

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIV, NO 46

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9 1907

WHOLE NO. 1040.



For your Cow's sake,
For your own sake,
For humanity's sake and
For our sake,

They'd Fly
Away and
Stay Away

Spray your Stock with
FLY-AWAY.

It costs you but 75c per gallon, and, if after using that quantity you do not freely admit it is the best investment you ever made, we will cheerfully refund your money.

THE WOLVERINE DRUG CO.

Phone No. 5.

J. H. KIMBLE, Ph. B., M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at

Office Phone No. 5, 2r.

"THE WOLVERINE."

Residence Phone No. 5, 3r

CAMPING

ARE YOU GOING?

If so, come in and look over our line of Canned and Bottled Goods. We can fit you out with the best and freshest.

Warm Weather Means Breakfast Foods

We have them and they are fresh.

Phone 35

W. B. ROE'S

Telephone Patrons!

This is what we have to offer you within the

Plymouth Zone

Northville	about 850 Stations
Farmington	235 "
Sand Hill	200 "
Plymouth, before Aug. 1,	300 "

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

27,000 Stations in Detroit

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

Michigan State Telephone Co.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Breezy Items

By Five Correspondents.

SALEM

Mrs. Roy Larkins was in Detroit Thursday.

A meeting was held in Wheeler's hall Wednesday evening to make arrangements for a home-coming to be held here Labor day, Sept. 2. W. P. Holmes was elected President, A. C. Wheeler secretary and Frank Haywood treasurer. Further announcement will be made later.

F. C. Wheeler spent the day in Detroit Tuesday.

Quite a number from here took in the circus at Plymouth Tuesday.

Eleanor Kinsler is visiting friends in Plymouth this week.

Miss Vera Geer of Ypsilanti has been spending a few days with Mrs. A. C. Wheeler.

Mrs. F. W. Smith of Detroit, who has been visiting at Fred Bennett's, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Clark of Northville, Mrs. Althea Knapp and grandson of Eaton Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sheffield of Laingsburg are visiting George Roberts and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Babber of Detroit are visiting at Chas. Stanbro's this week.

The ladies' dime of the Congregational church met at the parsonage Thursday afternoon.

Miss Edna Jarvis has been spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Detroit and Plymouth.

The hail storm last week Thursday did a great deal of damage to crops in this vicinity.

LIVONIA CENTER.

The board of school inspectors met at the hall on Monday and made out the school reports.

The wet weather has stopped the hum of the threshing machine that was so busy here last week.

Miss Smith and lady friend have vacated their house across from the church and have gone to New Castle, Penn.

Geo. Fisher is laid up with a Job's Comforter on his arm and a crushed foot.

Mrs. Minnie Wolgast entertained her family on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee attended service at Plymouth last Sunday.

C. F. Smith and Guy Fisher have hired out to Fred Evert for the threshing season.

Several from around here attended the circus at Plymouth on Tuesday.

"Everybody Should Know," says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale, 25c.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mrs. Mae Fox was born Feb. 8, 1881. Died July 30, 1907. She was a good Christian and a loving wife and mother. She was a member of the M. E. church, the Epworth League, the ladies' aid society and superintendent of the Sunday-school for the past four years. She was an earnest and faithful worker for Jesus wherever she went and always ready and willing to help those around her. She leaves a husband, two daughters, one brother and a host of friends to mourn her loss. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon at the M. E. church, conducted by Rev. Stedman. Interment in Maple Grove cemetery.

Mrs. John Law and son Milo are visiting her mother, Mrs. Norton, for a short time.

Mrs. Katie Wurts and son William, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanchett and family were in Wayne last Tuesday.

Wm. Wurts and lady friend, Miss Lizzie Theuer and Miss Myrtle Chambers, Roy Badelt and lady friend, Miss Hulda Beyer, were at Belle Isle last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Porter of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parmelee last week Thursday and Friday.

Miss Stoddard of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Meldrum over Sunday.

Bert Sears and Clayton Parmelee of Milford visited at Wm. Parmelee's over Sunday.

Mrs. Aug. Shonitz visited her brother F. Theuer and family last Wednesday. Wm. Edwards of Eloise called on his sister, Mrs. Wm. Baehr, last week Thursday.

Mrs. Deane is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Sawyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Cooper and

daughter called on their cousin, Mrs. Daly of Northville, last Monday.

NEWBURG.

Miss Mura Treat, who has been at Belding visiting her grandparents for two weeks, returned home Monday.

A number of young people from here attended the circus at Plymouth Tuesday night.

Mrs. George Messer returned home from Detroit Sunday. She has not entirely recovered from her recent illness.

The Gleaner's lodge took in a new member Tuesday evening.

Hazel VanSickle visited Mattie Messer last week.

The L. A. S. will hold their bluebell and dandelion contest and experience social at Newburg hall Wednesday night, Aug. 14. Each lady will hand in their money and also tell how she earned it. The side that is beaten will furnish refreshments for the side that wins. No admission fee will be charged. Ice cream will be served at the usual price. Every one is cordially invited to attend.

Miss Nellie Hilliker, who has been spending a few weeks at W. R. LeVan's, started Monday for Higgins' lake, where she will remain through the month of August. Mrs. LeVan accompanied her as far as Detroit.

Mrs. Clark Mackinder and Mrs. C. E. Ryder enjoyed a days' outing at Belle Isle Friday of last week with their Sunday-school classes. Several others also went and took their little ones.

There was a good attendance at church Sunday. An evangelist was sent out from Detroit in place of Dr. Sweet. The services were interesting and profitable.

Mrs. Breckinread was pleasantly surprised last Friday by the appearance of her brother, who resides near Ottawa.

Mr. Duree from Detroit has bought the Sherwood farm opposite C. E. Ryder's and moved thereon with his family.

Endorsed by the County.

"The most popular remedy in Osego county, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and publisher of the Osego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y., "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds, making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for lung and throat ailments." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker by The Wolverine Drug Co. and J. L. Gale. Price 50c and \$1 Trial bottle free.

Pass an Ordinance.

The constant cry of the times is for protection. The wage earner seeks protection from the selfish greed of the employer. The employer asks protection from the unjust demands of his employees. The striker demands protection from the non-union man, and the non-union man calls loudly for protection that he may continue his labor unmolested. "Give us protection" is the cry that is heard everywhere. And now comes the gardener who labors long, weary weeks to bring his vegetables and flowers to perfection. He, too, seeks protection, not from mankind, but from his neighbors' chickens. He has interfered with no one. He has simply striven to make nature yield him a fair return for all his labors. But what happens? In comes a flock of his neighbor's chickens and seeds and plants are uprooted and everything edible is gobbled up in short order. In vain the neighbor is begged to shut up his chickens, but still they continue to run about and make havoc in the garden. There is, however, a remedy. In some places the village council has passed an ordinance to prevent this nuisance and if chickens are found at large the owner is fined five dollars. If the city fathers would pass such an ordinance in Plymouth they would earn the everlasting gratitude of many. CITIZEN.

The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period that determines its duration seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitter, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and J. L. Gale, 50c.

The physician who recently declared that whiskey is an antidote for poison ivy should now find another excuse or two for city flat dwellers who never get a chance to stroll in the woods.—Washington Post.

A bomb kicked in Russia and then Karakozoff.

PINCKNEY, PAINSTAKING PHARMACIST FOR ARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Do you want Something Nice in the Perfumery Line?

Posey Girl

is the Best. You will Like it.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

J. D. McLAREN CO.

Headquarters for

Lime, Cement, Brick, Toledo Pulp Plaster, Little's Fibre Plaster, Little's and Houghton's Hard Wall Plaster.

HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER

GARDEN SEEDS IN BULK.

Baled Hay and Straw, Ground Corn and Oats, Middlings, Oat Bran, Corn, Oats, Wheat.

Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Plymouth Elevator. Both Phones.

CONSIDER MEATS,

When you Buy Them.

There is just as much quality in them as in other lines.

OUR PRICES

are within the reach of the poor as well as the rich and our aim is to please all.

SECURE THE BEST.

TEL. 23

W. F. HOOPS

Do you Ever Send Money Away?

The next time you have any occasion to send money out of town come to this bank and purchase a

New York or Detroit Draft.

It costs less and is more convenient and more business like than any other way of sending money. You do not have to make out an application or have any bother whatever and our Drafts are payable on demand anywhere.

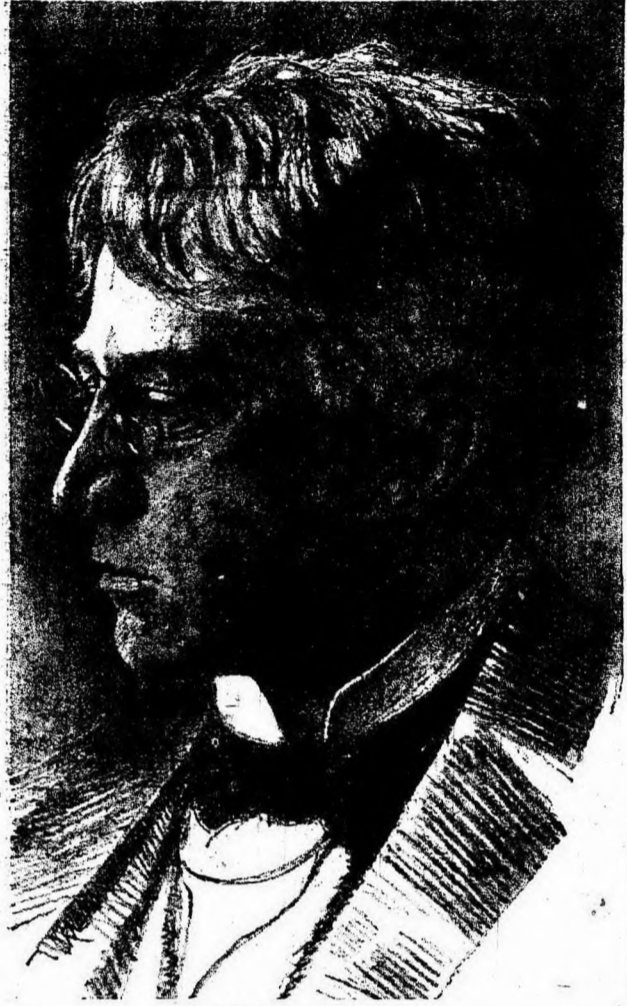
THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$90,000.

