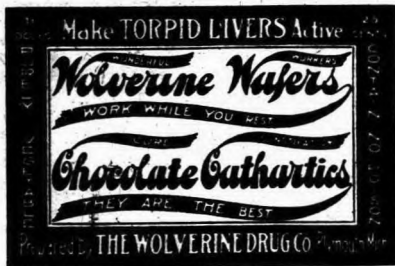


# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XX, NO 48

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21 1908

WHOLE NO. 1094.



**\$2.50 FOR \$1.00**

Do not ask why, but read on.

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|---|--------|
| "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     |
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| "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**

## EXTRA!

We have an extra fine lot of

**Fruits Every Sat'dy**

Afternoon and Evening. They are strictly FRESH.

Don't buy your next week's supply of

**SOAP**

But wait until Saturday, August 29th, when we will have a SPECIAL DAY SALE that will surprise you—a standard Soap, too.

**GITTINS BROS.**

CENTRAL GROCERY.

## Breezy Items

By Elsie Correspondents.

### SALEM

Mrs. Geo. Denio of Grand Rapids visited her sister, Mrs. Adaline VanSickle, last week. F. I. Packard and family of Detroit are spending the week with their parents and other relatives here.

It has been decided not to hold a home coming in Salem this year.

The Salem base ball team played at Wixom last Friday. Score 11 to 2 in favor of Salem.

Elmer Jarvis was in Ann Arbor on business Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Duckering and little daughter of Highland visited over Sunday with Geo. Roberts and family.

The three year old daughter of Fred Burnhart, living two miles west of here, died Monday. Funeral services conducted by Rev. Bettes, held at the west M. E. church Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wheeler were South Lyon visitors Tuesday.

Rev. Colvin, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is much improved at this writing.

Mrs. Adolph Geigler attended the home coming at Nankin last week.

Mrs. Maynard is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Mary Penney of Plymouth is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Murray.

Miss Martha Ryder is visiting friends in Ionia this week.

### FREE CHURCH.

The Free Church, Lapham's and Helping Hand Aid societies, met at Mrs. L. Laraway's last Thursday. The attendance was very good.

Mrs. Robert Martin of Ann Arbor is visiting her father, W. H. DePue.

Prof. Roy Waite of Dexter visited at Ammon-Brown's this week.

Mrs. Olive Dickerson of Farmington is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ammon Brown.

### LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Packard and children of Detroit are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard and Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Withee.

Floyd, Flora and Freda Waters spent Sunday in Ann Arbor with their grandmother, Mrs. Fred Krause.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Partridge and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cogswell of St. Charles visited Harvey Nelson and family and George Nelson and family Sunday.

H. C. and F. I. Packard were Ypsilanti visitors Tuesday. They went there to visit a cousin, Mr. Stevens, who was hurt in the street car wreck in Detroit last week Tuesday night.

W. I. Savery and Fred Soker of Detroit visited friends here Tuesday.

Ira Savery, Fred Burnett, Fred Soker and Bert Nelson went to Silver Lake fishing Tuesday. It was the first time the four boys have been together since attending school together in Ann Arbor, about fifteen years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Allen of South Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fawcett of Howell visited Mr. and Mrs. George Nelson Tuesday and Wednesday.

### PERRINSVILLE.

The election of Sunday-school officers were held last Monday evening. The following officers were elected: Supt., Wm. B. Parmelee; Asst. Supt., Mrs. H. Stephenson; Sec., Miss Lizzie Theuer; Treas., Miss Grace Edwards; Organist, Miss Myrtle Chambers.

Enoch Stalnauer of Detroit visited his brother Michael and family last Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Meldrum was in Detroit last Tuesday.

The Sunday-school will give an ice cream social at the hall Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baehr and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Baehr and children visited with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Losev last Tuesday.

### 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.

### NEWBURG.

Albert Messer and sister Mattie went on the excursion to Bois Blanc Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Brock of near Inkster was a visitor in Newburg Tuesday.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give an ice cream social on Saturday evening at Newburg hall, the proceeds to apply on church expenses. Will ladies please bring cake.

Mrs. Luella Chappel gave an afternoon luncheon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Alice Sias of Toledo, Tuesday. Mesdames, James Joy, Mark Joy of Toledo, Frank Haake, James Norris, the children of these ladies, were present, numbering one dozen. They report passing a very pleasant afternoon, as Mrs. Chappel is an excellent entertainer.

The Aid Society had a large number of guests at supper last week Friday. Mrs. Dean of Detroit gave an interesting talk on her forty years of missionary work in Persia. She is now laboring among the poor classes in Detroit. The society has formed various clubs, among which are a young woman's club, a young men's club, a mothers' club, a young girls' club and a young boys' club. Every one knows the good and useful duties taught these people, also the kind deeds done by these noble women—may God bless them in this great work.

### PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Badelt and family are entertaining company from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wright visited at Mrs. L. Hubbard's, Northville, last Friday.

Mrs. Wandre is no better at this writing.

Mrs. H. Klatt is at Northville caring for her daughter Myrtle who is very sick.

Mrs. C. W. Wright and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Krumm of Plymouth last Sunday.

Mrs. Bordlean and family are tired of country life and are going to move back to Detroit.

Mrs. E. McKee and son Robert were Wayne visitors Tuesday.

### STARK.

Mrs. W. H. Coats is on the sick list. Richard Gottechalk of Detroit made his parents a short visit Sunday.

Mrs. Mabel Bassett and children of Detroit are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chilson.

Miss Jennie Dean, former missionary to Persia for upwards of 25 years, visited Mrs. G. N. Dean this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn L. Chapman and children of Detroit spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett.

Mrs. Edwin Dohson of St. Johns spent a couple of days last week with her old school-mate, Mrs. John Bennett.

Miss Amy Nuttman of Detroit is spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Clemens.

Miss Mabel Sherwood spent a couple of days this week with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Bennett.

Miss Nettie Wright of Detroit called on her cousin, Mrs. A. J. Bennett, on Wednesday of this week.

### MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mrs. B. D. Bradford and children of Grand Rapids are visiting at Herbert Bradford's.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Safford and children and Miss Ada Safford of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Safford of Plymouth spent Sunday at S. W. Spoer's.

Mrs. Markham entertained the Aid Society at her home on Thursday afternoon Sept. 3rd.

Miss Daisy Killingworth is visiting her sister in Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Hazel Everett-Lisch of Detroit visited her cousin Miss Ada Westfal last week.

Cherry Hill ball team will play the Free Church ball team Saturday afternoon at Will Streng's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Killingworth Sunday morning, a girl.

Little Frances Brown, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the hospital at Ann Arbor, is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brown and baby returned home from the hospital Tuesday night, where they have been staying with their daughter.

### For Sore 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.

Acknowledged by the best Judges of such goods to be the

**-BEST-  
MASSAGE CREAM  
MADE,**

AND IT SELLS FOR  
**25 CENTS A JAR**

FOR SALE AT

**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**

## ABRAHAM KHERBWy

Has Bought out W. J. Burrows,

**THE SHOEMAKER,**

and is ready to do work at the old stand.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail



The Fruit Package.

A great advance has been made in preparing articles for shipment and for exhibition in attractive ways. The old aliphod methods have largely disappeared, as anyone who uses eyes, ears and memory can testify. There is hardly an article from the notion counter of the department store to the varied array of a modern grocery, or even in the stalls of a market, which is not arrayed in a manner indicating some desire to make a tempting appearance. Still there is much to learn. The packing of fruit and showing off to good advantage is an art that should be cultivated, and the matter is considered of such significance that official notice is taken of it. The Boston Herald says: "There's nothing that adds more to the attractiveness of a box or crate of fruit than a liberal dressing of green leaves of one kind or another. Our consul at Frankfurt contributes some useful information on this subject, telling of the advantages of fern leaves for this purpose, not only for the decoration, but for the preservation of the fruit. The fern leaves, it seems, possess a preservative quality far beyond any other greens, and they are extensively used in the foreign markets, not only to pack fruits, but vegetables and dairy products as well. More green decorations would add much to the attractiveness of our fruit markets and fruit stands, and they would help to preserve the fruit at the same time." Public taste is increasing, and it is the attractive arranged "ad" and the attractively arranged shop which most surely win customers.

