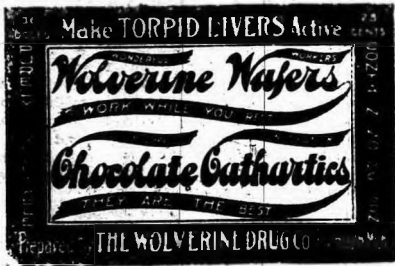


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 46

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1908

WHOLE NO. 1092.



\$2.50 FOR \$1.00

Do not ask why, but read on.

- "Peroxo" Massage Cream, Cleanses the skin of all impurities 50
- "Peroxo" Greaseless Cream, makes the skin soft and pliable 50
- "Peroxo" Toilet Cream, beautifies the complexion 50
- "Peroxo" Liquid Olive Soap, cleanses the scalp and hair 25
- "Peroxo" Tooth Paste, whitens and preserves the teeth 25
- "Peroxo" Liquid Antiseptic, for general toilet use 25
- "Peroxo" Talcum Powder, impalpable, and delightfully perfumed 25

\$2.50

One package of each of the above elegant toilet preparations packed neatly in a box, the regular price of which is \$2.50, for

A SINGLE DOLLAR.

We have only a limited number of these packages, so order early if you want one. We shall not be able to repeat this offer.

The Wolverine Drug Co.

Phone No. 5.

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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at "THE WOLVERINE." Office Phone No. 5, 2r. 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

WE DESCEND

to no tricks or misrepresentations to induce you to buy our goods.

We are making some special day sales and our goods are of the

First Class Kind

not seconds, but the best. We are not in the business to fool you once, and once is all we could fool you, but to supply you regularly with all your wants in the line of

GROCERIES

As a flyer for Saturday and Monday.

10c Mackerel for 7c GITTINS

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

SALEM

Mrs. Fred Ryder and children are spending a few days with relatives in Romulus.

Mrs. F. C. Wheeler and daughter visited friends in Pinckney Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Chas. Darrow was in Plymouth Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Stanbro was a Detroit visitor Monday.

Rev. Wall returned to Highland, Ill., this week.

Alvena Streng of Plymouth is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Kensler and family, this week.

Miss Augusta Pittany of Denver, Colo., is visiting at D. W. Wheeler's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bussey were in Detroit Monday.

John Bussey and little daughter of Detroit spent a part of last week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seeley of Pine Lake spent a few days this week at their farm near this place.

Geo. Martin of Green Oak was in town Wednesday.

Miss Retta Bullock of Detroit is visiting her parents this week.

Chas. Kensler and family visited in Plymouth Saturday and Sunday.

A large basement barn filled with hay belonging to S. C. Wheeler was struck by lightning and burned to the ground Tuesday evening. Loss about \$1,500, partly covered by insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley and family and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Millard of Livonia are camping at Island Lake this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Herrick and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Mott started for Niagara Falls Tuesday. They expect to be gone a week.

Mrs. Dean Perkins and children, Mrs. Myron Atchison and children, Mrs. Flora Robertson of Battle Creek and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Atchison are camping at Silver Lake this week.

At a meeting of the town board held Monday evening Geo. Nollar was appointed overseer of highways in the place of Irving Stevens, who resigned on account of sickness.

The regular soldiers' reunion will be held Thursday, Aug. 13th, at the home of Thomas Hammond, two miles west of Salem. Hon. Chas. Townsend and others will speak and arrangements have been made for special music. Chicken-pie dinner will be served by the Baptist Ladies' Aid. A cordial invitation extended to all.

When you have Backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol, it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladder. A trial 35c bottle will convince you. Get it at J. L. Gale's drug store.

NEWBURG.

Newburg church had its pastor, Rev. King, Sunday. After a vacation he has returned to us much rested.

Tuesday night we witnessed a heavy rain, wind, storm and terrific thunder, with the usual amount of lightning. Everyone is grateful to the Giver of all good for the blessed rain which all were wishing for.

Mrs. James Joy was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

John Peltier was on our street Tuesday.

Mrs. Smith of Detroit was a guest of her brother and sister, Wm. Biggs and Isabelle Riggs at our store Tuesday.

Crawford Farwell called on old friends here this week.

Mrs. Mabel Secord was a Newburg caller Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Day Dean and Mrs. Asa Joy of Plymouth visited Mr. and Mrs. Needleton Dean Saturday.

Albert Messer returned from Detroit Tuesday.

Newburg people would be thankful if the ball players would cease playing in this vicinity on Sunday. The "Willing Helpers" in our Sunday school belonging to Mrs. Emma Ryder's class are very regular in attendance and wear the class badge.

Why James Lee Got Well.

Everybody in Zanesville, O., knows Mrs. Mary Lee, of rural route 8. She writes: "My husband, James Lee, firmly believes he owes his life to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery. His lungs were so severely affected that consumption seemed inevitable, when a friend recommended New Discovery. We tried it, and its use has restored him to perfect health." Dr. King's New Discovery is the King of throat and lung remedies. For coughs and colds it has no equal. The first dose gives relief. Try it! Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mrs. L. Fasinger, of Tiffin, Ohio, is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schunk, this week.

The Stewards of the church will give an ice cream social at the hall Saturday evening, Aug. 8. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Katie Wurts and granddaughter Hazel, visited at Mrs. Wm. Oliver's last Saturday.

Arthur Tait is on the sick list.

Mrs. Norton is down here for a short time looking after her fruit.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Badelt visited the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Gottman of Beech last Sunday.

Kubik Bros. have purchased a new silo filler.

Mrs. Louisa Theuer and son Willie of Detroit visited at F. Theuer's the forepart of the week.

Elmer Foster of Dearborn gave a very interesting talk to the Epworth League last Sunday evening. It is expected Miss Anna Handyside of Wayne will be present on Sunday evening.

WEST TOWN LINE.

"If a man cannot lift a stone himself, let him leave it, though he has some one to help him."—Goethe.

The Whitmires entertained Detroit guests Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Andrews and guests have come from the city to spend the month of August on the farm.

Mrs. George Innis received a visit from her sister of Detroit Monday.

Miss Lella and Earl Shattuck of Wixom have been visiting at F. L. Becker's this week.

Mrs. Festus Lucas and two children have gone to visit Mrs. Lucas' parents at Morenci.

Our postman A. A. Gates is enjoying his vacation and George Henry is supplying during his 15 days absence.

Mrs. Oliver Wiggard and son Russel of Plymouth, and Mrs. J. W. O'Bryan of Wayne visited at J. C. O'Bryan's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Lucas of Cleveland are guests at J. J. Lucas'.

Miss Mamie Boyle spent Tuesday with Mrs. Dan Murray in Plymouth.

Mr. Herman Kingsley visited at her sister's in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Spencer and family and Mr. and Mrs. James Heeney and family were entertained Sunday at James Spencer's in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of Detroit.

Miss Minehart and Frank Boyle were guests of Mrs. Herman Kingsley Sunday afternoon.

Miss Marie Powell of Plymouth is spending the week's end with Gladys Heeney.

Mrs. Ernest Kellogg and Alice spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Nina and Manford Becker accompanied their friend Lella Shattuck to her home in Wixom and will be absent a week or more.

Mrs. J. C. Schmidt of Detroit visited at Chas. Smith's Sunday and Monday. When she returned her daughter accompanied her.

As regrettable as the many fires were Tuesday night, the storm which caused them, was an untold blessing to the parched and dying crops.

Miss Mildred Becker is spending a couple of weeks in Tyrone, renewing old acquaintances and visiting relatives.

Mrs. George Inbiss spent Saturday in the city.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Voyle Becker, a seven pound boy.

The O'Bryan's have a goodly crop of those delicious plums which have found favor with Plymouth housewives in years past. Those desiring any this year, phone 917-1L-1S.

Mrs. Eli Schoch entertained Saturday in honor of Miss Hazel's fifteenth birthday.

Harry Purdy was in Detroit Monday to see Buffalo Bill.

Miss Louise Grehl of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Rucker, this week.

Miss Florence Webber was a Detroit visitor Sunday.

FREE CHURCH.

The Misses Gertrude Dicks and Nora Cole of Canton are spending a few days with Florence Cole.

Rev. A. Forabee and his mother, Mrs. John Forabee were Pontiac visitors last week.

Miss Mabel Root spent last week with her brother, J. C. Root at Salem.

The storm which swept through here Tuesday night did a great deal of damage to the farmers here, tearing down trees and fences and damaging the corn crop.

Miss Agnes Griswold of Bowerston, Ohio, and Mrs. Joseph O'Bryan of Wayne were guests of Mrs. Oliver Wiggard during the past week.

SOAP

During the next ten days we will sell you for

10 CENTS

A BOX OF

Transparent Glycerine Soap

OR A BOX OF

Witch Hazel Soap.

THREE CAKES IN EACH BOX FOR TEN CENTS.

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

Our Purpose

It is our purpose to handle any business entrusted to us in such fair and liberal manner as to make the customer's relation with this Bank satisfactory and profitable.

Aside from the excellent facilities afforded, this Bank has the advantage of a large Capital and Surplus.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

Rent Receipt Books

15c.

Get them at The Mail Office

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPEE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE
By
Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Escapee opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Escam, a Puritan maid, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling 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 selfishness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to out 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 her out of her life. Lord Carrington, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. Ellen fled, Strathgate driving. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him standing in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The ground was somewhat soft in the shadow and footprints were discernible in the low spot where the carriage had fallen. There were marks of a woman's shoe and a man's, albeit a man of small feet, by the side of the carriage door and other marks around the horses. From the trampling and hoof marks Seton concluded that the horses must have stood quiet for some time. He surmised that the inmates of the carriage had taken advantage of the stop to get out and go ahead while Strathgate lay stunned.

After a final search of the interior of the carriage in which he was rewarded by finding a tlay bowknot of scarlet ribbon which he thought he recognized as one that had trimmed Mistress Debbie's gown, for it was a color she affected, and which he fumbled carefully away in his pocket.

An hour from the carriage he came upon a bay coach horse straggling by the wayside, with certain portions of harness dragging from him. Here was another mystery. If there had been two horses, where was the other? Why was he abandoned in the high road not a soul being near? The horse permitted him to get close enough to enable him to see that the traces which dangled from his sides had been severed by a knife. There could be no doubt that this was one of Carrington's coach horses.

There was no reason on earth, if they had started out on two, for abandoning one.

He galloped down the road and in a few minutes came to a little fishing village. Some of the fishermen had gone off for the day's work in their boats, but one grizzled sailor was moodily pacing up and down the little wharf. Reining his horse in on the shore, Seton hailed him.

"My man," he said, "have you seen anything of two or three people, two women and a man inquiring for a boat this morning?"

"No," growled the man, "but I had a boat at this wharf, the best boat in the haven, and when I come down this morning at five o'clock she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Seton, dismounting from his horse in his excitement. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, your honor," returned the man. "She was tied right there"—he pointed to one of the spikes—"and when I got up I was the first man down here at the wharf, she was gone."

"Was there any message—any clew—any sign?"

"Naught but this," returned the sailor, pulling out of his pocket a handful of shining guineas.

Here was proof positive to Seton. "Well, my friend, I don't see that you have anything to complain of."

"How's that, sir?" queried the sailor. "Certainly the boat was hardly worth more than five guineas."

"Now, I want to know how far it is from here to Portsmouth?"

"A breaker of fresh water and a hap some hard bread."

"Good!" said Seton, reassured that the fugitives were not starving at any rate. "Now, I want to get to Portsmouth, and I want to go by sea."

He judged that since Carrington was probably headed in that direction, by land, it would be best for him to follow directly upon the course of the fugitives which he had so luckily run down.

"That'll be easy enough," your honor," said the sailor, "there's other boats in the harbor."

"There's Will Hawke's boat yonder. Will ain't abroad to-day, bein' down with a spell of fever."

