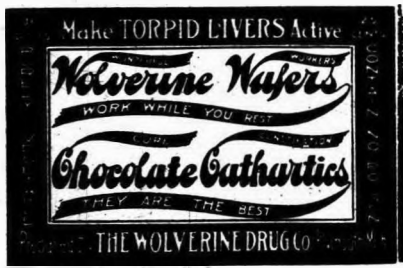


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 41

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 2 1908

WHOLE NO. 1087.



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Stott's Bread Flour, per sack	75c
Alaska Red Salmon, 2 cans	25c
Sugar Corn, 2 cans	25c
Fancy Seeded Raisins, per pkg	10c
Pearl Tapioca, 3 pkgs	25c
Tomatoes, solid packed, per can	10c
Succotash, extra, per can	10c
Good Dairy Butter, per lb	23c

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Bananas, Oranges, Pineapples, Strawberries—in fact anything in season.

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Onions, Asparagus, Lettuce, Radishes, String Beans, etc.

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The Coffees that are all coffee—from 18c to 35c per pound.

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The best you ever had. Try it at 15c, 20c or 50c per bottle, on ice.

CANNED CORN.

Corn at 15c per can; 3 for 25c, 4 for 25c.

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Free Delivery.

GITTINS BROS

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Breezy Items

By Five Correspondents.

SALEM

Miss Anna Phillips of Portland is visiting her uncle, L. Bussey and other Salem relatives this week.

Mrs. Fred Mosher and two little daughters of Detroit, who have been spending a week at Wm. Mosher's, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Lucy Grant, who has been very ill at her home in Wixom for several weeks past, returned to Asa Geigler's last week.

Mrs. Adna Bailey of Grand Ledge visited her mother, Mrs. Grant, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Lester Beals and two little children of Detroit, who have been spending a couple of weeks with her father, James Bullock, returned to their home Saturday.

George Ryder of Ypsilanti spent a few days last week visiting relatives here.

Bert Ryder, Frank Buers and Jay Tennant took in the excursion to Niagara Falls last Saturday.

Mrs. Lou Stanbro and little daughter of South Lyon spent a part of last week at Wm. Stanbro's.

Mrs. Floyd Smith of Detroit is visiting at Fred Bennett's.

Rev. A. A. Wall returned home from Highland, Ill., last week.

The baby show held at the Baptist church last week Friday proved a success. Following is a list of babies receiving prizes: Prettiest baby over one year, Clements Huff; prettiest baby between three months and one year, a tie between Freddy Brown and baby Nelson; prettiest baby under three months baby Lyke; heaviest baby under one year, baby Nelson; heaviest baby under 2 1/2 years, Enid Perkins; baby with blackest eyes, baby Shoebridge; baby with the curliest hair, baby Rorabacher; youngest baby with the most teeth, baby Roe; plainest talker, Donald Bovee; youngest talker, baby Bird; baby from farthest away, Harry Osborn; fattest baby under eight months, baby Angell; youngest walker, baby Shoebridge; smallest baby of age, baby Lyke; baby with least hair, baby Roe; baby with most hair, Harry Osborn; baby with whitest hair, baby Curry; baby with reddest hair, Clements Huff; smallest baby one year or over, Freddy Brown.

When you have Backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sano!, 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.

LIVONIA CENTER.

A very pleasant social was held at Fred Lee's Saturday evening and all had a good time. Ice cream, cake and coffee was served to those who wished. Proceeds, six dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Leece and son of Detroit visited Mrs. Russel Peck over Sunday.

The carpenters are busy putting Fred Garchow's barn in shape for the hay crop.

Horace Kingsley was on our streets Tuesday.

Mrs. Cort is building an addition to her farm barn, C. F. Smith doing the work.

W. H. Smith and M. Creiger were callers at Frank Peck's Sunday evening.

Mrs. Will Ash and Mrs. Will Cort were in the city Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wolfrom visited Plymouth friends on Sunday.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Miss Martha Ryder of Salem visited Mrs. H. C. Packard Wednesday.

Little Helen and Marion Jarvis have been quite sick, but are better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bovee and son Earl of Belleville visited their son Charles and family last week.

Mrs. T. G. Howe and little Roma Hooper visited Mrs. Harvey Nelson Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Nelson and D. Waters are visiting their mother at Lodi for a couple of weeks.

The Remedy that Does.

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. B. Pierson of Auburn Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's 50c and \$1.50. Trial bottle free.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mrs. J. F. Maxson and Mrs. S. R. Rickel of Waterloo, Ind., visited their sister Mrs. Stout. The latter is improving and her friends feel much encouraged.

Miss Otha Lucas returned to the parental roof for a brief time this week and then went to Salem.

Mrs. Lottie Rathburn is visiting her nephew this week.

Mrs. C. M. Mabee returned to Tecumseh via Rockwood Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Heeney entertained Jerry Boyle and wife of Ann Arbor Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Margaret Whitmire spent last week visiting Canton and Plymouth relatives.

Mrs. James Heeney spent Monday with her mother.

Lyman and Helen O'Bryan are spending the week in Wayne with their grandparents.

A very pleasant party of eleven little people was entertained by Mrs. Harmon Kingsley Wednesday afternoon in honor of her nephew, Master Harold Smith of Detroit. Ice cream and cake were served and no one who knows Mrs. Kingsley can doubt of the pleasantness of the affair, as her tact with children is well known.

We doubt very much if there is any neighborhood that can boast of ladies possessed of larger hearts and greater kindness than our own West Town Line ladies. If there is we can't imagine it. Could such loving thoughtfulness and kindness spread it would be but a short time before the millennium. If we were to propose a toast it would be, "The kindest neighborhood on earth—The West Town Line."

The flowers and fruit sent Edna Guilford by kind neighbors and the Helping Hand have cheered the little invalid's weary hours wonderfully and have done much to help her bear her pain.

Will Heeney spent two days in Detroit with his friend, Mr. Millman.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mrs. Madet entertained her sister from the West the latter part of last week.

Mrs. C. W. Wright visited her daughter, Mrs. Albert Krumm, at Plymouth last Friday.

Erwin Wright spent Sunday with Lorenzo Perkins at Cady's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. James Innis entertained their daughter from Owosso last week.

The mowing machine is heard and seen daily in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Chambers are entertaining company from Detroit this week.

Bertha Cady has returned home from a two weeks' visit with her uncle, Robert Avery and family, at Eloise.

George Dean made a business trip to Detroit Wednesday.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Rathburn of Plymouth visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schunk last Sunday.

Wm. Beyer and Isaac Innis were in Detroit last week Wednesday.

Mrs. Mae Kubik, Mrs. Bertha Parmalee and Miss Lizzie Theuer attended the graduating exercises at Wayne last week Wednesday afternoon.

The ladies' aid society will give a picnic in F. Theuer's woods July 4th. Every one is cordially invited to attend.

A. R. Stevenson had the misfortune to run a pitchfork into his leg. He was just recovering from a very sore eye, which he received by a branch striking him just beneath the eyeball.

Lean Meldrum, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Meldrum, Mr. and Mrs. Lee J. Meldrum, Miss Mabel Oliver and Henry Kubik visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oliver last Sunday.

Mrs. Mabel Hanchett and children visited relatives at Plymouth a few days last week.

Mrs. Bertha Parmalee is ill with Dr. Tupper of Sand Hill attending her.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ludeman of Detroit visited at F. Theuer's last Sunday.

Gladys and Ione Fox have been visiting their grandmothers Robinson and Fox in Detroit for the past two weeks.

Richard York has returned home after spending the winter in Utah.

It Can't Be Beat.

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For stomach, liver and kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale, 50c.

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Who Ever
Writes a Letter

SHOULD SEE OUR STOCK OF.

WRITINGS TABLETS.

HIGH GRADE, BUT LOW PRICES.

From 5c. to 15c. per Tablet

There is nothing nicer for polite correspondence, nor can you get anything more correct in color or finish. Every popular size is in stock in the correct shade for all classes of correspondence.

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THE FAMOUS HERMANWILE GUARANTEED CLOTHING

has a double guarantee—the makers' and ours. The quality is right—the price is more than right—with absolute satisfaction for both you and ourselves thrown in for good measure. "Hermanwile Guaranteed Clothing" is real value—every stitch has been put in to stay—every garment is cut and fitted and made up, to maintain the reputation it has as

"The Best Medium Price
Clothing in the United States."

If you want a SUIT—OVERCOAT—RAINCOAT at from
—\$10 to \$20—

you can't do as well, for the same money, in Plymouth, as here, because no Clothing is sold at any price, which FITS BETTER—LOOKS BETTER—or gives more thorough satisfaction.

E. L. RIGGS

A 'CROSS COUNTER TALK



Customer: "What's in a name, one paint is as good as another!"

Dealer: "You make a big mistake in that supposition. A good paint is known by name and reputation. Its one thing that distinguishes the brand from a host of unreliable paints. It's a guarantee of the quality of the product."

Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared is known everywhere as the standard of paint excellence. Its name is recognized as representing the highest quality. Forty years of the best paint making stand behind it—best materials and best processes of manufacture. S. W. P. is your sure protection and mine in paint buying and selling."

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THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMERY, Publisher

PLYMOUTH MICHIGAN

BRIEF NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK TOLD IN CONDENSED FORM.

ROUND ABOUT THE WORLD

Complete Review of Happenings of Greatest Interest from All Parts of the Globe—Latest Home and Foreign Items.

PERSONAL

William H. Taft cleaned up the business of his office as secretary of war, turned over the portfolio to Luke Wright, and turned his attention to the presidential campaign.

Bert M. Fernald of Poland, Me., was nominated for governor of Maine by the Republican state convention. Ferdinand Dudenhofer, formerly a state tax collector in New Orleans, was found guilty of embezzling about \$65,000 of state funds.

Robert Jardine, ten years old, is accused at Lesueur, Minn., of the deliberate murder of another child.

Mrs. Phillip N. Moore of St. Louis was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York was reported to be near death. Steven J. Adams, fire chief of Budapest, Hungary, is serving as a fireman in New York city to learn American methods.

Robert Ohmmeiss, Jr., cashier of the Marine Trust company at Atlantic City, N. J., was arrested charged with a defalcation of \$20,500. He made a confession in which he says that he played the stock market.

The shah of Persia proclaimed a general amnesty in order to restore tranquility to Teheran.

Secretary of State Elihu Root went to William Muldoon's health institution at White Plains again for a course of medicine ball throwing, hard walking and riding, cold shower baths and plain cooking.

John W. Gates visited St. Charles, Ill., to say good-by to his mother before leaving for Europe. He bought a stock farm for \$25,000 and gave it to E. J. Baker.

Ralph A. Aldrich, wanted at Nevada, Ia., on a charge of forging notes amounting to nearly \$12,000, was arrested in Springfield, Ill., and admitted he was guilty.

The body of Grover Cleveland was buried at Princeton after brief but impressive services which were attended by President Roosevelt and other notables.

Secretary of War Taft went to New York from New Haven, and met a number of friends, including Booker T. Washington.

William H. Pettis, treasurer of Sac county, Ia., was arrested on a charge of embezzling the county funds.

H. W. Tiers, former discount clerk of the First National bank of Pittsburg, Pa., was arrested on an information made by National Bank Examiner Folds, charging him with the abstraction of about \$51,000 of the bank's funds.

GENERAL NEWS

Attacked by a band of 50 insurgents, government troops at Palomas, Mexico, a small town in Chihuahua, killed one rebel and wounded several others. The revolutionists fled to the mountains, pursued by the soldiers.

Mrs. Louisiana Hobbs Douglass, one of the numerous wives of the alleged bogus "Lord" Oswald Reginald Douglass, was granted an absolute divorce from "Lord" Douglass at Norfolk, Va.

Two men were killed, and three badly injured in the collapse of a livery stable in Minneapolis.

A. Booth & Co. of Chicago pleaded guilty to accepting concessions from railroads.

In order to escape trial on a charge of being implicated in the robbery and killing of Frank Frorer, millionaire banker of Lincoln, Ill., William Webber of Springfield entered a plea of guilty to another charge of robbery and was sentenced to the penitentiary.

The grand jury at Indianapolis returned an indictment against Henry V. Marshall, president of the Western Construction company, charging him with presenting a false and fraudulent claim against the city for asphalt street patching done by his company.

George B. McClellan was declared to have been duly elected mayor of New York over W. R. Hearst, in 1905, by Justice Lambert, and by the justice's orders the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

Thomas L. Bagby, while standing at his sweetheart's window near Huntsville, Mo., was shot and killed by her brother, E. J. Carter, Jr.

Two men were killed and five persons injured when their automobile was struck by an interurban car at Indianapolis.

Engineer Aaron Raub was killed and several passengers injured at Lofty Pa., by the wrecking of a Pennsylvania train, believed to have been caused by the spiking of the tracks.

A second son was born to Lady Sufolk, formerly Miss Daisy Ledy of Chicago.

Miss Mary Joy Newland of Detroit was married to Count Limberg of Prussia.

The mobilization of all British warships in home waters for the annual maneuvers brought together 301 vessels with 68,000 officers and men.

Mme. Sherstnova, who was confined in the political prison at Kiev, was shot and killed by one of the sentinels who discovered her signaling with a mirror to some of her co-prisoners.

Women suffragists made a riotous demonstration at the parliament buildings in London and some of them were arrested.

Judges Sanborn, Hook and Adams, in the United States circuit court at St. Paul, made an interlocutory decree whereby they temporarily suspend and enjoin the enforcement of the order of the interstate commerce commission which reduced the charge of certain railroad companies for the transfer of live stock from the terminal of their roads in Chicago to the Union Stock Yards from \$2 to \$1 per car.

By direction of President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft issued orders to the commanding general of the department of Texas, at San Antonio, to send a sufficient number of troops to Del Rio, El Paso and other points in Texas to aid the civil authorities in preserving order. This action was decided upon as a result of the request from the Mexican government that the United States do its utmost to prevent any violation of the neutrality laws. Mexican troops attacked and scattered the bandits who raided Matamoros.

At Friedrichshafen Count Zeppelin's airship stood brilliantly the longest and most searching test it has yet undergone. It remained in the air for six hours and three-quarters, attaining an average speed of 34 1/2 miles an hour throughout.

The Equitable Life Assurance society is to erect in New York an office building of 62 stories, 909 feet high.

Philadelphia police assert that Dr. William H. Wilson was poisoned by cyanide of potassium in a bottle of ale sent him by a young man of that city, a member of whose family died under the physician's care.

Ten passengers were injured, none fatally, in Pittsburg, when the controller of a street car exploded, the red-hot debris of the mechanism being blown into the car.

The Louisiana legislature passed the Shattuck-Gay bill providing for high license in the state.

Jealous of his young wife and mistaking his son for another man, Julius Turner, 68 years of age, a wealthy farmer of Clay City, Ill., shot his wife to death, seriously wounding his 15-year-old son and attempted to commit suicide.

The Swiss Aero club's balloon Cognac has succeeded in crossing the Alps. This feat has often been attempted, but never before accomplished.

Dr. Peter V. Burnett, a specialist in diseases of the eye, ear and throat, committed suicide by leaping from the roof garden of the Mount Sinai hospital in New York.

Seven persons were killed and more than 60 injured by a tornado that destroyed many houses in Clinton, Minn. The town of Pukwana, S. D., was nearly wiped out by a tornado but no one was hurt.

Mrs. Julius Krueger and three of her children perished in a fire at Milwaukee. Krueger and one son were rescued, seriously injured.

Mannie Fisher and Miss Anna Taylor were drowned near St. Joseph, Mo., by the upsetting of a boat.

