

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 14

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1907

WHOLE NO. 1060.



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WE PRINT AUCTION BILLS.

## Breezy Items

By Five Correspondents.

### SALEM

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wheeler spent Christmas in Ypsilanti.

Geo. Ryder of Ypsilanti is spending the holidays with relatives here.

Mrs. N. E. Ryder of Plymouth is visiting Salem friends.

O. L. Bussey and family of Detroit are visiting at L. Bussey's.

Asa Gigler and family spent Christmas at Grand Ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Smith entertain quite a company to dinner Christmas day.

Cecil Holmes of Plymouth is home for a few days.

Mrs. Sanford Fish of Grand Rapids visited at S. C. Wheeler's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Niers of Flint are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gigler.

Miss Jennie Stevens of Benton Harbor is spending a couple of weeks with her parents.

Mrs. David Perkins, who has been a great sufferer for several months, died at her home Tuesday afternoon. Funeral services were held at the house Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kinler and two daughters spent Christmas with relatives in Plymouth.

The Christmas exercises at the Congregational church were enjoyed by a full house, Santa Claus and the well loaded Christmas tree, being especially interesting to the little ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nollar of Great Falls, Montana, are visiting Mr. Nollar's parents and other relatives in this vicinity.

Rev. Colvin's sermons for Sunday will both be on looking forward to the new year. The morning theme at 10:30 is "Our Negative Sins." Evening, at 7:30, "A Successful Life."

Constipation with all its manifestations of a disturbed liver and indigestion yields quickly to Sanol. It only costs 35 cents to find out the great curative powers in the Sanol remedies. Take nothing else from the druggist. Remember it is Sanol you want. 35c and \$1.00 per bottle at J. L. Gale's drug store.

### WEST TOWN LINE.

Nina Becker, Hazel Schoch, Helen Smith and Gladys Heeney presented their S. S. teacher, Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan with a beautiful hand-painted vase.

Nineteen guests were present at District No. 7's Christmas exercises.

Mrs. F. L. Becker entertained her relatives at a big Christmas dinner, some thirty sat down at the tables groaning with good things.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan and Mrs. Stout spent their Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wingard's at Plymouth.

Mrs. John Robson has been quite ill this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Buhl of Tyrone, Mrs. Voyle Becker's parents, were Mr. and Mrs. Becker's guests over Sunday.

Ma. and Mrs. James Heeney entertained Ma. and Mrs. James Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer and family, (her parents and brother) Christmas day.

Old Santa has been very generous all along the street, and we see many smiling faces.

A happy reunion occurred at C. F. Smith's, this week. Roscoe, accompanied by his young bride, arrived home from Concord, N. H., last Friday night, and Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray were also present under the parental roof.

One of our young men showed horse-manship and courage and presence of mind in a recent escapade. Congratulations.

Our always obliging, always courteous, and always friendly postman, A. A. Gates, has at last received some recognition of his faithful services. We are glad Christmas comes and softens our hard hearts, now and then.

The burning of shoe-making wood for fuel is very dangerous, and everyone should take warning. The smoke is exceedingly poisonous and Miss Othe Lucas is suffering severely from this cause.

### Badly Mixed Up.

Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N. Y., had a very remarkable experience; he says: "Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all the five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed to cure blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale, druggist. 50c.

### STARK.

[Received too late last week.] Chas. Johnson has returned from his trip up the Straits.

The Gleaner party at Chas. Stribbins last Thursday evening was attended by quite a few.

H. E. Meldrum was at this place on Wednesday taking taxes.

Herman Gottschalk, Jr., of Detroit is spending a few days at his father's.

Hattie Hoisington returned home Wednesday of this week from Pitt Everetts.

Mr. and Mrs. George Griffin were Plymouth visitors of this week.

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear Try Sanol, it cures backache in 24 hours, and there is nothing better for the liver or kidneys. For sale at J. L. Gale's drug store.

### PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. William Krumm and daughter Emma and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Krumm, all of Plymouth, visited at Charles Wright's last Sunday, the occasion being Mr. Wright's birthday.

Mrs. Hannah Bishop, who has been spending the past three months with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Cummings has returned to her home in Flint.

Clara Wright attended the King school Christmas tree last Monday evening.

35 cents gets a large trial bottle of Sanol. It does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladder. A trial, 35c bottle will convince you. Get it at J. L. Gale's drug store.

### ELM

[Received too late last week.] Herman Schroder of Detroit visited with his parents the fore part of the week.

Miss Ida Cornell attended a meeting of the Court of Honor at Detroit Monday night.

Chas. Ashcroft of Plymouth was in town Tuesday.

Chas. Hirschlieb and Dr. Granger of Plymouth attended a convention of the B. P. O. E. at Pontiac Thursday night.

Mrs. Fred Schroder called on Mrs. Wm. Bossow at Clarenceville last Thursday.

A number from here attended the Masonic Lodge at Redford Saturday night.

Mrs. Henry Steffen and Miss Myrtle were in Detroit on business Monday.

Walter Jones of Detroit on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hirschlieb of Pike's Peak and August Hirschlieb of Redford called on Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hirschlieb last Monday.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder troubles. Get a 35c trial bottle at J. L. Gale's drug store.

### The Shortest Day.

It is not always a cloudy day that makes it "get dark" early and rejoices the hearts of the gas and electric light companies, but there is a very real need for artificial light when the sun retires as early as 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Sunday, as is known to all the astronomical sharps and to those who keep tab on their almanacs was the shortest day of the year and on that day old Sol concluded his southern journey and from this time on will gradually begin to climb toward the north. Of course the difference the first few days is so slight that it is not noticeable, but in a month the longer daylight in the afternoon will begin to be appreciated. Sunday the sun rose at 6:57 and set at 4:04, there being but nine hours and seven minutes of daylight to 14 hours and 53 minutes of darkness. Astronomers also hold that the "shortest day," Dec. 22, is the official beginning of winter and so it is according to the almanac division of the seasons, spring beginning just three months later, on March 22, but winter to those uninitiated in lore astronomic begins any old time, "when the snow comes" and lasts till the blue fringed gentian begins to peep out of the slowly warming earth of spring.—Ex.

### A Real Wonderland!

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland, at Mount City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp, a wonder case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guar- anteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by The Wolverine Drug Co. and J. L. Gale. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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

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HARMACIST FOR  
ARTICULAR  
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B. & P. Coffee, 25c., best in town.

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Matinees Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday Afternoons at 4 o'clock.

A NEW HENDERSON-PIANO Will Be Used to Help Entertain.

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WE ARE OFFERING IN LUMBER,

It wouldn't be a bad idea to come in and see how our stock compares with others. We would be pleased to show you our stock of Lumber.

WHITE AND RED CEDAR SHINGLES,  
CEDAR POSTS, INSIDE FINISH,  
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Everything to complete a house from start to finish. Odd size windows and doors furnished in from five to ten days. In lumber we have a large stock and many varieties, worked in any way desired. So you can't miss finding just what you want. The prices are right and at present we have a few bargains that will pay you to look after.

M. M. & L. CO.

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# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSON, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH MICHIGAN

## 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 Notes.

### WASHINGTON NOTES.

Senator Cullom introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution limiting the term of president and vice president to six years and prohibiting a second term.

William H. Taft, secretary of war, returned from his trip around the world, bringing renewed assurance of Japan's friendliness toward the United States, but declining to say anything with respect to the political situation in that country.

Speeches by Secretary Root, President Luis Anderson and Ambassador Creel of Mexico, marked the close of the Central American peace conference, which had been in session in Washington for over a month, and had agreed to and signed eight distinct conventions.

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, leader of the minority, and David A. De Armond of Missouri, engaged in a fist fight over the passing of the lie on the floor of the house of representatives immediately after adjournment. Mr. Williams struck the first blow and Mr. De Armond retaliated vigorously with clenched fists.

Admiral Dewey gave a dinner celebrating his seventieth birthday a week ahead of time so President Roosevelt could attend.

A verdict of not guilty was returned by the jury at Washington in the case of the train crew who were indicted for manslaughter in connection with the wreck at Terre Cotta, D. C., on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad on December 30, 1906, in which 43 persons were killed and upward of three score injured.

The American battleship fleet arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad, and prepared to spend Christmas there.

Medals of a suitable character are to be given to all citizens of the United States who have served on the isthmus of Panama for two years in the service of the government and who, during that period, have rendered satisfactory service.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

More than 700 survivors of the Indian mutiny celebrated the golden jubilee of that struggle by a banquet in Albert hall, London, at which Lord Roberts presided.

J. Frank Carpenter, secretary of the Carpenter Paper company, one of the largest paper houses in the west, committed suicide at his home in Omaha by shooting.

John H. Paley, editor of the Jewish Daily News, was found dead in his home in Brooklyn, asphyxiated by gas which was escaping from an open burner.

St. Louis university football athletes made heroes of themselves near Brockett Station, Wash., on the Canadian Pacific, where they helped to rescue trainmen from a disastrous freight wreck.

Benjamin Northway, a fireman on the United States battleship Missouri, who was landed at Porto Rico suffering from peritonitis, died.

M. Gude, formerly minister of Norway and Sweden to Denmark, has been appointed to succeed the late H. C. Hauge as minister of Norway to the United States.

Chatham, Mass., was struck by a destructive hurricane that lasted only five minutes.

Methodist pastors of Cincinnati scored labor unions that try to enforce eight hours' pay for six hours' work. The Kentucky association of New York gave a banquet in honor of Supreme Court Justice Harlan.

After burying under a thunderous avalanche of "noes" a resolution declaring against pledged delegations from any state at present, the Republican club of New York by an overwhelming vote, endorsed Gov. Hughes for president.

Five persons were killed by an explosion of compressed air in the uncompleted metropolitan subway tunnel under the River Seine at Paris.

Ex-Gov. Horn of Togoland, was sentenced in Berlin to a fine of \$75 and costs and to be transferred to another post for the ill-treatment of a native in Togoland in 1903.

Robert Mitchell, member of the state board of agriculture and a leading farmer of Indiana, died at Princeton, Ind.

Col. James B. McGonigal, who was a conductor on the first train operated on the Panhandle railroad in 1850, died in Kansas City, aged 74.

Thinking it unloaded, John Meyer, a farmer boy, living at Holy Cross, Ind., shot a chicken at his 16-year-old sister and pulled the trigger, blowing her head from her shoulders.

The late King Odo of Sweden was succeeded by his son, Gustav V.

S. W. Welsh and T. W. Clyburn were killed and Berry Motley fatally wounded in a duel at Kershaw, S. C.

For the fifth time in two years fire broke out in the southern section of the arsenal at Toulon, France, completely destroying the naval spirit stores, despite the efforts of the firemen, and troops, many of whom were injured.

During the rehearsal of a play on the school ground at Chippewa Falls, Wis., Charles Vance, nine years old, was killed by the accidental use of a loaded cartridge in place of the blank cartridge that had been provided.

Chairman Thomas Taggart, of the Democratic national committee, issued a formal announcement of the action of the committee in selecting the time and place for holding the next national convention.

Telegraphic communication in all directions from Chicago was demoralized by a severe sleet storm.

Dr. David Marshall, 24 years old, a physician of Florence, Ky., died at the Pasteur institute in Chicago as a result of being bitten by a dog.

Alonzo Wyant, general superintendent of the United States Express company in Chicago, died at his home.

A cut of wages in the National Watch works at Elgin, Ill., to take effect January 2 has been announced. Those to be most affected are the experts doing piece work.

W. H. Williams, member of the board of review of Columbus, O., died of a stroke of paralysis. He was one of the best-known Democratic politicians in Ohio.

Dr. Hubbard M. Smith, one of the oldest practicing physicians in Indiana, died at Vincennes as the result of a fall.

The paper mill of the Falls Manufacturing company at Oconto Falls, Wis., burned with a probable loss of \$100,000, fully covered by insurance. Henry Hertzwig, the engineer, lost his life in the blaze.

Four persons were injured, heavy property loss was sustained and three tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad were blocked for the night by two wrecks near Bolivar, Pa. A freight train was derailed and smashed up and a passenger train ran into the debris. A train on the Southern railway ran into an open switch at Tallapoosa, Ga., and the engineer was killed.

It was announced that the state banking department of Georgia would take charge of the Neal Banking company of Atlanta.

Frank Hallmer, 13 years old, and Frank Felix, 12 years of age, were drowned while skating at Toledo, O.

Fire destroyed four business buildings in Fort Smith, Ark., and two men were missing.

Edward Price, of New York city, first husband of Fanny Davenport, the actress, died in Omaha of pneumonia.

Sylvester Soles, a recluse 65 years old, was shot five times, with probably fatal effect, at his home south of Delta, O., by J. E. Poach, 24 years old, who, it was said, demanded Soles' money.

Capt. Lake, 45 years of age, master of the British steamer Hillmore, was found dead in his cabin from carbolic acid poisoning soon after leaving Wilmington, Del.

Francis B. Clarke, formerly general traffic manager of the Great Northern, was elected president of the Portland & Seattle and Astoria & Columbia River railroads.

Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian premier, and former Minister of Justice Polonyi fought a bloodless duel at Buda Pest, the former refraining from wounding his opponent.

John Young, the negro who committed an assault on Mrs. W. D. Hershey, of Columbus, O., confessed the crime.

With policemen as monitors prepared to stop any performance that escaped the bounds of the "sacred or educational," the Sunday amusement promoters in New York generally resumed business.

While Miss Elizabeth Hatfield, 17 years old, of Washington, Pa., knelt at her bedside in prayer her night dress ignited from a gas stove and she sustained burns from which she died.

Executing the instructions of the emperor of Japan, Viscount Aoki, the Japanese ambassador, conveyed to Robert S. McCormick, of Chicago, the decoration of the Order of the First-Class of the Rising Sun.

H. Garland, youngest son of the late Senator A. H. Garland, committed suicide in Little Rock, Ark.

Robert W. Gardner, philanthropist and inventor, died at Quincy, Ill.

Miss Athena Green, 16-year-old daughter of J. N. Green, a prominent citizen of Buena Vista, N. C., was accidentally killed by a bullet from the revolver of Joe Lance, a mountaineer who was passing Buena Vista station in a Southern railway passenger train. United States Senator R. Mallory died from general breakdown at his home in Pensacola, Fla.

The Chicago grand jury indicted four corporations, three firms, and 11 individuals, members of the Illinois Milk Dealers' association, for conspiracy to do an alleged act in restraint of trade.