"Very good," said Seton. "Go and see him, tell him that Sir Charles Seton wants to charter his boat for a run to Portsmouth. Are you free to take charge of her?"

"That I am, master."

"Set about it at once," said Seton, "while I arrange to leave my horse at the tavern. By the way, what's your name?"

"Whibley, sir. John Whibley, at yer honor's service."

"Whibley was as good as his promise. A half an hour found Sir Charles afloat in a small lugger with Whibley for captain and two boys, the owner's son and another that he had picked up, for a crew.

"You said this was a fast boat!" Sir Charles remarked to his sailing-master.

"Ay, ay, sir. With a wind like this—and indeed there was a ripping breeze blowing up the channel—we ought to reel off between 10 and 11 knots an hour."

"Spare nothing," said Seton, "an extra guinea apiece to the three of you if you overhaul the other boat."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Whibley after a moment's thought, "but bein's as they've took my boat, I should like to know how, if 'tain't too bold, who or what them parties is you're chasin'?"

"Two women," returned Seton, bravely.

"Hum," said Whibley under his breath, "I've knowed of a man chasin' one woman half 'round the world, but I've never heard of a lover chasin' two."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hard Riding of Lord Carrington. Lord Carrington's best horse was named Sallor. He was a magnificent black, built for speed, but not without great powers of endurance. Like all Englishmen, my lord was a famous horseman, although he followed the sea for a livelihood. He was a case in contradiction to the ancient adage that a sailor is never so much out of his element as when he is



"What Do You Mean?"

astride of a horse. Generations of fox-hunting fathers had given him a heritage of horsemanship which the years he had spent upon the sea could not eradicate. Not only was he an expert rider, but he was thoroughly familiar with what could be got out of a horse. He knew how to ride him to the best advantage, when to spare him and when to press him.

He had but one desire, to ride down Strathgate and wrest Ellen from his hands. He had no doubt that the three were headed for Portsmouth.

As if to punish him for his misuse of a noble steed who responded gallantly to every incentive of whip, spur, voice and appeal his master brought to bear, Sallor had the bad luck to cast a shoe. A few leaps and he went instantly lame. With a bitter curse Carrington dismounted and examined the horse. The poor beast stood panting and exhausted, his flanks heaving, his heart beating, his head drooping. The groom had been distanced and left behind. Carrington was alone with a lame horse miles, apparently, from a posting station or a blacksmith's shop. There was nothing to do but wait. He got down by the roadside, his eyes strained backward in the direction whence he had come, looking for the groom. After half an hour or so of delay, which fretted him beyond measure, he discovered the fellow leisurely trotting over a hill. Aroused by the balloons of his master, the boy suddenly quickened his pace and soon drew rein beside him.

"What do you mean," cried Carrington, furiously, "by loafing along in that way? I told you to keep up with me."

"My lud," said the boy, touching his hat and dismounting, "no man on earth could keep up with you without killing his horse, and there are few horses, even if killed, that'd be equal to Sallor, sir. 'Tisn't in this mare, I know. She was in distress several miles back, and I pulled her up. If I hadn't, she wouldn't be here."

There was sense in what the boy said, and Carrington could not but acknowledge it.

"Give me your horse," he said, "and do you take Sallor. He's cast a shoe. Lead him on the road to the nearest shop and come after me as fast as is safe, but don't kill the horse. I'm bound for Portsmouth. You'll find me at the Blue Boar Inn. Here's money for the journey. If anything happens, you can leave your horse and come forward by post horses, you understand?"

Carrington gathered up the reins, sprang upon the mare's back and without looking over his shoulder, galloped on ahead. The delay had given him time to come to his senses. He swept over the ground rapidly, and after two hours of terrific going he pulled up at a wayside inn. He sprang from his horse the instant he stepped before the entrance. Lord Carrington was well known in the vicinity, and in a moment a dozen obsequious hostlers and horse boys scrambled about him while mine host came bowing before the door.

"A horse, the best you have in the stables!"

"My lord," began the host, "I'm very sorry—"

"No words," interrupted Carrington, "bring me a horse and a draught of wine."

"My best horse has been taken, your lordship, some three hours ago, and I have naught but indifferent ones left."

"Bring me the best you have. I don't care what it is," said Carrington. "Don't you see my mare can go no farther and I must have some sort of a horse. How far is it to the next posting station?"

"A matter of ten miles."

"Well, give me something that can make the distance in an hour, and if I founder him or kill him, I'll pay you well for him."

"Here, Dick," said the landlord, "you hear my lord. Bring old Joe. 'Tis the best we have. There's a bay horse in the stable, if he were only fresh. He came in two hours ago, and Lord Strathgate—"

"Who came, did you say?" cried Carrington, turning quickly.

"The earl of Strathgate, your honor."

"Was he here?"

"Two hours ago, sir. He took a bite of breakfast and a draught of wine and our best horse and rode on."

"Was he alone?"

"Alone, your lordship. There's summat strange about it, too, for his head was all bloody, his coat was streaked with mud, he was riding a bay horse, looked like a carriage horse, bareback with bits of harness dangling to it. He had no hat on—"

"Where is that bay horse?" cried Carrington, tingling with excitement.

"Yonder, in the stable yard being rubbed down."

"My horse Betty! By heaven!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?" He turned and faced the astonished landlord once more. "Did you say that Strathgate was alone?"

"Absolutely alone."

"Did he ask any questions?"

"He asked me if there was a woman and a young man had got horses and ridden on ahead, if anybody had seen anything of any kind of coach, or wagon, or carriage, or people on horseback."

"And what answer made you?"

"'Cept the coach for Portsmouth, which went up empty, and some farm wagons driven by men, we knew that nobody had passed this morning."

"And you say Strathgate was in a hurry?"

"I never seed a man more in a hurry, your lordship, unless it was yourself," added mine host.

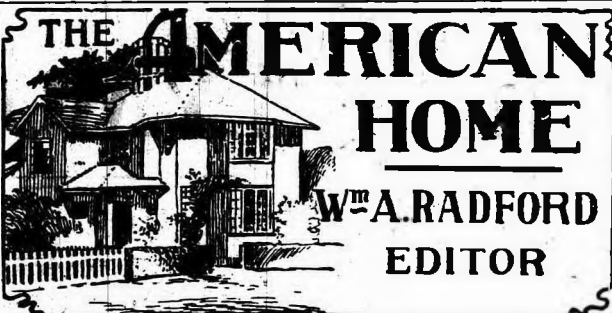
"You're right," cried Carrington. He was utterly bewildered by the situation. His calculations were all at sea. What could be the meaning of Strathgate alone upon the road, with a broken head and a muddy coat, riding on a coach horse and driving the beast even as he had forced Sallor and the mare? Where were Ellen and Deborah?

It must be that he was pursuing some one, but if so, who? Who, but Ellen and Deborah, and how could they keep ahead of such furious chasing? They had not gone off together, then. In some way they had given Strathgate the slip. Lord Carrington jumped at this conclusion and his heart bounded.

My lord rode with as heavy a hand as before, but with a considerably lighter heart. Of one thing he was certain, that Ellen was not with Strathgate.

PROMISES OF ELECTRICAL ERA.

Advancement That Will Open Nature's Heart to Man.



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. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This is a bungalow. There are good bungalows and there are poor ones, mere make-shifts that are by courtesy called bungalows when shack would be a much more fitting name.

Bungalows are numerous in the Pacific coast states, but they have never been taken seriously in the eastern sections of the United States. One reason is that they are not so easily heated as two-story houses, because warm air naturally goes up and the upstairs of a house is warmed without much extra expense. Another reason is that two-story houses are cheaper when the amount of material is figured up against the cubic space enclosed. The reason for this is that the same foundation and the same roof serves two floors as well as one, but bungalows have some advantages and as they are becoming better known they are better appreciated.

It is easy to keep house in a bungalow, because the rooms are all on one floor and a woman has no running up and down stairs, except to the cellar.

To be right the bedrooms and the bathroom must be shut away entirely from the other part of the house. Bungalows so built that you have to go through the living room or dining room to get to a bedroom or the bathroom are discouraging, and people who live in them get tired of the arrangement. Then you don't want a hallway running the whole length of the house.

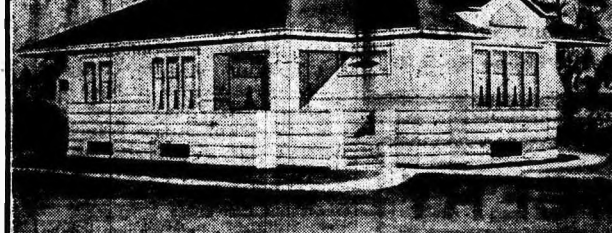
It is awkward and it takes up too much valuable room.

A study of the floor plans of this bungalow will show how the objectionable features have been avoided. The two bedrooms and bathroom are together on one side of the house and they are connected by a short passage way that is shut off by doors, but it gives a way out to the front or back of the house as occasion requires.

There are as many conveniences as a full two-story house offers, with a better and more compact arrangement than is possible when the rooms are laid out on two separate floors. Besides the usual clothes closets there is a linen closet for towels in the bathroom and another linen closet for house linen in the passage way off

galow, but it requires a little thought and ingenuity at the time of building. You can add such things afterward, but they cost more.

There is an outside cellarway at the back handy to the kitchen porch. This saves room inside and it is just about as convenient. Interest in the plan so far as looks from the street goes, centers in the big living room with its four windows, its big chimney and the artistic porch at the side. Of course the general design, including the roof, is well proportioned, which makes a very satisfactory house in appearance as well as the interior arrangement of rooms.



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DIDN'T STOP TO THINK.

If She Had, Mrs. Wilcox Might Have Saved Rug.

Mrs. Wilcox had boundless faith in the wisdom and general effectiveness of her husband's advice, and consequently he had primed her with instructions for any emergency that might arise when he was absent. Among other things he had repeatedly warned her in case of fire to spread a rug on the blaze, and then telephone for the engines.

So deeply was this advice impressed on her subconsciousness that her actions the day of the fire in her home were purely automatic.

She had bought a new hat, and the room being rather poorly lighted, she used the gasjet over her bureau as an aid in studying the new millinery achievement. Suddenly, as she was lifting the lace creation off her head, it slipped and fell directly upon the blazing gas jet.

The expected happened. The hat was soon burning fiercely, still on the top of the gas pipe.

Mrs. Wilcox, mindful of Jack's advice, grabbed a valuable Persian rug on the floor, and spreading it carefully over the lighted gasjet and flaming hat, rushed out to the telephone.

At the doorway she collided with her maid, Estelle, who hearing the rapid movements in the room, was coming to learn the cause.

Running over to the bureau, the girl turned out the gas, and throwing the rug on the floor, stamped out the flames, which had burned a hole through the valuable tapestry.

"Why, Mrs. Wilcox," she cried, "why didn't you turn out the gas?"

"Turn out the gas?" answered her mistress. "Well, aren't you bright! I never thought of that. Jack has always told me to put a rug on a fire."

USE ALCOHOL WITH POLISH.

Housewife Discovers That It Aids in Cleaning Silver.

"It may not be manners to discuss your hostess," said one of the guests after an elaborate luncheon, "but did you ever see such silver? Mine was actually greasy! Such carelessness is disgraceful!"

"Silver is hard to keep bright," murmured the woman who hated unkind criticism.

"Nonsense, it isn't, and if it were, that is no excuse. Think how Carolyn's silver shone at her dinner, and she only keeps one maid. I asked her how she did it, and she said it was by mixing her silver polish with alcohol instead of water. You rub it up in the usual way, but the mixture gives a much more brilliant look."

"When she takes it out of the bags, even after weeks stowed away, all she need do is to give most of the pieces a rub or two with a piece of roughed chamola."

"She rinses the parts of the flat silver that go in the mouth with boiling water after using the chamola, as sometimes it gives a queer taste."