Fire caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp destroyed the Green Mountain Falls hotel at Green Mountain Falls, a summer resort 15 miles west of Colorado Springs, Col.

Sixty inmates of the Maryland school for boys revolted and escaped, a score being recaptured.

Matthew Ford, town marshal of Osborne, Mo., killed a robber in an exchange of shots.

Five persons were drowned in a flood near Wellington, Kan., caused by a cloudburst.

An explosion and fire in a San Francisco grocery store caused the death of four persons and the injury of three others.

The California limited on the Santa Fe went through a burned bridge near Hardy, Ariz., two trainmen and a passenger being killed and 20 persons hurt.

William D. Sloat, a New York paper merchant, committed suicide while despondent because of ill health.

Charles R. Rose, son of James A. Rose, secretary of state of Illinois, eloped from Springfield, Ill., with Miss Blanche Connor of Princeton, Ill., a stenographer for the state board of agriculture, and the two were married in Chicago.

Fire at Ionia, Mich., destroyed two passenger depots, a church and other buildings.

The Democratic state convention of Vermont refused to instruct its delegates for Bryan.

The sultan of Turkey has conferred the order of Chekafan on Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt.

Raymond Wells, son of a Chicago bank president, fell from a fourth story window and was killed.

Three delegates to the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Boston were seriously injured at Newport, R. I., when a trolley coach was upset. Another delegate, Mrs. Sarah Shute of Coon Rapids, Ia., died of heart failure.

Five persons were killed in a wreck on the Chicago & Northwestern road near Chadron, Neb.

Harvard won the varsity boat race from Yale. Griswold, the Yale stroke, collapsed a mile and a half from the finish. Secretary Taft and the family of President Roosevelt were among the spectators.

THE STATE IN GENERAL

COLDWATER MAN IN A JEALOUS RAGE SHOTS FLEEING WIFE.

TRIES CYANIDE ROUTE

Matters of Note and Comment of Major and Minor Importance Picked Up Here and There, Briefly Told.

Angered because she refused to return to live with him and jealous because he believed other men were paying her attentions, Homer Bunnell, aged 35, of Coldwater, shot his wife twice and later took poison. Mrs. Bunnell left him several years ago and was living with a friend. Bunnell met her in front of a livery stable. She feared trouble and ran into the stable. Bunnell followed and, as she crouched in a dark corner, fired the bullet taking effect in her right side. The woman screamed and ran toward the door. The husband fired another bullet. This time into her left side. The revolver refused to fire again, and before he could follow her, stable hands seized him. Mrs. Bunnell is in a serious condition at the home of a friend. On the way to the county jail after he had been arrested by officers, Bunnell swallowed cyanide of potassium which he carried with him, apparently intending to end his life after he had killed his wife. A doctor was hurriedly called and used the stomach pump. Bunnell will live. No charge has been placed against him, pending the outcome of the injuries of Mrs. Bunnell.

Glazier is Bankrupt.

Frank P. Glazier has formally made acknowledgment in the United States district court that he is a bankrupt, and has withdrawn his notice of contest and demand for a jury trial in the bankruptcy case begun by creditors. Glazier will now be adjudicated a bankrupt and the creditors called together to elect a trustee.

There will, however, be one hard fight in the case and after the trustee is elected, a petition will then be filed for the setting aside of the mortgages in favor of the Chelsea Savings bank on the Blodgett terrace, Detroit, for \$80,000, and the Ann Arbor office building, for \$100,000. The other creditors than the Chelsea bank take ground that these mortgages were acts of preference and bankruptcy. Glazier says in his withdrawal of notice of contest that he does not admit the acts of bankruptcy charged.

The withdrawal notice was filed by Attorney James S. Gorman, of Chelsea. Attorney Walter E. Oxtoby, for the receiver, will now push the case to adjudication and trusteeship.

The supreme court this morning denied the application of Glazier for a writ of mandamus to compel Circuit Judge West to show cause why he should not grant Glazier a change of venue from Ingham county. The supreme court holds that while some evidences of prejudice were shown as being in existence, they were mostly confined to Stockbridge and were not ample to warrant the belief that the defendant could not receive a fair trial in this county. The court further holds that there has been no abuse of discretion on the part of Judge West.

Rebuilding Ionia.

Gangs of men were busy Monday in the Grand Trunk and Pere Marquette yards clearing away the wreckage from the big Ionia Sunday fire. The Grand Trunk freight house consists of a string of box cars, and two passenger coaches from the depot. Plans for rebuilding are being freely discussed and work will begin soon on some of the new structures. It is extremely probable that the old Pere Marquette freight house, which was burned, will not be repaired. The company already has plans for a new freight house and the old one will be abandoned. At a meeting Monday night the men of the Presbyterian church decided the new building should be built as soon as possible. It will be a modern structure and a credit to the city. The church is free from debt and will undertake the work with a will.

Lots of Work in Sight.

The Pere Marquette Railway Co. have started up the Saginaw shops, which have been running on half time since May 11, and has restored full time, nine hours per day. This affects more than 600 machinists and shop men, and there is jubilation throughout the first and second wards, where the employees live. The officials report business as improving with an outlook for increasing traffic the rest of the summer and fall and expects to operate the system to its full capacity from now on.

Local Option Fund.

At a well-attended meeting of Ionia county local optionists it was planned to go ahead with a local option campaign in the county and to raise a fund of \$5,000. Dr. George Snyder, of Lake Odessa, was chairman of the meeting and Attorney P. W. Marsh, of Detroit, attorney for the Anti-Saloon league, was in attendance. Petitions will be put out at once and put in shape for presentation to the Ionia county board of supervisors at their October session.

The new piano plant at Holly has opened.

A pea canning manufactory is a new industry in store for upper Michigan. It will be established at Ewen or elsewhere in the Ontonagon valley district, in the western part of the peninsula.

At a mass meeting Friday steps were taken to finance the campaign and procure the necessary petitions to have Ionia county vote on the local option question next April.

There will be a separate ballot for the vote on the new constitution at the general election next November. The state will furnish the ballots. The circulars explaining the amendments are also in charge of the secretary of state.

Roosevelt's Tribute to Cleveland.

Judson Harmon, attorney-general in the late President Cleveland's cabinet, returned to Cincinnati from Princeton, N. J., where he attended the Cleveland funeral ceremonies.

Judge Harmon related an incident at the funeral which seems to have escaped general observation.

President Roosevelt, before the funeral, summoned the members of the dead president's two cabinets into the chamber of death, and delivered to them, with his characteristic energy and force, an exquisite eulogy on the life and death of Cleveland. It was probably the only eulogy at the funeral, and even this was delivered behind closed doors to men who once were much in the public eye.

Around the bier, with heads bowed, stood former Secretaries Hoke Smith, Francis Olney, Carlisle and Herbert, former Attorney General Harmon and former Postmaster General Vilas. All these and others had been summoned to the side of the casket by President Roosevelt. Pointing to the coffin, the president told of the good deeds of the deceased and of the faith in which Cleveland had died.

"It was an impressive as well as a tactful tribute," said Judge Harmon.

The Mexican Revolt.

The agitation in Mexico is in behalf of Benito Juarez, whom revolutionists wish to establish as president of the republic in case Diaz can be overthrown. Juarez is the son of the patriot revered and famous in Mexican history.

El Correo, a very conservative Mexican daily, of Chihuahua, says an armed force estimated at from 400 to 4,000, is moving on Torreón.

Three bridges on the railroad leading into Torreón have been burned and the paymaster of the Mexican Central captured. Troops have been rushed to Torreón and also toward the frontier.

Extra precautions are being taken by the garrison of Juarez. All roads leading into El Paso are being closely guarded, an attack on the custom house being feared at any time.

In a telegram to Gov. Campbell the state department in Washington asks Texas to take steps to prevent any disturbances along the Mexican-Texas border as a result of the attack on Las Vegas, Mex., which is just opposite Del Rio, Tex. The governor wired the state department that such steps would be taken as are deemed proper to keep down any disturbance along the border.

Pension for Mrs. Cleveland.

It is thought probable that congress will provide a pension of \$5,000 a year for Mrs. Grover Cleveland, following precedent. Mrs. Garfield has received a pension of \$5,000 each year since 1882.

Mrs. Harrison, the only other president's widow now living, was not pensioned, but she was Mr. Harrison's second wife and married him several years after his term as president expired.

In cases heretofore where president's widows have been pensioned it happened that the president had also been a soldier, but the pension was not granted because of his military service. While Mr. Cleveland had never done military duty he was none the less commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The rate of pension which congress has habitually granted to presidents' widows is \$5,000 a year. It was in 1882 that the precedent of granting this sum was established.

Mr. Sherman's Health.

Rep. James S. Sherman, the Republican candidate for vice-president, has fully recovered from his illness in Lakeside hospital, Cleveland, but will remain there several days longer to recover his strength. He will leave next Friday for Utica, N. Y., and the town will have its delayed "home coming" celebration in his honor that evening.

On July 8 Mr. Sherman will take part in the Washington conference to select a campaign manager, and after that may submit to the operation which his doctors say must be performed if he is to be relieved of the gall stones which cause recurring attacks of illness.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

John Goodwin, a Pere Marquette car repairer, aged 45, committed suicide in Grand Rapids by drinking carbolic acid.

A. J. Gladstone Dowie is in bed in Muskegon with a sprained leg that he suffered Wednesday while out walking.

"Aunt" Martin, aged 86, the only negro in Jonesville, is dead at the county house.

Joseph and Battista Guilono were drowned at Wakefield, Gogebic iron range, Wednesday, while attempting to cross Sunday lake.

While working on the roof of his new barn, J. W. Morlack, of Caseville, fell 30 feet to the ground, suffering injuries that may prove fatal.

The Doynce cheese factories in Elsie, Bannister, Ovid, Carland, Burton, Fenmore and Lowell have been sold to an eastern syndicate, which will manufacture butter, cheese and by-products of milk.

Mrs. L. C. Chamberlain, of Detroit, one of the victims of the D. U. R. wreck at DeWitt April 28, has nearly recovered and will soon be able to leave the Ann Arbor hospital where she has been confined since the wreck.

Harvey Whittier, 84 years old, died at his home in Morrice Friday. He was formerly a merchant at Morrice and Shattuck, but was compelled to give up business about six months ago on account of ill health. He leaves a widow and four children.

A man giving his name as Frank Hurley of Anderson, Ind., is under arrest in Beaton Harbor, and may be charged with murder. It is alleged that he threw a companion, Bernard Murphy, into the St. Joseph river at Niles and hid him over the head with a club as he crawled out. Spectators interfered and captured Hurley after a long chase.

Stealing a bicycle, which he sold for \$1.50 in Lansing, will cost John Sutton seven years in prison. He was released on parole from Ionia a few months ago and will now be taken back to finish his term, which does not expire until 1912.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

REPORTS AND RUMORS GIVEN FOR WHAT THEY ARE WORTH.

WHO WILL RUN WITH BRYAN?

Judge Gray Emphatically Declines a Place on the Ticket—Labor Plank Fight On.

The first definite plan for the national Democratic convention was announced Wednesday by the committee on arrangements. The convention, as soon as temporarily organized, will adjourn for the day, out of respect to the memory of Grover Cleveland.

This will not interfere with the work of the convention, as the committee will be busy until Wednesday morning at least. The program looks to the completion of the work of the convention within three days.

The vice-presidential situation, which clarified with Judge George Gray, of Delaware, seemingly a sure winner, was badly muddled again when a dispatch from Wilmington, Del., was received, containing this positive statement from Judge Gray:

"As I have repeatedly said I would not consent to being called in nomination as a candidate for the presidency, I now say with equal emphasis that I will under no circumstances consent to a nomination for the vice-presidency."

"Judge Gray," said one, "never gave his consent to being placed in nomination before the convention, but his friends, who realize how well qualified he is to be president of the United States, have taken the matter into their own hands. It is our affair and not his."

The Gray headquarters opened early Wednesday, the first of the convention, beating the Johnson men by a few hours. With Mr. Marvel in charge was R. J. Beamish, of Philadelphia.

Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, declares his delegation is going to stick to Bryan, but that it will act on the platform according to its own ideas. Neither Bryan nor anyone else can dictate the party platform, he says. Sullivan opposes a radical injunction plank, Charles G. Heffner, of Washington state, also is opposing a radical injunction plank. He says the Pacific coast doesn't want it and that the party will not stand for any "transparent sop to union labor."

Chairman Thomas Taggart, of the national committee, also is opposed to Bryan dictating the platform. He says: "I think the convention will decide to leave out any radical labor plank, or any other radical plank."

It is not certain that Alton B. Parker will be a member of the resolutions committee. He is not the leader of the present political administration in New York state, and as he is bitterly opposed to several of the Bryan policies, it is possible that he may not be treated with as much deference as should go to the late presidential candidate. In any event, it is suggested that while Bryan is going to hold out for his labor plank, it will not break his heart if the convention overturns him.

Insiders in the Bryan camp evidently are displeased with the Johnson presidential candidacy, and will not consider him for second place. They want a New Yorker if they can't succeed in getting Judge Gray. The latter is preferred despite his objections because of the esteem in which he is held by the labor men.

With Gray out, however, New York can have the nomination if it unites on John B. Stanchfield, of Elmira, N. Y., or any other of the half dozen suggested candidates. Stanchfield ran for governor in 1900. Bryan, it is said, is rather desirous of having a conservative with him on the ticket. Up to date no less than 22 men have been mentioned for the vice-presidency.

Mr. Taft Now.

At noon Wednesday Gen. Luke E. Wright took the oath of office as secretary of war. Escorted by Wm. H. Taft, retiring secretary, Wright passed from the private office of the secretary into the general reception room, where surrounded by prominent army officers and officials of the war department the oath was administered to him by John B. Randolph, the veteran assistant to Chief Clerk Schofield, of the department. Randolph has administered the oath to four previous secretaries of war, including Mr. Taft.

An informal reception for the bureau chiefs, division chiefs and clerks of the department and army officers stationed in Washington was held later in the secretary's private office by Taft and Wright.

Taft once more a private citizen, after having been the executive head of the war department for four years and five months, is now ready to undertake the duties and responsibilities of a candidate of a great political party for the presidency.

WIRELETS.

In addition to the 15 persons killed in the train wreck Thursday near Calcutta, India, 270 were injured, several of whom may die. Many are maimed for life.

Neither ex-Gov. D. R. Francis, of Missouri, nor Senator "Joe" Bailey, of Texas, will be accepted by W. J. Bryan as vice-presidential possibilities because of Standard Oil affiliations.

Bathing in a flooded street in Mankato, Minn., Eva Ehler, 16, was caught in an undertow. Maud Waldo, 19, tried to save her and was swept away. Max Swes, 20, tried to rescue both and was drowned with them.

France will not abolish the death penalty. A great increase in the number of murders, following the decision of a parliament committee to abolish death penalties, caused the committee to reverse its action.

A Fugitive From Justice.

Robert Campbell, the Jackson attorney charged with embezzlement, is a fugitive from justice, with a reward of \$400 offered for his arrest, and Pinkerton detectives are on his trail. Saturday morning, when the examination was called in Justice Jenks's court, Campbell did not appear. After a wait of 45 minutes his bondsmen were summoned and his bail forfeited. There is plenty of evidence that Campbell received assistance in his flight, and it is possible that he came to the city last night, as a suit of clothes, which had been hanging in his office Friday night at closing time, was gone this morning. Some one must have furnished Campbell with money, as he was penniless when arrested on Thursday.

WIRELETS.

H. S. Cody, Chicago, and Chauncey Boucher, of Marion, Ind., U. of M. students have left for Europe to tour the continent on wheels.

