

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIV, NO 52

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907

WHOLE NO. 1046



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Crayons  
W. C. Paints  
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## OH, YES,

we can furnish every thing that you'll need in School Supplies, excepting books only.

There are some rare bargains here that are worth investigating.

A Hard-Wood, Polished Ruler with inch and C. M. scale, also pen and pencil holding device, for 5c.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE

is the name of that special 5c Tablet we've been telling you about. Hurry up if you want one of them. There are only about 200 of them left and from present indications they'll not last more than a week.

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TEAS COFFEES  
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**W. B. ROE'S**

## Fall and Winter Opening

To our Friends and Patrons:

You are cordially invited to attend our

## Millinery Opening

Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27.

We shall place on exhibition the latest and most fashionable designs in Silk and Velvet creations, including also a magnificent collection of the newest Street Hats.

**MRS. F. J. TOUSEY**

## Rent Receipt Books

15c.

Get them at The Mail Office.

## Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

### WEST TOWN LINE.

Our faithful postman, Albert Gates, is absent for fourteen days and Miss Anderson supplies his place.

George Mosher's new silo filler has come and he started filling silos this week.

Bert Stanbro has sold his mushrooms to D. M. Packard.

Grandma Becker of Tyrone was most warmly welcomed by the little Beckers this week.

Mrs. Hermon Kingsley is on the sick list.

The Lute Kellogg farm is sold to parties living near Cleveland.

Miss Mildred Becker has been obliged to give up her school work, because of ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson entertained their children from Detroit and Plymouth Sunday.

Dr. Leroy Brown, of St. Paul, Minn., and Randolph Brown of Cherry Hill, brothers of Mrs. Smith, were guests at Chas. Smith's last week.

Mrs. Caroline Mabee of Tecumseh, Mich., sister of Mrs. Stout, is a guest of Mrs. Stout and the O'Bryan's this week.

Miss Alice Kellogg has been on the sick list.

W. D. John, of Detroit and J. W. O'Bryan, of Wayne, were guests at J. C. O'Bryan's Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, and the family, attended her mother's eighty-seventh anniversary of her birth Sept. 14. Mrs. Brown's seven children are an unbroken circle. A remarkable record, as the youngest is forty-seven.

An error crept into our necessarily brief mention of our wedding bells last week. The bride's name should have read Miss Edna Tiffin. Mrs. Mosher is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Tiffin, and a young lady of many pleasing qualities. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Mosher, and possesses the push, energy, and enthusiasm which are so necessary for a success in life. The community extend to them hearty congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Mosher will make their home with the groom's parents at present.

Reports of recent threshing in this neighborhood have oats running 20 bushels per acre. A fine yield for this year. An unusual and an especially good yield was the threshing of timothy seed at Bert Stanbro's last week.

Chas. Brems has undergone a very successful operation at Ann Arbor this week, and a rapid recovery is reported.

In our fields and pastures there is springing up a delicious and an edible mushroom, which many thoughtlessly kick to pieces. It is the puff ball, a perfectly safe mushroom, as there are no poisonous members in its class. They must be gathered when perfectly fresh and white. Peeled, sliced, dipped in egg and bread crumbs, and fried in butter; and a dish is prepared fit for a king.

### Lost and Found.

Lost, between 9:30 p. m. yesterday and noon to-day, a billous attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

### LIVONIA CENTER.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Baze, Jr., Sept. 17th, a daughter. Mother and child doing nicely.

Jessie Chilson was taken quite seriously ill on Monday night with some kidney trouble. Drs. Henry and Holcomb were called, but his relief was only temporary, so Dr. Holcomb has been called several times since.

John Cort and daughter were Center callers Friday.

The Gemetery Association ladies invite the public to come Oct. 3rd and help put up a new fence on the back of the new grounds just added lately to the cemetery. A picnic dinner will be served at Mrs. E. Stringer's.

Our cemetery sexton, Paul Helm, has certainly done a fine job of cleaning out the cemetery, he having removed the sand bars from inside and now the sand bars in the church yard needs to be cleaned to make a presentable place of it.

### The Touch that Heals

Is the touch of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the happiest combination of Arnica flowers and healing balsams ever compounded. No matter how old the sore or ulcer is, this Salve will cure it. For burns, scalds, cuts, wounds or piles it's an absolute cure. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale. 25c.

### ELM.

J. D. Terry of Wheeling, Va., is visiting in this vicinity.

Geo. Cornell of Detroit called on his parents last Sunday.

Geo. Taylor of Plymouth was seen on our streets Monday.

Ang. Rohring and Chas. Hirschlieb were in Plymouth on business last Saturday.

A number from here attended the Indian ball game at Plymouth Tuesday.

John Karick, formerly of this place who is employed as motorman in Detroit, had a narrow escape from death on Sunday morning, being rendered unconscious for several hours, but is doing well at this writing.

Mrs. Wm. Rossow of Clareneville last Thursday.

### PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Klatt spent last Monday in Detroit with their son Carl and wife.

Mrs. Charles Erwin and Clara Wright spent last Sunday visiting old friends at Canton.

Henry Farmer and son Russell spent last Sunday with George Dean.

School in District No. 2 opened last Monday with Miss English of Wayne as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roach and family spent last Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Kubik.

Emma Rhan spent Monday afternoon with Clara Wright.

### MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mrs. James McDonald and daughter Lucile of Detroit visited Mrs. S. W. Spicer a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee have returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., after a three weeks' visit there with her son.

Mrs. R. C. Safford and Mrs. Minerva McEwen of Plymouth visited their brother, Hiram Murray, Sunday.

Mrs. B. C. Bradford and children of Detroit are visiting at H. W. Bradford's.

Miss Edith Bradford spent a part of last week in Detroit with her sister, Mrs. Leon Owenshire.

Mrs. Wm. Killingworth is on the sick list.

### SALEM

Mrs. Ann Worden of South Lyon visited at A. F. Van Atta's last week.

George Ryder of Ypsilanti spent Sunday S. C. Wheelers.

Frank Haywood was in Detroit on business Saturday.

Mrs. Grant is spending a few days at home in Wixom.

Mrs. F. J. Tousey and Mrs. Fred Williams of Plymouth, were Salem visitors Tuesday.

The Baptist Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Wm. Mosher Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kane visited at Frank Haywood's Sunday.

Florence and Robert Brokaw and Edith Buers are attending school in South Lyon.

Eugene Nelson and sisters, Rose and Grace, attended the Millennial Dawn convention in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Robinson and two children of Port Huron have been visiting their mother, Mrs. E. A. Rich.

Miss Sadie Walker is teaching in the Lapham's Corner district again this year and Miss Edna Jarvis at the stone school house.

Miss Vera Geer visited at L. Bussey's Tuesday.

A. C. Wheeler was in Port Huron on business Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Stanbro is visiting relatives in Owosso this week.

Rev. Irving, Supt. of Baptist State Missions, preached in the Baptist church last Sunday.

Miss Beattie Gigler was a Northville visitor last Friday.

### A Humane Appeal.

A humane citizen of Richmond, Ind. Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main-st. says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness and phthisis, stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

### Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$ .89  
Wheat, White, \$ .87  
Oats, 77c.  
Rye, 77c.  
Potatoes, 70c.  
Beans, bush \$1.50  
Butter, 25c.  
Eggs 18c.

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

## PINCKNEY, PAINSTAKING PHARMACIST FOR ARTICULAR PEOPLE.

NEVER FORGET WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO

## MOSS PINE COUGH BALSAM

You that have used it know and you that have not used it should know that there is none better made anywhere at any price.

Only 15c and Guaranteed at

**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 your Own Banking

Your earnings get into the bank whether you put them there or not. If you spend all somebody else deposits your money.

Better start a Savings Account TO-DAY and receive the benefits—3 per cent interest—yourself.

## THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$90,000.



NEWS OF A WEEK TOLD IN BRIEF

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS GATHERED FROM ALL POINTS OF THE GLOBE.

GIVEN IN ITEMIZED FORM

Notable Happenings Prepared for the Perusal of the Busy Man—Summary of the Latest Home and Foreign News.

Facts in confirmation of the reported attempt to assassinate Czar Nicholas of Russia by blowing up his private yacht were received in London. It was learned that instead of the royal yacht Standart accidentally going aground off the shore of Finland, she was stove in by the explosion of a floating dynamite mine. Her commander ran her ashore to save the lives of the imperial family on board.

Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil and copper magnate, suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, and it is believed he has retired permanently from active business.

Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., retired, died of heart disease at York Beach, Me. He was 72 years old.

Miss Ada Smith, aged 19 years, of Philadelphia, and George Denver, aged 23 years, of Westville, N. J., were drowned, and Mrs. Ray Springer and her two children, of Billingsport, N. J., narrowly escaped drowning in the Delaware river off that place by the overturning of a small boat in which they were rowing.

Judge Terry M. Richardson of Montgomery, Ala., was found dead in bed at a hotel at Luravae, having been overcome by chloroform which he had taken to allay headache. He was a prominent attorney.

While playing with a revolver, John B. Horton, six years old, accidentally shot and killed his five-year-old friend, Robert L. Donaldson in Washington, D. C.

At Moundsville, W. Va., Elmer Thompson, three years old, and Stanley Howard, five years old, while playing in a stable set fire to the hay and were burned to death.

After Harry Becker had been killed and Samuel Becker, his brother, had been mortally wounded by Francesco Sica, a young Italian, in New York, two detectives had a desperate fight with a mob led by the young men's mother and bent on lynching the assassin of the two young men.

Evangelist Felix Lawrence of Nashville fell dead of heart disease in Louisville after delivering an address in the mission where he was converted seven years ago from a dissipated wanderer to an instrument for the uplifting of others.

Mrs. Clifford Julian was shot and killed in a hotel in Winona, Minn., and Adolph Munson, a business man of Albert Lea, was arrested for the crime.

Panic-stricken when a barge, in which they were crossing the Allegheny river, began to sink, six workmen employed by the Drave Contracting company on the United States government dam No. 2 at Aspinwall, Pa., jumped into the river and were drowned.

Justice Longley, of the supreme court of Nova Scotia, delivered a decision in favor of the plaintiff in the action brought by the Dominion Iron and Steel company against the Dominion Coal company for the recovery of \$15,000,000 damages for breach of contract in not supplying coal suitable for metallurgical purposes.

Despite the efforts of some of the leaders to keep out of its discussions all matters political, the national negro Baptists' convention in Washington, after a stormy session in the course of which Presiding Officer Morris threatened to leave the chamber, hotly debated the Brownsville affair, and adopted resolutions praising Senator Foraker.

Prof. Burgess of Columbia university, who delivered the Roosevelt lectures in German universities, has returned to New York and is loud in his praise of the treatment given him by the Kaiser and other German officials.

The state board of health at Lincoln, Neb., adopted a resolution prohibiting any employe or appointee from carrying a pass. Two secretaries will resign or give up their passes.

The minister of the interior of Canada has received a telegram from A. S. Munro, health officer at Vancouver, stating that of the 900 Hindus who arrived by the Montague there are 25 old and sick men who will be deported.

A crisis in the copper situation, due to a deadlock between the producer and the consumer, has resulted in a tremendous over-production of the metal, and the Amalgamated Copper company, the largest producer of copper in this country, will shut down its mines in and about Butte, Mont.

Secretary of War Taft and party sailed for the orient on the steamship Minnesota.

Letters received at Willemstad, island of Curacao, from Egoats announced that Gen. Juan Pablo Penabaz, the leader of Venezuela's last revolution in March of this year, who sought refuge in Colombia, has been arrested by the Colombian government at Cucuta and taken to Bogota.

After having served 13 years in the San Quentin (Cal.) penitentiary for burglary, William Evans has been proved innocent by a deathbed confession of his persecutor, and will be freed.

Mrs. Cassie Chadwick has become blind in the Ohio penitentiary.

Frederick G. McNally, for three years president of the publishing firm of Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, is dead.

The United States navy department has contracted with Welsh firms for 100,000 tons of the best steam coal, the delivery to extend over 1908. The price agreed upon has been kept secret.

Charles Garner, a mine boss at Creweberg, Kan., and his sister, Mrs. George Rexford, were waylaid on a lonely road while returning home by a number of Italians and shot and fatally wounded. Garner returned the fire and shot and killed two Italians, names unknown.

Advices from Casablanca say that the tribal delegates have accepted all the peace conditions fixed by Gen. Drude and departed to seek delegates from all the other warring tribes.

The increasing indignation of the masses in Paris against the escape of Sollellant, known as the "monstrous violator and murderer," whose sentence to death for the atrocious murder of a 12-year-old girl was commuted by President Fallieres to life imprisonment, was expressed by numerous parades led by women.

Frank Steinhart, who until July 1 was United States consul general at Havana, is involved in a new Cuban sensation through a lawsuit brought by Judge H. J. Reilly to recover \$35,000 alleged to be owed by Steinhart on an option for the purchase of an electric railroad in Santa Clara province.

Dr. Henry L. Colt, of Newark, N. J., president of the American Association of Medical Milk Commissions, strongly opposed, in an address at the international milk congress at Brussels, the compulsory pasteurization of milk as a means of effectively improving the supply of milk.

A fearful head-on collision between the south-bound Quebec express and a north-bound freight train on the Concord division of the Boston & Maine railroad, occurred four miles north of Canaan Station due to a mistake in train dispatcher's orders, and from a demolished passenger coach there were taken out 25 dead and dying and 27 other passengers, most of them seriously wounded.

Four persons were killed and three dangerously injured in a firedamp explosion in the Merlenbach mine near Forbach, Germany.

C. Berry Winship, 21 years old, a member of a prominent family of Washington, was almost instantly killed in Rock Creek park by being thrown from his horse.

George Rose, son of W. A. D. Rose, of Benton Harbor, Mich., was slain by bandits at Guanajuato, Mexico.

Several persons were killed by a premature explosion of dynamite in the Columbia gold mine, Georgia.

Three young hunters were killed in a dynamite explosion near Cheboygan, Mich., when they mistook a dynamite storehouse in the woods for a deserted hut and used it for a target.

One hundred thousand persons witnessed the start from Brussels of a great international balloon race organized by the Belgian Aeronautic club. Thirty-four balloons ascended, a record number, and soon passed out of sight.

M. D. Woodford, former president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway, died at Kalamazoo, where he had stopped on the way home with his family from Charlevoix to Cincinnati.

William Harrison, of Louisville, Ky., 63 years old, for many years vice president of the Bradley & Gilbert Printing company, and for 30 years a deacon of the Broadway Baptist church, committed suicide by shooting.

Clarence J. Fletcher, president and secretary of the Fletcher Grocery company, of Kansas City, Mo., died of peritonitis, aged 44 years.

E. M. Crumb, a diamond broker, of Chicago, was lured to a flat and beaten and robbed of \$1,000 of gems.

Mathew B. Hudson, whose strange disappearance in San Francisco nearly caused two deaths in the Hudson home in Chicago, has been found in a hospital in San Francisco in a serious condition, brought on by blows struck by sailors who robbed him of his watch and money.