HEAVILY FINED, MORE IN SIGHT

JUDGE LANDIS FINES STANDARD OIL CO. THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT WITH SOME CAUSTIC COMMENTS.

A MATTER OF \$29,240,000 IS THE NAMED ASSESSMENT AND STILL MORE MAY BE ADDED ON SEVEN INDICTMENTS STILL PENDING.



KENESAW M. LANDIS.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis in the United States district court, Chicago, fined the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana \$29,240,000 for violations of the law against accepting rebates from railroads. The fine is the largest ever assessed against any individuals or any corporation in the history of American criminal jurisprudence, and is slightly more than 131 times as great as the amount received by the company through its rebating operations. The case will be carried to the higher courts by the defendant company.

The penalty imposed is the maximum permitted under the law and it was announced at the end of a long opinion in which the methods and practices of the Standard Oil Co. were mercilessly scored. The judge, in fact, declared in his opinion that the officials of the Standard Oil Co. who were responsible for the practices of which the corporation was found guilty, were no better than counterfeiters and thieves, his exact language being:

"We may as well look at this situation squarely. The men who thus deliberately violate this law wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mails."

He viewed the facts in the case, took up the arguments of the attorneys for the defense and answered them, and then passed judgment on the company which he declared violated the law for the sole purpose of swelling its dividends. He also held that the railroads have no more right to make a secret rate for a shipper than a board of assessors would have to make a secret assessment of any particular piece of property.

Judge Landis expressed regret that the law failed to provide more serious punishment than a fine, but insisted that the penalty should be sufficiently large to act as a deterrent and not of such a size as to encourage the offender to persist in lawlessness.

At the conclusion of his opinion, and after announcing the amount of the fine, Judge Landis directed that a special grand jury be called for the purpose of inquiring into the acts of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Co., it having proved in the case just closed that the oil company accepted rebates from that corporation. This jury is summoned for August 14.

This caustic reference to the rebate system of the oil company was received with applause: "When after all the circumstances of the trial have been brought out and the defendant persistently maintains that the constitution of the United States guarantees to it the right to make a private contract for a railroad rate, this court is obliged to confess that he is un-

able to indulge in the presumption that in this case the defendant was convicted of its virgin offense." When the reading had been concluded, Judge Landis turned to Attorney Starr and declared that he was ready to hear what he had to say.

Mr. Starr said that it had been promised that there would be a delay in the execution of the judgment, but the court denied this positively. After some debate between the judge and the attorneys for the government and the company, it was agreed that the attorneys for the defense should be given 60 days in which to file a bill of exceptions.

"The court is as anxious to have this case taken to the court of appeals as anybody," said Judge Landis, "and I am willing that sufficient time be given. It must go to the higher court through the regular channels. No exception will issue until the certificate has been presented to the court and fully examined."

It is expected that the case will be heard during the January term of the United States court of appeals. Under seven indictments still pending against the Standard Oil Co., an additional fine amounting to \$88,440,000 may be levied against the company if it is found guilty on trial. There are in these seven indictments a total of 4,422 counts, and the maximum fine on each would be \$20,000.

From the State Capital

Information and Gossip Furnished by Special Correspondent at Lansing.

Lansing.—"Railroad managers examine their employes as to their sight and hearing," said Commissioner Glasgow, "but they fail to examine their 'b' caution', which is far more important. A man's bearing may be acute of eyesight unerring, but if he is less, careless man, he is an employe for a railroad company. My judgment it is a far more important qualification that a railroad employe have a quickened sense of responsibility than it is that he have some of the other qualifications required." This was the comment of the railroad commissioner after observations for several weeks of employes of several railroad systems he has been inspecting. He has been surprised to find many employes careless about leaving switches unlocked, and doing other things which are a menace to the safety of property and passengers. So deep pressed has he become with these things discovered that he has addressed a letter to all railroad companies asking for a closer examination of care of railroad switches.

New State Oil Inspector.

Gov. Warner announced the appointment of Frank S. Neal of Detroit as state oil inspector to succeed Charles L. Benjamin, of Detroit. The appointment does not take effect until September 1. Mr. Neal is 27 years old and has lived 27 years in Michigan. He has been engaged in newspaper work as proprietor and editor of the Northville Record since 1891. He represented the 12th district of Wayne county in the legislature of 1901 and 1903, and in the sessions of 1905 and 1907, acted as executive clerk to Governor Warner, and is also clerk of the court of mediation and arbitration. Neal has long been a favorite of the governor's official family. He has served four years as oil inspector succeeding William Judson, of Detroit.

Fear Acts Are Unconstitutional.

Other acts of the legislature of the Mount Pleasant Normal college appropriation bill, the binder twine bill and the juvenile court act have been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court. The general opinion is that the acts are unconstitutional, and it is not unlikely that they will be found so by the supreme court. A class of bills making appropriations of state money for purposes not directly connected with state government are under scrutiny and there is a strong feeling that some of these will fall under the attorney general's objections. One bill makes an appropriation of \$500 to the "corn association." So far as can be learned no such association exists. It was intended to provide money to conduct excursions.

Test Binder Twine Act.

Gov. Warner will confer with Attorney General Bird in regard to the commencement of an amicable suit to determine the legality of the new binder twine act in which an error has been discovered which the attorney general thinks nullifies it. A delay in letting contracts for machinery will result and if proceedings cannot be commenced soon it is doubtful if the plant can be gotten in shape in time to supply twine for the market next year. For this reason the governor says he hopes to get the question involved before the supreme court for a hearing in August. Gov. Warner goes to Jackson to confer with the prison authorities on the subject.

Urges More Safeguards.

Railway Commissioner Glasgow, after an investigation of the Sebawa and Webberville wrecks on Pere Marquette, has called the attention of the railroads to the need of better regulations for the control of switches and switchlocks. Deputy Commissioner Crampton attributes the Sebawa accident, in which two men were killed, to the lack of a light at the interlocking switch. He obtained copies of the correspondence from the railroad to the men in charge of the lights, in which they were told to mind their own business and the lights would be cared for.

New Livingston County Agent.

William M. Horton, of Fowlerville, has been appointed by Gov. Warner as county agent for Livingston county, to succeed Frederick Kuhns, resigned.

Glasgow After Traffic Managers.

A meeting of the traffic managers of a number of railroads will be held at Railroad Commissioner Glasgow's office here August 26, for the purpose of fixing a satisfactory rate for the transportation of railroad ties. It has been alleged that certain companies were charging 31 cents per hundred freight on ties from Omer to Marquette when they were giving a ten-cent rate from the same shipping point to Toledo. It is expected the matter will be arranged.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

ATHLETE IN CHARGE



George W. Woodruff.

George W. Woodruff, who has been named by President Roosevelt as acting secretary of the interior during the absence of Secretary Garfield, is one of the best-known authorities on outdoor games in the country, an all-around athlete with a number of splendid records to his credit and developed the Pennsylvania university and Carlisle Indian football elevens.

His was the unusual record of having been for his entire four years a member of the football eleven, the track and field teams and the varsity crew. He captained the crew of 1889.

After finishing his classical course at Yale, Mr. Woodruff went to the University of Pennsylvania to study law, and it was here that he made his reputation as one of the foremost football tacticians of his day.

When Mr. Woodruff left college a fighter was wanted in the forest service as law officer, and Mr. Woodruff got the appointment, becoming chief aid to Gifford Pinchot, the government forester. He did yeoman service in organizing the national forest reserve policy, and his industry and ability especially commended itself to the president, who soon discovered that the energetic, restless, planning, hustling attorney was a man of much his own mold.

The acting secretary of the interior is about the same age as Mr. Roosevelt and is not unlike the president in appearance. The shape of the face, with the prominent teeth, the mustache and the expression of restless energy are not unlike.

Mr. Woodruff is one of five assistants to the attorney general, and is connected with the department of justice, though his assignment is to give advice to the department of the interior in matters where legal points are raised.

GOTHAM CITY CHAMBERLAIN



James J. Martin.

James J. Martin, the newly-appointed city chamberlain of New York, who is expected to join Mayor McClellan in his fight to oust Charles F. Murphy from the leadership of Tammany Hall, is one of the most powerful district leaders in the metropolis. He is pointed out as the "last of the old school of politicians," and he says he is proud of the distinction. The notion that the successful politician of the present day is the man who can shake hands, smile sweetly and promise without either fulfilling or offending is scorned by Mr. Martin.

"Politicians should stick more to the truth," says he. "I did it, and I know that it pays. Now and then it creates a little friction for a short time, but it disappears. You can never hold the support of a man to whom you lie, nor can you keep as your friend a man to whom you make promises that you do not keep. My policy always was to tell a man straight off whether I could do a thing or not. If I said I would, I did, and I got along all right."

Mr. Martin has been mentioned dozens of times for the leadership of Tammany Hall, has been the power in the Twenty-seventh district since 1882, has been chairman of the Tammany executive committee, president of the board of police commissioners, and during all his political career has been one of the "big" men in the organization. He was for years one of Richard Croker's counselors. When he resigned as an executive of the organization last September it was said by a political wag, "Martin has left, taking Tammany's brains with him."

Mr. Martin was born in Ireland and came to this country a babe in arms. At the age of 11 years he went to work as an office boy for a lawyer. In 1862, in company with several other boys, he ran away from home and enlisted in the Ninth New York volunteers. He served on the field for a year and then was made head of the clerical force with Gen. Dix. He continued in this office until the end of the war.

SENT MAGNATES TO JAIL



Lyman Wheeler Wachenheimer.

Lyman Wheeler Wachenheimer, the prosecuting attorney through whose efforts 23 Toledo lumbermen and brick men have been sentenced to jail for violation of the anti-trust laws, is 45 years old and a native of Toledo. He has always been a Democrat. Nine years ago he was nominated for police judge. His opponent was Scott Kelly, who had been nominated for a third term. Kelly was very popular, Toledo was almost hopelessly Republican; nevertheless Mr. Wachenheimer was elected. Before his term was half completed he was the most popular official in the city. He was a terror to law breakers, and the result was a perceptible diminution of crime in Toledo. So well liked was Judge Wachenheimer that it was difficult to get a Republican to run against him, and he was chosen a second and third time by overwhelming majorities.

The Republican machine, which had controlled Toledo politics prior to the advent of Mayor Sam Jones, was in close touch with a wing of the Democratic party, and it was proposed by this combine to nominate Judge Wachenheimer for any office he chose to designate. But he rejected the offer and came out as the people's champion and was nominated for prosecuting attorney. The Democrats on the inside called him traitor, but their bitterness served only to nerve him to greater effort, and he won an overwhelming victory over the bosses.