An unidentified man was run over and killed by the St. Paul train over the Copper Range near Riceville Tuesday. He was evidently asleep on the track.

George F. Wood, former Grand Trunk agent in Munith, was sent to the Detroit house of correction for stealing merchandise from the Munith freight house.

Jefferson Butler and Leonard Lawrence, both of Detroit, were elected vice-president and director, respectively, of the Michigan State Humane association.

"The cause of death is unknown, but there are indications pointing to foul play," is the verdict of the jury in the death of Oscar Peterson, Bangor township farmer, whose body was found buried on his farm. Mrs. Elizabeth Barnett, a neighbor, is held for trial on the charge of murdering him.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$6 50 to \$7 50; steers and heifers, \$6 00 to \$7 00; stock cows, \$4 50 to \$5 50; grass steers and heifers, \$4 50 to \$5 50; fat, \$6 00 to \$7 00; \$4 50 to \$5 50; common cows, \$2 50 to \$3 50; canners, \$1 50 to \$2 50; choice heavy bulls, \$3 50 to \$4 50; fat, \$4 50 to \$5 50; choice stock, \$3 50 to \$4 50; fat, \$4 50 to \$5 50; choice feeding steers, \$5 00 to \$6 00; \$4 50 to \$5 50; fair feeding steers, \$4 00 to \$5 00; \$3 50 to \$4 50; choice stock, \$5 00 to \$6 00; \$4 50 to \$5 50; fair stock, \$4 00 to \$5 00; \$3 50 to \$4 50; stock heifers, \$2 50 to \$3 50; milkers, large, young, medium, age, \$4 00; common milkers, \$2 00 to \$3 00.

Veal calves—Market opened steady, closing 25c lower than last week; best, \$6 25 to \$7 50; others, \$4 50 to \$6 00.

Milk cows and spring heifers—Steady. Sheep and lambs—Market dull, last week's prices. Best lambs, \$5 75; fair to good lambs, \$4 50 to \$5 50; light to medium lambs, \$3 50 to \$4 50; fair to good butcher sheep, \$3 50 to \$4 50; culls and common, \$2 00 to \$3 00.

Pigs—70c to 75c; fat, good hogs, 50c higher than last week. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$6 00 to \$7 00; \$5 50 to \$6 50; light Yorkers, \$5 00 to \$6 00; \$4 50 to \$5 50; \$4 00 to \$5 00.

East Buffalo—Cattle—A few early sales of prime butcher cattle sold strong to a shade higher than last week. Later in the day trade became draggy and from that time on sales were lower than last week. Prime heavy cattle of which there was but few on the market, sold steady to strong at last week's prices. The top price today being \$7 50 for a head of prime Ohio cattle, best export steers, \$6 75 to \$7 50; best 1,200 to 1,300 lb. shipping steers, \$6 25 to \$7 00; \$5 50 to \$6 50; best 1,000 to 1,200 lb. steers, \$5 50 to \$6 50; best 800 to 1,000 lb. steers, \$5 00 to \$6 00; \$4 50 to \$5 50; best stockers, \$3 25 to \$4 25; trimmers, \$2 25 to \$3 25; best fat heifers, \$5 50 to \$6 50; butcher heifers, \$3 50 to \$4 50; light butcher heifers, \$3 25 to \$4 25; best cow, \$4 25 to \$5 25; best stockers, \$3 25 to \$4 25; common stockers, \$3 25 to \$4 25; export bulls, \$2 50 to \$3 50;ologna bulls, \$2 25 to \$3 25; stock bulls, \$2 25 to \$3 25. The cow market was very bad and from \$2 to \$5 per head lower; good cows, \$2 00 to \$3 00; medium, \$1 50 to \$2 50; light, \$1 00 to \$2 00.

Hogs—Market strong; heavy, \$6 40 to \$7 00; Yorkers, \$6 50 to \$7 00; pigs, \$5 50 to \$6 50; roughs, \$4 50 to \$5 50; \$4 00 to \$5 00.

Grain—Cash No. 2 red, 90c; July opened unchanged at 87 3/4c; declined to 87 1/8c, advanced to 87 5/8c and closed at 87 1/2c; September opened at 87 3/4c, low 87 1/2c, advanced to 87 1/2c and closed at 87 1/4c; December opened at 86 1/4c, touched 85c, advanced to 85 3/4c and declined to 85c; No. 3 red, 87c; No. 1 white, 88c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 71 1/2c asked; No. 1 yellow, 73 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 2c above at 71 1/2c; No. 2 white, 55c; August, 50c; No. 1 white, 51c; No. 2 white, 50c; No. 3 white, 50c;

TALES OF LAKE AND LONG SHORE

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS

BY GEORGE TICKELL

SCARLET SILAS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"It's a nasty night on the river," said the bridge-tender, as he peered through the window of the shanty into the fog that lay sullenly on the water, a heavy, uncompromising fog born of the smoke of Chicago's chimneys and the driving white mists of Lake Michigan.

What gets me is why any man takes to lake sailin' in the fust place, and why he keeps at it after he makes one trip and learns wot a dog's life it is. Now, there was myself. I tried it, but skipped at the fust port we made and plugged my way back to Chi on a freight. It was tough travelin', but it beat deck hustlin' on a lumber boat all to pieces. Bridge-tendin' is as close as ever I want to get to sailin' again.

It ain't that lake sailors is so stuck on their jobs that keeps them at it. There's Joe Wilkins, Bandy Joe, as we call him, sit right on that seat where you're settin' now, six months ago, and told me how he'd saved up a few hundred dollars and him and his pal, Sam Burrows, was goin' to start into business for themselves and never would set foot on a ship again. But I notice Bandy's back cookin' on the Jim Hill and Sam's doin' a foremost stunt on the schooner Maryland.

Mebbe they might have kept their word, though, if they hadn't struck a snag before they got started on the new deal. This yer Bandy was always a close, savin' sort of guy, which is a most unusual thing with sailormen. Sam often made up his mind to save, too, but never made it up enough to begin. But when his uncle died and left him \$600, Bandy heard of it and looked him up right away.

"See here, Sam," ses he, "you've bin a fool long enough. Wot's the use of bein' rawbided and jawed by low-down ornery mates and captains all your life? I've got \$500 scraped together, and if you add your pile to mine we can buy out old Daddy Nim's lunchroom on the docks. He's made enough money to live bully for the rest of his days and wants to sell out. It's a sure winner, for most all the river boys feed there, and old Nim told me I could have the joint for \$1,000 cash down."

The idea looked good to Sam and they headed for the Mariner's Rest to have a quiet drink and talk it over. Nearly everyone there had heard of Sam's luck, and they kept comin' up, one after the other, to congratulate him. If Bandy hadn't bin along, Sam might have loosened up and treated all hands. But Bandy kept whisperin' in his ear and joggin' his elbow all the time, warnin' him to be careful.

There was a stranger in the bar, a white-bearded old chap with a pleasant, smilin' face. He'd bin watchin' the gang gettin' after Sam, and when they got tired seein' that there was nothin' doin', he came over and sit down at their table.

"Scuse me, gents," he ses, "but if you'll honor me by havin' a drink, I shall feel myself under a obligation to you."

Bandy was never known to refuse anything he could get for nothin', and Sam was only too willin', so they didn't shy at puttin' the old fellow under a obligation, as he called it. He was a werry smooth speakin' chap, and before they was settin' there long they put him under a couple more obligations without makin' any kick about it. Then Sam, who was a good-hearted guy, and thought it was about time he did something, was going to call the waiter, when Bandy jogs his elbow and makes a face at



"It's a Nasty Night on the River."



"Did You Ever Hear of Scarlet Silas?"

him on the quiet. Sam colored up, for he saw the old fellow was on to Bandy's nudge, but before he could say a word the stranger laughs quite jolly like.

"That's the correct ticket," he ses, nodding at Bandy. "I like to see sailormen careful of their money, bein' as they have to work so hard for it. You don't need to spend anything with me, I'm well paid for what I do and have plenty of loose change. If your mate has come into a bit of coin, as I heard some of the boys sayin', the best thing he can do is to salt it away and not waste it."

With that he called for more refreshments and paid the waiter out of a big bundle of bills that made Bandy's and Sam's eyes fairly bulge out of their heads when they seen it.

"Must be a good business, yours," ses Bandy, "judgin' from the size of your roll."

"Why, yes," ses the old fellow, "it pays well, and I hope it'll pay better still before I get ready to retire into private life."

"Might I ask wot business you're in?" ses Bandy, quite polite.

The old chap smiled again and coughed.

"Before I tell you that," he ses, "you must both promise not to betray me. I've taken a fancy to you boys and feel like trustin' you, but a man has to be careful in my line."

Bandy and Sam was all set up with curiosity, and they swore earnest to keep their mouths shut. The old fellow looked around as if to make sure nobody was pipin' him off, and tosses 'em a card with the name Austin Barram on it in nice printed letters.

Down in the corner was a picture of a screamin' eagle with the words "U. S. Secret Service" underneath.

"Did you ever hear of Scarlet Silas, the pirate terror of the South seas?" whispered Barram, leanin' across the table. They both shook their heads.

"I thought pirates was out of date," ses Bandy. "Anyway I never heard of 'em shippin' on the jakes."

"Of course you didn't," ses Barram. "This chap is too big a highfyer to go foolin' round a duck pond even if his trade was carried on here, which it ain't. No, boys, Scarlet Silas is a bloody-minded ruffian that has defied the European governments, robbin' vessels in the Pacific ocean, cutting the throats of men, women and children, sinkin' ships with all hands on board, and done all such devilments for years."

"I've heard of such things," ses Bandy, who remembered reading a lot of hair-raisin' sea stories when he was a kid, "but I thought they was all done away with."

"That's right," ses Barram. "This here Scarlet Silas is the last of the bunch, and he quit the game ten years ago and settled down. But the British government hit his trail the other day and he lit out of India and started for the States. There's a reward of \$50,000 for him, dead or alive. Two weeks ago I got the tip that he had come to Chicago, and here I am, I'm closin' in on him now, and figure that I may want some help. That's why I picked out you fellows. You're young and strong and got lots of nerve. If you agree to go in with me, I can promise you \$20,000 to cut up between the two of you when we land our man."

"We're on," ses Bandy and Sam in the one breath; "but why don't you have the police help you?"

"Not me," ses Barram. "I ain't bin 40 years in United States service for nothin'. They'd want all the credit of the capture and most of the reward. It's different with you boys. I can see by your faces that you're honest,

and after you get your stake you'll be satisfied, and as you ain't in the profession you won't go tryin' to take the honor of makin' the arrest away from me."

"Sure thing," ses Bandy, "the money's what we're after. You kin have the honor and welcome."

"It's a go," said Barram. "I hereby appoint you two as my deputies. Meet me to-morrow night at eight o'clock, and I'll tell you more about the job. Meanwhile not a word to a livin' soul unless you want to ruin our chances."

He slid away after that, and Bandy and Sam went to their lodgin's pretty near crazy with joy over their luck. They set up half the night talking over plans for spending the reward when they got it. Only, Bandy was sore that they had promised their help so cheap.

"We order have half that \$50,000 by rights, Sam," ses he. "But howsom-ever, we'll not fool with old Daddy Nim's bum joint now. We'll buy a regular bang-up swell place and some day we'll own a steam yacht o' our own and sail by the Jim Hill, smokin' 50-cent cigars and laughin' at the poor chaps slavin' on board of the old hulk."

The next night they met Barram 'cordin' to appointment. He shook hands with both of them.

"The net's around the villain, lads," he ses, "and he can't escape us. I located him to-day and we'll start on his track at once. He has \$200,000 worth of precious stones stowed away somewhere, having converted all his property into diamonds, and such truck. Supposin' we land him to-night, have you boys a safe place to store the stuff till to-morrow?"

It happened that Bandy had a steel box in his trunk that he kept Sam's money and his own in. They had took it out of the bank that very day, having been scared by the money panic that started that year. He told Barram, who said it was the werry thing. Then he took them to a billiard hall where there was a big match game going on and dodged behind a pillar to size up the crowd.

"There's Scarlet Silas, lads," he ses, pointin' at a fat, red-faced man in the front row, a man with a flashy vest and thick gold watch chain. "From now on we've got to shadow him close."

Soon after the fat man goes out and they follow him. He boarded a Madison street car and they jumped on the hind platform. Twelve blocks farther he got off in front of a mission house where service was being held and strolls inside. Barram and the deputies followed and took seats behind him. The boys was surprised that a murdering pirate would fancy such a place, but Barram whispered 'em to lay low, that it was probably one of his cunning' tricks.

The fellow preachin' was a good speller and kept calling for the sinners to come up and be saved, and Bandy and Sam nearly fell out of their seats with surprise when Scarlet Silas suddenly jumps up, goes to the platform and, begins makin' a speech. He told 'em all how he'd been a ortful sinner and pirate of the seas in his younger days, but that he had repented and meant to give himself up to be punished for what he'd done. Old Barram looked mighty serious.

"This won't do," he ses to Bandy. "If he surrenders to the police we'll never see a cent of that reward. We must get him soon as he leaves here."

When the meeting broke up they followed Scarlet Silas to the street corner. Barram steps up and puts his hand on his shoulder.

"Scarlet Silas, I arrest you in the name of the United States government!" he ses.

Bandy and Sam closed in on him, expecting he might show fight, but the pirate was meek as you please.

"I'll go," he ses. "I won't make any trouble. I was meanin' to give myself up anyhow."

"Where have you cached them diamonds?" asks Barram.

"They're in a belt 'round my waist inside my vest," ses the pirate.

"Fine business," ses Barram. "We'll go straight to your room, lads. I'll notify the head of our Chicago office to-morrow morning, and then we'll take him to Washington."

When they reached the room they stripped the pirate, and there were the diamonds, monstrous big ones, sparklin' like fire.

"Two hundred thousand dollars' worth!" ses Barram, smackin' his lips. "Lord, what a easy haul. Fetch out the money box."

Bandy unlocked his trunk and produced the box with the \$1,000 in it belongin' to him and Sam. Barram emptied the diamonds atop of the bills and laughed.

"Yesterday that bunch of greenbacks looked big to you lads," he ses, "but they're small 'longside of the easy money you made to-night."

After awhile Barram and the prisoner turned into bed, Bandy and Sam having agreed to sit up for the night. They was too excited over their good luck to sleep, anyway, and wondered that Barram could snore away like he did. Early the next morning Barram tied up the pirate with ropes hand and foot so that he couldn't make a move and told the boys to come along with him to make his report.

He locked the door himself and put the key in his pocket.

When they got to the federal building he left them waiting at the main entrance while he went to the chief's office to see if he could receive them.

"I may be delayed, lads," ses he. "The chief's a busy man, and a fellow can't get to him right away, sometimes."

They waited for it might a' bin half an hour, but Barram didn't come back. After another half hour passed Bandy got restless.

"Wot right has he keepin' us standin' 'round this way," ses he. "Come along and we'll look him up."

They went around huntin' for the secret service office and didn't get much satisfaction from anyone they asked. Finally they ran into a policeman.

"I'll ask him," ses Bandy. "It don't matter tellin' him—now we've got Scarlet Silas under lock and key."

The copper listened to their story and started to laugh.

"Wot you fellows need is a couple of guardsmen," ses he. "Scarlet Silas be hanged, there ain't no such person. You've been buncoed, that's wot. Better hike back to your room and see wot's left of your property."

Bandy and Sam turned pale as ashes and broke for their lodgings under full sail. The door of the room was open and so was the trunk and money box. The diamonds was still there, but the greenbacks and pirate was gone. Wot's more, Barram, the insultin' old devil, had left a note sayin' he regretted leavin' them as they was a couple of as nice, honest, confidin' young chaps as he ever met.

