from the United States.

The further fact, as is strongly brought about by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, that a splendid common school system, practically free, prevails throughout the entire country, and is easy of access in even the most remote districts, is another great inducement to the settler who has the future welfare of his family in mind, and this, coupled with the fact that western Canadian law and order are proverbial, completes a circle of good and sufficient reasons why the tide of immigration has set in so steadily toward the country to the north of our boundary line.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN FLESH.

German Hospital Officials Accused of Serious Offenses.

A sensational case has been occupying the Hamburg law courts. Recently the head of a workmen's association, Herr Schonberg, publicly accused the Hamburg hospital of carrying on a large traffic in corpses. He declared that closed coffins were delivered to relatives of the deceased containing only ashes and rubbish or a wooden image. In several cases the body had been placed in the coffin in the presence of the relatives, and extracted after their departure. The leg of a man who had suffered from a peculiar disease was cut off and replaced by that of a dead woman. In this state the body was exhibited to the relatives. A former employe of the hospital, whose trial for selling bodies was the occasion of these disclosures, declared that he had seen the arms of a dead man amputated and replaced by a girl's arms in order that the man's relatives should suspect nothing. It was also proved that warders had cut off and sold heads and other parts of corpses for their own profit and without the knowledge of the doctors. In two cases at least coffins were buried containing only parts of the body.

Pugilist's Sudden Conversion.

"Kid" Wedge, a light-weight pugilist who claimed to be champion of Arkansas, was training for a fight with Guy Buckles in Omaha. Suddenly he "got religion" and sent word to the management of the club where he was to appear explaining why they would have to make other arrangements. At the same time he mailed a copy of the New Testament to Mr. Buckles, who, as he fully expected to win the fight which had been arranged, is not yet entirely resigned.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quack medicine. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where Lawyers Are Unpopular.

A lawyer made his appearance at Colobar, West Africa, the other day, and a Gold Coast newspaper, noting the fact, said: "It is very unsafe for the people for lawyers to practice at this place. Their appearance in this river will soon inveigle everyone who is not careful into litigation, and they will feed on their folly, thereby ruining them."

Says a woman: "I care not who does the thinking so long as I am permitted to do the talking."

TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Spent Over \$100 in a Vain Search for Health.

Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Gentlemen: I heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills, as I have found by personal experience that they are an ideal kidney remedy. I suffered with complications of kidney complaint for nearly five years, spent over \$100 on useless remedies, while five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in a few short weeks. I am now enjoying the best of health, have a fine appetite, the best of digestion, and restful sleep, all due to your splendid pills."



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

BROKE THE WILDCAT'S BACK.

Philadelphia Man Victorious in Hand-to-Hand Combat.

Unarmed and alone, Thomas Dyke was attacked by a wildcat on Locust mountain, south of Mount Carmel, Pa. He had been in Ashland and started to drive home. His horse stepped on a nail and he put the animal in a stable.

Then he started to walk home and was on the mountain when the cries of a wildcat alarmed him. A few minutes later he saw the beast ten feet in front of him. The animal finally sprang. He jumped aside and as the body of the cat struck the road he leaped upon it. For several minutes the fight between the wild animal and the man went on. At length by a quick swing he broke the animal's back.

A physician dressed the several deep scratches on his face and hands, but otherwise he was uninjured.

TORTURED WITH ECZEMA.

Tremendous Itching Over Whole Body—Scratched Until Bled—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"Last year I suffered with a tremendous itching on my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered torments, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. They told me that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would use the Cuticura Remedies. I used them according to instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Okla., June 28, 1905."

Squirrels as Waiters.

It has taken Fisk Goodyear of Burchtown, Pa., two years to train his pet squirrels, but his efforts are now repaid, and on Thanksgiving he treated his friends to a surprise.

Gathering half a hundred or more gray squirrels, Mr. Goodyear taught them to go into the woods and pick up nuts, carrying them to his home. On Thanksgiving night at a dinner his guests noticed a small board running from a window to a nut bowl. The host gave one knock on the table with his knife. A squirrel hopped down the plank and dropped a chestnut into the bowl. Two raps brought a squirrel with a walnut, three knocks a shellbark.

Finally, a grave old squirrel took his place and cracked the nuts, winding up the performance by brushing off the crumbs with his thick bushy tail.

The Highest Bridge.