Prosecuting Attorney Wachenheimer's first big accomplishment was to bring about the indictment of a score or more of bridge men engaged in "grafting" through an organized pool. But they were never brought to trial, owing to the fact that many counties had prior service on them. He next began a crusade against the Ice Trust, which ended in the members of the trust paying fines and spending ten of last summer's hot days in the local bastille.

JAPAN'S FOREMOST DIPLOMAT



Viscount Hayaashi.

Viscount Hayaashi, minister of foreign affairs in the Japanese cabinet, who recently went to Seoul, the Korean capital, in the interests of his country, which is hopeful that the emperor will abdicate the throne as requested by the premier, is a man much feared by those who would have the present government continue. After the emperor had refused to relinquish his power Japan lost no time in sending Hayaashi to the scene and the news of his arrival spread dismay about the palace.

The circumstances leading up to the selection of Hayaashi for the important office he now holds are interesting. Marquis Salouji, the prime minister, in reorganizing his cabinet, gave the portfolio of foreign affairs to Takaaki Kato, formerly minister to England. After holding the office only a few days Mr. Kato suddenly resigned. It is said, for reasons never made public. Thereupon Ambassador Hayaashi, then at the court of St. James, received an unexpected call to return to Japan and he was placed in the cabinet.

Viscount Hayaashi is only 57 years of age, having been born in 1856 in Sakura, a little town near Tokio. His father was a prominent scholar and physician and the son was given a careful education in law and languages. His ability was early recognized and while yet very young he was sent to England to familiarize himself with Anglo-Saxon civilization. In 1881 he was appointed vice minister and began his diplomatic life. As soon as the war with China was over he was sent as minister to China and his success in this post was brilliant. His chief achievement was the commercial treaty between China and Japan which was negotiated and signed by him in 1896. It was he, too, who signed the final revision of the British alliance treaty. He was created viscount for bringing about this treaty.

Admirers of Hayaashi say he is a scrupulous and single-minded man. He is sagacious in his methods, sound in judgment, refined in his taste and loyal to his duty. In sending Viscount Hayaashi to Korea during the present difficulty the Japanese people are confident their interests will be ably protected.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 One Year \$1.00
 Six Months .60
 Three Months .30

ADVERTISING RATES.
 Business Cards, 50.00 per year.
 Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
 All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion.
 Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until discontinued.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1907.

Verdict in The Salem Wreck.

The coroner's jury at Northville in the case of Mrs. Abraham Eddy, of Ionia, killed in the Salem wreck July 30th, returned the following verdict late last Friday evening, after having been in session six days:

"An inquisition taken in the village of Northville in said county on the second day of August, A. D. 1907, before Charles M. Joelin, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for the township of Northville, acting as coroner, upon the view of the body of Mrs. Abraham Eddy, found dead in the township of Northville in said county of Wayne, by the oaths of the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, who, being sworn to inquire in behalf of the people of this state, when, in what manner, and by what means the said person came to her death, upon their oaths do say, that the said person came to her death on July 30, A. D. 1907, at about 9:12 o'clock a. m., because of injury received in a head-on collision between local freight train No. 71 and special excursion train No. 155, on the right of way of the Grand Rapids division of the Pere Marquette railroad, about one and one-half miles east of Salem station; that they do further say that the said head-on collision was the result of a misreading of order No. 3 on the part of Conductor Hamilton, Engineer Rogers, Head Brakeman Briggs and Flagman Becker, of the crew of train No. 71, and that the said misreading of the said order No. 3 was due to the imperfect and improper manner in which the order was prepared by Operator Sayre and delivered by Operator Cassidy, of the Plymouth station; that they do further say upon their oath that they find the operating system of the said Pere Marquette railroad and the rules and regulations governing the same are defective in that they do not provide that all trains which are running under a special schedule not on the regular time card of the same railroad should be absolutely obliged to stop for orders at all stations which have been indicated by orders to other trains as a meeting point; and they do further say upon their oaths that the absence of such a rule and regulation from those governing the operation of trains on the said Pere Marquette railroad was as equally a direct and proximate cause of and equally responsible for the said collision and the failure of the said crew of train No. 71 to properly read order No. 3 or the imperfect and improper manner in which the same was prepared and delivered.

While every one connected with the dispatching department and the freight train crew is blamed, there will be no prosecutions. In a statement made by Supt. Trump last Saturday he again said the freight crew were the only ones who were responsible for the wreck in having misread the orders. Conductor Hamilton and Engineer Rogers will not be taken back by the Pere Marquette. The Superintendent further says:

"The assistant prosecuting attorney, from the very beginning of the inquest to its close, did everything in his power to relieve the crew of the local freight from responsibility. Before the inquest began he had announced that he would not prosecute the conductor, and throughout the inquest he acted as he might if he had been engaged as the attorney for the conductor, and did everything in his power to induce the jury to find some fault with some high official. That course was calculated to bring applause from the galleries.

"Operator Cassidy, who delivered the order to the crew of the local freight, and who is censured in the verdict, has been in the employ of the Pere Marquette system as an operator for 25 years, and never before was charged with failure of his duty. The crew of the local freight were old and experienced railroad men, who have admitted their error, and who have not, in any way, criticized the system of dispatching, with which they were fully familiar, and which would have prevented any collision if the orders had been obeyed. On the contrary Engineer Rogers, in answer to a question by a juror approved the dispatching system unqualifiedly.

CARD OF THANKS—I wish to thank all friends and neighbors of the deceased Mrs. Jennie Penney for their kindness and sympathy extended during her sickness and after her death.

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

OBITUARY.

JOHN BURTON TILLOTSON.

Again the golden link which connects the present and past has been removed by the death of J. Burton Tillotson, a prominent farmer of Canton township. Mr. Tillotson passed away at his home at 2 a. m., Saturday morning, Aug. 3, without a struggle. His death came as a shock to his family, for they thought he was convalescing and had hopes of his recovery.

He had a wide circle of friends, being a prominent worker socially and in business matters and the whole community will keenly feel the heavy loss thus sustained in the death of our dear departed friend. He was very well known among the business faculties of Plymouth, being one of the directors of Plymouth United Savings bank and connected otherwise in financial matters.

Mr. Tillotson was born in the town of Westfield, Mass. At the age of three years he came with his parents to Suffield, Conn. Fourteen years of his boyhood days were spent here in obtaining an education. From there the family came to Plymouth, Mich., where he also attended school under Prof. John Tibbets. They lived but a short time in the village, then settled on a farm in Canton, 2 1/2 miles south of Plymouth, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

In the year 1857 he married Maria Bugbee, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who still survives him. A daughter was born to them, but lived only fifteen months. Besides his wife, two brothers survive him. Virgil, who lives in Canton, and Franklin, who resides on the same farm as deceased brother. Here these two brothers spent many years of their life in happy bonds of brotherhood.

The whole family will feel the loss of this dear one as well as all who came in contact with him, for we find him a zealous worker, but never too preoccupied to lend a helping hand to those in need or give kindly advice and good counsel to those who sought him. In all his undertakings in life he has been successful and his life points to a grand and noble example, which any person might safely follow.

The funeral took place from his home in Canton on Monday, Aug. 5th, Rev. C. T. Jack officiating. The front room of the home was bedecked with flowers of every description, from his many friends. The pallbearers were Herbert Bradford, Neil Truesdell, John Cady, William Harmon, Theo. Harmon and Wm. Blunk. The music was furnished by Miss Carrie Stevens, Mrs. Bert Stuart, Arthur Huston and Oscar Stevens. Interment in Riverside cemetery. M. S.

About Base Ball Matters.

The Plymouth Athletic Association is very desirous of encouraging home material in playing base ball and are willing to throw out any reasonable impediment to do so. The park is always open—upon permission—for practicing or playing exhibition games and the association will keep it in repair without expense to them. Since the park has been opened there has been no disturbance on the streets nor accidents from playing ball or other sports, and the young people will be permitted at all times (providing I can make arrangements so they do not conflict) to practice or drill in the park.

There seems to be a little feeling with the employees of the different factories regarding the use of the park—that I having charge of it would favor my own employes. Let me say emphatically that this must not be so. I am a friend to all workmen, whether they work at other factories or ours and there will be no partiality. Arrange your games and play ball, of course getting permission from me for the use of the park, and there will be no trouble and you will meet the hearty support of the Association. Come to me at any time and I will be glad to assist you in any of your games. We have as good timber for athletics in our town as any in the state and any reasonable encouragement will be given by the association to develop it.

Now, my boys, let us understand each

**Weak Lungs
Bronchitis**

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

Ayer's
 Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

other. Play ball or any other athletic games and we will assist you. All we ask is your hearty support in protecting the grounds from any improper treatment that would have a tendency to injure or destroy the park. Any maliciousness of this kind I will promptly prosecute and will thank any one for any information that will lead me to do so.

W. F. MARKHAM,
 President Plymouth Athletic Association.

AN ORDINANCE.

SEMI-ANNUAL "Dutchess" Trousers SALE of

Good news for wearers of "Dutchess" Trousers—now comes their chance to secure another supply at a big price saving. Twice a year we secure the manufacturer's surplus stock of "Dutchess" Trousers, and the sales that result have come to be regarded as the most important events in Detroit.

2,735 Pairs, in all Sizes from 30 to 50, in Three Great Lots, as follows:

At the \$2.00 and \$2.50 Dutchess Trousers	\$1.45	At the \$3.50 and \$4.00 Dutchess Trousers	\$2.63	At the \$4.50 and 5.00 Dutchess Trousers	\$3.50
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Spring and Summer Fabrics in a vast assortment of styles and patterns. As well as regular cut Trousers in light, dark and medium colors, you can choose from outing styles in flannel effects with turn-up bottoms. "Dutchess" Trousers embody style, fit and durability to the greatest possible degree. At regular prices they are better value for the money than any other make.

You can buy the genuine "Dutchess" warranted Trousers at out prices only while this sale is on. At all other times they command regular, standard prices here and everywhere.

No matter what style of Trousers may be wanted—for dress-up, business or hard service—this sale will supply them and at a substantial saving of money.

Men's Clothing Dept., Main Floor—Mail Orders Filled.

Partridge & Blackwell,

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave.

The Famous "Dutchess" Guaranty

You may buy a pair of "Dutchess" Wool Trousers and wear them two months. For every suspender button that comes off we will pay you FIFTY CENTS. If they rip in the waistband we will pay you FIFTY CENTS. If they rip in the seat or elsewhere we will pay you ONE DOLLAR OR GIVE YOU A NEW PAIR.