Fire in Springfield, Ill., destroyed business property valued at \$250,000.

O. Hauge, the Norwegian minister to the United States, died while on a snowshoeing trip near Christiansia.

Engineer Frank Krag, 50 years old, of Buffalo, N. Y., thought ill and faint, stayed at his throttle till he had brought his fast Lake Shore train safely into Collinwood, O. Then he stepped from his cab, and in a few minutes was dead.

An attempt to rob a car on the Buffalo express in Philadelphia was frustrated and William A. Hewitt, said to have been caught beneath the car which contained \$50,000 in gold bullion, was arrested.

John A. Roelling, angry because Asheville, N. C., went "dry," gave his half-million-dollar estate, near there to a church.

A man believed to be Robert H. Harris of the brokerage firm of Harris & Co., Kansas City, Kan., was crushed to death under the wheels of a Northwestern Elevated railroad train in Chicago.

William Henry Rice, the minstrel, died of pneumonia in Philadelphia.

H. W. Savage has concluded negotiations for the lease of a Parisian theater where American musical comedy will be a permanent feature.

James H. Oliphant, senior member of the stock exchange firm of James H. Oliphant & Co., of New York, was fatally shot at his office by Charles A. Geiger, a customer from Beaufort, S. C., who, after firing upon Oliphant, killed himself.

At Karlsruhe, Germany, Karl Lindemann, who was being prosecuted on a charge of complicity in the libeling of Olga Molitor and of having attempted to blackmail her, was sentenced to three years in prison and to five years' loss of civil rights.

Stories of alleged cruelties and brutalities, practiced upon defenseless insane patients by attendants, were told in the hearing of the New York lunacy commission appointed by Gov. Hughes to investigate conditions in the Manhattan State hospital, Ward's island.

Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney, founder and honorary president of the National Congress of Mothers, died at her home in Chevy Chase, near Washington.

President Roosevelt signed a proclamation creating the Arkansas national forest.

Wireless messages reported that the battleship fleet was nearing St. Thomas and that two men who were ill were landed at Culebra.

President Roosevelt directed the withdrawal of United States troops stationed at Goldfield, Nev., on Monday, December 30.

The main building of the University of Oklahoma was burned.

Alfred M. Hewlett, president of the Western Tube company, died at Kewanee, Ill., of paralysis.

Princess Terri Pomare, of the royal family of Tahiti, daughter of Queen Marua, arrived in San Francisco from Rapete.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou was cited to show cause, in the supreme court of New York, why he should not be enjoined from turning over or delivering the remainder of the \$21,450,000 of the Panama canal bonds to certain banks and persons to whom he has announced allotments.

William White, a 17-year-old boy, is the confessed thief, according to the police, of the \$32,000 package of jewelry stolen from the United States Express company in New York.

M. Paquin, the famous dressmaker of Paris, is dead.

A Michigan constitutional convention committee reported favorably on a proposal for a state accident insurance department.

H. Clay Wyatt, of Lawton, Okla., was found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the government of land in the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota.

Hugh L. Creighton, aged 70, civil war veteran and prominent business man, committed suicide at Oakville, Ia., by cutting an artery in the arm. Ill health caused him to take his life.

According to a report from London, the German war ministry has purchased the rights of Pilsen's wireless telephone with which communication was established between Berlin and Copenhagen.

Secretary of State Root, at the request of the Italian ambassador, has called upon the governor of Kentucky to stop the further destruction by "night-riders" of tobacco belonging to the Italian government and stored in Kentucky.

"Mike," the six-ton elephant, the largest in captivity, died in winter quarters in Bridgeport, Conn.

Persian priests have again dispersed the opposing factions at Teheran, and the capital is quiet.

Charles Hank of Chicago, president of the International Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta workers, was arrested at Athens, O., on the charge of inciting to riot.

"Billy" Warren, one of the old-time stage drivers of the country, is dead at Stuart, Va. Warren began stage-driving at the age of 19, and in 1845 drove a line out of Chicago.

Edward Clifford was hanged at Peoria for the murder of his father, whom he shot November 25, 1906.

An explosion of gas in the Darr mine of the Pittsburg Coal company at Jacobs Creek, Pa., entombed between 200 and 250 miners, and there was scarcely a ray of hope that a single one of them would be taken from the mines alive. Many men escaped death because they were observing a festival of the Greek church.

A terrific explosion occurred in Palermo in the military powder magazine, where a large quantity of dynamite was stored, and was followed by a number of lesser explosions, the whole town being badly shaken and the people thrown into a panic. About 25 persons were killed and many injured.

Henry Dibble, one of the most prominent real estate men in Chicago, died of heart disease, aged 64 years.

Capt. D. L. Keller, alias D. L. Smith, a United States officer of Reno, Nev., was arrested at Kamloops, B. C., charged with having stolen a bank check from Fort Sheridan, Ill., and filling it in for \$92,500.

The supreme court of Illinois handed down an opinion declaring the anti-cigarette law passed by the legislature this year does not apply to cigarettes which contain pure tobacco, but only to those cigarettes which contain substances deleterious to health.

# THE STATE IN GENERAL

## THE SCHOOL MONEY PAID OUT BY THE STATE AMOUNTS TO MANY MILLIONS.

### SPRING PRIMARIES LOST

School moneys for sixty-eight years—Grand Rapids Socialists Spring a Surprise—Hings Said and Done Worth Noting.

An interesting statement has been prepared by Auditor-General Bradley showing the amount of money which the state has paid out since 1840 to the primary schools. The total for the 68 years is \$42,244,111.79.

In 1840 the state paid out only \$28,650.00, while last year \$8,908,065.50 was apportioned. Over one-half the amount distributed during the 68 years has been paid out by the state during the last nine years. Up to 1893 the apportionment had never exceeded \$1,000,000, except twice immediately following the passage of the Merriam bill increasing the specific taxes paid by railroad companies.

### A Mass Convention.

Further entanglements in the effort of Grand Rapids citizens to arrange for the holding of a primary next spring for the choice of city nominees, came to light when the socialists announced that they would nominate in a mass convention.

This means that if the Republicans and Democrats nominate their candidates at primaries and the courts should hold such elections illegal, the Socialists would have a great advantage," said Mayor Ellis, who has ostensibly fathered the movement to right the damage to the Grand Rapids primary election law which the legislature caused. It is probable, therefore, that Grand Rapids nominees will be chosen in convention.

### Wild West Method.

George B. Mann finished eating a midnight lunch in Adrian's Stag hotel, then wheeled on his stool and fired a pistol point blank at Charles Camburn, night clerk, behind the office counter.

"Shoot again; you've missed," said Camburn.

"Oh, you're brave, ain't you? You've been out west," replied Mann, and walked away.

Camburn will not prosecute. A disagreement over a business deal is said to have been the instigation of the shooting. Both are well known.

### The Ferryman is Dead.

Ferryman Davenport's big signal bells have rung his knell, and soon his quaint cable-ferry, a landmark of Newaygo and Muskegon counties for half a century and one of two remaining in Michigan, is to be replaced by a modern bridge. The passing of the ferry will be mourned as keenly as was the passing of the kindly old man who made his living for the last 25 years by its operation.

### The Youngest Soldier.

Several of the leading daily newspapers of Vermont have recently completed a canvass, lasting several weeks, to determine the youngest volunteer sent to the civil war by the state of Vermont and the honor, the canvass shows, belongs to Capt. Alvan G. Fleury, of Charlotte.

### May Lose It.

Ward L. Tilden, recently named as Michigan's cadet-at-large to West Point, may not get the appointment after all. Tilden will be 22 January 27, and as he is supposed to enter his new duties March 1, he may be disqualified, the enrollment age limit being 22. Michigan congressmen are using their influence to get him in before his birthday.

### A New Canal Scheme.

Rep. E. L. Hamilton, of Michigan, has introduced a bill calling for a ship channel between Lakes Michigan and Superior. The canal will cost several million dollars, and it is proposed to start it before 1909 and finish it by 1913.

Those seeking the right of way are partly Michigan and partly Illinois people. They are George W. and Edward Dolan, Jr., Edward and F. B. Sprague, Lawrence E. O'Mera, John H. Marrittus and Lincoln H. Titus. The route planned is Whitefish river, Mud Lake, AuTrain lake and AuTrain river. The plans must be approved by the secretary of war. The bill carefully provides against tolls for military and naval craft, against the closing of navigation and against unfair tolls or tolls on naturally navigable waters.

### MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

In spite of the fact that Friday was the thirteenth of the month, over 200 Thrashers met in Lansing and organized a state association.

Joseph Murray, aged 19, who is suffering from tuberculosis, has disappeared from the home of his uncle, John Collard, of Owosso. It is feared he has succumbed to exposure.

Thirteen homicides occurred in Detroit from the beginning of the year 1907 up to December 12, an increase of eight over the number for the preceding year.

It is estimated that twice as many students are spending this yuletide recess in Ann Arbor as ever did before. In the first place the railroads offered no rates this year. Then again, the money stringency kept many from going to their homes, especially when the home-going trip is an expensive one as it is to go to the far west, south or east.

Charles Snyder, aged 30, who broke jail four years ago, after being sentenced to Iowa for robbery, was brought back to Jackson. He robbed the postoffice of Aberdeen, S. D., and was caught by officers, who fired a bullet through his hat.

# GREAT WORK.

## Progress Made on the Panama Canal Is Startling.

The excavation from the line of the Panama canal last month, aggregating 1,838,486 cubic yards, would have covered ten city blocks to a depth of forty feet. No such work has ever been done before as Col. Goethals has been doing on the isthmus, according to statistics presented in the official canal record just received.

For instance, it is shown that every fifty working days the commission is moving an amount of material equal to the pyramid of Cheops, which consumed the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years in the building and the services of the same number of men for ten years in constructing the road connecting the work with the quarry.

The commission could build the Suez canal at the present rate of progress in 28 years, though it took ten years for De Lesseps to complete his work. The famous Manchester ship canal could be excavated by the American canal workers in just 25 months and even Emperor Williams' magnificent Kiel canal could be dug by the Americans, in just five years.

According to the latest health report from Panama, the isthmus has been free from yellow fever for more than 18 months, and there has been a steady and continued improvement in the health conditions. Comparing the death rate for the year up to December 1, with that for the corresponding period in 1906, there has been a 50 per cent decrease, the figures being for this year 20.66 per thousand against 30.61 last year. The sick rate also showed a marked improvement, being 20.49 for November, against 26.90 for October, 1907.

### Should Help Themselves Some.

Appeals to President Roosevelt to have federal troops remain in Goldfield are taken in Washington as more evidence of the desire on the part of those sending them to rely solely on the national government for protection. The president, however, says that the state of Nevada should exhaust every means within its power to control the situation and that federal interference should be supplemental only to the efforts being made by the state.

Nothing in the appeals so far received indicate that any steps whatever are being taken by the state. Until they do something for themselves they can have no troops.

Senator Nixon, of Nevada, after a talk with the president said the troops certainly would not remain in Goldfield, but added: "One thing is certain, and that is that the Western Federation of Miners will not be known in Goldfield when this trouble has been concluded."

# THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Extra dryfed steers and heifers, \$4.75@5.00; steers and heifers, \$4.50@4.75; steers and heifers that are fat, \$4.00 to \$4.50; choice fat cows, \$3.25@3.50; good fat cows, \$2.75@3.25; cowboys, \$2.50@2.75; fair to good heifers, \$2.25@2.50; stock bulls, \$2.50@2.75; choice feeding steers, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fair feeding steers, \$1.50 to \$2.00; choice stockers, \$1.50 to \$2.00; fair stockers, \$1.00 to \$1.50; \$2.25@2.75; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$4.00@5.00; common milkers, \$1.80@2.00.

Veal calves—Market steady at last week's prices; best, \$7.25@7.75; others, \$2.60@5.00; mixed cows and springers, steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market, best, \$10.00@12.00; higher, \$12.00@14.00; other grades steady; best lambs, \$6.25@6.50; fair to good lambs, \$5.25@5.50; light to common lambs, \$4.25; fair to good butcher sheep, \$4.45@4.75; culls and common, \$3.60@3.50.

Hogs—Market 10c lower than last week; range of prices: Light to good hogs, \$4.25@4.75; pigs, \$3.25@3.75; yorkers, \$4.25@4.75; roughs, \$3.75@4.25; 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Export steers, \$5.00@5.50; best shipping steers, \$4.65@5.00; 1,000 to 1,100, \$4.50@4.75; best fat cows, \$3.25@3.50; fair to good, \$2.75@3.25; trimmers, \$1.50@1.75; best fat heifers, \$3.75@4.25; medium, \$2.75@3.25; common, \$2.40@2.60; best feeding steers, \$2.75@3.25; best stockers, \$2.50@2.75; export bulls, \$1.60@2.25;ologna bulls, \$3.25@3.50; stock bulls, \$2.50@2.75. The cow market was about steady on the good kind, with a lower price for good cows, \$4.50@4.75; medium, \$3.25@3.50; common, \$2.60@2.75; higher, all grades, \$5.00 late sales at \$5.00; few calves at \$3.00; best lambs, \$6.00@6.50; few at \$7.25; culls, \$3.00@3.75; yearlings, \$3.00@3.25; weathers, \$4.75@5.00; cows, \$4.00@4.50; hogs, strong, best, \$4.25@4.75; medium to good, \$3.98@5.00; heavy, \$4.40@5.00.

### Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—No. 1 white, \$1.02; No. 2 red, spot, \$1.02; December opened at \$1.02, sold up to \$1.02, and closed where it started, unchanged for the day. May opened and closed at \$1.07, selling up near white to \$1.07 per bu. Corn—No. 1 mixed, 58c; No. 2 yellow, 51c; by sample, 1 car at \$4.40 per bu. Oats—By sample, 1 car at \$1.50 per bu. Oats—No. 3 white, spot, 3 cars at \$4.40; May, 58c nominal; by sample, 25 bags at \$4.50; 24 at \$4.25; 23 at \$3.25, and 7 at \$1 per bu. Prime alkali, \$8.50; by sample, 13 bags at \$8.75, and 4 at \$7.50 per bu. Timothy seed—Prime spot, \$2.10 per bu. Beans—Spot, \$2; December, \$1.91; January, \$1.91, all nominal.

# AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT

Week Ending December 29, 1907.

