

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 43

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 17 1908

WHOLE NO. 1089.



That Tired, Languid Feeling

incident to extremely warm weather, is dispelled as if by magic, by drinking

"A Merry Widow."

Cool, Refreshing, Tonic, Invigorating, this delightful fountain specialty disseminates good cheer, and makes life worth living. Five cents at

The Wolverine Soda-Bar

*Phone No. 5.

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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at

Office 'Phone No. 5, 2r.

"THE WOLVERINE."

Residence 'Phone No. 5, 3r

CASH GROCERY

Your Taxes are Now Due,
We can Help you Pay Them

Our Cash on the Spot Plan enables us to give you extra quality in Teas and Coffee without increasing the cost to you.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

on Canned Goods, Flour and Spices.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

W. B. ROE

"NIKKO"

BRAND UNFERMENTED

GRAPE JUICE,

BEST IN THE MARKET.

PINTS 25c QUARTS 50c

To introduce "Nikko" to the people of Plymouth we are giving away the coupons below. Don't fail to cut them out and take them to the store and get a bottle of nice, refreshing drink.

GOOD FOR
FIVE CENTS
On One Pint Bottle Nikko

GOOD FOR
TEN CENTS
On One Quart Bottle Nikko

GITTINGS BROS.

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mrs. T. G. Howe visited her mother Mrs. H. Nelson, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lyke visited friends at the corners Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. VanHoughton and children returned to their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rich and Mrs. P. S. Rich.

The G. A. R. met Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Holmes. Ice cream and cake was served.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Savery, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Smith were among the visitors at the soldiers' dinner Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Waters were South Lyon visitors Tuesday night.

Rev. A. A. Forshee, missionary in the Philippine Islands for four and a half years and lately of New York city will speak of his work in the island at the Free church in Superior Sunday, July 19, 2 P. M. All cordially invited to hear him.

ELM

Will Cort is erecting a new cow barn. A large crowd attended the barn dance given by Shaw Bros. last week. Music was furnished by Zisler's orchestra.

A number from here attended services at Clarenceville Sunday and listened to a sermon given by Rev. Adornit of New Buffalo.

Farmers in this vicinity are getting somewhat discouraged over the frequent showers and if kept up may prove damaging to the wheat crop that looks very promising this season.

The milk producers association met at Chas. Wolfrom's Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cort were Plymouth visitors Saturday night. Mrs. Will Ruthenbar was in Detroit Monday.

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

NEWBURG.

Mr. and Mrs. Needleton Dean are entertaining, George Beam, Mabel Beam, their mother and baby granddaughter of Detroit.

There was no services in our church Sunday, as our pastor is away on a vacation.

Mrs. N. Z. Barrows left Monday for a two months' visit with her granddaughter and grandson at Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Walter LeVan has a young lady boarder for the summer.

The Ladies' Aid society met at the hall Friday last. The usual program was unfinished as the president left for Farmington on an early car to see Nettie Dickerson, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Janette Smith was in Newburg last Friday.

The Misses E. Brock and Florence Brainard of near Inkster were callers at W. J. Ostrander's last week.

Mrs. Wm. King is quite ill again.

Mrs. Reuben Barnes was prostrated with the heat for three days last week.

Clark Mackinder lost a good work horse last week.

LIVONIA CENTER.

A small but very appreciated shower came Tuesday to freshen up grass and berries.

Haying is being done up in great shape here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stringer visited in Pontiac the first of the week and brought little Eva Nocker back with them for a brief visit.

Mr. Lee and son Paul were in the city Wednesday on business.

Harry Peck was a Plymouth caller Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cort visited at Will Esch's Sunday.

There was but a small turn out at Center church Sunday.

School meeting was held Monday night and Joe McEachran was re-installed as treasurer.

Miss Edith Scott has been secured to teach our school for the coming term.

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.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mrs. Hattie Stephenson went to an Sunday-school excursion to Sugar Island last Tuesday with her daughter Mrs. Grace Snyder.

Wm. Beyer had the misfortune of nearly cutting a part of his little finger off while at work on his separator.

Mrs. Emma Theuer and daughter Mrs. Bertha Parmelee were in Wayne last Monday.

Wm. Wurts, Wm. Fox, Frank Kubik and Walter Keglur were in Wayne last Saturday.

Mrs. Mv Winchester and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Sherman, for a few days.

Roy Oliver was kicked by a horse just below the knee last Friday. Dr. Patterson was called and took three stitches. He is getting along nicely.

The Epworth League was organized here last Monday evening. Meeting on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roach entertained company from Eloise last Sunday.

Wm. C. Gottman and C. A. Gottman of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Gottman of Beech spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. Badelt and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren Hix and family of Perrinsville visited at George Dean's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Klatt of Wayne visited at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Klatt's last Friday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Bakewell, a girl.

Mrs. A. Bordlean and daughters Ethel and Lenora visited her mother, Mrs. Baldwin of Detroit, the latter part of last week.

WEST TOWN LINE.

J. C. O'Bryan was elected to succeed himself as moderator at the recent school meeting.

Miss Mamie Boyle entertained her friend Miss Kittie Dwyre of Detroit this week.

Mrs. A. Stout is improving very slowly.

A. P. Lucas of Wauseon is visiting his parents this week.

Mrs. Fred Rocker entertained her mother and sister, Mrs. Wm. Grehl and daughter Louise of Detroit, last Sunday.

Mrs. John Robinson was an Detroit visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. J. Woodard and daughter have returned to Detroit accompanied by their guests from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew.

Fay Spencer has summer gripe. - Will and Gladys Heeney were guests of their uncle, Barney Heeney of Northfield, Wednesday.

Clarence O'Bryan was a Wayne visitor Sunday.

Gus and Harmon Gates visited their parents at Stark Sunday.

The H. H. will hold an ice cream social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Miller, Thursday, July 23, in the evening. All are invited.

Many will be shocked to learn of the death of M. M. Crammer, the recent owner of the J. D. Lucas farm. Mr. Crammer died very suddenly June 28, at his home in LaSalle.

A telephone in the post office would certainly be a great convenience to the farmers. Northville has one, why not Plymouth.

Just ask the two James how profitable it is to go huckle berrying.

Love Apple Lore.

It is not generally known, but nevertheless a fact, that there are people still living who can remember the time when tomatoes were raised merely for their beauty as we now raise roses. While its beauty was admired it was considered like the poisonous oak, dangerous to even handle except by "dark complected" persons. Years of acquaintanceship, however, wore off its superstition and a few "foolhardy" actually owned up to having tasted the fruit. From this small beginning has gradually grown a use that makes today an industry with a combined capital of over thirty millions of dollars, which disburses millions of dollars to its employees each year and aggregates an output of 210,000,000 tons. Plymouth will this year contribute a share of this great quantity.

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. "New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's."

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

No Question About It

PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY

IS THE PLACE

—TO BUY—

Drugs and Medicines.

You get what you want, when you want it.

TRY US.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

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



Tear up your Carpet

and use rugs and painted, varnished, stained or waxed floors. You'll have a more stylish home, and your floors will be better, cleaner, and more healthful in every way.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS MODERN METHOD FLOOR FINISHES

give the dressiest floor effects at a cost that is always lowest.

For Painted Finish—Inside Floors—The S-W. INSIDE FLOOR PAINT.
Porch Floors—The S-W. PORCH FLOOR PAINT.
For Varnished Finish—Natural—S-W. OR, a durable floor varnish.
Stained—Floors—The S-W. FLOOR WAX.
For Waxed Floors—The S-W. FLOOR WAX.
For Unsightly Cracks in Old Floors—The S-W. CRACK AND SEAM FILLER.



SOLD BY

Conner Hardware Co., Ltd

If you are undecided as to how you shall finish your floors, talk to us about it; we can help you.

Fond Mother—Why, my pet, you should not strike your little brother that way.

Spoiled Child—I will! If he touches my doll again I'll break another chair over his head, so there!

Fond Mother—But, my dear, you know it isn't ladylike for little girls to—

Spoiled Child—You get out! If you say another word I'll—I'll tell the minister what you said about his wife's new dress.

Fond Mother (some years after)—My dear, it seems to me this engagement to Mr. Goodson is very sudden.

Spoiled Daughter—There you go! I knew you would. Always coming between me and my happiness. You can yell your old head off if you want to, but I'll marry him all the same.

Fond Mother—But, my dear, it may be that your dispositions—

Spoiled Daughter—Hub! If I can get along with such an unreasonable creature as you, I can get along with any one. Now, just stop your chatter, and see about supper. He'll be here to-night.

Fond Mother (two years afterward, to visitor)—Yes, it is too true, too true.

Visitor—And so your daughter and her husband have really separated?

Fond Mother—Yes, poor stricken child, she came home last night. Oh, that she should ever have married such a brute! She was always so tender, so affectionate, so timid. Poor angel! He must have abused her terribly.—New York Weekly.

Qualified.

Head Astronomer—I want a man to figure eclipses, calculate the distances between various stars, fix the orbits of certain comets, and, in fact, be a sort of handy mathematical man around the heavens. What are your qualifications?

Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir, I was the official score-keeper for a woman's bridge club.—Life.

Equipment.

Dashaway—I'm going to a house party. Wonder what I need to take along?

Cleverton—About a quart of five-dollar gold pieces to tip the servants with, a flannel shirt, dress suit, pajamas, and a half-dozen engagement rings.—Life.

POOR FELLOW.



He—I'm saddest when I sing.

She—Well, how do you suppose I feel?

The Limit.

I'd like to dress my wife in silks. But goodness knows I can't afford to pay the price for silken hose.

—Detective Free Press.

He Had Noticed.

"There is one notable thing I have observed," said the foreign lecturer. "Your American women have the most luxuriant hair of any women on the globe."

"Rats!" shouted the irreverent individual from the back of the hall.—Judge.

Too Tall.

She—Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man?

He—About six feet two inches. Why do you ask?

She—Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf.—Royal Magazine.

Overburdened with Memory.

"Your son tells me he is going to take lessons to cultivate his memory."

"I hope not," answered Farmer Corn-tassel; "he can remember every fool tune that was ever whistled."—Washington Star.

Lived Too Long.

Great Publisher—Very sorry, sir, but your manuscript will not do.

Old-Time Novelist—Eh? What is the matter with it?

Great Publisher—It seems to have a plot.—New York Weekly.

Saving.

"I wish my husband had a saving disposition," said one woman.

"I wish mine hadn't," said the other. "He smokes himself half to death in order to save tobacco coupons."—Washington Star.

Knocking.

Patient—What have you been doing this afternoon?

Doctor—Merely killing time.

Patient—How—prescribing for it?—Cleveland Leader.

Her Father.

"What did father say when you asked him for me?"

"He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Robert A. Pinkerton's Solution of a \$40,000 Robbery

Passion for Gaming Table Turns Promising Master Mechanic Into a King of Crooks

By GEORGE BARTON

More than three thousand men, women and children residents of Susquehanna, Pa., put under surveillance in connection with big theft.

Thief George H. Proctor, a wit, skilled musician, foreman in boiler shops and athlete, succumbs to great detective's marvelous powers of reasoning.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" GASPED THE ASTONISHED MAN

(Robert A. Pinkerton was born in Dundee, Illinois, in 1848, and educated at Notre Dame university in Indiana. He was the son of Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the famous detective agency. "Bob" Pinkerton, as he was familiarly called, had a marvelous memory for names and faces, and his gallery of criminal photographs and biographies was supposed to be the finest in America. He made a big reputation by his method of handling great crowds at the race tracks. He was a man of pleasing personality and did much toward introducing purely business systems into a concern which was regarded as rather romantic. He died August 12, 1907, aboard the North German Lloyd steamer "Bremen" while bound for Europe.)

One morning before daylight the United States Express company was robbed of \$40,000, and, sad to say, there was not a shred of evidence to tell the story of how this small fortune was permitted to slip from the grasp of a corporation that had the reputation of being one of the most careful and conservative in America. The scene of the robbery was at Susquehanna, Pa., and the local authorities did everything in their power to locate the cash, but all to no avail.

In this emergency the company enlisted the services of Robert A. Pinkerton. It is probable that no detective in the world was better equipped to grapple with a problem of this kind than "Bob" Pinkerton. He had the experience of a lifetime in following crime of this particular character, and although his adventures were little known to the public at large, he enjoyed the reputation of more successes than any other man in the agency.