He said the diamonds was the best make of phonies on the market, and worth four dollars of any man's money. The note ended by sayin' that him and Scarlet Silas was off to the South seas again, and if ever the boys got tired of lake cruisin' to look him up and they'd always be sure of good jobs as pirates.

Bandy and Sam ain't pals any more, each holdin' the other responsible for bein' took in. Some folks said it was their own fault for bein' so greedy for blood money, but I dunno as they oughter be blamed for that. Nearly all men has faults, even bridge-tenders.

"Goes to the Platform and Begins Making a Speech."

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THE JOYOUS FOURTH

BY GERARD CHAPMAN

Gee, don't I wish the Fourth wuz here!

For I c'n hardly wait

Until the days jest 'catch up' with

That blame red-figger date.

I got a lot o' fire-works,

Oh, more'n you could think;

A bully cannon made of brass,

So shiny makes you blink.

The minute that I get awake,

Bout four o'clock or so,

You bet I'll hustle in my clothes

An' grab my box an' go

A-kin' out behind the barn

An' light my punk an' say,

You won't hear nothin' much but noise.

The rest o' that hull day

But, gosh! that ain't a circumstance

To whar'll happen when

It gets right dark. You jest be there:

You'll see some doin's, then.

We'll break in Si the blacksmith's shop

And get his anvils out

An' shoot them all around the town:

Then there'll be noise, don't doubt.

Afore each house we'll set one down

An' pour the powder in,

An' set the other one on top

Then jest you hear the din!

Some folks'll come a-runnin' out

An' and raise a awful row:

But most'll laugh like fun, an' shout:

Jest get along, boys, now."

Oh, gee! I wish the Fourth was here.

But Ma sez "Mercy me!

Why you're so set on gettin' burns

An' blisters, I can't see."

But shucks! who cares for things like that?

A boy's ma never learns

As how he has jest loads o' fun

A-gettin' all those burns!

And when at eve he wandered home,

As tired as he could be,

He said: "I love the Glorious Fourth,

'Tis a day wot jest suits me."

THE ONE DAY.

Sizz! Boom! Bang!

You can't get away,

So you may as well stay

To the big show.

It will positively appear

But once this year.

Promptly at midnight

The red light

Begin to burn

And no one dares turn

It low

Until the last firecracker has

ploded.

Hark, children, the day is loaded.

And you'll know it when you see it

Unless your ear muffs fit

Pretty quick.

It is the reflex action of the big stick.

The only and original grand aggrega-

tion of noise.

Come and bring your boys.

AN EXPLANATION.

He fell in line behind the band

That played "Red, White, and Blue;"

He sang to help the noise along;

Though the words he never knew.

Then to the Celebration Grounds

He marched with gallant tread;

And listened while a Wondrous Man

"The Declaration" read.

Then came the picnic dinner

Spread 'neath a great oak tree;

And little Billy ate his fill

While the band played "Liberty."

And all the rest the day was spent

In making fun and noise;

Shooting lots of firecrackers off

With all the girls and boys.



"Goes to the Platform and Begins Making a Speech."

BY 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, 25 cents.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

Ald. William F. Moeller was one of the first candidates to announce himself for the Republican nomination for county treasurer and he has been working hard for the nomination for several months.

Detroit News: In his campaign speeches T. Hawley Christian appeals to the county districts by declaring that if he is not returned to the office of county auditor the job will never go to the townships again.

If that is the only ground T. Hawley Christian has for obtaining a renomination we hope every county "bumpkin" will vote for Robertson or any other good Republican.

A Spectacle in Michigan.

No more satisfactory demonstration of the effect of the application of the direct nomination principle in political affairs could be asked for than is to be seen in Michigan to-day.

What a difference now! The two active candidates for the nomination for governor, each running upon a personal platform, are touring the state.

W. C. T. U.

The meeting last week was well attended and Mrs. Campbell gave a most excellent report of the State Convention, which we wish every member could have heard.

The odd districts won out in a membership contest between the odd and even numbered districts, and the contest is to continue another year.

Michigan is to do special work in the counties where local option is to be tried. Our organization is decidedly "out for prohibition."

The leaders for the meeting next week Thursday, July 9, are Mrs. Van Vleet and Mrs. E. O. Huston. The subject is "Our foremothers—Early Customs, Good and Evil."

CHURCH NEWS.

UNIVERSALIST. Services at 10 a. m. Subject of the sermon for next Sunday, "What is Profit?" Sunday-school at 11:15 a. m.

METHODIST. Services next Sabbath as follows: Morning service at 10 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor. Sunday-school at 11:30.

Watch the press for announcements for services from Sunday to Sunday.

Presbyterian. Sunday, 10:00, morning worship. Rev. David Howell of Lansing, State Synodical Missionary, will speak on "Presbyterian Missions in Michigan."

11:15, Sunday school. The new quarter begins with lessons in the Old Testament. 5:30, Westminster Guild.

7:00, Union praise service, with preaching by Rev. David Howell in the Presbyterian church. You are most cordially invited to all the above services.

THOMAS F. FARRELL.

He is Making an Active Canvass for County Clerk.

In the contest for the Republican nomination for county clerk friends of Thomas F. Farrell, the popular police court clerk, propose to keep his name well to the front and use all honest endeavor to land him a winner.

As a boy Mr. Farrell entered the law office of Judge Wm. H. Carpenter, now



of the supreme court and enjoys the loyal friendship and hearty support of the eminent jurist.

As chief clerk of the police court he has been courteous, efficient and capable. All the fines collected in this court during the past seven years, and amounting to upwards of \$100,000, have been faithfully handled by him.

Mr. Farrell has always been active in politics, was one of the original Pingree delegates for governor and is of that happy temperament which wins and holds friendships, irrespective of faction. He is 38 years old.

The Mail commends his candidacy to the Republican voters of Plymouth and surrounding townships and hopes they will look the ground over and if convinced, which they cannot help but be, that he will be the right man for the place, they will give him their cordial support.

Alleged Shortage in Accounts.

There has been much gossip this week concerning the alleged discrepancies in the accounts of E. D. Wood, station agent for the Pere Marquette railroad company at this place.

paid on the books were later found to have been paid to Mr. Wood.

Mr. Yorten tells of an itemized bill of over \$90 collected by Mr. Wood only recently which was again presented for payment by a representative of the company this week.

Mr. Chapman is still at work on the books and will say nothing as to what he has found, but that there appears to be something wrong seems to be strongly presumed.

Mr. Wood has been agent here for some four or five years and has always enjoyed a good reputation. He is a member of a number of lodges and all of his many friends hope that he can square himself all right.

Echo of an Old Murder Case.

John Shankland, of Superior township, was in the city yesterday and was exhibiting a very interesting letter which he found in the old house in Dixboro, occupied by James Robinson, the old Englishman who was robbed and murdered about eleven years ago.

Do you get up at night? Sano! is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sano! gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder troubles.

They Played Ball.

The young ladies' class of the Baptist Sunday-school met Wednesday at the home of their teacher, Charles Dickerson, three miles north of Plymouth. The day was profitably spent in a game of base ball, the class dividing itself into two teams.

ONE OF THEM.

You only need Sano! Eczema Cure to get rid of those blackheads, pimples, rough bumpy skin. Leaves skin smooth. Cures any case of Eczema.

Play Ball Tomorrow.

Plymouth will not have a regular fourth of July celebration tomorrow but we will have two ball games, one in the forenoon at 10 o'clock and one in the afternoon at 5:30.

It is expected all the stores will close up in the afternoon and the people who do not care to go elsewhere to spend the day will here find an opportunity for great amusement and it will only cost you twenty cents (or fifteen) for either game.

Just Exactly Right.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years and find them just exactly right," says A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N. Y.

A Comparison.

"What we want," said the economist, "is some plan by which a dollar can be made to do more work."

...NOTICE...

A tremendous general CLEARING SALE of ALL SPRING and SUMMER GOODS is now going on at this store. Prices have never been so low on Clothing for the family, Dry Goods and everything for the home.

Pardridge & Blackwell,

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave.

"THE HEART OF DETROIT."

Lace Curtains, Muslin Curtains.

It's Lace and Muslin Curtain time and we are ready for you with a much larger assortment than ever. We have a large number of styles for your choosing—new, neat and novel in design.

MONEY SAVING PRICES

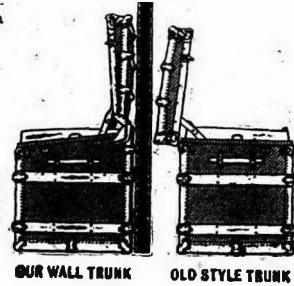
JUNE USHERS IN THE NEED FOR MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

For downright Low Prices on Muslin Underwear of Standard Worth and durability, call on us.

Our line of Shirt Waists is second to none. Long Silk Gloves \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75. Long Lisle Gloves, 50c.

SUIT CASE, or perhaps a new WALL TRUNK.

See the cut of the Wall Trunk. We have a large line of Trunks and Suit Cases to select from.



On account of space we can only call your attention to our line of Dress Goods. We have them in Blacks, Grays, Browns, Blues and Fancies.

J. R. Rauch & Son



This Coffee is packed in one-pound air-tight cans. Never sold in bulk.

A Coffee Worth Drinking 35c. per Pound.

MAJESTIC is sold either in whole berry or granulated. The granulated coffee is best-out, and this cutting does not crush the little oil cells on grinding.

Held in Plymouth by Robert & Co., John L. Gale, Gayde Bros. and Gittis Bros.

Detroit Headquarters

MICHIGAN PEOPLE



GRISWOLD HOUSE

AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.50 TO \$3.00 PER DAY. EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 TO \$1.50 PER DAY.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets

Doctors find A good prescription For mankind

EXCURSION

VIA Pere Marquette

Sunday, July 5

TO Lansing and Grand Rapids Saginaw and Bay City

Train will leave Plymouth for Grand Rapids at 8:15 a.m. For Bay City at 8:35 a. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES.

To Island Lake \$.35 To Lansing 1.00 To Grand Ledge 1.25 To Grand Rapids 2.25 To Flint 1.00 To Saginaw & Bay City 1.50

Returning trains will leave Grand Rapids at 6:00 p. m. Bay City 6:45 pm

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. A session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the seventeenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

THE ONLY Through Sleeping Car to Philadelphia

from Michigan is operated on Train 8, via

The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Double Track Route.

For time tables and other particulars call on any Grand Trunk Agent or write to GEO. W. VAUGHAN, A. G. P. & T. A., 138 Adams St., CHICAGO

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

THOMAS SWANN DESIGNS & CONSTRUCTION CO. ANYONE sending a sketch or drawing may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is new or patented.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Bury Medicine for Bury People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Piles, Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Headaches, Stomach Disorders, Gravel and Backache.

Summer School

June, July and August leads into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New catalogue. Write for it to-day.

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
The largest, most reliable of its kind
W. F. JEWELL, Pres.
15 Wilcox St., Detroit, Mich.

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

Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 2;
after 7 P. M.
Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall
Bell Phone 36; Local 20.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street,
next to Express office.
Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
Telephone 33, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. LUTHER PECK, Physician & Surgeon.

Office and residence, cor. Ann Arbor
and Deer sta., opp. the Park.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
Telephone No. 8.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL Office, formerly Dr. Kenyon's

Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Residence—Harvey St., near Sutton St.
Local Phone—Office 45-2B, Residence 45-2B

DR. J. J. TRAVIS, DENTIST.

Office in old Bank Building.
Phone 120.

P. W. VOORHIES, Attorney and Counselor at Law

Real Estate, Loans and
Collections.
Telephone 73, Plymouth, Mich.

Penney's Livery

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

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY Robinson's Livery

Sutton Street
Good Rigs at the best
prices possible.

GOOD STABLING. Harry G. Robinson

Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry, TIME CARD.

June 23, 1903
Cars leave Plymouth for Northville
at 6:02 a. m., 7:02 a. m. and every two
hours until 9:02 p. m.; also 10:57 p. m.
and 12:27 a. m.
Cars leave Plymouth for Detroit at
5:58 a. m. and every two hours until
9:58 p. m., also 11:32 p. m.
Cars leave Northville for Plymouth
and Detroit at 5:45 a. m., 7:30 a. m. and
every two hours until 9:30 p. m.; also
11:15 p. m.
Cars leave Detroit for Plymouth and
Northville at 7:30 a. m. and every two
hours until 9:30 p. m., also 11 p. m.

Anything for Anubody

PLASTERING SAND \$1 PER
LOAD DELIVERED.

Livery and Teaming. Stabling 10c
Park Wagon to Walled Lake
every pleasant Sunday at 50c
per head.

HERBERT ROBINSON, North Side

Where are you Going to Spend your Vacation?

Take a trip on the fine freight steamers "Rusia" or "Conestoga" from Port Huron to Duluth, only \$22.00 for the round trip of about ten days, including meals and berth. One of the finest lake trips on record. Boat lands at Alpena, stays there about half a day, also lands at Hancock, Houghton and the Soo, and stays at Duluth about two days, and allows passengers to stay aboard the steamer while in port if they prefer. For further particulars call or address a letter to Riggs store, Plymouth. Independent phone 96-2r.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.83
Oats, 50c.
Rye, 70c.
Beans, basis \$2.00
Butter, 21c.
Eggs, 15c

Local News

W. N. Wherry is sick with pneumonia.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley, Wednesday, a son.

Eugene Campbell was home from Williamston Sunday.

Annual school meeting at the school house July 13th, 7:30.

Mrs. Ernest Kohler of Northville was in town Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Wherry of Detroit is caring for Mr. Wherry.

Mrs. Carl Judson of Ypsilanti visited friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Clara Patterson is home from Detroit for the summer.

Miss Hazel Huffman is attending summer school at Ypsilanti.

Howard Nichols from Virginia is visiting his brother, Dr. H. A.

Mrs. M. S. Lee of Detroit was an over Sunday guest at Asa Joy's.

Mrs. Cole of Chattanooga, Tenn., is visiting her brother, A. N. Brown.

Mrs. Clarence Cooper visited relatives in Detroit the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mason of Detroit spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mrs. Charles Wight of Washington is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hearn of Trenton are visiting relatives in town.

Fred Stevens of Oscoda visited friends in town a few days this week.

Miss Stella LaGrosse of Boston, Mass., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Marshall.

Geo. Smith and Frank Williams have moved their families to Grand Rapids.

E. A. Manning of Denver, Col., is visiting his father and other relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Brewer of Saginaw were visitors at John McLaren's Monday.

Miss Edith Weatherhead of Pontiac visited at R. G. Samsen's the first of the week.

Mrs. W. T. Riggs and daughter Beatrice of Reed City are visiting at E. L. Riggs.

Mr. Parsall has moved his family from Inlay City into the Millard house on Union street.

Rev. T. B. Leigh of Seville, Ohio, was in town Tuesday shaking hands with old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Harrison of McHenry, Ill., visited at Rev. F. W. Miller's Tuesday.

Mrs. E. S. Cook and Mrs. Charles Wight spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Leach.

Mrs. O. F. Beyer and daughter spent a few days last week with relatives and friends in Detroit.

Rev. E. E. Caster will deliver the fourth of July oration at the celebration in Carleton tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lee, of Ann Arbor were in town Tuesday. They were on their way to Milford.

A daughter and granddaughter of Mrs. Phoebe Spencer from Detroit visited her the first of the week.

George Richwine and family spent Monday at Belle Isle, where a reunion of Mrs. Richwine's family was held.