TEMPLE THEATRE AND WONDERLAND—Afternoons 2:15, 10c to 25c. Evenings \$1.50 to \$2.00. CLAYTON WHITE & MARIE STUART, New Act.

REGENCY OPERA HOUSE—Matinees daily except Wednesday, 10c, 20c, 25c. McFADDEN'S FLATS.

LYCEUM THEATRE—Every Night. Mata. 8:00, Wed. Sat. 10c, 25c, 50c. DREAM CITY.

LAVAYETTE—Matinees Sun., Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Prices 25c, 50c and 75c. All Matinees Except Monday 25c. IN THE BISHOPS' CARRIAGE.

Colored men who rob women on the streets of Detroit seem to evade capture despite all efforts of the police. Holdups have been very numerous during the past few weeks. Saturday night five women were stopped and their shopping bags and money forcibly taken.

The graduating class of the Lake Odessa high school has prepared the following lines as an apology to their Latin study:

All are dead who wrote it,  
All are dead who spoke it,  
All die who learn it—  
Blessed dead, they earn it!"

# STRAIGHTENING GLAZIER'S AFFAIRS

## THREE MONTHS, OR MORE, BEFORE CHELSEA BANK CAN PAY DIVIDEND.

### "LIKE HOUSE OF DEATH."

U. S. Marshal Serves Papers On Glazier, Who Is a Very Sick Man—The Receiver in Bankruptcy Files Bond.

It has been rumored that the Chelsea Savings bank would declare a dividend of 10 to 15 per cent within a few days. When asked regarding this rumor, Receiver W. W. Wedemeyer said:

"There is absolutely nothing to it. We cannot declare a dividend of any amount within three months, according to the laws of the state. A notice for the filing of creditors' claims must be published twelve successive weeks, which means, thirteen weeks before any dividend can be declared. Even then we don't know that we will be able to declare one, as a large creditor may show up at the last minute. We are just as anxious to clear up the bank's affairs as the creditors, and everything will be done as speedily as possible."

"Henry Wickham, of Detroit, with the approval of the court, has been appointed by me as bookkeeper and accountant for the Chelsea Savings bank. He is to receive \$100 a month. This will be paid out of the funds of the bank."

Asked as to whether Mr. Wickham was in the employ of the surety company, he said: "That I do not know, but he may be. His appointment was satisfactory to them and he is to endorse the checks that are paid. I am convinced that he is a capable man for the position and will prove satisfactory to those that have business with him."

It was a house of mourning which Deputy United States Marshal Cassius P. Taylor entered at Chelsea when he served the papers on State Treasurer Frank P. Glazier in connection with the petition in involuntary bankruptcy filed in the United States court a few days ago. Service was not obtained on Glazier immediately, owing to the statement of Dr. Woods, Mr. Glazier's physician, that the state trooper was not in condition to withstand the shock. Mr. Taylor made two trips to Chelsea before he secured service. The matter was arranged through the physician and Harold Glazier, son of Frank Glazier. The son informed his father of the nature of the deputy marshal's visit and the physician and Mr. Taylor then entered the room. Mr. Taylor says Glazier plainly shows that he has been and is now very ill.

The Security Trust company has been appointed receiver in bankruptcy by Referee in Bankruptcy Davock and has filed a bond for \$10,000. Mr. Taylor said after his return from Chelsea, that he found the Glazier apartments on Jefferson avenue, and as assignee for Frank L. Davidson, of Chelsea, asks \$16,200 for laying a cement sidewalk. Finkelman appears for Thomas M. Robinson, claiming \$200 for cut stone work on an Ann Arbor building. Gregg, for Michael J. Howe, claims \$69 for work done in October and November. The creditors refer to several alleged acts on the part of Glazier, chief among which was the turning over of two pieces of property valued at \$180,000 to the bank, evidently preferring the bank to other creditors.

### Jailed the Family.



## THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

YESTERNIGHT the year lay dying?  
By his lowly couch we met.  
Bringing ivy-leaves and trying  
Some with smiles and some with sighing  
To remember—or forget.

Now the nursing year is waking,  
And we gaze into his eyes.  
Heedless of his sire's forsaking,  
In his cradle he is taking  
Gifts from earth and sea and skies.

Dawn of gold and sunset gleaming,  
April eve and Juneteide morn  
Things of truth and not of seeming,  
These have glorified his dreaming,  
He the heir, the newly born.

In his tiny grasp he treasures  
Riches that may soon be ours—  
Sunlight gold in brimming measures,  
Meadow fragrances and pleasures,  
Honeyed wine distilled of flowers.

Soon the child will frolic lightly  
O'er his father's grass-green grave;  
Day shall be his playmate brightly,  
And his sleep be sweetened nightly  
By the songs of wind and wave.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

his protestations. The lover who promises all things without reserve is too often like the fellow who doesn't question the hotel bill nor ask the price of the wine, because he doesn't intend to pay it anyway. The fellow who is prodigal with his vows and promises and poetry is generally the one to whom such things mean nothing and, being of no value, can be flung about generously to every girl he meets. The firm with the biggest front office is likely to be the one with the smallest deposit in the safe. The man who swears off loudly on New Year's is usually the one they have to carry home the morning after. And the chap who promises a girl a life of roses is the one who will let her pick all the thorns off for herself.

"Perhaps," sighed the widow, chewing the stem of a violet thoughtfully, "the best way to cure a man of a taste for anything, after all, is to let him have too much of it instead of making him swear off. If you want him to hate the smell of a pipe insist on his smoking all the time. If you want him to sign the temperance pledge, serve him wine with every course. If you want him to hate a woman, invite her to meet him every time he calls, and tell him how 'suitable' she would be."

"And if you want him to love you," finished the bachelor, "don't ask him to swear it, but tell him that he really ought not to. The best way to manage a donkey—human or otherwise—is to turn his head in the wrong direction and he'll back in the right one."

"Then," said the widow decisively, "we ought to begin the New Year by making some resolutions."

"Some—what?"

"Vows that we won't stop doing the things we ought not to do," explained the widow.

"All right," agreed the bachelor thoughtfully, "I'll make an resolution to go on making love to you as much as I like."

"You mean, as much as I like, Mr. Travers," corrected the widow severely.

"How much do you like?" asked the bachelor, leaning over to look into the widow's eyes.

The widow kicked the corner of the rug tentatively.

"I like—all but the proposing," she said slowly. "You really ought to stop that."

"I'm going to stop it—to-night."

The widow looked up in alarm.

"Oh, you don't have to commence keeping your resolutions until tomorrow morning," she said quickly.

"And are you going to stop refusing me—to-night," continued the bachelor firmly.

The widow studied the corner of the rug with great concern.

"And," went on the bachelor, taking something from his pocket and toying with it thoughtfully, "you are going to put on this ring"—he leaned over, caught the widow's hand and slipped the glittering thing on her third finger. "Now," he began, "you are going to say that you will."

The widow sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "In a moment we'll be making promises!"

"We don't need to," said the bachelor, leaning back nonchalantly, "we can begin by making—arrangements. Would you prefer to live in town or at Tuxedo? And do you think Europe or Bermuda the best place for the—"

"Bermuda, by a!" means," broke in the widow, "and I wish you'd have that hideous portico taken off your town house, Billy, and—"

But the rest of her words were smothered in the bachelor's coat lapel—and something else.

"Then you do mean to marry me, after all!" cried the bachelor triumphantly.

The widow gasped for breath and patted her hair anxiously.

"I—I meant to marry you all the time!" she cried, "but I never thought you were really in earnest and—"

"Methinks," quoted the bachelor happily, "that neither of us did protest too much." We haven't made any promises, you know."

"Not one," rejoined the widow promptly, "as to my flirting."

"Nor as to my clubs."

"Nor as to my relatives."

"Nor my cigars."

"And we won't make any vows," cried the widow, "except marriage vows."

"And New Year's resolutions," added the bachelor.

"Listen!" cried the widow softly, with her fingers on her lips.

A peal of a thousand silver bells rang out on the midnight air.

"The chimes!" exclaimed the widow. "They're full of promises."

"I thought it sounded like a wedding bell," said the bachelor, disappointedly.

"Maybe," said the widow, "it was only Love—ringing off."—Los Angeles Times.

### New Year's Calls.

The custom of visiting and sending presents and cards on New Year's day is recorded almost as far back as history goes. The practice of using visiting cards can be traced back for thousands of years by the Chinese. Their New Year's visiting cards are curiosities. Each one sets forth not only the name, but all the titles of its owner, and, as all Chinamen who have any social position at all have about a dozen, it makes the list quite appalling. These cards are made of silk or else of fine paper backed with silk and are so large that they have to be rolled up to be carried conveniently. They are, indeed, so valuable that they are returned to their owners.

## NEWEST THINGS IN DRESS



THE BEAU BRUMMEL TIE

There is nothing new under the sun, unless it is in dress, and—woman—that is, fashionable woman—is constantly on the qui vive to catch the latest hints of fashion, and to accommodate them to her peculiar needs and her pocketbook. Perhaps the newest novelty of the winter season is the "Beau Brummel" tie. It was first introduced across the water, and was instantly taken into feminine and fashionable favor with an enthusiasm easily to be understood—and certain to be shared when once you see for yourself just how convenient and how charming it is. So as such knowledge will increase both your comfort and your smartness this winter we show above the faithful portrait of the new tie for all to study and admire, and I may tell you that its fastening is most simply and successfully effected by the mere passing of one end through a loop of the fur, while by the same means it can be adjusted to fit the neck as closely and cosily as you will. It is indeed a wonderfully protective little affair, and will be a most welcome addition to the collarless coats which continue supreme in fashion's favor, while then according to your mood of the moment or the style of your accompanying headgear you can either let its ends be piquantly poised at one side or more demurely folded in front, the charm of variety being thereby added to its account.

The more "dressy" tailor-made coats are for the most part of half-length or to the ankles. Very few short ones are seen in cloth or serge, though there are exceptions made in fur sacques and boleros; in fact, at any minute the little sacque coats may be re-visited, but for the moment let us content ourselves with the long graceful semi-fitting coats which are so becoming to most of womankind.

In our illustration we show one of the latest tailor-mades. As can be

striped material is cut in different ways so as to supply their own trimming, as for instance is seen on the skirt. Bands of plain cloth in harmonizing color and a lace yoke complete the design. The hat is of white felt with fancy plume.

As for the newest things in millinery we show below two very pretty but in-



NEWEST TREATMENT OF STRIPES

expensive hats. One of the twain is made in cinnamon brown satin brim soft full crown in chine silk, finished off with the chou of cinnamon satin and the new ostrich mount. This is a hat which can be worn with any costume and can be made in any color desired, and made in black satin underlined with velvet would be very striking.

The second hat shown in the illustration is of an equally dainty creation. It is made in a dead shade of mauve satin underlined in velvet in a darker color with a charming wreath of two shades in velvet flowers fastened in front with a bunch of deep rich cerise silk roses. This lovely hat would go well with a rather colorless gown. It can be made in all colors, and would have a very smart effect.

"Death!" I would cry most gladly to the cloche hat, though I would by no means banish from recognition the mushroom hat which was the original germ of these modish monstrosities, which have already exceeded all the bounds of good taste, to say nothing of common sense, upon which I should be sorry to insist as a pivot for fashion; but, again I repeat, the mushroom hats by all means.

These are made in felt or beaver, wreathed with autumn leaves, or trimmed with colored velvet choux. They are easily achieved at home, these choux. Only select the colors which contrast well, and buy three-eighths of a yard of velvet on the cross, each of three different shades, gather them round together at the back, place them on the hat, and indent them with your finger wherever you think likely to look well. The more carelessly this is done the better the effect.

One hat which was made after the above directions was of a dark purple, and the three colors were peacock blue, sage green and bellotrope. The hat was of the mushroom shape.



THE LATEST TAILOR-MADE

readily seen it is of the most graceful design of the very latest and most fashion-favored coat and skirt costume. It is made up in fine face cloth, which comes in all the newest shadings, and is finished in a most effective device in broad and silky braid. Its exceeding smartness is too obvious to need comment, but the long, graceful lines of the coat and the full skirt will be found very becoming to most figures.

In our other single column picture we show the latest treatment of the popular stripes. In this costume the



NEW MODES IN MILLINERY

## MEDICINES THAT ARE HARMFUL

Combinations of Drugs Dangerous if Not Used at Once.

Just one year from the time the medicine was lost it showed up again at the drug store. A woman brought it in.

"This bottle was left at our house by mistake," she said.

The clerk read the name on the wrapper and the date on the label, then he called to a man who sat leaning against the cigar counter with his head propped up in his hands.

"Captain," he said, "here is that medicine we had such a time about. I don't see," he added, turning to the woman, "why you didn't bring it back sooner."

"I didn't think of it," she explained. "The maid took it in one day when we were all out. She thought it belonged to somebody in our house. It has lain around there in a cupboard all this while. It never occurred to us to return it until just this morning, and then it struck me you might be able to use it."

The man by the counter lifted his head out of his hands.

"Use it?" he said. "Of course we can. I had the grip last year when it was put up and I've got the grip now. I can take that medicine as well as a new bottle full."

"No, you can't," said the clerk. "Some druggists might permit you to, but we won't. It might upset you for a month. Some medicines never lose their healing power, while others not only fail to produce the desired effect, but become positively harmful after standing a few months. The length of time a medicine retains its efficacy depends upon the ingredients. Some combinations of drugs keep on good terms with each other indefinitely, while others get into a row after being mixed together for a while, and the man who swallows a dose of the stuff is apt to feel a good deal worse than before he took it. As a rule medicines that are quite sweet keep their curative virtues longer than those that are acid or bitter. Most any medicine can be taken in safety six months after compounding, and many will be all right six years hence. Those that are not good generally take on a curdled, milky appearance; but that is by no means an infallible test, and the person who wishes to save his system uncomfortable complications would do well to let old medicines strictly alone."

The man looked at the bottle regretfully.

"And that was an expensive prescription, too," he said. "It seems a shame to waste it."

"New mind," said the clerk, "we are willing to stand the loss. We would rather do that than to take chances on losing a good customer like you."

### American Names.

If we have some growing sense of a desire to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly picnic grove atmosphere here as is given off by Lakewood or Riverside.

The rich sentimentalism of the real estate dealer has done what it could considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb, the chances are we shall be too lazily and flatly patriotic, call it Lincoln and be done with it, or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as Ivanhoe.