On June 20, 1883, the Marine National bank of New York sent to the First National bank of Susquehanna a sealed package containing \$40,000 in currency and national bank notes. The money was to be used in the payment of wages of more than 1,000 employes of the Erie Railroad company in the local shops. The package was carried to the United States Express company's office in New York by a clerk of the Marine bank who received a receipt for it. The money clerk of the express company took charge of the cash and inclosed it in the regular canvas pouch, sealed with the company's stamp and attached a tag on which was the name of the company's agent at Susquehanna. The pouch was duly delivered to Messenger Van Wagener, who placed it in the safe with other valuables. It was midnight when it reached Susquehanna and he turned the expensive package over to Dwight Chamberlain, a night clerk and watchman, who was jointly employed by the express company and the Erie Railroad company. Chamberlain placed it in the safe in the ticket office and locked it with a key which he carried in his pocket. After that he was busily employed in his usual duties about the station, frequently being away from the ticket office until seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st.

While casting up his accounts the messenger from the Susquehanna bank arrived and called for the sealed package. The pouch was taken from the safe, but instead of the \$40,000 in cash, a number of small packages of brown manilla paper, cut about the size of bank bills, were found in the receptacle.

This being the case, either Chamberlain, the night clerk, one of the employes, or some other person, unknown, was guilty. Chamberlain was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, and at its conclusion Mr. Pinkerton expressed the belief that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the theft. A careful watch kept on all of the employes of the company brought no developments. At this stage of the game the detective broadened the line of his inquiry so as to include every man, woman and child in the town of Susquehanna. Some instinctive feeling—probably the result of his long years of experience—made him believe that the crime had originated in the little town in Pennsylvania. After learning as much as possible about the personal history of the inhabitants, he began

the process of elimination, dropping out names of all those to whom he was morally convinced on suspicion could be attached. Then he ascertained the names of all persons who had left the town within the preceding 12 months, and as a result of this learned that George H. Proctor, the foreman of the boiler shops of the Erie Railroad company, had gone to Buffalo about a month after the robbery. This was a rich lead and the detective followed it up with great eagerness. He located Proctor in Buffalo, without any difficulty and learned that the man was engaged in speculating in oil, and that he had made considerable profit from that occupation.

The man came in the course of a few weeks, and Pinkerton, who had assumed an alias, casually found an opportunity of having himself presented to Proctor. He invited him out for a stroll and finally suggested that they go to his room at the hotel and smoke a cigar. Once there, the detective turned to Proctor and said sharply:

"It's no use, Proctor, the game is up!"

"What do you mean?" gasped the astonished man.

"I mean that my name is Robert Pinkerton, and that I have all the facts in the safe robbery."

"You have!" exclaimed the other.

"I have," was the response, "and the sooner we close it out the better."

After this Proctor threw off all reserve and admitted his guilt. He said, however, that he had been the tool of two men named Martin and Collins, who were now in Canada. They had given him \$11,000 as his share of the booty which he had placed in a glass jar and buried it in the yard of his house, leaving it there until his removal to Buffalo. Pinkerton believed this story and arranged to permit Proctor to go at liberty, determining to hold him as a witness for the prosecution and also as a de-

coy to bring Collins and Martin from Canada where they had gone to be beyond the reach of the American law. Proctor was allowed to remain at his home in Susquehanna, pledging himself to keep Pinkerton's agency constantly informed of his movements. One morning, however, he broke his parole without warning.

Much chagrined at the mistake he had made in the character of Proctor, Pinkerton set about to recapture the three robbers. His first step was to put out a rumor that the trio were being sought by the police for a burglary committed in Canada. On hearing this, Martin, Collins and Proctor purchased tickets to Portland, from whence they had taken passage by telegram on a steamer scheduled for London. Pinkerton was informed of this through the various agencies at his control and stationed himself at Island Pond, a point in Vermont where the Grand Trunk railroad crosses the line into the United States. He boarded the train and interviewed the conductor, who told him that Martin and Collins, evidently suspecting trouble, had jumped from the train during a temporary slow-down on the Canadian side. He said, however, that the third man was still in his berth.

"That is enough," said Pinkerton, and he started for the berth where Proctor was sleeping. Pushing his hand in, he shook the man roughly.

"What is it?" was the sleepy response.

"Time to get up," said the detective, "hurry."

Proctor jumped out of bed and stood in the passageway of the car rubbing his eyes with his fist.

"I want you on a matter of great importance, Mr. Proctor."

As soon as he heard his voice, Proctor recognized the detective. He smiled grimly and said:

"All right. I guess the jig's up."

And the jig was up. In the trial that ensued the full details of the crime became known.

The substitution took place while the agent was busily engaged in the way-bill department of the station at four o'clock in the morning. The agent was out of ear-shot at the time Martin opened the safe with the key that Proctor had made and took the bag containing the money. The substitute was put in its place and the safe locked, and in ten minutes' time Collins and Martin, carrying a valise with the \$40,000, took a train for Corning, N. Y.; from thence they went to Schenectady, and then to Suspension bridge, where Proctor was waiting for them. The object of this circuitous journey was to throw anyone off the trail in case they were followed. At Suspension bridge the three conspirators met and divided their loot. Proctor received \$13,000 as his share of the booty, and calmly returned to Susquehanna, and, putting on his overalls and working clothes, resumed his employment in the boiler shops.

Robert Pinkerton was much chagrined to think that Proctor had been able to hoodwink him in the early part of the affair. Instead of being an innocent accomplice, he was a professional burglar with a checkered career. Proctor, when he began the serious part of his life, was a first-class mechanic and at an early age became the foreman of the Portland boiler works. The passion for gambling caused him to lose his position, and in a few years he had joined a group of eastern burglars, acting for them as a "fitter" in opening safes. In the Centennial year, after he was convicted of a safe robbery in Lowell, he was sent to the Massachusetts state prison at Charleston for four years. He became organist of the prison and had unusual privileges. As a result he became acquainted with Charles Bullard, a fellow convict, who was serving a 20-year term for breaking into the Boylston bank, Boston, and together they conceived a plan of escape. Proctor made impressions of the cell door keys and made keys out of old knives. From time to time he gathered enough clothes to be used by himself and Bullard when their plans of escape had fully ripened. The clothes in the meantime were deftly hid in the top of the organ. One eventful night Proctor, Bullard and seven other long-term convicts escaped. Proctor and Bullard went to Canada by way of New York. In Toronto they robbed the ticket office of the Grand Trunk Railway company at Brockville of \$3,000. A few days later they robbed another ticket office near Quebec of \$4,000. After that Proctor got work in the Toronto safe works, and after awhile was promoted to a traveling salesmanship. When he sold a safe he arranged the combination, and Bullard would follow him a little later and rob the safe. The suspicion of the safe company eventually caused his dismissal.

On another occasion Proctor attempted to break jail but did not meet with his usual success. He pried the bars off the cell door, but when he reached the corridor the sheriff stopped him at the point of the pistol. As a result of this he was sentenced to eight years' solitary confinement, part of this for his original offense and two years for attempting to break jail. A week after this pieces of paper were found on the floor of his cell bearing the impressions of the key of his cell door, the corridor door, and the door leading to the street. It was after he had served this sentence that he went to Susquehanna and lived as an honest man until the opportunity came for him to take part in the great safe robbery.

The "King of Burglars," as Proctor was called, was given a long sentence for the Susquehanna express robbery at hard labor in the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia. His accomplices, as far as known, were never captured.

Soldiers Live on Nuts.

The Somali soldier keeps himself in perfect fighting condition on a diet of nuts. He eats only 20 a day, but they are of a very nourishing kind.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months40

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1908.

There appears to be a general feeling that the effort of some of the present county officers who want a continuous job shall be given a check. Some of these gentlemen have been in office so long that they begin to think they have a permanent hold. There are other gentlemen in the county who are equally as capable of holding down a chair and drawing their pay as the present incumbents. The duties are not onerous in any of the positions and the salary is commensurate. Hence let it go around. Let every voter think about it and let's have a "new deal" all around.

Auditor Hawley Christian's conviction to get the auditors' salary boosted from \$3,500 to \$5,000 per year by the last legislature ought to defeat him for renomination, to say nothing of his continuous office-holding proclivities. The average taxpayer will believe that \$3,500 per year was plenty enough for the little work these gentlemen are called upon to do, and the extra compensation is merely "a grab." This salary grab, it might also be mentioned, was sanctioned by Gov. Warner, and for which the taxpayers of Wayne county will not thank him. "Reform" was not spelled with a big R when he signed the bill.

Annual School Meeting.

The annual school meeting was held in the school house Monday evening, with an attendance of about thirty, more than half of whom were ladies. Not a single farmer was present.

The meeting was called to order by President E. C. Hough. Secretary P. W. Voorhies read the minutes of the last annual meeting, which were approved as read.

The secretary then read the financial statement for the year which was accepted and adopted.

The recommendation of the board to raise by direct tax the sum of \$2,600 for the contingent fund was adopted without dissent. The statement of the board was also made that the new school building and furnishings had cost \$14,860. As only \$8,000 was voted by the district for a new building, the balance of the amount had to be taken out of the contingent fund. The financial statement and recommendation is found below.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of two trustees to succeed Messrs. Fred Bogert and John E. Wilcox. Both gentlemen were re-elected by a practically unanimous vote. There being no other business the meeting adjourned.

RECEIPTS	
Balance cash on hand July 8 '07	\$438.00
Raised by tax	4683.95
Misc. tax	123.15
Primary school money	5758.81
Northville	34.85
Raised by bonds	8000.00
Raised for library	130.00
Library money from State	93.18
Tuition	350.00
Interest	22.50
Total	\$25896.34

DR.	
Contingent fund	\$17888.37
Teachers fund	6830.00
Library fund	165.48
Total	\$25383.85

Balance on hand	
July 8 '07	\$812.06

CONTINGENT FUND	
Balance on July 8 '07	\$394.78
Raised by tax	4683.95
Misc. tax	123.15
Primary school money	5758.81
Northville	34.85
Raised by bonds	8000.00
Raised for library	130.00
Library money from State	93.18
Tuition	350.00
Interest	22.50
Total	\$18325.15

TEACHERS' FUND	
Balance July 1907	\$1552.35
Received primary money	5838.66
Total	\$7391.01

LIBRARY FUND	
Balance July 1907	\$37.66
Library money	93.18
Raised by tax	130.00
Total	\$260.84

PAID OUT	
Balance on hand	\$215.36

Ann Arbor News: A. S. Lyndon will leave tomorrow morning for a two months' auto tour through Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, in this State visiting Mackinac Island and the Straits. He will travel about 5,000 miles and during his sojourn will take negatives for five or six hundred postcards. He expects to visit all of the principal towns and summer resorts of the four States.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hauss left their home in Century, Fla., the 23th of May, went to New Orleans, from there to New York city by boat and up the Hudson to Kingston and then to Detroit and from there went to the Soo in a yacht with Mr. Hecker's family. They then came to Plymouth to visit Mrs. Hauss' father and other friends and left yesterday for Chicago from there to St. Louis and then to their home in Florida.

OUR FOREMOTHERS.

All too short was the hour devoted to "reminiscences of early days" at the last meeting of the W. C. T. U., held at the residence of Mrs. E. O. Huston. Formalities were forgotten in the eagerness of those present to relate what "my grandmother" used to do and say and hear. The spinning-wheel, the corn bread and biscuits baking in the tin oven before the big fireplace, the weeping willows near the spring house where the yellow rolls of butter were temptingly displayed, the apple paring bee, the old violin which tickled the toes of old and young and set them to tripping to the tunes of Money Musk and Opera Reel, the absence of matches and the burrowing of fire, the tallow-dipped candles, the old well-sweep and the windlass, were each and all vividly portrayed. Then all heartily united in singing the "Old Oaken Bucket." Articles of handwork and a dress made and worn by "my mother more than sixty years ago" were exhibited by Mrs. Chas. Allen. In the midst of the hilarity a motion to adjourn recalled the company to present day customs and duties and the meeting closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The following paper on "Our Foremothers" was written and read by Miss Ursula Hartsough:
It would be a sacrifice for most persons at this period to go back to the style of living of our foremothers. Even the most favored of fortune did not enjoy a life of the conveniences that make life in our day so rich in opportunities. While the colonists were poor there was necessarily great plainness of living among them. Luxuries were unknown, but there was an abundance of coarse kinds of food—pork and beans, boiled corn meal and milk, or pork and peas formed the staple articles of diet. Bread was made of rye and Indian corn. Tea and coffee were not yet introduced, but home-made beer and cider were largely used. Their roads were few and often fit only for foot travelers or bridle paths. Their dwellings were of logs, so imperfectly constructed that they afforded a poor protection against the cold of a New England winter. Every house was also a manufactory from force of circumstances.