"That silver last night could never be cleaned once a week, even much less given a special holiday shine. If the butler was too lazy to see that the silver was polished, at least he should have given it a boil in hot washing soda and water to cut the grease and make it look clean."

APRICOT SOUFFLE IS GOOD.

Easily Put Together After the Puree Has Been Prepared.

Half a pint of apricot puree, half a cupful of cream, three whites of eggs, 1½ tablespoonfuls syrup from the apricots, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, three drops of red coloring. Prepare the puree by rubbing either canned or bottled apricots through a fine sieve. Use a little of the syrup along with the apricots and do not make the puree too thick. Dissolve the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of the syrup and strain it into the puree. Add the sugar, lemon juice and coloring. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth and whip the cream. Stir these lightly into the apricot mixture, and when beginning to set, pour into a wetter mold and keep in a cool place until firm. When wanted, turn out on a glass or china dish. This pudding may be made more ornamental by decorating the top of the mold with a little sweet jelly and a few pieces of apricot before pouring in the mixture. Or the apricot mixture may be set in a ring mold and whipped cream piled in the center when it is turned out.

Newspapers may be used to pad the ironing board just as well as an old blanket or muslin.

Soap well-applied to drawer slides will keep the drawers in furniture and closets from sticking.

If you will varnish your linoleum about every three months it will last much longer than without the coats of varnish.

When washing floors or cleaning windows always put a few drops of paraffine in the water and this will keep away flies, moths and other insects.

The skin from a boiled ham will be more easily removed if as soon as being taken from the boiling liquor the ham be plunged into cold water for a moment.

To mend hemstitching cover the space of the worn hemstitching with insertion and stitch both edges on to tray cloth and it will then be as good as new and even prettier.

Hair brushes should be washed, if possible, every day. The best plan is to keep two in use at the same time. Unless a clean brush is used the hair loses the bright, glossy look that it should have.

Cheese may be kept from going moldy by wrapping it in a cloth dipped in vinegar and wrung nearly dry. Cover the cloth with a wrapper of paper and keep in a cool place.

A Cooling Drink.

Among the most refreshing of summer drinks is pineapple lemonade. To the juice of four lemons add a large pineapple, finely grated, a pound of sugar and a pint of water.

Boil the sugar and water together to a thin syrup, skimming well. Mix the pulp of the pineapple and the lemon juice in a bowl, add the sirup and set on the ice to cool and ripen for several hours.

When ready to serve, pour into the mixture a quart of ice water and pour into tall, thin glasses.

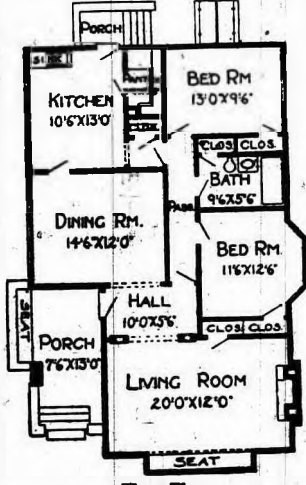
If preferred, a charge water can be used instead of the plain water.

Veal Cups with Macaroni.

If veal or mutton is left over in scant quantities for a meal, boil sufficient macaroni to double the amount and put through the food chopper, using coarse cutter. Season highly with salt, pepper, onion juice and chopped parsley, and to each pint add a well beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of good gravy. Pack into buttered cups, steam for half an hour, and serve with tomato or brown sauce.

Currant Dessert.

One box of red currants, one box of red raspberries, and two quarts of water boiled to a pulp, then strain, add one small cupful of fine sugar, previously soaked in cold water for 15 minutes, boil until clear, sweeten to taste, eat cold with milk or cream.



Floor Plan

from the kitchen, and there is also a little storage closet opening from the living room. These are little conveniences in a bungalow that a great many builders overlook. They are very important to the housewife, because there is no attic and she has a great many little things to take care of and she must have places to put them.

All bungalows in the east should have good cellars, cellars made with cement walls and cement bottoms, with good drainage around the outside to keep the cellar dry, more in the nature of a basement than a cellar.

All the house floors are directly over the cellar and unless it is carefully made the house will accumulate dampness at certain times when the weath-



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WAS TOO MUCH FOR PAPA.

Childish Questions Were Becoming Entirely Too Personal.

There is a member of the faculty of George Washington university, who, to use the words of a colleague, "is as rotund physically as he is profound metaphysically," says the Philadelphia Ledger.

One day the professor chanced to come upon his children of which he has a number, all of whom were, to his astonishment, engaged in an earnest discussion of the meaning of the word "absolute."

"Dad," queried one of the youngsters, "can a man be absolutely good?"

"No."

"Dad," put in another youngster, "can a man be absolutely bad?"

"No."

"Papa," ventured the third child, a girl, "can a man be absolutely fat?"

Whereupon the father fed incontinently.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.



The Hunter—Ain't it a shame, Fido? It says here dat mountain lions are rapidly becoming extinct. I bet we'll never get a chanst to shoot a single one.

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless—Cuticura Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Cambewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

His Mark.

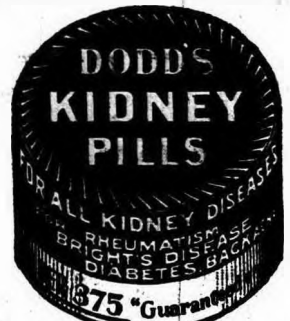
Hewitt—Grout can't write his own name.

Jewett—I know it; whenever he sees a man showing another man how to make a cross on an Australian ballot he thinks he is forging his signature.

Waste not the remnant of thy life in those imaginings touching other folk, whereby thou contributest not to the common weal.—Marcus Aurelius.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 25¢ package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Even a drunken man doesn't care to be held up by a footpad.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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PLANTEN'S C C BLACK CAPSULES.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM.

An Official Dispatch

By Annette Kittredge

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

After a social campaign of several months, after a siege of attention from every eligible officer, both military and naval, within a day's journey of "The Harbor," it was observed that the heretofore impenetrable fortress of Miss Mapleson's heart showed signs of weakening.

But, alas! every man cannot win, and it was finally reluctantly conceded that Miss Mapleson's favor shone on two men only—young Commander Gay and Captain Henderson. So the other forces, commanded by officers of greater or less degree, were quietly withdrawn to a point of vantage to watch the tactics of the two remaining besiegers. It was doubly interesting, as they represented the two branches of the service—it was the army against the navy.

The chances offered, to each were equal, for while Commander Gay's July aboard the dispatch boat Walrus often carried him away from the field of action, Captain Henderson, was as often detained at his post, the fortified island in the center of the harbor.

It was galling to Gay to have to run his boat over to the island and carry back his rival (with others of the garrison) to the scene of strife. But it was no more galling than for Henderson to be detained on the island, while he knew Gay was ashore and carrying on the siege undisturbed.

Thus were affairs when it was rumored that Miss Mapleson was going east. The rumor became a certainty, and the interest of the watchers became intense; the energy of the besieging parties redoubled.

Finally, a week before Miss Mapleson's departure, and on a night when Henderson was detained on the island, Gay (goating over the fact), called to find the house of Mapleson in much confusion, owing to the fact that Miss Mapleson's departure had been hastened, and she was to leave the following evening.

"To-morrow night!" exclaimed Gay, in gallant despair. "Oh, then, Miss Mapleson, won't you allow me the honor of giving you a dinner aboard the Walrus and taking you across the harbor to the station?"

"I think that would be charming, only I fear I must decline the first part," said Miss Mapleson. "You see, I have half accepted an invitation to dinner, and I can't very well get out of it."

"But if you should find that the half-accepted invitation for dinner does not materialize into a full one, may I have that pleasure as well as the trip across the bay?"

Miss Mapleson smiled in a peculiar fashion. "Yes, in that case I shall be delighted to accept." Then she held out a note to Gay.

"I wonder if it would be too much to ask you to drop this at the island on your first trip to-morrow? I'm afraid, if I send it by mail, it will arrive too late."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, Miss Mapleson," and Gay said it in a tone of voice that implied a willingness to start the Walrus for the pole that night if Miss Mapleson desired it.

As Gay threw his coat over a chair that night, the note—an innocent enough bit of paper—fell from his pocket, and, as he picked it up, he read the address of Captain Henderson.

Then did that innocent looking note belie its appearance, and begin its disastrous work. Its pale, meek face bore the name of Gay's hated rival, its heart contained a message for him—eyelid thought—undoubtedly about that dinner Miss Mapleson spoke of, Henderson's last chance! Thus spoke the note to Gay's jealousy-tainted mind. Except for its message, Henderson would probably remain unaware of Miss Mapleson's departure until too late. Mean, villainously mean thoughts did that note suggest to the infatuated Gay.

At last he slipped it back into his pocket, and turned out the light.

"Of course, I am absent-minded, and then again, I would never think of wearing that coat in the morning," murmured Gay, as he "turned in."

The next morning found the besieged garrison rather uneasy, a state of feeling not unnatural to a garrison that is about to capitulate, but is not quite positive to which force. However, Miss Mapleson had (almost unknown to herself) decided that the army should determine the terms of surrender. But 11 o'clock came and there was no signal—no flag of truce from the enemy. Twelve o'clock—one—and the army was still silent. At two, Miss Mapleson began to realize how much she had longed for that message; and at three, somewhat frightened at her own feelings, and determined to prove to herself that she really did not care, she sent a note to Commander Gay stating that she found with pleasure that she could accept his invitation for dinner. And the navy beamed with delight.

The second and last trip of the Walrus was made to the island at five, and Gay's outrageously bargained conscience never gave him a pang, as he gazed at the blue-coated figure of Captain Henderson on the wharf.

The captain had expected a note from Miss Mapleson setting the time for his dinner that evening, and no excuse that

he made to himself could satisfactorily explain that young lady's silence. If Gay's heart could have been softened, the captain's dejected attitude would have done it, but instead, the picture of the defeated foe seemed to inspire him with a fiendish cruelty, and waiting for the boat to get just out of reach, he called:

"Hard luck that you can't see Miss Mapleson before she goes to-night."

"What?" shouted the astonished Henderson, thinking he had not heard aright.

"I say Miss Mapleson is going to-night—ten forty."

"For heaven's sake come back here," Henderson shouted.

But Gay only smiled sweetly. Then he delivered his parting shot—it was mean, he knew it—but he just couldn't help it:

"She's coming aboard the Walrus for dinner," he called through his hands, and left Captain Henderson acting like a man on wires, and shouting indistinguishable language that had the general sound of being rather strong. "All's fair in love and war," quoth Gay, as he went below to dress for dinner.

"Unfortunately, the dinner was not the success he had expected, for, delightful host that he was, and presiding over a delicious and charmingly served meal, he was unable to arouse Miss Mapleson, who sat sadly distraught, and the conversation was chiefly carried on by Gay and the chaperon—a not very enlightening process, when one does not care for the chaperon.

Gay struggled manfully, however, and was just bending forward to pay Miss Mapleson a most impressive compliment, when an orderly entered the cabin with a dispatch. As Gay read it, his face underwent the most alarming changes—his eyes fairly popped from his head—his face, at first ashen, suddenly turned a deep purple, and finally, choking with unsuppressible emotions, he hurriedly excused himself and rushed on deck.

In his excitement Gay had thrown the dispatch, face upward, on the table, and Miss Mapleson read the following official message:

The cow has fallen off the island. Come immediately. COL. SHAKESPEARE.

For one minute the women looked at each other, and then shrieked with laughter. The sounds reached the ears of Commander Gay, and he ground his teeth in helpless rage.

"Oh! if the message hadn't been from his superior officer! If only he could have had time to steam back and land his guests! That his dinner for Miss Mapleson should be interrupted, ruined, for the sake of a governmental cow that had fallen overboard—aw-r-r-r!" Gay stamped the deck and muttered incoherently; and all the time they were steaming rapidly toward the little island in the center of the bay.