Work is now in progress on a suspension bridge over the famous "Royal gorge" of the Arkansas river, in Colorado, at a point where the channel is only 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. This bridge will span the river 267 feet above the surface of the water, and will be, therefore, by far the highest bridge in the world. The material will be of flat steel and steel cables, the curved girders finding secure attachment in the solid sides of the canyon. The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass one and one-half inches thick, to afford visitors the pleasure of looking down the chasm. On each side will be strong, high steel railings. The bridge is part of an electric railway scheme.

The Evils of Constipation.

are many; in fact almost every serious illness has its origin in constipation, and some medicines, instead of preventing constipation, add to it. This is true of most cathartics, which, when first used, have a beneficial effect, but the dose has to be continually increased, and before long the remedy ceases to have the slightest effect. There is one preparation, however, that can be relied upon to produce the same results with the same dose, even after fifty years' daily use, and this is Brandreth's Pills, which has a record of over 100 years as the standard remedy for constipation and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

As a rule, when people say what they mean a lot of explanation is necessary.

Anyone can dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES; no experience required; success guaranteed.

Blushes may come and blushes may go, but freckles hang on forever.

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

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Serial No. 384, assigned by the Government, and Guaranty that the preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, appear on every package of the Garfield Tea Company's preparations.

Half Pay for British Officers.

All British officers on the effective list of the army that are elected members of the House of Commons are to be placed on half pay from the date of their election.

Important to Mothers.

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

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Ditcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Competent for Jury Service.

During the ice trial in Philadelphia a prospective juror was quizzed about the quantity of ice he used. "I use a little occasionally," he said. "How much? Enough to temper a highball?" What do you mean by a highball?" roared the attorney. "An amateur," murmured the juror, "can not presume to enlighten an expert." "This man is a competent juror," chimed the court, and the trial proceeded.

The Sunny South.

Now when all outdoor farm work has ceased in the north, the term "sunny south" and all that it means, appeals with full force to the northern farmer as he realizes that with him it is a case of remaining indoors for the next several months consuming everything that has been produced during the growing season. In the "sunny south" something can be raised every month in the year, and practically every day can be spent outdoors. No blizzards. No sunstrokes. Cattle-raising is very profitable. Large profits are made with little labor in growing fruits, vegetables, etc., for northern markets. Strawberries and cantaloupes are great revenue getters. Water unsurpassed. Work plentiful. Lands cheap and productive. For reliable information, address G. A. Park, General Immigration and Industrial Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, Louisville, Ky.

Picturesque German Custom.

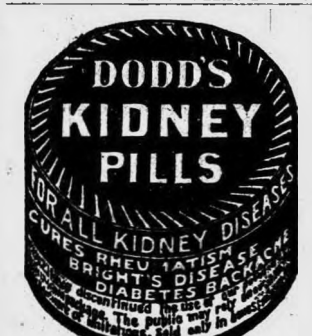
A curious custom prevails in the German navy when the sailors, having served their time, pass into the reserve. They don the "reserve flask"—also used on a similar occasion in the army—and parade the streets wearing caps with ribbons which reach to the ground, other ribbons being attached to the canes they carry.

New Hobby for Collectors.

The ingenuity of collectors in the discovery of new fields having been exhausted, there is still open to them that of collecting the finest specimen of forged or spurious works of art and this is capable of becoming a hobby scarcely less interesting or admirable than the pursuit of the genuine article.—Art Journal.

Less Beer Drunk in Munich.

In the last seven years the consumption of beer has fallen from 120 to 70 gallons a head in Munich.



READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

WINTER TERM FROM JAN. 2

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF THE

Detroit Business University

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The largest, best equipped Business Training Institution in the state. Oldest and strongest in influence, yet most modern and effective in appointments and courses of study.

One great school with its staff of 30 teachers, a history of 56 years, a roll call of more than 40,000 successful students, was never in a better position to produce excellent results for its patrons.

Write for new Catalogue at once and come in early in January to enjoy a term with us. Address

W. F. JEWELL, President.
University Building, 11-21 Wilson Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

R. J. BENNETT, Principal.



ENAMELINE
STOVE POLISH
ALWAYS READY TO USE. NO DIRT, DUST, SMOKE OR SMELL. NO MORE STOVE POLISH TROUBLES.

JOIN THE NAVY

Which enlists 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 \$18 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooper Smiths, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, ship-fitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 35 years, enlisted in 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.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION,
No. 33 Lafayette Avenue, - DETROIT, MICH.