Matron and maid a whirling dervish spin, Twisting long threads of flax and all the day. The weaver plies his shuttle and whistles away. The peasant hours with song.
Clothing, wages and prices of various articles were regulated by law. The law forbade new and immodest fashions, short sleeves, "whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing." In consequence of the equality of fortune and simplicity of manners which prevailed among them, their inhabitants multiplied far beyond the proportion of older nations corrupted and weakened by the vices that accompany great wealth, than which perhaps there is no greater enemy to the increase of the human species. It was no uncommon thing to have ten or twelve children in one family and some families were even larger. No doubt the honored chief of this nation would have been "de-lighted" had he lived in those days.

Amusements were few. Christmas was not celebrated in New England, but Thanksgiving was a feast day and great was the excitement at the ordination balls and other occasions when dancing and drinking might properly be indulged in. They had temperance societies in those days, but signing the pledge did not mean total abstinence from ardent spirits. They did not think that prohibited the use of Anisette, a liquor consisting of anis steeped in brandy, or Julip, a drink composed of brandys, whiskey or other spirituous liquor, with sugar, pounded ice and flavoring of mint, called also mint Julip, nor Metheglin—"O'er our parched tongue the rich metheglin glides"—a kind of fermented liquor made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices and adding a portion of ground malt and a piece of toast dipped in yeast and allowing it to ferment.

The first lady of the land, Martha Washington, the wife of Gen. George Washington, wrote to a relative at the time of her marriage who censured the folly of the step, "I foresee consequences, dark days, domestic happiness suspended and eternal separation on earth possible, but my mind is made up, my heart is in the cause. George is right, he is always right."

Having returned to private life General Washington consummated his engagement with Mrs. Curtis and a wedding was given on a scale commensurate with the wealth and standing of the parties. From far and near came the laced coats and powdered hair and long cues, till the hospitable mansion overflowed with the wealth and beauty and gaiety of the colony. The rafters of the huge mansion rang that night with mirth and gaiety. She was with Washington at Cambridge in 1775. She shared with him the hardships of Valley Forge. During the war she would wear none but home made fabrics for clothing. She had strong dislikes for public life and rejoiced when General W. refused the office of President the third time. Before her death she burned all her correspondence with her husband.

Our foremothers were women as precious and pure as refined gold; women who worked and suffered and loved and lost and complained not. The world will never have better.

CHURCH NEWS.

UNIVERSALIST
Service at 10:00 A. M. Sermon topic next Sunday, "Faith, What Is It?" Sunday-school at 11:15 A. M.

METHODIST
The Sunday-school and Epworth League will meet at the usual hours. There will be no preaching service.

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

BAPTIST
Divine services as follows for next Lord's day, July 19: Morning worship 10:30. Sermon by the pastor. Sunday school at 11:45. B. Y. P. U., 6:30. Leader, Charles Farrand. Topic, "How to promote Total Abstinence." Mid-week prayer and praise service Wednesday night 7:30. Union services in Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

PRESBYTERIAN
Sunday 10:00, morning worship. The pastor will speak on the subject "Christian Love." 11:15, Sunday-school 7:00, union gospel service with preaching by Rev. C. T. Jack. You are most cordially invited to all the above services. Also to the midweek prayer service Thursday evening at 7:00.

The first quarterly social of the trustees held in the church Tuesday evening was an unqualified success, nearly seventy persons were present to enjoy the occasion. The treasurers' report for the past six months showed all bills paid and a balance on hand. It is proposed to make the trustee's social a regular quarterly event in the church.

Beat the World Affairs.
"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."

Telephones and Rural Mails.

The social aspect of life on the farms has greatly changed in the past few years. "With a telephone in the house a rural mail box at the gate, a buggy in the barn, the problem is solved." So says the North Electric Company of Cleveland, in a charming little monograph singing the praises of the rural telephone.

The quoted words are weighted with wisdom, as brief consideration will show. Everything that helps to remove the lonesomeness of farm life benefits the whole nation. For it is lonesomeness in the past that has too often driven young men and young women, at the very age when the craving for companionship with the world at large is most insistent, from the old home farm into the town. And this is a road upon which, unhappily, there is not much back travel. The evil is undoubted, for, without degrading the value and importance of commerce and manufactures, all the world knows that the basis of our national prosperity is agriculture—agriculture in the widest sense of the world, the annual and ever-recurring bounteous toll which we take from Mother Earth, without which other branches of industry would starve—mining, manufacturing, trading, carrying, banking, inventing, legislating and high thinking, one and all. Therefore, to reach the root of the evil we must strike at the isolation of the farm life. The railway has done something to relieve the situation, but after all the railway by itself just brings the current of life past the farm without making any real distribution of the beneficent waters.

Rural free delivery gets closer to the difficulty, for daily letters and the daily newspaper keep the farmer in close contact with the world, and make him feel a part of it. And now comes the rural telephone, which promises to be the greatest reformer of all, inasmuch as the conversational facilities it provides, make a mockery of miles, and turn a widely-scattered population into a compact neighborhood community. The institution has its business side as well as its lighter social aspects. The farmhouse equipped with a telephone is no longer at the mercy of the raiding speculator; or as the booklet before us tersely puts it: "While the buyer is looking over the herd you are at your telephone verifying his quoted price." The farmer is brought into direct touch with the consumer; the tendency of the innovation is to eliminate the Middleman. Moreover, the telephone puts the dweller in the country on advantageous terms as a buyer as well as a seller; he can get what he wants promptly, can compare prices before he buys, and all this without leaving his home, and so incurring loss of time, which means loss of money.

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 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.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder troubles. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and \$1 a bottle at J. L. Gale's drug store.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

Men's \$18.00, \$20 and \$22.50 Suits at \$14.45

If you have worn P. & B. Clothing and know how good it is, this will be the most interesting sale you ever attended, for you're going to be able to buy \$18, \$20 and \$22.50 Suits at \$14.45. If you haven't tried P. & B. Clothing, this will be the best chance you've ever had to test its superiority. The Suits are in the height of this season's styles. Besides that, little distinctive touches in the way the cuffs of the sleeves and the vests are cut raise them above the level of ordinary ready-made Suits. Mostly single-breasted; some double. We can't say too much about the beauty of these fabrics. There are some rich, dark browns, there are olive plaids and stripes, there are some beautiful plain or faintly marked grays, and there are modest silk and wool mixtures in dark shades. Finest Worsteds and Velours, Unfinished Worsteds and Cassimeres. The way these Suits are tailored matches the attractiveness of the cloths that have gone into them.

Regular sizes, sizes for heavy men, "slender" sizes, "extra" sizes and on up to a suit for a man who is six-feet-two and weighs 225 pounds.

Read the headlines again. It promises \$18, \$20 and \$22.50 Suits for \$14.45. The Suits are here for you to see, to try on and to examine as closely as you please. Will you accept this as an invitation to do so?

Pardridge & Blackwell,

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave. "THE HEART OF DETROIT."

Surety Companies Cannot Intervene.

Chelsea Standard:—Last Thursday was field day in the Washtenaw Circuit Court for matters connected with the Chelsea Savings Bank and Glazier Stove Company, but the principal matter in which the depositors of the bank are in anywise interested was the argument of the question as to whether the surety companies of the bank and former State Treasurer Glazier should have a right to intervene in the receivership matter.

The trust companies claim that they should be subrogated to the amount of their liability to the state's share of the dividends, but inasmuch as they had not paid to the state the amount for which they became surety, nor admitted their liability under the bonds, the Court refused to allow them to intervene.

Should they be allowed so to do it would not affect any of the depositors, except perhaps the state, as to the amount of the dividends received, but might perhaps delay the payment of future dividends until the rights of the state and the bonding companies as to each other are determined. The state has never claimed any preference over the other depositors, nor will it do so, having accepted the dividend on the same basis as the rest, and any trouble between the bonding companies and the state however finally adjudicated, can in no manner affect the amount realized by the general depositors.

Automatic Money Assorter.

A machine has just been invented in Prague for assorting coins. The inventor claims that it will assort metal coins which have been thrown together, regardless of their denominations, placing each denomination in a separate basket. The various coins are thrown indiscriminately into a funnel at the top of the machine, and from the funnel they slide downward, alighting on a spiral track. This track has a protecting edge or raised border containing slits corresponding to the various sizes of the coins. As the coins of various denominations glide downward on to the track through some peculiar mechanism of the machine they pass through the slits corresponding to their various sizes, entering their respective baskets at the bottom of the machine. It is said that several firms handling large amounts of coin daily have tried the machine with satisfactory results.

The same principle is not unknown in Florida and California, where it is adopted for sizing oranges.—Harper's Weekly.

Magnesia Preserves Teeth.

One who has tried the experiment says that if the teeth are thoroughly brushed at night the last thing before retiring and a piece of magnesia the size of a flbert taken into the mouth and chewed so as to bring it in contact with all of the teeth at all points it will prove of great advantage.

The magnesia not only corrects the acidity of the mouth, but forms by some chemical action not fully understood a coating over the enamel, which remains over night and protects the teeth from any injury from the stomach acids. It also assists in preventing the recession of the gums, which is such an unpleasant trouble.

Brushing the teeth with a six part solution of chloride of hydrogen is extremely advantageous. A few drops of myrrh used daily to brush the teeth is an old and favorite corrective of bad breath and decay.—Health.

A Freak Rose Bush.

W. R. Wilson, the president of the Huntingdon (Pa.) borough council, has an oddity at his home on Mifflin street in the form of a perfectly white rose blooming on a rose bush which has borne only red roses and on which all the other flowers now blooming are red.

The rose is a climbing Rambler, and about eight feet from the ground up the side of the house the one perfectly white rose has grown, standing out prominently among the red ones surrounding it.

EXCURSION

VIA
Pere Marquette

Sunday, July 26

TO
Lansing and Grand Rapids

Saginaw and Bay City

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:45 and 11:15 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 6:15 p. 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

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. VAUX, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., CHICAGO

Detroit Headquarters
MICHIGAN PEOPLE



GRISWOLD HOUSE
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.50 TO \$3.50 PER DAY
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY

Stately modern and up-to-date hotel, in the very heart of the retail district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Canal River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave. Johnson, Third and Fourth streets, opposite the hotel. Please visit Detroit daily at the Griswold House.

POSTAL & MONEY, Please.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS

FOR ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED

FOR THE HONEY AND TAR

For sale at J. L. Gale's drug store. No substitutes.

EXCURSION

VIA
Pere Marquette

Sunday, July 19th

TO
DETROIT.

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:45 and 11:15 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 6:15 p. m.

Fare, Round Trip, 25c.

EXCURSION

VIA
Pere Marquette

NIAGARA FALLS, ALEXANDRIA BAY, TORONTO, MONTREAL AND QUEBEC EXCURSION

Tuesday, July 28

Via Pere Marquette Ry.
For rates, time of trains, routes, etc., ask agents. H. F. MOELLER, & P. A.



MAJESTIC ROYAL BLEND COFFEE

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 steel-cut, and this grinding does not crush the little oil cells as grinding does. This superior Coffee is imported, blended and roasted by

WHEELER, KILG & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Sold in Plymouth by Rogers & Co., John L. Gale, Gayde Bros. and Gittins Bros.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court, for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the eleventh day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Carl W. Appenbach, deceased.

Elizabeth Breman, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court her final administration account and filed therewith her petition praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the eighteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
ALBERT W. FLETCHER, Deputy Register.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind

The 4-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

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 and Surgeon,

Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 2;
after 7 P. M.

Office at home, 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 98, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. LUTHER PECK,

Physician & Surgeon.

Office and residence cor. Ann Arbor
and Deer st., 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 9 p. m.

Residence—Harvey St., near Sutton St.
Local Phone—Office 45-2R, Residence 45-3R

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.

All kinds of Draying
done promptly

GOOD STABLING.

Harry C. Robinson

DETROIT, JACKSON & CHICAGO RY. TIME CARD.

June 23, 1908

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 Anybody

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
"Russia" or "Conestoga" from Port
Huron to Duluth, only \$2.00 for the
round trip of about ten days, including
meals and berth. One of the finest
lake trips on record. Boat lands at
Alpens, 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 particu-
lars call or address a letter to
Biggs' store, Plymouth. Independent
phone 86-2r.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.85
Oats, 35c.
Rye, 62c.
Beans, oas \$2.00
Butter, 21c.
Eggs, 16c

Local News

John Williams spent last week at
Flint.