With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place with all its prospective labor agitations, and at the same time give a tinge of beauty to the situation forever by calling it Fretley. Or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night, why not call it Stroke instead of naming it Smithville after the present chief stockholder in the concern?—Atlantic Monthly.

### Collecting His Bill.

One day last summer visitors to a merry-go-round on a vacant lot in the outskirts of Philadelphia were very much touched by the melancholy demeanor of a long, lean, lank individual who, suffering greatly, persisted in riding repeatedly. At last some one said to him sympathetically:

"You appear to be in great distress."

"Yes," replied the man on the merry-go-round, "this continual riding round and round makes me searck."

"Well, then, why don't you quit riding?" asked the inquisitive questioner.

"I can't help it," replied the poor man. "The man who runs this merry-go-round owes me money, and the only way I can collect it is by taking 'out in rides."

If Odors Only Were Nourishing.

"If one could live on odors alone," said Mr. Flatdeweller, "it wouldn't cost much to live in a flat."

"For there's no odor of cooking known that you can't smell here. The lumb-waiter shafts and the various holes through floors and ceilings for steam and water pipes seem to make the whole building a sort of universal smell conductor in which no cooking odor is lost, in which all odors come to all."

"And so if anybody in the building has roast turkey we know that, but so, also, do we know it full well if anybody has corned beef and cabbage or onions or fish. There is, indeed, a sort of odors, and as I said, it could live on odors what a place could be to board—such a vast new concept!"



**PLYMOUTH MAIL.**

F. W. SAMSEN.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

One Year \$1.00  
Six Months .60  
Three Months .35

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1907.

**The Reorganized Pere Marquette.**

Detroit Free Press: All doubts as to the Pere Marquette's being run as an independent corporation and in the interests of the state of Michigan and its people have been finally and definitely set at rest. The announcement made by George W. Perkins, chairman of the board of directors, while courteously received, was looked upon as a necessarily formal utterance delivered by the representative of the Morgan interests. But the statement can now be made without fear of successful contradiction, that Mr. Perkins not only meant every word he said, but is taking deep interest in the property, which will be run as a railroad should be run, and not on paper to sell, as was the unholy combination at the time of the formation of the Great Central system.

One of the first moves to be made is the removal of 200 men of the office force from Cincinnati. All of the central offices will be in Detroit and it will not be headquarters in name only but the executive management will be here as it should be, in the greatest city of the state which the road is to serve. "Just as soon as G. Jay Vinton can do it," said President William Cotter, yesterday, "the Pere Marquette will have built over the freight house here two additional stories to accommodate the office force that is being brought from Cincinnati. The force will require, so you can see that it is no small matter. In the meantime I am seeking temporary quarters for this force, which I wish here by January 1. I have visited several of the office buildings and within the next two or three days I will know just where I can place them."

The Pere Marquette at present occupies the second, third and fourth stories of the Union depot with the exception of the two rooms used by the Wabash, so you can realize that with two more stories over the freight house there will be quite an army of men employed here, and the payroll in itself will be a large item contributing to the welfare of the city. It is not a temporary matter, either.

The board of commerce realizing the importance of the move to Detroit has been very active in assisting the Pere Marquette in securing a temporary location pending the building of the addition at the depot, and it is safe to say that offices that will probably prove satisfactory have been selected, but until the matter is passed upon by President William Cotter, the location will not be made known.

**Savings Bank Account.**

Ann Arbor Times:—The growth of savings bank deposits in this country is full of interest to every citizen who desires to get ahead in life, as nothing more clearly indicates the prosperity of those who practice industry and economy than the continuous piling up of money in the savings banks. The reports show that one savings bank in New York now has on deposit more money than all the banks in the country combined fifty years ago. To state the matter more definitely, in 1857 there was on deposit in savings banks \$98,000,000 while in 1907 the total has reached the magnificent sum of \$3,400,000,000. While during that period the population of this country has only trebled, the savings deposits have multiplied thirty-five fold. During the past ten years the country growth has been twenty-one per cent, while in the same period the savings deposits have advanced seventy per cent. When it is remembered that it is largely the laboring people who use the savings banks, some conception may be formed as to what thrift and industry will do for those who employ those essential agencies. It is fair to remark in this connection that those who own the bank books and the sums to their credit which the books represent are rarely represented in that class of laborers who hike from the factory or shop to some convenient grocery to refresh the inner man from one to a dozen times before going to their homes. Their accounts are kept on the bar-keeper's slate.

**Carriers Must Look Tidy.**

The postmaster general has issued the following notice to rural mail carriers: "Postmasters of rural delivery offices will inform rural carriers under their supervision that they are required to present a neat personal appearance; that the vehicle used by them must be suited to the service, kept in good order and presentable, and that the animals used by the carriers in serving their routes must be fit to work and such as to not cast discredit on the service. Laziness in these matters by rural carriers will be immediately reported to the office by postmasters."

**A RUSE THAT FAILED**  
MR. PENNYWINKLE BROUGHT HOME A GAME FOWL

Mr. Pennywinkle entered his front door like a cautious man who wishes to make no noise. In his right hand he carried a heavy paper bag which, from the inscription upon it had evidently once served the purpose of holding 25 pounds of flour; and Mr. Pennywinkle held this bag securely by the neck as though his soul's salvation hinged thereon.

"John?" cried a voice.  
With a great sigh and a fearsome look at the paper bag John answered back:

"My love?"  
"Is that you?"  
And John walked through to the kitchen holding his hat in one hand and the paper bag in the other and, standing in the doorway with his head meekly bent forward, he blinked his eyes in all humility.

"Why, John!" cried Mary, "whatever have you got there in that bag?"  
And as she said the words, the bag moved, John standing as still as stone, his gaze fixed on the floor in front of him and giving no sign.

"Good grief!" cried Mary, gasping for breath and turning slightly pale. "What on earth alls you, John?"  
"Nothing," said John.

"Then what is in that bag?"  
"A hen," said John.

"A hen?"  
"Yes," said John.

"A dead one?"  
"No," said John.

"A live one?"  
"Yes," said John, and he gazed at Mary at last in such a pleading, wistful way that she turned her head to hide her look of pride.

"Now, they had a raffle at the office," said John, growing bolder at Mary's silence, "and I won it."

He placed his hat on a chair.  
"It is a game fowl," he eagerly added.

He drew a jackknife from his pocket, placed the bag on the floor and opened the knife to cut the string that encircled the neck of the bag.

"They are very rare," he added again, flushing with pleasure at the thought of his proprietorship in the fowl and Mary's kindness to him.

"Well," said Mary, speaking with indulgence, "put it down in the cellar for the present, John, and we will see."

And if ever a happy man first hung his hat up in that hall and then carried a paper bag down into the cellar, humming a hymn under his breath and walking softly as a true gentleman should, it was our John the night he brought the game fowl home.

"Won't you have to build a coop for it?" asked Mary after dinner.

"Yes; shall I go now?" asked John, rising from the table. "The poor thing will have to have a coop; shall I go now, Mary?"

She nodded a gracious assent and John tripped down the cellar steps like a bride who is late to her wedding, and when Mary went down a little later and sat on the steps to watch him work, John's cup of happiness was full and the chicken coop grew beneath his hands like a thing of magic.

"There," said John, after the coop had been finished and set outside, a nest and a perch placed in it and the game fowl balanced on the perch.

"Now, if she is only a good layer—"  
But it seemed as if that was the very thing in which the game fowl was most deficient.

"Did the chicken lay an egg?" was John's first question every night.

And every night Mary made sympathetic answer:

"No, John; it didn't."  
John's spirits drooped.

"Perhaps," he said another night, "she needs a bigger nest."

They enlarged her nest.

"Perhaps," he said the third night, "she needs a few oyster shells well cracked up."

They provided her with that delicacy.

"Perhaps," said John the fourth night, "she needs a run."

They tied a string to her leg and let her run.

The fifth night John had no suggestion to offer, but his manner was so disconsolate when Mary told him the news of the chicken's continued inaction that she could hardly restrain herself from going right out and boxing the game fowl's ears. Simultaneously an inspiration struck her, and the next morning she made a special visit to the chicken coop and slyly slipped an egg into the nest.

"I don't suppose the chicken laid an egg," sighed John as he hung up his hat that night.

"I don't know," said Mary, bustling around; "I've been so busy to-day I've hardly had time to tarry around. Come to think about it, though, she was cackling like anything this afternoon—"

John rushed out and almost simultaneously rushed in again, triumphantly carrying the egg.

"Well, well!" cried Mary.

"Isn't it a large one!" cried John.

"Of all things!" cried Mary.

"And how heavy it is!" cried John, weighing it in his palm. "I never felt such a heavy—"

It slipped—fell—broke—and, O, but it was an ancient egg!

"I wouldn't want to eat it," said Mary, turning fery red.

"O, they're not for eating!" cried John; "they're for setting!"

"Gemy enough," said Mary.

"Yes," said John simply, "she's a game fowl."

Always the Same



**CHURCH NEWS.**

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**

Sunday morning service at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 1030 A. M. Subject, "Christian Science." Sunday-school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7 P. M. Every one is welcome.

**UNIVERSALIST**

The subject of the sermon next Sunday will be "The True Foundation for Optimism." Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday-school at 11:15. Y. P. C. U. at 7:00 p. m. Subject, "The Good Beginning of Things. To what Purpose are New Year's Resolutions?"

**BAPTIST.**

The Baptist Christmas exercises consisted of the usual variety—recitations, songs, drills, etc., all of which were nicely rendered. Presents were distributed from an arch and the children were all remembered and made happy by Old Santa.

**METHODIST.**

The pastor will preach at the morning and evening services next Sunday. In the morning the quartet will sing and in the evening the chorus will lead in the singing.

The Christmas exercises at the M. E. church Tuesday evening were attended by a large congregation, the house being filled to overflowing. The principal feature of the exercises was a pantomime, "The Night Before Christmas and the Night After." Presents were distributed by Santa Claus from an arch every Sunday-school child being made happy with a gift of some kind.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**

Sunday, 10:00, morning worship. The pastor will speak on "The Logic of the Calendar."

11:15 Sunday-school. Election of officers for the new year. 6:00 Westminster Guild. 7:00, Evening praise service. The pastor will speak on "A New Year's Resolve." All are welcome at the above services, also at the midweek prayer service Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Subject, "A Look Forward into the New Year."

The annual meeting of the church and congregation will be held Monday evening, Jan. 6, at the church. All who are interested in the material or spiritual welfare of the church are welcome.

The Christmas exercises given at the Presbyterian church Monday evening were very well rendered by the children of the Sunday-school. At the close of the program Santa Claus came in with three mail bags filled with gifts and the post master of the little post-office, which had been arranged on the platform, was kept busy handing out packages. The pastor and his wife were the recipients of a handsome hall tree and a sectional bookcase from the members of his congregation.

The following will take part in the play "Breaking His Bonds": Frank Burrows, Mark Ladd, Chas. Rathburn, Howard Brown, Elmer and Calvin Whipple, Mrs. Frank Burrows, Misses Ada Pitcher and Lelia Murray. Between acts specialties will be introduced.

The family of James McCormick was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanVleet Christmas day, thirty guests being present. Those from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bussey and children of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Larned of Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Burt Galpin and children of Dixboro, Edna, Elmer and Lloyd Jarvis of Salem.

**A Cough Medicine**

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.



The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.

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**To Our Friends and Patrons:**

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**Happy and Prosperous New Year.**

**SCHRADER BROS.**

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**Here's Good Advice.**  
O. S. Woolever, one of the best known merchants of LeRaysville, N. Y., says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. 25c. at The Wolverine Drug store and John L. Gale's.

**Plymouth Markets.**

Wheat, Red, \$ .94  
Oats, 50c.  
Rye, 75c.  
Potatoes, 40c.  
Beans, basis \$1.60  
Buckwheat, \$1.30 cwt.  
Butter, 25c.  
Eggs, 27c

**TO FARMERS.**

We are paying the highest cash prices for everything that offers at our Ann Arbor mills in the way of wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, beans and field seeds. We are applying hundreds of farmers with flour and feed. If you are not numbered among our customers, we invite a trial. We can supply any desired amount of fine or coarse middlings, bran or coarse grains; also best pulp seed and cottonseed meal.

**MICHIGAN MILLING CO.**

**Probate Notice.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss: At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office of the city of Detroit, on the second day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of William Blanck, Sr., deceased.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is Ordered, That the second day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further Ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.] ERVIN R. PALMER, Probate Clerk.

**Commissioner's Notice.**

In the matter of the estate of William J. Hill, dec'd. deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the store of A. H. Dibble & Co., in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Thursday, the 12th day of March, A. D. 1908, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 12th day of December, 1907, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated December 11th, 1907.  
ALBERT R. DIBBLE, FRED A. DIBBLE, Commissioners.

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Will practice in all courts of the State. Prompt attention given to Collections, Loans and the sale of Real Estate on commission, both farm and city property.  
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TEACHER OF  
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R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets  
Doctors find  
A good prescription  
For mankind.  
The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

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### Local News

**A Happy New Year!**  
A. D. Prout of Detroit was in town Monday.

Leslie Hudd is spending a few days in Bay City.  
Edgar Peck of Detroit spent Sunday in Plymouth.

A. D. Stevens is visiting his son in Greensburg, Pa.

Arthur Reed of Detroit visited at E. L. Riggs' last week.

Miss Verne Rowley is spending a few days in Jackson.

Charles Bennett of Detroit spent Sunday in Plymouth.

Mrs. Addie Hickmott spent the first of the week in Pontiac.

Miss Della Eberly spent Xmas at her home in Williamston.

Lawrence Harrison is home from Detroit for a couple of weeks.

Clarence Gittins of Detroit is visiting his brothers here this week.

Dr. J. J. Travis attended the funeral of a cousin in Milford Tuesday.

"Breaking His Bonds" will be a good strong play. Be sure you see it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dicks are visiting the latter's brother in Tecumseh.

Don Safford of Grand Rapids spent Christmas with his mother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Draper and Miss Maude Merrell spent Xmas in Detroit.

Maj. and Mrs. B. D. Safford and family of Detroit spent Xmas at Asa Joy's.

"Breaking His Bonds" the first home talent play of the season, don't miss it.

Mrs. Huffman and daughter Hazel are spending the Holidays in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Frank Merkeson and son of Detroit spent the first of the week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clark and daughter May spent Xmas in South Lyon.