As they approached the island, they saw the poor animal in the water, kept afloat by two soldiers in a small boat stationed to support her head. And then, a little nearer, and the stalwart form of Captain Henderson was discernible on the wharf.

"Glad you've come, Gay. Get the poor brute out as soon as you can, will you?" said Henderson, cheerfully, as he came on deck. Gay was incapable of a reply permissible in addressing a brother officer.

As Gay worked to land the animated lawn-mower, his rival again stormed the much weakened garrison. A few stern questions, promptly answered, proved conclusively that the dispatch of war had been tampered with, and this point settled, the storming party went on to sketch the terms of surrender in such a pleading manner, putting it, in fact, in such an altogether charming light, that the garrison sweetly and gently capitulated, and there was peace.

So taken up were they with more important subjects that neither the victor nor the captive thought to ask Gay about the note, and his elaborately prepared explanation was not even called for.

"I'm going over to the station with you, Gay," said Henderson, slapping the sullen commander on the shoulder. "And, I say, old chap, you don't mind, do you, but, entre nous, you know, I shoved the cow off the island myself."

And Richmond Brunettes? "How long does the average honeymoon last?" asks a contemporary. For other communities and styles of spouse we cannot speak, but where a man has had the intelligence, wit and good fortune to contract an alliance with one of the peerless little star-eyed blondes of Richmond the honeymoon lasts for life and then some.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Plan City Bakery.

The city of Buda-Pesth, Hungary, is preparing to try a novel experiment in the way of municipal enterprise. Bids have been invited for a city bakery with a daily capacity of 55,000 pounds of bread. The most recent designs of machinery will be installed and the baking will be done by the continuous process.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims, truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

OLE MIS' MOON WITH THEM.

No Chance of the Visitors Being Homesick in the City.

Mme. Fairfax was wont to stand on the porch of her old Virginia home and rejoice on moonlight nights in the beauty, says the Youth's Companion. "There's my moon," she would say, as it rose from behind the eastern hills. "Look, Dahlia, see how beautiful it is," and her tiny colored maid, who was ever at hand with shawl or fan for her beloved mistress, would answer, enthusiastically: "Your moon certainly do look powerful handsome to-night."

When Mme. Fairfax journeyed to the city to visit her son, Dahlia, looking out of the window with wondering eyes on the first evening of her life away from home, exclaimed, in a voice of mingled astonishment and relief: "Well, I declare! to goodness, if ole Mis' Moon ain't done come along to Washington wif me an ole mis! We can't be homesick nohow, wif ole Mis' Moon shining on us."

IN TOYDOM.



Billy Block—A Teddy bear! And here I've went and shot me last stone at a canary bird! Drat the luck!

Near Dead.

The ship doctor of an English liner notified the death steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter, and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 26. I went to that room and noticed wan of thim in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I buried him."—The Wasp.

How it Was Done.

Three-year-old May had a penchant for cutting everything in sight, when she could get a pair of scissors. One day, being left alone with her curly headed baby brother, she promptly cut every curl from the back of his head.

When the nurse discovered the damage, she said:

"Oh! May, how dare you cut baby's curls off?"

"He cut them hisself!"

"How did he reach the back of his head?"

"He stood on the stool!"

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer Was "Coffee." Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak. 'About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—billed until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

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

WHY HE WAS WORRIED.

Fly in the Ointment That Was Handed to Good Man.

"Why," asked the good man's wife, are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened. "Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you need the rest, and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer at some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to me that applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVED AT THE CRISIS.

Delay Meant Death from Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Herman Smith, 901 Broad Street, Athens, Ga., says: "Kidney disease started with slight irregularity and weakness and developed into dangerous dropsy. I became weak and languid, and could do no housework. My back ached terribly. I had bearing down pains and my limbs bloated to twice their normal size. Doctors did not help, and I was fast drifting into the hopeless stages. I used Doan's Kidney Pills at the critical moment and they really saved my life."



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

Thrift in the Family.

A little girl was playing with a girl friend of her own age on the porch of her home in West Philadelphia.

An elderly gentleman, her mother's father, and an elderly lady, her father's mother, were sitting on the porch talking pleasantly with each other. The little girl had often wished her grandparents were of the same name, like other children's grandparents.

Presently the little guest remarked: "What a nice grandmother and grandfather you have."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a sigh, "but they don't match."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

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

Cause and Effect.

"Young Fallow follows Miss Belle about with dogged devotion."

"That's quite natural; you know, his is a case of puppy love."—Baltimore American.

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

A man isn't necessarily a wood sawyer because he says nothing.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death."

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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.

W. N. U., DETROIT, MD. 22, 1908.

ALL-RUN DOWN.

Miss Della Stroeb, who had Completely Lost Her Health, Found Relief from Peruna at Once.

Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROEB, 730 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes."

"My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

Peruna is Sold Everywhere.

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1621 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.



Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles

That firm, crisp quality and delicious flavor is what you get when you insist on Libby's Mixed Pickles at your dealer. They are always the finest and never disappoint. It's the same with Libby's Sweet Gherkins and Sweet Midgets. Ask for them.

Libby's Olives

The cultivation of centuries marks the olive groves of Spain as the world's best.

Libby's Olives are imported from the oldest and most famous of these groves. The result is a rare product, delightfully appetizing. Try one bottle and you'll buy more and never be without them.

Libby's Preserves

Pure, ripe fruit and pure sugar in equal parts, cooked just right and timed to the second, in Libby's Great White Kitchen, is the secret of the extreme superiority of Libby's Preserves. There's none as good at any price. Grocers and delicatessen stores carry all of Libby's Food Products. They are warranted the best to both you and the dealer.



FOR SUN



BLEMISHES

As well as for the preservation and purification of the skin no other skin soap so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as Cuticura. For eczemas, rashes, inflammations, wind irritations, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for the care of the hair and scalp, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura are unrivaled.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months25

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, AUGUST 7, 1908.

Morgan Parker for Sheriff.

Dr. Morgan Parker is making a splendid canvass for the nomination of sheriff on the Republican ticket. The Doctor has made an enviable record as coroner of the county for the past four years and has won the confidence of the people not only of the city, but the county as well. While he has a strong competitor in the person of City Clerk Geo. Gaston, he is more than confident that he will win out in the race and his many friends will help him do it. The Doctor stands very high in this locality and the local Republicans will see to it that a majority of the votes will be counted for him on primary day Morgan Parker for Sheriff.

Keep the Money at Home.

It is stated on good authority that the Acme White Lead Works of Detroit has taken \$30,000 out of Plymouth in subscriptions to stock in the concern. It is none of our personal concern where and how the people of the village invest their surplus cash. But what a great thing for Plymouth and the money holders as well would it be if the dollars were invested in enterprises that would benefit this town, instead of some other town? Why not use this money to build up Plymouth and Plymouth enterprises? There certainly are openings in all directions, if advantage is taken. Keep your money at home, where you can see for yourself how it is being handled. It can be made to pay out in Plymouth as well as in other towns. Think about it!

Growing Stronger.

If there is as strong an opposition to thirdtermism elsewhere in the State as there is in Plymouth, Gov. Warner will never receive the nomination next September. What is most surprising is the number of farmers—and prominent ones—who are not opposed to Warner personally, but entirely to the thirdterm propaganda. This feeling is steadily growing and we believe will continue to grow as the people give it more attention and thought. There are no emergencies whatever that make Warner's continuation necessary and they exist only in the minds of that gentleman and his machine of officeholders. Dr. Bradley can and will carry out all the measures advocated by Warner and which he has pledged himself to do as far as may lay in his power to do, because it must be borne in mind that the legislature and not the governor enacts the laws. The "machine" effort to line up the thousands of Republicans opposed to thirdtermism as "boxers" is going to have a direct opposite effect from that intended. While the original "boxers" may be supporting Dr. Bradley, as they have a right to, it doesn't follow at all that Dr. Bradley is going to do their bidding. He is not controlled by them or the corporations, as the Warnerites would like to have it appear, but will conserve the interests of the people of the whole State. And besides if these selfsame "boxers" are returned to the legislature by their constituents, as now seems likely, what's Gov. Warner going to do about it anyway?

Monroe county will present for the consideration of the state convention of the Republican party the name of William F. Knapp as a candidate for the office of state treasurer. Mr. Knapp is in the prime of his intellectual vigor being 40 years of age. He is thoroughly known through a good part of the southern peninsula, having early in life traveled through this part of the state as a representative of the nursery as establishment of George H. Lewis, whose fame is state wide as a thoroughly reliable dealer. Mr. Knapp has been for several years past the successor of Mr. Lewis, and has maintained the reputation of the business as being absolutely reliable. This business acquaintance has established a reputation for probity and integrity which will be invaluable in the coming campaign.

Excellent Health Advice.

Mrs. M. M. Davison, of No. 379 (Hilford Ave., San Jose, Cal., says: "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those suffering from such ailments. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's drug store. 5c.

CHURCH NEWS.

UNIVERSALIST
The usual services next Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday-school at 11:15 a. m.

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

METHODIST.
Regular services next Sunday as follows: Morning preaching service at 10 o'clock. Sunday-school at 11:30. Evening service at 7:30 will be union service, preaching by Rev. C. T. Jack. Fourth quarterly conference this Friday evening. The repairs are almost completed and public service will be in main auditorium.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Sunday, Aug. 9, 10:00 o'clock, morning worship. Preaching by Rev. A. A. Forshee, of the Philippine Islands. 11:15 Sunday-school. 7:00 Union gospel service in M. E. church, with preaching by Rev. C. T. Jack. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock. A meeting for prayer for the Ladies' Aid Society of the church, led by Mrs. A. Joy. You are most cordially invited to all the above services.

W. C. T. U.

The meeting held on Mrs. Markham's lawn last Thursday was well attended notwithstanding the heat and all felt repaid for the extra effort required to get away from home in such weather. The program was short, consisting of instrumental music by some of the young ladies and a reading upon mosquitoes. The committee having the financial part in charge left over 500 with the treasurer, which was very gratifying to her as well as the other members of the society. The leaders for the meeting next week Thursday, Aug. 13, are Mrs. Dr. Campbell and Mrs. Mabel Penney. There will be papers upon Alcohol and Tuberculosis and Alcohol and Heredity, with other interesting things, which ought to secure a good attendance. The curses that are heaped upon the automobile for the slaughter of human beings should be turned against strong drink," said a Chicago chauffeur the other day. "Nine out of ten of the casualties caused by the automobile are due to somebody's recklessness inspired by liquor. Either the chauffeur is drunk or the passengers drink till nothing short of a dangerous speed will satisfy them. Do away with public drinking places and the automobile will cease its deadly work." Jones—"Do you believe that curses can be wrought by the laying on of hands?" Smith—"Yep, that's the way I cured my boy of the cigarette habit."—Supt. Press.

When to Buy Mining Stock.

A subscriber has asked us for advice on the subject of buying mining stock. If there is anything we are long on, it is advice, and we cheerfully comply.

Mining stock should be bought in the dark of the moon from a total stranger. If possible, pay him in dead money. Mining stock is useful for several things. The long, narrow certificates are good for laying upon pantry shelves. The short fat ones can be used in the bottom of drawers. The handsome engraved certificates on hand-made paper can be rolled up and used for killing flies. You should, of course, buy your stock carefully and choose the size which will come in handiest.

Several enterprising companies are now putting out stock which comes in assorted sizes and can be used for dollys, paper spills, shaving paper and tablecloths. There is a general complaint because the ink on many of the certificates is injurious to health. If some company will put out a line of mining stock on perfectly blank and sterilized paper, it will make a great hit.

Low grade mining stock should be bought just before house cleaning. It can be laid under the carpets during the summer. Late in fall it can be taken up and used for bedding the horses.—Exchange.

For Bare Feet.

"I have found Bucklen's Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet, as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts, and all manner of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone, of East Poland, Maine. It is the proper thing to use for piles. Try it! Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's drug store. 25c.