Mrs. Helder, who has been visiting her brother Isaac Gunsolly, returned to her home in Louisville, Ky., Tuesday.

Mrs. C. W. Valentine left Wednesday for a season's visit with her son, Dr. Henry C. Valentine, at Lexington, Mass.

Northville Record:—Lawrence Johnson of Plymouth is taking Ward Cook's place as clerk in B. A. Wheeler's grocery store.

Little Miss Vera VanVleet wrote a story for the Free Press Young Folks' department that obtained a prize for her—a handsome book.

Misses Jane Reynolds and Erma McCaskill and Messrs. Van Sweet and James Lancaster of Bay City are Miss Grace Campbell's guests for the 4th.

A few friends gave Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Travis a surprise Monday night, the occasion being their 10th wedding anniversary. They received all kinds of tin dishes.

The depot at South Lyon was burned to the ground last Sunday forenoon. It was also a very close call for the elevator of the J. D. McLaren Co., situated just across the track.

Some people want to know why the Plymouth band cannot be induced to give Saturday night concerts. It would draw a large crowd to town and prove a very interesting feature.

The Plymouth band will furnish the music for the Northville celebration tomorrow. Many other Plymouthites will undoubtedly also find their way over there "to take in the sights."

It is guaranteed to any woman who will use Sanol Eczema Prescription will find a perfect complexion. It will cure any eruption on the skin. It is a skin tonic. Sanol Eczema Cure is a household remedy. A trial will convince you. Get it at the drug store.

Regular meeting of the O. E. S. Tuesday night.

Russell Wingard visited relatives in Detroit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bunyea visited in Ypsilanti Sunday.

Fred Ekfliff and Brant Warner were at Straight's Lake Wednesday.

Theron Harmon, wife and daughter of Hart are visiting his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson of Pontiac spent Sunday at John Lundy's.

Mrs. David Corkins visited in Belleville a few days the first of the week.

Mrs. Salter and Miss Jennie Rauch of Monroe are visiting at J. R. Rauch's.

Mrs. J. E. Rice and son Maurice visited relatives in Saginaw this week.

J. D. McLaren is making some improvements to his home on Union street.

Mrs. Bessie Smith visited Mrs. Don Voorhies in Detroit a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Minnie Weisbaar of Palo Alto, Cal., visited at Mrs. H. O. Hanford's this week.

Miss Gladys Furse of Detroit is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. B. Henderson this week.

Mrs. Chas. Fitzhugh of St. Louis, Mo., visited Wm. Smitherman and family this week.

The Misses Mary and Irma Bell of Ypsilanti spent Sunday with Miss Kate Passage.

Maurice Campbell is clerking in Pinckney's drug store during the absence of Mr. Pinckney.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coe spent a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nevil in Detroit.

Rev. and Mrs. E. King leave for St. Thomas, Ontario, next Monday, to be gone the remainder of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Nowland will celebrate the fourth with their daughter in Detroit, Mrs. Don Voorhies.

John Lundy, wife and daughter are spending a few days at Fenton and Long Lake, returning home Monday.

Carmen Root, wife and daughter Verna and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Park are at their cottage at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Willett who fell and hurt her hip last week is doing nicely under care of a nurse. No bones were broken.

Miss Hazel Smitherman and Miss Lilla McKeever visited Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Chilson in Livonia this week.

Bert Pelham and daughter Ora returned to their home in Iron Mountain yesterday, after a two weeks' visit here.

Miss Amelia Gayde attended the wedding of Miss Lillian Blakely to Mr. Fred VanWormer in Toledo last week.

Mrs. H. O. Hanford and daughter Isabelle leave today for a two months' visit with friends in Lansing, Jackson and Battle Creek.

Mrs. J. E. Griswold and daughters of Bowerton, Ohio, and Miss Bliesfeld of Saginaw visited Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Wingard this week.

The Commercial Hotel has received a new coat of paint which gives it a very neat appearance. Mr. Weston and son did the decorating.

D. M. Adams went to the hospital at Detroit Tuesday to undergo a difficult operation, from which it is hoped he may make good recovery.

E. S. Roe left Tuesday for a lake trip to Buffalo and Toronto. He was threatened with nervous prostration and advised to get away from work.

The Methodist church is to be recarpeted, have newly tinted walls and other interior repairs and decorations, which work will be paid for by the ladies' aid society.

Rev. G. D. Ehnis and family are visiting her mother at Saline. Mr. Ehnis is not recovering very fast since his operation and has gone there to take a needed rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Riggs and children of Belleville Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. John Lane and Mrs. Geo. Warner of Detroit on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. A. Spicer and daughter Satie attended the graduating exercises Thursday and Friday at the Thomas Normal Training School at Detroit where Miss Mabel Spicer graduated.

Mrs. Oliver Penney of Canton was taken severely ill last Friday with appendicitis. The case grew alarming and Saturday an operation was successfully performed. She is now doing nicely.

There was a very heavy rainfall last Monday noon. It seemed as though the heavens had opened and let the water down in rivers. Many of the sidewalks were inundated for a short short time.

Mrs. Louisa Nichols died at her home in Canton last Sunday, aged 91 years. Her funeral took place yesterday forenoon, interment being in Newburg cemetery. Rev. E. King conducted the funeral services.

George Taylor's horse Ida Dillard won one of the races at Ypsilanti last Friday afternoon, winning in three straight heats. Geo. VanVleet's horse Minnie Mackerel won second place in same race. Time for half mile was 1:16, 1:15, 1:16.

Broke an Arm.

Miss Mary Conner started from her home for the Conner store last Saturday morning, when she was invited by Mrs. W. O. Allen, who was then passing, to ride down in her automobile. She did so and as she alighted from the vehicle in front of the store, made a mistep and fell heavily to the ground. Her left arm was doubled up under her, breaking the large bone of the forearm and dislocating the elbow. She was assisted to the store and from there to her home, where she has since been confined, Dr. Cooper being called upon to reduce the fracture. The accident is very much to be regretted.

Best the World Affords.

"It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co's and John L. Gale's.

The Masons have nearly completed setting the boiler for the Williams Bros. Tomato factory. Two carloads of lumber have arrived and work will be begun at once erecting the factory.

About 40 young friends of Miss Leone Shattuck gathered at her home on Thursday afternoon, it being her 9th birthday. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Shattuck and all had a good time.

The Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Railway Co. has complained to the state tax commission of the assessment of its power house property at Ypsilanti. The property is assessed \$200,000, which the company claims is twice its value.

The Detroit "Looscarf" Collar Co. has filed articles of incorporation with the county clerk. The company is capitalized at \$100,000, and is organized by W. F. French, C. F. Backus, James Hendrek, Laura P. Norris, Fred P. Norris and Theodore C. Sherwood.

The suggestion that every farmer place his name and that of his farm on his road gate is again going the rounds of the press. The idea is a good one no matter how often repeated. An observing person will seldom pass a well kept farm without desiring to know who is its enterprising owner.

C. A. Pinckney had an attack of heart trouble early Wednesday morning that was considered serious for a time, but at present writing he is improving and the physician in charge says he will be able to attend to business again within a week. Cy's friends are numerous who wish him a speedy recovery.

George Gittins of Gittins Bros., has secured an appointment in the revenue collector's office in Detroit, and assumed his duties Wednesday morning. George will be employed as inspector of passenger steamboats for a couple of months and may then secure a better position. W. O. Stewart will clerk in the store for the time being.

A basket picnic will be given the Fourth of July by the Salem farmers' club at Calvin Wheeler's. Colon C. Lillie, deputy dairy and food commissioner, member of the late constitutional convention, will be present and give an address on the constitution as now completed. The public is cordially invited and free coffee will be served.

Several of John Mathews' relatives and friends surprised him on his birthday last Sunday and remembered him with a number of useful gifts, one being a handsome gold-headed cane. The out of town friends were Thos. Dempsey, wife and two sons, Mrs. M. J. Dempsey and daughter Alice, Mrs. Albert Webb and Mrs. Eva Tremaine, all of Detroit. All had a very pleasant day and hope to spend many more in the same way.

Special Paving Tax.

The assessment roll for the Special Paving Tax is now in my hands and taxes may be paid at my store any time. W. B. ROE, Treasurer

Lost.—A five dollar bill Wednesday. Finder leave at this office.

FOR SALE—100 egg incubator and Brooder. Mrs. John Hood.

WANTED—Salesmen and salesladies for a reliable manufacturing firm. Salary \$12 to \$15 per week. Also gentleman or lady to travel. Salary \$50 to \$100 per month. Expenses advanced. Address box 437, Plymouth, Mich.

FOR SALE—One extension table, one cookstove, one parlor stove, all in good condition. E. P. Baker, phone 55.

Gasoline Launch for sale. For particulars and demonstration enquire of E. P. Wood, Plymouth.

Pay Your Taxes.

Taxes are now due and can be paid at my store in the Hoops block at any time. W. B. ROE, Treasurer.

Seed Buckwheat for sale. Lou. HULLMER, phone 81.

Lost.—Sunday, June 21, near Plymouth, on Ann Arbor road or main road to Detroit, ladies' silver watch. Reward for return to T. B. Cooley, 95 Watson st., Detroit.

FOR SALE—New Home sewing machine. Enquire of E. C. Dickinson.

House for Rent. See P. W. Voorhies

Pay your subscription to The Mail—The P. O. department requires us to exact payment in advance.

VACATION DAYS

Are at hand. You will probably visit at many places of interest that you would like a picture of. Why not take one of our

EASTMAN KODAKS

with you? Make your own Postcard Views. We have them from One Dollar up. We also have a

New Line of Card Mounts and Camera Supplies.

CALL AND SEE US BEFORE TAKING YOUR VACATION TRIP.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

GALE'S.

FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS!

I have a large stock of Fireworks for

Fourth of July

CELEBRATIONS AT HOME.

Firecrackers at 5c a bunch.

Firecrackers at 10c a bunch

Lady Crackers, Erupting Volcanos, Magic Serpents, Suns of Guns, Electric Sparklers, Giant Firecrackers, Nigger Chasers, Snake Nests, Penny Wheels, 5c Triangle Wheels, 10c Triangle Wheels, Roman Candles—6, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 20 ball candles, Sky Rockets—2 oz., 3 oz., 4 oz., 6 oz., 8 oz., 16 oz.; Penny Torpedoes, 5c Torpedoes, Red and Green Fire, 10c and 20c Balloons, Punk, Japanese Lanterns, 1 cent Fireworks Assortment, 5c Fireworks Assortment, Pistols and Blank Cartridges, Booms, Gatling Guns, etc.
Pistols and Caps are thrown out on account of the new law.

JOHN L. GALE



A HOMELY SPELL

is the word "Groceries" but it implies a lot of "necessary comforts." We all need them. We must all have them. The first thought is to get them good. The second thought is to get them cheap. If we can get both together we are generally satisfied. That is why all people dealing with us are "generally satisfied." They get pure, fresh groceries at small prices.

Corned Beef; Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Potted Ham, Broiled Mackerel in Tomato Sauce, Sardines of all kinds, both domestic and imported, Fancy Queen Olives packed especially for Brown & Pettingill, Boneless Herring, Beech Nut Dried Beef, Beech Nut Sliced Bacon, Pickles of all kinds—sweet, sour, sweet mixed and onions, Salmon, Lobsters, Shrimps, full line of National Baked Goods, both bulk and packages.

Vegetables of all kinds in Season.

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

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.

FRESH FISH EVERY FRIDAY.

TEL. 23

W. F. HOOPS

The Mail only \$1 a year.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I.

Which It is Shown That Marriage Does Not End All!

The romance of life—in novels!—is usually pre-marital. No matter in what wild fury of passion and temper, outward and inward, the young people may have been plunged, their author seems to think that he has quieted the raging seas of adventure with the oil of his pen—or of his typewriter!—when he has led them to the altar. In the minds of the creators of the children of fancy practically nothing ever happens after the forging of the hymeneal bond. In the world it is usually different.

The circumstances preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum and Bernard Carrington the protagonists of this veracious chronicle of disturbance, were sufficiently unusual in themselves to have given rise to a number of interesting and highly exciting episodes, upon which with great reluctance I refrain from dilating, for Ellen Slocum belonged to an old and very respectable family domiciled in Philadelphia since the days of William Penn, while Bernard Carrington was an English baron of ancient and honorable lineage whose seat was a dilapidated castle in Dorset.

Ellen was an orphan, her mother having died in giving birth to her. Her father, deceased shortly before her marriage, had been a prosperous merchant and shipowner. Bernard's father, also eliminated from the story, had been a gambler and a spendthrift who had broken his wife's heart and dissipated his own fortune. Consequently, Ellen was blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods which more than matched Lord Carrington's lack of the same. Ellen was a staunch patriot, a rebel and a revolutionist therefore. Lord Carrington was a promising lieutenant in the English navy. In some qualities happily he resembled his mother rather than his father.

Without entering into the details of their previous acquaintance, suffice it to say that they had met while Lord Carrington was a prisoner of war at Philadelphia, and married. The American Revolution was over at the beginning of this romance and the scene is set at Carrington castle in England. Ellen's money, or a considerable portion of it, had been cheerfully used by her to rehabilitate the ancient seat of the family of which she was now become the chateleine.

She had the disabilities of her qualities, too. She had never touched a card; she had never ridden a horse, she did not even know the steps of the minuet or any other dance, and until her marriage she cared little about that prime feminine pursuit called "following the fashion." The two had been so busy in their first comradeship, there had been so much voyaging between England and America, necessitated by their plans, that there had been no time for these things as yet.

The two lovers had lived for each other and much alone during the period preceding the opening of this story, but with his castle now completely repaired and his fortunes thoroughly rehabilitated, Lord Carrington must needs exploit his good luck by showing his beautiful wife with whom he was very much in love and of whom he was inordinately proud, and she his castle, to some particular and intimate friends of both sexes—men and women of fashion of earlier and less innocent days. The introduction of several varieties of Adam and a number of distinct species of Eve in this hitherto serpentless Eden caused the trouble to begin. The marriage had stood the test of isolation, the greatest test that could be imposed. Was it to break down before the lesser trial of association? We shall see.

It was an excited and angry Ellen who confronted her lord and master in her boudoir late one autumn night—or to be quite accurate, early another autumn morning. And my lord of Carrington was by no means cool himself, although he was more remarkable for natural imperturbability of manner than his hasty and beautiful wife.

As she spoke with him, however, she let down her hair and carefully removed those extraneous arrangements which had enabled her to raise it towerlike above her brows, doffed her slippers, unclasped her stays and assumed a more convenient negligee, in which she was not less charming, as preparation for the imminent fray. It was to be the culmination—the minor culmination that is, the greater would come later—of a series of annoying incidents, the opening of

the castle to the house party. My lord and my lady both had grievances which each was eager to present for the calm and dispassionate judgment of the other.

First in Lady Ellen's mind was Lady Cecily Carrington, a cousin several times removed of my lord's. The relationship was not near enough to render my lord immune nor was it remote enough to warrant indifference. Indeed, Carrington had had a rather difficult part to play. Ellen had discovered that an ancient love affair had subsisted between her husband and Cecily and she imagined—not without cause—that Cecily, a representative product of the vicious society of her time, was endeavoring to fan the embers into a flame. Nor could she detect in Lord Carrington's method of handling the situation any very pronounced desire to quench the fire, and his conduct toward his fair and, if reputation did not too greatly belie her, frail cousin, was not distinguished by self-restraint. In Ellen's eyes Carrington manifested a very catholic taste in the eternal feminine, for he gave much unnecessary attention to Hon. Mrs. Monbrant, a widow putatively at least, for no one knew where Hon. Mr. Monbrant was. His wife gave out that he was dead, but that testimony was not of great value. At any rate if he lived, he was wise in his generation and he kept under cover.