Slaughter Sale

SHIRT WAISTS

Summer Dress Goods,

Commencing Friday, Aug. 9

WE WILL SELL

50c Shirt Waists for	39c
\$1.00 and \$1.25 Shirt Waists	79c
1.50 Shirt Waists	99c
2.00 " "	\$1.49
2.50 " "	1.99
3.00 " "	2.25
3.75 Silk Waists	2.99
4.25 " "	3.50
4.50 " "	3.50
5.00 " "	3.99
25c Sun Bonnets for	19c
10c Figured Lawns	8c
15c " "	12c
20c " "	15c
25c " "	19c
50c Swiss Mull	39c
60c " "	45c
75c " "	59c

Saturday Night, Aug. 10, Only

Gents' 50c Summer Underwear	39c
Gents' 25c Summer Underwear	19c

J. R. RAUCH & SON



Good Painting is the best painting. There's economy in it. Good paint saves the painter's time by spreading easy; it saves in cost of material by covering most surface to the gallon; it saves in final cost of the job by wearing longest.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
 is good paint. It is made from the best materials so thoroughly incorporated that they are inseparable and hold together against the weather for the longest time. Full color card shows 48 handsome shades.

SOLD BY:

Conner Hdw. Co., Ltd.,

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
 Physician & Surgeon,
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 1:30 after 7 P. M.
 Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall
 Bell Phone 38; Local 30.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
 Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.
 Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
 Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

LUTHER PECK, B. S., M. D.,
 Surgery, Diseases of Women and Children.
 Answers all calls day or night from his office over Riggs' store.
 Office Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
 Telephone No. 8.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
 DENTIST.
 Office in old Bank Building.
 Phone 120.

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

Robinson's Livery
 Sutton Street
 Good Rigs at the best prices possible.

All kinds of Draying done promptly
GOOD STABLING.
 Harry C. Robinson

Penney's LIVERY!
 When in need of a Rig ring up City Phone No. 9.

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.
 A share of your trade solicited.
CZAR PENNEY

Union Trust Company
 Capital, \$500,000.00
 Surplus, \$300,000.00

Its wide experience and complete equipment assure the management of trusts of all kinds, with efficiency, economy and dispatch.
 Has for sale carefully selected bonds and investment securities.
 Draws wills, and deposits them for safe keeping in its vault.

Office: Union Trust Building, Detroit, Mich.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
 WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
 FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
 GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Modern house for sale on Sutton at Enquire at Riggs' store.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Oak street. Enquire of Lafayette Dean, box 97.

EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

DETROIT, Rate 25c
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 11.
 Train will leave Plymouth at 9:40 and 11:15 a. m. See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

FLINT, Rate, \$1.00
 SAGINAW-BAY CITY, " 1.50
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 18.
 Train will leave Plymouth at 8:25 a. m. See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

ISLAND LAKE, Rate, \$.35
 LANSING, " 1.00
 GRAND LEDGE, " 1.25
 GRAND RAPIDS, " 2.25
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 18.
 Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
 Special Excursion Fares

Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Va., and return. Various excursion fares with various limits. Going dates daily until November 30, 1907.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 19, 30, 31; return August 29. Low fares.
 Boston, one one-way fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip based on fares in effect January 1, 1907, going dates July 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1907.

Atlantic City, N. J., exceptionally low round trip fares. Going date August 15, 1907.

Muskoka Wharf (Highlands of Ontario) Penetang, Temagami and New Liskeard. Exceptionally low round trip fares. Going date August 23, 1907.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., one one-way fare for round trip based on fares in effect January 1, 1907. Also variable route tickets at somewhat higher fares. Going dates September 6, 7 and 8, 1907.

The exact fare from your station can be obtained by inquiring of your home agent or by addressing the undersigned
 GEO. W. VAUX,
 Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 125 Adams st., Chicago.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.90
Wheat, White, \$.80
Oats, 4c.
Eye, 5c.
Potatoes, 25c.
Beans, basis \$1.20
Butter, 21c.
Eggs, 18c

Advertise your wants in The Mail.

SERIAL STORY

The Mystery of Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

I puzzled long and deeply over these words, for they brought a new and hitherto unsuspected person into the case. Whom did the widow mean by "she"? It could not have been Miss Weston, who was too ill to leave her bed, and, after considerable thought, I was forced to believe, as the only possible explanation, that the pronoun referred to one of the servants in the house. This, to my mind, added materially to the gravity of the affair, for if unknown members of the domestic staff were concerned in the matter there was no telling how far the conspiracy might reach nor to what purpose it was carried on.

I had become so accustomed to mysterious happenings of this sort, and my head was so filled with visions of Miss Carney, and with the words I was now determined to say to her, that no impression could have been made on my mind by anything short of a most startling phenomenon.

As I have said, the message was evidently intended for Jenks and was from the widow, who, it seemed equally clear, either was or had been in the subterranean passage holding converse with its loathsome inhabitants.

From my window I could see that there were no lights in her cottage, and I was on the point of venturing forth again and, from a safe distance, watching the pit until she emerged and started for home, when a realization of my physical exhaustion took hold of me and I adopted the wiser plan of remaining in my room.

The night was far from restful, and at the first glimpse of daylight I dressed and returned to the manhole. There was a light fall of snow on the ground and I was not surprised to see that someone had climbed out of the shaft and gone across the lawn toward the Bruce house, but the lid of the manhole was securely fastened down as before.

In my efforts to raise it, or at least to assure myself that it was locked, I found, at the sides, two openings in the grating larger than the others and, slipping my revolver easily back and forth through one of these, I was no longer at a loss to understand how it had appeared so mysteriously the night before.

It was quite evident that it had been passed up through the opening and turned until it lay flat on the grating, the person below doubtless mistaking me for Jenks and misconstruing my efforts to raise the lid into a signal from the stage driver that he had arrived and was awaiting orders. That I did not understand this simple maneuver from the first and appreciate the situation at a glance was because of my highly excited nervous state and my subsequent encounter with Jenks himself.

On my return to the house I found the following telegram which had just arrived:

"Wife received. Will not wait letter. Sure to arrive on time."
"CARNEY."

This message was dated New York and, apparently, had been transmitted thence from the cable over the local wire to Carney-Croft. It must have been in response to my dispatch of the previous day and served to set my mind at rest as to the whereabouts and purposes of John Carney, which had been troubling me in an indefinite way for some time past.

The only thing now left for me to do seemed to be to remain virtually passive until he arrived, keeping a sharp watch on things, but taking no positive steps in his absence unless unforeseen circumstances arose to call for immediate action. My chief desire was to see Miss Carney and make clear to her my feelings, but this seemed to be out of the question, as she remained constantly with Miss Weston and no longer came to any meals or showed herself about the house.

The country was fast taking on the mantle of white under which it was to sleep for so many long weeks, and it was with a comfortable shiver that I entered the library, just before luncheon, and strode up to the fire to warm my hands and toast my shins and back successively.

I found Miss Weston's physician similarly engaged and asked him solicitously concerning his patient. His face clouded and I even thought I saw a tear in the corner of his eye, for, like all doctors with the right kind of stuff in them, familiarity with human suffering had only warmed his heart and softened his nature.

"I had hoped," he continued, "that young Carney's return would have a good effect on her, but when we told her of the message that came this morning she only drew the sheet over her face and broke down completely. There is something more to this, Mr. Ware, than the mere absence of her sweetheart, but what it is I cannot even imagine."

"Then you know nothing of the mystery of Carney-Croft?" I asked cautiously, closing the door and speaking in a low tone.

"The mystery of Carney-Croft!" he exclaimed in bewildered surprise and then his face relaxed and he smiled pleasantly as he said: "Oh! you mean the ghost stories that were told about here after Mr. Carney died?"

"Well," I returned, "ghosts or something of the sort were really seen about the place, were they not?"

His smile broadened as he replied: "Oh, yes, some of the boys did rig themselves up in sheets and play spook for a time, until I took a hand in it myself and drove them out. I was going to send you word about it, but I found it was only a lot of boyish pranks, and that they hadn't done any harm beyond getting into the old tunnel by the river, and, of course, that didn't amount to anything."

"The old tunnel!" I exclaimed in well-feigned surprise. "Is there a tunnel by the river?"

"You never heard of it, of course," he went on, "and I fancy nearly everyone has forgotten it by this time. When Mr. Carney began to build here he located his house some 200 yards farther down the hill toward the water. He had a plan of running a little tunnel from the cellar to the river so that ashes and other refuse from the house could be taken out that way and not clutter up the lawns or be seen from the windows."

"Just as this work was partially completed the old dam, some two miles up the stream, was demolished and a new one built about a mile below. This raised the water level until the far end of his tunnel was completely submerged and so he gave up the scheme entirely and began a new cellar quite a distance back from the first. The partly finished tunnel and the excavation for the original cellar were covered over and had practically been forgotten by everybody except the boys, who used to dive down and swim into the hole in the summer."

"Then, as I say, they got the idea of playing ghost and would run down the hill in the moonlight with nothing on but a sheet or a piece of old fish net

"Keep away from that hole and do nothing till you get my letter. Your life may depend on it. Wire if you wish me to come."

The messenger was waiting and, with no thought of the letter to which he referred, but only to hasten the time when some one would be with me to whom I could talk, I replied with the single word, "Come."

CHAPTER XXV. A Drive in the Storm.

A moment later the doctor returned hurriedly to the library for his medicine case and said:

"I wish we could get consultation here in the country," he continued, measuring out some powders with a critical air and depositing them on bits of paper which he had cut for the purpose. "Most of the deaths in this part of the world are from accident or old age, and a man with a large city practice and extensive hospital experience might possibly suggest some means of prolonging her life for a time. We cannot hope to save her, but I wish we could keep her till Carney comes."

"I have telegraphed my friend MacArdel to come and help me solve the mystery of the place," I ventured cautiously, not wishing to hurt his professional pride. "You know he was with me here last summer and we had a number of very peculiar experiences then, so he knows a good deal about it already, and I thought we could work together to advantage. Perhaps he could be of service to you at the same time."

"The very man!" exclaimed the doctor. "I know him well by reputation. When will he arrive?"

"If my wire is delivered promptly he can get here on the midnight train," I replied. "I know he will start at once, for I sent for him at his own suggestion, in response to a letter from me telling him of the tunnel affair, and I think he has some very definite theories on the subject."