W. O. Allen was a Flint visitor last
Friday.

Mrs. C. E. Riggs visited in Salem
Monday.

Will Kaiser of Ypsilanti is in town
this week.

James Cline is spending a few weeks
in Detroit.

Miss Viva Wills spent Sunday at
South Lyon.

Elmer Huston spent Sunday at
Walled Lake.

J. D. McLaren is now the owner of
an automobile.

Mrs. C. L. Church is visiting her
sister in Mason.

Ed. Skinner of Detroit spent Sunday
at Fred Schiffe's.

Miss Grace Campbell is spending
the week in Detroit.

Mrs. Johnson and family spent Fri-
day at Walled Lake.

H. J. Baker of Lansing was in town
a few days this week.

Miss Harriette Gridith of Detroit
was in town Tuesday.

James Dunn is working in Flint in
an automobile factory.

Mrs. James Cline has gone for a
visit to Beechville, Can.

Miss Eva Merrell of Detroit visited
friends in town Tuesday.

Geo. Davey and wife of Detroit vis-
ited at Fred Secord's this week.

Mrs. L. J. Kellogg of Los Angeles,
Cal., is visiting Mrs. A. A. Taft.

Chas. Ashcroft spent last week in
Port Huron, attending the races.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Utter,
a girl, Saturday morning July 11.

If you want a special bargain in any
kind of merchandise go to Riggs'.

Mrs. W. D. Robertson and baby are
spending the week in New Boston.

Frank Dicks, who moved to Ypsi-
lanti, will return to Plymouth soon.

Miss Carrie Vincent is spending her
vacation at Highland and White Lake.

Douglas Kellogg and family of Ann
Arbor spent Sunday with A. A. Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hall returned
from their eastern trip last Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Welder of Detroit spent
Sunday with her mother Mrs. DeLaud.

Clifford Maltby of Detroit visited
Miss Viva Wills the first of the week.

Miss Lulu Williams of Detroit spent
last week with her mother Mrs. John-
son.

Mrs. Mariette Barnes of Shepherd,
Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vina
Joy.

Levi Sly, a missionary from Cali-
fornia, visited friends in town last
week.

Miss Sarah Lee of Canandaigua, N.
Y., is visiting her niece, Mrs. C. H.
Rauch.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Riggs go to
Walled Lake tomorrow to stay a couple
of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Micol and family are
spending a few days at Island Lake
this week.

Miss Bessie Hood is spending a few
weeks at Bay View, caring for an aunt
who is ill.

Mr. Will VanVleet and two
daughters are visiting friends in De-
troit this week.

Fred Schrader is putting in all of
his spare time working in the hay
field. He has 70 acres of it.

Miss Carrie Vincent has left Rauch's
store and about August first will assist
Dr. Travis in his dental office.

Great seaps in Clothing and Shoes at
Riggs' now. Don't fail to see them.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson and
Rose Hawthorne were over Sunday
visitors at Muir's Landing, St. Clair
Flats.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Huston and
family and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Yorton
and daughter spent Sunday at Niagara
Falls.

Mrs. Geo. VanDeCar, who has been
confined at home for the past six weeks
with rheumatic trouble, is able to be
out again.

The thermometer last Saturday went
up to 86 in the shade—the hottest day
of the summer. But say, it makes
the corn grow.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mason and Mr.
and Mrs. B. L. Dean and children and
Miss Marjorie Perkins of Detroit spent
Sunday at Ann Joy's.

Mrs. Effie Pettingill and daughter
Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Knowlerville, N.
Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B.
Pettingill this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gale, Mesdames
Alice Cole, C. G. Draper and Dan Mur-
ray and Miss Leona Merritt were Bois
Blanc visitors yesterday.

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 con-
vince you. Get it at the drug store.

Arthur Lyon is very low.
Coroner Parker of Detroit was in
town Thursday.

Mrs. Jane Conner is with her daugh-
ter at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Roemosh of Traverse City is
visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pattingill spent
Thursday at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Fitzhugh is visiting Mrs. Chas.
Reid in Detroit this week.

Julius H. Wills of Grand Rapids
Sundayed with his parents.

Mrs. Lawrence Johnson is spending
a few days at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bentley visited
relatives at Owosso last week.

Miss Emma Wilske of Detroit spent
Sunday with her parents here.

Miss Nora Smith of Lansing spent
Saturday with her cousin, Frazer Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Drews spent Sunday
and Monday with friends at Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cline and children
spent last week with relatives in De-
troit.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe are vis-
iting their daughter, Mrs. Brown at Bay
City.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Toncray are
visiting their daughter at Flint this
week.

Miss Gladys Cook of Howell visited
at Sewell Bennett's from Friday until
Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Dates visited
their son and friends in Detroit part of
this week.

Freddie Leitch has been visiting
relatives at Chatham, Canada, the
past week.

James Sage, Chas. Sage, son and
daughter of Detroit spent Sunday at
Henry Sage's.

Mrs. H. E. Kipp of Milford was the
guest of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Alexan-
der last week.

Miss Alice Woodruff of Detroit is
visiting her cousin Miss Hazel Smither-
man this week.

John Lundy, wife and daughter
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Conner
at Walled Lake.

See the 15c. and 25c. dress goods for
10c. on the bargain table, at J. R.
Rauch and Sons.

Mrs. H. B. Jolliffe and sons, Harold
and Victor, are visiting her mother at
Brant, Saginaw Co.

Remember the home baked goods
sale at the Baptist Church Saturday
afternoon, July 18th.

Rev. H. Heyne of Adrian will preach
in the German Lutheran Church Sun-
day morning, July 19.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lang and son
are visiting her brother, Chas. Smith
at Redford this week.

Mrs. Homer Stevens and children
are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Robt. Maiden, this week.

Mrs. J. C. Ladd and Miss Agnes
Biglow of Ringwood, Ill., are visiting
Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Strickland of De-
troit visited their sisters, Mrs. Dates
and Mrs. Peters, over Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Kendrick, who has many
friends here, has removed from Ann
Arbor to West Allis Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne of
Whitmore Lake visited F. F. Pinckney
and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. James McCormick died this
morning at her home on Ann Arbor
street after an illness of two days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reeves and son
of Toledo spent Sunday with her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Springer.

July bargains on Clothing, Shoes,
Dry Goods, Carpets, Hats and Caps,
etc., at Riggs'.

An ice cream social was held Tues-
day evening on the beautiful lawn of
the Baptist parsonage and was well
patronized.

Rev. and Mrs. Ronald, Mr. and Mrs.
Fred Dibble and Mr. and Mrs. Linus
Galpin were Walled Lake visitors
Wednesday.

The Misses Gwineth and Esther
Pickett of Northville spent last Tues-
day and Wednesday with their cousin
Gertrude Smith.

Mrs. D. M. Leitch and Mrs. Marshall
Gleason picked about twenty quarts
each of huckleberries in the Garfield
sawp Tuesday.

Mrs. E. J. Rice and son Guy accom-
panied Mrs. Frank Shattuck to Bay
View this week, where the latter has
gone for her health.

Cleaning Sale of Hats, Caps and
Baby Bonnets until August 1st, at
Mrs. E. J. Toosey's.

Mrs. Winnie Bartlett, teacher of
Grand Rapids, is home to spend her
vacation. She expects to return to the
Rapids for another season.

The Misses Kate and Mary Streng
of Detroit and Mrs. Chas. Kensler and
daughter of Salem spent Sunday with
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Streng.

The B. P. O. E. from Plymouth and
Northville went to Pontiac yesterday
on a special car to play ball. Supper
and lodge work in the evening.

You only need Sanol Eczema Cure
to get rid of those blackheads, pimples,
rough bumpy skin. Leaves skin
smooth. Cures any case of Eczema.
Is pleasant to use. A trial will con-
vince you. 50c and \$1 at J. L. Gale's.

Controversy Over Paving Line.

Since the people of the village can
see for themselves where the east line
of the new Main street pavement in
front of the village park is going to
come there is considerable criticism; in
fact it may be said there is a universal
"kick." While it may not have been
particularly noticed before, Main street
from Sutton to Ann Arbor streets, as
heretofore used, is nearly twenty feet
wider at the south corner of the public
park than at the north end. When the
engineers made their survey they made
a straight line from Sutton to Ann
Arbor streets, which makes the north
end of the street the same width as the
south, leaving a large wedge-shaped
space between the park and the pave-
ment. The people of the village, and
especially some of the property owners,
are making a decided objection to this,
claiming that the pavement should be
made on an angle with the present line
of the park, just as they have been ac-
customed to seeing it for fifty years.

President Bennett thinks it would
spoil the looks of the street to have the
pavement made in that shape, but he
has apparently very few persons who
agree with him. There has been con-
siderable controversy over the matter
between him and sundry interested
taxpayers. While it may not be neces-
sary to pave the street to its extreme
width on the north end, it would cer-
tainly seem desirable to extend it be-
yond the line as staked out by the en-
gineers. The street cannot be too wide
at any point along the line and we do
not agree with the President in claim-
ing that the slight angle on the east
side would effect the looks or beauty of
the street. It will hardly be noticed.
We hope the council and citizens will
get together in the matter and build
the street as the people seem to want
it, even if there is an extra expense.
It might better be done now than at a
future time, when the expense will be
greater.

Ed. Corwin of Princeton, N. J., and
Miss Adelaide Cole of Ypsilanti were
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sewell Ben-
nett this week.

Ed. Gunsolly was appointed by the
council to act as street commissioner
and marshal until Dan. Adams is
able to attend to the work.

Miss Lottie Bowen and J. R. Leitch,
who have been visiting at the home of
D. A. Jolliffe, left Saturday for their
home in Winnipeg, Wis. St. Lawrence
River and Quebec.

A party of seventeen young lady
friends of Pearl and Winnie Jolliffe
were entertained at their home Friday
evening of last week with a short pro-
gram and ice cream and cake.

Now is the time to get bargains at
Riggs'. All departments on the cut
price list.

Rev. C. T. Jack and wife start for
the east Monday, July 20. They will
visit in Ohio, Pittsburg and Killanning
and attend the family reunion on the
old homestead the 30th of July, re-
turning second week in August.

The band concert in the park last
Saturday evening drew out a large
crowd of people, but we suggest that
they begin a little earlier. The boys
will give another concert next Satur-
day evening. Come out and hear them.

Rev. A. A. Forshee, missionary in
the Philippine Islands for four and a
half years and lately of New York
city will speak of his work in the
islands at the Free church in Superior
Sunday, July 19, 2 P. M. All cordially
invited to hear him.

E. D. Wood returned home last Fri-
day. We understand all shortage in
accounts has been made good by him,
and to the satisfaction of the railroad
company. All of Mr. Wood's friends
sympathize with him and his family
and are glad the matter has been
settled.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilcox, Mr. and
Mrs. E. C. Leach and Madeline
Bennett, Mrs. E. L. Riggs, Mrs. A. T.
Moon and sister from Ypsilanti, Miss
Florence Caster, Mrs. Jannette Huston,
Mrs. Rachel Mott and Miss Verne
Rowley besides some from Detroit
and Richmond, making a party of 17,
go today on the trip to Duluth, starting
from Port Huron.

Lost—Gold bracelet, on Sutton street
Sunday evening. Finder please leave
at this office and receive reward.

House for Rent; \$5 per month. In-
quire of Mrs. George Johnson.

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

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. HILLMER, phone 81.

House for Rent. See P. W. Voorhies

Tomato Crates.

Good, Strong, durable bushel crates
for handling tomatoes and other farm
produce, delivered at Plymouth for
\$12.00 per hundred. Get your orders
in early to ensure prompt shipment.

M. ARTLEY, Carleton, Mich.

It pays to have nicely printed sta-
tionery. Get it at The Mail office.

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.

G. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

GALE'S.

Just received new lot of

Souvenir Glass Dishes,

which sell for 10c and 15c. Come in and see them.
New Goods in China and Glassware coming in.

We always keep a large stock of fresh

Drugs and Drug Sundries

Some of the new patent drugs are Sanol, the kidney
and bladder medicine, and Sanol Prescription for
pimples, chapped hands, barber's itch and eczema.

Just received, Corn Files, that sell for 10c.

If you have rheumatism, try Gale's Rheumatic
Tablets.

For a fine stock of Groceries that are sold at the
lowest prices give us a call. Fruits, Vegetables, ev-
erything in season. If you want the best coffee, buy
Chase & Sanborn's.