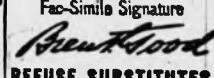
SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve pains from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

NEW WHEAT LANDS IN THE CANADIAN WEST

5,000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up a large territory available to the progressive farmers of Western Canada, and the Government of the Dominion continues to give ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES FREE to every settler.

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

THE COUNTRY HAS NO SUPERIOR

Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; low; climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevail everywhere. For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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 many 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 through powerful mills of special construction which ensure proper atomization 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.

Ask your dealer for Buffalo A. L. O. Ready-Mixed Paints. Folders containing valuable information and chart of so beautiful shades on request. For sale by Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere.

Buffalo OIL Paint & Varnish Co.
Box 105, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSION

JOHN W. HOBBS Washington, D. C.
Successful Pension Claimant
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension System.

DEFIANCE STARCH (used to work with and starches clothes alike)

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 51, 1906.

ZEBROID RAISING

ATTEMPT TO BE MADE TO BREED THE QUEER ANIMAL.

New Yorker Establishing an Extensive Stud of Zebras in This Country for Production of New Race of Horses.

The attempt has been made over in Germany with some degree of success of raising a breed of animals known as zebroids, which is a cross between the wild zebras of Africa and the domestic mule or horse, but the breeding of these strange animals has never been anything more than an interesting curiosity.

Now an American proposes to go into the business of breeding the animals for practical purposes, claiming that they have such superior points over the horse and the mule, both as to length of life and hardiness, that they will command high prices and be in much demand.

At his country place at Rye, N. Y., Warren M. Van Norden, a New York banker, has established his zebroid farm. In temporary quarters in one barn are three zebras, said to be among the finest of their species ever brought to this country.

One of them is declared to be a genuine Grevy's zebra, from Abyssinia, and this animal alone is valued by Mr. Van Norden at \$5,000. The other two zebras belong to what is known as the Bohlmi class. Two more, equally as valuable as those now in Rye, have been captured for Mr. Van Norden, and will be shipped to this country early next spring. These animals are about six years old, and, inasmuch as the life of the average zebra is about 50 years, they are as yet mere babies, and are full of more life and tricks than young colts.

So much for the zebra parents of the zebroids. Their parents on the other side will range from a full-blooded Arabian mare down to little burro jennies, through a list of horse-flesh including pheid, hackney and mustang.

In speaking of the zebroid, Mr. Van Norden says: "The zebroid makes an excellent all-around animal for domestic use, and I hope to introduce it in this country. It is already used in South Africa, where it has given satisfaction. I cannot say just how speedy the zebroid will be, but those I shall raise will be from the finest stock, especially suited for driving purposes. These animals are much more strong and vigorous than the horse, and live about twice as long. They will rank



Two of the Zebras From Africa.

with any of the horses in general use to-day, and in value will range from \$800 to \$1,000. They will be very tough and able to endure twice the hardship the average horse can stand."

The zebroids will owe their appearance in this country, however, not so much to Mr. Van Norden's desire to raise them for themselves alone as to his determination to solve the problem of telegony. He is determined to demonstrate whether it is real, as breeders of blooded stock assert, or whether it is a vagary of the breeder's mind, as scientists declare. Explaining the object of his undertaking, Mr. Van Norden said:

"All breeders believe in telegony. It has always been their claim that if a female animal is bred to one of a different species but of the same family and is afterward bred to one of her own species the second offspring will show resemblance to the first sire. Opposed to the claim of the breeders is that of the scientists, who say there is no such thing as telegony, and that the breeders are mistaken in their diagnosis. A man who stands near the head of the scientists in their contention that there is nothing in the breeders' fear of telegony is Prof. W. Ewart of Edinburgh university, and for years he has conducted experiments to support the correctness of his theories. Prof. Ewart is now experimenting with pigeons and rabbits. He asserts that no one has ever gone into the subject of telegony in such a manner as clearly to demonstrate the truth or falsity of the many claims made concerning it. The experiments of Prof. Ewart and others have thrown some light on the subject, but there is still much to be learned."

If He Only Were.

"I gather from this article," he said, "that you are relatively as strong as a lion, he could, every time an automobile threatened to run him down, grab up the great machine and hurl it over a station-story office building."

Social Gossip.

The center of attraction of a social gathering, known in this country and England as the "drawing card" or "hostess" is in Japan labeled the "social star."

RAILROAD IN ARCTIC

LINE IN ALASKA LAID ON GROUND THAT NEVER THAWS.

Engineering Feat Which Has Taxed American Skill and Pluck—First Broad Gauge Road.