Lewis L. Dicks of Hillsboro, Ind., visited his brother Frank the first of the week.

Mrs. A. Pettingill Clark has gone to live with her sister and nieces near Northville.

Mrs. Chas. Armstrong and daughter Irma are spending the holidays in Union City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Austin and daughter Nina spent Christmas in Dixboro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rauch and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rauch spent Xmas in Northville.

A daughter was welcomed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer of Canton Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Packard attended the funeral of a relative in Hillsdale last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane entertained a large company of relatives from Belleville at Christmas dinner yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sage of Fenton, J. Bachman and Eugene Bachman of White Lake spent Xmas at Dr. J. J. Travis'.

Rev. E. King spent Christmas with his brother in Grand Rapids. Mrs. King is visiting her parents in St. Thomas, Ontario.

Some thirty-five guests were entertained yesterday at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanVleet. Many were from out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Voorhies' family Xmas dinner was increased by the addition of several guests from Ann Arbor and Plymouth.

Mrs. Friabee formerly of Plymouth was the recipient at the "Home" in Chelsea of many beautiful and useful Christmas gifts from her numerous friends in this village.

See "Breaking His Bonds," at the Opera House, Jan. 1 and 2.

The quietude of the Christmas afternoon down town was relieved with a little excitement in the way of a brush between the steppers owned by Geo. VanVleet and Geo. Taylor, the latter having the best of the contest.

Auctioneers John Bennett and Frank J. Boyle conducted one of the largest auction sales of farm personal property ever held in Wayne county for the Sylvester Losey estate on Thursday, Dec. 19, the sale amounting to five thousand dollars.

We have received a copy of a very artistic booklet from W. A. Fox, publisher of the Rochester Era, which is not only a credit to him but to the village as well. It is replete with many half tone illustrations of scenes in the town, buildings of local enterprises, prominent citizens and the officers of various organizations of Rochester.

**A Dangerous Deadlock.** that sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back at The Wolverine Drug store and John L. Gale's, Etc.

The cast of characters of "Breaking His Bonds" is its recommendation.

Miss Carrie Flinton of Ypsilanti visited Miss Carrie Brown over Xmas.

Miss Nell McLaren came home from Beaver Falls, Pa., last Saturday evening, feeling quite ill.

Quite a number attended the assembly after the dancing class at Penniman hall Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. W. McNally and daughter Dora of Simcoe, Ont., are spending the Holidays with the former's brother, Robt. Walker.

The Pastime Club will give a New Years' Eve party at Penniman Hall next Tuesday evening. Music by Whitmire's orchestra. Tickets \$1.00.

George White was put out of Dan Adams' saloon Tuesday afternoon and in "revenge" shoved his arm through the glass in the door, cutting his hand quite badly.

Friday last was the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown and some of their neighbors and friends took advantage of the opportunity and gave them a genuine surprise. The occasion was very much enjoyed by all.

The Mall will have ready for distribution to its subscribers on Monday morning a very fine lot of calendars of all kinds and sizes. No two alike. Come early and avoid the rush and have your pick. Postively no children will be given a calendar—don't send them.

It is expected the new postmaster, Mark Ladd, will be ready to take the office January 1st. Retiring Postmaster Hall will take a vacation of two or three months before engaging in any business again. Miss Margaret Joy, the efficient assistant, will continue in the office.

Next Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Opera House, "Breaking His Bonds."

One of our neighboring young farmers was much elated last Monday when his wife presented him with a daughter. He got a little mixed on the gender and came down town and reported the new arrival to be a son. He didn't know of his mistake until he returned home, but felt just as happy over the event.

The merchants report a very gratifying Christmas trade. The weather Monday morning started in with a rain and there were some long faces at the prospect, but it turned out all right later in the day and Tuesday was a record-breaker. One gratifying feature was the fact that not near so many people did their holiday shopping in the city. They could do better in Plymouth.

On Saturday morning last the block corner Jefferson and Woodward avenues, Detroit was burned. The block contained the stores of Edwin George, furrier, and D. E. Kellogg & Co., wholesale milliners. The latter firm is well known in Plymouth, its members being, besides Mr. Kellogg that of A. A. Taft. The latter firm estimates its loss at \$22,000, practically all covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown. Plymouth friends extend their sympathy to Messrs. Kellogg and Taft.

A good New Year's treat. Go to the play, "Breaking His Bonds," at the Opera House.

One of our business men had in prospect a rather disagreeable Christmas yesterday morning, when he discovered that he had lost a bill-book containing nearly fifty dollars. He was under the impression that it had worked out of his hip-pocket on the way home the night before and for two hours the following morning he raked the freshly fallen snow on the sidewalks in an effort to find it. He gave it up and concluded some one had picked it up and came to The Mail office to advertise the lost property. A half-hour later he came back, his face glowing with smiles. The lost had been found. His wife, upon making the bed, found the bill-book intact at the foot of the bed, where it had dropped unnoticed out of his pocket. Then everybody was happy.

Miss Rea Baird has gone to South Lyon to live.

Will Kaiser was home from Ypsilanti for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Harmon spent Xmas in Hart, Mich.

S. J. Winters of Bay City was a guest of U. Wingard's Sunday.

Maynard Riley was home from Indianapolis over Christmas.

The students who are attending the U. of M. were home for Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hoops were Ann Arbor visitors Christmas.

New independent telephones for the week: Arthur Hood, residence.

Mrs. Chas. Fitzpatrick returned to home in Port Huron Wednesday.

Mrs. Fred Burch and Miss Minnie Gyde spent Xmas in South Lyon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Detroit visited relatives in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rooke of Superior spent Xmas at Eugene Rooke's.

Baby hoods and Children's Tam Caps at one-fourth off at Mrs. Harrison's.

C. O. Hubbell will move into the Barrows house on Ann Arbor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Johnson were Northville visitors on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Lute Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyon spent Xmas in Northville.

Dr. Pelham received a box of nice fruit from his sister in California for a Christmas gift.

Mrs. A. W. Chaffee drew the handsome picture raffled off by the Eastern Stars of Wayne.

The Universalist ladies will hold their monthly bake sale in the church vestry tomorrow afternoon.

Clarence Cooper expects to leave today for Chicago to gain some practical experience as an undertaker.

J. B. Pettingill and wife, W. T. Pettingill and wife and Brant Warner and wife spent Christmas in Wayne.

Mrs. J. H. Trump of Sandusky, Mich. was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wingard Wednesday and Thursday.

J. E. Kennedy of Northfield, Minn., was a Christmas guest at W. O. Allen's as were also Mrs. Dr. Burgess and daughter of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Underwood and little daughter and Mr. and Mrs. John Lusk of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wright of Wayne, were guests of Plymouth relatives Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer entertained the following people on Christmas: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Wakely, Mrs. Fanny Judson and two sons and Miss Mabel Spicer of Detroit, S. W. Spicer, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barker, Will and Gladys Barker of Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wingard entertained Mr. Wingard's relatives Christmas. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wingard of Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. John of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan and family and Mrs. Stout from the country, and H. J. Fisher and family of the village. One of those delicious dinners for which Mrs. Wingard is famous and beautiful gifts on every hand, made a day long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to participate.

House to Rent. Enquire of Mrs. W. Bennett, Ann Arbor street.

FOR SALE.—2 sets of light bobsleighs. Lafayette Dean.

FOR SALE.—4 yr. old colt, partly broken. James Joy. Telephone 916 25-1L.

FOR SALE.—My ice building situated on the railroad track, ice wagon and other utensils. CZAR PENNEY.

FOR SALE.—Sauerkraut at 15 cents per gallon. Also some cabbage heads. Phone 171 15 1L 15. HENRY HEIDE.

I will be at Gayde Bros. store Friday and Gittens Bros. store Saturday when taxes may be paid.  
R. G. SAMSEN, Treas.

FOR SALE.—One set of surrey bobs for 1 inch axletree. Enquire of C. G. Draper.

House to Rent. Enquire at the Plymouth United Savings Bank.

**THE DAWN**

of the holiday season sees us better equipped than ever to supply your needs. How well and how economically we are prepared to serve you will be apparent when you visit our store.

**UNTIL JANUARY 5, 1908.**

WE WILL MAKE A

**1/4 Off Special Sale**

on the following goods:

Toilet Cases	Vases
Toilet Articles	Match-holders
Shaving Sets	Pin Trays
Smoking Sets	Handkerchief Boxes
Mirrors	Glove Boxes
Photo Frames	Necktie Boxes
Purses	Combs
Pocketbooks	Bill-books
Teddy Bears	Stationery
Postcard Boxes	1 #40 New Royal Sewing Machine for \$25.00 (been rented).
Postcard Basket	
Postcard Album	

**C. G. DRAPER**

Jeweler and Optometrist.

**GALE'S.**

We have a few Toys left. Come in and buy them at Cost.

**Books! Books!**

Winter is the time to read. Come in and buy a book at the

**Cheapest Price Ever Known.**

Gale's Rheumatic Tablets Cure Rheumatism.

**JOHN L. GALE**

**NEW STEEL RANGE**

with High Closet Reservoir and Thermometer,

**\$30.00**

**Conner Hardware Co., Ltd**

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Headquarters for

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**HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER**

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**

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Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a **Scott's Emulsion** baby.

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

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

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail



# SERIAL STORY

## The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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

(Copyright 1906, E. B. Booth-Merrill Co.)

**SYNOPSIS.**

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegarde and a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of fooling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a letter with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given, the prince. He unwittingly offends the grand duke and announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfenstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance in leaving Barscheit, and invites him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes. At the frontier Max and the princess are arrested and taken to Doppelkinn's palace.

**CHAPTER X.—Continued.**

"When you listen to reason, prince," replied the girl calmly, "you will apologize to the gentleman and give him his liberty."

"Oh, he is a gentleman, is he?"

"You might learn from him many of the common rules of courtesy," tranquilly.

"Who the devil are you?" the prince demanded of Max.

"I should be afraid to tell you. I hold that I am Max Scharfenstein, but the colonel here declares that my name is Ellis. Who are you?" Max wasn't the least bit frightened. These were no feudal times.

The prince stared at him. The insolent puppy!

"I am the prince."

"Ah, your serene highness," began Max, bowing.

"I am not called 'serene,'" rudely.

"The grand duke is 'serene,'" interposed the girl, smiling.

"Permit me to doubt that," interposed the girl, smiling.

Max laughed aloud, which didn't improve his difficulties any.

"I have asked you who you are!" bawled the prince, his nose turning purple.

"My name is Max Scharfenstein. I am an American. If you will wire the American consulate at Barscheit, you will learn that I have spoken the truth. All this is a mistake. The princess did not elope with me."

"His papers give the name of Ellis," said the colonel, touching his cap.

"Humph! We'll soon find out who he is and what may be done with him. I'll wait for the duke. Take him into the library and lock the door. It's a hundred feet out of the window, and if he wants to break his neck, he may do so. It will save us so much trouble. Take him away! take him away!" his rage boiling to the surface.

The princess shrugged.

"I can't talk to you either," said the prince, turning his glowering eyes upon the girl. "I can't trust myself."

"Oh, do not mind me. I understand that your command of expletives is rather original. Go on; it will be my only opportunity." The princess rocked backward and forward on the divan. Wasn't it funny!

"Lord help me, and I was perfectly willing to marry this girl!" the prince suddenly calmed down. "What have I ever done to offend you?"

"Nothing," she was forced to admit.

"I was lonely. I wanted youth about. I wanted to hear laughter that came from the heart and not from the mind. I do not see where I am to be blamed. The duke suggested you to me; I believed you to be willing. Why did you not say to me that I was not agreeable? It would have simplified everything."

"I am sorry," she said contritely.

"When he spoke like this he wasn't so reasonable."

"People say," he went on, "that I spend most of my time in my wine cellar—definitely, 'what else is there to do? I am alone.' Max has a wide range of vision. 'Take him away!'"

"I was hurried into the room," he was hurried, and he hurried Max into the room.

was only two or three years older than Max. "If you do, you'll break your neck."

"I promise not to try," replied Max. "My neck will serve me many years yet."

"It will not if you have the habit of running away with persons above you in quality. Actions like that are not permissible in Europe." The colonel spoke rather grimly for all his smile.

The door slammed, there was a grinding of the key in the lock, and Max was alone.

The library at Doppelkinn was all the name implied. The cases were low and ran around the room, and were filled with romance, history, biography and even poetry. The great circular reading table was littered with new books, periodicals and illustrated weeklies. Once Doppelkinn had been threatened with a literary turn of mind, but a bad vintage coming along at the same time had effected a permanent cure.

Max slid into a chair and took up a paper, turning the pages at random. "What was the matter with the room? Certainly it was not close, nor damp, nor chill. What was it? He let the paper fall to the floor, and his eyes roved from one object to another. Where had he seen that Chinese mask before, and that great silver-faced clock? Somehow, mysterious and strange as it seemed, all this was vaguely familiar to him. Doubtless he had seen a picture of the room somewhere. He rose and wandered about.

In one corner of the bookshelves stood a pile of boy's books and some broken toys with the dust of ages upon them. He picked up a row of painted soldiers, and balanced them thoughtfully on his hand. Then he looked into one of the picture-books. It was a Santa Claus story; some of the pictures were torn and some stuck together, a reminder of sticky, candied hands. He gently replaced the book and toys, and stared absently into space. How long he stood that way he



did not recollect, but he was finally aroused by the sound of slamming doors and new voices. He returned to his chair and waited for the denouement, which the marrow in his bones told him was about to approach.

It seemed incredible that he, of all persons, should be plucked out of the practical ways of men and thrust into the unreal fantasies of romance. A hubbub in a restaurant, a headlong dash into a carriage compartment, a long ride with a princess, and all within three short hours! It was like some weird dream. And how the deuce would it end?

He gazed at the toys again.

And then the door opened and he was told to come out. The grand duke had arrived.

"This will be the final round-up," he laughed quietly, his thought whimsical, traveling back to the great plains and the long rides under the starry night.

**CHAPTER XI.**

The Grand Duke of Barscheit was tall and angular and weather-beaten, and the whites of his eyes bespoke a constitution as sound and hard as his common sense. As Max entered he was standing at the side of Doppelkinn.

"There he is!" shouted the prince. "Do you know who he is?"