Expensive Administration.

Governor Warner's administration has been the costliest in the history of the State, and when the cold figures are gone into they are simply appalling. The tax budget for 1907 over tops everything, amounting to \$4,984,732.67, the rate being \$2.82 per thousand. For 1908 the tax budget amounts to \$4,193,422.93 or a rate of \$2.42 per thousand. Taking Governor Warner's four years' administration the total tax budget is \$16,331,685.56. Since Michigan became a state, a little more than seventy years ago, the sum of \$82,551,073.10 has been apportioned in taxes to be borne by the general property of the state. This exclusive of the taxes paid by the railroad and other corporations, the latter being a separate source of income. Of this amount \$29,745,691.98 or more than one-third of all the taxes apportioned since Michigan became a state has been apportioned in the last eight years.

Taken in comparison with the other administrations the last four years outshines them all. During the administration of the late A. T. Bliss, who who immediately preceded Governor Warner in the executive office, the taxes apportioned amounted to \$13,464,006.42. No one ever contended that the Pingree administration, which began in 1897 and continued for four years was an economical one, but it fades into insignificance compared with the Warner regime. For instance the tax budget of the Pingree administration totaled \$11,174,093.59, or \$5,157,589.97 less than the taxes of the Warner administration, and less an amount almost sufficient to operate the state affairs for nearly two years.

That there has been a constantly increasing tax levy to meet the demands of the state in the administration of its affairs is not open to dispute but it is a matter which merits the careful attention of every tax-payer with the view to ascertaining the reasons therefor. A large part of this increase of expense has come about through the multiplication of numerous state boards and the biennial demands for these Boards for added appropriations. The amount to which these have grown during the past four years would indicate a lack of supervision and this tendency towards extravagance has reached a point where the interests of the tax payers of the state are seriously threatened. Any number of instances can be cited, indicating the avenues through which unlimited amounts of money may be expended unless they are closely watched and guarded. The Dairy and Food Commissioner's department has an annual expense account of \$40,000.00, while the Labor Bureau has an appropriation of \$37,000.00, and for the past four years both of these have developed more to meet political exigencies than the public need. Going back to 1897, about ten year ago, it will be found that the Dairy and Food Commission cost the tax payers of the state a little more than \$11,000.00, whereas, its present cost is upwards of \$42,000.00, an increase that ought to demand attention. The expenses of the Labor Bureau have almost doubled in the same period.

Another glittering example is that of the Game Warden's department, upon which was expended a trifle more than \$5,000.00 in 1897, while in 1907 the expenditures exceeded \$28,000.00, an increase of over \$22,000.00.

It is possible to go through almost every department of the state administration and point out the tremendous increases that have taken place. So far as can be discovered Governor Warner's administration shows not a single instance of economy or a desire to curtail the growing expenses, instead the state treasury has been attacked with an open hand and the plan seems to have been to figure out how much could be spent, letting the tax payers foot the bill.

In his public utterances Governor Warner is asking for a third term in order that he may accomplish some things he admits have been left undone. He has now been in office nearly four years and his most notable accomplishment seems to have been the increase in state expenses, which have jumped up over 25 per cent., yet not a word has come from him in explanation to the tax payers who have to foot the bill.

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

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF STATE FAIR.

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL

Reorganization Sale.

It's the very best sort of economy to buy Clothing, Hats, Shoes or Furnishings at our Reorganization Sale, because you have the assurance of absolutely reliable quality, correct style and more value for your money than any other store will give.

Any Pattern Suit in the house, formerly \$25, \$28 and \$30—Reorganization Sale Price **\$18.75** Men's and Young Men's \$18, \$20 and \$22.50 Suits—Reorganization Sale Price **\$14.45**

This gives you the choice of all our best makes, finest grades and handsomest styles in men's fancy pattern suits—a clothing bargain chance that positively cannot be duplicated outside this store.

Men's "Dutchess" Trousers on Sale.

Ten cents for a button; one dollar for a new pair for a rip. Dutchess Trousers are so well made that this strong guarantee goes with every pair. Dozens of styles in the Reorganization Sale—medium and light weight fabrics in plain colors, mixtures and stripes.

\$1.50 Dutchess Trousers \$1.13	\$3.00 Dutchess Trousers \$2.25
\$2.00 Dutchess Trousers \$1.50	\$3.00 Dutchess Trousers \$2.45
\$2.50 Dutchess Trousers \$1.63	\$4.00 Dutchess Trousers \$3.00

You see, regular prices are reduced just 25 per cent and that's a big cut on Dutchess Trousers—they're great value at the regular price.

Men's Blue Serge Suits

A complete line of fine Blue Serge Suits in single and double-breasted styles. Medium weight—all wool—fast color—lined with alpaca. Regular "stout" and "slim" sizes. Best \$15.00 value. Reorganization Sale price, **\$11.45**

Pardridge & Blackwell,

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave.

"THE HEART OF DETROIT."

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mrs. Wm. Lyke visited Mrs. Geo. Nelson Tuesday afternoon.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bovee, Wednesday morning, Aug. 5, a 9-pound girl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Savery of Detroit are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Savery, for a few weeks.

Chas. Bovee's horses ran away Tuesday morning while on the way to the creamery, breaking the buggy all to pieces and hurting little Harold Kitch quite badly.

The Ladies' Aid will meet Thursday, Aug. 6, with Mr. and Mrs. Bettys of Salem. The Lapham's aid is invited to meet with them.

The Lapham's Aid Society and the Free Church Aid and the H. H. society of Cooper's will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Laraway, August 20. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee and Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Chilson were entertained at John Bentley's Saturday evening.

Horace Kingsley of Detroit was a Center visitor Tuesday and Wednesday.

Paul Lee and Glenn McEachran took in Buffalo Bill's show in the city Monday.

Will Garchow's little boy was taken quite ill on Sunday while they were visiting at Walter Kingsley's.

Fred Lee was in the city Saturday on business.

Ed. Warren of Detroit visited his mother a few days of the past week. There was Sunday school but no preaching at the Center church on Sunday.

Mr. Lee's people enjoyed a day at Belle Isle the first of the week and are now entertaining friends from Ohio.

Charlie Smith was a Detroit visitor from Saturday till Monday. The annual school report was made out Monday by the board of inspectors.

THE ONLY

Through Sleeping Car to Philadelphia

from Michigan is operated on Train 8, via

The Grand Trunk-Lchigh Valley Double Track Route.

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

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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A person sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Billings on Patents sent free. **Charles A. Johnson, Patent Attorney.** Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers. **Mann & Co., 26 Broadway, New York** Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

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Headquarters for

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

HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

HARD AND SOFT COAL.

Plymouth Elevator. Both Phones.

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

THE CHOICEST CUTS

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

Orders by Telephone must be in by 10:00 o'clock, standard.

TRY OUR HOME SMOKED HAMS.

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NORTH VILLAGE. Telephone 12

When You Buy Paint Here

it is like buying directly from the company operating the largest paint and varnish plant in the world—the makers of the "Acme Quality" paints, enamels, stains, varnishes. You can get exactly what you want in the

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kind for touching things up, painting inside or outside, or for any other use. In buying, ask for the new authority—a complete book—on "The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes."

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DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

has trained over 50,000 young men and women for business pursuits. It is in better form than ever to continue its good work. Catalogues explain. Free on request. Write for it. Fall term from Sept. 1st. W. F. Jewell, Reg., President. E. J. Bennett, C. F. A., Principal.

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

Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 noon, after 7 P. M.

Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall. Bell Phone 36; Local 20.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. and after 7.

Telephone 94, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL

Office, formerly Dr. Kenyon's

Hours—9 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m.

Residence—Harvey St., near Sutton St.

Local Phone—Office 4-2R, Residence 4-3R

DR. J. J. TRAVIS, DENTIST.

Office in old Bank Building. Phone 130.

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 CA. D.

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.

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GRISWOLD HOUSE

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ROLEY SHONEY & TAR

For all kinds of work, call, write, or telephone.

Local News

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

A number went from here to see Buffalo Bill Monday.

Frank Boyle of Salem was a caller at this office Wednesday.

A. R. Jackson spent Saturday and Sunday at Niagara Falls.

Maynard Riley of Indianapolis is spending the week with his parents.

Miss Bessie McSweeney of Detroit visited Mrs. Fred Dibble over Sunday.

Miss Jessie Ghafee of Wayne visited her sister Mrs. Brant Warner this week.

Mrs. Alta Goss of Farmington is visiting her cousin, C. J. Bunya, this week.

Mrs. Mary M. Caldwell and daughter Hazel of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Ed. Smith.

Mrs. Lee Jewell of Detroit is spending the week with her parents—A. R. Jackson and family.

Lewis Cable and wife and Arthur Cable and wife spent a couple of days at Walled Lake this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lundy and daughter Grace spent Saturday and Sunday at Whitmore Lake.

A number of the young girl friends of Alva Burnett gave her a birthday surprise Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Louise Green of Durand and Mrs. Mary Lewis of East Cohoctah are visiting at Chas. Wheelock's.

Tom. Hemenway, of the Commercial Hotel, left Saturday for a couple of weeks' fishing trip to Hudson's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Russell and daughter of Windsor Can., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Wingard this week.

Mrs. May Williams and son Harlow left Thursday for Chicago to spend sometime with her sister, Mrs. Harold Greene.

Contractor Heffner promises that within two weeks the pavement in front of the business places will be finished.

Harry Cole's birthday occurred last Sunday and it was made the occasion for a little gathering of family friends at evening tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Haeussler and son Raynor and Miss Marjorie Kingsley of Manchester visited Mrs. M. A. Rowe the first of the week.

P. B. Davis and wife of White Plains, Ky., and Miss Onnalee Pettingill of Knowlesville, N. Y., are visiting at J. B. Pettingill's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Streng, Ms. and Mrs. Louis Gerst and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland took a trip to Port Huron on the Tashmoo Saturday.

The week has again been productive of much hot weather. Monday the thermometer registered 98 in the shade, a record not equaled for several years.

Don't fail to attend the German ladies' ice cream social at Will Black's Friday evening, August 14th. Everybody welcome and a good time guaranteed.

Belleville Enterprise: George Sloop returned from Plymouth on Saturday evening with a badly damaged hand. One of the fingers was nearly severed by being hit with a shovel.

The D. U. R. expects to tear up the old plank covering its right of way on the village streets and replace the same with gravel. The track will also be raised somewhat higher.

An alarm of fire was given Monday morning. Sparks from a passing engine set fire to the oat field back of George VanVleet's barn, threatening the latter. Section men put out the fire.

The Michigan Central railway is stringing wires between Detroit and Jackson, which, when the line is completed, will be used for the dispatching of trains by telephone instead of the telegraph.

The members of the Cole painting class gave a party at the home of Miss Ruth Huxton yesterday afternoon. They presented their teacher, Miss Frances Cole, with a beautiful gold and pearl pen.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a bake sale in the parlors of the church Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 12th. The proceeds will be used to provide city water for the parsonage lawn. By order of committee.

Horatio Earle, the good roads campaigner for Governor will make a few minutes' speech from the rear end of a train at the P. M. depot next Wednesday morning at 9:10 o'clock. If you are interested turn out and hear him.

Wayne county will have two primary days—Sept. 1st for State offices and Sept. 23rd for county offices. The Republican State convention for the nomination of the balance of the State ticket will be held in Detroit Sept. 29th. The county convention at which delegates to this convention are to be elected will be held Sept. 8th.

M. H. Ladd spent Sunday in Howell.

Frank Terrell of Salem was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Ina Mack visited in Ypsilanti last week.

A. K. Kohler of Northville was in town Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Grainger is visiting at Elm this week.

Mrs. Edith Robinson spent last Saturday in Ypsilanti.

C. Dickinson has purchased the milk route of Bert Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Travis are spending a few days in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Voorhies of Detroit are spending the week here.