Out-of-Doors Culture.

This is the camp-meeting season. It is also the camp for Chautauqua gatherings. It is the season when mountainside and lakeside, seaside and riverside are dotted with culture camps. Even the camp-meeting in its modern form runs as much to culture of the spirit as it does to aggressive attacks upon sin. Thousands of busy persons are availing themselves of recreation and culture in combination. This is a source of agreeable summer employment for college professors who do not want to rust during the summer season, and to whom a little work of a light order and under pleasant conditions is an agreeable change from the set routine of the classroom and the sedentary experiences. How much the summer schools affect the educational standards and cultural quality of the people, says the Baltimore American, may not be gathered. But it is certain that the summer leaven works through a great mass of the population, and its quickening effects must be great.

Suggestions that the United States and Mexico jointly police the Central American countries and so put an end to the disorders constantly developing there are being seriously discussed. Pretty nearly every other plan appears to have failed. Even when the little nations are brought to the point of fixing up an agreement all round to be good there is no guarantee against one or another breaking the contract without the slightest scruple. The United States naturally is much averse to anything looking like interference with the affairs of other countries, but co-operation with Mexico would be an assurance of disinterestedness and would forestall any Latin-American objection. What Central America needs and must have for proper political and material development is continued peace, and Uncle Sam, with Mexico as side partner, would see that peace was maintained.

The Wealth of the Sea.

In representing the wealth contained in the sea, Prof. Huxley has pointed out that an acre of good fishing-ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. He also has drawn a vivid picture of a "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column contains 120,000,000 of fishes, which, even on short rations, consume no fewer than 840,000,000 of herrings every week. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving. The harvest of the sea, remarks the New York Weekly, is truly inexhaustible.

Mrs. Florence Killock Crooker recently celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of her service as a minister of the Universalist church and the fourth anniversary of her pastorate of St. Paul's church, Jamaica Plain, Boston.

India is buying many more American windmills as the result of wider and more persistent canvassing for orders. An Illinois manufacturer is shipping a carload (40 mills) to Bombay for use on the west coast of India.

WOMAN SLAIN IN NEWAYGO COUNTY

MRS. JOHN CONLEY, OF BEAVER TOWNSHIP, FOUND BY HER SON STABBED TO DEATH.

DOGS LEAD THE POSSE

John Ward, Who Married and Deserted Mrs. Conley Twenty-two Years Ago, Suspected of the Murder, is Pursued by Sheriff's Posse.

Mysterious murder was disclosed when Charley Conley, returned to his farm home in Beaver township, near Bitley, and found his mother dead upon the kitchen floor, and surrounding a swamp nearby are 50 men, all armed, led to the quagmire by bloodhounds which had followed the trail of the alleged murderer.

That Mrs. Conley was slain by some one who had overpowered her was evident. Her left lung had been pierced four times by a narrow-bladed knife. The instrument thence had been driven into her abdomen and once into her left side, a few inches below the armpit.

In the opinion of the officers, the murderer is John Ward who 22 years ago married the woman who was killed. For 20 years, until 10 days ago, John Ward had been classed as a wife deserter. Circumstantial evidence leads the officers to this belief. No one saw the murder committed. The life of the woman was extinct when the body was found. But John Ward was with her a few minutes before she was slain and now the authorities are unable to find him.

Mrs. Charles Conley, as Ward's wife was known, lived on a farm in Beaver township, seven miles from Bitley. She kept house for Conley and her only child, born shortly before Ward's desertion, was known as Charles Conley. A few days ago the young boy learned who his real father was and also heard that he was in Grand Rapids.

He went there and found him and invited him down to the farm for a few days' visit. They reached the farm Sunday and though no conciliation was talked of, there did not seem to be any hard feeling between the couple.

Some believe that a third person committed the crime and that Ward, returning to the house, found the woman dead and fled in his fright. For in his haste, he departed without hat or coat.

Thirteen Men Injured in Explosion.

The big Sullivan drill Destroyer, working on the new Livingston channel west of Bois Blanc Island, at the mouth of the Detroit river, was badly wrecked at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning and 13 men seriously hurt when a charge of dynamite exploded under the boat. The drill, which is a new steel boat and the best of the big Sullivan fleet, was practically wrecked. Her hull is still intact, but her drills were twisted or broken off, her extensive machinery thrown about and broken and her big boilers thrown up on end.

The Destroyer works day and night and the crews shift at 7 o'clock in the morning. The day crew had been working less than an hour when the accident happened.

One Dead and Seventeen Hurt.

One is dead, one dying, seven are seriously injured and ten slightly hurt as the result of the explosion of the boiler of the resort steamer Leelanau on Carp lake Monday morning. The steamer was owned from Leland to Fouch. She was carrying about 40 passengers and, being late, was running at top speed in order to connect with the excursion train which reached Traverse City in time for the wild west show. Engineer Edward Hardy first discovered a peculiar pounding in the engine.

About 80 pounds of pressure had been put on, and as the engineer started to remedy the trouble the top blew off with a roar, the force of the explosion going forward. Capt. Charles Mossler had just a moment before handed the wheel to Hartung, who was formerly captain of the boat. The pilot house received the full force of the explosion. Hartung's death is only a matter of a few hours.

All of the injured passengers were in the bow of the boat and were enveloped in scalding steam. Many of them were buried into the water. Some voluntarily threw themselves in and clung to the sides of the boat.

Straw Indications.

Little straws indicating returning prosperity are noticeable in Marquette and vicinity. The Breitung mines are taking on 250 additional men, and it is planned to keep them employed throughout the winter. The Lake Shore Engine Works has put departments on full time that have been on part time for some months past, and the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad shops, which have been running on a four-day schedule, have extended it to five. The picking up in general industrial conditions, which is evidenced by these developments, extends to other activities in the upper peninsula, and there is a good demand for men. Building operations in this city were, never more active.

A telephone invention, which F. George Butler, employee of the Citizens Telephone Co., Grand Rapids, says was very valuable, was stolen from his house and the building fired to conceal the theft. Firemen saved the building with a loss of \$1,000.

Clifford Varson, of Calumet, aged 17, ventured out on the breakwater at the Portage lake ship canal, Monday, and before he could return a terrific storm broke over the lake. The boy was swept from the breakwater and drowned in spite of the heroic efforts of two lighthouse keepers to save him.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

Roy Reed, aged 20, son of Fred. A. Reed, of Otsego, was killed by a train in Waukegan, Ill., where he was employed.

Charles Strong, of Battle Creek, a Grand Trunk engineer, fell from his locomotive and received internal injuries.

Frank E. Campbell, horse thief, captured in a long chase by Sheriff Furness, of Hastings, got 90 days in the Detroit house of correction.

While asleep near the Fenville station John Rover, farm hand, was stripped of his clothing and \$42 by thugs. Two suspects are in jail.

Mrs. Erwin Sallabury, of Coldwater, who was seriously burned in rescuing her child from their burning house a month ago, is dead of her injuries.

Dr. S. G. Dillon, of St. John, dropped dead while on a pleasure trip on a steam launch. He leaves a widow, an adopted daughter and an aged mother.

The body of a man in an advanced state of decomposition was found in a swamp in Yankee Springs township. He is thought to have been a tramp.

The naval training ship Yantic, which took part in the annual naval maneuvers last week, has gone to Duluth, where she will go into drydock for repairs.

Wallen Otto Mail, aged 45, is dead as a result of the old Light Guard Army in Calumet collapsing. Four men who were caught by the roof as it came in will recover.

The Commonwealth Power Co. has been organized to harness the Au Sable river and utilize its power. Surveyors are at work now and will begin building dams early next spring.

A strange disease is levying heavy toll among the swine on farms in the vicinity of Ontonagon. One farmer, Louis Geist, has lost 22 pigs. A number of other settlers have been similarly hit.

Representatives of 50 Michigan lodges of the Modern Brotherhood of America decided to withdraw from the parent body and establish a state organization. It has 12,000 Michigan members.