JOHN L. GALE



Our Customers

Find they can get better Groceries,
better service and better
prices here than elsewhere. If
you want fine, fresh Groceries
you should deal with us. All
canned goods, Soups, Vegetables,
Meats, Fruits, etc. Fine Flour,
Sugar, Tea and Coffee.

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.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escape opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Bloccum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington's castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy, Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife L. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

They had come to the edge of the terrace. Through a rift in the foliage they had a fair view of the center of the arbor. Through the same rift the moonlight fell and displayed two figures. One with his back toward her was her husband. The other facing the couple was Lady Cecily. They were close together talking earnestly. Ellen clenched her hands and incautiously stepped into the moonlight. Lady Cecily caught a glimpse of her before Strathgate drew her back. Here was her opportunity. The distance was too great to enable the watchers to hear what was being said, but they could see.

"My dear Bernard," she said, "I may call you that for old times' sake?"

"Yes, yes," said Carrington, "would that those old times might come again!"

"It would please me," said Lady Cecily. "I cannot bear to see you yoked with such a rude, uncultured hound."

"Nay," he began protesting. "And she played that game with Strathgate. It was all a matter of pre-arrangement. No money was to pass. She hath no need to give Strathgate money. His purse and all he has are at her disposal."

My lord gritted his teeth and clenched his hands.

"I would like to kill him," he said, "and by heaven I shall before long, or he me, and then she can take him with my blood on his hands."

"I would not have you die, Bernard," said Lady Cecily tenderly, at that moment catching sight of the other two. "Don't think that your life is wasted because a foolish, wicked woman has well nigh wrecked it. You are very dear to me."

"You are the only true heart I have ever known," protested Carrington.

And then Lady Cecily palpably felt against him. What else could a gentleman do under the circumstances but enfold her in his arms? The arms of Lady Cecily stole upward. She lifted her face to his.

"Kiss me," she murmured, faintly.

And although Carrington had not intended anything of that kind, yet being tempted, he hesitated and was lost. He kissed her full and fair in the moonlight.

"Have you seen enough, Lady Carrington?" whispered Strathgate from the other side.

"Enough," said Ellen, choking with jealous rage. "My lord, I leave this castle to-night. May I depend upon you to help me?"

"I shall help you," said Strathgate, turning and leading her away, "with all that I have. My life, my fortune, my sacred honor are yours."

"You mistake me, my lord: I go back to Philadelphia. There is a ship belonging to me, a merchant ship in the harbor of Portsmouth nearly ready to sail for America. If you will take me there and see me on board, I shall be everlastingly grateful to you."

My lord thought deeply. Lady Ellen evidently considered his proffered service purely a disinterested one. It would hardly be wise to undecieve her now. Once he got her away and in his power, it would go hard with him if he could not persuade her, or constrain her, to his own wishes. His role at present was to agree with whatever she proposed.

"I will do my best to carry out your wishes," he said, heartily.

And as Ellen stumbled and fell at the foot of the steps he took advantage of the occasion to support her with his arm.

"You are weak, ill, faint," he said, almost carrying her up the steps in the bright moonlight before she had a chance to protest.

If so happened that Lady Cecily and Carrington coming across the mall caught a full view of the incident.

"What would you have me do?"

and Strathgate as he and Lady Ellen reached the top of the terrace.

"I would not have you lay hands on me again, my lord. I am in full vigor and able to serve myself in that."

"Forgive me!" said Strathgate. "I thought you were faint."

"No more of it," returned Ellen. "I would have you meet me at two of the clock here to-night on the terrace equipped for traveling."

"Do you ride away, madam?"

"I shall take my lord's traveling carriage. Can you drive, Lord Strathgate?"

"I am the best whip in England," he said boastfully.

At this juncture Carrington and Lady Cecily joined the others on the terrace.

"Have you been taking the air, Lady Carrington, after your exertions in the dance?" queried Lady Cecily with mocking sweetness.

"We came to seek Carrington and yourself," interposed Strathgate swiftly.

CHAPTER V.

A Midnight Conversation.

Once more the little boudoir. Once more Ellen and Bernard alone together.

"Well, madam," began Carrington, coldly, under violent constraint, although passion was seething and bubbling in his veins, "do you think that you have disgraced me sufficiently to-night?"

"But I was only obeying your instructions."

"My instructions!" exclaimed my lord: "and pray what were they?"

"To be like other women; to dance, to play, to—"

"You exceeded them, I think," interrupted Carrington, sneeringly.

"That many things are permitted to a man, to a husband, which are forbidden to a woman, his wife."

"I recognize no distinction between us, sir."

"This," said my lord, loftily, "is beside the question. What possessed you to play with Strathgate to-night?"

"The money," returned his wife, "was mine. I had a right to risk it. I might ask what possessed you to play?"

"Nonsense!" said Carrington, fiercely. "I know well enough that your game with Strathgate was only play. It was simply a plan concocted between you to mock me and amuse yourselves."

"My lord, you insult me," cried Ellen, her face flaming.

"It is fact that carries the insult, madam. I make the charge on good authority. You were overheard ar-

ranging the details," persisted my lord, carried beyond the facts by his indignation.

"Upon whose authority?" inquired Ellen.

"Lady Cecily's."

"And you can take her word against mine?" responded his wife, bitterly.

"Very well, my lord, I shall not condescend to justify myself further."

"I should be useless to attempt it."

"Indeed, and what made you risk your castle in a matter in which nothing was involved?"

"Pardon me," returned Carrington, loftily. "There was something involved, something of which you reck little."

"And that was?"

"My honor and the honor of my wife. At that time I supposed the debt an honest one, the play fair. Think you I could allow that to stand against you while I had a penny?"

"It was not love then that made you interpose?"

"Love!" sneered Carrington. "How could I love a woman whose chief joy is to mock me, to humiliate me, to heap ridicule upon me, to disgrace me?"

"You have said enough, my lord."

"Madam, this passes beyond all bonds. The scene to-night was disgraceful. You insulted all my guests, you publicly braved me, you flaunted your person disgracefully in that abandoned hornpipe, which you danced with that Puritan bit of sanctimoniousness at the harpichord—"

"I have said before," cried Ellen, "that you can stop right there. The English gentleman's code, I take it from my experience of it at home here, allows you to say anything you please to me or about me, but you will please leave my friends out of the discussion."

"There is one friend that I shall bring in the discussion."

"And who is that?"

"Strathgate."

"And what has he done?"

"What has he done? My God!"

gasped my lord, choking with rage.

"He has always treated me like a gentleman," returned Ellen, "but perhaps that's because he's not married to me."

"You insult my friends," cried Carrington, trying to give the conversation a different turn.

"I only follow your lead, my lord."

"Yes, I saw his consideration in carrying you up the terrace steps a few moments after you eavesdropped. What heard you in the arbor?"

"Not one word," answered Ellen.

"But I saw you in the moonlight, and that was enough, my lord. I swear to you that unless you promise me on your word that you will dismiss Lady Cecily to-morrow I shall never be wife to you again."

"I cannot be discourteous to my guests," returned Carrington with sudden dignity.

"And does courtesy to your guests involve taking them in your arms and kissing them? Have you tried it with Mrs. Monbrant, or with the duchess of Dulward? Now, she, indeed, would be a fit object for your kind attentions."

"There is one guest that I shall dismiss in the morning, ay, two," returned my lord, white with anger.

"And who are those, pray?"

"Strathgate and Seton."

"My friend and your friend. That's well thought on, and you will have me defenseless, then, at your mercy, compelled to look upon your love-making with that abandoned woman. But I'll not stand it. I'll go back to America!"

"You would never dare."

"Would I not?" cried Ellen, manfully. "Watch me in the morning."

It was one by the great clock in the hall when she withdrew from her boudoir and entered her own bedroom. Opening a closet she drew therefrom underneath a pile of feminine apparel a certain sailor's dress which she had sometimes used in cruising and boating expeditions with her husband since her marriage, and which she had often used before in long cruises on her father's ships. There were stout, heavy buckskin shoes, soft, woolen stockings, trousers wide and flaring at the knee and belted at the waist, a soft shirt of blue, a rough pea-jacket. Slipping off her own clothes, she transformed herself with rapid fingers into a sailor lad. She undid her hair and tied it behind in a man's queue. From the same closet she took a slender sword and a pair of heavy pistols.

She went back softly into the boudoir and sat down at her desk. From a secret drawer she drew a purse filled with gold pieces, sovereigns of England. On the table lay a cheque book. Her balance at the bank she found was a trifle over £20,000, the amount she owed my lord.

Fortunately, there was another exit from her suite of apartments besides that which led through my lord's dressing room. She unlocked the door and stepped into the corridor.

Deborah was a light sleeper. She woke instantly, terrified beyond measure to see a tall, dark figure bending over her. She opened her mouth to scream, but Ellen had the quickness to clap her hand over the mouth and stifle the noise. Her familiar voice reassured Mistress Deborah. The girl sat up in bed and stared in amazement.

"What do you want?"

"I am leaving the castle," returned Ellen, "and you must come with me."

"Oh!" said Deborah. "And where are you going?"

"Back to America."

"But Sir Charles?"

"If Sir Charles cares anything for you," said Ellen authoritatively, "he will follow you to the end of the world."

"With whom do you go?"

"Lord Strathgate."

"Oh, Ellen!" exclaimed Deborah in horror-stricken accents.

"Peace, girl!" said Lady Ellen, "he acts, or he shall act, as my coachman alone, but I must have you with me. We can talk no longer. Dress yourself. Would that I had boy's clothes for you!"

"I should never wear them! never!"

"Well, dress yourself in the clothes in which you came from America, then. Do you know where they are?"

"I have them always at hand."

"And I will assist you," said Ellen. Fortune favored them. They stole down the stairs through the great hall and found the door unbarred, much to Ellen's satisfaction, for it indicated that Strathgate had been before them.

"Is that you, my lord?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," answered Strathgate. "Did you think I would fall you?"

And from the clock in the tower above them boomed out two strokes of the bell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where Politeness Doesn't Pay.

"French and German hats," said a hatter, "only last half as long as ours. It isn't the poor quality of the hats but the fine quality of the manners that causes this."

"Lifting the hat in salutation is the hardest work that falls on the headpiece, and the French and Germans lift it to men and women equally, thus giving it twice as much labor as we do. Naturally, then, it wears out twice as quickly. It goes in the brim in no time over the water."

Outside of His Practice.

"Ah that is the matter with you, sir," said the eminent physician, after a thorough examination, "is lack of nutrition. You don't eat enough."


"I eat all I can hold, doctor," said the attenuated caller.

"Then you need to have your capacity enlarged, and that's a case for a surgeon. Five dollars, please. Good morning."

THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD

EDITOR



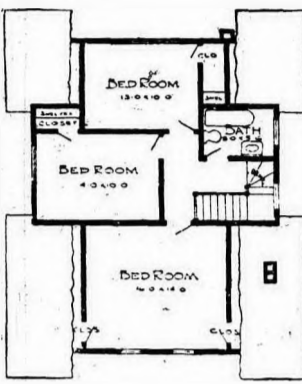
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 134 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This is a good sized house according to modern ideas, being 28 feet by 40 feet and 6 inches on the ground and the roof is high enough to make room for three bedrooms and a bath room on the second floor, besides all the closet room any one wants, which is making a strong statement because some women want two closets for each bedroom and an extra one in the hall for house linen.

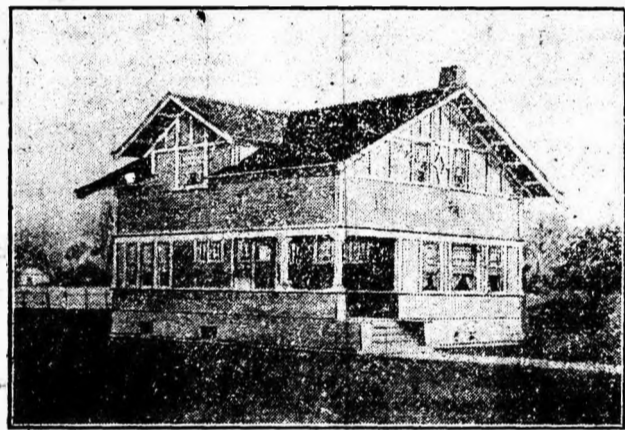
The roof on this house is different from the ordinary house roof in that it has an extra wide projection without having the cornice boxed in. We are liable to get into the habit of doing things in one certain way until we think nothing else will do, but the fact is the extra lumber nailed into the cornice adds very little to the comfort of the house.