A daring piece of engineering and construction work has been the building of the first broad-gauge road in Alaska, the Council City and Solomon River railroad. The significance of the enterprise is the proof which it offers that the Alaska tundra can be crossed, an achievement which many of the best engineers had declared repeatedly was impossible.

J. Warren Dickson, a young New York engineer, built this most northerly railroad in the world, after planning it out in every detail five thousand miles away from Alaska. And so exactly were these details worked out that when the first year's work was finished near Nome every item of a \$500,000 equipment was accounted for, save a few odds and ends worth less than \$100.

The story of the solving of the greatest problem met with in constructing the road, namely, the building of the roadbed across the tundra,



First Standard Gauge Passenger Car Constructed in Alaska.

shows what determination and ingenuity will do. The tundra is the name given to the lowlands of Alaska. These lowlands are covered with age old growths of moss in hummocks, decayed year after year, in nature's process of soil making, to a depth of from one to three feet, with frequent pools of water. It was this unstable ground over which engineers had declared no roadbed could be built to sustain the heavy cars of a standard gauge road except at prohibitive cost. But Mr. Dickson had convinced himself that, while this tundra in itself was not firm enough, it was only an excrescence on a solid foundation of earth, in some place frozen, and in other places over a foundation of ice. He realized that the ground underneath this tundra would sustain his tracks. But the difficulty was in disposing of the moss and its underlying muck, to save the enormous cost of handling and draining it, for unskilled labor was \$4 a day. Concerning one thing, all the "knowing ones" held to the same opinion—the tracks would have to be sustained by a heavy underpacking. This would add another item of great expense, as ordinary planking was worth \$40 to \$60 a thousand feet board measure.

But Mr. Dickson studied out the solution. He utilized the moss and muck—which is of the consistency of wet clay—by building them into the grade (which at the same time gave him ditches for drainage on each side) and then tamping the grade. The action of the long hours of hot sun drained and hardened the grade. Then the tracks were laid and the ballasting done from nearby gravel hillsides.

And the substantial roadbed, unaffected by the winters, is silent proof of the success of the methods used. Along the line loaded freight cars in some places pass over tracks built in this substantial manner eight or ten feet above crystal ice. This substratum of ice never melts, in spite of the very warm days of summer which prevail even here within 100 miles of the Arctic circle. It is the primeval freeze that has not thawed since ancient geologic ages. It is kept from thawing by the thick blanket of moss, muck and gravel lying over it, and the whole roadbed has proved a firm foundation for this commercial enterprise involving great capital. Three winters have already proved that there is not the slightest "heaving" and that it is as solid a foundation as that of any railroad in the United States.

The past four months of work accomplished remarkable results. The camp had increased to 600 men. Eight miles of standard track were built and ballasted, and paralleled by a telephone line; complete railroad yards were laid out, with switches to all the supplies, sufficient to build over forty miles more of the road; three large buildings were erected and occupied; a complete machine shop was in operation; everything was left in order for the next season's work, and 600 workmen had been sheltered and fed without one fatal illness or accident.

The line is now over 34 miles long, and the revenue is on a basis that would bulge the eyes of a traffic manager in "the States." Freight is carried for \$1 a ton for every mile hauled. That is about 125 times as much as the rate in the States. Passenger rates are 30 cents a mile—ten times the rates on the big lines.

Sugar-Coated.

Some take no verse as mental food, but they are very wrong; a little verse will do you good, and make you well and strong. And if you cannot get it raw, you surely can, I wish, add a bit into your own if served as prose. Like this—Lockville, Conn.—Journal.

LEST WE FORGET

GRAVES OF SIGNERS OF INDEPENDENCE TO BE MARKED.

Last Resting Places of American Patriots to Be Searched Out and Tombstones Erected.

The removal of the body of James Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to the burial ground of Christ church, Philadelphia, almost under the shadow of Independence hall, within the walls of the famous document was signed, has marked the beginning of a movement for the identification and marking of the graves of all American patriots who gave birth to American freedom, a movement which will appeal to the patriotism of multitudes of Americans, young and old.



Christ Church Burial Ground, Philadelphia.

This movement is fostered by the Sons of the American Revolution and grows out of the successful hunt for the resting places of the nine Pennsylvania signers—Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Robert Morris, all three buried in this city; James Smith, at York, Pa.; George Clymer, at Trenton, N. J.; George Ross, at Lancaster, Pa.; George Taylor, at Easton, Pa.; John Morton, at Chester, Pa., and James Wilson, whose body has just been brought from Edenton, N. C. It took months to find several of the graves, but they found them all, and every one has been marked in an appropriate way.