The Harriman interests have taken over the Armour refrigerator car business on the Pacific slope.

Champagne growers of France threaten to follow the example of the men of Midi in refusing to pay taxes unless the government protects their industry against unfair competition.

Two men and a woman were killed by the collapse of the Dohan Shoe company's building in Cincinnati.

Martha and Catherine, two small children of Mrs. Catherine Thomas, an inmate of the Cambria county almshouse, were found dead in their beds, having been strangled. Mrs. Thomas admitted killing them, saying that she was afraid her husband, who is serving a term in the workhouse for alleged non-support, would take them from her.

Joe Bates was shot and killed near Coe's, Wyo., by J. S. Bronson, a rancher, after Bates and his brother Sam had held up and shot a 17-year-old boy and terrorized the entire neighborhood for several hours.

Juan Espinosa, an expert Chilian marksman, while attempting to shoot an apple from the head of a man at a circus at Rio Janeiro missed and killed the apple bearer.

The Mary Kingsley medal has been awarded by the Liverpool School for the Study of Tropical Diseases to Dr. Charles Finley, chief sanitary officer of the canal zone, and Dr. Theobald Smith, of Harvard.

Walter Scott, a pioneer printing press manufacturer, is dead in Plainfield, N. J., following a stroke of paralysis.

Prince Chav Chavazde, of the council of the empire, has been assassinated in the Busbety district of Russia. The princess was wounded at the same time.

"Not even respectable nonsense" was the way former Ambassador Luke Wright, who just returned from Tokio to resume private life, characterized the war talk between the United States and Japan.

Walter Wellman started for home after a disastrous attempt to start for the north pole in his airship. The balloon was driven back by a violent storm and landed on top of a glacier, where the party took it to pieces. Wellman said he would return to Spitzbergen and make another start next year.

The Illinois board of pardons decided that the time was not at hand for them to grant a release from the penitentiary for Paul O. Stensland, former president of the collapsed Milwaukee Avenue State bank of Chicago, and he was sent back to prison to serve the balance of his term.

The Lusitania lowered the record for the trip from Queenstown to New York to five days and 54 minutes. The big turbine steamship failed to lower the hourly speed average of 23.58 knots made by the Kaiser Wilhelm II, of the North German Lloyd line, or the average of 23.51 knots made by the Deutschland, though it covered the distance between ports in an average of 28.01 knots, which is a record for maiden voyages.

Jacob Johnson, a machinist, infuriated after he had been knocked down by a passing automobile at Michigan avenue and Sixteenth street, Chicago, leaped into the machine and stabbed the chauffeur, H. R. Almeney, in the arm and breast.

The mines of the Amalgamated Copper company will not be closed because of the glut of the copper market. General Superintendent John Gillis says that while work will be abandoned on Sundays there will be no general close down.

Sir Thomas Lipton mailed to the New York Yacht club a challenge for the America's cup.

Three bandits broke into the First State bank at Leola, S. D., wrecked the safe and escaped with \$1,200.

An explosion of dynamite placed in a bundle of grain injured five men and wrecked a threshing machine on the farm of Peter Peterson near Chipewa Falls, Wis. Investigation developed the fact that sticks of dynamite had been placed in several bundles of grain.

In a riot between Purdue university students and city toughs at Lafayette, Ind., six students were seriously injured and 15 others were badly beaten.

Virginia Reed, the negro woman who, according to Charles E. Letten, the defaulting tax clerk of New Orleans, received about \$90,000 out of the \$100,000 or more he stole from the state, attempted to commit suicide by jumping into the Bayou St. John. She was fished out.

Eight former striking operators, including the vice president of the local telegraphers' union, returned to work with the Postal Telegraph & Cable company in Cleveland, O.

As a result of strikes declared in several shops 60 or more of the leading manufacturers of furs in New York decided, it is stated, to lock out their employes. The lockout will affect about 7,000 men.

The census bureau announced that the total population of the territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, as made public, is an increase of 78 per cent. over 1900, and that the aggregate population is larger than any state at the time of admission into the union.

Andrew Carnegie has begun suit in the New York supreme court to have the taxes reduced on his residence in Fifth avenue and on Carnegie hall.

Mrs. Gertrude G. Clinton, of Reading, Pa., was slain by Frank Palmer, for whom she deserted her husband.

Forty miners were hurt by an explosion in mine No. 10, owned by the Union Pacific Coal company, at Rock Springs, Wyo.

More arrests have been made in Eurasia on charges of betraying military secrets. One of the men under arrest charged with high treason is a noble.

Serious rioting occurred in Calcutta, India, following the sentencing of a prisoner for sedition.

Chang Mon Wo, president of the Chinese Six companies, was found dead in Chinatown, San Francisco. Death was due to plague.

Emperor Nicholas and his family were forced to abandon the imperial yacht Standart, which went on the reef off Hango, Finland. The boat was badly damaged but will be saved.

Charles E. Letten, chief clerk in the office of the first district tax collector at New Orleans, who disappeared leaving a shortage of over \$100,000, was discovered standing on the bank of the Mississippi trying to summon up courage enough to jump in the water and commit suicide. He said he had given most of the money to a negro, who had bought real estate with it.

Crown Princess Cecilia of Germany holds American cooking in such esteem that she has sent Albert Neumann, her chef, to this country to study culinary methods.

THE STATE IN GENERAL

MEN CHOSEN TO FRAME THE NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE STATE.

EIGHT DEMOCRATS WIN

Eighty-seven Republicans Win Seats in An Election Which Called Out a Meagre Vote.

Men of Experience.

The constitutional convention will contain at least 87 Republicans to only nine Democrats, with one of the Democrats out of that eight still in doubt, M. J. Cavanaugh, of the Tenth district. In 26 districts the Republicans elected all their candidates. In one, the Third, the Democrats carried everything, electing E. J. Mally, F. F. Ingram and Joseph Merrill. In Saginaw the Democrats elected two candidates, W. R. Burt and E. A. Snow, and in four districts they elected one candidate, if Kinnane and Cavanaugh prove to have been elected. The convention will be made up largely of men of official experience. The convention will assemble in representative hall, Lansing, October 22. The delegates will draw \$10 a day. They can remain in session as long as they please, but their pay will, by law, stop January 31.

The vote throughout the state yesterday for constitutional delegates was, relatively speaking, probably as light as was ever polled at a Michigan election. The Republicans made a clean sweep in all districts except in the Wayne and Saginaw, and in the Shiawassee-Ingham district.

The Delegates.

- 1-Henry M. Campbell, Wayne, R.
2-Louis E. Tossy, Wayne, D.
3-Thomas H. Brown, Wayne, R.
4-M. E. Burt, Wayne, R.
5-Levi L. Barbour, Wayne, R.
6-Charles C. Simons, Wayne, R.
7-Joseph Merrill, Wayne, D.
8-F. F. Ingram, Wayne, D.
9-F. F. Ingram, Wayne, D.
10-Ignatius J. Sallotte, Wayne, R.
11-William C. Manchester, Wayne, R.
12-George W. Corbett, Wayne, R.
13-Clark E. Baldwin, Lenawee, R.
14-George R. Horton, Lenawee, R.
15-L. B. Robertson, Lenawee, R.
16-J. P. Stewart, St. Joseph, R.
17-Alfred Milnes, Branch, R.
18-Victor Hawkins, Hillsdale, R.
19-L. C. Frye, Horicon, R.
20-Fred. W. Burt, Saginaw, R.
21-W. C. Jones, Cass, R.
22-Charles Thew, Allegan, R.
23-B. F. Hewitt, Van Buren, R.
24-Guy J. Wheeler, St. Eustace, R.
25-E. C. Nichols, Calhoun, R.
26-Delos Fall, Calhoun, R.
27-R. Taylor, Kalamazoo, R.
28-Fredrick Baldwin, Branch, R.
29-John A. Fairlie, Washtenaw, R.
30-M. J. Cavanaugh, D.
31-N. S. Boynton, St. Clair, R.
32-J. G. Brown, St. Clair, R.
33-George W. Moore, St. Clair, R.
34-W. H. Akker, Macomb, R.
35-Andrew L. Moore, Oakland, R.
36-Fredrick Baldwin, Oakland, R.
37-John J. Carlton, Genesee, R.
38-H. L. Freeman, Genesee, R.
39-J. D. Dalton, Livingston, R.
40-William M. Kilpatrick, Shiawassee, R.
41-Lawton T. Hemans, Ingham, D.
42-Albert M. Cook, Shiawassee, R.
43-Edwin W. Burt, Shiawassee, R.
44-E. A. Turnbull, Eaton, R.
45-Charles H. Thomas, Barry, R.
46-Fredrick Baldwin, Barry, R.
47-James F. Barnett, Kent, R.
48-E. J. Adams, Kent, R.
49-Roger J. Wykes, Kent, R.
50-Fredrick Baldwin, Kent, R.
51-George E. Ross, Kent, R.
52-H. E. Powell, Ionia, R.
53-J. L. Sutherland, Ionia, R.
54-Fredrick Baldwin, Montcalm, R.
55-John W. Holmes, Gratiot, R.
56-Frank Montfort, Gratiot, R.
57-Henry E. Walbridge, Clinton, R.
58-Charles D. Thompson, Huron, R.
59-James H. Hall, Huron, R.
60-William Dawson, Sanilac, R.
61-W. E. Brown, Lanseur, R.
62-Fredrick Baldwin, Tuscola, R.
63-W. S. Wilson, Tuscola, R.
64-John Baird, Saginaw, R.
65-Ernest A. Snow, Saginaw, D.
66-A. M. Wheeler, Saginaw, D.
67-Chas. M. Black, Muskegon, R.
68-Wm. E. Quinn, Muskegon, R.
69-Colon C. Little, Ottawa, R.
70-Fredrick Baldwin, Bay, R.
71-Frank S. Pratt, Bay, R.
72-F. L. Post, Midland, R.
73-Edwin O. Shaw, Newaygo, R.
74-A. M. Wheeler, Charlevoix, R.
75-Archibald Broomefield, Mecosta, R.
76-P. R. Bishop, Mason, R.
77-Fredrick Baldwin, Oceana, R.
78-R. S. Rubeck, Anisette, R.
79-L. F. Knowles, Charlevoix, R.
80-F. F. Sawyer, Wexford, R.
81-C. J. Davison, Gladwin, R.
82-Fredrick Baldwin, Ogemaw, R.
83-H. H. Woodruff, Roscommon, R.
84-O. H. Smith, Alcona, R.
85-W. T. Townsend, Otsego, R.
86-Merritt Chandler, Presque Isle, R.
87-A. L. Deuel, Emmett, R.
88-W. J. Oberdorfer, Menominee, R.
89-Frank M. DeLo, Delta, R.
90-Charles H. Watson, Ionia, R.
91-Davis T. Morgan, Marquette, R.
92-Richard W. Dickinson, R.
93-G. R. Campbell, Houghton, R.
94-W. G. Calvale, Houghton, R.
95-C. H. Houck, Gogebic, R.

Senatorial District.

- 1-Henry M. Campbell, Wayne, R.
2-Louis E. Tossy, Wayne, D.
3-Thomas H. Brown, Wayne, R.
4-M. E. Burt, Wayne, R.
5-Levi L. Barbour, Wayne, R.
6-Charles C. Simons, Wayne, R.
7-Joseph Merrill, Wayne, D.
8-F. F. Ingram, Wayne, D.
9-F. F. Ingram, Wayne, D.
10-Ignatius J. Sallotte, Wayne, R.
11-William C. Manchester, Wayne, R.
12-George W. Corbett, Wayne, R.
13-Clark E. Baldwin, Lenawee, R.
14-George R. Horton, Lenawee, R.
15-L. B. Robertson, Lenawee, R.
16-J. P. Stewart, St. Joseph, R.
17-Alfred Milnes, Branch, R.
18-Victor Hawkins, Hillsdale, R.
19-L. C. Frye, Horicon, R.
20-Fred. W. Burt, Saginaw, R.
21-W. C. Jones, Cass, R.
22-Charles Thew, Allegan, R.
23-B. F. Hewitt, Van Buren, R.
24-Guy J. Wheeler, St. Eustace, R.
25-E. C. Nichols, Calhoun, R.
26-Delos Fall, Calhoun, R.
27-R. Taylor, Kalamazoo, R.
28-Fredrick Baldwin, Branch, R.
29-John A. Fairlie, Washtenaw, R.
30-M. J. Cavanaugh, D.
31-N. S. Boynton, St. Clair, R.
32-J. G. Brown, St. Clair, R.
33-George W. Moore, St. Clair, R.
34-W. H. Akker, Macomb, R.
35-Andrew L. Moore, Oakland, R.
36-Fredrick Baldwin, Oakland, R.
37-John J. Carlton, Genesee, R.
38-H. L. Freeman, Genesee, R.
39-J. D. Dalton, Livingston, R.
40-William M. Kilpatrick, Shiawassee, R.
41-Lawton T. Hemans, Ingham, D.
42-Albert M. Cook, Shiawassee, R.
43-Edwin W. Burt, Shiawassee, R.
44-E. A. Turnbull, Eaton, R.
45-Charles H. Thomas, Barry, R.
46-Fredrick Baldwin, Barry, R.
47-James F. Barnett, Kent, R.
48-E. J. Adams, Kent, R.
49-Roger J. Wykes, Kent, R.
50-Fredrick Baldwin, Kent, R.
51-George E. Ross, Kent, R.
52-H. E. Powell, Ionia, R.
53-J. L. Sutherland, Ionia, R.
54-Fredrick Baldwin, Montcalm, R.
55-John W. Holmes, Gratiot, R.
56-Frank Montfort, Gratiot, R.
57-Henry E. Walbridge, Clinton, R.
58-Charles D. Thompson, Huron, R.
59-James H. Hall, Huron, R.
60-William Dawson, Sanilac, R.
61-W. E. Brown, Lanseur, R.
62-Fredrick Baldwin, Tuscola, R.
63-W. S. Wilson, Tuscola, R.
64-John Baird, Saginaw, R.
65-Ernest A. Snow, Saginaw, D.
66-A. M. Wheeler, Saginaw, D.
67-Chas. M. Black, Muskegon, R.
68-Wm. E. Quinn, Muskegon, R.
69-Colon C. Little, Ottawa, R.
70-Fredrick Baldwin, Bay, R.
71-Frank S. Pratt, Bay, R.
72-F. L. Post, Midland, R.
73-Edwin O. Shaw, Newaygo, R.
74-A. M. Wheeler, Charlevoix, R.
75-Archibald Broomefield, Mecosta, R.
76-P. R. Bishop, Mason, R.
77-Fredrick Baldwin, Oceana, R.
78-R. S. Rubeck, Anisette, R.
79-L. F. Knowles, Charlevoix, R.
80-F. F. Sawyer, Wexford, R.
81-C. J. Davison, Gladwin, R.
82-Fredrick Baldwin, Ogemaw, R.
83-H. H. Woodruff, Roscommon, R.
84-O. H. Smith, Alcona, R.
85-W. T. Townsend, Otsego, R.
86-Merritt Chandler, Presque Isle, R.
87-A. L. Deuel, Emmett, R.
88-W. J. Oberdorfer, Menominee, R.
89-Frank M. DeLo, Delta, R.
90-Charles H. Watson, Ionia, R.
91-Davis T. Morgan, Marquette, R.
92-Richard W. Dickinson, R.
93-G. R. Campbell, Houghton, R.
94-W. G. Calvale, Houghton, R.
95-C. H. Houck, Gogebic, R.