Sixty lodges were represented at the annual picnic of the Odd Fellows of southern Michigan and northern Indiana at Baw Beese lake last Thursday. Over 3,000 people were in attendance.

Under protest, Wm. P. Farrand, Henrietta township farmer, paid an assessment of \$1.25 per \$100 valuation for stone road improvements. He has just won his suit to recover all over 50 cents per \$100.

A loose rail piled up 14 Michigan Central cars in a wreck heap at Three Rivers, some of them plunging through the freight sheds. An unknown brakeman was slightly injured and traffic tied up.

The appointment of Charles L. Carpenter, of Grand Rapids, as member of the state court of mediation to succeed C. H. Johnson, of Detroit, who becomes deputy labor commissioner, has been announced.

Held up on a lonely spot in Travers road and threatened with death if he did not give up his money, Frank Hagen, wealthy farmer, jumped from his wagon and fled. Charles Bachtle, a former employe, was arrested.

The coroner's jury in the case of Capula Henderson, of Charlotte, the young girl who killed herself by injecting carbolic acid into her system, found she died through accident for which she was alone responsible.

In a suit for damages against the Wenona Mining Co. started in Bay City, Henry Parker alleges that 11 square inches of skin were grafted on his leg. He fell into a boiling vat of water and one leg was badly scalded.

Harry T. Loper, of the Springfield, Ill., restaurant keeper, who helped the authorities get two negroes out of the city and whose place was wrecked by the mob, is taking refuge with his family at the Shamrock resort, near South Haven. He says he will go back when matters quiet down.

Over 250,000,000 money orders representing an aggregate of \$1,500,000,000, and weighing 300 tons, arrived in Kalamazoo Thursday. They are the accumulations of four years' business of the postoffices throughout the country, and after being canceled were sold by the government to a paper mill, which will convert them into commercial paper.

Charging negligence, John Makki, one of 15 miners who were in a cage at the Rolling Mill mine, Negaunee, when the engineer lost control and it dropped to the bottom, one of the 15 being killed, has brought suit against the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. for \$30,700. Other suits involving heavy damages depend on the outcome of this one.

The authorities have practically decided to liberate Myrtle Leunon, whose baby was found drowned in the river at Saginaw. Although the police maintain that it would be "impossible for a child dropped from the rail of the bridge at the point indicated by the mother to drift into the slip where it was found, still there seems to be no possibility of breaking down the girl's story that the drowning was accidental.

Fleeing from a man who gave the name of A. Domingues, a Spaniard, Miss May Farrell, aged 20, asked protection in the home of a Pentwater resident. She said she accompanied the man from England to await the coming of a wealthy woman by whom she was employed and who called the Spaniard her secretary. She said the man did not try to molest her until they reached Pentwater. The authorities could bring no charge against him and he was allowed to depart.

There were 2,665 deaths in the state during the month of July. An increase is shown in the deaths caused by lung trouble. The heat caused six deaths; lightning, four; tetanus, seven, and 241 violent deaths were reported. Of those 95 were drowned. The births during the month numbered 4,755.

News Notes from Lansing

Interesting Happenings at the State Capital of Michigan.

Lansing.—August 17 was the last day for filing of petitions under the primary election law. At the secretary of state's office the day was declared officially closed at four o'clock. The following names of candidates were certified to as entitled to places on the primary ballot:

Republican—Governor, James B. Bradley, Horatio S. Earle, Fred M. Warner. Democratic, Lawton T. Hemans. Prohibition, John W. Gray. Republican—Lieutenant governor, Patrick H. Kelley. Prohibition, Henry C. Carpenter. Members of congress—Republican: Second district, Charles E. Townsend; Third, Washington Gardner, Edward N. Dingley, Corvis M. Barre; Fifth, Gerrit J. Diekema; Sixth, Samuel W. Smith; Seventh, Henry McMorran; Eighth, Joseph W. Fordney, John W. Fitzgerald; Ninth, James C. McLaughlin; Tenth, George A. Loud, Frank L. Edinborough, Lemuel Grant Dufoe; Eleventh, Francis H. Dodds, George G. Covell.

State Senators—Republican: Eighth district, Erastus N. Bates; Eleventh, James E. Weter; Twelfth, Frank T. Newton; Thirteenth, Francis J. Shields; Fourteenth, Arthur J. Tuttle; Fifteenth, Loren J. Dickinson, Karl D. Keyes; Eighteenth, Frederick J. Baldwin, William H. Bradley; Nineteenth, Fred B. Kline; Twentieth, William H. Altlin; Twenty-first, Edwin G. Fox, William E. Ivory; Twenty-fourth, William A. Collins, Henry H. Applin; Twenty-ninth, Harry K. Gustin, possible.

Representatives—Presque Isle district, Perry Ostrander, John J. Iselt, Jr., Reuben Mitchell; Missaukee district, Charles A. Brott, Freeman L. Decker. Woodbridge N. Ferris failed to qualify as a candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket and no nomination was made by the Democrats for lieutenant governor, the petitions of Edward F. Ryan and F. F. Ingram failing to qualify.

Lawton T. Hemans of Mason is the only candidate on the Democratic ticket for the nomination for governor and is, in fact, the only man to be nominated for any office by the direct primary on that ticket, so far as officially known here.

Ell C. Woodward failed to qualify for congressman from the Sixth district.

Arrange for County Fair.

The various committees of the Menominee County Fair association are working overtime to perfect the arrangements to make this year's fair the greatest event of its kind ever held in the upper peninsula. Vice-President Warren C. Fairbanks has accepted an invitation to be present with United States Senators William Alden Smith of Michigan, Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin and Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana; Govs. Fred M. Warner of Michigan and Davidson of Wisconsin on "President's day." Brig. Gen. Robert Bates of the Michigan National guard, will attend the military review of the military companies of Menominee, Marinette and Oconto, which will take part in a competitive drill. One of the features of the fair will be the annual meeting of the Upper Peninsula Press association, which will be held in this city. Also the annual meeting of the Copper Country Press club.

Kelley on Primary Ballot.

Lieut. Gov. Patrick H. Kelley has filed sufficient petitions with the secretary of state to secure a place on the primary ballot. Senator Carl Keyes of the Fifteenth district and F. R. Ming of the Cheboygan district, have qualified for the primary. All primary petitions to be filed with the secretary of state or with county clerks had to be in the hands of these officials by four o'clock Monday afternoon.

He Pleads "Half Guilty."

Charles Glosser, an aged Meridian township farmer, pleaded "half guilty" when arraigned on a charge of cruelty to animals. He admitted shooting at a cow, but contended that the animal was an ugly brute and had nearly killed a niece. Fined \$25 and costs, Glosser declared that he would not pay the fine if he could. The alternative is 70 days in the Detroit house of correction.

Title Men Get Together.

The Michigan Abstractors' association, in-session here, elected officers and selected Grand Rapids for the next convention. H. Van Aldern of Grand Rapids was chosen president and J. S. Updike of Allegan secretary and treasurer.

State Mortality Record High.

Seven persons died in Michigan in July of lockjaw. Ninety-five persons were drowned. In the state there were 2,665 deaths, indicating a high rate of mortality. There were 4,756 births reported for the month.

Michigan Companies Incorporate.

Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state by the Shaverton Stone company, Grand Rapids, \$20,000, and Mercer & Co., Saginaw, \$35,000.

Soldiers' Home Finances.

Col. E. H. Foote, one of the members of the board of control of the soldiers' home, was original authority for the story that monthly reports of the amount of the surplus pension moneys taken were filed with the secretary of state. Recently he said that he was not sure of his statement, the matter having been left in the hands of the adjutant, and admitted that perhaps yearly or quarterly reports might have been made. The board gave out a statement of the amount of the surplus pension fund. When first taken it was inconsiderable, and was mixed in what was known as the post fund, a fund every company or body of soldiers possesses, and which is used for the common good in small matters. It grew until in 1902 the board was getting \$1,232, while in 1907 by gradual increases it had grown to \$2,913, so that the board had a total on hand then of \$12,994.59, of which over \$11,000 was used in the new hospital. In 1907 the new Macomber service pension law went into effect and many pensions were raised so that the board got \$3,372 from the old soldiers in that year. Over \$2,000 was taken at the last quarter day and the amount is likely to grow larger than smaller, and may run to \$10,000 yearly soon. Alarmed at the growing size of the fund and of the public clamor at its being taken from the old soldiers, the board is rapidly reaching a frame of mind where it will not object to legislation at the next session preventing it from taking the money or providing some other method for its disposal.