The duke took a rapid inventory. "Never set eyes upon him before." The duke then addressed her highness. "Hildegarde, who is this fellow? No evasions; I want the truth. I have, in the main, found you truthful."

"I know nothing of him at all," said the princess curtly.

Max wondered where the chill in the room came from.

"He says that his name is Scharfenstein," continued the princess, "and he has proved himself to be a courteous gentleman."

Max found that the room wasn't so chill as it might have been.

"Yet you eloped with him, and were on the way to Dresden," suggested the duke pointedly.

The princess faced them all bravely.

"I eloped with no man. That was simply a little prevarication to worry you, my uncle, after the manner in which you have worried me. I was on my way to Dresden. It is true, but only to hide with my old governess. This gentleman jumped into my compartment as the train drew out of the station."

"But you knew him!" bawled the prince, waving his arms.

"Do you know him?" asked the duke coldly.

"I met him out riding. He addressed me, and I replied out of common politeness,"—with a sidelong glance at Max, who stood with folded arms, watching her gravely.

The duke threw his hands above his head as if to call heaven to witness that he was a very much wronged man.

"Arnheim," he said to the young colonel, "go at once for a priest."

"A priest!" echoed the prince.

"Yes, the girl shall marry you tonight," declared his serene highness.

"Not if I live to be a thousand!" Doppelkinn struck the table with his fist.

The girl smiled at Max.

"What?" cried the duke, all the coldness gone from his tones. "You refuse?" He was thunderstruck.

"Refuse? Of course I refuse!" And the prince thumped the table again.

"What do you think I am in my old age,—an ass? If you have any fillies to break, use your own pastures. I'm a vintner." He banged the table yet again. "Why, I wouldn't marry the Princess Hildegarde if she was the last woman on earth!"

"Thank you!" said the princess sweetly.

"You're welcome," said the prince.

"Silence!" bellowed the duke. "Doppelkinn, take care; this is an affront, not one to be lightly ignored. It is international news that you are to wed my niece."

"To-morrow it will be international news that I'm not!" The emphasis

was on "not!"

"Take Him Away."

Max looked at the duke and the prince. "This time threatened to crack the table-leaf. 'I'm not going to risk my liberty with a girl who has no more sense of dignity than she has.'"

"It is very kind of you," murmured the princess.

"She'd make a fine wife," went on the prince, ignoring the interruption. "No, a thousand times no! Take her away—life's too short; take her away! Let her marry the fellow; he's young and may get over it."

The duke was furious. He looked around for something to strike, and nothing but the table being convenient, he smashed a leaf and sent a vase clattering to the floor. He was stronger than the prince, otherwise there wouldn't have been a table to thwack.

"That's right; go on! Break all the furniture, if it will do you any good; but mark me, you'll foot the bill." The prince began to dance around. "I will not marry the girl. That's as final as I can make it. The sooner you calm down the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Jealousy.**

"Talking about Crooge jealousy," said the observant man, "I saw a specimen of Chicago jealousy" the other night that had it beaten to a frazzle. A handsome fellow was at dinner with two girls, when a young woman came in, caught a corner of the tablecloth, and yanked the whole tableful of dishes and dinner off onto the floor, then walked out of the room."

"What did the man do?" Followed her and made friends with her again. She was his fiancée. He gave her a \$400 diamond ring afterward, they said. If she had been his wife he would in all probability have beaten her instead of giving her a present."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Natural for Them.**

"Those young fellows act like a bunch of fools." "They consider that they have a right to act that way." "It's like to know what right." "They belong to the smart set."—Houston Post.



JEANIE G. LINCOLN.

## Political Clubs for American Women

By Jeanie G. Lincoln

Well-Known Washington Woman Advocates the Founding of a Political Society for Women—The League of the Golden Rod" Might Be Made Similar to "The Primrose Club" of England—Woman's Influence Should Purify the Ballot.

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(Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, widow of the late eminent surgeon, Dr. N. S. Lincoln, is well known in literary circles in Washington, where she is also prominent in society. Her first book, "Margie's Quest," brought her into public notice years ago. A later book, "Her Washington Season," was one of the first written in the new popular diary style. Her more recent books, "A Genuine Girl" and "An Unwilling Maid," were received with favor by the public. Of her verses which have been set to music the best known is "Tender and True.")

At the opening of the twentieth century, realizing the wonderful strides that progress and enlightenment have made, perhaps there is none more gratifying than the increased and far-reaching influence attained by women. Who, when the nineteenth century was yet in its infancy, would have been bold enough to predict to our grandmothers, whose stately heads still wore turbans and whose erect figures scorned even the support of a high-backed and most uncomfortable chair, that their descendants would don automobile caps, lounge even in a drawing room, become active promoters of clubs and other female organizations, even cast ballot at the polls and be elected to public offices? No doubt the dear old dames would have shuddered at such pronounced advancement; but "extremes touch," and never more easily than in the delightful being known as the up-to-date woman.

What a boon to many have been the clubs, from the modest societies of the working girls in our great cities to the genealogical clubs—the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames and the Holland society! These wonderfully successful organizations have conclusively proved that women are competent to direct public work, and to go hand in hand with men in the honor roll of progress.

But with this infinite number of clubs, historical and genealogical, there appears to be none combining the political and social in a manner which if properly inaugurated might show that the twentieth century is still a measure in advance of the nineteenth and include among the active workers those whom the world at large is somewhat prone to regard as the drones of the human beehive.

There is a very large class of women in the United States who from environment, traditions and certain shrinking from the publicity attendant upon female suffrage are debarred from showing the interest they take in politics and from putting that interest and energy into practical use. Taken in the proper form it would seem a possible task to develop that latent force and to make it of considerable service to our Republican government by forming a woman's league, which might be called—unless some bright woman suggest a better title—The League of the Golden Rod.

Twenty-five years since in England a few members of the conservative party, desiring to add to its strength and influence, proposed such a plan, and out of compliment and in memory of the late earl of Beaconsfield the present powerful and able Primrose league was named for its favorite flower. The first movers in the forming of this political organization were Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Wolfe, ambassador to Madrid. Possibly the quick wit of the American woman was the germ which appealed to the enthusiasm of her British sisters. The dames of the Primrose league, which began in a small circle of London drawing rooms, now number their thousands and are found in "habitations"—the English synonym for our American chapters—all over the "tight little island."

As woman's influence is supposed to purify and ennoble the ballot, a great power for good government might be evolved from an organization whose center should be in our capital city, where, although we have no suffrage, its principal officers could administer with fearlessness and ability. Its

chief should be the wife of the president, ex officio, and of each succeeding republican president, with regents and vice-regents in Washington, and in the states where the league may be established. The yearly dues and membership fees would form a fund which could easily be added to by subscriptions, when needed, and the only pledge required of the members of the league would be that by their personal exertion they procure, outside of their own family connection, one or two votes at most to be cast at the general elections for the Republican party.

The question of a national flower has been a matter of discussion for a long time, but the golden rod grows in every state of the Union, and as its color suggests "sound money" what better emblem could be found for the party which has taken that issue as a part of its political faith? With the general election every four years, with no prime minister whose tenure extends indefinitely, we lose the pretty custom which obtains in England, where "Primrose day" is celebrated by wearing primroses and by decking Beaconsfield's grave with the bright-eyed flower of spring. That, no doubt, would save the woman who may choose to inaugurate a league such as described the reproach of the Anglophobists—that we are becoming un-American, and even that awful thing, imperial, by sharing the old honor with old England of maintaining a floral and political society.

### CUPID IN THE CORNER.

One Instance in Which His Dart Failed in Its Purpose.

When people first saw Nathaniel Seaforth they nearly always exclaimed: "What a dear old gentleman!" When they knew him better, they generally added: "But a bit too fond of interfering."

For Mr. Seaforth was the sort of man who prided himself on "taking an intelligent interest" in other folks' affairs.

Now, of all things, he "loved" a love affair. He invariably scented it afar off, and did his best to help it along. One day he was comfortably ensconced in an electric car when two young people entered—a girl and a man. There were only two vacant seats, and they, alas, were on opposite sides of the car, and at different ends.

The young people seated themselves in these, but immediately Mr. Seaforth, with a benign smile, rose clumsily, and gripping each successive strap in hazardous fashion, left his seat, which was next the young woman, and accosted the astonished young man at the other end of the car.

"Take my seat," he said, in the voice of one who would add, "and my blessing, too." The young man obediently stumbled to the other end of the car.

The eyes of the whole company were riveted in sympathetic interest on the blushing couple now reunited, and Mr. Seaforth chuckled into his venerable beard as he said to his neighbor:

"I don't like sweethearts to be separated. I was young once, myself."

"Fares, please!"

The conductor approached, the young woman dived into her purse and paid for herself, while the young man paid his nickel?

Had they quarreled?

The company were more interested than ever: The young man hastily the girl in stony silence. At last an ingot out at the next corner, passing quisitive but kindly disposed old lady, who could no longer restrain her curiosity, turned to the girl:

"Why don't you kiss and be friends, my dear?"

"I've never seen the young man before," was the frigid reply, and, following the direction of her angry glance, the entire company gazed in silent condemnation at the would-be Cupid in the far corner.—Chicago Tribune.

### TOOK NO CHANCES.

But They Gave the Judge an Opportunity to Be Generous.

The recent agitation for the better safeguarding of money deposited by clients with solicitors must not be allowed to suggest that all solicitors do not look faithfully to the pecuniary interests of those who put their trust in them. Especially is the contrary true in the case where A having placed a sum in the hands of B, B has been compelled to hand it on to a greater man in the person of C.

For example, a judge, now deceased, had many briefs on hand at the moment of his elevation to the bench. A solicitor who had instructed him in one case called and suggested that as his client was not a rich man, the new judge might properly return the sum which he had been paid for the conduct of a case which he could no longer take.

His lordship was profoundly sensible of the morality of the suggestion. It ought undoubtedly to be done—nothing could be more just; but then, it was not for him to establish a precedent which would be unwelcome to the profession. He was naturally of a retiring disposition.

"Exactly, my lord," answered the solicitor. "We quite anticipated that you would experience such a difficulty, and for that reason we have stopped the check."

Whether the language the new judge must have used, if only to himself, was of a judicial nature the chronicles do not relate. It may be taken, however, that it would have sounded odd from the bench, and must have been blacker than the black cap.—London Sketch.

## NEED GREAT CARE

TO KEEP BRUSHES AND COMBS IN CONDITION.

Healthfulness of the Hair and Scalp Depends on This—Many Varieties from Which to Make a Choice.

Extreme care should be taken in the selection of hair brushes and of combs, not from a desire for cleanliness alone, but in order that the hair and scalp may be kept in proper condition by immaculate brushes of the proper kind. It is wise to keep several brushes of different lengths and stiffness, as well as thickness of bristle—by thickness is meant the number of bristles to the half-inch of back.

Among stiff brushes is one cheap in price, having stiff black bristles set in a rubber back, the whole of course being set in wood. This variety is made in different sizes and lengths of bristles—in some two bristles are set in a single opening, while others have only one bristle in an opening. The bristles are also quite a distance apart, making this brush especially desirable in straightening out tangled hair without tearing it, and also penetrating thick hair and reaching the scalp. The rubber back into which the bristles are set being flexible, it moves with the bristles, and while they are held straight up and down they are flexible and go through the hair without the stiff, unpleasant feeling of bristles in still frames. They are properly cleaned by dipping the bristles in a weak solution of mild soap and water and allowing them to drain with the bristles down on a bath towel.

It is best to have two of these brushes, and they can be used to brush and clean each other. As most people know, all brushes may have the dust beaten out of them by striking them gently, bristles down, on a hard surface properly protected. All brushes should, however, no matter how carefully brushed and shaken, be cleansed at least twice a week with soap and water, and once a month several drops of ammonia should be added to the water.

For use in putting the finishing touches on the hair in the process of making up one's coiffure, or in smoothing it after it is completed, a small brush with softer bristles close together is better. The so-called comb brush is excellent for this. The small comb brush is not wider than an ordinary comb, not over an inch and a quarter wide, is pointed at the end, and is most convenient in dressing the hair.

Combs, like brushes, vary. For thick hair the large toothed combs with wide spaces between the teeth are the best, while for thin hair a medium comb is better. Fine-toothed combs should never be used. They have sharp points and injure if they do not actually scratch or cut the scalp. The old-time fine tooth comb has almost disappeared save in country towns. All combs should have blunt teeth, and their only proper use is to straighten the hair and in building the coiffure. If the scalp is to be operated on, one's finger tips or a brush should be used.

The material of combs varies according to one's fancy, but for practical use combs should be selected that may be washed as often as the brushes and in the same manner.

### How to Wash Bookskin Gloves.

Nothing is so economical for ordinary wear as white bookskin gloves, for they last well and wash almost unendingly, but their success lies in the secret of careful washing. The gloves should be put in warm water, not too warm, and gently rubbed with primitive soap; take each glove singly and soap it into a ball in the palm of the hand, and rinse by gently shaking in the water. When the rinsing is well accomplished soap being again, and then, without being rinsed, squeeze them until all the water has run out. Straighten the gloves, don't pull them, and hang to dry where there is a current of air; do not put them near a fire. The drying takes rather a long time, and at first the gloves look spoiled, says Home Notes. But they are a real success when once dry, and they must be briskly rubbed together to get rid of the stiffness; then they are ready to wear and "as good as new."

### Clean Beds.

The neat housewife, who is distressed to see her pillows and mattresses turning yellow and becoming soiled, should by all means indulge in covers of unbleached muslin. These should be cut so they fit smoothly and can either have a turnover piece at one end, which is fastened with buttons and button-holes, or they can be sewed roughly along one edge after they are put on.

The first way, while it may take a little longer in the making, is much more convenient to use, as the covers should be washed frequently.

### To Rid Place of Rats.

Put a small quantity of copperas into a vessel of water and leave it in a corner of the closet or near the rat holes. It is well to place several vessels of the copperas in several parts of the room, and, if possible, shut the doors and windows and leave the room closed for 24 hours. The rats will either die or run away, and furthermore, the air in the room will be sweet, the copperas having absorbed all odors. If it is not convenient to close the room up leave the copperas about for several days.



# THE HIDDEN WILL

By GLEN HATHAWAY

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The Danforths were moving that first of May. It was their fourth move in three years; a very unusual record for a family of any pretensions to respectability in the staid little town. And the Danforth name had been one of the most aristocratic there for many years.