Senatorial District.

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Victims of Lightning.

Niel Cary, 60, a farmer living two miles north of Hanover, was struck by lightning Monday afternoon, while plowing, and he and two horses were instantly killed. Deceased lived in Hanover township all his life and is survived by a widow and three grown sons.

Lightning struck the Gilford township schoolhouse Monday afternoon, the bolt passing through the chimney and shattering the stove. There was a panic among the children and the daughter of Daniel McKay, of Nelson, was seriously burned by the flash.

Cyrus Harper, of Grant township, lost his second barn by lightning Monday morning. The loss is \$4,000. Three years ago his barn was struck and destroyed. He built the new on the old foundations and it was one of the finest in the county.

During a terrific electrical storm that visited Dearborn and vicinity Monday night, a barn on the farm of G. W. Lane, about one and a half miles southeast of the village was struck by lightning and the building and its contents burned to the ground. A span of valuable horses were burned alive. The loss will reach \$3,000. No insurance.

Lightning struck the fine homestead on the William Hite farm, near Flint, Monday, and the residence burned to the ground. A peculiar fact in connection with the storm was noticed in that the only flash of lightning was the one that resulted in the destruction of the residence, which was considered one of the best in Genesee county.

The severe thunder storm Monday evening did considerable damage to telephone and electric light wires in Detroit, plunged River Rouge village in darkness, caused a few fires and cleared the atmosphere.

Boys Were Blown to Atoms.

Leslie Ehret, 18; Bert Simmons, 15, and Clifford Simmons, 17, while hunting on the outskirts of Cheboygan Sunday morning, slipped a shanty in a clearing. They opened fire on the building, as is supposed. At all events there was an explosion that killed the boys, leveled trees, dug a hole in the ground where the shanty had been and broke a lot of window glass in town. The shanty was a dynamite storehouse and contained 350 pounds of the explosive.

The mangled remains of the three young hunters were found strewn about the landscape.

An incident of the explosion was the shaking up given the Congregational church, plaster falling on the heads of the congregation.

Ehret graduated from high school last summer and was ready to enter the U. of M. September 13.

Algeo is Dead.

Lewis S. Algeo, of Fenton, died at Emergency Hospital, Detroit, on Sunday. On August 31 he was found unconscious in Winkler's hotel, Randolph street, with gas escaping from the jet in his room. He had come to Detroit from Fenton on business a few days before, and was supposed to have had a large sum of money. Only a small amount was found on him, when Coroner Parker, acting as a physician, and Proprietor Winkler of the hotel broke in the door of his room and rescued him. The doctor succeeded in partly reviving him and had him sent to the hospital. Later he fully recovered his senses, but was unable to explain how the gas was turned on. He said he remembered nothing after retiring. A few days before his death he got worse suddenly and gradually passed away.

Couldn't Resist the Lure.

Lured by the desire for pleasure for the high-priced seats in the theaters and a taste for costly after-theater suppers—Earl Malcon, aged 27, of Pontiac, burglarized the safe of his former employer and is now held in prison, having confessed to the theft. Malcon comes from a good family and his brother was formerly a well-known merchant of the city.

Around the State.

Peter C. Bird, of Romulus, is promoting the organization of a new private bank.

S. S. Tower, of Onaway, has been appointed state deputy game and forest warden by State Game Warden Pierce.

Gov. Warner has hit upon a scheme to reduce the running expenses of the various state institutions. Every month he has printed a comparative table showing the different prices paid for provisions, and copies are sent to every institution manager and board member. For the month of July there was a difference of nearly \$2 between the price paid for beef at the Michigan Soldiers' home and the Eastern Michigan asylum. Gov. Warner believes the comparisons will give institution managers an inspiration to buy cheap.

While excavating at the north end of Seventh street in Calumet, tearing down a row of dilapidated cottages, a gang of workmen uncovered a pile of silver dollars. Their eyes bulged for a moment, probably expecting they had discovered some old pirate's strong chest, but the 29 dollars turned out to be counterfeit, though a fine imitation. Twenty-one years ago the copper country was flooded with the "queer" and a band of counterfeiters was rounded up by the officers. It was in one of these old cottages that members of the band operated. The dollars found had never been circulated.

All records for attendance at the Calhoun county district fair were broken Thursday, when Treasurer T. J. Shipp announced that 30,000 people were on the grounds.

Lake Superior copper production showed a heavy decrease last month, being approximately only 19,000,000 pounds of refined copper, or practically 1,000,000 pounds less than in the previous month.

Judge George W. Smith, of the Oakland-Lapeer circuit court, says Judge Artman is wrong in the statement that the courts can abolish the saloons in Michigan and notes statutes to back up his opinion.

Snatching a butcher knife from the cable, William Smith, 46 years old, a farmer living near Dundee, slashed his throat from ear to ear while his wife witnessed the horrifying spectacle. Smith has been demented for over a year.

The Twenty-seventh Michigan infantry held their annual reunion in Carson City and soldiers of Ionia, Montcalm, Gratiot and Clinton counties held the annual picnic at the same time.

Chester F. Hall, the Ingham township farmer, who went into mourning sleep, has been committed to the Michigan insane asylum.

Killed by Mexican Robbers.

With the announcement of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Lucille McGrath, of Salt Lake City, formerly of Detroit, to Charles Smead McDonald, of St. Louis, Ky., which was received by mail in Detroit Sunday, came almost simultaneously the news of the murder of George Rose, of Benton Harbor, Mich., to whom was married Miss McGrath's sister Winifred, and the serious injury of the latter.



# In Unspoiled Tripoli

By Habel Loomis Todd

Tripoli Most Enchanting of Oriental Cities—Quaint Characters and Costumes on the Streets—A Silver City in the Moonlight—Life in the Harem—Inmates Heavily Jeweled and Tattooed—Weird Wedding Celebration—Bride a Concentrated Nightmare of Color—Hands Covered with Gold-Leaf—Guests from the Desert.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Habel Loomis Todd, wife of Prof. David P. Todd, the noted astronomer of Amherst college, has enjoyed unusual facilities for traveling in little known corners of the earth, having accompanied her husband on journeys and taken for purposes of astronomical research. Her father was David Loomis, astronomer of Harvard university. Besides being a talented writer for the magazines and author of several books, Mrs. Todd is a successful lecturer.)

Pedestrians have few rights in the narrow thoroughfares of Tripoli. In pursuing one's devious way, the tiny hoofs of omnipresent donkeys perhaps make sound enough to indicate their approach, even if their drivers did not conscientiously shout "Balik! Balik!" to the unwary. But they never swerve from their course. If one succeeds in jumping out of the way in time, well and good. Not even so much notice is given of the soft-footed progress of the camel. During my weeks in Tripoli, most enchanting of unspoiled oriental cities, the first indication of the camel's presence was often the long, arched neck curving quite over my shoulder as he silently overtook me and the supremely scornful face close beside mine. It was quite indifferent to him where his next footstep fell, but not being equally so to us, he immediately possessed the street in clear and unrestricted ownership. Four feet, not two, reign in Tripoli.

Humanity indeed is harder to disentangle. Nationalities multiply with every step. Along the white walls and buildings, Arabs, Bedouins and Moors wrapped in white barracan flit swiftly, while Greeks, Maltese, black Sudanese and Fezzani—some polished like patent leather, others finished in dull tints like ebony—with fez and turban rags and brotze limbs, Turkish trousers and Albanian drapery give still further accent, and would absolutely defy one to identify one's locality if suddenly set down in the midst of it all.

In Tunis the Arabian women hide their faces, except the eyes, by a tightly strapped black veil, otherwise completely wrapped in a white bur-noose. In Tripoli no veil is worn, but half of the left eye only is permitted to remain unshielded, and the barracan is put on differently. I took several lessons in adjusting it, attaining at last quite a degree of proficiency. But I fear the right manipulation of all the complicated, if graceful, folds would not be possible in a country of tailor-made suits and sealskin coats. One's mental fitness varies with environment. The peeping advantage of one bright black eye, or a small part of it, is rather an advantage than otherwise, for one may imagine all sorts of concealed beauty behind the white folds. A suggestion of something too choice and lovely for casual gaze envelops them, though in all my Tripoli experiences actual sight of the street shrouded faces never failed to disenchant. American adoption of the barracan might enhance the attractiveness of our street parades.

Looking out of my window one morning—an entertaining employment hardly to be resisted—I witnessed an altercation which promised to turn into a genuine encounter. The combatants were apparently a jet-black vendor of bottles carried about in a little push cart, and a lighter colored and more fully clothed and bearded person with a table on his head. A crowd of all the nations of the earth speedily collected, and the conversation reached a pitch that suggested the tearing out of eyes and hair at once. But Arabic is curiously emphatic, voices at best loud and hoarse with a guttural "catch" in the throat quite inimitable; and this street fight turned out to be merely an amicable difference of opinion soon adjusted by a laugh from a bystander.

Maltese women in the black head cover and cloak combined, several one-eyed Moslem dames and two anxious-looking Roman Catholic sisters with a small brood of children whom they seemed to be inflicting into the difficult art of wearing European clothes, were among the spectators; a Franciscan monk in brown robe and rope girdle stopped a moment as he passed, while a heavily turbaned Turk in a gorgeous red robe looked scornfully upon these inferior persons playing at emotions.

Days passed before I could intelligently study these types, or feel otherwise than that all were disappointing themselves with histrionic intent.

If these ordinary street scenes were picturesque, how much more the great Tuesday market or fair on the beach or piazetta, where all the inhabitants for miles around from country and desert having anything to sell assemble by sunrise and establish the ephemeral but crowded city of tents close to the gentle Mediterranean surf! Thousands come every week, laying out the seats and blankets in rows facing each other like Nile streets. As in many oriental bazaars, articles of one kind are together. First the we-

ter a narrow way led between booths where meat was displayed in tempting cuts; the next showed vegetables; another showed fruits, apricots, mulberries and a few belated oranges. Farther back, rade rugs and saddlebags were displayed by strange men with wild but not unamiable faces, while barbarous old women sold bead bracelets and huge earrings, strings of coral, silver chains and bandanna handkerchiefs. Plaid cottons, woven in Tripoli, in brilliant reds and yellows—barracans for the poorer class, who cannot afford the finer white ones—gave attractive suggestion of their utility as curtains and portieres in summer houses. But as usual much conversation on the subject was necessary before a bargain was made on the basis of a proper price. The sellers spoke Arabic to our attendant—the gorgeously impressive cavasse of the British consulate—who turned their remarks into modern Greek for the consul's daughter, she in turn reconstructing it all in French for me.

A row of Arab men made on the spot the close-fitting white caps worn under the fez by men, and wild desert women, hardly a degree above four-footed animals, were selling embroidered lead coverings for little girls younger than four years. One of the most picturesque groups was composed of desert women seated flat in the sand surrounded by the woven straw covers for the bowls of cuscus, a universal edible. These covers, like rather flat yet conical hats, with brilliant-colored strips of flannel woven in them, and of all sizes, were endlessly attractive, and I loaded the cavasse and my patient donkey with the spoils won by four languages.

But life in the harems, with the inner courtyard as its chief theater, is unique. My first morning spent in these visits is most memorable. No Moslem young girl in Tripoli goes into the street after early childhood until she has been some time married and then only after the customary style of barracan shelter. And one or two young girls with whom I talked evinced a good deal of curiosity about the outer world, though never for a moment deeming it possible that they could see it for themselves before marriage. The coming husband is distinctly a liberator.

In one house the daughter was making a sort of coarse lace with a crochet needle. Her mother seemed to be washing some garment in a big flat bowl on the tiled floor of the court, her back bent double as she leaned, standing, to her task. Another middle-aged woman was seated on the floor of a room opening on the courtyard, sifting flour into different grades of fineness, preparatory to cuscus. A wizened little old woman crouched in a corner, grinding coffee in a tiny brass mill, and a few children seemed to be promiscuously scattered about. All the women were heavily laden with necklaces and bracelets and huge earrings. The courts were quite clean, many beautifully tiled with Moorish tiles, but barbarously injured by the omnipresent whitewash. A handsome black woman from the interior seemed to be chief hostess in another harem, but a number of young married women of different nations hovered about with babies, pounds of jewelry and tattoo. One was quite covered with the blue-black symbols—face, hands, arms—and, as she proudly announced, she had done it all herself, though not after the usual gunpowder method.

Our shoes were removed, as in Japan, to go into the inner rooms, and a white sheepskin was brought for me to sit on. In one rather dirty little patio a forest of thread after dyeing was hanging overhead to dry in great skeins of scarlet and yellow and a pretty young girl was manipulating reels and bobbins as she sat in the shade. In another dwelling the chief apartment was shown—full of fine gold embroidery, on pillows and cushions and divans, hung on the wall, spread on the floor. Heavily curtained beds at each end were piled high with gorgeous cushions. It was still called the bridal chamber, though the bride showed her lusty babe of a year with evident pride, while a second, three weeks old, lay gurgling and meditating in a cradle close by.

Sounds in Tripoli are almost as picturesque as its sights, and several times, generally at night, one especially joyous cry echoed through the streets with a singularly penetrating vibration. This happy scream sometimes announces a birth, but it may be used to proclaim a wedding as well, or other fortunate happening. One Wednesday evening three genuine Carabes passed, two containing Arab ladies and the last filled with black women, chanting weirdly, occasionally giving vent to the characteristic resonant tremolo.

All this signified that a prospective bridegroom's mother was announcing to the town her approaching happiness. Glad tidings filled the air. The next night, Thursday, a favorite night for weddings, a large procession passed up and down through the narrow streets for hours. Arab men closely wrapped in white barracans like ghosts marched ahead of a company of black men, beating drums, burning red fire and exploding rockets and fire crackers. Behind came Moslem boys carrying lanterns and occasionally stinging. In the rear walked the expectant bridegroom, taking this emphatic farewell of bachelorhood. Until two o'clock in the morning he paraded the streets, entertaining his friends and giving them a fine supper at the end. Meantime the little bride would be brought by her relatives to his house, with somewhat less flourish, and placed in charge of her mother.

Some time during the day he has been to the mosque, but it is not necessary for the bride to go.