Hugh Palmer of Mt. Pleasant is visiting relatives in town this week.

Sanford Shattuck is visiting relatives at Grand Rapids for a few weeks.

Miss Edna Paulger of Redford visited Mrs. Edith Robinson last week.

Miss Hazel Conner was home from Walled Lake a few days this week.

Miss Carrie Pinton of Ypsilanti is visiting Miss Carrie Brown this week.

Miss Hazel Smitherman is visiting her cousin in Detroit for a few weeks.

Dr. John H. Gill of Chicago is a guest at the home of Dr. S. E. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brennan of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with relatives here.

Albert Trinkhaus is visiting his sister Mrs. Slimmer at Lansing this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyman Bartlett and son are visiting relatives at Ypsilanti this week.

Rentz brothers of Toledo are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Chas. Ruppert this week.

Chas. Smith of Redford visited his father Morris Smith, who is sick, Thursday.

Robt. and Evered Jolliffe spent Sunday in Cleveland, making the round trip by boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Steele and son of Columbus, Ohio, are visiting at B. B. Bennett's.

Misses Iva Holmes and Mary Bell of Ypsilanti spent Sunday with Miss Kate Passage.

Mrs. John Lutz, Jr. and son are visiting his brother, Chas. Lutz and family near Petoskey.

Miss Rose Wilske and Mrs. Wm. Wilske are visiting relatives in Cleveland this week.

Quite a number attended the German Sunday-school picnic at Walled Lake Thursday.

Miss Iva Smith leaves today for a ten days' vacation, visiting friends in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cable of Detroit are spending a week with the former's parents.

Miss Mary Ehnis of Saline is visiting her brother Rev. G. D. Ehnis and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Merritt and daughter Leona leave today for a two weeks' visit at South Haven.

Mrs. Lizzie Nash and mother of Fowler visited Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Walker a few days this week.

Mrs. C. L. Seymour and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Young of Cleveland are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson.

Dr. Campbell has been confined to his home by sickness for the past two weeks but is rapidly recovering.

Grant Wilcox of Detroit and Geo. Wilcox of Jackson visited their parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilcox this week.

H. C. Robinson conducted an auction of horses in Cleveland Wednesday. Last Wednesday he sold 89 horses there.

Mrs. Chas. Brower and children of Romulus and Miss Grace Dunn of Detroit are visiting Mrs. Orr Passage and Mrs. Ina Mack.

W. T. Riggs and wife returned to their home in Reed City Monday, after an extended visit with friends here and other places.

Dr. S. E. Campbell has bought the McGraw place on Ann Arbor street and expects to have it ready for occupancy the first of September.

The Williams Bros. Tomato factory is now complete and will begin operations as soon as the tomato crop begins coming in. They have a very large building and expect to take in many thousand bushels.

Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband and daughter Marion of Detroit, Mrs. John Watt and daughter Nanine and Miss Carrie, Dwd of Chicago and Miss Irene Baker of Wayne were guests at C. H. Rauch's this week.

The Pontiac Brewing Co. is putting on the market a beverage called "That" which is brewed and fermented the same as beer but from which it is claimed that enough of the alcohol is extracted to bring the drink within the local option limit. The drink is then carbonated.

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

Methodist Church Repairs.

The Methodist Church has been closed for over a month undergoing repairs. A new roof has been put on, and extensive interior decorations have also been made.

The auditorium has been carpeted with a new Brussels ingrain carpet bought of Schrader Bros., of this village. The walls of the auditorium, vestibule and class rooms have been beautifully tinted and stencilled, and all interior woodwork varnished or repainted. Mr. Humphreys did the decorating.

The whole obligation financially has been assumed by the ladies' aid society and will amount to about \$450.00, most of which is being paid for with money already on hand. The church will be open for services Sunday, when all the work will have been completed, except some minor details.

Gets a Divorce.

In reporting the divorce case of the parties named below, who are locally known, the Detroit Journal says: Eva Mabel Bassett was 18 years of age and Frank Bassett was 21 when they married in Northville May 2, 1907. Their married life continued until July 14 that year, when he left her. She said he stayed out nights and failed to support her. Once when she was ill he told her he hoped that she would die so that he could "get drunk and dance on her grave."

In granting a decree the judge said he would include in it a two years' clause so that Bassett cannot remarry within that time. He also requested the girl-wife's attorney to file a petition for permanent alimony so that the court could deal with Bassett.

"I think we could put him where he would behave if he didn't pay alimony," remarked the judge.

Fierce Electrical Storm.

The oldest inhabitant doesn't remember such a severe and prolonged electrical storm as prevailed Tuesday night from 12 to 1 o'clock. The storm was unaccompanied by any wind and but little rain fell. The lightning, however, played incessantly and the thunder rolled and reverberated continuously for over half an hour. Many householders were frightened at the display of electricity and arose from bed and dressed themselves. Several barns in the vicinity were struck and burned, and many trees were shattered by the bolts.

A large barn on the farm of Carmen Root was burned together with all the contents, including the season's crops, surney, harness etc. The loss will foot up at least \$2500, on which there is some insurance.

Barns on the Burrells farm near Denton and Cal. Wheelers at Salem were also struck by the electric fluid and burned. A bolt also tore a board off the house of J. B. Pattison, coming in on the telephone wire.

The barn of Geo. VanVleet's was struck tearing off the cupola.

Mrs. J. O. Eddy and Miss Elsie left this morning for a week's visit in Chicago.

Ball game this afternoon on Athletic park between Plymouth business men and a Detroit bunch headed by Bob. Rutter.

C. G. Draper has the agency for the popular McKinley Music, both vocal and instrumental, at 10c a copy. Call or send for a list.

Government Weather Forecaster Emery of New York says that June and July, 1908, have produced the highest average of sunshine for 32 years, excepting 1900, and the hot wave has been a record breaker for length, although in 1891 there was a shorter period of greater maximum temperature.

Mrs. L. C. Hough stepped out onto the back porch of her home Tuesday evening about eight o'clock to look at a fire to the north of the village. Catching her heel on the step she fell forward and struck on her left arm, breaking it just above the wrist and tearing the ligaments of the hand. A physician was called, who reduced the fracture and made the lady as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Two young men, purporting to represent the Naptha Soap Co. did a thriving business at Northville and some Oakland county towns on a proposition to sell for \$4.00 a quantity of soap and a "hand painted" tea set. The purchaser paid \$2 down and agreed to pay the balance when the goods were delivered. Patrons are still waiting for the soap and dishes, and have charged the missing \$2.00 to their experience fund.

FOR SALE—Choice Young Chester White Pigs.
C. E. MITCHELL,
R. F. D. No. 3, Plymouth.

She Likes Good Things.
Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's drug store. 25c.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, 9.88
Oats, 40c.
Hys, 55c.
Beans, basis \$2.20
Butter, 32c.
Eggs 18c.

Do you Trust Your Watch?

You've seen people look at their watch, then ask some one else the time of day.

He can't trust his watch.

If yours is that kind you'd better throw it away.

If you're going to buy a new watch be sure you get a trustworthy watch; one that you can catch the train by or keep an engagement by.

We sell trustworthy watches and guarantee them.

G. G. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optometrist.

GALE'S.

I wish to call your attention to

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IS THE GAME OF POLITICS WORTH THE CANDLE?

NO! Is the Emphatic Reply of Expert Ernest McGaffey

Are You a Voter? Then You Are "Flirting" With the Flame, Declares Experienced One in Article Telling of Doings Behind the Scenes.

IS IT worth the average man's time to engage in politics? That depends on what you mean by "engaging in political life." Active participation in politics taught me a number of things. It taught me, for instance, that the man who merely votes at each election is only "flirting" with politics. I used to see at the polling places, at each election, dozens of young fellows who came and deposited their ballots and went away immediately, having selected their candidates according to their party leanings, or according to the views of their favorite paper; and who looked upon the "politicians" standing about the place as so many curious specimens of the genus Homo, remote from them to a marked degree. And yet it was the duty of those young fellows to vote intelligently, if at all.

And how can a man judge political measures and candidates, unless he will give some of his time to actual conditions, as they are controlled by the practical politicians of his ward? The people, as a rule, are the hidden portion of the community; the politicians are the riders. This is the fault of the people themselves, for numerically they outnumber the politicians ten to one, but they are willing to let it go at that. Take the average young fellow in a city ward who is on a salary, and who has some aspirations in the direction of "society." He has the dances and parties to attend, amateur theatricals and theaters to consider, calls, receptions, musicales, drives, walks in the parks—dozens of social matters to take up his time and attention. He is ambitious, and yet the "pearl of great price," his right to vote—is either cast to the swine, or unused. He is too "lily-livered"

wards I have campaigned in. And yet that was just what ought to have occurred. You can't stay at home and control the current of political events. Men as shrewd-witted and alert as you can ever dare be are out in all kinds of weather and at all sorts of personal sacrifice, gathering up the reins of power, and preparing to drive, with you trying to "catch on behind." Get busy, good easy citizen; get into politics in this manner, and you will find, from even the low standpoint of



IT IS THE DUTY OF THE GOOD CITIZEN TO INTEREST HIMSELF IN POLITICS



I WONDER IF HE'S ANY GOOD



THE OFFICEHOLDER IS BESIEGED CONSTANTLY FOR DONATIONS OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE SORT



HE'S DAMNED IF HE DOES AND DAMNED IF HE DON'T.

and thin-skinned to mix in with rough "ward politics."

It would be vastly better for him if he did. "It's coarsening," you say? Well, yes, maybe it is a little! But there may be an excess of codding the feeling of exclusiveness. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and you never know until you "butt into" municipal politics what a vast variety of people there are in the world. "The noblest study of mankind is man," and you will have more types to choose from. In this fascinating study, the game of politics, than in any other walk of life. You will get a chance to judge the candidates at first hand, besides. You will have an opportunity to enlarge your knowledge of human nature. You will hear arguments for and against proposed measures of public policy. You will get a practical inside view of the political arena which will benefit you when you come to pick a candidate. In a hundred different ways you will widen the worldly perspective, and add to your stock of general information.

To get into politics for the purpose of conscientiously and intelligently performing your duties of citizenship is not merely a privilege. It is a trust. It is something on which your own safety may depend, and those on whom your hopes are builded. Make yourself active in politics, and you can make yourself respected by the politicians. The "stall-fed" citizen who simply votes is a mere chessman in the game, to be shoved here and there. If he has acquainted himself with the rudiments of the game and followed this up by a steady course of seeking instruction, and keeping up with public movements—if he looks up the personal qualifications of candidates and votes intelligently, he is doing his duty broadly, not narrowly, as a citizen. It is very well worth the while of every man, and particularly the young and active man, to engage in politics in this way. Every young fellow of voting age should attend the ward meetings and join the ward clubs of his ward. He should attend the primaries, and do all that lies in his power to see that good delegates are chosen.

All questions of public safety, comfort, morals, and health are necessarily a matter of politics. Suppose, for instance, that a young fellow is president of his ward club; or of an independent organization of young voters in his ward. If he goes down to the city hall to make a request, say to have a favor granted

to the people of his ward, or to protest against something that he thinks is not for the benefit of the ward, he has something to back him up, in his demands. You can depend upon it that the aldermen of his ward will know of him, and will do all in their power to aid him. As spokesman for some voting strength, easily shown by say a good live committee going with him, he commands attention from the mayor and any public official, and he will find the old copy-book adage of his school days confirmed—"In union there is strength."

How can you tell a candidate's fitness by seeing his lithograph on a telegraph pole? Or reading some partisan puff of him in a party newspaper? Get out to the meetings and hear him talk. "Size him up." Get an introduction to him, and sound him personally as to his intelligence and sincerity. Such a candidate has the power, we will say, to speak for you in a matter directly concerning your health and safety. If you went to a doctor, would you go to the first one who had a physician's sign hung out? If you were hiring a clerk, you business man, would you take any one who happened along? Of course not! And yet the laxity of the average voter so far as any knowledge of the fitness or personality of the average candidate is concerned, amounts to almost criminal stupidity.