A resolution will be introduced at the coming national gathering of the sons appointing a committee for the larger undertaking.

The governors of the different states and mayors of cities will be communicated with, and the committee will probably have to do much touring of the country. While most of the bodies are supposed to be resting in the states which they represented in the continental congress there may be some, like that of Justice Wilson, far from the commonwealth they acted for in the decisive action against great Britain. With the nine Pennsylvanians located, the sons' committee will proceed to collect data about the burial places of the other 47 signers, as follows:

New York—William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis and Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart and Abraham Clark.

Delaware—Caesar Rodney, George Read and Thomas McKean.

Massachusetts—John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine and Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Stephen Hopkins and William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams and Oliver Wolcott.

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple and Matthew Thornton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee and Carter Braxton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall and George Walton.

North Carolina—William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Arthur Middleton.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Price of Two Masterpieces.

Goldsmith received \$300 for the "Vicar of Wakefield;" Moore, \$15,500 for "Lalla Rookh."

Friendship.

Friendship is the most pleasant of all things, and nothing more glads the heart of man.—Planché.



MERRILY blazed the Yule-log in the square, open fireplace, and the dark oak panels of the little room caught and threw back again in softer color the bright light of the flames. The flames only burned the brighter, as though determined to outdo the Christmas snowstorm without, and the noise of the gale was lost in the merry splutter and crack of the fire.

Before the log sat a youth and maiden, and for a little time they sat in silence reading their future in the red coals; and though neither told the other of their dream, each felt that their futures were the same.

Suddenly the young man turned towards the girl. "I bought a bit of mistletoe to-day," he said. "Do you know the origin of its use? Shall I tell you the story?"

"Yes," she answered, her lips scarcely moving.

"And you will promise not to interrupt?"

"Yes, yes," was her unsuspecting reply.

He laid a green spray with crimson berries upon her brown curls, and bending near her, began:

"Baldur, the son of Odin, the old Norse god, was called the Good because of his kind and loving nature, and wherever he went among the gods or men he was received with the kiss of peace."

The young man hesitated a moment, then he caught sight of the green spray that crowned the fair face of the girl, and he was emboldened.

"Like this," he whispered. He waited a moment, and then seeing the



"Like This."

brown eyes turned inquiringly towards him, he continued—

"But Baldur in his dreams was warned that his life was in peril, so he called the gods together, and giving them the kiss of peace—the gods were numbered by the score," he explained, "and you promised not to interrupt. He told them of his fears, and they resolved to do all in their power to prevent the calamity."

The wife of Odin made all things on earth swear to injure him, but she overlooked the mistletoe, which she thought too puny. She did not know its power as I do. All right, I'll continue. After this Baldur used to supply all the fun for the gods, who would throw all sorts of things at him and improve their aim because they knew he could not be harmed.

"And Baldur used to return a kiss for each blow, and if he got hit six times he would give six—like this. But Loki, that unpleasant fellow whom no one used to ever kiss (like this), learned that the mistletoe had taken no oath, so he got a little spray (and sharpened it, and then went to watch the fun."

"There was an old blind god called Hodur, who couldn't hit Baldur because he couldn't see him, and Loki went up to him and whispered, 'Don't you want to hit Baldur and get a kiss?' (like this); and Hodur said, 'Yes.' So Loki gave him the mistletoe and guided his throw, and Baldur was pierced through, and fell dead, and he couldn't kiss anybody any more (like this); and everybody was stricken with sorrow."

So after trying to get back his life they gave up the job, and laid him on his ship, placed a spray of mistletoe over his head, and all the Valkyrs, a lot of pretty girls who used to be the messenger boys for the gods, came and kissed him (like this), and that is why on Christmas eve anybody can kiss anybody else (like this) if they only have a spray of mistletoe over their head."

"What has Christmas eve got to do with it?" asked the maiden, reaching up for the spray in her hair. As she said it she started.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "these berries are red! How could you make such a mistake? All your time wasted, and—"

The young man looked perplexed. How had he failed? The girl, like a frightened spirit, passed through the door. Soon a hand thrust inside the curtains and a face looked shyly through.

"Tom," she said, "that holly didn't count. It wasn't fair; but I've got a piece of real mistletoe now. Tell me all about Baldur over again!"

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