The next day, Friday, I was invited to the wedding festivities. The families were of a far higher class than those of the harems I had previously seen. The pleasant courtyard was lined with fine green tiles in good designs, the rooms opening directly upon it and also from a gallery above. In the center flat on the floor sat a dozen black women with coarse tambourines and small drums, keeping up an incessant though intermittent noise of chanting, but ranged about the sides on a platform slightly raised sat the chief female relatives and friends of the high contracting parties, and their effect was so theatrically dazzling that it was some time before I discovered which might be the bride. The love of aniline dyes rather than the lovely old sort oriental colors had infected all ranks, and as each Arab lady in Tripoli when indoors appeared in all the seven colors of the spectrum and a good many more not recognized by the rainbow, the effect of 40 or 50 together was overpowering. Jackets, blouses, short skirts, Turkish trousers, silk stockings, gold slippers and crimson, pink, cobalt blue, scarlet, yellow, silver-gauze and gold brocade distributed liberally on each woman—words convey little of the effect. Each face was painted dead white, with startling crimson triangles accurately set upon the cheeks; eyebrows were heavily outlined in black and connected over the nose and yards of gold sequins and beads were looped around neck and arms and forehead.

In the center of all this gorgeousness sat the little bride, rigidly erect and immovable, with two especially resplendent friends on each side to fan and otherwise attend her. For hours she must neither move nor smile, nor even wink. Her hands were spread stiffly upon her knees, the fingers black with henna and gold leaf thickly laid on up to her wrists; while as to costume, she was a concentrated nightmare of color. Her hair was braided down with blue silk and silver, her vest was gold brocade, her trousers were of blue velvet; scarlet and crimson disported bewilderingly among yards of gold coins and chains of some white-petaled flower. Half a dozen holes in each ear supported an immense weight of ornaments; bracelets reached the shoulder. In every detail her decorations were bigger and brighter and more amazing than those of the others.

Friday, from just before sunset, the bride sits thus like a statue for an hour or two, while the bridal chamber is examined, the viands discussed and much hilarity prevails among the assembled women. The father of this particular bride had had but four wives, and there had been but 50 children altogether. Of these 25 or 30 had died young, so the poor man had not married into a very extensive connection. But he was grateful for even so many relatives-in-law.

The most really interesting figures in all this wedding party were a group of Bedouins, who had come up from the desert, strange, bright-eyed women, with the great Sahara spaces breathing from their weird personalities. They were draped in silver chains and bangles, their dark robes being held together by splendid old silver clasps and buckles. Their earrings were so heavy that they had to be attached to the head covering as well. These were the real essence of the east, the breezy embodiment of free air, but showing, too, a shy distrust of ways other than their own.

Saturday, too, the little bride sits for hours in state, but afterward the ceremonies proper are over, though she is dressed and waited upon and made the guest of honor in her husband's house for a month. After that practical life begins.

Grotesque as are some customs, confused as are nationalities and races, there is yet a strange and inexplicable charm about Tripoli. It took a permanent hold upon my heart and imagination, and when I saw its white minarets and domes grow less upon the horizon, fading almost into the blue of the incomparable Mediterranean, I was glad to remember that I had surely stepped upon the little plate of brass at the sea gate as I came away, which by a native superstition means certain return to Tripolitan joys.

The Feeling Was the Same. There is a little girl in a little town "up the state" who has been brought up most carefully, and whose father and mother have taken the utmost pains that she should hear nothing but English, absolutely untainted by slang, to say nothing of more forcible language. She was therefore kept from the society of children of her own age, and the weekly young people's meetings at one of the village churches were the only form of entertainment (if such they may be called) that she had ever attended.

One evening she was playing all by herself as usual, and had built on the side porch an imposing edifice of blocks. She sat looking at it, possibly planning additional improvements, when her elder brother, "a real grown-up young man," came up the steps with one of his college friends. One of these made a careless step, and in an instant the house of blocks was in ruins. The little girl jumped to her feet and stood a moment, struggling with emotions that seemed too large for her, then she burst out: "Christian! Christian! Bank of America! Christian! Christian! Bank of America! Christian! Christian! Bank of America!"

## From the State Capital

Information and Gossip Furnished by Special Correspondent at Lansing.

Lansing.—Members of the Michigan M. E. conference are not anxious to see a reduction in the size of the general conference of the denomination, as was evidenced by the session at Albion. In the first place the present membership, approximately 725, is not in reality an unwieldy body, though many do so claim. It is, in fact, little bigger than the Presbyterian general assembly. In the second place—and this is the argument that generally ranks first in the secret meditations of the persons—a shrinkage in the size of the supreme legislative body will reduce the number of delegates from the Michigan conference. This will render it more difficult for the ambitious minister or layman to struggle upward into the eligible class. It lessens each clergyman's chance for election as general overseer, or bishop, and every young parson has a secret hope that he may some day preside over annual conferences and hold the fate of hundreds of fellow preachers in his hand. The present delegation of the Michigan conference consists of eight ministers and eight laymen. It is further pointed out that the eight or ten annual conferences that have thus far gone on record have nearly all turned the proposition down. These are all small conferences which would naturally favor the change from motives of self interest. Little interest can be found in the proposition to elect "racial bishops," meaning negro overseers, who shall preside over the colored conferences of the denomination.

Ask for Civil Service. Two hundred postmasters from the smaller towns of the state attended the annual meeting of the Fourth-class Postmasters' league at Grand Rapids. Congressman Diekmann addressed them on Civil service, which they much desire, was taken up in a paper read by A. S. Knapp, of Attica, and discussed by Delos Siggle, of Grand Junction, and Lewis Wallace, of Jerome. "What we want to see the department do," said President Parks, of Kent City, "is to install the civil service ratings in our class and give us a better standing. As it is now we are entirely responsible for and must do all the office work for rural carriers who draw \$900 a year, while our compensation will not average over \$300. We don't quite see the justice in that."

Peaches at Record Price. A shortage in the September peach crop has seriously affected the price of that fruit. The heavy frosts of November last year are responsible, it is said, for the failure of a large part of the Michigan crop and many orchards in Ohio also were damaged. Prices range from one dollar to \$1.50 higher per bushel than last year and dealers say that this condition will obtain throughout the season. Prices to the retailer range from \$2.50 to three dollars a bushel for the best grades of yellow peaches and from two dollars to \$2.50 a bushel for the white variety. Baskets wholesale at from \$3 to 40 cents and there is little choice fruit now in the market, even at that price.

State Road Sinks from Sight. A mile north of the village of Davison on the old state road a section of the highway five or six rods in length and varying from 50 to 75 feet in width has disappeared entirely, having sunk out of sight during the night, leaving a deep natural reservoir with water. The sink hole has been explored to a depth of 60 feet, but as yet no bottom has been found. No cause is known for the phenomena and there is no present prospect that the hole can be filled up and the roadway restored at that point. The road runs north from Davison through to Bay City and is one of the main traveled highways in that part of the country.

Bean Growers Defiant. "We have got them on the run," declared George Winans, state organizer of the American Society of Equity. "The speculator has been selling beans and potatoes short for October delivery and we have enough held up in the bins so that they must pay the farmers the price that they demand. The farmer is not going to be a fool all his life."

No Contest in Michigan. Railroad Commissioner Glasgow has issued a statement to the people of the state, saying that on September 28 no railroad will be found resisting the operations of the two-cent fare law. All have agreed to adopt the rate without contest.

Refuses to Pay Bank Dividends. George G. Rankin, of Washington, receiver of the defunct First National bank of Niles, which closed its doors in 1901, has filed claims for a lien on endorsement policies owned by Charles A. Johnson, former cashier, which matured last month. He expects to be able to pay, from the proceeds, an additional five per cent to the depositors. Johnson is serving a ten-year sentence in the Detroit house of correction for using \$20,000 of the bank's money in private speculation.

Quality of Wheat Fair. Wheat, according to the state crop report, yielded 14 bushels per acre on an average in Michigan this year. The quality was fair, the percentage being 84. Oats are estimated to yield 21 bushels per acre, the quality being given at 80. Rye is estimated to yield 14 bushels. The condition of corn is reported at 78 per cent, beans at 82, potatoes at 77 and cloverseed at 66. Beans and potatoes lost nine points each in the August crop report, as compared with the July report. Dry, cold weather also caused corn to fall two points. Corn averages 77 in southern and central counties, beans average 82 in southern counties and 77 in central. Potatoes rate 78 in southern counties, 70 in central; state, 77. Live stock is reported generally in good condition, except that hog cholera is reported in a few localities.

Object to the New Law. After having been in annual session for two days at Flint the fire insurance agents of Michigan have adjourned to meet next year at Saginaw. The co-insurance enactment of the last legislature came up for consideration at the business session and was held to work a needless hardship upon firms and individuals who take out fire insurance, in the way of a duplication of their signatures to applications for policies. A committee, consisting of Judge Brevoort, of Detroit; G. L. Waddock, of Saginaw, and Fred B. Spear, of Bay City, was appointed to take the matter up with Gov. Warner and Commissioner of Insurance Barry with a view to having the objectionable enactment repealed or amended at the next session of the legislature.

Echo of A. Hill Charges. Gov. Warner's communication received in an executive session of the legislature last winter, offering to prove the charges against Hon. Arthur Hill of Saginaw, during the senatorial contest, has just been made public through its publication in the executive journal. The letter states: "It has come to me through the state press and other sources that there was objection raised to the confirmation of this appointment on the ground that Mr. Bird was responsible for the statement given out by me during the late senatorial contest. I alone was responsible for that statement and believed it my duty to take the position I did, and I am ready and willing to defend my course at any time the legislature desires to take action."

Ann Arbor Goes It Alone. Ann Arbor will not join in with Detroit for a celebration at the Jamestown exposition but will go it alone. Ann Arbor day will probably follow Michigan day about the middle of October. Mayor Henderson will have a representative from the university and one from the city as speakers and Prof. Renwick will give a big organ recital. There are enough alumni in the south to make it a big event.

Doubtful on Voting Machines. Ingham officials are at a loss to decide whether voting machines may be used at the coming election of delegates to the constitutional convention, and are awaiting a decision of the supreme court on the question. The matter has already been brought before the court. It is claimed to be a mechanical impossibility for a voter to express his choice among the candidates by means of the machines.

Warring on Machines. Democrats of the seventh senatorial district have declared war on the voting machines for the constitutional convention. It is the plan of the leaders to ask the courts to declare the automatic ballot illegal and the paper ballot to be used in this fight. They will cooperate with J. W. Helme, of Adrian, who has already commenced mandamus proceedings before the supreme court.

Michigan Not in Combine. Michigan carriage manufacturers deny the report from Indianapolis to the effect that carriage manufacturers of several states, including Michigan, have combined to boost prices to the trade. It is declared that none of the factories is in any way connected with the reported Indianapolis combine.

State Tuberculosis Sanitarium Open. R. L. Kennedy, of the state tuberculosis sanitarium at Howell, says that two male patients were received, and that there are accommodations for but 14 male patients at present. It is hoped to have erected this fall a building for the accommodation of women.

Trying to Avoid Car Shortage. In view of the possibility of a car shortage during the fall while the crops are being moved, Railroad Commissioner Glasgow is endeavoring to cooperate with the railroads and shippers of coal to encourage the early shipment of fuel and facilitate the handling of supplies so there will not be another famine in Michigan this winter. The commissioner is of the opinion that if coal orders are sent in promptly the bulk of the coal needed in Michigan for the winter may be handled before the crops begin to be moved.

### CURIOSITY AROUSED.

"Do I want a 'party line'?" snapped Mrs. Harker, with much emphasis. "No, indeed! Why, the idea! I wouldn't think of having one."

"Don't blame you, madam," replied the telephone solicitor, with a sly wink at the milkman. "Party lines are very embarrassing. When you go to the phone to call up some one you are likely to hear Mrs. A. telling Mrs. B. all the latest gossip of the neighborhood. Then you will hear the butcher telling Mrs. Z. how much she owes him and what he is going to do if she doesn't pay him."

"Gracious!" "Not only that, but you can hear just what Miss K. says to her beau during lunch hour and what old man Smith is telling the pretty widow down in the apartment house and—what is this use of wasting time? You don't want a party line. They are too embarrassing. Good-day, madam, I—"

But Mrs. Harker had him by the arm. "Come right back," she said, firmly, "and take my order for a party line. What if it is embarrassing? We all have to stand embarrassments sometimes."—Chicago Daily News.

### AN ENTER-PRISING MAN.



She—That good-for-nothing cousin of yours, what is he doing now?

He—Oh, he has gone into a bank.

She—Eroke in at night, I suppose!

Ins and Outs. It does seem strange, without a doubt, in this great race for tin. A man will never be "all out" until he is "all in!"—Chicago Daily News.

Too Dangerous to Be True. Hezekiah—I won't deny that I sent a subterfuge when I wuz drafted during the war;—fact is, I'm proud wif it! That there subterfuge told me himself that he killed more'n a hundred an' fifty rebels! Obadiah (dryly)—I've heard that subterfuges wuz dangerous but you can't make me swaller that yarn!—Puck.

Real Enjoyment. "Do you enjoy automobilism?" asked the young woman at the party. "Very much, indeed," answered the man with the loose-fitting evening clothes. "What kind of a car do you run?" "Oh, I'm not a motorist. I'm the sheriff in a town with a good level piece of road running through it."—Washington Star.

Followed Directions. "Tompkins suffered so terribly from the heat that he had to go to a doctor." "What advice did the doctor give him?" "Told him to take things cool." "What did Tompkins do?" "Took to eating cracked ice and died."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Natural Result. "What is going up now, isn't it?" remarked the casual reader of the papers. "Yes," replied the young speculator with a chuckle. "It's the wheat just now that's behind the dough."—Baltimore American.

No Chance. "Do you consider marriage a lottery?" asked the coy young widow. "Not so you could notice it without a pair of green spectacles," replied the fussy old bachelor. "It's more on the order of a shell game."—Chicago News.

The Reason of It. "Why," asked the unwelcome acquaintance, "do you call your dog Parasite?" "Because," replied the host with grim emphasis, "if he once attaches himself to anyone he is such a persistent hanger-on."—Baltimore American.

It All Depends. "A miss is as good as a mile," remarked the quotation fiend. "Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "A misfortune isn't."—Chicago News.

Deduction. "Jones tried to lick me" yesterday. "And you ran like a scared pig." "What makes you think so?" "You're not in the hospital."

Getting Rid of an Offending Member. "I have some motion pictures to show you," said the speaker. "The show is over at 11. It's nothing since it's been here but we'll see it!"



**PLYMOUTH MAIL**

—BY—  
**F. W. SAMSEN.**

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

One Year ..... \$1.00  
Six Months ..... .75  
Three Months ..... .50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.  
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.  
Circles of thanks, 50 cents.  
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 ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1907.