In the house party there was another eternal—in more senses than one—feminine in the person of the ancient and imperious duchess of Dulward. Her great age precluded the possibility of jealousy of Carrington in Ellen's mind, but the chateleine of the castle did not like the ponderous and vicious dowager any more than the younger pair who were making the running apparently for the affections of her husband.

There was only one woman in the castle whom Ellen really did like, and that was Mistress Debbie Slocum of Massachusetts. In making up the house party Ellen by a freak of circumstances had desired to include some one from her own land. As fortune would have it, a ship opportunely arrived in Portsmouth bearing Mistress Deborah Winthrop Slocum as a passenger, consigned to her kinswoman and friend, the chateleine of Carrington. Deborah was the exact antithesis of Ellen, a quiet, staid, prim little Puritan, with all the characteristics of the Massachusetts branch of the family, utterly out of place in



My Lord Was by No Means Cool Himself.

the society of Lady Cecily and la Monbrant, but not without a certain very definite charm of her own. Her type did not appeal to Carrington, however, and therefore Ellen loved her.

Having surveyed the woman through Ellen's eyes, we may take a look at the men through those of her husband, and first in rank there was the duke of Dulward, a hard drinker, a high player and a rich liver; Admiral Benjamin Kephart, a jolly old sailor, and General, Honorable George Athelstrong, an Anglo-Indian soldier on the retired list. The qualities that distinguished the duke of Dulward were common to Athelstrong, in a less degree perhaps owing to their different stations. The party was completed by the presence of Sir Charles Seton and earl of Stratagate. Seton, who was Carrington's most intimate friend, had enjoyed a weakness for Fken since he first saw her, but the friendship between Carrington and himself had been so true that nothing had been allowed to disturb it—as yet! Now Seton had succumbed to the charms of Mistress Debbie, and as Mistress Debbie clung to the lee—if this were not a nautical romance, I would say, sheltered herself beneath the wing—of Lady Ellen, Seton was consequently always about the pair, and with masculine blindness Carrington jumped at the wild conclusion that there could be no attraction for his friend except what lay in Ellen's charming personality.

So much by way of introduction.

CHAPTER II.

Needles and Pins.

"Sir," began Ellen imperiously, while settling herself comfortably in a chair before the open fire, "you have been pleased to find fault with me about many things which I have borne with what patience I might."

"If you remember," said Carrington, "I advised you to stay at home and you insisted upon going."

"What! And have them say that I was afraid to ride to bounds?"

"No doubt," returned Carrington sarcastically, "and perhaps if you put on boxing gloves with them, or tried them out with the broad sword, they

would be equally at a disadvantage, but one doesn't look for these things in women to-day."

"There was a time," interrupted Ellen swiftly, her lips trembling, and indeed despite these things she was quite woman enough then, but Carrington was so blinded with passion as to be unable to see it.

"I have had enough of reminiscence," he began curtly.

"Was it in reminiscence," cried Ellen shrilly, "that you had your arm around Lady Cecily in the arbor this afternoon?"

"Did you spy upon me, madam?"

"Spy!" exclaimed the woman. "Lord Stratgate and I—"

"Damn him!" burst out Carrington. "What was he doing with you in the arbor?"

"He is my friend," returned Ellen, "he and Sir Charles."

"I tell you I never felt less like laughing in my life to see you made a fool of and those popinjays rushing to your assistance."

"I have been made a fool of," said Ellen steadily. "I am just beginning to realize it. I was well enough when you were alone with me and you were well enough then, but when others came—"

"By heavens, madam, are you contrasting me with that dandy and rogue, Stratgate?"

"He has never spoken to me other than in terms of the utmost respect and consideration in my life," answered Ellen bravely, "and I—"

"He had better not," burst out my lord grimly.

"And I would to God that I could say the same of my husband!" she continued disdainfully.

"If you treated me with any deference and paid more heed to my wishes these difficulties would not arise," said Carrington. "If you would be guided by me—"

"And what, pray, would you have me do?"

"Dance, game, act as the rest do, and—"

Lady Ellen arose as she spoke and kicked vigorously at her stays, which had fallen from the chair upon which she had laid them. It was a great act of injustice to her husband, since nothing would have kept her from being in all things as like to her sisters as she could.

"But you will not overcome me physically without a struggle which will arouse the castle," Ellen ran on hoarsely. "I am not made of the weak stuff of your fine friends, Lady Cecily and Mrs. Monbrant, even if I did not ride the horse. Now, will you go?"

"As you will, madam," returned Carrington helplessly, "but let me warn you, I'll have no flirting and love-making between you and Stratgate and Seton," he went on with increased rigor. "By heaven, I'll call them both out, host or no host. They shall play at swords if they interfere with me."

It was not a pretty conversation. It was not a pretty age and men and women spoke frankly to each other. I assure the reader that I have disguised and moderated it by self-restraint.

CHAPTER III.

Ellen Plays a Game.

The greater climax came the night after. Lady Ellen had declined to ride that day. She had business at home as the chateleine. Consequently, no mishap had occurred during the daylight. Lord Stratgate had pleaded indisposition and had remained at the castle also, indifferent apparently to the black looks of his host as he rode away by the side of Lady Cecily. Mistress Debbie, who made not the faintest pretense of being interested in hounds, and who indeed cherished a growing sympathy for the fox, had also refused to ride in chase of Master Reynard. Sir Charles Seton had made an ineffectual effort to do likewise, only to be carried off by his host almost by violence and allotted to Mrs. Monbrant for the day's sport.

Evening found the party assembled in the drawingroom. Everybody was in a bad humor.

The only serene one apparently was Lady Ellen. When the men joined the women in the drawingroom after the late supper, it was she herself who proposed cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSICIANS OF TENDER YEARS.

Many "Youthful Prodiges" in the World of Melody.

Like so many of the world's great composers, Sir Edward Elgar was a "youthful prodigy" of exceptional gifts, as was proved by a recent performance of a suite composed by him at the immature age of 12. But even Sir Edward was probably not as precocious as one of his English predecessors, Samuel Wesley, who in his eighth year heard a regimental band play a march which he had composed for it. At 11 Franz Schubert had already placed several songs, string quartettes and piano pieces to his credit. Handel's first attempts at composition were made at eight, and Vieuxtemps, who began to scrape the strings of a tiny fiddle at two, is said to have been even more precocious. Sir Charles Halle was only four years old when he played in public a sonata expressly composed for him; Liszt was a public performer at nine, Chopin and Rubenstein at eight, Lady Halle and Joachim at seven, and at five Mozart composed a piece of music almost too difficult for his father to play.

Beasts All Left-Handed.

Livingston, the great explorer of Africa, who had more chances than most men have to learn the habits of wild beasts, says in his books that they are all left-handed, so to speak, or left-pawed, if you like that way of putting it better. The lion, he says, always strikes with its left paw.

The Fourth in Boomville

Celebration as Described by the Small Boy.

BOOMVILLE Will Celebrate the Nation's Nat-Sammy Smith and I stood with our hands in our pockets all day."

and read the notice in flaming red letters as "Cy" Smith unrolled the poster preparatory to tacking it on "Doc" Blaston's shoe shop. We didn't understand what that "natal day" business meant, but "celebrate"—that could only mean one thing this season of the year.

W h o o p e e ! Cracky! Boom! and Sammy and I shied a tin can at "Doc" Blaston's setter pup and dug down the alley as fast as four brown legs could carry us.

"Hey! Stub, it's a goin' to be; they're puttin' the bill up now." Stub dropped the bait can half full of worms and joined the proclaimers of the glad tidings. Two minutes later we ended up in front of the bill to read further.

"I call that a mighty nest job of printin'," said the editor of the Weekly Banner, who had happened along.

"We broke the claws holdin' the arrows off our eagle wood cut two years ago and blamed if we could find the piece this year. The old bird looked mighty squatty until we hit upon havin' him sit on that log from the Mink Lumber Company's ad."

"Looks like that old turkey buzzard that roosts on the rotten log in Deacon Shuffecorn's pasture," sniffed old Prof. Krain. Krain had started a paper in opposition to the Banner three years before, but it had fizzled out after intermittent issues for six months.

But there wasn't anything squatty about the birds of freedom, as far as we kids could see. Besides, we were busy reading down further what was going to happen.

"Fine shade, grand music, magnificent parade, most eloquent speakers in the state. Races! Races! Races! Ball games, climbing the greased pole, catching the greased pig, a grand spectacular exhibition of tight-rope walking by Capt. McMaln."

"The grand finale, \$95.50 worth of fireworks, let off from a stand in front of the city calaboose." These were a few of the features that would mar the usual lethargy of Boomville on July 4.

"Shore goin' to have \$95 worth of fireworks; there'll be pinwheels, giant fire crackers and skyrockets, (I'll you can't rest," said Sid Girkens. "I know, cause dad was at the meetin' the night they voted to have 'em."

It had been five years since Boomville had had a celebration. For 12 years before that time the eagle had screamed in vociferous fashion as regular as Independence day came around. That was when the boom was on the town. In those days Jeff Dascom gave \$150 to buy fireworks. Jeff borrows his chewing tobacco now. The bubble had burst, the lean days had come and patriotism had waned in Boomville.

The celebration this year was due to young Leon Talbert who had bought out old Shoebuckler's general merchandise store. He had offered to give \$25 as the first contribution. His rival in business, old "Dan" Turner, across the street, growled and said he did it just for advertisement.

A man's business was the last thing attended to in Boomville during the next three weeks. Floats had to be built for the Goddess of Liberty and her attendants to ride on. Boomville had no trees that would do as a shade, for the drought three years before had killed even the trees in the city park. Where the young cottonwoods, 20 feet tall, used to grow, was an oat field. Beside the oat field was a stretch of ground that once bore the appellation of "Dascom boulevard." "Joe" Skinner said he'd have the best crop of potatoes on that ground this year ever raised in Boomville, if the bugs didn't hit 'em or the hot winds blow.

"I reckon they ought to be better than ordinary, bein' raised on that high-flutin' ground," he used to fling at Joe Dascom, who helped him hoe them.

A thin line of cottonwoods and a few scragged elms on Cowskin creek, five miles away, were the nearest trees to Boomville now. Jim McGood solved the shade problem. He would build an arbor, himself, if they would give him the sole privilege of selling lemonade and ice cream near by. Jim's offer was accepted.

On July 2 Sammy Smith and I were pretty busy. We kept the road warm between the place where Jim McGood was putting leafy branches of cottonwood, brought from the Cowskin grove, over a frame work of plank, and the back part of the livery stable where the floats were being decked in

unsel and red, white and blue bunting. We never had any real fun until late in the afternoon, when we tied a can on "Doc" Blaston's setter pup and set off a bunch of firecrackers in it.

We hated "Doc" Blaston and had even less regard for his setter pup, because he wouldn't chase a jack rabbit. We were sorry afterwards we did it, for that premature can spoiled a whole lot of fun next day. Every dog in Boomville de-camped that night; even the cats roosted in the trees for two days.

A boom that rattled the window frames awakened me before day next morning. With no hat and only one suspender over my shoulder I scurried down to Uncle Billy's blacksmith shop. Uncle Billy was out in front shooting off the anvil. He had a whole quart can of powder. Carefully the square hole in the anvil was filled with powder and a hardwood plug whittled to fit it. A groove in one side of the plug was left for the fuse. Uncle Billy scratched the match down the leg of his overalls, touched the fuse and then hurried behind the shop door. The aged blacksmith was slightly deaf and liked a noisy Fourth. Thirteen times the powder was poured in and touched off.

The events of that day crowded upon each other fast and furious. The parade started half an hour late because the Goddess couldn't get her brown hair waving to the best effect. After the parade things dragged a little until the speaking began. We wouldn't have stayed around near the speaking except we sometimes got a dish of ice cream for turning a freezer for Jim.

The Hon. Timothy Todhunter gave the oration and Deacon Hefftower read the Declaration of Independence. That is he started to read it. He had taken a copy of the declaration from his hip pocket and started to read when Sammy Smith touched a cannon cracker off behind the speakers' stand. The deacon was naturally very excitable. He tried to proceed but his hands jerked spasmodically. Suddenly the declaration parted in the middle where it had been folded in the deacon's pocket. They sent after a new declaration, but the crowd had left before it arrived.

The greased pig had been caught and the entries were just in for the slippery pole climbing exhibition when my recollection came to a vivid close. That night about nine o'clock I waked up with a bandaged eye, a swollen jaw and one arm in a sling. They told me Sammy Smith had climbed 'er and I went to sleep happy.

For the Babies.

"I want to get some fireworks for my little boy—something that will be safe for him to set off by himself," explains the young mother.

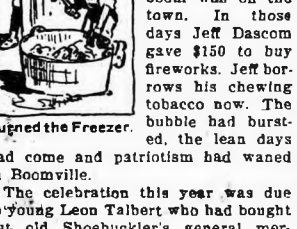
"Yes, ma'am," replied the courteous dealer. "How old is your little boy?"

"He'll be 14 months and two days old to-morrow."

"I don't believe we have anything he could be trusted with."

"Oh, dear! Haven't you any safety pin-wheels?"

A 4th of July Episode!



Quoth Tom-not to honor the 4th of July. I'd consider a lasting disgrace. He honored. and that is the sad reason why Young Tommy is sailing thro' space!

Where to Draw the Line.

We hear a good deal about a sane Fourth, but what is really needed is the ability to draw the line between harmless noise and a combination of train wreck, dynamite explosion and war with the improved implements of modern warfare.

No, indeed.

"The sun is mighty scorching these days, but—"

"But what?"

"I notice women still hate to be thrown into the shade."—Kansas City Times.

THE PLUG HAT OF JAPAN.

Titles of the Vintage of Fifty Years Ago Make the Mikado's Subjects Proud.

"There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler. "That is the rare display of anthropological plug hats."

"Some people arrange to get to Japan in cherry blossom season, and others want to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time; but take the tip of one who has batted about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or on the emperor's birthday. On both you can see something unique in the line of headgear."

"When Japan began to get civilized she bought all the accessories of civilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashioned, out-of-date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated tram cars and other second-hand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat."

"The title of those days has remained the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Dreadnoughts, but the plug hat of 50 years ago still reigns supreme."

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities, the emperor's birthday or possibly the racing meets at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentleman bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat, a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with 20 summers; damp or green with the shine of antiquity, but that matters nothing."

"Once this superstructure to his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added, the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat may settle around his ears or it may perch upon his head like half a peanut shell, but no matter; it is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability."

"He trots out of his house looking like one of the ancient daimios stiff with the dignity of two swords. All that fearful day he wears this hat of ancient vintage like a crown, and in the end he stows it away in his damp-proof chest awaiting another festal occasion or held as an asset in his estate after death."

Unwise Combination.

To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willowby could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called crazy by the summer visitors.

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of the boarders, "do you really mean that you've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings, with a firm and unyielding expression about her prominent chin.

"Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole, right in the box with her laundry work, and never telling the stage-driver, and letting him throw the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder. "Mrs. Cole says there's one shirtwaist she'll never be able to wear again."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings, calmly, "I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again—but then, who doesn't, I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Making It Measure Down.

In these days when only the rich criminal or suspect is accorded much space in the newspapers it may be a relief to the predatory rich to have the fact recalled that the blessed middle class may also produce dishonesty. A policeman tells this story:

"Before I reformed and went on the force I was clerking in a small store. One day an Italian woman came in. She held a string in her hand, a long string, and said that she wanted a blanket of the same length. I went through our stock and found that the longest blanket we had was six inches too short. In the midst of my search the boss came up.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"I told him.