Must Wed to Secure U. S. Job.

Miss Dorothy Moxness of Lansing cannot obtain a position in the department of agriculture because she is not a citizen of the United States. She is an expert chemist, and has been employed as an instructor at the Agricultural college and as assistant chemist for the state pure food department. In making application to the agricultural department at Washington, Miss Moxness stated that she was born in Norway and that her parents still reside in that country. Back came the discouraging information that she could not take a civil service examination, as positions in the government service may be held by only native or naturalized citizens. How to become a naturalized citizen is a question that is concerning not only Miss Moxness, but the attorney general's department. The laws do not provide for the admission of women to citizenship, but a marriage with a citizen might render Miss Moxness eligible to an appointment under the government.

Petitions Coming In.

The first Democratic primary petitions have been received at the secretary of state's office. They ask for the nomination of W. N. Ferris and L. T. Hemans for governor and Edward T. Ryan of Houghton for lieutenant governor. H. H. Applin, candidate for senator in the Twenty-fourth district, and W. H. Bradley, candidate for senator in the Eighteenth, have filed petitions. The petitions of Congressman Washington Gardner of the Third and L. G. Dufoe, prospective congressman of the Tenth, have been checked over and found to contain the required number of qualified signers.

Grand Rapids Man Named.

Gov. Warner has appointed Charles L. Carpenter of Grand Rapids, a member of the state court of mediation and arbitration, to succeed Charles H. Johnson of Detroit, who becomes deputy labor commissioner. Charles L. Carpenter has long been prominent in state and Grand Rapids city labor federation affairs. He had been president of the local federation and is now secretary to Mayor George E. Ellis.

Investigation to Start.

The state railroad commission is going to conduct a rigid investigation into the Ypsilanti wreck, when 30 persons were injured, as it appears that the disaster was due to gross negligence on the part of employes. This line has had four bad accidents in as many months. The wreck will be investigated by D. U. officials. The four passengers and the car crew were all injured, but none seriously.

Socialist in the Field.

Alex M. Surton of Calumet has filed primary petitions for the Socialistic nomination for governor, Carl D. Keyes, senator of the Fifteenth, and Senator Ming of the Twenty-ninth, have also filed petitions. Lieutenant Governor P. H. Kelley now has the required number of qualified signers on petitions filed.

Chokes Self to Death.

Peter Bennett of Alaledon township placed a wire around his neck, formed a loop about a crowbar and twisted the bar until he choked to death. The act was committed in a barn on his farm, eight miles southeast of Lansing. Bennett had been in an asylum two or three times.

Junket for Zimmerman.

The state auditors have authorized Banking Commissioner Zimmerman to attend a national meeting of banking commissioners to be held at Denver.

CONDENSED NEWS.

The Tasmanian wolf, now practically extinct, in the New York zoo, is dead. The wolf has a kangaroo pouch and long, heavy tail, and was much prized.

The health of the empress of Russia is again causing anxiety in St. Petersburg. There has been a recurrence of hysteria, and general weakness and she is much depressed.

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for president, will tour the country in a special train with tons of socialistic literature to leave as he goes. The special will cost \$20,000, made up by 10 cent to \$1 contributions.

Alleging that under the Georgia prohibition law it is unlawful to bring communion wine into the state and a religious worship is thus restricted, the Christian Moerlein Brewing Co. of Cincinnati has asked that the law be declared null and void.

President Castro has refused to allow the Brazilian minister to take charge of French interests in Venezuela. The president says he fears that in view of the strained relations with France friendship with Brazil might be hurt. French interests are heavy losers as a result.

Miss Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army of the United States, was prostrated while addressing a conference of 4,000 persons in Winona Lake, Ind. Monday, and had to be carried to a physician's office. She is now confined to her bed.

H. L. Freeman, of Plaf, who has made a tour of inspection of the bean crop of Michigan for the J. K. Ormsby, Co. of San Francisco, says that much damage has been done the crop by the long-continued drought. In the eastern and central portions of the state, he declares, the crop will not be more than 65 per cent of the normal, while in the western part, where there were local rains, it is in fairly good condition.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.—Cattle.—Steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.00; heavy, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.00; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$2.25 to \$3.65; choice fat cows, \$3.75 to \$4.00; common cows, \$2.25 to \$3.50; common cows, \$2.25 to \$2.55; canners, \$1.25 to \$2.00; choice heavy bulls, \$3.50 to \$3.85; fair to good bullocks, \$3.00 to \$3.25; stock bull, \$2.50 to \$3.00; feeding steers, 500 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.15; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.50; best milkers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$2.50 to \$3.25; fair milkers, \$2.50 to \$3.00; milkers—large, young, medium age, \$4.00 to \$4.25; common milkers, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Veal calves—Receipts, 624; market steady, last Thursday's prices. Best, \$7.25 to \$7.50; at \$4.00. Milch cows and milkers—\$3 to \$5 lower. Sheep and lambs—Market 60c to 60c lower than last week; few extra sold early at \$6.15 to \$6.20. Best lambs, \$4.75 to \$6.15; fair to good lambs, \$4.00 to \$5.00; light to common lambs, \$3.50 to \$3.75; fair to good butcher sheep, \$3.50 to \$4.00; common, \$2.25 to \$3.00. Hogs—Market 25c to 50c lower than last Thursday's prices. Range of prices, light to good butchers, \$4.25 to \$4.75; thin skinned roughs, \$3.00 to \$3.50; light thin pigs, \$2.50 to \$4.00 and not wanted at the price. Sheep—Active; top lambs, \$6.00 to \$6.25; ewes, \$4.00 to \$4.25; culls, \$2.00 to \$3.50; culls, \$4.25 to \$4.75; wethers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; yearlings, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Best calves, \$6.00 to \$6.25; medium to good, \$5.50 to \$5.75; best, \$3.50 to \$4.00.

East Buffalo.—Cattle.—Best export steers, \$3.75 to \$4.25; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, \$5.00 to \$5.75; best 1,000 to 1,100-lb do, \$4.50 to \$5.00; best fat cows, \$4.00 to \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.25 to \$3.50; common, \$2.50 to \$3.00; canners, \$1.25 to \$2.00; best fat heifers, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light stock heifers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; best milkers, \$4.00 to \$4.25; 700 to 750-lb butchers' stockers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; export bullocks, \$3.75 to \$4.00; bullock bulls, \$3.25 to \$3.50; stock bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.00. The new market was slow with prices about the same as last week. We quote best cows, \$4.00 to \$5.00; medium, \$3.00 to \$3.50; common, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Hogs—Higher; mixed medium and heavy, \$6.00 to \$7.15 as to quality; yorkers, \$6.00 to \$7.00; mostly \$6.00; pigs, \$5.00 to \$5.50; thin skinned roughs, \$3.00 to \$3.50; light thin pigs, \$2.50 to \$4.00 and not wanted at the price. Sheep—Active; top lambs, \$6.00 to \$6.25; ewes, \$4.00 to \$4.25; culls, \$2.00 to \$3.50; culls, \$4.25 to \$4.75; wethers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; yearlings, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Best calves, \$6.00 to \$6.25; medium to good, \$5.50 to \$5.75; best, \$3.50 to \$4.00.