**DIED OF HIS INJURIES**

**Motorman Bert Robinson in Trolley Line Collision at Ann Arbor Sunday Evening.**

Bert Robinson of this village was severely hurt in a street car collision at Ann Arbor last Sunday evening. Robinson is a motorman on the city line and the accident is characterized as a clear case of criminal negligence. The collision occurred on the main street between a city car and a big interurban car of which Thos. Ellis was motorman and Wm. J. Rose conductor both of Detroit. A number of passengers on the small car were also injured, one lady having her leg broken in two places and another also sustaining a fracture of the limb. Robinson stuck to his car and was crushed, suffering an injury to his head and having both legs fractured. He was released from between the two cars, a doctor attended his injuries temporarily and later was taken to the university hospital where for a time it was feared he would not recover.

The accident, says the Ann Arbor Times, was a case of the utmost criminal negligence, to speak mildly. There is a disagreement among the car crews as to just who is responsible, but there can be no doubt that the accident was one which could have easily been avoided had ordinary sense and caution been employed by the motorman, Thos. Ellis, of the interurban car. It is plainly evident that the accident was due to a clash as to what was deemed the rights of the road and the assertion of those rights by the big car crew. There was formerly a rule of the company that the car passing the switch at Huron or William street first was entitled to the right of way but it is said that a later bulletin issued to the crews after the road passed into the hands of the D. U. E. gave orders that the city cars were to always avoid delaying the interurban service. Under this rule care is taken by the city men to see that no big car is in sight when they reach the switches and even where the cars round the curves at Huron or Packard street after the city car has passed the switch, to reverse and back up if there is chance of delaying the big car.

On the other hand it is customary for the interurban crews who have been on the road for a long period, to exercise the same care and concede to the city cars some right on the line and wait for them if they had proceeded far enough to warrant it. In this instance there was no interurban in sight when the city car passed Huron street, and it had passed Washington street when the big one hove in sight. From the location of the accident, in fact, the small car must have reached Liberty street before the big car left William street, hence there could have been no possible excuse for the big car starting until the city car had passed the turn, excepting that Motorman Ellis had miscalculated his mind to assert his right to the track and make the other car back up.

Mrs. Robinson was notified Sunday evening of the accident, and immediately left for Ann Arbor and has since been at her husband's side. They live on South Main street and Mrs. Robinson has been employed of late in the store of H. W. Murray. The couple have no children.

Ellis and Rose were arrested by the police charged with assault with intent to kill and murder. They were jailed, being unable to secure \$500 bail. Mike Tammer and Alva Baxter, of Ann Arbor, were in the smoking compartment of the big car and, on approaching the Williams-st. switch, they stepped out into the motorman's vestibule and asked the man with the power lever to let them off at Liberty-st., the next street from Williams. The small car was coming but Ellis got the word to go ahead from the conductor. These two men say that Ellis remarked:

"There comes that little fellow and he wants me to back up. He has held me five or six times and I am going to make him back up this time."

Ellis at the jail denies that he ever made such a remark.

Bert Robinson, motorman injured in the collision at Ann Arbor last Sunday evening, died Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock. An operation was performed Monday and hopes were entertained he might pull through, but surgical skill and careful nursing was of no avail. Deceased leaves father, mother, three sisters and three brothers, and a wife to whom he had been married about two years. He was 24 years old. The funeral will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from M. E. church.

The Modern women of Detroit will initiate 1000 candidates next Wednesday evening. Local members of Northville Camp who wish to attend the initiation are notified that a special car will leave Northville at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday. Returning conveyances will be provided from Northville for the Plymouth party.

Remember the Silver Medal contest at the M. E. church Friday evening, Sept. 27. The contestants are the Misses Nellie Hook, Ethel Gracen, Florence Lee, Viola Richmond, Virgie Thompson and Myra Dickenson. They are under the instruction of Mrs. M. E. Butler, a very able elocutionist of Detroit. The price of admission is 15 cents.

The Milford fair will be held this year October 1-4. Special attractions are booked this season and the management promises the finest exhibits ever. There will be horse racing every day and three ball games are scheduled. Plymouth plays on Thursday with the D. U. R. Undoubtedly the boys will take with them a large bunch of rooters and the fair usually draws quite a number of other visitors from here.

Gov. Warner has hit upon a scheme to reduce the running expenses of the various state institutions. Every month he has printed a comparative table showing the different prices paid for provisions, and copies are sent to every institution manager and board member. For the month of July there was a difference of nearly \$2 between the price paid for beef at the Michigan Soldiers' home and the Eastern Michigan asylum. Gov. Warner believes the comparisons will give institution managers an inspiration to buy cheaper.

George Wilcox was married yesterday to Miss Harriett Hill at the home of the bride in Chicago. Chas. A. Fisher acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox are expected to return to Plymouth today, a home being ready for the bride to reside over. While the groom is one of the best known and popular young men of the village, the bride comes here comparatively a stranger. Plymouth society, however, will give her a very cordial reception, and at the same time extend congratulations to George in his release from bachelorhood.

John Sweet was re-appointed presiding elder of the Detroit district by Bishop Berry at the M. E. conference. Rev. E. King comes back to his charge in Plymouth as was expected. Rev. W. G. Stephens goes from Northville to Fowlerville and Rev. J. B. Turner comes to Northville from Onaway. Rev. J. B. Oliver is returned to his church in Detroit, as is also Rev. E. E. Caster to Lima Center and C. E. Stedman to Wayne. Rev. H. Goldie was assigned to Saline, but will be transferred to the Central Ohio conference which body meets in Toledo next week and he expects to go down there.

**CHURCH NEWS.**

**METHODIST.**

Morning service at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11:30 Epworth League at 6. Evening service at 7 p. m. Preaching forenoon and evening by the pastor.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**

Sunday morning service at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 10:00 A. M. Subject, "Reality." Sunday school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7 P. M. Every one is welcome.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**

Sunday 10:00, morning worship. Special service for the old people. Sermon on "How to Grow Old Gracefully." All are welcome at this service and especially the aged. Conveyances will be provided for those unable to walk to the church. 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Westminster Guild. No evening service. Union temperance service at Baptist church as per other announcements.

Instead of the usual Thursday evening prayer service next week there will be a missionary rally in the church parlor on Wednesday evening at 7:00 under the auspices of the Westminster Guild. Mrs. C. Scott Williams of San Luis Potosi, Old Mexico, will speak. All are welcome.

**Meet After Twenty-two Years.**

A Port Huron dispatch dated Sept. 17th, says: For the first time in twenty-two years, James and Henry Dalrymple brothers, met in this city on Monday night and talked over their boyhood days. The two were separated when young, Henry remaining in Port Huron and James going to Plymouth, Mich.

For over a score of years they lost trace of each other, but renewed correspondence a few days ago with the result that no time was lost in arranging a reunion. The brothers are twins and it is most impossible to distinguish one from the other. James Dalrymple was accompanied by his wife and both will remain for some time.

"But," said Miss Gull, "her name, with the date of her birth, is in their family Bible, isn't it?"  
"Yes," replied Miss Waa, "but the entry is in her handwriting."—Pittsburgh Courier.

**Health Economy**



**FERRINSVILLE.**

Arthur Hanchett was in Farmington last week Thursday.

Miss Eva Cavanaugh and Caroline Liphardt of River Rouge visited with Mrs. Maty York a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Tina Haaki has gone to Harper hospital to undergo an operation.

Mrs. Mary Robinson has gone to Detroit for a short time.

Miss Nellie Fox was in Detroit last Sunday.

Miss Thille Meyer and Miss Anna Wedham of Detroit visited Miss Lizzie Theuer last Sunday and Monday.

Miss Amanua Rutenbar was very seriously hurt near Eloise last Friday evening while getting off a car. She was taken to the hospital at Eloise and at last report was still unconscious.

Mrs. Lawrence of near Wayne visited at Mrs. Straight's last Sunday.

Miss Viola Wilson visited friends and relatives in Detroit last Sunday and Monday.

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

Fred Theuer of Wallaceville spent Sunday afternoon with his parents. George Baehr and daughter Alma were in Detroit last Tuesday.

"East Lynne" at the Opera House.

Plymouth theater goers are to have dramatic treat next Monday and Tuesday nights. The Raymond and Poore Amusement Co. had two open dates for their "East Lynne" Co. following their engagement in Flint, and arrangements have been made for productions for two nights, presenting "East Lynne" Monday evening and "Lady Audley's Secret" Tuesday night. This company carries twenty people with a full uniformed band and orchestra, and is a guaranteed city attraction. Band concerts will be given both days at noon and at 7:30 P. M. The Orchestra will play for each production. In addition to the excellent dramatic productions, a line of specialties will be introduced both nights between the acts.

By a special arrangement with the management the prices are reduced, for this one engagement only, to 15, 25 and 35 cents. Don't forget the dates, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 23 and 24, at the Opera House.

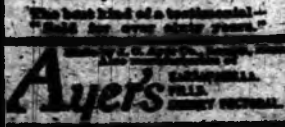
"East Lynne" at the Opera House last night was a revelation to all who have seen this play before as an entirely new version was produced. Miss Taylor, as Lady Isabelle, Mr. Meaney, as Archibald, and Mr. Poore as Sir Francis Levison, display exceptionally strong dramatic ability. They were ably supported in the minor parts. The Zouave Band gave two concerts that drew large crowds. Prof. Zellenki and his orchestra entertained the audience between the acts with a higher class of music than is generally rendered by an orchestra of this kind. A return date will do a capacity business.—Peebles Daily News.

**W. C. T. U.**

There was a good representation at the meeting held at the hall last Thursday, and the Committee had a very fine program which was well carried out. It is very certain that the majority of our members don't know what they are missing these days in not attending our interesting meetings. The meeting next week Thursday, Sept. 26, will be held at Mrs. Carrie Markham's. It will be a tea meeting for which ten cents will be charged. A cordial welcome is extended to every one interested in our work.—Supt. Press.

**My Hair Ran Away**

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.



PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

**YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS!  
Lockhart's Mill-End Sale is Going On Here!**

Twice a year C. A. Lockhart, the original Mill-End Sale man, has brought his unrivaled offerings to Detroit. His present sale is the 19th at our store, and to-day the buying public is more enthusiastic over Mill-End bargains than ever before. This is the best proof of merit. Enduring success cannot be won by a sale that is not strictly legitimate and worthy of the people's support.

Mill-Ends from the greatest factories in America have been pouring into our store for weeks past—Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Goods, Linens, Domestic, Ribbons, Carpets and countless lots of nearly every line of merchandise, embracing sample lines, surplus stocks, remnants, etc. The merchandise is all new and of prime quality—exactly the same as you would pay full price for anywhere else. But by Mr. Lockhart's method of gathering and selling Mill-Ends through this store you can save at least 25 per cent, and in many cases full 1/2 or more, from regular prices.

See the wonderful bargains in women's Coats, Suits and Skirts, Girls' Dresses and Winter Coats, men's and boys' Clothing and Headwear, Shoes in all styles, Muslin Underwear, Petticoats, Corsets and other lines too numerous to mention. The sale will positively end Saturday, Sept. 28th.

**Partridge & Blackwell,**

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave.

"THE HEART OF DETROIT."



**THE "BUSINESS END"**



**OF A STOVE IS THE FIREPOT**  
THE "ART GARLAND" FIREPOT "DOES THE BUSINESS."

IT'S THE easiest thing in the world to make a firepot WRONG—so easy that you'll find most all of them wrong—wrong construction—wrong principle.

For 70 years there has been no improvement on the actual "BUSINESS END" of a stove until this two-piece revolving firepot was placed in "GARLANDS"



**LOOK AT IT!**

**NOTICE IT'S MADE IN TWO PIECES---**

That's to allow the air to pass into the fire instead of all coming in at the bottom. HOT FIRE WHERE YOU WANT IT---

At the outside edge instead of the middle, where you get little radiation from it. THE LOWER PIECE REVOLVES---

Just put the crank on, give it a turn, and the firepot is as clean as a whistle.

NO POKING—NO FUSSING—NO MUSS—NO DUST—WILL SAVE YOU A TON OF COAL EVERY YEAR YOU USE IT.

**"ART-GARLAND"**

THE STOVE WITH THE REVOLVING FIREPOT

Sold by

**CONNER HARDWARE CO.**

**MILK & CHEESE HIGH**

On account of the high price for Cheese, Milk delivered at the factory is paying fully

**29c per lb. for Butter Fat**

Will pay that price if any one desires to sell by the test.

**Fred M. Warner Cheese Co.**

WE PRINT AUCTION BILLS.

**Penney's Liverpool**

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

**DRAYING OF ALL KINDS** Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited.

**CZAR PENNEY**

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## 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 22, Plymouth, Mich.

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

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## Local News

Bert Berdan of Detroit Sundayed in town.

Joe Matavia of Wayne was in town Wednesday.

J. Cochran is night-watch at Hamilton's factory.

Mrs. Frank Keller is visiting in Port Huron this week.

John Lundy visited his parents at Troy, Mich., Sunday.

Chas. Hill of Onaway visited Chas. Wheelock Wednesday.

Afred Lyndon of Rochester N. Y., is visiting his parents here.

Ed. Laufer and George Shafer spent Sunday at Straight's Lake.

Satin Cloak lining guaranteed to wear two years, at Rauch's.

Mrs. Minnie Clark of Ogemaw is visiting Mrs. Phebe Spencer.

Mrs. Scott Arnold of Detroit visited Mrs. Harry Farwell this week.

Mrs. F. J. Fousey advertises a millinery opening in another column.

Miss May Bissell of Breckenridge is visiting Mrs. Jannette Huston.

A. D. Prout of Detroit was a Plymouth visitor a few days this week.

Arden Chilson of Benton Harbor is spending a few days with his parents.

Mrs. Holabard of Evanston, Ill., spent Wednesday at Chas. Holloway's.

Mrs. J. G. Johnson of Pueblo, Col., is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. M. Beed.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ekliff were Detroit visitors a couple of days last week.

Miss Ada Westfall of Canton visited Mrs. Wm. Pettingill a few days this week.

Miss Lucy M. Gill of Cleveland spent a few days at Fred Ekliff's last week.

Fred Schrader has remodeled his barn and made it quite an up-to-date building.

The 47th annual Sunday-school convention will be held in Kalamazoo Nov. 13-14-15.

Mrs. Hurd and Mrs. Ryder are visiting Mrs. Clifford McClumpha in Canton this week.

Miss Helen Wheeler, of Grand Rapids is visiting her grandfather C. W. Valentine.

Mrs. Euphemia Bell and Albert Lyon were married in Detroit last week Thursday afternoon.

Northville Record: Mr. and Mrs. Felt have moved to Plymouth where they will make their home.

Rev. Ronald and B. B. Bennett attended the fall meeting of Detroit Presbytery in Detroit Tuesday.

Virgil Tillotson and Arthur Tillotson spent yesterday at the Indian Fair at Waspole Island, Can.