"That's easy," said he. "I'll talk to her and keep her busy while you cut off the string."

The honest copper swears that he would not be an active party to such a trick, but whatever was done the woman soon left the store with a blanket and string of equal length.—San Francisco Call.

Track No Chances.

He had proposed, but she had given him the frigid mitt—seemingly; but five minutes later they were busy swapping kisses.

"But if you really and truly loved me, why did you turn me down at first?" queried the puzzled young man.

"Oh, that was just a whim of mine," she replied. "I wanted to see how you would act."

"But suppose I had rushed off without giving you a chance to explain?" he said.

"Impossible," she answered. "I had the door locked."

WHERE SHE HAD THE BULGE.

Telephone Girl's Great Opportunity to Get Gloriously Even.

"You know that red-headed cashier that had the nerve to complain of me to the boss the other day," said the girl at the telephone desk, to a New York Times writer. "Well, I got even with him, all right. He ain't married, but he's got a best girl. His father owns a shoe factory over in Jersey, and rich—my! Well, she called him up the other afternoon at her usual time. 'Is Mr. Smith there?' she asks, in her most romantick voice. 'Yes, I answers, just as honeylike as she. 'It's his wife wants him, isn't it?' With that Miss Girl hung up with such a jerk my ear hurt. Smith goes around wondering why she does not call him up. Every time he dares he says to me: 'Has any one called me on the 'phone, Miss Limit?' And I look as innocent as a kid and shake my head. 'No.' I tell you, us telephone girls can turn 'Joy to the Bride' into 'Nob-in-Doin' any time we please. Me for Us."

KIND THOUGHT OF THE BRIDE. Possibly Turned Silly Custom into Something Really Worth While.

"The most considerate girl I ever knew got married yesterday," said the man. "She showed her thoughtfulness in a most unusual way. The day before the wedding she called the attention of the rest of the family to a row of old shoes standing in a downstairs closet.

"I want you to throw these after the carriage," she said. "They are all mates. I collected them to throw away. I learned some time ago that certain poor souls who have hard work to get clothes of any description keep a lookout for big weddings. They hang around the house at going-away time and pick up the good luck shoes. Maybe they get a fit, and maybe they don't. Anyway, I've done all I could to accommodate them.

"Here are six pairs of shoes to be fired after me. If somebody doesn't get fitted in that collection, it isn't my fault."

AN EARLY VICTIM.



"What is the matter, Jack?" "Boo-hoo! Catherine says she's decided I ain't her affinity after all!"

She Knew the Place.

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin, and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we now, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with those things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—Youth's Companion.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress 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. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass. WINDOWS water NEW LAW changing PENSIONS by JOHN W. SPENCER, A. C.

SMITH, SMITH, SMITH & SMITH

By DON MARK LEMON

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When a man has long had a bitter enemy, and one day that enemy is found dead on a man's premises with every mark of having come to his death by foul means, it goes hard with a man, and especially so if some one had once or twice overheard him threaten the life of that particular enemy.

How much harder must it go with a man so situated if, a few minutes after his enemy is dead, that man is seen to typewrite and dispatch to a friend the information: "Have killed Juzobe!"

Exceedingly hard—especially when the enemy's name is Juzobe. James Miller was so situated. For years Juzobe had been his most bitter enemy and on a certain day in June, after Miller had been heard to threaten Juzobe's life, Juzobe was found dead at the back of Miller's house, with his skull crushed in at the top.

True, the body was found directly beneath an open third-story window, from which a person might have fallen accidentally. But Miller did not put forward any such defense. He did not say, as he might have said, that his visitor, while sitting in the third-story window, had fallen out accidentally and been dashed to death. In fact, Miller said nothing whatever in his own behalf—noting to lift the dark cloud of suspicion resting upon him.

He seemed entirely indifferent to everything, and appeared not to care whether fate should condemn and execute him or set him honorably free. He settled speedily into a deep apathy. Smith, Smith, Smith & Smith was a law firm in San Francisco, where the death of Juzobe occurred, and on Miller's arrest the head of the firm sought the accused at once, and offered to defend him.

The four S's were four brothers, to whom the law was a thing which could be wrenched!

"Sir," said the prisoner, with a cynical smile, "your firm may be a very able one, but you can't clear me! Stop," he added, as Smith was about to speak. "I don't mind telling you that I held Juzobe out of my third-story window and let him drop on his head 30 feet below. He lived like a dog and he died like a dog. Good afternoon."

The representative of the four S's was disconcerted for a moment only. He spoke not a word, but his looks said as plain as print, "Oh, is that all, my dear sir?" Then he got closer to Miller and set him right. He explained to the prisoner that it did not amount to a string of dried peas whether he were guilty or not—the question was, could the law be wrenched? His own opinion was that it could, and he begged Miller to let the attempt be made, if only to show what could be done in such a case—just to see how hard a legal nut S. S. & S. could crack. "But," he added, "just keep quiet—don't talk."

Miller looked a trifle bored, but said: "Very well, sir, go ahead."

So Miller put himself into the hands of the Four S's, whose chief and representative departed after a few more words, his heart full of ambition and his bald head full of ideas, rather vague, it is true, as to how he and his brethren were to clear a self-confessed murderer, and that night, as the four economical Smith brothers lay side by side, spoon-fashion, in their big four-poster, it seemed to them, individually and collectively, that they had assumed gratuitously a rather big job.

First they considered, only to reject, the defense of insanity. For, though insanity may be a good plea in some places, it was growing monotonous in San Francisco, where the really insane always took other grounds of defense. Next they considered and finally put aside the contention that their client had been forced to kill Juzobe in self-defense. Then they canvassed the merits of three or four more defenses, all master strokes when fresh, but now much too worn to serve.

The next day the senior Smith called upon his client in a rather doubting mood, but to his surprise found Miller an entirely altered man. He had emerged from apathy and, grasping his lawyer's hand welcomed him eagerly, even fervently.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "if you will clear me of this murder charge and restore me to liberty I'll pay you for your services the sum of \$200,000 in cash."

The lawyer looked at his client with something like suspicion. Perhaps Miller, after all, really was insane!

"Yes," the prisoner exclaimed, passionately, gripping the attorney's hands until they almost bled, "I mean it—every word of it. Yesterday I thought her dead whom Juzobe parted from me with his fiendish falsehoods. But he lied like a cur. She is living—I saw her through these bars, ministering to the prisoners, like the angel she is. Yes, she lives! She shall know I was not false! We shall be united after all these years, and that wretch cannot come from his grave to prevent it!"

"My dear Mr. Miller," cried the lawyer, faintly tearing his hands loose, and himself trembling between cupidity and fear, "calm yourself, and be assured that no stone shall be left unturned in your defense. Two hundred

thousand dollars, you say? We'll just sign a contract for that."

"Certainly," replied Miller.

The Smith brothers were lawyers who practised on the theory that there is nothing that one man can do that another may not wrench from its real meaning and, that being the vital point of their case, they sat up that evening discussing it in every conceivable aspect. The three elder brothers did most of the talking, while the younger smoked—and thought. He had consumed their slender supply of tobacco by the time they were ready to climb into the four-poster bed, when suddenly he brought the pipe down with a blow that scattered ashes in all directions. The younger Smith had been seized by an idea. It was midnight before he convinced his brothers that it was feasible, and long into the small hours when, tired but cheerful, he crawled into the four-poster to rejoin them, with the assurance that it would work.

When the case of the State of California vs. James Miller came to trial the prosecution put in the strong and apparently impregnable case with which the press had made the public familiar. When it rested, the representative of S. S. & S. stated that he should produce but two witnesses.

The cross-examination of the servants of James Miller had established the fact that, for many months previous to the death of Juzobe, Miller had been accustomed to write to his friend Wilson, inviting him to supper, and that on the afternoon of the day on which Juzobe came to his death, his master had, at the usual time, typewritten a note which they had taken to Wilson's club, and of which they identified the envelope. They also swore to the fact that the typewriter on which the invitation was written had been returned but a few hours before from the repairer's.

The officers and detectives engaged on the case all testified that no one but themselves and counsel had had access to the Miller premises since the hour of the tragedy.

Then the two witnesses for the defense—a typewriter repairer and his apprentice—were sworn. The former testified that he had overhauled Mr. Miller's machine, found several of the steel types defective and replaced them by new ones.

At this point the senior Smith asked his witness to put a blank sheet of paper into the typewriter—which had been brought from Miller's by order of the court—and write the words of the famous message: "Have killed Juzobe." He did so, and was about to take the sheet from the machine—which was not of the visible writing type—when Smith hastily stopped him and, removing the sheet himself, placed it face downward upon the table.

"Will you now," said Smith to the court stenographer, "kindly write on this machine the words the witness has just written?"

There was a moment of intense stillness and expectancy in court as the official complied. Smith handed the two sheets to the state's attorney, who, the moment he glanced at them, flushed, and then turned deathly pale with anger and mortification.

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," said Smith, passing the papers to the court, "the words which the witness and the official stenographer have just written are, as you will all see, identical, and read:

"Have supper with me." Amid the wave of excitement that greeted this unexpected and significant demonstration, the repairer's shop boy was put on the stand and testified that, after his master had laid out the new steel letters to be attached to the type bars, and while his employer's back was turned, he had transposed some seven or eight pairs of letters as they lay ready to be fastened in place, "just for deviltry," and had delivered the machine at Miller's at once.

The peculiar result upon the first sentence written by Miller after the return of the machine was then illustrated by his counsel in the following diagram, which he held up to view, at the same time running a pen through the transposed letters it contained, and pointing out that his client had written the message so rapidly that he had omitted a space between the words "with" and "me."

Have supper with me Have killed Juzobe

Little heed was paid after that to the closing arguments or the judge's charge. The jury had already decided the case, and after a brief absence returned the formal verdict of "not guilty."

It was generally considered a strange coincidence that set James Miller free to marry the woman of his choice. It certainly was a remarkable one that the name of the apprentice should chance to be Smith. But it is not at all strange that his invaluable testimony in the case that brought fame and fortune to the four S's should be rewarded by a lucrative position with that firm—which will in the near future become Smith, Smith, Smith & Smith.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Afridi's Simple Explanation of His Easy Victory.

Many of the hill tribesmen in India join the British side and become most valuable recruits. Some years ago in a campaign against the Afridis one of the columns was much annoyed by a persistent "sniper" who followed it daily. Eventually one of the newly joined Afridi recruits requested leave to fall out for a couple of hours to settle the trouble. At the end of the time he strolled in placidly and flung down the head of the sniper.

On being congratulated by his officer and asked how he had managed to find his enemy so quickly, he replied laconically: "I know his ways, sahib."

"Why," said the officer, "was he a friend of yours?" "My father, sahib!"

SUFFERED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

With Eczema—Her Limb Peeled and Foot Was Raw—Thought Amputation Was Necessary—Believes Life Saved by Cuticura.

"I have been treated by doctors for twenty-five years for a bad case of eczema on my leg. They did their best, but failed to cure it. My doctor had advised me to have my leg cut off. At this time my leg was peeled from the knee, my foot was like a piece of raw flesh, and I had to walk on crutches. I bought a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the first two treatments the swelling went down, and in two months my leg was cured and the new skin came on. The doctor was surprised and said that he would use Cuticura for his own patients. I have now been cured over seven years, and but for the Cuticura Remedies I might have lost my life. Mrs. J. B. Renaud, 277 Mentana St., Montreal, Que., Feb. 29, 1907."

OUR 55-MINUTE PUZZLE.



If a pint of wood alcohol will kill six men, how long will it take a blanket Indian to put away a pint of shellac varnish?

In a Morocco Harem.

Every woman in the harem has her face decorated in the most curious manner. The practice is to elongate the eyebrows to the ears and to embellish the chin with little points of black paint. In contrast with the men their complexions are very fair, as they are shut within walls and are never exposed to the sun.

JUST TESTING HIM, THAT'S ALL



"Why, Archibald! What do you mean by sticking that pin into Mr. Hoofenmore?" "Cause I heard you say he was a dead beat. But he ain't dead at all, is he?"

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not Incurable.

"That man is a poet." "Too bad." "Yes." "How did you discover it?" "I didn't; he told me." "Then perhaps he may get over it."—Nashville American.

Important to Mothers.

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

Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Simple Remedy.

"I tell you we cannot pass a law to keep dogs from barking and disturbing people." "Won't the ordinary law against barkers apply?"

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

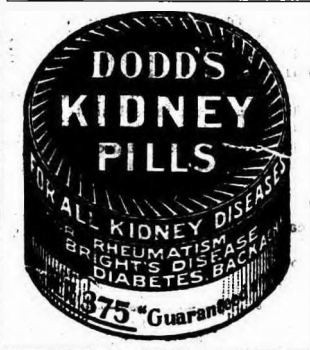
It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble or meet it half way. Cultivate a cheerful mind and heart, and much imaginary trouble will be avoided.—Hedley.

WIS. ST. VITUS' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nervine Restorer. Send for FREE 250 page book and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, 12, 301 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

People waste a lot of valuable time in foolish arguments.

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

Jealousy is the trading stamp given with each case of true love.



DAISY FLY KILL. Place anywhere. Kills all flies. No stings. No odor. No harm to children. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed effective. 75c. Guaranteed effective. 75c. Guaranteed effective. 75c.

The Fly Ribbon. The greatest fly-catcher in the world. Does not drip. An ornament, not an eyesore, as ordinary fly-paper. 5c. Ask any up-to-date druggist or grocer. FLY RIBBON MFG. CO. New York, N. Y.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.



160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA. 160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 25 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be secured in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAUBIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER. KINMONTH'S ASTHMA CURE. Over 3000 patients cured during the past 3 years. 50 cent trial bottle sent to any address on receipt of 25c. DR. H. B. KINMONTH, Ashbury Park, N. J. W. C. U., DETROIT, MO. 27, 1906.

Lay Your Own Roof. Any man who can swing a hammer can lay Heppes No-Tar Roofing. Special Nails, Caps and Cement are furnished free with every roll. No-Tar is easy to handle—flexible as rubber, but tougher than rawhide. It costs less than any other kind of roofing in the world—much less than steel, iron, or even shingles—and outwears them all. Do the job yourself, and add to the saving in price the wages of a carpenter or roofer. Right Now is the Time to Do Your Roofing. Make use of the fine days to protect your home—your barn—your store—your factory—any building, the largest or the smallest—against the driving rains. You can do it with Heppes No-Tar, and be sure that you have your building sealed against water, storm, snow, sleet, fire, or old Time himself. Insurance Companies deduct 25% from the basis rate for shingles for buildings protected by No-Tar. Come In and See HEPPES NO-TAR ROOFING. The roofing that lasts long, and stays strong while "building papers" and "tar felt" fail—the roofing that stands every test of acid, alkali, heat—anything you can think of. Heppes No-Tar is made of the strongest long wool felt that money can buy, into which natural Asphalt is forced at a high heat under tremendous pressure. Both sides are surfaced with flint. Take samples home with you and see what you can do with it. Let Us Make an Estimate for You Free. Call and get a free roofing book that explains the whole proposition. Tell us the roofing question over with us—whether you intend to do any roofing right away or not. We will make an estimate free for roofing any or all of your buildings. The first leak marks the beginning of decay unless it is attended to. Heppes No-Tar stops leaks for all time. Let us show you. See Your Lumber or Hardware Dealer here. THE HEPPES CO., 635 South 45th Avenue, CHICAGO

WESLEY'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Two Sons Early in Life Showed Remarkable Musical Genius.