Grain, Etc. Detroit.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 94c; September wheat opened at 94c and advanced to 94 1/2c; gained 1/2c more and declined to 94c; December opened at 97c and advanced to 97 1/2c and declined to 97c; May opened at 91 1/2c, touched 91c and declined to 91 1/4c; No. 3 red 91c; No. 1 white, 93c. Corn—Cash, No. 2, 80 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 78c; No. 4, 76c. Beans—Cash, \$2.25; October, \$2.10; November \$2. Cloverseed—Prime October, 100 bags at \$7.85; March, 100 bags at \$7.50; sample 17c, 12 bags at \$8.75; \$5 at \$8.25, 7 at \$7.75, 6 at \$7.25. Moving pictures—NEW LASKY EPIQUE—Moving pictures and vaudeville, 5 and 10 cents. ELECTRIC PARK, Belle Isle Bridge, furnishes entertainment for all. Free vaudeville by high-class talent a special feature. Steamers Leaving Detroit. DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily 5 p. m. Week-end trip, \$2.50. WHITE STAR LINE—Foot of Griswold St. For Port Huron and way ports, week days at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sundays at 9:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. For Toledo, daily at 8:15 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and 5 p. m. DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Cleveland and eastern points daily at 10:30 p. m. For Mackinaw and way ports: Monday and Saturday 5 p. m. Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 a. m.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT. Week Ending August 22. TEMPLE THEATRE—VAUDEVILLE:—Afternoon, 2:15, 10c to 35c. Evening, 8:15, 10c to 50c. Edwin Holt & Co. in "The Major and the Manicure." NEW LASKY EPIQUE—Moving pictures and vaudeville, 5 and 10 cents. ELECTRIC PARK, Belle Isle Bridge, furnishes entertainment for all. Free vaudeville by high-class talent a special feature.

Steamers Leaving Detroit. DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily 5 p. m. Week-end trip, \$2.50. WHITE STAR LINE—Foot of Griswold St. For Port Huron and way ports, week days at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sundays at 9:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. For Toledo, daily at 8:15 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and 5 p. m. DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.—Foot of Wayne St. For Cleveland and eastern points daily at 10:30 p. m. For Mackinaw and way ports: Monday and Saturday 5 p. m. Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 a. m.

Nine men and women, seven of whom are over 100 years old, and whose aggregate age is 922 years, have formed a century club in New York. Aaron Kircher, 81, insisted he wanted to be a member and is the "baby of the club."

Imprisoned for 48 hours for disorderly conduct at a picnic, Robert Shanker, 35, Pittsburg, died of a broken heart when his father died suddenly and the police refused to let him attend the funeral. "My heart will break," he said, and fell into a comatose condition, from which he never recovered.



# THE SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO

BEING REMINISCENCES OF EXCITING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF MONSIEUR ANTOINE MARTIN, GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE SURVEILLANCE DEPARTMENT—CHRONICLED BY THE CHEVALIER WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



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AS I GOT LEVEL WITH HER, I RAISED MY HAT AND CLAIMED ACQUAINTANCE.

## THE CASCADE OF GOLD

I was sitting one bright afternoon on the terrace outside the Cafe de Paris, Monte Carlo, idling over a cigarette and a magazine. It is my favorite resort at about four o'clock, for while skimming the Figaro I can, if I choose, watch each person who ascends or descends the Casino steps, while very often the cosmopolitan chatter at the tables in my vicinity is of unusual interest to me.

On such occasions I present, outwardly, the appearance of a well-to-do Parisian, and, although the professional gamblers and the staff are well aware who and what I am, the hundreds of thousands of strangers moving through the principality have no idea of my true position.

As I sat in a lazy attitude, my thoughts far from my surroundings, some words uttered in a man's voice caught my ear, and brought me back to a consciousness of where I was.

The words were unexpected, and spoken in a curious, squeaking voice, the owner of which I knew, without turning to look at him. He was an old man named Pasquale, an inveterate player, who had been known in the rooms for many years. He lived in Nice, and regularly, twice or thrice a week, the whole year round, he came over and played throughout the afternoon, always with great care and precision. One of his eccentricities was that, when in the rooms, he carried in his hand a huge, bag-like purse, worked in colored beads of the style of a century ago; and legend had it that he believed this bag brought him good fortune, he having used it on one celebrated occasion when, nearly 20 years before, he had made an unusually large coup.

I have seen him lose ten, and even fifteen thousand francs in an hour with perfect sangfroid, and I have, on the other hand, watched him win similar amounts, and then walk back down

the steps to the station without even affording himself the luxury of a demitasse or a back. He hated what we always term "the small change crowd," namely, the people who, after collecting a few odd five-franc pieces, come to Monte Carlo expecting to gain a fortune, and he never failed to vent his sarcasm upon them.

The words he had uttered were, however, puzzling. I kept my ear open in the hope of something further, but the old fellow maintained a discreet silence. His companion laughed, and when I gave a furtive glance in their direction I saw that the man sitting opposite him was an ugly hunchback.

"Would a very large capital be required?" the hunchback inquired, in a tone of affected carelessness.

"I don't think so. Fifty thousand francs, the sum you mention, would be quite sufficient," the old man responded. "But, of course, there's a risk—a terrible risk. A single blunder would be disastrous."

Later that day, owing to instructions I gave the doorman, I discovered that the hunchback's name was Paul Remenyi, of Vienna, and that he was staying at the Grand hotel. My suspicions being aroused, I accidentally lounged into the hair-dresser's in the Rue de la Scala, next morning, and while waiting discovered the hunchback there. He spoke enthusiastically of the beauties of the principality, the attractions of the play, the excellence of the music, and, as far as I could judge, was a highly educated and refined man. No, he had not lost yesterday. He had won two zeros at roulette, staking a louis each time.

On the night of the Battle of Cannotti at Nice, having another matter in hand, I found it necessary to go to the redoute or balsmaque, on the Jetez promenade, that pier-like structure which is the most prominent feature of the esplanade. I chose a pier-

rot's dress of the carnival colors, mauve and vert d'eau, and entered the theater about 11 o'clock, just as dancing was in full swing. Only those who have spent a carnival at Nice and attended the balls know the wildness of the dancing and the mad frolic there.

Masked, like all the others, I made my way with difficulty through the throng in search of the man upon whom I had for several days been keeping observation, a young Russian who was wanted by the Moscow police, but of whose identity I was not sufficiently certain. But, though I searched through room after room, I could not find him, and concluded that he had been prevented from coming.

For fully half an hour I wandered about, dancing now and then with unknown partners, until suddenly, in the fine Moorish room used ordinarily as a reading room, I saw a dwarfed figure in a dress representing the English Punch. He was seated in a corner with a lady dressed as a clown in black satin, studded with silver moons, whom, from the lower part of her face and the plump whiteness of her dimpled hands, I judged to be young and attractive.

He spoke, and in an instant I recognized the voice of the hunchback Remenyi. Just then a lady, passing me, laughed merrily in my face, and, eager for any excuse to remain in that room, I invited her to dance with me.

"Monsieur is very kind," answered a well-modulated voice in French, which, however, was not quite perfect in its accent. "But for the moment I prefer to remain here. It is too hot and crowded in the theater."

I noticed she was looking across at the lady in the clown's dress.

"A pretty dress that is, is not?" I remarked.

"Yes," she replied. "And, if I mistake not, its wearer is even prettier."

"You know her?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes, if she's the lady I mean? Her name is Madame de Gourieff, and she comes from Petersburg."

"And you, madame, are Russian also—eh?" I inquired.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, with a low laugh.

"Only a Russian can pronounce the word 'Petersburg' as you have just pronounced it," I answered.

At that instant I noticed that, at her throat, beneath her domino of mauve satin, she wore a brooch with a tiny watch enameled in blue and set with diamonds. It was a beautiful little ornament, and I marked its appearance well.

Some days later, however, I met the hunchback in the roulette room. He was accompanied by a young, dark-eyed, pale-faced lady, whom I judged to be about the same stature as his companion at the ball; but I could not tell with any degree of accuracy, because I had only seen her seated. She was not more than 25, and her face was pretty, with a grave, intense expression, which added to its attractiveness. Her dress of dark grey stuff was not exactly of that elegance usually seen at Monte Carlo, yet it fitted well, and suited her admirably.

As I stood watching, the pretty young woman took off one of her gloves the more easily to handle her louis, thereby revealing to me a white hand with dimpled knuckles, the same I had noticed at the ball. By this one fact alone I was convinced that she was Madame de Gourieff, and a few moments later my interest in her was increased by a dumb motion which she made to a tall, florid-faced, fair-haired man, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table. It was as if she desired him to remain patient. In return, he smiled cynically, as if tired of waiting, and, resting both his elbows upon the green cloth, consulted the register-card before him. Suddenly he rose, and, as he passed her closely without stopping to speak, she whispered to him:

"You're a fool. Be patient. You know what a single blunder would mean!"