Generally speaking, it is a good policy not to add anything to the expense of a house that is not necessary either for health, comfort or looks. A heavy boxed cornice is not necessary either for health or comfort and there is a good chance for an argument when it comes to looks. By extending the roof boards in this manner you get a valuable protection to the building and that is the main object of a roof. The shape and design gives it an artistic effect. A strong argument in its favor is its cheapness. A projection of this kind

where you do not want to look out Casement windows are all right in their proper places but unfortunately they happen to be a bad just now and some people want them in good positions where large sensible windows are needed. Windows that are wide enough to let in plenty of light and air and that are big enough and low enough to look out from when sitting in a chair are sensible and will

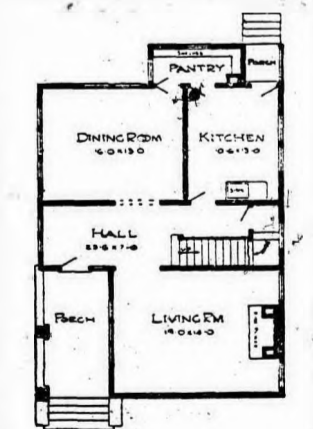


last as long as window glass remains reasonably cheap. Sash divided into two parts and balanced with springs or weights so as to run easily either up or down is the window for general satisfaction. Sash in such windows never interfere with the curtains and you can open the sash an inch or a foot without fear of having the wind do damage to the glass. There is no objection to a sensible



can be made much easier than any style of boxed in cornice and while it looks lighter it certainly looks neat and attractive.

The design may be built of any kind of material, but it probably looks the best just as the drawing shows with clap-boards up to the gable ends and the gables covered with cement or metal lath; and as for color, a drab with pure white trimmings looks especially well. White trimmings on a house gives a suggestion of cleanliness inside just as a clean white collar and cuffs seem to say that the individual wearing them is particular



about his personal cleanliness. The white trimmings have the effect of showing the clean lining turned outward just as collar and cuffs suggest a clean shirt.

First impressions go a long way. If the house design is right, the color pleasing and the combination such as you are impressed favorably with a well dressed person you like the house and you are prepared to like the people that live there. A great deal of character is shown in the manner the house is finished up and the condition in which it is kept. Sometimes a dilapidated old house may have a pleasant interior, but generally speaking the outside and inside are in keeping. If you do not like the one you are not very likely to feel like getting acquainted with the other.

There are several casement windows in this house but they are placed

two-sash window, but there are many objections to casement windows when placed where you need something better.

CARRIED OFF BY ELEPHANT.

Noblewoman Has Narrow Escape from Being Crushed by Animal.

A wild ride on the back of a runaway elephant across the burning sands of the Japur desert in India, ending in a narrow escape from being crushed to death by the huge monster when it fell, was the terrifying experience of Countess Clara von Moltke, a cousin of the famous Gen. von Moltke and a close friend of Queen Louise of Denmark, who was a passenger on the steamer Manchuria recently, says a San Francisco dispatch to the New York Herald.

At Bombay Countess von Moltke evinced a desire to traverse a portion of the desert on elephant back. No sooner had she mounted the palanquin on the animal's back than the elephant broke from the driver's grasp and plunged across the desert.

The countess managed to cling on. Another caravan from the south came into view and the elephant, hearing the tom-toms, rushed toward it. The animal emitted a great roar and crashed through the caravan. The shock threw the beast on the ground, and Countess von Moltke fell heavily on the hot sand. She was not badly hurt, however, and was well cared for until her terrified companions came up on their galloping horses.

Maine Man's Design Chosen.

It may be interesting to know that a Maine man suggested the new arrangement for the stars in the United States flag which became effective on July 4. With the admission of Oklahoma it became necessary to place a new star in the blue field of the flag. This made necessary a rearrangement of the stars. Charles A. Tallman, U. S. N., retired, of Richmond, made a 16-inch flag in which he made the arrangement and forwarded it to the state department as a suggestion. The state department referred the matter to the navy department, for that department has charge of the flag. A few days later Mr. Tallman received a letter from the department informing him that his arrangement was the one which the department had had under consideration. Since then it has been officially announced as the arrangement of the stars.—Kennebec Journal

Unnecessary.

"Why is it that so few of the monologue artists on the stage are women?"

"Women don't need to go on the stage to be monologue artists."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Stay.

Mistress—How long were you in your last place, Bridget?

Maid—Shure, an if I'd stayed there 11 months longer I'd have been livin' there a year.—Life.

A Future Possibility.

"How'd you get here old man?"

"In my arse." "Bad good?" "Chuddy."—Life

MOTHER'S SHORTCAKE.

The shortcake mother used to make—

Ah, you will wisely say
That in those days my appetite
Was always with me, day and night;
That 'tis but fancy's play;
Well, have your fling! Say I have lost
The joy of eating for the sake
Of satisfying hunger which
Youth only knows! But, O! the rich,
Rare shortcake mother used to make!

The shortcake mother used to make
Was built three stories tall,
I never had to search with care
To find the juicy berries there.
Nor were they green or small,
And when I craved a second piece,
Defying any future ache,
I got it without extra charge.
For it was free as well as large.
The shortcake mother used to make!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

IT WAS GAY.



Snooks—You see me in complete mourning.

Jones—All but your nose, old man.

—London Opinion.

Over the Tea-Cups.

"There's no use talking," said my wife. I ceased to eat my food, I slide my plate laid fork and knife. I struck a menacing attitude. I sought, mentally at least, to con Man's meagre lingual power. While she went on, and on, and on. And talked for half an hour! —Puck.

They Used Clean Ones.

The headmaster of a boarding school in Sheffield is very particular about the behavior of his scholars during meal times. A short time ago the master observed one of the boys clearing his knife on the tablecloth and immediately pounced on him.

"Is that what you generally do at home, sir?" he asked sternly.

"Oh, no," replied the boy quietly, "we generally use clean knives at home."—Royal Magazine.

Cardology.

"So Mamie is going to marry that rich man. She played her cards well, didn't she?"

"Yes, I guess she turned a trick all right!"

"And now she's leading him to the altar."

"But there'll probably be trouble if she asks him for money and he revokes."

"I don't see why. Alimony will follow suit."—Detroit Free Press.

The Minister's Salary.

Deacon Skinfint—We've failed again this year, Mr. Dominie. Can't raise half your salary.

Good Minister—No matter, I have had myself appointed a missionary to the heathen, and will soon be in the pay of the board of missions.

"Eh! Air ye goin' to Africa?"

"No, I shall stay right here."—New York Weekly.

His Kind Consideration.

Assistant (to country editor)—How's this obituary?

Editor—Why, it's my own!

Assistant—Yes. That Haskins chap—the dead shot—was here yesterday looking for you with a gun, and I thought if anything should happen you might like to correct the proofs beforehand.

Definition.

"What does your cousin do?"

"Well, he's one of those spiritualists who goes about from place to place giving exhibitions of his powers."

"That is to say, he's easy money?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you tell me he's a circulating medium."—Cleveland Leader.

Think of It.

"I tell you the man whose children are all girls has a big advantage, after all."

"How do you figure it out?"

"Think of the things he can do around the house without being afraid of setting a bad example."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unnecessary.

"Why is it that so few of the monologue artists on the stage are women?"

"Women don't need to go on the stage to be monologue artists."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Stay.

Mistress—How long were you in your last place, Bridget?

Maid—Shure, an if I'd stayed there 11 months longer I'd have been livin' there a year.—Life.

A Future Possibility.

"How'd you get here old man?"

"In my arse." "Bad good?" "Chuddy."—Life

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back, Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

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

HIS WAY OF PROPOSING.



He—They tell me you're great at guessing conundrums.
She—Well, rather good.
He—Here's one for you: If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place. "Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?" "If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do now."
"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

He Could Still Lie.

"Madam, we found your husband lying unconscious and—"
"Well, he's such an accomplished liar that I don't think a little thing like being unconscious would make any difference."

The Kind to Suffer.

"That automobile of yours certainly does get on my nerves."
"On your motor nerves, I suppose."

I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them. Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**. Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardonia, N. Y., writes: "I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?
Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The New Minister

By Don Mark Lemon

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Judith Quimby, spinster, was a thorn in the side of the body-social of Watervale, for Judith Quimby, spinster, owned the only church in that little village—she had inherited the edifice from her father, who had got it by foreclosure—and being the proprietor of the church-building she had taken it upon herself to dictate the views of the clergy who should hold forth from its pulpit.

Judith Quimby, spinster, was a Baptist, and so also were the divines engaged to wake spiritual thunder in the pulpit of her church. Watervale likewise was Baptist, but Judith Quimby's eagle nose was a sensitive spiritual thermometer, which she thrust into the depths of each of her clergymen's wells of faith, and if that thermometer registered the slightest variation of a degree from the temperature of her own wells of faith, then Judith Quimby, spinster, arose, accused the unhappy clergyman of heresy, showed him to the door of her favor, and drove him forth peremptorily. In a year she had dismissed four men of God.

It would seem that the good people of Watervale might have taken into their own hands their spiritual peace and welfare, engaged that particular divine who most pleased them, and have set him to preaching from an improvised pulpit in a barn, if need be; but ah! what is an ordained minister, what even a religion, without a spired, cupolaed church? No! their clergyman must preach from a regular church edifice, and Watervale being too needy to erect a house of worship of its own, needs suffer all the inconvenience and vexation visited upon it by the eccentricities of the owner of the one church in the village—Judith Quimby, spinster.

The month of August, embracing five Sundays, passed, and during this no inconsiderable period Watervale remained wholly without public religious edification, whereas the villagers began to murmur, but Judith Quimby set her thin lips and stood firm. The Lord, in good time, would send a minister of true orthodoxy, she assured her townspeople, and better that He should forget their needs than that the village should be corrupted by heresy. Better no prophet than a false one.

The first week in September came and went, and it began to look as if Miss Quimby herself would have to fill her empty pulpit, when her deacon, Timothy Watts, Esq., received a letter bearing the postmark of a city in Michigan.

Breaking the envelope, he perused the following amazing communication: Mr. Timothy Watts, Watervale—Reverend Sir: Learning that you are the deacon of the Baptist church of Watervale, we take the liberty of introducing ourselves to you.

We are known as the Clergymen, Church & Choir Supply company, and are incorporated under the laws of the state of Michigan. We are prepared to supply the public with clergymen of every denomination, and all shades of the same. Our correspondent has informed us that your village is at present in need of a Baptist clergyman. May we have your permission to submit samples? It will cost you nothing for examination, and our terms for the goods, delivered, will be as follows: One hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance.

The clergyman chosen by your constituency will preach one timely, original sermon each week, with opening prayer and benediction, and be kept in working order at our expense.

Only fine-looking clergymen in stock, and we call particular attention to the fact that all sermons can be examined before delivery, and edited to suit the tastes of the congregation.

We furnish choirs, too, in all languages and at the most reasonable prices. We are also prepared to furnish portable or non-portable churches, at the shortest notice.

All religions constantly in stock, and new forms and rituals constantly added. In case you should wish to consider our proposition further, we will be pleased to mail you our handsome illustrated catalogue, or, better still, have our agent call in person upon you.

Trusting to receive an early order, and guaranteeing you the highest satisfaction, We subscribe ourselves, THE CLERGYMAN, CHURCH & CHOIR SUPPLY COMPANY.

"Well, I swan," exclaimed Deacon Watts, removing his glasses and rubbing the indentation that they had made in the bridge of his nose; "this beats me!"

Again the man of peace perused the typewritten communication, then, folding it carefully, placed it in his pocket and went over to Judith Quimby, spinster, for further light.

Two hours later Deacon Watts posted a letter directed to the Clergymen, Church & Choir Supply Company. Judith Quimby had commanded that unique company to send down an agent to Watervale with samples of Baptist clergymen and the terms for a choir of two male and two female voices: "For while we are about it, deacon," snapped Miss Judith, "we might as well see if we can get a choir that can praise the Lord, without scratching each others' eyes out at the same time!"

The following Tuesday an agent of the G. C. & C. S. Co. arrived and with the aid of her deacon, Judith Quimby finally arranged with him for a clergyman and a choir of four voices which she thought would prove quite satisfactory. She then posted a notice to the effect that her church would open on the following Sunday, with clergyman and choir engaged at her own expense, and invited every one to attend.

Sunday came, and with it came the congregation to listen to the new clergyman and the new choir. What manner of man would the former be? And the choir? Really, Judith Quimby must be at ruinous expense to bear the whole cost out of her private means.