"Just the thing!" cried the doctor, picking up the powders and hurrying toward the door. "Let me know the minute he gets foot in the house. I shall be here all night!"



"We Cannot Hope to Save Her."

which, waved out far out behind them. When they got to the edge of the bank they would emit some sort of a ghostly yell and dive down out of sight. Finally, when all the young girls in the neighborhood began to get hysterics, I discovered what was going on and put a stop to it by giving two or three of the ringleaders a sound thrashing and installing a family of beavers in the tunnel who vigorously attacked all future intruders."

The doctor laughed heartily as he finished his little tale and concluded by saying:

"There have been occasional rumors of ghost since then, I know, but I fancy that is the biggest mystery Carney-Croft ever had."

"Doctor," I returned seriously, "there is a far greater mystery than that going on here this very minute. That tunnel is again occupied, by whom I do not know, but the man or men who are down there are in league with that Bruce woman who lives in the new cottage, and with Jenks, the stage driver. Moreover, these people are connected in some inexplicable way with Miss Weston, and the Bruce woman, who seems to be the head and front of the whole thing, has written letters to Miss Weston, and even to me, most of which contain vague references to Miss Carney and threats that—"

"The Bruce woman written to you?" exclaimed the doctor. "Why, my dear sir, it is impossible! I have known the woman for a dozen years and she cannot read a word or write a letter!"

At that moment he was summoned hurriedly to Miss Weston's room and I was handed a telegram from MacArdel which read:

As he left the room I strove to collect my scattered thoughts and determine the present aspect of the situation. If the widow could not write, who, in heaven's name, did send the notes? It did not appear probable that the doctor was wrong in what he had said, and, moreover, the statement served to explain the merriment of Jenks when I had accused her directly of being the author of the letters.

Still, she had assumed all responsibility for them, which was tantamount to writing them as far as their practical features were concerned, and I finally decided that if they were not her own work they must have been written at her dictation, which really amounted to the same thing.

I spent the afternoon in the library, hoping that I might see Miss Carney, and at least offer her my sympathy in her present trouble, even if I said no more at this time, but she did not come down stairs during the entire day, and at dinner she sent me word by Mrs. Randolph that Dr. MacArdel would be very welcome, not only because I had asked him to come, but for himself as well, and in the hope that he might be of benefit to Miss Weston.

The storm had increased steadily all day but, in spite of its fury and the drifts that were piling up and blocking the roads at every point, I announced my determination to go with the sleigh to meet MacArdel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Splendid Prospect.

"Do you see any great future for Panama?"

"Certainly. Look at the great excursion resort it has already become."—Washington Star.

SPAIN FAR BEHIND NATIONS.

Illiteracy Prevails There to a Most Amazing Extent.

Of the 20,000,000 people inhabiting Spain, only about 35 per cent. can read and write; another two and one-half per cent. of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 62½ per cent. are absolute illiterates. In the south of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read and write, and many of the postmen are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed. They bring a bundle of letters to a house and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the state; the recipient of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least one cent. It is a joke among the easy-going Spaniards that he who treats the postmen best receives the most letters—whether they are intended for him or not.

THE NEW YORK LIFE'S PROGRAM.

Economy, Publicity and the Paramount Interest of Policyholders.

President Kingsley, of the New York Life Insurance Company, says, in an address to the policyholders, that his plan of administration involves these points:

"First: Strict economy; second, the widest, fairest and fullest publicity; third, the continuance of the New York Life as a world-wide institution; fourth, such an amount of new business under the law as we can secure while practicing intelligent economy, and enforcing the idea that the interest of the policy-holder is paramount."

Too Much Exposure.

Elsie is a laundress of color. She is well past youth, wears a perennial smile and sports a single front tooth of much prominence. Recently she missed one of her visits to a patron, and when she next put in an appearance she was suffering from a bad cold. When asked how she took such a serious cold she said:

"During the recent festivities our club gave a ball. The gentleman what's paying attention to me is very particular, so I had to go in full evening dress, and I had to leave off a few pieces, and it got me."

Watching the Knife Play.

"There is an awful fascination about seeing people eat with their knives," said he who has just spent a week on the farm for his health, with a retrospective look in his eyes. "A knife is such an unexpected instrument. You never know just where it is going to strike. You can't keep your eyes off. You are afraid to look for fear it might slip and cut the mouth half in two, and you are afraid if you don't look it might happen and you won't get to see it."

Took Exception.

"Remember, brothers!" shouted the orator of the strenuous life, "I haven't any use for molluscoides."

The very old gentleman who was sitting in the last row removed his pipe and retorted:

"Wal, by heck, mister, even if you haven't any use for Molly Coddles you needn't to stand there and talk behind her back, seein' that she is not present to defend herself."

The Sad Sea.

The thin, pale man in the large bathing suit, standing knee-deep in the water, sighed.

"Why," we asked, "are you so sad?"

"Alas," he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife."

Our lips curled superciliously.

"But you married again," we murmured.

"Yes," said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the habit of drinking Postum."

"I gave up coffee entirely and the result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous troubles."

"My mother was just the same way. We all drink Postum now, and I without coffee in the house for 2 years, we are all well."

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day."

"At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact, she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble."

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place. There's a Reason." Look in pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

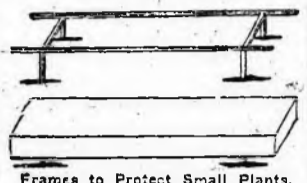
HORTICULTURE

NEWLY SET PLANTS.

Convenient Frame for Their Protection From Sun.

Newly transplanted plants always demand more or less protection from the blighting effects of too much sun and wind. It is best achieved by making a shelter such as is shown in the cut.

Two ten-foot poles and two three-foot pieces of any convenient thickness for the crosspieces, with four 14-inch weatherstrips for the legs, constitute the frame. In the middle of it two hooks should be inserted on each side, and upon these the covering fastened, which can thus be adjusted very quickly. The covering may



Frames to Protect Small Plants.

consist of burlaps or any kind of rough sacking.

Being so simple and economical to make, it is advisable to have enough frames to protect the number of tender plants that are set out in a garden at one time, says Farm and Home. They possess other advantages than sheltering the young things from the direct rays of the sun. They allow slow evaporation, and so keep newly watered ground moist for hours, whereas if exposed to the sun and wind it would soon become dry and baked. On windy days it is necessary to let the sacking down on the windward side of the shelter. In case of frost the protection that they afford is of inestimable value.

LONDON PURPLE.

Composition of This Insecticide and How it is Made.

London purple is prepared by boiling a purple residue from the dye industry, containing free arsenious acid, with slaked lime. In this way calcium arsenite and calcium arsenate are formed, and these are the poisonous compounds of this insecticide. As the dye residue has accumulated some dirt during the process of manufacture, a sandy substance will always be present in the London purple. It will thus be seen that London purple consists of calcium arsenite, calcium arsenate, a dye residue and small amounts of sand and moisture. In case not enough lime is added to the dye residue or the boiling is not continued long enough, varying quantities of the arsenious acid will be left in the free condition, and thus in a form which will scorch the foliage to which it may be applied.

According to Haywood, about one-third of London purple is made up of the dye residue, sand and moisture, and that it contains from 31 to 51 per cent. of total arsenic, figured as arsenious oxide; whereas Paris green contains the equivalent of about 66 per cent. of the arsenious oxide. The value of these two insecticides will thus be in proportion to these figures. However, one other point must be considered in valuing this substance, that is, its effect on foliage. According to Haywood, a very much larger amount of the arsenic of London purple is soluble in water than with Paris green. It seems probable that a part of this is made up of calcium arsenite and arsenate, which have gone into solution, but at the same time it is safe to say that Paris green is the safer insecticide. The addition of lime to the water mixture of the London purple is even more essential than with Paris green.—Ontario Bulletin.

POINTS FOR FRUIT GROWERS.

The time put into the work of beautifying the country home is profitably spent.

Every shade tree properly placed on the farmstead adds to the value of the farm, and it adds to the beauty of the farm home.

If the horticulturist can find a way of keeping blight from pear trees, as they now appear likely to do, the markets will be filled with pears of high quality.

Water spouts on old trees should not always be removed. Often the tree needs some of them to help elaborate new material for wood building.

The soil of the orchard needs management just as surely as does the soil of the field in which vegetables are growing. It needs to be kept supplied with the elements of plant food.

The inspection of nurseries and orchards should be carried on vigorously if results are to be obtained. Up to the present time the measures for such inspections have been inadequate in most of the states.

Grape Diseases.

Four principal diseases attack the grape. They are, the black rot, the downy mildew, and anthracnose. The remedy for all is the same—spraying every two weeks with Bordeaux mixture from the time the buds swell in the spring till the grapes begin to ripen.

KILLING OF FRUIT TREES.

How Care Can in a Measure Control the Loss.

The limbs of the fruit trees are much more liable to winter killing than are the roots. Yet many amateur growers make quite a point of protecting the roots by mulching without giving any attention to the proper protection of the parts above ground. Of course the limbs cannot be cared for and protected against the rigors of winter in any way comparable to the means employed in guarding the roots.

About all that can be—and under ordinary conditions all that needs doing, says the Indiana Farmer—is to see that the new wood is well ripened before winter sets in. This can best be accomplished by an orchard clean and thorough cultivation early in the season so as to stimulate a rapid growth of new wood at that time, followed by a cover crop without cultivation after the first of July or last week in June, so as to dry out the ground and afford the right conditions for maturing the wood.

Sometimes plowing an orchard in the early fall will start the trees to growing and this affords ideal conditions for winter killing. Of course, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," and this is as true of the horticulturist as it is of any man or class of men. A dry season followed by a wet fall, in spite of all precautions, is quite sure to result in the development of a lot of wood just before the opening of winter, and if the following months are at all severe one may expect a general killing back of the delicate limbs partially ripe.

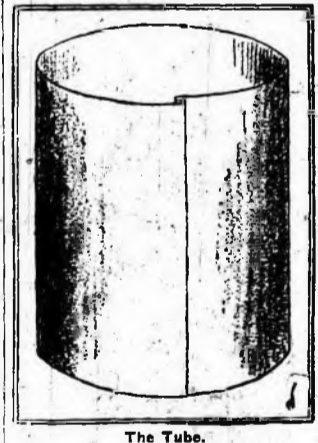
A dry winter is another dangerous proposition for the orchardist. Contrary to the common idea, there is a considerable movement of sap during the entire winter. At the same time it is known that a certain minimum amount of moisture is required by all woody tissue to it in a normal state of health. Reduce this amount of water and the plant cells shrink to such an extent that they die. This is just what a dry winter may do, especially if the ground is frozen to a great depth.