Charles Wesley's reputation has suffered not a little from the overshadowing predominance of his brother, says a writer in Zion Herald. There is no disputing, however, but that at one point he greatly surpassed both. John Wesley and George Whitefield—he had a most happy wedded life. It was in the spring of 1748, when he was no longer young, that he first began seriously to entertain thoughts of marriage.

Miss Sarah Gwynne, a girl of 23, daughter of a pious family occupying a high position in Wales, attracted him by her many lovable qualities. Brother John heartily approved the match. There was trouble at first on the part of the bride's people over the question of a settled income, £100 a year being thought the smallest amount that would suffice. This was finally guaranteed from the profits of the books, and Saturday, April 8, 1749, the wedding took place, John Wesley tying the knot.

It was an ideal Christian marriage, blessed with eight children, of whom three grew up, and two became very celebrated musicians. These two were Charles Wesley, Jr., and Samuel. Both showed remarkable musical genius from their earliest years.

Charles was a great favorite with George III., his private organist occasionally at Windsor, and very early created much excitement by his wonderful performance of Handel's works. He played a tune to the harpsichord at the age of two years and nine months. He was called by one of the highest authorities of the day "the greatest genius in music I met with." His death was in 1834.

Samuel (who died in 1837 leaving a numerous family) was recognized as the best organist of his day and was a gifted composer. At the age of eight he wrote an oratorio called "Ruth" which was much admired. For several years he and his brother gave a series of famous concerts at their father's house. Among his sons were Rev. Dr. Wesley, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, and also Samuel Sebastian Wesley, organist of Gloucester cathedral, and composer of many pieces, three of which are in our hymnal. The latter died in 1876.

In Wrong.

"Your husband is greatly in need of exercise," said the doctor. "He's indoors too much. He'll have to get out more."

"Out more!" exclaimed the wife. "He's been out every night this week. That's what's the matter with him."

Realizing that he was in the wrong, the doctor left a prescription and promised to call later.

The Ways of Counts.

"Isn't it strange that foreign counts never see anything attractive about poor American girls?"

"No more strange than the fact that counts with money don't see anything attractive in any kind of American girls."

A Difficulty.

"My boy, marry a wife who can give you a home."

"I'd like to, but so few girls I know own their own houses."—Baltimore American.

ALL AFTER THE BLUE RIBBON.

Remarkable Unanimity of Knowledge in Sunday School Class.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant class of a Sunday school, "I told you last Sunday that each of you who learned a verse from the Bible and recited it to-day would receive a large blue ribbon. Let me see how many of you have learned a verse."

There were 20 or 30 boys and girls from four to eight years of age ranged about her in a circle. For a moment there was no response to her question. Then a bright looking girl timidly raised a hand.

"Ah! Julia has learned a verse," the teacher said. "I am sorry that no more hands are raised. I had hoped that nearly all of you would get a blue ribbon. But I suppose your mamas and papas have been very busy and some of you forgot. Well, Julia, let us hear your verse."

"Walk in the light," the little girl repeated. Then a boy who sat near Julia put up his hand.

"Oh!" exclaimed the teacher, "Charlie has a verse, too. What is it, my boy?"

"Walk in the light," responded Charlie.

"Well," said the teacher, "you learned the same verse, didn't you? It's a very good verse, too. 'Walk in the light.' I hope we may all do so. Now, is there any one else who has learned a verse? Why, I see five, six, seven, eight hands raised. I will hear from you, Arthur, first."

"Walk in the light," said Arthur. The teacher looked rather hard at Arthur, and said:

"Gladys next. What is your verse? Speak out loudly so that all the class may hear."

"Walk in the light!" shouted Gladys.

By this time all but two of the children who had not been heard from were holding up their hands. The teacher looked at a boy whose name she had forgotten and asked: "What verse have you learned?"

"Walk in the light," replied the whole crowd in chorus, each little one apparently fearing there would not be another chance to win the blue ribbon.

The Wizard.

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our southern states for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old darky belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was, of course, skeptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Professor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, smiling.

"Well, of dat don't beat all!" was the darky's comment. "Professor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"—Harper's Weekly.

TALE OF A GHOST

How It Returned His Friend's Book.

Col. John L. Grubs of Richmond, Va., a former assistant postmaster of that city, and one of the old-time gentlemen and plantation owners of the state, is authority for the following story, which he declares can be authenticated by a number of well-known people, says the San Francisco Call.

Col. Grubs is not a believer in ghosts or psychic phenomenon of any description, and has no theory of his own to account for the incident which he related to the writer one night when the conversation had drifted into the supernatural.

"I had two bachelor friends," he said, "with whom I used to hunt a great deal in the bird season. Out of season we would get together whenever we could and talk over our favorite books and other topics of kindred interest. Everybody who knows me knows to whom I refer, and as one of the parties met a tragic death the figures of this story will be pretty well recognized at once."

"My bachelor friends got closer together when I married, and to speak to one was also to say something to the other. They took it in turns spending the evenings with each other, Charlie going to Dick's apartments every night for a week, and vice versa.

"Each had a special chair for the other on either side of the open fire in winter and side by side on the balcony in summer. They were as particular as a couple of old maids in this respect and some others, one of which was not to exceed a certain number of drinks an evening, except on very special occasions.

"The work was in three volumes, two treating of southern songsters and one of Virginia birds exclusively. They started in on the latter and read with delight of their old acquaintances of the forests and Jeems river marshes.

"Dick valued this volume very highly, so highly, in fact, that he didn't quite like the idea of Charlie taking it out with him one afternoon to read in a favorite haunt, near the old reservoir.

"That night, the first in years, Charlie was absent from his accustomed seat near Dick. The latter was so disturbed that the next morning he went around to his friend's home, only to find that they supposed Charlie to have spent the evening with him, as he often did.

"During the day there was no news of him. The next day it was decided to drag the reservoir, and the body of his lifelong friend was found.

"It was a sad blow to Dick, who found himself completely at a loss without Charlie. Everything reminded him of the dead man—his pipes, his books, the empty chair, the empty glasses that he turned down every night as he poured his own drink and gulped it down in sorrow.

"It was long before he thought of the missing book on Virginia birds, the book which Charlie had taken with him on that fateful walk. What could have become of it? It was probably lying at the bottom of the old reservoir, where his friend had perished.

"The fire was bright, and opposite him was Charlie's empty chair. On a little table at his side were the decanter and two empty glasses. He filled his own and tried to forget, but he could not.

"The following night he again sat by the fire staring at the vacant chair on the other side of the hearth and thinking how empty his life was without his old chum. Again the thought of the missing book returned to his mind and would not be dismissed.

"The fire died down, and he got up to put on a fresh log. When he sat down it was in Charlie's chair. As he did so Charlie strode into the room in his old fashion.

"At this moment the colonel interrupted his narrative long enough to say: "And this is the story just as Dick told it to me. He did not feel surprised, at least not any more so than at the sudden appearance of a friend who had been long absent. There was nothing uncanny about the appearance of Charlie. He looked just as he did the afternoon he came to borrow the volume on Virginia birds."

"Why, Charlie, hang it," said Dick. "I thought you were dead."

"So I am, replied Charlie; 'I was drowned.'"

"Preposterous, man! Here you are, as natural as ever? Come, take a drink. You don't know how I have missed you."

"I am dead, old man," said Charlie, "but I could not rest until I got that book off my mind. I knew how much you thought of it and how much you would worry over it. None of the things I have done or left undone have worried me. It was the book, the book, the book all the time. I carried it along the road, but loitered on the way, and it was almost dark when I came to Riddle's blacksmith shop. It was too late to read, and I left the book there, intending to return for it."

"Old boy, I did not get a chance to start back, but the book is at Riddle's."

"Charlie was gone. Dick found himself starting from his chair and saying: 'But for God's sake, Charlie, don't you pull out like that—'

"But there was no sign of his friend. "And," added the colonel, "the book was found at Riddle's."

Professors' Small Salaries. The salary paid to professors at the University of Cambridge, England, averages only \$2,750.

A STROLL IN THE PARK

The Supposition Is That the Pair Finally Went.

"As for me," said he, "I should like to take a stroll in the park."

And looking at her with the raised features of inquiry, he seemed to say: "How about you?"

But as for her, sitting on the top step and looking up at the stars, she nothing said.

"Yes, yes," said he again. "I should like to take a stroll in the park."

And directing to her again the features of inquiry he seemed to say: "That's twice."

"Then," said she, looking at him with all the blandness of incuriosity, her lovely face ethereal in the starlight, her chin upon her hand and her elbow on her knee—"then," said she, gently, softly, with a certain sweet air of impersonality, "why don't you, Mr. Gombang?"

"Ah!" said he, with a gesture of satisfaction, "I'll tell you." He drew close to her as though about to deliver confidences of secrecy, looking smugly up at the stars, looking smugly down at her, trying his note with the air of a pampered tenor about to enjoy the plaudits of the multitude, and tuncfully then he turned to her, made a cozy little gesture that was almost a caress, and began:

"Last night," said he—"Ah! how long it seems since then—before you came—it is difficult to believe that I met you only two short hours ago—ah, well! Last night," said he, "seeking the cool of the trees and wishing to escape the banality of boarders, I strolled down the avenue and into the park. Yes, yes; into the park."

He made the sad gestures of melancholy, of a young man deserving a pity, of one misunderstood and seeking but for a communion of soul.

"Into the park," said he, "into the park. Above were the stars; below was the grass; while all around—"

He paused, his voice vibrating into silence, fluttering like a thread of silk held between the teeth and blown out into a semblance of rigidity, a silence of substance, tangible, appealing, inviting, commanding—

"—while all around—"

"Yes?" she whispered.

"—was Love," he whispered back.

Quiet then he sat and lonely, looking over at the park with an aspect of wistfulness, barely discernible in the shadows, dimly silhouetted against the distance, his shoulders hunched forward with the contraction of weariness and his hands clasped around his knees with all the humility of one who dares not hope.

"—was Love," he whispered. "Yes, yes. I looked for a seat in vain. Love held them all. I wandered along the winding paths. But Love preceded me and Love followed. Arm in arm they strolled, or arm in arm they sat, happy, blissful, content. I wandered on in silence while all around me murmured Love. I stopped and Love grumbled. I turned and Love softly hissed between its tightened lips. Finding a single seat at last, I sat me down, but Love arose and went away, gushing its expressions and piping its opinions of all who came to see. Wherefore I came away and wherefore do I suppose that I must stay away—forever—and a day."

Quiet again he sat and lonely, but now they both looked over at the park, its dark branches waving against a darker sky, waving an intricate pattern of Love, waving a warning against the intrusion of interlopers, waving a weave of happiness and of mystery, heating time to the melody of this one singing, as he again took up the burden of his song.

"Ah—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Proone," she gently told him.

"Ah, Miss Proone," he eagerly exclaimed, "little do you know—you who have just come from the country—little do you know the loneliness of a great city. All around you are the evidences of a gayety and life. Dances—"

He made the gesture of a finished artist, indicating unto her the dreamy figure of a waltz, the glow of lights, the ever-climbing melody of countless violins.

"—receptions—"

He gestured anew.

"—theaters—"

Ah, then what eloquence!

"—concerts and everything! Hundreds of times have I wished to go, but—there was none with whom I cared to go. None. None—"

His voice almost wept before it died away, and when he sat quiet again, and lonely beyond words, they both looked over toward the park with a mournfulness that verged on open tears. Making then a sudden motion, as though dismissing a subject already discussed too long, he looked at her with affected cheerfulness, saying:

"It's going to be warmer, I think."

But still her eyes dwelled on the park, her lovely face ethereal in the starlight, her chin upon her hand, her elbow on her knee, and seeing her so he dared to strike his closing chord: "If—"

Listening for an answering melody he saw that she was smiling—not unkindly.

"You won't need your hat," he said, arising.

Rapid, Still, Powderless Gun.

Paris.—The Journal announces that a French engineer named Pouteaux has invented a mitrailleuse worked by electricity, which can fire without powder and with no explosion. 1,200 bullets a minute. Experiments soon will be made with the weapon, and if successful it is believed the gun will revolutionize modern artillery.

This Week's Special Bargains.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

This week we will offer our entire stock of all-silk Satin and Shower Proof Foulards at a special closing price of 50c a yard. They are all this season's, and exclusive styles. A seasonable bargain.

A small lot of choice styles in Wash Habutai Silks, very desirable for a light weight gown or waist, 25c a yard.

DRESS GOODS DEPT.

We are offering great values in 44 to 54-inch Novelty Suitings. A great opportunity to purchase a separate skirt for the summer months. Values up to \$1.50. Choice for 50c.

WHITE GOODS DEPT.

Another Elegant Bargain—A lot of high-grade All-over Embroideries in Nainsook and Swiss. The prices range from \$1.15 to \$4.35 a yard. They will be sold at one-quarter to one-third off regular prices.

We still have on the assortment of the Arnold Auction Bargains, Pointed Silk Mousselines, etc., at from 15c to 30c a yard.

We have just concluded a large purchase of Fine Sheer Lawns (checks and cross bar), 15c quality; will be sold at 10c; also in stripes and checks, 25c quality, at 15c. 33c. 40c and 42c qualities at 25c. These are elegant values.

LINEN DEPT.

SPECIAL JULY SALE.—On Wednesday, July 1st, we shall commence our usual July Clearance Sale of Housekeeping Linens, with Special Bargains in Table Damask by the yard, Damask Cloths and Napkins, Bedspreads, Huck and Turkish Towels, Crashes, Hemstitch Lunch Cloths and Napkins, Tray Cloths, Doylies, etc. We would recommend an early visit.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.,
165 to 169 Woodward Ave., DETROIT.

WE ASK YOU

REPORT of the condition of the Plymouth United Savings Bank, Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$246,927 48
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	163,695 05
Overdrafts	13 37
Banking house	12,810 00
Furniture and fixtures	3,000 00
Other real estate	7,184 36
Items in transit	2,777 38
Due from banks in reserve cities	50,564 95
U. S. and National Bank Notes	12,440 00
Gold coin	9,646 00
Silver coin	1,928 80
Nickels and cents	938 22
Checks and other cash items	240 06
Total	\$505,574 41

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 75,000 00
Surplus fund	15,000 00
Undivided profits, net	12,810 00
Dividends unpaid	4 10
Commercial deposits	64,320 30
Certificates of deposit	116 00
Savings deposits	235,211 35
Savings certificates	53,276 30
Total	\$505,574 41

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss:
I, E. K. BENNETT, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. K. BENNETT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1908.
My commission expires June 3, 1909.
P. W. VOORHIES, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
F. A. DIEBLE,
J. W. HENDERSON,
O. A. FRASER, Directors.

To examine our statement of condition. People who intrust their money to a bank should know something of its financial strength. The annexed statement speaks for itself—on its strength we solicit your business.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

J. D. McLAREN CO.

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.

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Plymouth Elevator. Both Phones.

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Is the place to buy your meats.

THE CHOICEST CUTS

of Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal
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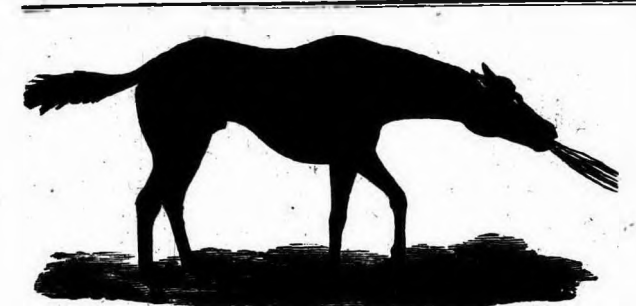
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