At precisely ten o'clock Deacon Watts stepped forward and opened the door leading from the vestibule to the church, and the congregation entered the house of worship. The new clergyman and the choir were there before them, the divine standing in his pulpit, the choir seated on his right.

A murmur of surprise and pleasure broke from the congregation. What a noble clergyman! young, handsome, saintly; everything a pastor should be! The congregation was now seated and, lifting his outstretched hands, the new clergyman opened the morning's worship with prayer and then immediately chose his text and delivered his sermon. The little flock held its breath in admiration; never before had it heard such a sermon as this—a masterly searching out of the vanities of these latter times, delivered in a rich, sonorous voice, and with true Baptist fervency. Verily, a summer of spiritual glory had descended upon the village of Watervale!

"The choir will now sing the forty-seventh hymn," directed the new clergyman, and at once the choir arose with open hymn-books and, taking the most graceful attitude, rendered the song in consummate style; then, decently, soberly, Christianly, without staring at face or bonnet among the congregation, sat down.

Judith Quimby was triumphant—her townspeople elated, amazed, curious.

The new clergyman now arose and speaking in a more familiar tone than heretofore, introduced himself to his flock as the Reverend Richard Bonfield, and trusted that only the highest esteem and affection would exist between himself and his congregation. Then, lifting his hands, he spoke the benediction, and immediately afterwards the congregation arose and made its exit to the vocal music of the choir.

In the vestibule Judith Quimby was instantly surrounded, to be congratulated by every one upon her choice of a new clergyman, and thanked for her noble services and, with a questioning infection, her great expense. Miss Judith bowed condescendingly, but still her townspeople lingered.

"Really, dear," burst out little Mrs. Pinchin, dying with curiosity, "but we cannot go until we have shaken hands with the new minister, and thanked the choir for their beautiful singing." Judith Quimby swept out her arms, making a little open space, the better to address her audience, and began: "It is impossible, friends, that you meet the new minister or thank the choir. Impossible! I repeat. The Reverend Richard Bonfield, and his charming choir, are not frail flesh and blood, as we are; they see not as we see, hear not as we hear, feel not as we feel; your fatteries cannot touch them, nor your heresies corrupt; they are above the follies and illusions of this little world. In fact, my friends, you have to-day listened to a sermon and to religious singing rendered by servants of a new and incorruptible church. At last have Christian souls found the perfect choir and the perfect minister! The Reverend Richard Bonfield and his choir are not men and women, but steel and wax figures—worked by our deacon—and within each of these figures is a photograph, the records of which have been and will in the future be edited by me, so that hereafter we shall have the true faith delivered in the true way. Friends, I wish you a very good morning this blessed Sabbath day, and I assure you that you will always be welcome to this incorruptible church which I have established in your midst. One word more—hereafter there will be no collection, except that for foreign missions."



Judith Quimby Was Instantly Surrounded, to Be Congratulated.

NOT EVE'S FAULT THAT TIME.

Childish Realism Instilled into Story of Garden of Eden.

Realism rules the nursery. A certain Philadelphia matron, who had taken pains to inculcate Biblical stories as well as ethical truths in her three children, heard, the other day, long drawn howls of rage and grief filtering down from the playroom. Up two flights she hurried, to find on the floor Jack and Ethel, voices uplifted. Thomas, aged nine, sat perched upon the table, his mouth full and his eyes gully.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Bo-oo!" came from Ethel; "we were playing Garden of Eden. Bo-oo!" "But what is there to cry about?"

Then Jack, with furious finger pointing at Tom, ejaculated through his tears: "God's eat the apple!"—Bohemian Magazine.

TWO CURES OF ECZEMA

Baby Had Severe Attack—Grandfather Suffered Torments with It—Owe Recovery to Cuticura.

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried many doctors to no purpose. Then I procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and final cure. M. W. LaRue, 846 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., Apr. 23 and May 14, '07."

BAD BLUNDER.



Admiring Stranger—What a stunning rider! Er—do you think she would feel hurt if I should toss her a kiss?
"No, but you might feel hurt, sonny," replied the big stranger at his elbow. "That's my wife."

The Useful Reason.

Rev. Sydney Goodman—his Men's church at Atlantic City, with its smoking congregations and its moving pictures, has already brought out many imitators—is noted for the brilliancy and originality of his sermons. "Even in a begging sermon," said a member of the Men's church, "Mr. Goodman can amuse. He began a recent begging sermon in this manner: 'A deacon said to the minister's wife: 'Why is your husband always asking for money, money, money?' 'The minister's wife sighed: 'I suppose it is because you never give him any,' said she.'"

Telepathic Thirst.

News travels so fast nowadays as to render one almost speechless with wonder at the achievements of the wireless telegraph and telephone, says the Palmyra (N. Y.) Journal. One night last week we won a case of whisky at the Elks' fair in Lyons, and the night we brought it home there were three church members, a town official and two members of the band on hand to meet us on getting off the car. Since our arrival many people whom we have hitherto believed respectable have gone out of their respective ways to speak kindly to us.

DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts, and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active.

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee, and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attribute my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CARNEGIE'S RIVAL.



"He's a regular philanthro—what do you call it?"

"Why, in de last week he's give away two dozen 'Deadwood Dick' an' a dozen 'Nickel' libraries!"

A Mere Fad.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was talking to a member of the famous Bible class about economy. "But economy, like everything else, may be carried to extremes—may be made a mere fad of," said Mr. Rockefeller.

"There is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy.

"A friend rode with him one day and found out the use of the hen. When, at noon, the farmer lunched under a tree he gave his mare a feed from a nosebag. The hen, set on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled from the bag, and thus there was no waste."

Looking for Work.

"Why don't you go to work instead of begging and boozing?"

"I will, boss, as soon as there's an openin' in my trade. An' I ain't got long to wait now, nuther."

"What is your trade?"

"I'm a trackwalker for aeroplane lines."

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. D. Hooper*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Mean Thing.

She (eyeing the refreshment booth)—Dearest, while we are waiting for the train, don't you think it would be a good idea to take something?
He—Yes, darling; and since it is such a beautiful moonlight night, let's take a walk.

Fooled One.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Murine Does Not 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.

A Curious Fact.

"Water swells wood." "It must. I've often noticed that a novelist will wreck a skiff and then float enough timber onto the desert isle to build a town."

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

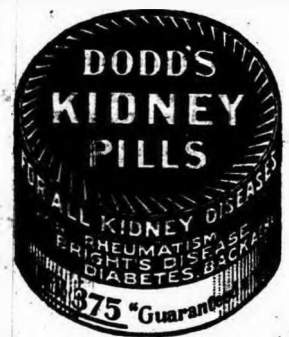
Many a man is out of work because there is no work in him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c bottles.

One way to buy experience is to speculate in futures.

Use Allen's Foot-Powder. Corrects itching, sweating feet. 2c. Trial package free. A. B. Winslow, Le Roy, N. Y.

The romance of a spinster is apt to be one sided.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. 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, etc. Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Carter, Littleton, Colo. Sold by all druggists.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Save Your Building by Roofing Now



Why put on Shingles again that will soon rot out

—Or iron that will soon rust out —When you can get, at much less cost, the famous

HEPPES NO-TAR ROOFING

that will last longer than the best of any other kind? No-Tar is positively fire-resisting and proof against water, sun, hail, sleet, snow, cinders—everything that can attack a building's cover in any climate. It is made of the best long fibre wool and natural Asphalt, and coated with flint. It is so much better than "tar felts" and other so-called "roofings," that there is no comparison. Fire insurance companies make a reduction of 25% on the basis rate in favor of buildings covered with Heppes No-Tar.

Dealers Give a Roofing Book and an Estimate FREE

You will be surprised to see how low the cost will be for covering your home—your barn—your store—your factory—with Heppes No-Tar. Let us figure it for you. No-Tar comes in rolls—36 inches wide. Flexible as rubber and easy to handle. You can lay it yourself. Let us show you.

The Heppes Co. 635 South 45th Ave. Chicago

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid for Large Trial Sample

WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK BEST FREE

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

A DAISY FLY KILLER

LASTS THE ENTIRE SEASON. It kills every fly, house fly, stable fly, mosquito, and all other annoying insects. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail postpaid for 25 cents. Name of Druggist, 100 Broadway, N. Y.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

POSITIVELY CURED BY DR. HORTON'S ASTHMA CURE! 1 year's trial, 50c. (Money refunded if not cured.) Send for free trial bottle and treatise to: Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

IN A MERRY CHASE

PELEG AND THE GOBBLER HAVE ENDURANCE CONTEST.

Task of Catching and Killing Eyesore of the Barnyard Proved Exciting—And the End is Not Yet.

"Squashville is all het up about the excitement last Sat'day, when they was more family quarrels started than the minister can patch up in a year.

"It was started by Mary Ann, who ain't quarrelsome, takin' it day in and day out. And Mary Ann says she's glad it happened.

"She says to me, Sat'day morning, 'Peleg, that old gobbler that we been keepin' around the barn for years, jest because he is thin as a rail, is got to be killed. He's got to be killed, if I have to do it, and you ain't the kind of man that'll have it said your wife does the chores. You ketch him, Peleg, and I'll cook him, if he's poor'n the turkey job had, as the minister says.

"Mary Ann, I says, 'that turkey ain't fit to kill. But if you say kill him, kill him it is.

"When I got outside, there he was, sunnin' himself south of the barn. He never was shy before, especially when they was anything to eat, but when he seen me comin', he dropped his wings and flew for the henhouse.

"Danged if the old boy ain't wiser'n an owl, I say, 'runnin' away that way. I dropped my ax, and took after him. He run in the coop, and I thought I'd git him easy, but when I got in he sailed over my head, scratchin' out spore hair'n the barber cuts off for a quarter, and out he went and down the road.

"My blood was up by that time. Mary Ann seen it, and she come out of the kitchen.

"Peleg, she says, 'don't do anythin' des'prate.

"Keep your tongue out of this, I says, bein' riled up so I wouldn't take advice from my grandfather. But I didn't have time to stop. That gobbler went down the road, me after him. At the corner we met 'Squire Ez Jenkins, goin' home with his groceries. The turkey run between his legs, trippin' him up, and I run bang into him.

"Dod rot your hide, he says, gittin' up.

"I was real mad by that time. 'You old justice taker, I says, git out of my way.

"With that I left him, the turkey bein' some ahead.

"Jay Home was drivin' in from the Corners with a travellin' man, and danged if that turkey didn't scare them colts so they run half a mile. Last I seen of Jay he was pullin' on the lines and yellin' somethin'. I heard afterward that the travellin' man refused to pay for the rig, and Jay has served notice of a suit in Ez Jenkins' court for damages. I ain't seen Jay, but from what I heard he was riled up worse.

"I never would of caught that turkey if Mis' Home and Mis' Busby hadn't come out of Hen Busby's store together. He run between them, and they got him. Mis' Home always was good at ketchin' poultry, specially if they belonged to someone else.

"When I got home, carryin' the gobbler, Mary Ann was in hysterics. She soon cooled down, though, when I had the danged thing layin' on the ground with his head off.

"But I says to her, 'Mary Ann, if there is any other fowls around this place that ought to be killed, trot 'em out. I feel like killin' anything that looks at me. Don't let me cool off, I says. 'Bring on your fowl.

"Peleg, she says, 'git in the house and shut your gab. You been makin' show enough of the family.

"And I shut.

"But if I have to stand suit for that rig, danged if Mary Ann won't hear from me further."

Inquisitiveness.

The small boy who would investigate the inner workings of the family clock or the mechanical secrets of a music machine should be encouraged. Nature is working out his best impulse. His curiosity is healthful. Later in life he will assimilate different things, though he may always harbor a secret belief that he can assemble a modern lock or set up a gasoline motor better than the man who made it. The impulse of curiosity is the making of many a man. The progressive spirits of the age are those who want to know how things are put together. So when Johnny tackles the clock do not be harsh with him, and like the mother mentioned in recent dispatches, cane him. That mother's boy ran away, and now she would like to know where he is. That caning may have diverted to a wrong channel a curiosity that, properly developed, would have been the making of the boy.

He Would Return.

"Fifty dollars is the price," said the magistrate, "and I hope, sir, never to see you here again."

"Never to see me here again? Why, you're not resigning, are you?"

And with a nonchalant laugh Toorick Carr threw a crisp \$50 bill to the clerk, entered his waiting 90-horsepower racer and set out to break an old speed law.

A Professional Paradox.

"That family of acrobats whose specialty is to stand on one another's heads are very successful, I understand?"