The movement of moisture from the roots as a result of the deep freezing is necessarily slow, while the evaporation (or more properly, the respiration), through the pores of the branches is relatively much greater. The result is that the cells shrink to the point that causes their death. This danger is far less in mature wood than in that which is but partially ripened, pointing again to the necessity of doing everything possible to ripen the season's growth of wood up well before winter. It pays to take no chances.

A TRANSPLANTING DEVICE.

It Will Do the Work Rapidly and Well.

Bend a piece of tin or steel metal fit form of a tube open along the side. A baking powder can, with bottom off and end seam unsoldered, will do for large plants. Thrust it into the soil, around the plant, press together to



The Tube.

hold the enclosed soil, and the plant and earth can be readily lifted and transferred to the pot or prepared hole in the garden. Loosen the pressure on the tube and it may be readily withdrawn, leaving plant and roots very slightly disturbed.

For the Striped Bug.

To drive off the striped bug, keep cucumber and melon vines well covered with bone flour, or put tobacco dust thickly around them, or keep them covered with boxes or fine mosquito netting. Poison potato beetles with Paris green. Use tobacco tea for the flea beetle. For the cabbage worm every grower should keep some buchac on hand, and dust it on the plants whenever signs of worms can be noticed. This California insect powder is very strong, and fully effective enough if mixed with three or four times its bulk of flower or bone meal. It can also be applied in a solution of one ounce in four gallons of water.

Growth of Spruce Forests.

Some measurements made in the forests of Sweden showed that the trees were making a growth of a little less than two per cent. a year. This is a good growth for a tree to make after it has attained a good size, but is rather small while the tree is small. It is evident that the young trees must make a much faster growth than this. The report summarized does not tell us how large the trees in the measured forests were at that time, which is a very important factor in the spring of percentages.

TIED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you.

THE PARABLE HE LIKED.

Darkey Would Have Had Trouble Picking It from Sacred Book.

An old darkey, anxious to be a minister, went to be ordained. He was questioned thus: "Can you write?" "No, sah!" "Read?" "No, sah!" "How do you know about the Bible?" "Ma niece reads it to me!" "Know about the Ten commandments?" "No, sah!" "The Twenty-third Psalm?" "Nebber heard of him, sah!" "Know the Beatitudes?" "No, sah!" "Well, what part of the Bible do you like best?" "Parbles, sah!" "Can you give us one?" "Deed, yes, sah!" "Let us have it, then."

Close Confinement. The new phonograph had just arrived, and in her husband's absence, Mrs. Jones thought she would give her parrot a treat, so she set the machine working on a record of "In Olden Days," sung by Mr. Jones in his best style.

At the very first bar Polly opened her eyes in surprise, and rocked herself to and fro in deep and speechless wonder.

She was evidently thinking deeply, and her excitement was intense. She cocked her head on one side, with an expression that indicated interested conjecture, and irritation at not arriving at a satisfactory conclusion.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones with pride, "what do you think of that, Polly?" Then the bird found words: "Great Scott!" she shrieked. "You've got the old man boxed up this time."

The Tell Tale Voice. "If you want to tell whether or not the man you are talking to is telling the truth don't look him in the eyes," said a Denver bank teller to some friends. "It is the voice, when you don't look at the eyes, that tells you whether the other fellow is lying. We use the system frequently in the bank. A man will come in to tell us some business tale. We look at his feet or his hands or his knees, but never in his eyes. If he's telling the truth his voice will be firm and straightforward, and the absence of your gaze in his eyes will not affect it. But if he's lying he'll be confused by your action, and his voice will tremble; he'll hem and haw, and clear his throat. You may rest assured then that he's stringing you."

Brains are Built

from certain kinds of FOOD Try Grape-Nuts

"America has become a land of nervous emotionalists, largely owing to our sins against the dietetic health laws of nature."

"Only outdoor exercise in a cold climate would enable vigorous individuals of our species to digest the viands forced upon alimentary organs enfeebled by sedentary occupations," wrote Dr. Felix Oswald.

Brain workers must have different food than laborers, because brain work uses up parts of the brain and nerve centers, while physical labor uses up other parts of the body.

Grape-Nuts, a food for brain workers, prepared by scientific food makers, is a pure, natural food made from selected parts of field grains known to contain the natural phosphate of potash and other elements required by the system in rebuilding and repairing the brain and nerve centers. This food is skillfully cooked at the factory and is ready to be served instantly with cream. At all first-class grocers and made by the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in plain, "There's a Reason."

A PRICELESS PEARL

By Virginia F. Townsend

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"It's two cents for foot passengers." It is very singular, but I hear those tones still; the small, sweet, susceptible voice, winding in and out of the delicate syllables, and I see the little brown, thin hand which was thrust up at the toll-gate. I was 16 years old at that time, and many years have passed since then; but the little hand is before my eyes now, and the voice, sweet as an old tune, in my ear still. I see the old plank road, too, which I had come upon suddenly, twisting itself like a rumpled brown ribbon along the hills and among the fair pasture fields on either side.

I was passing the summer at Longwood at my grandfather's place, and it was one summer's day while rambling through the woods that I came upon this child.

I learned from her that her name was Margaret Willoughby; that her father and mother were dead; that she had neither brother nor sister, and lived with her grandmother, who kept the toll-gate, and knit seine for the farmers to go fishing in the summer. They were very, very poor folks, indeed, Margaret said. She told me her life story, her aims and ambitions to some day acquire an education.

On reaching home, I learned that a letter had been received from my father, stating that his business required his going abroad immediately; and that he had concluded to have me accompany him, as the time of his return was somewhat indefinite, and I could pursue my studies in Europe as well as in America. I was to leave my grandfather's the next day. In the midst of the interest which this news occasioned, the little girl at the toll-gate did not quite escape my mind. I had a private interview with my grandfather, and related to him the history of my meeting with Margaret Willoughby, and succeeded in awakening the old gentleman's interest in my little protégée, and obtaining his promise that he would send her for two years to the academy up the hill. I managed to find time to prepare a large box of books of a miscellaneous kind, poems, histories, stories, etc., which were duly sent to my grandfather's care for the little girl at the toll-gate.

Twelve years lay between this spring and the last one I had passed at Longwood. They had brought many changes to me, as they usually do to all lives. My grandfather had laid his gray head under the grasses six years before; and a sudden fit of apoplexy had stricken my father, just as he was on the eve of returning to America, three years before.

One night, 12 months later, while I was traveling through the south of England, that great and terrible misfortune befell me, which swept out, for a time, all my hope and desire in life. The bridge, over which our cars were passing, broke down; many of the passengers were hurled over a precipice into the river, a hundred feet below. I was thrown upon a part of the bridge, which remained, and I remembered nothing more. A long, slow illness followed. I was internally injured, my ankle broken, and I found myself a cripple for life; I believed, then, a confirmed invalid. I returned to America a year later, somewhat improved in health, but still physically a wreck of what I had been.

Frederick Mathers, my cousin on my father's side, had been my most intimate companion and friend during boyhood; and we had kept up an intermittent correspondence during my residence abroad, for I had graduated at a German university. Frederick was a young physician; he had married six years before, and was succeeding well in his profession. But he was still poor, while I was the only heir to my father's wealth.

I easily persuaded my cousin to go with his wife, and little boy to Longwood and take up his residence in the gray old stone house, which my grandfather had built. It was the only spot on earth which was home to me. Fred and Annie, his pretty little wife, were enchanted with their new residence, and we daily congratulated each other on the success of our project.

One day, while dozing over a book I had been reading I was aroused by the voice of my little friend:

"Uncle, Uncle Bryant, see what I've got for you!"

A slender thread of sound came through the open door, and there was the soft patter of a child's feet in the room, and a little hand held up triumphantly before my eyes a cluster of white roses.

"Oh, Harry, where did you get these beautiful roses?" "Miss Willoughby gave them to me," lisped the voice of six summers.

"And who is Miss Willoughby?" "She's my school teacher, you see; and I went home with her to-day, and when I saw the flowers growing all round the front window, I spoke right out: 'Oh, how Uncle Bryant would like some of them.' And Miss Willoughby smiled and said: 'Would be, dear?' And then she gave me these, but I know she meant 'em for you, though she didn't say so."

"What do you know about this Miss Willoughby, Annie?" I asked of Harry's mother, when she returned to my room.

"Very little; I've seen her but once. She struck me as a quiet, ladylike person; a little over 20; and, altogether, her manner pleased me. She teaches the district school, and I sent Harry to her, just to get the little rogue out of the way for a few hours. I remember, now, that Mrs. Peckham told me the school teacher's name was Margaret Willoughby, that she wrote poetry occasionally, and supported her grandmother, who is an infirm and very old woman."

"Margaret Willoughby, Margaret Willoughby!" The name seemed to go in slow, silver liquid echoes up and down my thoughts, as though it came from some far country in the past, and wound through all the years, and called to me, softly and faintly, "Margaret Willoughby."

I kept my own counsel, but I resolved that not many days should go over my head before I looked on the face of Margaret Willoughby.

"Grandma, we shall have strawberries and cream by week after next. I've been out amongst the vines, and they're doing finely."

The voice fluttered out of the front window of the dainty white cottage, as I stood at the gate that June morning.

The next moment she came to the window, where her voice had just preceded her, and she shook out a table-cover of red and black, in that quick, skillful way which made one feel at once that her hands were used to all that kind of work. She did not see me, but I had a good view of her face. It was not a handsome, pretty, beautiful face, but there was a charm about it.

At last I went up to the house, and she came to the door with a face full of surprise. She did not recognize me. "Miss Willoughby," I said, offering her my hand, "I have come to thank you for the roses you sent me by your little pupil, Harry Mathers, the other day."

What a leap of surprise, recognition, pleasure and timidity there was in her face! Then she put her hands, her little soft, warm hands in mine, and said, just as she would have said it 13 years before, on the old plank road, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton."

I saw the young school teacher very often after this; for, as the summer grew, I gained strength of body and soul, and we had frequent rides together. Margaret was never weary of listening with those bright child-eyes and that womanly face of hers to the stories I had to tell of her foreign countries. She had something, too, to tell me of her life; of its struggles and aspirations, and how, after she had attended the village academy for five years, she was offered the situa-



Margaret Was Sprinkling a Moss Rose Bush.

tion of village school teacher, and since then her grandmother's increasing age and infirmities had rendered her unfit for any active cares or duties.