Large line of Fall Skirts just received at Rauch's.

Regular meeting of the Degree of Honor tonight in Oddfellow's hall. All members requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chaffee are home from Pine Lake, where they have been sojourning for the past nine weeks.

Fred Hubbard has purchased the Prout lot on Harvey street and expects to erect a house thereon in the near future.

The 24th annual exhibit of the Redford Agricultural Society will be held Sept. 24-25. The fair usually draws quite a crowd from this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Cameron and Mrs. Will Ely and daughter Mildred of Northville spent Tuesday afternoon at W. T. Pettingill's.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Trudell and family of Detroit, E. H. Christensen of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dickson of Detroit were Sunday visitors at Fred Ekliff's.

Mrs. Alice Gilmore-Baldwin, who taught the first kindergarten in the Plymouth schools some eight years ago, died suddenly at her home in Barren Springs Tuesday night.

J. E. Mesley, who taught the Plymouth schools for a number of years, is now a minister of the gospel and was this week appointed by Bishop Barry to his first charge at Bell Branch.

Cotton Batts, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20 and 25 cents at Rauch's.

L. C. Hall and Ralph Samson were drawn as circuit court jurors from Plymouth township for the October term. Chas. Riddle was drawn from Livonia, and Lou Winsor and J. M. D. Savage from Canton.

Allie Dunning, who lives 1/2 mile east and 1/2 mile south of Beech Station and who recently lost his barn by fire, will have an auction sale of 19 cows and 2 brood sows on Saturday, Sept. 21st, at one o'clock p. m. John Bennett, auctioneer.

Gov. Warner emphatically denies the report started in Lansing that maybe he won't call a special session of the legislature after all. He says the call is drafted and will be issued within a week. The date for the session to begin is Monday, Oct. 7.

Mrs. Wm. Smitherman is visiting in Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams have moved to Carlton.

Miss Etta Mott is clerking for Wm. Roe in Wm. Felt's place.

Titus Ruff and wife spent a few days in Toledo this week.

Mrs. Bissell of Milan visited her daughter Alma over Sunday.

Mrs. Claude Larned of Jackson is visiting Mrs. J. L. McCormick.

Everett Larned and wife of Worden visited at J. L. McCormick's Sunday.

Miss Dora Beckhold of Detroit visited Miss Genevieve McClumpha Sunday.

J. Baobham of White Lake visited his daughter Mrs. J. J. Travis, last week.

Mrs. Lewis Steele and son Sheldon of Columbus, O. is visiting Mrs. A. E. Steele.

W. J. Burrows has been confined to his house the past ten days or more by sickness.

About twenty of the members of the M. E. church attended conference last Sunday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Merritt and daughter Leona are visiting in South Haven and Chicago for a couple of weeks.

Watch for the concert of Raymond & Poore's Souveys Band at 12:00 and 7:00 P. M. on the day of their production of "East Lyne," at the Opera House, Monday night, Sept. 23.

Walled Lake is becoming more noted as a pleasant summer resort every year. There have been more summer visitors this year than ever before. Several new cottages are in course of construction on a part of what is known as the Woodard farm.

The stove season is approaching and the hardware dealers have conspicuous announcements in this week's issue. A stove purchased from either of the home merchants is assurance that it will be just as represented, quality and price being guaranteed.

By a vote of 65 to 56, the Detroit conference Monday afternoon refused to go on record as favoring the return of the time limit system in regard to pastoral appointments. The ballot followed a lively debate, which was participated in by the leaders upon each side of the question.

Fall and winter merchandise is in stock and our merchants are ready for the trade to begin. They are in shape to please every customer and are particularly desirous of a visit by prospective buyers. The Mail would ask its readers to call on them and inspect goods and compare prices. You will find both right.

There was not a large vote cast in Plymouth Tuesday for delegates to the constitutional convention. However, forty Republicans went to the polls, six Democrats and fifteen Socialists. Two Republican nominees of the First Senatorial District, in which Plymouth is included, were elected and one Democrat—Toasy.

Will our friends who have items for The Mail, as well as church notices, advertisements or anything else for these columns, kindly send them in as early as possible—the earlier the better. We like to be accommodating, but there is a limit to the amount of work that can be handled by the office force on publication day.

A picture show of the great Passion Play will be given every evening next week at the Northville Opera house. Two shows—8 and 9 o'clock and only 10 cents admission. The colored pictures are the finest in the land and are the same as given for four weeks in the Theater Royal, Detroit. Take a trip over and see them.

At the regular meeting of Plymouth Chapter, O. E. S., Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

J. W. M.—Mrs. Maude Pettingill. W. P.—Daniel Murray. A. M.—Mrs. Alice Ekliff. Sec.—Mrs. Ida Lundy. Treas.—Mrs. Ada Murray. Conductors—Mrs. Zelida Burrows. Asso. Con.—Mrs. Zelida Johnson.

The Cherokee Indians were billed to play two games of ball Tuesday with the local club, one an evening game. The weather man, however, interfered with the program and only seven innings of the first game were played, Clyde Bentley pitching for the locals. The Indians made four runs and the home club one in the time played. Charley Riggs pulled off a couple of great sliding stunts. Rain then interfered, the down-pour continuing until after night-fall, making ball-play impossible.

## The North Side

Mrs. Chas. Gentz is visiting relatives in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Carruthers and son are visiting relatives in Canada.

Mrs. Sobley of Saline is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Ebnia, this week.

Wm. Gayde spent last week at Interlaken, Pinelake, returning home Friday.

Mr. Bingle and Boes Willett, who have been having typhoid fever, are improving.

Misses Edith and Lena Cregar of Detroit are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cregar.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smitherman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Zenas Blakely in Toledo.

Wm. Springer has moved from Toledo and will occupy part of the Mrs. Ruppert house on Mill-street.

Mrs. Mjmmack and two sons of Chicago have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Jolliffe the past two weeks.

Mat. Fahrner is moving to the Hanchett house near the old fair grounds, the Chaffee house where he has lived having been sold to Fred Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Art. Cable will remove to Detroit the first of the month.

A game of ball yesterday between Redford and Plymouth on the home grounds resulted in a score of 3 to 2 in favor of the locals. Bentley and Williams occupied the points for Plymouth. It was a dandy game.

On Sunday eve Sept. 28th a Union service under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Baptist Church. Preparations are under way for a fine program. Children and adults will have a part.

An elaborate scenic revival of the greatest of all emotional dramas, "East Lyne," will be presented at the opera house next Monday evening, Sept. 23d. This company has 20 people traveling in their own private car, with a band and orchestra. Remember the date.

Dr. S. E. Campbell of Hancock, Mich., is moving into the Elmer Huston house. He succeeds Dr. Kenyon and retains the doctor's office and phone, No. 45. The doctors will practice together until about Oct. 1st, when Dr. Kenyon will leave for a visit to Kentucky and later goes to Southern California, where he expects to make his home.

Montana Mammoth Mining Co. of Spokane, Wash.

Comprises 200 acres of patented land nine miles northwest of Thompson Falls in Sanders Co., Mont. It is in the same mineral zone as the great mines of the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho, being on the Montana side of the mountains. This is not a prospect but a mine all ready to be developed. They have the largest vein of ore that has been opened since the great Buckner Hill and Sullivan mine was opened. The stock is selling at 20c per share to develop this mine, but until my option expires I can furnish a limited amount of it at 15c. Call at my office and see samples of the ore and see what the local papers of Thompson say of it, or drop me a card and I will call on you.

E. N. PASSAGE, Fiscal Agt.

Mamma—Dear me! I wonder where baby got such a temper.

Papa—Never mind. We haven't time to fight out that question just now.—Brooklyn Life.

For Sale Cheap—3-burner gasoline stove and couch. Enquire Art. Cable's

For Sale. One and one-half acres, southeast corner northeast quarter, section No. 7, town No. 2, range No. 2, Cassin township, Wayne county, Mich. Will sell cheap for cash. Address reply to either this paper or W. T. S. O'Hara, 220-222 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

HOUSE TO RENT.—Inquire of Mrs. W. H. Bassett.

HOUSE TO RENT.—Inquire of Geo. Delker.

FOR SALE.—10 acres of land at Livonia Center—small orchard. Wm. O. Minckley.

FOR SALE.—Vacant lot with front on Sutton and Church streets, east of Dr. Kimble's. Enquire of B. B. Bennett.

For Sale Cheap.—66 ft. iron fence including 6 posts, one drive gate and one hand gate. A little bit rusty but sound and all right. W. F. Markham.

Good ton buggy for sale. Enquire of Albert Skaver.

For Sale.—Seasoned wood, split or block. Sam Spicer, phone 909-4r.

FOR SALE.—Mary Arlington Estate property on South Main st. Enquire of Geo. Chadwick or F. W. Voorhies.

# A Little Clock Talk.

Would you like to make an investment in Clocks.

Here is a Clock that won't let you spend any money unwisely.

If you want a bedroom clock—something merely to tell the time—don't spend very much money—say a dollar or so.

But if you desire an ornament for your living room, pay us \$5 or more and you'll spend your money wisely.

We repeat—do you wish to invest in Clocks?

If so, let us show you.

## C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.



Get your Wits to Work, Madam,

and figure out how much you are paying now for your Groceries, and ask yourself what quality you are getting. Do you think that the quantities and qualities will compare with ours when price is considered? We know just what market prices are and we know what prices we sell at. We are sure that we are doing business on the lowest margin of profit. Added to which our service is admittedly the best in town.

Family Whitefish, Good Friday Mackerel, Mackinaw Trout, Kippered Herring.

B. & P. Coffee, Comprador Tea. Open Kettle New Orleans Molasses. Pencils and Tablets of all kinds.

# Brown & Pettingill,

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

# GALE'S

Just received—Two white and gold 100-piece Dinner Sets, to be sold at \$8.00 and \$10.50 a set. The goods are very pretty, and the price is cheap.

New stock of Salts and Peppers in glass and china.

New goods in China Cups and Saucers, just the thing for presents; also Children's Mugs, Shaving Mugs, large Cups and Saucers, &c.

In Groceries we have new stock in Breakfast Food—all kinds.

Can Peaches, Pineapples, Corn and Peas.

New stock House Brooms, 25c, 30, 35c and 40c. Barn Brooms 40c. Whip Brooms 10c, 15c and 25c. Barber Whip Brooms 25c.

A large stock of Can Rubbers, 5c and 10c. Can Tops Fruit Cans, Crocks, 1/2 gal. to 80 gals.

For Clover and Timothy Seed, come and see us.

JOHN L. GALE

# GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

## THE CHOICEST CUTS

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

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

## WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

Telephone 12

The Mail only \$1 a year.

That hacking cough continues because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened. Take Scott's Emulsion. It builds up and strengthens your entire system. It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c. AND 25c.



# SERIAL STORY

## The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

The American consul to Barscheit, a principality of Europe, tells his principal grand duke that he has tried to find a husband for his rebellious niece, the Princess Hildegarde, finally deciding that she wed the Prince of Doppelstein, an ugly old widower, ruler of the neighboring principality. Though he had been in the country for six months the American consul had never seen the princess. While horseback riding in the country she overtakes him, and he seeks accommodation in a dilapidated old castle. While seeking admission he is startled by a beautiful voice breaking into song.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Had I stumbled upon one of my dreams at last? Had Romance suddenly relented, as a coquette sometimes relents? For a space I knew not what to do. Then, with a shrug— I have never been accused of lacking courage — I tried once more, by the aid of a match, to locate a bell. There was absolutely nothing; and the beating of my riding crop on the panels of that huge door would have been as noisy as a feather. I grasped the knob and turned it impatiently. Behold! the door opened without sound, and I stepped into the hallway, which was velvet black.

Silence!

The song died. All over that great rambling structure not even the reassembling chirp of a cricket! I stood perfectly still. What the deuce should I do? Turn back? As I formed this question in my mind a draft of wind slammed the door shut. I was in for it, sure enough; I was positive that I could never find that door again. Heaven knows how long I waited. Soon I heard a laugh, light, infectious, fearless! Then I heard a voice, soft and pleading:

"Don't go; in mercy's name, don't go, Gretchen! You may be killed!"

English! I had actually heard a voice speak my native tongue.

"Nonsense, Betty! I am not afraid of any ghost that ever walked, rode or floated."

"Ghost? It may be a burglar!"

"Or Steinbock! We shall find nothing."

Indeed!

"Nothing but a rat, bugling about in the armor." The laughter came again. "You are not afraid, Betty?"

"Only cautious. But how can you laugh! A rat?" cried a voice rather anxiously. "Why, they are as big as dogs!"

"But arrant cowards."

"So! one of these voices spoke English as its birthright; the other spoke with an accent, that is to say, by adoption. Into what had I fallen? Whether that my hunger brought me? I was soon to learn.

There came a faint thread of light on one side of the hall, such as may be glimpsed to that which filters under a door-sill. Presently this was followed by the sound of jangling brass rings. A heavy velvet portiere—which I, being in darkness, had not discovered—slipped back. My glance, rather blinded, was first directed toward the flame of the candle. Then I lowered it— and surrendered for ever and for ever!

I beheld two faces in profile, as it were, one side in darkness, the other lit and glowing like ancient ivory. I honestly confess to you that in all my wanderings—and they have been frequent and many—I never saw such an enchanting picture or two more exquisite faces. One seemed forth with brilliant features; the other—she who held the candle—with cold, tranquil features.

All my fears, such as they were, left me instantly. Besides, I was not without a certain amount of gallantry and humor. I stepped squarely into the light and bowed.

"Ladies, I am indeed not a ghost. But I promise you that I shall be if I am not offered something to eat at once!"

"Tableau!"

"What are you doing here?" asked she with the candle, her midnight eyes drawing down her brows into a frown of displeasure.

I bowed. "To begin with, I find a gate unlocked, and being curious, I open it; then I find a door unlatched, and I enter. Under these unusual circumstances I am forced to ask the question of you: what are you doing here in this isolated castle? If it is a party, I am deserted, which is a disappointment, especially on the part of a well-to-do guest.

"That is my affair, sir. I have a party here, now and at all times."

"The party is cold and unattractive."

"There is an inn six miles farther down the road; this is a private residence. Certainly you can not remain here."

pardon me. I have been in the saddle six hours. I have ridden nearly 30 miles since noon. I am dead with fatigue. At least give me time to rest a bit before taking up the way again. I admit that the manner of my entrance was informal; but how was I to know? There was not even a knocker on the door by which to make known my presence to you." The truth is, I did not want to go at once. No one likes to stumble into an adventure—enchanting as this promised to be—and immediately pop out of it. An idea came to me, serviceable rather than brilliant. "I am an American. My German is poor. I speak no French. I have lost my way, it would seem; I am hungry and tired. To ride six miles farther now is a physical impossibility; and I am very fond of my horse."