"I'm sick of the whole thing," he replied, half turning towards her.

All except Pasquale left the Casino soon afterwards; but, as the old gamester knew me so well, I hesitated to speak to him yet, fearing lest by so doing it might prevent the truth becoming known. That there was some mysterious system about to be worked against the bank I felt assured, but of what nature I could only discover by vigilant observation.

Several days went by and I saw them not. One morning I noticed Remenyi lounging in one of the wicker chairs in the entrance of the Grand hotel, smoking and reading a paper, but he did not enter the rooms. The fair-haired man apparently lived in Nice, and in order to find out what I could, I went over there one morning.

Suddenly, an object caught my eye as it passed, flashing for an instant in the sunlight. I turned and glanced a second time at it to make certain. Yes, it was the little jeweled watch which the fair maker had worn at the ball on the Jetez. It now hung openly on the smart, white serge coat of its owner, a well-dressed, young, and rather handsome woman, who was walking alone in the direction of the Quai Massena. She had passed ere I had time to glance at her, therefore I could only catch sight of her profile. But in an instant I made a resolve, and turning, followed her. That she knew more of the mysterious Nina de Gourieff than she had told me was evident, and I intended to make a strenuous endeavor to discover all I could.

As I got level with her I raised my hat and claimed acquaintance. At first she was inclined to repudiate having met me, but when I explained by what means I had discovered her identity she laughed heartily, and we began to chat as we walked along together. With infinite care I led up the conversation to the woman de Gourieff, but in an instant her mouth closed, and she glanced at me with a quick look of suspicion. In the course of our careless gossip she, however, let drop the fact that she intended going over to Monte Carlo that afternoon; therefore, resolving to meet her again there, as if by accident, I wished her au revoir, opposite the Hotel des Anglais, and we parted.

About three o'clock that same afternoon I was in the bureau of the administration when my fair acquaintance entered, and, to obtain her card of admission, presented her passport, bound up in one of those neat little gilt-edged books which the better-class Russians carry. Unobserved, I glanced at it as it lay in her hand, and saw upon the gray paper, headed with the Russian arms, a vise, which caused me a start of surprise. Her name, it stated, was Vera Severine, and when a quarter of an hour later, I encountered her in the rooms and addressed her by the name she looked at me quickly, with mingled annoyance and surprise.

"Madame has no necessity to disguise her identity from me," I exclaimed meaningly, in a low voice. "I am chief of the surveillance here. My name is Martin—Antoine Martin."

She laughed rather nervously, and admitted that she had heard of me.

"I noticed the vise on madame's passport," I exclaimed. "It bears the special stamp of the ministry, which shows madame to be an agent of secret police. In such circumstances there is assuredly no need for secrets between us. If I can aid you, command me. As you know, I am in weekly communication with your central bureau in St. Petersburg. I presume that the person who interests you is this Madame de Gourieff—eh?"

"You have guessed aright," she admitted, as we strolled down the rooms together. "She is a revolutionist—president of the Zurich council of Twenty."

"The president!" I exclaimed. "Then she's a Nihilist. And your orders?"

"To watch her closely. Aided by my husband, I have been keeping observation upon her for these last three months. She has no money, and has come to Monte Carlo to replenish her funds."

"And this Austrian, Remenyi, what of him?"

"She has only lately made his acquaintance. From what I have observed, there is some compact between them. She is to meet him here this afternoon."

Scarcely had this handsome woman, whose passport gave her immunity from arrest throughout the czar's empire, uttered these words when we saw the pair approaching, and moved away to escape observation.

They walked, on to the right-hand trente-et-quarante table, where Pasquale was already seated, and stood for some time intently watching the game. Madame Severine left me to wander about alone, having agreed that we would both keep the pair under observation. I saw her later on seated at the old Italian's side, playing quite as eagerly as any other gambler. But her manner was perfect.

A seat at last becoming vacant, next to Cruzel, the tall, the ugly little Austrian in an instant "marked" it by flinging down a louis. Then, leisurely seating himself, with his companion standing behind his chair, he commenced playing with precision and care.

Suddenly, just as two blustering men—one of whom was the fair-haired player, who had previously expressed impatience—demanded gold in exchange for notes, Madame de Gourieff drew from her pocket a paper containing about a thousand francs in gold, and, in her haste to stake a louis upon the table, the paper broke, and the gold fell to the floor in a perfect cascade, the louis rolling away beneath the feet of the players, under the chairs and under the table. This created hopeless confusion, for nearly everybody rose in order that the attendants might collect the fallen money, while madame, red and confused, uttered a thousand pardons.

The hunchback uttered a word of apology to Cruzel that his fair companion should have caused any such interruption in the game; but soon afterwards all settled again, and there sounded the well-known invitation—

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux."

Nina de Gourieff, with a gambler's fear lest her gold, once fallen, should bring her ill-luck, took some notes from her pocket and placed 12, the maximum, on the noir, while, strangely enough, the deformed man acted in a similar manner.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the tall, and he dealt the cards swiftly in two ranges.

"Deux, six, rouge perd et couleur gagne!" Cruzel exclaimed loudly a moment later, raking in the stakes upon the red.

Both the man and the woman had won the maximum, and were paid with the swiftness and precision which characterizes the fulfillment of the obligations of the bank.

Again came the invitation to play, and both staked upon the black, while Pasquale, noticing his friend's good fortune, also threw 12,000 francs upon the couleur.

"Quatre, cinq, rouge perd et couleur gagne!" was Cruzel's announcement a few seconds later, the excitement at the table becoming intense when it was noticed that all three had won the maximum.

Cruzel was playing swiftly, when Madame Severine approached me hastily, saying—

"There is some mystery here. Have those cards counted?"

Again the game was made, and a third time the trio won; then, as the chef bent over to Cruzel, Madame de Gourieff rose quickly, gathered up her winnings, and left.

The cards were at once counted, and it was discovered that there were 30 cards in addition to those supplied to the table that morning!

According to Madame Severine's statement it appeared that the conspiracy had been very carefully worked out, and that Nina de Gourieff and her two confederates, having created a confusion, Remenyi had at that instant slipped unnoticed into Cruzel's hand a pack of prepared cards. Then, when all became again tranquil, the players had placed down the maximum, confident of success.

The hunchback was arrested down in the Condemne half an hour later, and both were, in due course, tried before the Tribunal at Monaco, sentences of two years' imprisonment being passed upon them. Against Pasquale nothing conclusive could be proved; while Nina de Gourieff, ingenious always, succeeded in getting clear away with her winnings, together with the two loud-voiced men who had demanded change for a thousand francs at the instant she had allowed her gold to tumble from her hand.

Six months afterwards, however, I received a letter from Madame Severine, dated from St. Petersburg, stating that the woman who had so cleverly planned the fraud had been arrested in a suburb of Moscow, and had been banished to Nerchinsk, in Siberia, as a dangerous Nihilist.

Prior to this incident the cards used at trente-et-quarante could be purchased at the stationer's in the Galerie Charles III., but ever since the greatest care has been exercised in order to render similar fraud impossible.

Many have been the attempts made from time to time upon the bank, but certainly none was more daring than that signalled by Nina de Gourieff's cascade of gold.

## Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

### WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Albert's Particular Reason for Inquiry That Worried Nurse.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice, said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

### THE TIME TEST.

That is What Proves True Merit.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick relief of relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

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

### THE "LESS" AGE.



Cholly—It's wonderful, bah Jove! Riding without harness, telegraphing without wires, and all these things. Maude—Yes and thinking without brains.

### TRIPP COUNTY, S. D.

Government Land Opening.

The government opening of a million acres of fine agricultural and grazing lands will probably occur about Oct. 1st. The Rosebud extension of The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only railway reaching these lands, and Dallas, S. D., is the railway terminus and the only town on the reservation border. The U. S. land office will probably be located there. Pamphlets describing this land and how to secure a quarter section homestead, free on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

### The Old-Time Boy.

The boy of to-day who complains of anything should be made to read the rules and regulations laid down for boys in old colonial days. He had to stand up at the table. He must go to bed at candlelight. He must not sit down in the presence of a visitor. He must not shout. He must not throw stones at animals or birds. He must not loiter on the street, and if he had been found trying to stand on his head he would have gone to jail for a week.