"First we lived in our own dear old home, where I was born," Frances had enumerated the evening before, sitting on the porch in the soft April moonlight, with her lover on the steps below her. "Then when Cousin Zebedee and the mortgage took that, in spite of all our pinching and planning all the years I was growing up, we had that nice house on River street. The next year we had to give that up as too expensive and move to this place, that I might say something against, but won't, because—well, because I won't, Dick," she lucidly explained with a downward smile at the young man, who knew very well that she forgave the house its many faults for the sake of having found her romance with its walls. "But there's nothing but the lowness of rent in favor of the house we're going to," she ended. "It's cramped and shabby and inconvenient in every way. When I think how far below the old home we've got in only three years, I—I really fear we shall find ourselves moving to the poor farm one of these springs."

She tried to laugh, but she finished with a sudden catch in her bright voice. She was more than discouraged with the family prospects, and tired out with all the preparatory packing and tearing up she had done that day. Only strong determination kept her from tears.

"If you would only move to my house one of these springs—or sooner," began Dick Stedman, reaching up to take one of his sweetheart's small brown hands, that were pretty in spite of all the work they had had to do.

But Frances pulled it impatiently away.

"You couldn't afford to marry my whole family, Dick, even if we'd let you, and they can't possibly spare me as maid-of-all-work and general manager as long as the money comes in so slowly and the children grow out of their clothes so fast. There! don't let us waste any more time to-night talking of disagreeables or of what can't be."

"If your great-aunt only hadn't made such a cruelly unjust will!" Dick began again; and again Miss Danforth cut him short.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride," she noted, absurdly. "My grand-aunt did make her own will to suit herself, as I probably shall if ever I am a wealthy old spinster and able to afford dislikes; and what is the use of it? Once more I suggest that you start some pleasanter topic this last of our evenings on this pleasant old porch."

Apparently he obeyed; for their talk grew lower-toned, and her pretty dark head and his comely, fair one drew quite unnecessarily close to each other as it went on. When he left, which was early, in consideration of her busy to-morrow, there was the brightest of smiles on Miss Danforth's face as she went into the parlor.

But the smile faded as she looked round the familiar room. The trail of the mover was already upon it. The tacks were out of the carpet, and the bookcase was emptied and its contents piled in a corner.

The handsome furniture—much too handsome and aristocratic in its stately old-fashion for the cramped little room with its cheap, glaring, gilt paper and worn carpet—bore traces of rough usage.

The furniture had been the sole legacy left Mr. Danforth by the will of his Aunt Deborah, an eccentric old lady who had practically adopted him as a boy, brought him up in idleness to expect her money, and turned him out without a penny when he declined to marry to please her and did marry to please himself.

When at length Miss Deborah died, it was found that she had left all her valuable antique furniture to her nephew, as the last of the Danforths, coupled with the provision that he should forfeit it if he ever attempted to sell a single piece, and had bequeathed her very considerable fortune to a distant and already well-to-do cousin, Zebedee Smith by name.

Mr. Danforth had philosophically accepted the situation and the furniture, selling off the commoner things he already had to settle some bills of long-standing with the proceeds, and crowding his small rooms with the richest of carved oak and mahogany, most of which was presently still further decorated by the jack-knives and boot-heels of his irrepressible boys.

The next day was one of storm and stress to Frances, on whom the weight of the household burdens always fell.

Mr. Danforth, of course, had to go to the office, and Mrs. Danforth retired to a friend's house with her usual headache, before the moving had fairly begun. Frances was left to deal with the affair, devoutly desiring to be spared the assistance of the four younger children, safely dispatched to school, who revelled in confusion like petrols in a tempest, but had small ideas of work.

She fairly hated the costly old fur-

niture, even while she watched carefully over its packing by the truckmen, who were inclined to be impertinent to her about its weight and her care. Even it could help them so much, if only they were allowed to sell it.

The truckmen were in a hurry to be through, being paid by the job and not by the load, piled the things on recklessly high. When Frances ventured to remonstrate they were insolent.

The load was packed at last. The crowning piece was the beautiful old infant secretary that had been the pride of Miss Deborah's library. As the horses moved under whip and oath, the wagon started, making a tooth-sharp turn into the road from its packed-up position opposite the front gate, the secretary trembled on its unsteady perch—tattered—fell—and crashed in pieces on the sidewalk.

To Frances, overwrought as she was in mind and body, the accident seemed the last stroke of fate. She sat down among the ruins and cried, with her apron to her eyes, careless who might see her.

Dick Stedman saw her afar as he came up the quiet, elm-shaded street, and arrived on a run in his anxiety.

"My dearest girl! what are you doing?" he cried. "Are you hurt? or what has happened?"

Her plink cambric sweeping-cap was wildly askew on her rouged dark hair, and her small, flushed face was wet with tears and smeared with marks from her dusty apron; but she was absurdly pretty in spite of all, with her great, dark eyes moist and shining, and her soft childish mouth trying to keep from quivering.

"Don't be alarmed, Dick," she said. "I'm not hurt in the least, but my Grand-aunt Deborah's writing-desk had an accident, and is a noble wreck in ruinous perfection. Behold it!"



"Your Letters Will Be Blowing All Over the Street if You Don't Take Care."

with a tragic gesture down at the ruins. "Who could deny a tear to such literally fallen grandeur?"

"Glue might do it more good than tears," suggested Dick, critically examining the wreck. "We've been so busy at the store that I couldn't get off to help you till now, but I thought that even this late, you might have something for me to do. I'll begin by seeing what can be done for this desk."

Very little could be done for it, evidently. The heavy fall on the stones had fairly split it to pieces. Its spindly legs had sustained several compound fractures; one side was in splinters, the shattered drawers had fallen out, and bits of delicate inlaying lay all about the pavement.

Dick went on piling the pieces methodically at one side; then moving the main part, picked up some papers and rose to give them to Frances.

"Your letters will be blowing all over the street if you don't take care," he said.

She accepted them rather curiously.

"Letters? There were none in the desk. No one had used it since grand-aunt did. These must be some of hers, crowded out of a drawer and in behind the frame somehow. It can't be any harm to see what they are, though, I suppose."

She unfolded them as she spoke. There was an unimportant receipted bill or two, a tax assessment of the year Miss Deborah died, then a legal-looking sheet of parchment.

"I, Deborah Danforth, do make and publish this my last will and testament," read Frances. "Dick, it must be—it can't be—it is another will of hers, and in my father's favor! And is it dated after the one that disinherited him!"

The Danforths moved once more before that spring had deepened into summer. Zebedee Smith was an honest man, if a hard one, and the new-found will was unimpeachable.

He did not attempt to resist it, and Mr. Danforth was liberal to him in taking back his own. And the Danforths moved into Miss Deborah's stately old stone house in time to have Frances married from there.

## UNCLE HAD THE FORMULA.

Probably Knew as Much About Water as Did Fellow Townsmen.

"I was down in a little town the other day," said a commercial traveler, "where a new system of water-works had just been installed. All the drinking water for the town was pumped in from an artesian well on the outskirts. The inhabitants were immensely proud of their new water, and at every place I stopped I was urged to take a drink of it, being assured at the same time with great impressiveness that it had been analyzed and found to be half hydrogen." This mystic expression seemed to have a strange fascination for most of the citizens.

"Finally I stopped at the town pump in the middle of the square in front of the county courthouse, and as I worked the pump handle I thought I would find out what an old negro leaning against a tree nearby would say.

"'Uncle,' I said, 'is this good water?'"

"'Sho!'" he replied with enthusiasm. "W'y, sah, dat water is done been analyzed an' found to be half hyr-phob'y, sah!"

## THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE.

Whole Body Covered with Cuban Itch—Cuticura Remedies Cured at Cost of Seventy-Five Cents.

"My little boy, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch. Sores broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet. He would itch and claw himself and cry all the time. He could not sleep day or night, and a light dress is all he could wear. I called one of our best doctors to treat him, but he seemed to get worse. He suffered so terribly that my husband said he believed he would have to die. I had almost given up hope when a lady friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and he at once fell into a sleep; and he slept with ease for the first time since two months. After three applications, the sores began to dry up, and in just two weeks from the day I commenced to use the Cuticura Remedies my baby was entirely well. The treatment only cost 75c, and I would have gladly paid \$100 if I could not have got it cheaper. I feel safe in saying that the Cuticura Remedies saved his life. He is now a boy of five years. Mrs. Zana Miller, Union City, R. F. D. No. 1, Branch Co., Mich., May 17, 1906."

## ONE CAUSE FOR SATISFACTION.

Drummer Found Something Good Even in Railroad Accident.

A state senator of New York says he was riding in the smoking car on a little one-track road in the northern part of the state two weeks ago, and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide-awake, never-let-anyone-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take water and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express, running at the rate of ten miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched, head first, against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath and, straightening up, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get by us, anyway!"

## SORRY HE SPOKE.

Hubby—Just look at that idiot, Fitz-jones, what a charming, amiable wife he has—seems to me all the biggest fools get hold of the prettiest women!

Wife—You're right, nobody knows that better than I do.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietor here has much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Nonbeliever.

"No," said the old lady, "I don't believe vaccination does a bit of good."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," rejoined the physician.

"Well," continued the old lady, "I've got good grounds for my nonbelief. My brother was vaccinated when he was a boy and two weeks later he fell out of a tree and was killed."

FILES CURED IN 8 TO 14 DAYS. PAIN RELIEF GUARANTEED TO cure any case of Catarrh. The refunding price is \$100 if no money returned. See.

A bluff is all right as long as you can keep the bluff on.

## NEW MICHIGAN LAW

ENABLING SUPERVISORS TO CARE FOR PEOPLE ADDICTED TO DRINK OR DRUG HABITS.

It has long been an established fact that Morphine, Laudanum, Cocaine, Chloral, Tobacco and Liquor Habits are disease, and hundreds of people who have heretofore been unable to get relief can now petition the Board of Supervisors of their home county and be assisted in taking treatment under Act No. 68 of '07, and be given a chance to reimburse the county after being cured.

The most successful and reliable institute for the treatment of this ailment is located at Grand Rapids, Mich. By virtue of a contract and franchise granted in 1891 by Leslie E. Keeley Co. of Dwight, Ills., they administer the only original secret remedy known as the Keeley Cure in the State of Michigan.

Those interested may obtain a copy of the law and detailed information by writing the Keeley Cure, 354 Wealthy Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., or consulting the nearest supervisor.

## NOT TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY.

Colored Deacon's Prayer a Wonder of Poetic Imagery.

"Between emotionalism and formalism in religion," says a Washington clergyman, "there is a golden mean—a reflection that came to me recently upon the conclusion of my remarks to a colored congregation in Richmond. 'I had invited an aged deacon to offer prayer. 'Oh, Lord,' prayed he, 'gib dis pore brudder de eye of de eagle, dat he spy out 'sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line of truf. Nail his yere to de gospel pole. Bow his head 'way down between his knees, oh Lord, an' fix his knees 'way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wif de kerosene-ile of salvashun, an' set him on fire!'"

## NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

"I am delighted to see you! It seems good to see old faces again."

"You mean thing."

The Only Way.

Cassidy—Ah! well, no wan kin prevent wats' past an' gone.

Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough.

Cassidy—Go 'long, man! how could ye?

Casey—Stop it before it happens.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is wonderful what strength of purpose, and energy and boldness of will are roused by the simple assurance that we are doing our duty.—Scott.

For Over Half a Century Brown's Bronchial Troches have been unexcelled as a cure for hoarseness, coughs and sore throat.

Business offices are being put farther heavenward because ground costs so much.

ONLY ONE "PROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

After coaxing a girl to sing a man is apt to wish he hadn't.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL

375 "Guaranteed"

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water

## GREAT SCHEME.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass very carefully, and every morning, when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

Money the New Yorker's God.

An aged man familiar with the people of the metropolis says that nothing seems to astonish a New York man as much as to find some desired purpose which cannot be accomplished by money.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

manufactured by the

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

Clears and beautifies the hair, promotes a luxuriant growth, cures Itch, restores Gray Hair to its youthful color, cures all kinds of hair falling out, and itches.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 52, 1907.

**900 DROPS**

## CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Recipe of OLD DR. S. W. LITTLE

Pinkish Seed -  
Aloe Senna -  
Rheubarb Sals -  
Sassafras -  
Peppermint -  
Oil Turpentine Sals -  
Warm Water -  
Castor Sugar -  
Whitewash Filter.

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

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W. L. DOUGLAS

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At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of

*Wm. A. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

**Capsicum-Vaseline.**

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT TAKEN DIRECTLY IN VASELINE

DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Colic complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.

17 State St. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. New York City

## W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISTRESSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. They hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION.—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shows mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. —W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## THE LARGEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD

Keep CHICAGO & ALTON Train On Time Between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY

The Only Way

GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL MANAGER





High Grade Coffee at a Popular Price  
20c the lb. Sold Everywhere.

To Our Friends and Patrons:

We thank you all very kindly for your patronage during the past year and assure you we will strive to merit a continuance of the same for 1903.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, we remain,  
Yours truly,

GAYDE BROS.

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

Advertisement for Dr. King's Dry Balm, featuring the text 'KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's Dry Balm' and 'CURE FOR BRONCHITIS'.

Advertisement for '30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE' featuring the text '30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE' and 'WARRANTED'.

Advertisement for 'WARRANTED' featuring the text 'WARRANTED'.

Probate Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office in the city of Detroit, on the thirteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Loretta Ann Henry, deceased.

Commissioner's Notice. IN the matter of the estate of Carl Wagoner, deceased. It is ordered that the heirs and assigns of the said Carl Wagoner, deceased, be and they are hereby notified that the said Carl Wagoner, deceased, has been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, to have given notice that we will meet at the Plymouth County Office, in the Village of Plymouth, in said county, on the thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of receiving and examining all claims and demands against said deceased, and for the purpose of settling and adjusting the same.

WARRANTED

AFTER THE HAPPY EVENT

It was the day after the wedding and everyone was in a bad humor. Paternfamilias coming downstairs to breakfast had slipped on the grains of rice on the stairs, and wrenched his back. Maternfamilias was grieving over the loss of her favorite daughter and the fact that two of her best plates had been broken and three silver spoons stolen by some one in attendance at the reception.