The spectacle of a goodly number of intelligent, well-dressed and reputable citizens at an average primary (say the clerks and business men of the district in a body) would be something which would cause a gasp of horror-stricken surprise in some

dollars and cents, that the game is worth the candle.

If you belong to a card club or a bowling club or any social organization, strive to make that a power in politics. Get the voting strength of the association committed to the best candidate, regardless of party. Party fealty is all right; party allegiance is party discipline; but don't trade the birthright of suffrage for a bowl of party potage. Make your party put up good men or suffer the consequence. And this applies to all men, young and old. The middle-aged men have no right to sit by the fire in their slippers and let politics go to the devil. They will have to pay for it in a many different ways as there are angles to the winds.

"Neglect will make more breaches than the cannon-balls."

Of course it is the duty of every good citizen to interest himself in politics, but at the same time, if he does, he'll probably get into the game up to his neck and if he doesn't he is called an "undesirable." The average office holder is besieged for donations by every sort of institution and organization which has even a glimmer of hope of extracting any of the coin of the realm.

It's a gay life; it's a hard life; it's a thankless one. Every officeholder makes enemies. He is often "damned if he does and damned if he don't." He cannot expect fair treatment from an opposing press, he cannot hope for justice from the partisans of an opposite party. The changes are sudden and often lasting; the rewards are inadequate and generally brief; the "lime-light" of a short-lived notoriety is succeeded by the "darkness" of a most Cimmerian obscurity. Hawked at by the insidious owls of the press, pestered by cranks and advisers, baited by reformers, betrayed by friends and plotted against by enemies, say, now, is professional politics worth engaging in?

On the level, NO!

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

(Copyright, by Joseph R. Bowles.)

NO HAIR-SPLITTING.

"But," argues the exasperated automobilist, who has been haled before the country justice, "you haven't the shadow of a reason for arresting and trying me. Why, man, my machine was standing stock still. Absolutely motionless! Even the constable will tell you that."

"The automobile was a-standin' still all right," acknowledges the constable, "but its engine was runnin' full blast, an' it sounded just like they do when they go 40 miles a hour."

"But my machine was not moving! Judge, this is prepos—"

"The evidence is all against you," coldly decides the justice. "Twenty dollars and costs. This is not the time or place for idle technicalities."—Judge.

NOT VERY POPULAR.



"Does your daughter play popular music?"
"Guess not. All the neighbors close their windows when she starts to practice."

Favoritism.

Why may frail blossoms, to delight the eye,
Borrow rich colors from the sun on high,
While all accorded to superior man
Is sunburn, freckles or unsightly tan?
—Washington Star.

Jesting.

He was the court jester, and (in confidence) he was a good one. His wedding day had arrived, and he appeared before the king in his jester's suit.

"What!" said the king. "Not dressed for the wedding yet?"

"Oh, yes, your excellency!"

"But you don't mean to say you are to be married in a fool's suit?"

"What better costume could a man wear on his wedding day, your excellency?"—Yonkers Statesman.

An Attentive Scholar.

Bill—I see they are teaching boys to swim now by having them lie on a chair and go through the motions of swimming with the arms and legs.

Jill—Yes, I tried to teach a boy that way once, and what do you suppose was the result?

"I'm sure I don't know."

"When I got him down to the water, he looked all around and then asked me: 'Where is the chair?'"—Yonker's Statesman.

The Necessary.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the nervous young wife, as the eminent surgeon entered the sick-room, "if an operation is necessary we want you to operate immediately! Expense is no object at all."

"We will operate at once," replied the eminent surgeon, without looking at the patient.—Hertzberger's Weekly.

Endurance Appreciated.

"So you think my writing that book was a remarkable achievement?" said the gratified author.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't see how you managed to stay awake through the first four chapters, let alone the whole book!"—Washington Star.

Not Glittering Generalities.

"Don't you think our military friend indulges in glittering generalities?"

"His position requires him to be somewhat showy," replied the painfully precise person. "But his uniform is that of a colonel, not a general."—Washington Star.

Keeping Out of Trouble.

"What are you dodging Brown for? I thought you two were good friends?"

"So we are, but his wife has gone away for a visit, and he's one of those married men who think that we single men owe it to them to sit up all night and entertain them."—Detroit Free Press.

A Day of Days.

Hungry Traveler—Have you got a nice plum cake for a poor man that hasn't had a bite to eat in three days?
Mrs. Jones—Cake? Why, isn't bread good enough for you?

Traveler—Not to-day. This is my birthday, mum!—Royal Magazine.

A Nature Student.

"Papa, will you tell me one thing?"

"Yes, my son."
"If crows were to hold a meeting and swear at one another, would that be what they call a caw-caw?"—Baltimore American.

Carriage to Match.

"I heard Miss Gudabout wondering the other day what sort of an electric she should get."
"I would advise her, if she wants something fitting, to buy a rapabout."

In Doubt.

"He knows all the stars."
"Astronomical or operatic?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

By FRANCIS B. L. HOWE

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Theodore sat on the wall that divided the lawn and the kitchen garden and kicked his heels viciously against the unresponsive stone. They were small feet but they kicked with an energy quite out of proportion. Dore surveyed them with rueful satisfaction, noting with a fierce delight that the toes were stubbed and that green stains had appeared on his white trousers. In short Theodore was looking on the world and its main attractions "through a glass darkly."

The red setter came bounding across the lawn to the forlorn little figure on the wayside wall, his flaming red flag of a tail hoisted to the breeze.

"The boy's only greeting was a pull at the glossy coat of such astounding energy as to bring forth a yelp of wounded pride."

Dore's arms were about his neck as he said: "Scuse me, Reddy, I only wanted to see if you was 'pertend' too," then, with a deep sigh, "I guess me and you is the only really things around here."

Yesterday, oh fateful day, Dore had learned a lesson that had straightway clouded his fair sky, and since which he had looked out on the world through earnest brown eyes which never before had held a look of unbelief.

He had mentioned casually, in the tone one can afford to adopt when one possesses a young and beautiful aunt, that his Aunt Eleanor was going to take him to ride behind her bran new ponies. "An' she ain't never rode behind them herself yet," he added, proudly.

To which Batty Jones had scornfully replied: "Aw, what yer givin' us? She ain't no more your aunt than she is mine. I could call her 'aunt' too if I liked. My ma said so an' she knows 'cause my pa useter be coachman fer them 'fore he come here."

That night after a silent tea in the nursery Dore walked upstairs, undressed and crawled into bed before Mary had a chance to help him.

"Did you say your prayers, Master Theodore?" she asked.

"No," said Dore, soberly.

"Well come and say them now, that's a good boy, so Mary can go downstairs."

Then it was that Master Theodore, standing as erect as a downy mattress on jumpy springs would let him, and holding tightly to the head board of his little brass bed, replied: "I shall properly never say my prayers again, Mary, so please don't speak of it. There isn't any Aunt Eleanor—there isn't any Santa Claus and how do I know there's any God?"

Then he lay down and pulled the covers up snugly while the deeply shocked Mary rushed from the room fumbling her beads, too perturbed to hear the boy's "Good-night, Mary; I hope you will sleep well," for he always remembered his manners, did this little chap.

For a long time he lay very quiet thinking it all out. He wasn't hurting anyone by believing these things and they made him happy. What business had anyone to tell him? Then his mind would fill with righteous wrath, but his sturdy little spirit at last asserted itself and as he fell asleep he muttered: "I'm glad I know, anyhow. I don't want to believe 'pertsends.'"

Still there were tears on his cheek for his dear Aunt Eleanor, the sweetest illusion of them all, and he sleepily hoped that Batty Jones would not call her "auntie," even if he could if he had a mind to.

All that was last night. This morning he was not quite sure whether he was glad he knew or not.

First he thought he would go away out of sight of the road where the enchanting pony cart would not be visible to eyes that somehow would watch in spite of their determination not to. Then he dug his heels more tightly into the crevices of the wall and decided to stay right where he was, so close to the road that he could almost shake hands with those who passed.

All this was of course perplexing, but the problem that made the deepest wrinkles in the boy's forehead was what to say to this whilom "Auntie" when she appeared.

Clearly he could not tell her that he could not ride with her because she was a "pertender." That would not be polite to say to a lady and Dore's ideas of chivalry were deep rooted.

"Hallo, Dore! Ready?" a gay voice called. "Jump in beside Rags. We're going to have a famous drive."

Dore looked from the beautiful girl and the bull pup beside her to the ponies impatiently champing on the bit and back to the girl again. This was very embarrassing. He felt his face grow hot. Some boys would have looked sheepish and would have fled. Master Theodore did neither. He stood in the dusty road, cap in hand, and the sun beat down on his closely-dropped hair, but he only planted his feet more firmly as he looked the girl squarely in the eyes and said slowly: "No, thank you. I don't think I'll go to-day."

smiled him a "good-by," the ponies started up, and he was left alone. Something like a sob arose in his throat. He was afraid he had been rude, but he could not tell a lady that she was a "pertender." Better to let her base his rudeness upon refusing to ride with her than that.

A few paces away the cart stopped, and Aunt Eleanor looked back expectantly, but he shook his head and she drove on.

He suddenly awoke to the consciousness that the sun was very hot on his bared head, and putting on his hat he crossed the lawn and entered the house.

His father would not be home till night; his bicycle was tame; his pony had lost its favor. The one thing that still had about it the glamour of brighter days was The Picture in his father's study. Father's favorite arm-chair stood under this picture and Dore could not remember the time when he had not said his prayers kneeling beside it as his father sat there. But this was before father became so busy and had to stay so late nights in the city.

Dore took off his hat and looked at The Picture as he had looked at Aunt Eleanor a few minutes ago.

"You weren't a 'pertender' were you, ma'am?" he asked, politely. "They told me that God took you away. It seems like they don't want me to have anything, don't it? I'm sorry, cause I think from your face I would like you, ma'am."

Then even while standing there a thought broke in upon him, a thought so delicious and yet so audacious he held his breath as he clung lovingly to it.

If Aunt Eleanor could not be a truly auntie, couldn't she be a truly mother?

Nipper Brown had had three mothers. Now Nipper was the garbage gentleman's boy, and if he could have had three, couldn't this little lad have one?

He sat down in one of the big slippery chairs to think it over. He suddenly remembered that last night he had refused to say his prayers. He would not make a truce now and say them just because he wanted something, but, he said aloud: "I will just to mention it before I go to bed to-night and pr'aps God might hear, who knows?"

Dore sat up in bed blinking at the light and rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked.

"Sure 'tis yure father wants you downstairs, Master Theodore, jist as you be."

The boy crawled out of his little bed, gathered the folds of his long night



His Father and Aunt Eleanor Stood There.

dress together and holding it high, went down the stairs.

The study was lighted and his father and Aunt Eleanor stood there.

When pretty Aunt Eleanor, the color coming and going in her pretty cheeks, had snuggled him up close in her warm bare arms and explained what it was all about the child was silent. The girl and the man looked at each other in dismay.

Suddenly he sat up very straight and asked wistfully, for he dared not hope too much:

"Aunt Eleanor, did God truly tell you to ask father if you could be my mother?"

"The girl's eyes danced as she said: 'Yes dear.'"

"Father, did God tell you to say she could?"

"He certainly did, my little man," his father said with face aglow.

Then Dore slipped off the girl's lap and said very earnestly: "I'll go upstairs and say my prayers now, and I'll get down on both knees, too. I didn't mention any names but he got it all right."

They kissed him and let him go, and as the door closed the girl lifted a tremulous face in which tears and smiles strove for mastery as she said: "O Jack, I feel just as though he had said: 'God bless you, my children.'"