### News to Miss.

Wife (reading)—A scientist claims that cryptococcus anathogenicus causes yellow fever.

Husband—Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church in New York in the last year spent nearly \$100,000 for the support of its parish house activities, the staff of the parish including 263 salaried and 124 volunteer workers.



**PLYMOUTH MAIL**

—BY—  
**F. W. SAMSEN.**

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.  
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.  
Cards of thanks, 25c each.  
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 21, 1908.

**Bradley Foremost in Upper Peninsula**

The remarkable success of Dr. Bradley's two weeks trip in the upper peninsula, where he has been campaigning for the Republican nomination for governor, has stricken terror to the hearts of Warner followers. The upper peninsula is unalterably opposed to a third term, and the Warner crowd, from a technical standpoint, killed their slight chances by a confession of weakness, which has aroused the ire and contempt of the hard-headed denizens of the iron and copper country. When the Warner contingent discovered the antagonism to third-termism, they scouted around for delegates to the next state convention; their tracks being as plain as those of a bear through a snow drift. The northern peninsula men had been fed a lot of high-sounding sentiments about simon-pure primary reform. Theoretically this was all right, but when the still-hunt started for delegates to the next state convention, the Warners were put to rout by that most deadly of all things—ironic laughter.

**Bradley Farmer's Friend.**

The claim has been made that Dr. James B. Bradley is not a farmer nor in sympathy with the agriculturist. This idiotic statement has been refuted with the knowledge that the Eaton Rapids man for years has successfully run a farm of 225 acres in Eaton county. It is interesting to note that Dr. Bradley has always worked for the betterment of the farmer's condition and that of his family, realizing that the strength of the nation lies in the betterment of the social and economic institutions of the open country. Aware that the farm grows the raw material for the food and clothing of all our citizens, and that half of the children of the United States are born and brought up on it, Dr. Bradley believes that something should be done to make life in the open country as bright and as attractive to the farmers' wives, daughters and children as is their fancied view of urban existence. If elected governor, it has been Dr. Bradley's idea to give particular attention to the development of the state's agricultural resources, and to the improvement of conditions which effect the farmer.

It is rather a remarkable thing that President Roosevelt, with the same idea in view, has created a commission consisting of two former Michigan men, graduates and instructors at the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing—Prof. A. H. Bailey, now of the New York Agricultural College at Ithaca and Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. These, with Gifford L'Inchot, chief of the federal forest service, are old friends of Dr. Bradley, and will undoubtedly keep the Eaton county farmer physician fully informed as to the progress of the government work, so that in the event of his election, Dr. Bradley can move along intelligent lines to secure the betterment of the Michigan farmers' condition.

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

The meeting held at the home of Mrs. Mabel Penney last week was a good one. The program was well carried out, consisting of an instructive paper kindly given by Dr. Peck upon alcohol and tuberculosis, and one by Miss Hartsough upon alcohol and heredity. The story of Josiah Flint was given by Miss Anna McGill. The Misses Peiham favored us with recitations and some of the young people with music.

The meeting next week Thursday, Aug. 27, will be held at the hall and it will be a mothers' meeting and will be led by Mrs. Ida Bennett and Mrs. Ada Root. It is hoped that the young mothers will come and hear how to cultivate truthfulness and a sunny spirit in children.

There is a membership contest on in the First District and one Plymouth Union is in it. The members have been divided into two sections with Mrs. Chas. Armstrong captain of one and Mrs. E. O. Huston the other. Each member of these divisions is expected to secure one new member by Oct. 1st, or pay a fine. It behooves the members to come to the next meeting ascertain who their captain is and get busy.—Supt. Press.

**TO RENT.**—Part of furnished house. Kitchen and garden privileges. Inquire of Mrs. G. E. Brownell, North Main street.

**Another Primary Day.**

A sub-committee of the republican county committee met for about 20 minutes in the offices of the county auditors Tuesday afternoon and named Sept. 7 as the day for the republican primaries. On that day delegates to the county convention will be named and the convention will be held the next day. The county convention will name delegates to the state convention to be held in Detroit Sept. 29, at which time the candidates for state offices will be named.

**Stoll for Register.**

Otto Stoll is a candidate for the office of register of deeds and his announcement will be found in another column. Mr. Stoll was also a candidate two years ago and came very close to beating out Gulley, who was renominated. Mr. Stoll made many friends in his last campaign and this year is adding many more thereto, all of whom are enthusiastic in his behalf. While he has competition for the nomination, his success seems to be practically assured and it is only a question of how much majority he will have. His ability and integrity is unquestioned. To be on the winning side, vote for Otto Stoll.

**For County Auditor.**

Forbes Robertson, present county treasurer and an aspirant for the county auditorship, was in town Wednesday, accompanied by his wife and son. Mr. Robertson is making a very effective canvass and finds he is winning many friends, who are decidedly opposed to the renomination of Auditor Christian. Mr. Robertson is a good accountant and believes he can make great improvements over present methods in the auditors' office, which now employs four clerks, two being sufficient to do all the work. He also says if elected he will go before the legislature and ask that body to do away with the three-man board of auditors and place the entire responsibility upon one man, as is done by the city of Detroit. The present board of auditors hired a special attorney last winter at the expense of the people to fight such a measure before the constitutional convention. Mr. Robertson has made an excellent county treasurer and the taxpayers of the county will find him always the servant of the people and not a party boss. Remember he is running for Auditor against Christian.

**Milk Controversy Growing Interesting**

Nearly a hundred people assembled in Penniman hall last Saturday evening, interested in the milk question, one way or another. George Innis was made chairman of the meeting and J. C. O'Bryan secretary. Talks were made by Mr. Innis, John Henderson and P. W. Voorhies and others, in which both sides of the controversy were discussed. A resolution was finally passed asking the Plymouth Creamery Co. to refuse to deliver milk or cream to the Detroit market, pending the settlement of the price of milk by the Detroit dealers with the farmers. J. C. O'Bryan was also appointed to draft a petition and obtain the signature of patrons of the Creamery Co. and all other farmers asking the Creamery Co. to withdraw their milk from Detroit. At the same time he was also requested to secure the names of such farmers to become members of the Oakland Dairy Association, which is fighting the Detroit milk dealers, and endeavoring to force a higher price for milk to the farmers.

Another meeting of farmers will be held in Odd Fellows' hall Saturday evening, at which it is expected further action will be taken and an organization effected.

Officers of the Creamery Co. say they will continue to furnish cream to the Detroit market the same as heretofore, claiming it is a matter of business with them and that more money is made by the sale of cream than by the making and selling of butter. But if a majority of the patrons and farmer stockholders of the creamery say otherwise, what then?

**Former Agent Wood Under Arrest.**

It was understood some time ago that the shortage in accounts of E. D. Wood with the Pere Marquette Ky. Co. had been settled satisfactorily. This seems not to have been the case, for Mr. Wood was placed under arrest by Deputy Sheriff VanDeCar Saturday afternoon, on complaint of railroad officials in Justice Valentine's court. The sum Mr. Wood is now said to be short is placed at \$900. Mr. Wood was represented in court by Attorney Vining and when asked by the Justice to plead guilty or not guilty, stood mute. A plea of not guilty was entered by the Judge and the date of hearing fixed for the following Thursday. No bail was required by the Justice, satisfactory reasons being given that Mr. Wood would appear in court when wanted.

At the time of hearing yesterday in Justice Valentine's court, two witnesses were sworn for the prosecution. The defence waived further proceedings and defendant was bound over to the circuit court. Bail was fixed at \$500, Fred Gents going on the bond.

**CHURCH NEWS.**

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**

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

**METHODIST.**

Regular services next Sunday. Morning worship at 10 o'clock. The pastor preaches. Sunday-school at 11:30. Epworth League at 6 p. m. led by the pastor. Evening service at the Baptist church, Communion Sunday morning, August 30.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**

Sunday, Aug. 23, there will be no morning service. 11:45, Sunday-school 7:00, evening union gospel service in Baptist church, with preaching by Rev. C. T. Jack. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. A meeting for prayer for the church, led by A. D. Stevens. You are most cordially invited to all the above services.