"He says he is hungry, Gretchen," said the English girl, dropping easily into the French language as a vehicle of speech. (I was a wretch, I know, but I simply could not help telling that lie; I didn't want to go; and they might be conspirators.) "Besides," went on the girl, "he looks like a gentleman."

"We can not always tell a gentleman in the candle-light," replied Gretchen, eyeing me critically and awfully and suspiciously.

As for me, I gazed from one to the other, inquiringly, after the manner of one who hears a tongue not understandable.

"He's rather nice," was the English girl's comment; "and his eyes strike me as being too steady to be dishonest."

I had the decency to burn in the ears. I had taken the step, so now I could not draw back. I sincerely hoped that they would not exchange any embarrassing confidences. When alone women converse upon many peculiar topics; and conversing in a tongue which they supposed to be unknown to me, these two were virtually alone.

"But, my dear child," the other returned argumentatively, "we can not

offer hospitality to a strange man this night of all nights. Think of what he is to be accomplished."

(So something was to be accomplished? I was right, then, in deceiving them. To accomplish something on a night like this, far from habitations, had all the air of a conspiracy.)

"Feed him and his horse, and I'll undertake to get rid of him before that detestable Steinbock comes. Besides, he might prove a valuable witness in drawing up the papers."

(Papers?)

"I never thought of that. It will not do to trust Steinbock wholly." Gretchen turned her searching eyes once more upon me. I confess that I had some difficulty in steadying my own. There are some persons to whom one can not lie successfully; one of them stood before me. But I rather fancy I passed through the ordeal with at least half a victory. "Will you go your way after an hour's rest?" she asked, speaking in the familiar tongue.

"I promise." It was easy to make this promise. I wasn't a diplomat for nothing. I knew how to hang on, to dodge under, to go about.

"Follow me," Gretchen commanded briefly.

We passed through the gloomy salon. A damp, musty odor struck my sense of smell. I was positive that the castle was uninhabited, save for this night. Three candles burned on the mantel, giving to the gloom a mysterious, palpitating effect. The room beyond was the dining-room, richly paneled in wine-colored mahogany. This was better; it was cheerful. A lag crackled in the fireplace. There were plenty of candles. There was a piano, too. This belonged to the castle; a heavy tawny curtain lay heaped at one side. There was a mahogany table, and a chair.

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sea-food salad, asparagus, white bread and unsalted butter, an alcohol-burner over which hung a tea-pot, and besides all this there was a pint of La Reine which was but half-emptied. Have you ever been in the saddle half a day? If you have, you will readily get a collector of antiques into raptures, and a table upon which lay the remains of a fine supper. My mouth watered. I counted over the good things: roast pheasant, pluck ham, a appreciate the appetite that was warring with my curiosity.

"Eat," bade she who was called Gretchen, shortly.

"And my horse?"

"Where is it?"

"Tied to a tree by the gate."

She struck a Chinese gong. From the kitchen appeared an elderly servant who looked to me more fitted to handle a saber than a carving knife; at least, the scar on his cheek impressed me with this idea. (I found out later that he was an old soldier, who lived alone in the castle as caretaker.)

"Take this gentleman's horse to the stables and feed him," said Gretchen. "You will find the animal by the gate."

With a questioning glance at me the old fellow bowed and made off.

I sat down, and the two women brought the various plates and placed them within reach. Their beautiful hands flashed before my eyes and now and then a sleeve brushed my shoulder.

"Thank you," I murmured. "I will eat first, and then make my apologies."

This remark caught the fancy of Gretchen. She laughed. It was the same laughter I had heard while standing in the great hall.

"Will you drink tea, or would you prefer to finish this Bordeaux?" she asked pleasantly.

"The wine, if you please; otherwise the effect of the meal and the long hours in the wind will produce sleepiness. And it would be frightfully dis-

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New in Natural History.

Not all English children are well posted on live stock. The following "howlers" are from essays exhibited at a recent show: "The young hares have long legs, so that it might keep up to its mother when wild lions like the lion and tiger are after them to devour them." "The fowl," declares still another, "when alive is used for cock-fighting and when dead for its beautiful feathers." "The pig gets its wool coat off in summer. Then we get the wool of it. The pig is regarded as a bad creature."

MEDICAL FAILURES.

An Authority Says Three-Fourths of Graduates Are Unfitted to Practice.

That 3,000 out of the 4,000 graduates turned out by the Medical Colleges each year are wholly unfitted to practice medicine and are menaces to the communities in which they settle was stated by Dr. Chester Mayer, of the State Board of Medical Examiners of Kentucky at a meeting of the American Medical Association's Committee on Medical Education, held in Chicago not long ago. Dr. Mayer said that only 25 to 28 per cent of the graduates are qualified. Fifty-eight per cent of the graduates examined in 28 states were refused licenses. With few exceptions these failures took a second examination in a few weeks and only 50 per cent of them passed.

"This does not mean that deficiencies in their training were corrected in those few weeks," Dr. Mayer said. "It probably shows that experience showed them what the test would probably be and they 'cramped' for the examination. Dr. W. T. Gott, Secretary of the Indiana Board said: 'The majority of our schools now teach their students how to pass examinations, not how to be good physicians.'"

At the session of the American Medical Association held in Atlantic City in June, Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medical College in Philadelphia said: "Many doctors turned out of the Medical Schools are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe for their patients." Dr. Henry Beets Jr., President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Examiners, after scrutinizing the papers of a class of candidates for licensure said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine."

A great many more physicians and chemists might be quoted in support of the astounding charge that 3,000 incompetents are being dumped onto an unsuspecting public each year. What the damage done amounts to can never be estimated for these incompetents enjoy the privilege of diagnosing, prescribing or dispensing drugs regarding the properties of which they know nothing and then of signing death certificates that are not passed upon by anyone unless the signer is called in. Probably there is not a grave yard from one end of the country to the other that does not contain the buried evidences of the mistakes or criminal carelessness of incompetent physicians.

During the last year there have been perhaps, half a dozen known cases where surgeons, after performing operations have sowed up the incisions without first removing the gauze sponges used to absorb the blood, and in some cases forceps and even surgeon's scissors have been left in the wound. How many of these cases there have been, where the patient died, there is no means of knowing and comparatively few of the cases where the discovery is made in time to save life become generally public. Reports from Sanitariums for the treatment of the Drug Habit show that members of the medical profession are more often treated in these institutions than members of any other profession, and that a majority of the patients, excluding the physicians themselves, can trace their downfall directly to a careless physician.

How many criminal operations are performed by physicians is also a matter of conjecture. Operations of this class are, unfortunately, very frequent in large cities. Some graduated and licensed physicians, many of them of supposed respectability, make an exclusive practice of criminal medical and surgical treatment. Dr. Henry G. W. Rheinbart, coroner's physician of Chicago, estimates the number of criminal operations, annually, in Chicago alone at 38,000. How many resulted fatally are unknown, as when death results, the real cause is diagnosed in the death certificate, which the physician signs, and which no one but himself and a clerk sees.

Probably not one case of malpractice in 1,000 ever becomes the subject of a law suit but in the last year approximately 150 cases wherein the plaintiff has alleged malpractice have been reported in the newspapers, and owing to the social prominence and the favored positions of many physicians not more than half the new suits stated, probably result in any newspaper publicity, but it would probably not be an exaggeration to state that the total cases of malpractice, not involving criminal operations or criminal medical practice, would amount to 125,000 or more than one case to each physician in the country. This estimate is, of course, more or less conjecture. Unfettered deaths and permanent disabilities are frequent, and occur within the knowledge of almost every one, who has ever been saved, or health restored had the physician been skillful, careful and competent.

DOG'S DAY IS OVER

AT LEAST SO THINKS ONE WEARY PILGRIM.

Writing in Tribulation and Sorrow He Recounts His Sufferings and Consigns the Whole Race to Perdition.

"I have come to the conclusion," said the weary pilgrim, who was in a sizzling humor, "that this world would worry along some how if they wasn't no dogs. 'Course, long ago they had their uses, though I ain't never had no use for 'em."

"The monks of Saint Bernard kept a lot of big dogs one time an' named 'em 'place in honor of th' beasts. An' the monks would send them out on bad nights an' try to lose them, but allus some tourist 'ud find th' stray an' lug him back home. Each dog carried a little barrel of booze on his collar an' in that way made himself popular with total strangers. Them days air past now. They have moved th' Swiss Tyrol to th' Chicago amusement parks. So th' dogs, bein' out of a job, air no more use to nobody."

"Oh, yes I allus hear a dog about. But from greetin' him with shoe leather or a profanity every time he make a plumb fool of hisself I'm wore to shadder. An' ever's time I am begrieved of a dog by some blame dog thief I vow I won't never hev another. But it never ain't very long till someone else sticks me fer a thoroughbred pointer with a pedigree made on th' spur of th' moment."

"I brought one home th' other night and put him in a nice box of straw. He waited till I was abed and then he set up th' worst lament you ever heard. I went down and shut him in th' barn. Three minutes later I put him in th' denhouse. No good. He was back under th' winter rectin' th' works of Edgar Allan Poe as per several times previous. Then I went down an' turned a washbasin over the top an' set on it. I lit a pipe an' held down th' wallin' monster fer three hours. Then th' ol' woman stuck her head out'er th' window an' said she hated to butt in an' of course I was a doin' th' best th' could be did, but how would it do to let th' dog in the outhouse? 'Tie him up! Shucks! I never thought of that! It worked fine."

"They say a dog is man's best friend. That's all right, but you never kin tell which man. I had a large frackled kyoodle once that would run th' grocery store off th' place, chase th' new minister up a apple tree, scare th' wash lady into gallopin' conjection fits an' then escort a frowzy tramp up to th' house a-waggin' his tail plumb up to his ears. I got some of that dog when he barked me one night an' I wouldn't let me come a-nigh th' house. I got an awful of paying stones an' had bust two holes in th' kitchen wall when I discovered in th' most natural way in th' world that th' dog was behind me chawin' my leg. An' only three months the brute had let a big collector walk right into th' house."

"Yes, sir, th' dog has outlived his usefulness. All dogs has, from th' bow-legged bulldog to th' monkey-faced pug. Doggone the doggone dogs!" —A. Thompson, in Chicago Daily News.

A Favorite Resort.

Marientbad, whither King Edward goes for his annual "cure" was almost unknown a century ago. It was virtually discovered by Dr. Nehr, who published a booklet in 1813 describing the marvelous results upon patients of his who had been drinking the waters. But Dr. Nehr recommended that all invalids repairing to Marientbad should take their beds with them, because no accommodation whatever was then provided in such a sequestered spot. Matters had not much improved in 1820, when Goethe visited Marientbad and drank the waters, for he wrote to a friend: "I feel as if I were in the American Rockies, where the forests are cut down to build up a city within three years." Nearly 20,000 valetudinarians now annually make pilgrimage to Marientbad.—Dundee Advertiser.

First Universal Language.

One of the earliest and most ardent attempts to establish a universal language on the lines of the modern Esperanto was that of Sir Thomas Urquhart, who in 1653 issued his "Introduction to a universal language which for variety of diction in each part of speech surmounteth all the languages of the world." An expectant public was bidden to look out for subsequent volumes, but they never arrived. Bishop Wicliffe, who flourished about the same period, had his own ideas about a universal language, but they did not materialize. He was an optimist of the first degree, and was firmly convinced that it would be possible to communicate with the moon by means of flying machines.

Not Charlie's Case.

"Now, Charlie," said the sweet-faced little woman, "before you come into Sunday school, don't you think it would be nice to take your gum out of your mouth?"

"Yesum; but it ain't mine, it's my brudder's."

The Size of It.

Daggs (reading the morning paper).—I see that a trust has a grip on the South African mines, and that it is likely the price of diamonds will go up.

Mrs. Daggs.—What a shame! How do these monopolists expect us poor folks to live?

FOUND OUT.

A Tamed Nurse Made Discovery.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brother I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks after using Postum I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observed a serious case about Postum when used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They must always serve it before it has been bottled long enough. It should be bottled 15 to 20 minutes after boiling begins and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage." —"The Road to Wellville" in Postum.

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 109 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil War suffering tortures with kidney complaint. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil War, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and cane to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a disgusting retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

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

JOKE ON THE CONGRESSMAN.

Walter Drew Wrong Reference From Cabot's Attitude.

A Georgia congressman gleefully tells of an experience during his last visit to New York.

The representative had put up at an American-plan hotel. When, upon sitting down at dinner the first evening of his stay, the waiter obsequiously handed him a bill of fare, the congressman tossed it aside, slipped the waiter a dollar bill, and said, "Bring me a good dinner."

The dinner proving satisfactory, the southern member pursued this plea during his entire stay in New York. As the last night was given, he mentioned that he was about to return to Washington.

Whereupon, the waiter with an expression of great earnestness, said: "Well, sir, when you are any of your friends that can't read come to New York, just ask for Dick."—Harper's Weekly.

TRAGEDY OF A BROADWAY CASE.

Truly It Is "Everybody for Himself" in New York.

There were six in the seat of the Broadway surface car, which was too many. However, everybody who boarded the car expedited to the fancy to that particular seat, so some were also standing. A very small man sat crouched on the end seat, a pretty girl next to him. The small man seemed to be very restless, and no wonder, for all the rest were pushing the pretty girl, who necessarily pushed him in a way that seemed to infer that his room was better than his company. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he all at once shoved his shoulder under the rail and fell out, apparently.

"Mercy!" screamed a nervous passenger, "has he committed suicide?"

"I don't know," answered the pretty girl, "but, anyway, I've got the end seat."—N. Y. Press.

He Set a Date.

A merchant in a Wisconsin town who had a Swedish clerk sent him out to do some collecting. "When he returned from an unsuccessful trip he reported:

"Yim Yanson says he will pay, even he sells his hogs. Yim Olsson, he will pay ven he sell him, wheat, and Bill Pack say he will pay in January."

"Well," said the boss, "that's the first time Bill ever set a date to pay. Did he really say he would pay in January?"

"Well, yes, he said so," said the clerk. "He say dat it was a dam cold day ven you get that money. I think that ban in January."—Harper's Weekly.

The Truth.

Gobsa Gold descended painfully from his 90-horse power automobile.

"I wish to purchase," he said, "an engagement ring."

"Yes, sir," said the eager clerk. "We have just imported a superb ring, sir—two ruby hearts surrounded—"

"No," said the aged millionaire, in a disflunished voice; "no, that won't do. There is only one heart concerned in this affair. The girl is marrying me for my money."

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# Stoves and Ranges!



-SEE-  
OUR LARGE LINE OF  
**HEATERS,**

Both new and second-hand,  
Wood or Coal.

We also have a large stock of the Famous  
**Peninsular Steel Ranges**

COME AND SEE THEM.

**HUSTON & CO.**



## Plymouth Opera House

TWO NIGHTS,  
Monday, Tuesday, **Sept. 23-24**

RAYMOND & POORE PRESENT  
**MISS IRENE TAYLOR**  
Supported by a capable cast, in an elaborate scenic production.