One evening I went up to the little white cottage, set like a cup among the trees. Margaret was sprinkling a moss rose bush, in the front yard, with a small watering-pot. She came toward me, her brown eyes full of their shy smiles, and the soft flush going in and out of her face. She wore a lawn dress, with sprigs of pink scattered over the white ground, and the sleeves were looped back from the small, white arms. We talked awhile of the sunset, clouds, of the flowers in the yard, of the farewell of the summer, and then I told her of the love for her that I was unable to control longer.

She tried to look astonished, but she was not used to dissemble. She buried her face in her hands and broke into sobs.

Then, for the first time, I gathered her to my heart and kissed the red blossoms of her lips, and thanked God that she belonged to me for life; that she would walk by my side, true, tender, sweet, loving, till death took us apart—my wife, in the best and holiest meaning of that blessed word.

Two years ago has been this—two years which have taught me how priceless was the pearl I found on the old plank road—the pearl that I loved, and wore on my heart—Margaret Willoughby!

McKINLEY MONUMENT

To Be Dedicated in Buffalo Sept. 5. Former Residents Invited.

The beautiful white marble shaft erected by the state of New York in Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y., to the memory of President McKinley, is to be formally dedicated Thursday, Sept. 5, and the event will be the central feature of Buffalo's Old Home Week, Sept. 1 to 7. Former residents of Buffalo and the public at large are cordially invited to attend the dedication.



The McKinley monument was planned and executed under the direction of a commission of prominent men, at a cost of \$150,000. Gov. Charles E. Hughes, with his military staff, will take part in the ceremonies and President Grover Cleveland has been invited to attend and speak. Military parades will be a feature of the occasion.

MONDAY UNIVERSAL WASH DAY.

Recognized as Such Over Almost All the World.

Why does nearly all the civilized world wash clothes on Monday? What has Monday to do with washing? It was originally the moon's day and was sacred to the queen of night. I read in a schoolboy's history that the Pilgrims landed on Monday and the good women immediately set about washing the clothes that had been soiled on the trip over. We might judge from that alleged fact that no washing was done aboard ship; yet the finest place for such necessary work of sanitation and blessedness is out at sea where there is plenty of water and nearly always a drying wind.

The voyage of the little Mayflower lasted 63 days, I believe, and as nearly as we can now reckon the landing was made at Plymouth Rock on a Monday, though some historians insist on Friday. It must have been a vile and filthy vessel on arrival, with 102 passengers and crew going over two months without washing their linen. Linen? What did they wear in 1620? Can you realize how big was the Mayflower? A miserable little bark of 100 tons (Capt. John Smith) or 180 tons (according to Bradford).

The Advantage of Reading.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the weary hobo as he stood at the farmhouse door, "but might I sleep in your barn to-night? I haven't had a roof over my head for ten days."

"I congratulate you," said the kindly farmer. "That is a splendid thing. I have just read in one of my ten-cent magazines that it is not too much to say that to the delicate, highly-strung, easily-knocked-up individual the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Pallid cheeks take on a ruddy hue, colds are unknown, nerves are forgotten, and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A small plot and a little perseverance are the only necessities and the result is assured. You are very welcome to the use of my potato patch, and my sky is at your disposal."—Judge.

Long Time to Sweep.

Everything, even a magnificent church, must be regarded from the point of view of the beholder. A London paper says that two country girls, who acted as if they might be enjoying a holiday from domestic service, were observed walking down the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the great dome, one of them stood and gazed around her with an air of such wonder that a spectator might well suppose that she was awestruck by her solemn surroundings. But when she spoke, the idea was dissipated. "Oh, Sarah," she exclaimed, "wouldn't this place take a long time to sweep?"

All in Cold Storage.

An Oregon attorney, representing a client whose title to a certain cold storage plant was under fire, closed an able argument before the Oregon supreme court recently with the following bit of pathos: "Your honor, there is more resting upon your decision than this cold storage plant; a human life is at stake. My client's life's efforts are in this cold storage; his life's blood is in this cold storage; his body and soul are wrapped up in this cold storage."—Law Notes.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Remember, young man, if you are not satisfied with your job the chances are that the boss will not refuse to accept your resignation.

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Kraus's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c. Norman Lachy Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

When a man first makes a fool of himself he gets an awful job—but he soon gets used to it.

NO GAIN AND SOME LOSS.

Neighbor's Comment in Which There Seems a Strain of Sarcasm.

"Yes," the leader of the amateur brass band was saying, "it's curious to see what an effect learning to play a horn has on some persons. I used to be a pretty good bass singer, but I can't sing worth a cent now."

"Does learning to play a horn spoil the voice?" asked his next-door neighbor.

"It did mine."

"How do you account for it?" "I don't know how to account for it. Strains the vocal chords, perhaps. All I know is that I blew my voice out through the mouthpiece of my cornet."

"Did you have a good voice?"

"Everybody said so."

"Then it's a great pity you ever learned to play a horn," rejoined his neighbor, shaking his head sadly. "I—er—think I should have enjoyed hearing you sing."—Youth's Companion.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up. I decided to give Cuticura a trial. When I had used the first box of Cuticura Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Remedies my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Summer Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

Productivity of the Hen.

"How many eggs is a hen wound up to lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose?" said the man who has investigated. "No idea, eh? Well, sir, a good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular star breed, but just hen—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—50 dozen. That's what nature has fitted up a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gives her eight years to do it in."—Washington Post.

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 J. C. Holtz.

Passive.

Bill—Did you say he has horse sense?—No. Why, he hasn't even got mule sense. I never knew him to kick in his life!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A woman who has given her lips has given everything.—Anonymous.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, regulating the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for child-birth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female illness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years; and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Therefore, she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring the text 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES' and 'THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities.'

Concerning His Business.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"—Everybody's.

Of Course. "What makes you so absent minded?"

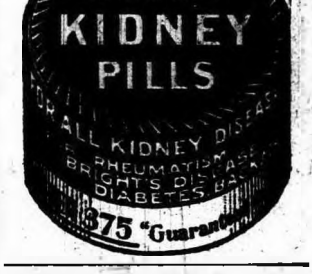
"Well, I stopped to think one day—"

"Yes?"

"And my thoughts ran on and on—"

"Well?"

"And I haven't caught up with 'em yet."—Cleveland Leader.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD RIGHTS. All soldiers who served ninety days or more in the federal army or navy between 1891-1895, and who made homestead entries for less than 100 acres on or before June 23, 1874, means that an additional right is due them, and that it can be sold to me for spot cash, no matter whether patent issued or not. If soldier is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs, or next of kin. Talk to old soldiers, their widows, children, or next of kin, about this class of additional rights. Get busy right now and find some of your relatives who made homestead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address Comrade W. E. Moses, 81 California Building, Denver, Colo.

DAISY FLY KILLER

It kills the fly and destroys the eggs. It is a sure and certain remedy for all kinds of flies, and is sold by all dealers or sent by mail for 10c a bottle. Write for free trial bottle. THOMPSON'S FLY KILLER, 100 N. W. 2nd St., DETROIT, MICH.

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32, 1907.

ALL WOMEN SUFFER

from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drift them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, organic troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements, or perhaps irregularity or suppression causing backache, nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness. Women everywhere should remember that the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, regulating the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for child-birth and the Change of Life.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring the text 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES' and 'THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities.'

WARFARE A TRADE

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" IN ALL AGES.

Few Wars in History in Which Mercenaries Have Not Taken Part—Famous American Free Lances.

The phenomena of men voluntarily giving their services to any belligerents that will accept them are curious from ethical viewpoints. Men are supposed to fight because they have grievances—whether the contest is long or short range. The love of fighting purely for the sake of fighting is innate in some human creatures.

Warfare becomes to such men a trade, as legitimate as wielding an ax against the trees of the forests.

The character of the soldier of fortune, or "free lance," is one that pervades history. Since the beginning of man mercenaries have had mention. The desire for employment isn't confined to any nationality or race.

Commentators upon the recent death in this city of Col. J. Y. F. Blake expressed their ignorance of history when they asserted that the Irish furnished the most notable examples, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. The Swiss always have been the free lances of Europe. We know about the Hessians in the American revolution.

In the wars of the sixteenth century thousands of soldiers of fortune fought now under one and now under another of opposing banners. Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful study of Capt. Dugald Dalgetty, in the "Legend of Montrose," permanently fixed the type of the soldier of fortune in English literature. The keen sarcasm of Cervantes, in that greatest of all lampoons, "Don Quixote," could not discourage or ridicule the soldier of fortune sufficiently to render his race extinct. He continued to be born, to grow up, and to go to war with no other purpose than to make trouble for himself and others.

Men of this type love danger, purely for its own sake. They seek the happy chance of hard blows. Generally specimens of fidelity to their employer, individual or national, they are indifferent to the political or moral aspects of the conduct in which they take such active parts.

We have had many examples of these adventurous spirits. Sam Houston was a Virginian by birth, but he couldn't keep out of the fight for Texas freedom from Mexico. William Walker, the Nicaraguan filibuster, was a Tennesseean, and had been a journalist in California; he cared nothing for the people of the Central American state. Gen. Ryan, well known to all working newspaper men of this metropolis in the early seventies, disliked the Cubans almost as much as he loved liberty—the freedom of a fight. He was captured on the Virginia, stood against a wall at Santiago and was shot to death. But I am sure he died happy! Hobart Pacha commanded the Turkish navy during the war with Russia in 1877 and 1878. He was an English naval officer until he took that job.

Speaking of Russia, one marvels at the disclosures that a little research gives regarding the part Britons of two generations ago played in her naval battles. Englishmen, as officers of Russian war vessels and as commanders of troops ashore, did more than native genius to extend and consolidate the power of the czar by land or sea. Englishmen appear to have been as fond of the campaign of hard knocks as the Irish.

Wasn't it Charles Darwin who asserted that human nature has a constant tendency to revert to the primitive type? This explains why the savage love of combat revives individuals from time to time? I was living in London when the revolt against the Turks broke out in Valazogina and spread to Serbia, and among my small circle of acquaintances were several mild, scholarly, humane and amiable men, as known to their associates, who hurried off to the mountain fastnesses to kill men, much as they might have gone down to Devonshire for a week-end's pleasant shooting. Guerrilla warfare was the last imaginable kind of life one would have supposed such men to have desired; but they went mad at the prospect of taking human life, of spilling human gore.