"Yes, notwithstanding the fact that their whole career is a series of family reverses."

CONTRADICTIONS SEEN IN MAN.

Shady Walks of Life Often Parallel Paths of Higher Aims.

My old friend J. W. Edmonds says: "Does it seem strange to you that the shady walks of life should so often run parallel with the path of higher aims, such as art, literature and the like? Here we have 'Paddy the Pig' with a posthumous gilding of a reputed love of flowers and poetry! As to this dual instinct, we have as an authority of appeal Bret Harte, who recognized the existence of such a peculiar human trait in his portrayal of the characters of Jack Hamlin and John Oakhurst. Then we have the Hon. Dick Canfield as a living example. What's the secret of nature in this respect? My own theory is that men of normal mold, whose occupations force them steadily into one groove, must seek their diversions in a diametrically opposite channel."

Edmonds touches a soft spot. The "Wicked Gibbs" was a lover of art, and much appreciated by J. Pierpont Morgan. Edmund Clarence Steadman was a poet and a banker. He was an imitator of Samuel Rogers, the original mixer of finance and poetry. Rogers was a millionaire banker—a very Croesus. He could draw unlimited checks alike on the Bank of England and on the treasury of the Muses. At the same time, Rogers was the ugliest man in England. His home was such a palace of arts as Morgan would envy, and try to improve on, and the only ungainly thing in it was Rogers himself. Morgan never laid claim to beauty. He is richer than Rogers was, and his art collection will be the grandest on earth if he lives ten years longer.

Rogers' most prized possessions were two small pieces of paper in gold frames. One of them was a Bank of England note for £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000), and the other the original receipt of John Milton for £5 (\$25), the sum he received for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" from Simmonds, the bookseller. The bank note was one of the only four which were ever struck from a plate that was afterward destroyed. The Rothschilds had one impression. Mr. Coutts had another, the Bank of England still has the third. Rogers, as I have said, had the fourth. It hung in his parlor within anyone's reach, but valueless to all except its owner. No one ever thought of stealing it, because it would have been only so much waste paper, but Rogers' touch could have converted it into a shower of gold.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Neglect of Wounded.

The German army is looked upon as the model army and the greatest military machine in the world, but in many points the Germans are far behind other powers, especially in this fact noticeable in their treatment, or I should say, neglect, of their own killed and wounded in the field. On many occasions the killed have been left for days unburied, and in many instances the bodies have not been buried at all, but left to bleach in the sun and become food for vultures. In the operations in the Karra mountains against Jacob Morenga, the Hottentot outposts fired on the advancing Germans, killing one man and wounding an officer and two men. The column continued to advance, the wounded being left behind with only two men to protect them from the enemy, and it was not until 24 hours later that the wounded were brought into camp. Had the Germans been fighting a civilized power, leaving the wounded behind on the field would not have mattered much, as they would have been well treated had they fallen into the enemy's hands, but with the Hottentots it is altogether different, as they would have slaughtered unmercifully any German who fell into their hands.—Army and Navy Life.

Almost Too Much.

After James A. Rector had run the 100-yard dash in 9.25 seconds at Charlottesville, Va., in the Southern intercollegiate races, thereby going the distance one-fifth of a second faster than any other human being has ever been credited with running it, he received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from loyal University of Virginia alumni from all parts of the country. Among them was one from his father, who now lives at Hot Springs, Ark., but who was born in Virginia. The paternal telegram read as follows: "May your head keep pace with your heels in the race of life." Rector read and reread the telegram, and then handed it to "Pop" Lannigan, his trainer. The latter perused it with great care. "Well," he exclaimed, "you could give Solomon a handicap and beat him in a walk if it did."

Grand Collection.

"Yes, sah," said the old colonel, "the prohibition law sho' did go into effect down in Georgia, sah."

"That so, colonel?" responded the Chicago friend. "Well, I suppose you had a great number of wire corkscrews left over."

"I did that, sah. I had them by the bushel."

"And did you throw them away, colonel?"

"Oh, no; I stretched them out and made a wire fence and a lightning rod, sah."

A Reason Now.

"Oh, Arizona will be admitted all right," said the gentleman from that territory.

"Been turned down pretty regularly, hasn't it?"

"Don't let that worry you. They'll need the name for a battleship now."

"My Wife"

By C. K. Michener.

The waiter in one of the cafes was about to seat me at a table in one corner of the room where I could be quite alone when a delicately modulated cough from another table just to my right brought my eyes quickly to attention. There was absolutely no reason to suppose that the faultlessly attired young woman would have been guilty of purposely coughing to attract my attention.

I was about to accept in confusion the chair that the waiter had been proffering me during the whole of that embarrassed moment, when once more that modulated chaste cough came to my ears. Looking up again in an excitement that was feverish in its intensity I saw a smile on the lips of the girl. It was like the blooming of the first violet or the kiss of the first ray of a summer's dawn. From the aloofness and impossibility of a stranger they had blossomed into the smile of acquaintanceship.

"You do not remember me?" The voice was like the memory of a dream—a bachelor's dream. I remained in mute attention and mystery. "Oh, well," she went on, with a sigh that expressed just the shade of annoyance, "you men are all alike. Don't you think, honestly, now, that if you had wanted to remember me—"

"She paused suggestively. It gave me an opportunity to prove that I was not a mummy—to do something, to say something. I moved closer to her table.

"No, oh, no!" I protested. "You—that is, of course—"

Probably I should have gone on indefinitely, but she interrupted me mercifully:

"Please don't speak of it. I'm not in the least offended. Won't you sit down? It's good to see you. I had no idea you were in town this month." I sat down dazedly, and then glanced up again. The eyes were looking beyond me toward the entrance of the cafe. I had an inclination to follow their gaze, but I did not. It was better to look at the eyes, I thought.

Suddenly she gave a little tremulous cry and her pupils widened with terror. I could hear a slight commotion behind me. Two well-groomed policemen paused confidently at our table.

"Well, we've got you this time."

The remark was addressed insolently to my companion. I glanced in bewilderment at the lady's eyes. In them there was a full measure of scorn and contempt—for the policemen—but no explanation. But as I looked they turned again to me—and after that I would have fought a regiment of infantry.

Seeing the air of proprietorship that I suddenly assumed the man who had spoken turned to me with a glance of softened authority.

"This young woman," he explained, "is wanted for liftin' atin' at Weinberg's."

I struggled to my feet and clutched the table. "It is impossible—that is, there must be some mistake," I floundered, and then appealed to the lady's eyes. In them there was an answering question and a look of challenge. With the dignity of a queen, the outraged eyes blazed with insulted respectability, she rose to her full height.

"My husband," she flashed with a peculiar emphasis, and there was not even a quivering of an eyelid as she said it, "will discuss this matter with you alone. I cannot stay here to be insulted," and she swept like a duchess into the ladies' waiting room.

Well, the policemen were just as much impressed as I was. All three of us were silent for the fraction of a minute, and then mechanically I pulled out my card case. The name was not unfamiliar to the policeman, and he bowed his acknowledgment.

"Mistakes," he said, apologetically, "are sometimes unavoidable." But there was a peculiar look in his eyes as he turned to go.

My head whirled with the impossibility of the situation, and I groped blindly toward the door of the ladies' waiting room to rejoin—my wife!

At the door the mystery faded. The room was empty. The door of an outside entrance to the room was ajar and a breeze from without stirred a slip of paper on one of the little wicker tables.

It was the bill for the lady's luncheon.

Unluckiest Man's New Job.

Williamsport, Pa.—Arthur Ives of Galeton is the unluckiest man in Potter county. He was brought to the hospital here the other night with his skull crushed, the result of a limb falling upon him. Twice within the past six months his home has been destroyed by an incendiary. The accident in the woods which resulted in the fractured skull occurred as he was engaged in felling the second tree in his new job.

Chicken Is a Quadruped.

Columbus, Ind.—Carl Rathman, a baker of this city, has a freak chicken with four legs. The chicken was hatched in an incubator ten weeks ago, and it was thought that a fowl so abnormal could not live. It has feathered out, is larger than other chickens of the age, and moves around rapidly. The extra legs are fastened to the back, with joints back of the normally formed legs.

Mean Men in Troy, N. Y.

Troy (N. Y.) women, conducting a "tag day" for charity, had to deduct \$6.40 from the receipts because of counterfeit coin.

A BOY'S THREAT

His Pa Helped Him Carry It Out.

"Talking of running away," said the jolly fat man, "I had an experience or two myself when I was a pup.

"It was a favorite threat of mine. If I was sent on an errand I didn't like, I'd mutter that I was going to run away; if I was kept in the house for missing my lessons at school, I'd whisper that I was going to run away; if I got my ears boxed for mischief, I'd bellow that I was going to run away.

"Then, maybe, I'd make a dash for my cap and my mother would send me up to the garret without my shoes (I'd get cooled off, or else she'd lock me up in the toolshed with an ax and a small mountain of logs to split into kindling. We lived in the country, you see.

"But at last my father got tired of hearing the threat. I tell you he was a smart man, my father. No licking for him and no counter threats. He had a game of his own. He just waited until he got me committed beyond retreat.

"I forget what devilment it grew out of or whether it was just my natural boy's resistance to something I was told to do. Whatever it was, I know I ended up the dispute with the flat-footed announcement, 'I ain't goin' to stand it no more. I'm goin' to leave home an' look out for meself. I'm goin' now. So there!'

"Oh, very well, John," says my father as grave as an owl. "I'm sorry; but if your mind's made up, it can't be helped. We may as well part friends. Come over and see mother, and with that he took me by the hand as kind and gentle as a patriarch in a picture in the Bible and began walking me over toward the house. I forgot to mention that the fuss was in the barn.

"Now you can imagine how my heart rose up in my throat in that short walk over to the house. I had been more or less consciously bluffing, and here I was, it seemed, up against the real thing.

"About this time we reached the kitchen door and the old man drew me in. I can see the picture right now before my eyes—my mother with her big, blue gingham apron stirring crab-apples with a wooden spoon in a big copper kettle on the shining stove.

"Then, says pa, as grave as an old judge, but just as kind and sweet as honey: 'Ma, says he, 'John has concluded it's best for him to leave home. He's going out into the world to make his fortune, and he's come over to tell you good-bye.'

"Well, ma, says my father, 'I guess we'd best do something to give him a start in life. Just let Ann Maria stir the apples, and you go and make him up a little bundle.

"Ma started off as cheerful as could be, and my father turned to me where I stood, frozen with horror, and, putting on the fine society air that he usually kept for the dominie and the doctor, he waved me to a chair, politely urging me as if I was already a stranger in the house, with 'Sit down, John. Take the rocking chair and rest yourself. You'll need it. Maybe you'll have a long way to go to-day.'

"He slipped out of the room a minute, and then he came back with the apple and the help of the Sunday joint of beef and some butter, and he began cutting the bread and spreading the butter and slicing the beef and making nice, juicy sandwiches with great industry. I looked on with a sick sort of wonder, too crushed even to cry, when ma came hustling back with a choice selection from my wardrobe over her arm and my Testament in her hand. This was an awful stroke. It was so like the stories in the books.

"I'm making a few sandwiches for John," says my father, kind of pathetic like. "He may need them, poor boy, and he heaved a sigh.

"This tapped the springs of my soul. I gave a sob that must have sounded like a hiccup, and the tears began to stream down my face.

"But my father was unrelenting. He tied the sandwiches up in a napkin and made a bundle of the clothes, with the Testament in the middle, and then he ambled up to me with the bundles in one hand and a nice crisp dollar bill in the other, holding them out with:

"Well, here you are, son John. Maybe this'll give you a fair start in life, and as you must go, why, it's time to be starting now. It's getting on in the morning, and no doubt you've a long way to travel before night. So kiss your mother and—"

"But I didn't wait to hear any more. I made a dash for my mother and fell on my knees before her to bury my face in her apron—I was only about 11 or 12, you see—and with sobs and wails and floods of tears I begged her, 'Don't send me away! Oh, don't let him send me away! I'll be good! I'll chop the wood and tend baby, and you'll never have no trouble with me any more.'

"They had some trouble quieting me, and I guess there were almost as many tears on my mother's cheeks as on my own by the time the incident was ended. Ann Maria was squawling over the stove, but my father held his ground, grave but kind. He inaugurated a long parley, in the course of which I promised over and over again that never more would I threaten to run away.

"Well, neither I did. If the dangerous words came to the tip of my tongue a glance at my father's face, or my mother's, was enough to make me swallow them."

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