## EAST LYNNE

—AND—  
**Lady Audley's Secret**

A great revival of these two grand old dramas.  
**20 TWENTY PEOPLE 20**  
**SEE THE FAMOUS ZOUAVE BAND**

The finest uniformed travelling band in America,  
Zeilenski's great Challenge Orchestra.  
Band Concerts at Noon and at 7:30 p. m., Both Days.

A GUARANTEED CITY ATTRACTION—DON'T MISS IT.  
Prices for this one engagement only **15, 25 & 35 cts.**  
reduced to

Seats on sale at The Wolverine Drug Store.

**THE ONLY**  
Through Sleeping Car to  
**Philadelphia**

from Michigan is operated  
on Train 8, via  
**The Grand Trunk-Lake St. Clair  
Double Track Route.**

For time tables and other particulars call on  
Grand Trunk Agent or write to G. W. VAUX,  
A. G. P. & T. L., 125 Adams St., CANTON

**Robinson's Livery**  
Sutton Street

Good Higs at the best  
prices possible.  
**GOOD STABLING.**

**Mary C. Robinson**

### Plan to Wipe out Fine.

The \$29,240,000 fine imposed on the Standard Oil Co. by Judge K. M. Landis in the federal court recently will be wiped out of existence on a technicality if the schemes of the Standard Oil lawyers, which became known yesterday, are carried to fruition.

The line of action which may result in the big fine becoming nothing but a name revolves around the decision of Judge Landis in the Alton immunity case, which is set for hearing on September 24.

In the event that the Alton is granted the immunity, which it has been fully established, was promised to the railroad through agreement with former Atty-Gen. Moody, the Standard Oil lawyers will demand that Judge Landis's fine be set aside. The grounds for this plea will be that the Standard Oil lawyers should have been apprised of this immunity agreement in order that they might question the Alton railroad witnesses properly.

**Health in the Canal Zone.**  
The high wages paid make it an mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison, too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale, 50c.

### EXCURSIONS VIA THE DURE MARQUETTE

**FLINT, Rate, \$1.00**  
**SAGINAW-BAY CITY, " 1.50**  
**SUNDAY, SEPT. 29.**

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, SEPT. 29.**

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

**DETROIT, Rate 25c**  
**SUNDAY, SEPT. 22.**

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:40 and 11:15 a. m. See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

**ISLAND LAKE, Rate, \$ .35**  
**FLINT, Rate \$1.00**  
**SAGINAW-BAY CITY, " 1.50**  
**LANSING, " 1.00**  
**GRAND RAPIDS, " 2.25**  
**SUNDAY, SEPT. 22.**

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:10 a. m. See posters or ask ticket agents for particulars.

### Probate Notice.

**STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. C. A. Ferguson, of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, do hereby certify that the will of the late JOHN O. DURFEE, deceased, was admitted to probate in the City of Detroit, on the 14th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven. Witness my hand and seal of office, in the City of Detroit, this 14th day of September, 1907.**

**EDGAR O. DURFEE**  
Deceased's Probate.

## WAS IT FATE? A Romance of Roller Skating.

If the bicycling fever doubled the price of wedding rings, what is the roller-skating craze going to do? What brought about Runner's wedding or Shyly's or Sour's or little Willow's? Roller skating.

Willow loved Vera. My, how he did love that girl! He idolized, worshiped, adored her until it was almost funny. Not to Willow, but to others. Vera and paradise; no Vera, the other thing. That was how he felt about it, though otherwise he seemed perfectly rational.

With Willow the one question of the hour and all hours was how to marry and eat three meals a day on \$15 a week. He passed hours gazing in at grocers' windows reading prices, though Vera had told him time and time again that she would manage it all right.

Vera was the slave of a crabbed old uncle, her only relative, who needed lots of waiting on and some one to abuse. Vera cost him less than three dollars a week and never talked back. Vera talk back to uncle! Her amateur performance would have made a fine showing beside uncle's professional nagging, he having been born with a gift for that sort of thing.

Whenever Vera had a beau uncle had a convulsion. Willow was pretty busy most of the time, covering his tracks, as he knew that excitement was bad for uncle. They managed things rather nicely so that uncle's weak heart would get no jolts. Then the roller rink fever broke out.

Willow, a clever ice skater, had very little to learn. But Vera! Honest, it looked as if she just never would learn. Willow presented her with a pair of skates, and she began home practice, guided by Willow's instructions, and some printed rules. It was easy enough. In fact, there was very little to it. See that the skates are fastened securely, stand firmly, advance right foot, throw full weight upon it, bend well forward to get 'send,' and glide away. It sounded easy, but it did not seem to work in practice.

Vera never glided. Instead she would wobble and wobble frantically here and there and then zigzag helplessly to the exact place she did not want to go. There invariably was nothing to grab, so down she would go with such force that everything in the room would jump, her skates always striking last. But she persevered.

At last there came a time when she consented to attend a masked carnival at the roller rink. They wore hired cheesecloth costumes. In a dinky peasant dress Vera surely looked all right to Willow.

She was considerable of a girl, to begin with, brimming with energy. Before she knew it she had torn herself from Willow's bashful and respectful hold and was whizzing across the mammoth rink with power enough to carry a loaded freight four miles uphill on a wet day. She had lost all control of herself and that diabolical momentum increased with every second.

At the opposite end of the rink, luffing up out of the distance and the disturbance he was causing, careened a huge, red, ungainly, masked Santa Claus, whiskers streaming, his four extremities doing everything but the right ones. Plainly the man was determined to cut some particular caper that he had set mind on if he had to kill everyone on the floor. Singles and couples sprawled in his wake, some able to sit up and send maledictions after him, while others had only life enough to wave a skate-laden foot in useless protest. A trolley car would have been as sensible of attack.

The rollers under Willow seemed riveted to the floor with horror. He saw that at a point near the center of the rink it was foredoomed that Santa Claus and Vera should collide with the impulsion got from new skates well oiled, a floor that cost \$4,000 to lay and polish, a hundred and forty pounds of uncontrolled girl and nearly twice that weight of man resolutely sending himself in the direction he was determined to go.

As in a dream, Willow heard an attendant say: "Pal, you shouldn't shove your lady out that way when old respin' and thrashin' machine is operatin' hisself. We don't dare say a word, for he is one of the main gopes here, and can order us out of our jobs any time he likes. Gee! It looks like we was goin' to need a doctor or a hearse or somethin'."

They struck with a frightful impact and then fell apart and spun about. One of Vera's skates came down on Santa's head kerwhack. His wig and beard had fallen off and, ere she faded, Vera saw that it was uncle! Talk about poetic justice!

The attendant had almost to carry Willow across the floor. He was nearly dead, and, oh, how he wished Uncle was also! Willow's wishes never did come true.

Uncle dead? Before the doctor got there he was sitting up stanching the trickle of blood from his head and telling the crowd how he had seen Vera coming and by skillful maneuvering had managed to save her life by heroically sacrificing himself. Further, he told Vera and Willow that skating was the first sensible thing he had ever known of and what to do. Then, after he had seen what a shaver Willow was, he made Willow manager of the rink at more than \$15 a week.

### WOES OF TELEPHONE LINEMAN

He Was Ambitious, but Grew Dizzy and Fell into the River.

"Nearly anyone can become a good telephone lineman after three or four years," said a Kansas City electrician. "A few men, though, never can learn the trade because they grow dizzy when they get to the top of a pole."

"Safety belts have been worn only about ten years. Just a little while before they came into use I had a man working with me who couldn't learn to control himself when on a pole. He could climb all right, but after he got there he couldn't do anything except to hang on so tight that he left his nail marks in the wood."

"One day we were working on a telephone line close to town, and had a good-sized audience watching us. This would-be lineman thought he'd try to nail some brackets up about 20 feet from the ground. He put his ax in his mouth and shinned up the pole. Then he stopped. The natives came around to watch him and he did his best, but it was no use. There he stayed for a full minute and couldn't put his hands up to get the ax. So he came down again."

He tried one day to cross on a high trestle we were wiring over the Missouri river. We told him he couldn't do it, but he went ahead, and, as usual last control of himself and fell. When we pulled him out he had changed his mind about becoming a lineman. Later he went into the grocery business.

—Kansas City Star.

### Trouble at the Moore Cottage.

In the Adirondack Cottage sanitarium, at Trudeau, N. Y., the patients are supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock each night. The lights at that hour are supposed to be extinguished, and talking is strictly prohibited. Any violation of these rules is reported to the resident physician.

To enforce the rules is part of the duties of a watchman who has been with the institution for years. This watchman, a middle-aged German, whose only name, so far as anybody ever knew, is John, is the soul of fidelity in carrying out his duties, and violations of rules are always reported by him without delay.

John is not a college man and some of his reports are gems of the purest ray. The other night he heard loud talking at the Moore cottage. The lights were lit and he hastened to see what the trouble was. His reception was more vigorous than polite, and next day he formulated this report to the powers that be:

"Trouble at Moore cottage last night, ten thirty. Three beds empty. One bed said 'Go to H—'."

The report is destined to live long in the annals of the sanitarium.

### Miner's Hard Fate.

A Welsh colliery fireman named Evan Howells died recently as the result of terrible injuries he had sustained in a fire in the Rhondda valley. While the men were working at the pit bottom the pit "knockers" clanging gave warning that something was wrong. Howells went up in the cage to see what was the matter, and near the top of the shaft he found a fire had broken out. The cage was drawn up into the middle of the flames, and just as the man arrived in the heart of the fire the "knocker" wire broke, and the signal to stop the cage was given automatically. The shrieks of the man in the cage drew the attention of those on the bank, and by the time the cage had been drawn to the top, Howells's clothes had all been burned upon him. It is stated that the guide ropes were white with heat, and as soon as the fan was stopped to prevent the fire getting into the pit a ball of flame rose from the shaft, shot up by the air pressure.

### The Favor He Asked.

The second floor people had often been annoyed by the running back and forth of the little boy upstairs, but being peaceable folk with an infant of their own, they didn't want to complain. One day a package of laundry was left with the second floor tenants for the upstairs people, who were out. That night the man of the house took it up.

"I met the husband at the door," he explained to his wife afterward, "and he seemed a very decent sort; obliged and all that sort of thing. Wanted to know if he couldn't accommodate me some way."

"There's just one thing," said I.

"What is it?" said he.

"Have your little boy wear rubbers in the house."

### Boxer Chief Well Treated.

Duke Lan, one of the Boxer chiefs, who is supposed to be in prison at Sing Sing, on account of his share in the rising of 1906, seems to be having a very good time. It is reported that he is using the Chekiang gull house as his residence and, as he regarded the grounds as too small, he extended them by taking in the adjacent land. He draws from the treasury a large monthly allowance for his maintenance, always goes out in an official chair borne by four persons, with a large number of bodyguards, and is very fond of theatrical performances. The officials, from the governor downward, are in the habit of going to his house to pay their respects twice a month.

### Results Are the Same.

Singapore—A scientist claims that drinking too much coffee will eventually make a man bald.

Weddery—Yes; and telling his wife that her coffee is "stop" produces the same result.

## FIGHT FOR FRANCE

**SOLDIERS OF FOREIGN LEGION HAVE GLORIOUS RECORDS.**

All Nationalities and Types Serve Under the Tri-Colored Flag in the Colonies of the Great European Republic.

In the bloody hand-to-hand fight with the Moors over the dead body of their commanding officer, Major Prevost, the men of the French Foreign Legion were true to the organization's record for gallantry.

Miscellaneous fighting in the French colonies has been the Legionaries' specialty. They campaigned against the Black Flags and filled hundreds of alien graves in Tonkin. In Dahomey 800 of the Legionaries bore the brunt of the fighting and earned Gen. Doude's praise as "the best soldiers in the world." By tradition they never serve in France. One of their most brilliant achievements, however, was the defense of Orleans in the first battle of Orleans in 1870, where fewer than 1,000 men held an entire Prussian army corps at bay and made it possible for the French army to retreat without serious loss and save its artillery. The Legion lost 500 men in the action.

Into the two infantry regiments drifts a steady stream of plain soldiers, bankrupt adventurers, fugitives from justice, political refugees, gentle blacklegs in disgrace, men of title and men of no account, ready to march 30 kilometres a day under the flaming African sun, so they can lose their identity. It is a brigade of mystery and romance.

In one company some years ago were found a Roumanian prince suspected of having murdered his brother; an Italian cavalry officer, dismissed from his country's army for cheating at cards; a Russian nihilist prince who had escaped from Siberia; an ex-canon of Notre Dame of Paris suspended from ecclesiastical functions for the best of reasons; an English ex-major of Hussars, and a German count who had held high military rank at Berlin. After a terrible engagement with the Kabyles, in which both the surgeon-major and his assistant were killed, no one was left to care for the wounded. "Assembly" was sounded, and riding along the line the major asked, "Any doctors or surgeons among you?" Nine men left the ranks, each of whom had taken his degree in a European university.

A hard-drinking, quarrelsome, dueling, decli-may-care lot of social eastwasters and professional soldiers, the Legionaries are ruled with iron discipline. The slightest act of aggression against a superior officer is punished with death. During the war in Tonkin 17 members were court-martialed and shot in one day. But in the face of danger, whatever their vices or their crimes, the wearers of the smart kepi and baggy red breeches never fail to give a good account of themselves. They are always ready and eager to fight. Men like Marshal Bazaine, Gen. de Negrier and Gen. Dupin have led them. Count de Malesherbes, a court favorite in Napoleon III's time, having been disgraced for life, sought their command. Villebois-Mareuil, who fought with the Boers, was once an officer in the Legion.

### Nothing Doing.

Harrison Grey Fluke discussed at a dinner in New York the art of acting.

"I believe," said Mr. Fluke, "in subtlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause—these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting."

"Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more expressive than this scene, a scene without a spoken word, that I once witnessed in the country?"

"An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician came from the house. The physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker with a sigh passed on."

### Old Relics Found.

Whilst making excavations at the Cape Town railway station for wall-building purposes last year, some workmen found several loose stones with inscriptions, such as were used by the captains of ships calling at the Cape before Van Riebeeck had built his little fort, to denote the places where letters might be found. Further search revealed the flight of steps on the old seashore, which constituted the first landing place for persons arriving by sea, and may have been used by Van Riebeeck himself. The stones were found at a depth of over 20 feet, and with them a small tobacco pipe and a key. All the relics have now been placed in an alcove on the station platform, erected at the exact spot where they were found, and an inscription in both English and Dutch tells their history to travelers.

### Will It Come to That?

It was a bright Sunday morning in 1917. "John" called the impatient woman at the foot of the stairway, "please come down. I have been waiting two hours for you to dress."

"Keep on waiting, Martha," shouted her glacial husband, "you don't think anything of making me wait for you to dress ten years ago! I told you that men would come any day and that you'd be sitting at the foot of the stairway. Now you're late."