And Dore, upstairs, as he crept back into bed, said in a comfortably confidential tone:

WILLIAM B. AND "BILL"

William Barringtonford Everston, president of the New Peerless Patagonian Mining Company, was troubled with insomnia. Probably that accounts for his hearing the clock chime three. Suddenly he jerked himself into a sitting posture and remained motionless. A gentle click came from the dressing room, and William B., as his friends affectionately called him, slipped quietly from his bed, grabbed his revolver and, feeling his way cautiously, took up a position behind the bedroom door with the fingers of his left hand on the electric light switch.

"Only one," he said to himself, "and coming this way." The breathing of a man came to his ears from the right, and a slight movement of the door caused by the exploring fingers of the intruder informed the president that his visitor was in the bedroom. Lifting his revolver he switched on the light and immediately covered his man.

"Don't move," he said quietly. "Don't move, or I'll blow your head off."

The click of the switch button had told the keen ears of the burglar the exact position of the president, and poised on his toes he had swung half round before the mining magnate repeated his caution.

"Now unload!" ordered William B. "That right-hand pocket first! Be very careful! H'm! Dangerous weapon! Drop it on the floor. Push it back with your foot! Now the rest of the lumber!"

The burglar reluctantly obeyed. A bunch of skeleton keys, an electric flashlight, a jimmy and a few other odds and ends were dropped on the floor and the captor smiled.

"Now sit down!" Mr. Everston said. The prisoner seated himself languidly and crossed his legs. He evidently was a stoical person who was prepared for any little tricks Fate might play.

The president of the Peerless Patagonian was somewhat elated. The smart manner in which he had captured and disarmed his uninvited guest pleased him immensely. "If I could bag buyers for Peerless shares as easily I'd be happy," he thought.

"Well, my fine fellow," remarked the president, "you didn't expect me at the door, eh?"

The prisoner smiled. "You've got me dead to right, sport," he replied. "I never thought a stout, healthy gentleman like yourself 'd be awake receivin' visitors at this hour."

The mining magnate was rather amused at the easy assurance of the burglar. Sleep was impossible now, and to William Barringtonford Everston, who had the reputation of being utterly heartless in dealing with a foe, came an unusual feeling. He decided not to call the police, but instead to while away an hour questioning his prisoner and then allow him to go free. Self-preservation was the only law that Everston religiously obeyed, and if the burglar raided the apartments of a friend the following evening it would not trouble him in the least. Still covering the burglar, he pulled forward an easy chair and proceeded to make his position of armed guardian comfortable by building a rest for his revolver arm on the table between himself and his prisoner. The moral obligations of other men interested William B. and the element of danger made the situation more attractive.

"How long have you been at this game?" he asked.

"Seven years countin' breaks," replied the other.

"What are breaks?"

"Forced retirements."

"Have you ever heard of that old proverb that tells of honesty?"

"Heard some one say it in school," yawned the burglar.

"It is the best policy," said William B., "and there is no substitute on the market."

"Bill always sees that," remarked the burglar.

The president of the Peerless did not inquire about his namesake who staked on honesty, but, feeling somewhat pleased at his new role of moral reformer, continued his questioning.

"Have you a trade?" he asked.

"Learnt tailorin' in jail."

"Well, tailorin' is not a bad trade."

"Hurts your eyes," said the captured one.

"It is better to hurt your eyes than hurt your conscience," remarked Everston. He was beginning to feel intensely moral.

"If yer peepers is bad," replied the burglar, "ye can't dodge cops."

"Cops!" repeated the president. "There is no necessity to dodge the police if a man is on the right track."

"Cops is stirred up by the mention of his enemies destroyed his previous good temper.

"Yes, of course they are," admitted the mining magnate, "but if you are goin' straight—"

"minin'," remarked the prisoner; "if they did"—he broke off suddenly and twisted his fingers round an imaginary screw head—"you'd know, mister."

The president pook-hooed the assertion, but the burglar was obstinate. "You've got 'em ter the good with yer make-up," he said mournfully. "It gives 'em the stan' aside signal."

"But if you do no wrong?" queried William B.

"Yer boun' ter do wrong if a cop is erbout," retorted the burglar. "Bill sees it's human cussedness."

"This acquaintance of yours named Bill," said the head of the Peerless Patagonian Company, "who is he?"

The prisoner grinned. "Bill's a watcher," he replied.

"A watcher of what?" asked the president.

"Cops."

"If you and your friend Bill," Mr. Everston said solemnly, "watched opportunities instead of the police you'd be better off."

The advice tickled the guest immensely. He tried to speak, but an unintelligible gurgle was his best effort. This gurgling on the part of the burglar angered Mr. Everston, and he decided to give the fellow a fright. He bent forward with the intention of



"Yer Boun' Ter Do Wrong If a Cop Is Erbout," Retorted the Burglar.

rising from his seat, but the cold muzzle of a revolver touched his bump of benevolence. "Don't stir!" said a gruff voice. "I'm Bill!"

The president of the Peerless did stir, for the icy coldness of the weapon touching his bald head startled him immensely, but "Bill" was prepared for the movement, and the frozen barrel followed. The hater of cops came suddenly to life, and in two minutes the mining magnate was gagged and bound securely to the bed.

"Well, he beats the band!" whispered the new arrival. "There is me sittin' out on that fire escape freezin' to death an' him wastin' our good time chirlpin' erbout the virtues of cops."

Five minutes afterward, when the pair were ready to move with a choice selection from Mr. William Barringtonford Everston's bureau, the prisoner stopped before the president of the New Peerless Patagonian Mining Company and whispered quietly:

"Yer lucky yer in a game the cops know nothin' erbout. If they did—"

The stubby fingers again went to work on the imaginary screw, and a mind picture of the performance remained with William B. long after his visitors had crept quietly away.

Are Their Own Banks.

Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between \$200 and \$800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners.

The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry sums of money on his persons that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never thinks of it.

It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a \$1,000 bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2,000. Time after time this has happened and it seems no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

Intensity of the Russians.

A good story is told of a well-known authoress, who is often the occasion as well as the author of an epigram. It seems that at Newport this woman was dining with a foreigner, when the conversation took a turn to Russians in general and a certain Russian, lately departed from Newport, in particular.

"Oh, those Russians!" exclaimed the fair writer, who boasts of her knowledge of things Muscovite. "And is this one as ardent as all the others?"

"Oh, I can't say as to that," returned the foreigner; "but I fancy that he differs in no degree from his compatriots."

"They are such intense lovers!" continued the woman. "With them it is either surrender or death."

Whereupon the foreigner bowed low and said: "Assuredly, madam, you persuade me to believe in a resurrection!"—Sunday Magazine.

Too Progressive.

Mrs. Hayrix (reading)—This paper says th' doctors hev discovered another new disease, Hiram.

Hayrix—Huh! I wish th' pesky critters would stop lookin' for new diseases long enuf 'tew hunt up a cure for th' rheumatiz, by grass!

WAS "GOING SOME"

HOW RALPH PAINE BROKE A RUNNING RECORD.

Spurred to Effort by Flight of Krag and Mauser Bullets, Correspondent Hit Ground Only in High Places.

In my own experience, beginning with college football, those sporting activities which were seasoned with some danger to life and limb are recalled with the keenest zest. As an alleged war correspondent in three campaigns I added shooting and foot racing to the list of sports with whose rules I was fairly familiar, says Ralph Paine in Recreation. While the Yale athletic trainers had appraised my physique as better adapted to throwing the hammer or "putting" the freight car than the 100-yard dash, I lived to overturn these expert judgments. There is every reason to believe that through the triple verdure of a valley near Guantanamo, Cuba, I had the unique distinction of running the 100-yard dash in nine seconds and the quarter mile in close to forty seconds, for the farther I went the faster I flew. Needless to say, these were all new world's records, professional and amateur.

A battalion of husky American marines had been fighting twice their weight of Spanish infantry two nights and days on end, under a harassing and incessant cross fire which swept the hard-held camp on the hill. On either side of this hill lay small, green valleys, the enemy keeping under cover along the opposite slopes. At length there came a lull in the action. A correspondent, whom modesty forbids me to name, observed that far up one of these valleys lay the huge boiler of a burned sugar estate, and that said boiler would be a safe fortress from which to look matters over at a much closer range. Borrowing a rifle from a wounded corporal, he faced hastily toward the sugar boiler amid the profane shouts of a dusty squad of marines:

"Come back, you fool. They'll turn loose again directly."

They did. It happened that the pilgrim was wearing a wide-brimmed Spanish straw hat taken from a deceased soldier of Castile. The American marines had no other targets than these straw hats as glimpsed in the dense undergrowth. They therefore opened a brisk fire from their hillside at this solitary straw hat bobbing up the valley. The Spanish troops, knowing that none of their men was down there, fired with much enthusiasm at the same bull's-eye. The bullets hummed both ways. They raked the atmosphere from left to right. The poor fool whom friend and foe were trying to pot had not the wit to think of discarding the straw hat as he sprinted for the shelter of the sugar boiler, which appeared to have been moved at least eighteen miles away. There are witnesses alive to-day who will swear that when his tracks were followed next morning brown patches were found where his flying feet had scorched the grass. Bullets aimed to stop him passed twenty feet to the rear when they crossed his trail. These troops had not been insured as wing shots and were therefore handicapped.

Veering to the first person, for I am honestly proud of those sprinting records (and why make pretense of a modesty which is superfluous?), I clove the bullet-spattered atmosphere with a distinct whistling sound and my heels flew so high with each terrific stride that they clattered against the back of my head like the shoes of an over-reaching horse. At length reaching the sugar boiler, I dove into its end with tremendous velocity and lay panting while I listened to the pelting drive of bullets against its sides like rain on a farmhouse roof.

In this-apirited fashion were shattered, obliterated and snowed under all known sprinting records, ancient and modern. They were achieved under the most flawless amateur status, moreover, because no financial inducements could have led me to start from scratch with a flight of Krag and Mauser bullets and beat them to the tape.

A Winning Speech.

She was white with indignation. "You shall never go down to that porrid club again, James Henry."

"But, Martha, I—"

"Never mind. You heard what I said. You must remember when I bring my foot down on anything it bears weight."

"Nonsense!"

"What? You mean to ridicule my assertion, James Henry Butler?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I merely wished to remark that a foot as small as the one you possess could not possibly bear weight."

There was a long pause.

"You really think so, James? Well, now, aren't you both clever and truthful! I believe I will let you go down to the club to-night if you'll promise to come home real early."

Iceland Can Support 1,000,000.

Prof. Thorodsson, who was deputized by the king of Denmark to study the economic resources of Iceland, reports that the island will be able to provide food and living for a million people in future, instead of scarcely 79,000 as now.

A Shakespearean Jolly.

He—That elusive little curl of yours, darling, is so mean it always reminds me of a character in Shakespeare.

She (shyly)—How is that?

He—Because it is such a shy lock.

MORGAN PARKER



FOR SHERIFF

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. 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 Wagonowicz, deceased.

Elizabeth Brennan, 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.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, at a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the sixteenth 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 William Blaine, Sr., deceased.

Paul W. Vourhies, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his 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.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

EXCURSION

VIA

Pere Marquette

Sunday, August 9

TO

DETROIT.

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:40 a.m. and 11:15 a.m. Returning, leave Detroit at 6:15 p.m.

Fare, Round Trip, 25c.

EXCURSION

VIA

Pere Marquette

Sunday, Aug. 16

TO

Lansing and Grand Rapids

Saginaw and Bay City

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

ROUND TRIP RATES.

To Island Lake \$.85

To Lansing 1.00

To Grand Lodge 1.25

To Grand Rapids 2.25

To Flint 1.00

To Saginaw & Bay City 1.50

Returning trains will leave Grand Rapids at 6:30 p.m. Bay City 6:45 p.m.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's

New Discovery

FOR COUGHS

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

GUARANTEED TO CURE

OR MONEY REFUNDED