Margaret came in looking like a thundercloud. "When people are starving to death in China it does seem a shame that more than a million pounds of rice should be lying all over this house," she said. Then she turned to the assembled multitude. "My feet hurt," she cried. "I stood up seven hours running yesterday and my feet are nearly killing me, and I cannot find anywhere the only shoes I ever loved. They are so soft and easy that I never knew I had them on, and instead of being able to wear those to-day when I am so tired here I had to put on a new pair of stiff ties to come down to breakfast in."

"Has any one seen my slippers? I looked in every room in this house for them, and they are not to be found. I suppose one of the maids in a spasm of cleanliness tucked them on a remote shelf in some dark closet and I will never see them any more."

"What did they look like?" asked her elder brother, languidly. "They had once been beautiful. They had coquettish red heels and jaunty gold buckles, and once upon a time I had paid a dollar for those foolish things. Have you seen them, Bob?"

"Where?" "In Miranda's trunk by means of a long piece of white ribbon. Fact is, I tied them myself, and they were as decorative as possible. What's the use of raving, Madge, they are gone now!"

But Robert had his troubles a little later, when he took his handkerchief out of his raincoat pocket in a crowded car and flitted a lot of rice into the face of a young woman sitting on the seat near which he was standing, and in whose eyes he had imagined he saw a little look of interest directed at him.

Later in the day the feminine members of the family gathered in the late lamented Miranda's room to divide among them the possessions of that young woman, which she had, in the pride of her trousseau, contemptuously intimated that they might have.

They had quarreled over a blue kimono and a large tan sunshade, and were just beginning to row over a very delicate petticoat, which only needed a little mending here and there to make it desirable, when maternfamilias came into the room with a perturbed look on her face.

"Whoever took those teaspoons must have taken my umbrella, also," she said. "My best umbrella, the silk one with the worked metal handle. It was the prettiest one I ever saw. Your aunt gave it to me and she told me herself that it cost \$25 in Paris. I had it put away most carefully in my closet, but it isn't there now. And think—it had never even had the cover off it."

"I suppose we had better tell her," said Madge to the other girls.

"Yes, no use putting it off any longer," they replied in chorus.

"Very well, then, mother, Miranda took your umbrella with her. She said hers wasn't nearly handsome enough for her going-away gown, and so she took yours and asked us to tell you after she had gone. She said we were to say 'thank you' for her, and to add that you had always been such an indulgent mother that she knew you would not mind."

"Wouldn't I, indeed! Well, I shall write to her to-day to send it back by express at once. She took your bracelet, Madge—I suppose I might as well break it to you now—and some of the baby pins of the other girls."

"Robber!" remarked the fond sisters of the bride in one breath. "There is another disagreeable thing I have to say to you, my daughters, that I might as well say now and get it over," went on maternfamilias. "The expense of Miranda's wedding has been so great that your father has decided that he will not be able to send us to Narragansett this summer as usual, but that instead we will have to go to the Eastern Shore. I know you are going to be disappointed, but remember Miranda was the oldest, and it was proper she should be given a smart wedding. Next summer we will take up our usual life but this year you must make some sacrifices for the sake of your dear sister."

"Dear, indeed!" murmured Madge, and there were lamentations from far and near. Taking it altogether a wedding in the family is not the unmythical blessing the unwitting might think. There have been cyclones with less trouble attached.

Why Not? Professor's Little Boy—Please, Mrs. Sedgwick, may I see your mocking bird? Mrs. Sedgwick—Why, Tommie, dear, I have no mocking bird. Where did you get that idea? Professor's Little Boy (looking at Professor)—Where does all that come from?

How It Works. Enquirer—Opportunity knocks once at every door. Enquirer—The fellow who was...

HIS FINAL FLING

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Hyland Flynge was an Adonis and a dipsomaniac. He drank everything—drank all the time. He went to sleep with a toddy and awakened for a gin fizz. His income was generous and his thirst was commensurate. His money paid the rent, light, license and labor bills of several flourishing saloons in his city. But for Hyland Flynge and his full-grown thirst the saloon owners might have passed into bankruptcy.

Not that Hyland Flynge did not know his weakness and seek to avoid it. His friends tried to reform him and Hyland tried to reform himself. He took the pledge, took the gold-cure, took the entire menu of reform from soup to demi-tasse. But he always took a relapse as a chaser to his reform.

There was but one thing that Hyland Flynge loved as he did his liquor. That was his beauty. Generous nature had bestowed upon Hyland a face and figure designed for a god. The best tailors, the best hatters, the most pains-taking valets that money could procure, set off these charms with all that was good in their arts.

And Hyland Flynge was proud. And Hyland Flynge was vain. Hyland Flynge loved his beauty almost as much as the fabled Narcissus. Which led to the undoing of said Hyland Flynge, just as it did with Narcissus. One morning as the young gentleman sat sipping his eye-opener while his valet was dressing him for the day, Mr. Flynge casually glanced at his mirror.

He dropped his glass. Horror! A blue vein showed in his faultlessly shaped Grecian nose! Hyland hurried into his clothes and motored to his physician. Said physician looked grave, played with one set of his ivory whippers, wrote a prescription, and separated Hyland Flynge from a small portion of his income. He said the vein would go away.

Hyland sped to the nearest consolation parlor to take something for his nerves. Next day there were two blue veins. Mr. Flynge repeated the act of the previous morning. Only he took a little more for his nerves. The valet put Hyland to bed that night and many succeeding nights. For the amount of liquid consolation that Hyland sought in those days was almost sufficient to float the pacific squadron.

One day Hyland sobered up. When he sought his glass, that beautifully chiseled Grecian nose resembled a Bavarian summer sausage. Hyland Flynge fainted. He was revived with water. Reason told Hyland that, according to the law of cause and effect, it was red liquor that led to the red nose. So Hyland reserved a seat on the water-wagon, and, as for irrigating he stopped. But said nose did not stop. Hyland took a trip to Europe. He sought the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Ficksun, and laid his case, likewise his nose before the scientist.

"Amputate or you die," said one, Ficksun, M. D. "But I cannot live without a nose," said the mutilated Adonis. An attendant hesitatingly suggested that it would mean a great saving in linen and laundry, but Hyland squelched him with a snort that inflated his proboscis like a toy balloon.

"I will give you a new nose," said Dr. Ficksun. "Science does all things. I will graft a new nose, beautiful as ever on the face, if—if you'll give a finger for it."

Flynge thankfully remarked that he'd gotten "two fingers" so often that the loss of one wouldn't count. So the operation took place. The flesh of one finger was grafted from Hyland's hand to his face. It was shaped gradually. It grew beautifully. In a few months one Hyland Flynge blossomed out with a new hand-made nose. As a thing of beauty it would have been a joy forever—but to proceed.

Hyland Flynge rode securely on the water wagon until one day when an accommodating stranger soaped the seat. Hyland fell off the wagon with a thump. Before he got home that night he repeated the process of falling many times.

When he awakened, late the next day, he saw lots of things he didn't know were in the room before. He emptied a pitcher of ice water and then dragged himself to his mirror. Horrors!

The nose was there. It wasn't red a bit. Its shape was perfect. But between the eyebrows, where the grafting had begun, Hyland Flynge beheld a beautiful finger nail sprouting as from the hand of a mandarin!

Into the motor car rushed Hyland. Oh, he drove to the nearest beauty parlors. "I want my nose manicured!" he shouted, then japed himself over the arms of a chair in a very striking faint.

They took him to a sanitarium and gave him the best of care. It was some weeks before his friends could persuade him that the finger nail was not real, but just delirium-tremens-like.

Hyland Flynge is not supporting a saloon keepers any more.

How It Works. Enquirer—Opportunity knocks once at every door. Enquirer—The fellow who was...

HIS DANCING LESSON

"Fahaw!" gumbled Satterfield. "I'm not going! I don't dance, anyway."

"But you used to dance before we were married," protested Mrs. Satterfield. "It's ridiculous for a man who is only 36 to say he doesn't dance."

"I don't, I tell you," said Satterfield, sitting up in the hammock. "I admit there once was a time when I gambled over the waxed floor with the rest, but that was when they had gallops and prairie queens and the military schottische on the programs. Why, it took me ten years to learn to waltz—and then just when I had got it down, pat they began the two-step."

"A two-step is just as easy!" said the girl with brown eyes. "I could teach you in ten minutes, Mr. Satterfield."

"And if she can't, I can," added the girl with the blue eyes. "Don't trust them. Try me instead," broke in the young woman with the yellow hair from the porch railing, where she was perched. "You simply have got to go to that club cotillon with the rest of us."

Satterfield regarded the three would-be teachers with interest. He did more—he beamed. "I never before thought I should like to learn," he confessed, "but somehow I have a yearning to do so now."

"Oh, go ahead!" said Mrs. Satterfield. "Don't mind me." "She thinks I can't do it," said Satterfield to the girl with brown eyes as they swept the rug out in one corner of the porch. He carried himself with the air of a man used to accomplishing great things in a few minutes.

"It's like this," said the girl with brown eyes as Mrs. Satterfield at the piano indoors struck up a two-step. She skimmed over the floor lightly while Satterfield studied her feet.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I see. It looks very easy. Like this." "Well, not quite," said his teacher. "You were doing a galop then, Mr. Satterfield. Come, try it with me and see if you can catch the rhythm."

"Was that a galop?" asked Satterfield in a surprised disbelief. "Yes, I will catch on all right just as soon as I dance it with some one. As you say, I must get the rhythm."

They started and Satterfield walked on his teacher's feet and ended by tripping her over a chair. "I was looking at the dog in the front yard," he explained. "I nearly had it then, didn't I?"

"Well, nearly," gasped the girl with brown eyes. "Let me try," said the girl with blue eyes. "She didn't explain the step to you at the beginning."

"No," said Satterfield. "I knew that was the trouble, but I hated to say so." "This way," said the new teacher, slowly outlining the step. "You understand? It's terribly easy."

"Perfectly," said Satterfield. "As you say, it is very simple. I should have learned to two-step ages ago, only I never thought I'd care about it; and then after a man's married he sort of thinks the girls would rather dance with the chaps of their own age."

The girl with blue eyes yanked Mr. Satterfield around by main force. He betrayed a tendency to continue the two-step in one straight line, varying it by attempting hurdles over the porch railing and assaults on the window boxes. When they stopped the young woman was mopping her forehead, totally out of breath.

Satterfield was flushed but triumphant. "Oh, it's easy!" he said. "Of course, I make mistakes now and then, but—"

"Try with me now," said the girl with the yellow hair. "They have been taking it too slowly. You don't get the rhythm."

"That's it," said Satterfield, irritably. "They forgot all about showing me the rhythm."

"You mustn't be discouraged," said the girl with the yellow hair. "Oh, I'm not discouraged," said Satterfield in surprise.

SOME CAUSES OF DESERTION

"A lot of them are bulging forward. I see, with replies to that question. What's the matter with the army?" said a grizzled old sergeant at one of the Chicago army recruiting offices. "The reasons given for desertions are pretty close to the mark, too. But there are some others."

"Pretty often desertions become epidemic in a military post. Any number of things can start an epidemic of desertions, and nothing can stop it short of switching the whole layout to another post, and even that doesn't always work."

"I recall the desertion epidemic that broke out in Fort Sheridan a few years ago. Inside of three months only a skeleton of the command was left. The thing was started by an outbreak of unpopular officers, who fell to quarreling among themselves."

"One domineering or unjust officer in a post can cause more desertions than bad rations or crucifying fatigue or practice march duty. Once I knew a little runt of a shavetail just out from West Point cause 38 men from one cavalry troop to jump the outfit within two months after he'd joined down in Arizona."

"The death of a well liked officer or even of a very popular enlisted man will often start an epidemic of desertions. Once at a little two-battery post in the far northwest where I was stationed there died a first lieutenant who was immensely popular with the enlisted men, and that in spite of the fact that the drink had got him."

"The desertions began the next day. The post was not only a boom, it seemed almost uncanny without him. 'Little unscrupulous things' were desertions. The reappearance of a post of a former member of the outfit, showing other evidences of prosperity always has the effect of getting gang-a-going."

"Once I belonged to an outfit that was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. One of our men caught on as a faro bank tender of a big San Francisco gambling house at the wind-up of his second enlistment. It wasn't long before he had an interest in the bank himself, and he got the money fast."

"Well, all diked out in expensive clothes and wearing the spurs and dingdongs, he used to drive out to the Presidio behind a stylish pacer in a trig trap with yellow running gear. After a few months of that the commanding officer of the Presidio had to request that ex-swagger as a special favor to him to cease his visits at the post. A large number of desertions were easily traced to his visits."

"The gang would look their ex-ante over and become ambitious all of a sudden. If he had made such a fine thing of it in civil life why couldn't they do the same, or make some kind of a stab at it anyhow? So they hopped out of the Presidio gate, not to come back any more, just because they had seen all of these signs of prosperity on a man who had once bunked under the same roof with them."

"Rumors about the transferring of outfits, too, is another cause, and in the aggregate a big contributing cause to the desertion business. Men who enlist in a certain part of the country for service in that section don't like to make a long shift to another part with a different climate. More desertions result from the shifting about of regiments than ever appear in the figures."

"Queer, too, the distance some soldiers will go when they get mixed up with women. The most aggravated case of that kind I ever saw was when I was in the Philippines the first time."

"With my outfit was a snappy, hustling youngster from Tennessee, a boy not much past his majority, who got the corporal's chevrons very soon after hitting the islands for navy work in campaigning. The kid had all the makings of a fine soldier, and he was well educated, a commission wasn't any too high for him to take if he'd been of that mind and had kept out of trouble."

"But he got all wrapped up with a Filipino girl, the daughter of a Filipino president down Mindanao way, and when we were ordered to Manila to take the transport for the United States he couldn't see the thing of leaving the girl. I believe they were married. Anyhow, when we went to Manila this judgment-lacking comrade stayed behind with the Filipino woman."

"But he did something even more idiotic than that. When the old man sent a non-com, and some bucks back for the kid he was insane enough to join the enemy—the war was still going on down there—instead of staying there for a spell until the search for him was over. They got him by the time our transport reached the States."

"Well, you know what that kid looked like and bright kid from Tennessee is doing now? He's doing 30 years on Alcatraz Island for deserting to the enemy—the court-martial's verdict was death, but it was changed to years for him. Did you ever see a white boy from Tennessee with a head, even if he had a brain, that was so smart?"

"All right," said Satterfield, reluctantly. "But it's a pity! I was beginning to catch the rhythm."