WILL TO PLEASE

One Way for an Abyssinian Youth to Win a Bride.

"In Abyssinia the natives will kill white men in order to please their sweethearts," declared Frank Howler, formerly consul general at Addis Ababa, and just appointed consul at Leghorn.

"It is never dangerous for a white man to travel in Abyssinia provided he is accompanied by a native escort, because those who compose such an escort are always trustworthy, but a man takes his life in his hands if he goes abroad alone. Not that the natives are ferocious, but that he could not be sure that one of them had not made a pact with his sweetheart to kill a man of white skin in order to win her for his bride. The native who wins such a distinction wears a white feather in the back of his hair.

"Among all the 4,000,000 of population and in the entire area equal to New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and New England, there are but two white women in Abyssinia. They are the wives of two consular officials. Strange to say, the national game is hockey, but Caucasians cannot play it very much because of the climate. The natives work but little and eat raw meat. They kill an elk, peel off the skin as you would peel a banana, drain off the blood and proceed with the feast. Every Abyssinian is a good butcher.

"To the lover of nature Abyssinia is a paradise. In my journey through the land I saw thousands upon thousands of different species of birds that were beautiful in their plumage and sweet in their songs. Occasionally I heard the faraway roar of lions, those mighty beasts that promenade the forests and seldom molest human beings unless they are attacked. The Abyssinians never use a light at night, no matter where they are, and sit in the dark and converse. Therefore they have good eyes. And they have wonderfully white teeth, made so by cleaning them with the spread ends of a small stick."

How a Hero Died.

Victor Hugo tells this story of heroism in the recently published book of his literary remains, "Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography." "Anatole Leray set out for Brussels, passed through England and then embarked for Australia. The day the steamer arrived in sight of land a storm arose. The vessel capsized. The passengers and crew nearly all succeeded in reaching land by means of the lifeboats or by swimming. Anatole Leray was among the saved. Meanwhile in the tumult of shipwreck when the pell-mell of the frightened wretches rivals the chaos of the waves and each thinks only of himself, a half-wrecked boat had remained in the surge and was appearing and disappearing in the waves; three women clung to it despairingly.

"The sea was at the height of its fury, no swimmer, even among the hardiest of the sailors, dared to risk himself. They kept their eyes fixed on their dripping garments. Anatole Leray flung himself into the surf. He struggled hard, and had the satisfaction of bringing one of the women to shore. He dashed in a second time and rescued another.

"He was worn out with fatigue, torn, bloody. They cried out to him. 'Enough, enough!' 'What?' said he. 'There is still another.' And he flung himself a third time into the sea. He never reappeared."

Absent-Minded Composer.

CHILDREN IN FLATS

ONE REASON WHY THEY ARE NOT MORE WELCOME.

Hard to Make Them Understand the Necessity for Quiet Tones of Voice—One Woman's Numerous Experience.

"I, for one, can understand why children are not more welcome as flat-dwellers!" sighed a weary working woman. "A boy of five or thereabouts will more than fill a six-room apartment. I once occupied a room, rented from a widow, who, beside myself, had for lodgers a widower and his little son. The oldest daughter of the widow, a girl of 20, was the boy's prospective stepmother, and so upon her devolved the duty of putting him in his little bed at night in a room adjoining mine. Now, it was quite useless to try to impress it upon this youngster that he should lower his voice on account of the thinness of the wall between him and his neighbor; and as it was only natural that his future mamma in the course of argument should raise her voice in proportion to his, I innocently eavesdropped. For instance: 'Oh, don't make such a noise, child, with your yelps and groans! You will disturb the lady in the next room!'

"Huh! If she had the stomach ache that I've got, she'd holler too."

When the child was free from aches and pains he was none the more inclined to go quietly to sleep. No matter how he might have been stretching and yawning in the parlor, where his papa and his papa's fiancée had been playing bezique, once in bed, he was inclined to be wakeful and argumentative, especially when rebuked.

"I hope," remarked his guardian one night, "that before you go to sleep you will think of what a bad boy you are. It grieves your father, I can tell you. He said to me to-day that the thought of it fairly took away his appetite. After ordering his breakfast at a restaurant this morning, he began thinking about the way you behave, and when the food was brought, he found himself unable to eat."

"And what did he do then?" asked the bad boy with some interest.

"Paid for it and went out."

"Well," remarked Frank, "I think he was pretty foolish to go and order a breakfast and pay for it when he couldn't eat. I don't believe it was me that took away his appetite. I know that sometimes I have been just as sorry as I could be about something, and I could eat lots—and men are just like boys, only bigger."

"Oh, stop your talk! The lady in the next room will hear you," rephrased the mamma (to be).

VILLAGE IN ITSELF

COMPLETENESS OF RICH MAN'S COUNTRY HOME.

All the Necessaries and Most of the Luxuries of Life Are Afforded Him Within His Own Domain.

In buying land for a city house the millionaire deals with square feet; but for a country mansion he purchases a tract of so many square miles. This extensive scale is carried through in all the arrangements. When the estate is ready for occupancy the owner finds himself lord of a beautiful acreage, contributing to his ever luxurious want—all from its own resources.

To plan a country house is almost like planning to build a village. The large estate is a very complete affair, indeed. Its center is the house, which must be large enough to not only properly accommodate the owner and his family, but it must contain suites of rooms for the numerous guests with which it will be filled for the week-ends and for longer periods. The stable and the carriage-house are, in their way, quite as necessary as the dwelling. Many a great stable vies with the residence in size and elegance of equipment. If the estate is a large one, covering many acres, there is a farmhouse for the farmer, a farm and outbuildings in which each particular industry of the farm will have its own headquarters. If the owner is addicted to polo, there is a third and complete stable for the ponies. There is a chicken-house for the chickens and other fowls, and, if this feature is sufficiently developed, a special residence for the person having this matter in charge. Dogs, if kept in ample variety, will have well appointed kennels and a caretaker's house in close proximity. There is a dairy, with perhaps a springhouse and cooling room for the milk, and tiled-lined rooms in which the butter will be made. The market garden has its array of hot-beds, and the conservatories in which rare plants are raised for the decoration of the house are as extensive as those in which plants are propagated for the outdoor gardens. Nor should the automobile house be overlooked, since this popular vehicle competes with the horse in meeting the needs of the house transportation; and, as likely as not a repair shop forms a necessary adjunct to it.

Buildings that minister to the physical necessities of the estate are also numerous. Every sequestered estate—and almost all country estates are sequestered, since that is an item of value in living in the country—requires its own water supply. It is needless to say that it is often a most expensive feature, calling not only for steam pumps and elaborate piping, but for special reservoirs which in their developed form will be lined with enameled brick.—Broadway Magazine.

To Balance.

For more than a week the teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friend. "Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said, to a bright looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye.

PITY THE POOR MILLIONAIRE.

He Sighs for the Breakfast and the Appetite of His Youth.

"Terrific in all right, and," said the stated millionaire, "I like lobster and caviar and duck, but still I don't believe I get half the pleasure out of the fine things I eat nowadays that I used to find in the plain food that we had years ago, in the days when we couldn't afford anything else."

"I'd give a million dollars, or, er—er—bunns—ha, half a million anyway, if I could have now such a breakfast as I used to have when I was a boy, if I could have now the same appetite to eat it with.

"We used to live in a house without any heat above the ground floor, and I slept in a room that was colder than Greenland, in a feather bed under about seven million patchwork bed quilts, and I'd sleep ten hours in a bed like that, as snug and warm and comfortable as anybody ever did under swan-down coverlets in a warmed room, and then I'd get up in the morning and go out and chop a few cords of wood before breakfast, and then come in feeling able to tear the world apart and with an appetite that nothing less than good, substantial food and plenty of it would satisfy; an appetite the satisfaction of which was a grand and stirring joy.

"For breakfast on winter mornings we were likely to have pork chops and buckwheat cakes, and such chops and such cakes! Not little, thin, dried up, lean, half-cold, tasteless chops from a kitchen half a mile away, but big, thick, fat chops of home-fed pork, fresh-cooked and sizzling.

"And the cakes! Not half heavy, paste-colored inside, thin, dull, lifeless and tasteless cakes, just warm, but buckwheat cakes light and fluffy and brown and generous in dimensions and all crinkly and crispy around the edges and good all through, and so hot and steaming when they came on the table that you had to look out and not burn your mouth when you began to eat them.

"And those chops and those buckwheat cakes we used to eat, with the pork gravy on the cakes! A breakfast fit for the very gods, though one must be a god, to be sure; he must be well and strong and fit to enjoy it.

"Grateful am I that I can bring back even in recollection the joys of an old-time breakfast of pork chops and buckwheat cakes."

Loyal to Columbus.

TO THE CHEERFUL MAN.

His Praise Sung in Cheerful Tones by Cheerful Mr. Knaxleton.

"I like the cheerful man," said Mr. Knaxleton, "the man who seems to be cast down, but takes always a cheerful view."

"D'you ever see such weather as this?" says the dismal man, wearily, shedding more autisms all around.

"Did you feel that breeze?" says the cheerful man, smiling, and as a matter of fact there was the faintest flicker of a movement in the air just at that moment, and he caught it, because he is receptive to all good things; and he magnified it to all his hearers by his breezy cheerfulness.

"The cheerful man for me every time—he makes life worth living; and I like especially to see him around in hot and humid weather. But he's helpful at all times.

"So many people are so easily depressed; good people, but with only a narrow margin of courage; so that if any little thing goes wrong they think that everything's going to pieces and the world is coming to an end, but then—

"'Pooh!' says the cheerful man, 'what's that?' and he actually laughs at this little picaresque trouble, and just brushes it away and forgets it, making the faint hearted to laugh and forget it, too; and in time he may bring the easily discouraged man to acquire the blessed habit of laughing at all the petty troubles that pop out at us on the road of life, and so driving them away, instead of gloomily letting them climb on him to ride on his back. Good man to have around is the cheerful man.

"I haven't caught a fish to-day," says the disappointed man in the fishing party, and you'd think from his general cast-downness that catching fish was the main object of life, and that if you didn't catch any, life was a failure.

"Well, I haven't caught any, either," says the cheerful man, 'but I've had a darned good time and I've caught an appetite like a team of horses, and what I want now is to get back to where they rook those bluefish the way they cook 'em here, and if I don't eat 17 of 'em I miss my guess.' Does the cheerful man perk up the whole party? Why, sure; and when they've got a few of those bluefish inside of them they all think they've had a great time."

Home Treatment for Women

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