**Threatened to Shoot.**

Most people may have read of the Annis-Hains tragedy which took place last Saturday at a fashionable resort on Long Island. Capt. Hains shot and killed Annis because the latter was alleged to have been too friendly with the Captain's wife while he was away in the Philippines. All parties are high up in New York society.

A similar tragedy is said to have been narrowly averted in Plymouth last Sunday evening, the social standing of all parties concerned, however, not being quite so prominent. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Comstock has not been altogether congenial and the former has begun an action for divorce on account of Mrs. Comstock's liking for the society of other men. Sunday evening it is alleged she was sitting in the park with a male friend, when her husband appeared upon the scene and shoving a gun under the nose of the man in the case threatened to blow his block off, if he didn't leave town next day. The fellow beat a hasty retreat and Comstock then threatened to shoot his wife. The latter gave him the laugh and the two finally walked away together.

**ELM**

Mrs. Pankow of Farmington is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Asa Shaw and Ira Wilson were in Plymouth on business last Monday.

A large crowd attended the Sunday-school picnic in Mrs. Hawkins' woods. Louis Esch and Chas. Riedle were at Walled Lake fishing last Sunday.

Walter Wilson is seriously ill at this writing.

Charles Hirschlieb and Dr. Grainger were at Komelus on business last week Thursday.

Charles Bentley and Leroy Naylor were in Detroit on business Monday.

**WEST TOWN LINE.**

"Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like summer plants, are leafless."

Mrs. James Heenev and Gladys visited in Livonia Sunday with Mrs. James Spencer's.

Mrs. Joseph Weber spent the week's end in Detroit.

Mrs. F. L. Becker is in Tyrone this week, called there by the death of her uncle.

Miss Florence Weber, her niece and Miss Anna Shearer attended a S. S. picnic at Elm Wednesday.

Festus Lucas has gone to Ohio, where his wife is visiting.

The Holmes are home from their lake trip and report a fine time.

Miss Anna Shearer visited her grandmother, Mrs. Outhwaite at New Boston last week.

The advent of a mad dog who visited at Eli Schuch's and George Innis' last Sunday afternoon caused considerable excitement. Mr. Schoch succeeded in disposing of the animal early Monday morning.

J. C. O'Bryan, who is organizer for Oakland Dairy Union, and who is working among the farmers in this vicinity to interest them in forming a Union, will go to Detroit Friday to attend the Union meeting there.

Warden Armstrong hands the state \$11,000 as the net profit on the binding twine production under state auspices of the state prison, for three months and five days. The prisoners have received the same pay as they did from contractors and participation in the net profits to the extent of 10 per cent, besides. The output was 605 tons. The warden is well pleased with the showing, which he feels confirms all that was hoped for from the new policy.

**Excellent Health Advice.**

Mrs. M. M. Davison, of No. 379 Gifford 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 seeking relief from such afflictions. 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.

**PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL**

**PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL**

**This Store Has Not Changed Its First Principle**

To make this store just as near your ideal and ours, as is possible, is the everyday effort here. No, it will never be perfect; we are human, but we want it so nearly perfect that its faults will only serve to emphasize its virtues.

A good many years ago we began in an open, frank way to supply merchandise to the people of Detroit and vicinity. We did not exaggerate as to ourselves or our wares. It would have taken a pretty lively imagination anyway to have called it a big store. It was small, and we didn't try to make it sound larger than it was. We told you we were going to sell reliable merchandise cheaply, and we did.

So we have grown up together—Detroit, you of Southern Michigan, and ourselves. We understand each other pretty well, and one thing you know, that this store means to deal with you absolutely fairly, frankly, honestly. And it continues to sell reliable merchandise cheaply.

This week several more than usually important sales are going on—**WOMEN'S SILK WAISTS—GIRLS' WASH DRESSES—BOYS' CLOTHING—HOUSEKEEPING LINENS and DOMESTICS.** It will pay you to investigate them.

**Pardridge & Blackwell,**

Farmer St., from Gratiot to Monroe Ave.

"THE HEART OF DETROIT."

**Patchen School Reunion.**

The second reunion of "home-coming" of teachers, pupils and friends of Dist. No. 3, known as the Patchin school, was held on the school grounds Saturday, Aug. 15th. The large gathering, numbering about 300, assembled early in the day and greetings were exchanged and old acquaintances renewed until about twelve o'clock, when the school bell rang, reminding all of their baskets, and that dinner time had arrived. Groups were seen dotting the ground here and there, doing ample justice to the good things provided.

Dinner being over, one of the school board of the present day called the company together to listen to a short but interesting program, consisting of speeches, music and recitations. Following this a number of the younger people bled themselves to an adjoining field to witness and participate in a ball game.

Reminiscences of other days were indulged in by the older ones, many of whom had never met or seen the old grounds since their early school days. Eldest among the many teachers present was Mrs. Betsey Ann Kingsley Brown, 88 years of age, who taught there 65 years ago. Other teachers present had taught there at periods ranging from 55 years down to the present time. Many came a long distance, one former pupil traveling 600 miles for the sole purpose of attending this reunion.

The day was an ideal one, being marred only by one sad accident. Emery Hix, one of the Tomquish team, while running for a ball, tripped on the car track and fell heavily, breaking his leg and nose and sustaining painful bruises.

While no action was taken to continue these gatherings, it was the wish and expectation of many present that they be continued in the future. B.

**Rush the Paving.**

The merchants "along the row" are getting very impatient at the delay in the street pavement. The street has been torn up several weeks, work is progressing very slowly, and the prospect is it will be several weeks more before traffic can be resumed. It is very inconvenient for the farmer also, and he isn't coming to town as often as he would and some are even going to Northville. It looks a little queer, why the council should have allowed the contractor to tear up the whole street from end to end, stopping all traffic, when he might have done the work in sections. Had the work been done in front of the stores first, it would have been finished before this. It would have settled the paving brick question many days ago.

**She Liker 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, \$ .88  
Oats, 66c  
Rye, 66c  
Beans, basis \$2.20  
Butter, 22c  
Eggs, 18c

**Notice of Primary Enrollment.**

To the Electors of the Township of Plymouth, Michigan:  
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Registration of the township of Plymouth will be held at the store of Brown & Pettingill, in the village of Plymouth, on Saturday, August 29th, 1908, for the purpose of enrolling in the party enrollment the names of all such persons who shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors, and who may apply for that purpose, and said Board of Registration will be in session on the day and at the place aforesaid from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose aforesaid.  
P. B. WHITBECK, Township Clerk  
Dated this 20th day of August, 1908.

**GREAT FINAL CLEAN UP on Summer Goods Now On.**

|                           |        |                              |        |
|---------------------------|--------|------------------------------|--------|
| 50c Muslin Gowns.....     | 39c    | Ladies' Skirts,              |        |
| 75c " " " " " " " "       | 60c    | All in the Latest Styles.    |        |
| \$1 00 " " " " " " " "    | 79c    | \$4 00 Skirts for.....       | \$8 25 |
| 1 25 " " " " " " " "      | 99c    | 5 50 " " " " " " " "         | 4 00   |
| 1 50 " " " " " " " "      | \$1 19 | 6 00 " " " " " " " "         | 4 50   |
| 1 75 " " " " " " " "      | 1 40   | 6 50 " " " " " " " "         | 4 75   |
| 2 00 " " " " " " " "      | 1 50   | 7 00 " " " " " " " "         | 5 00   |
| 25 Corset Covers.....     | 19     | 7 50 " " " " " " " "         | 5 50   |
| 50 " " " " " " " "        | 39     | 8 00 " " " " " " " "         | 6 50   |
| 80 " " " " " " " "        | 59     |                              |        |
| 1 00 " " " " " " " "      | 79     | A big line of                |        |
| 25 Muslin Drawers.....    | 19     | Ladies' Shirt Waists         |        |
| 39 " " " " " " " "        | 29     | \$ 50 Shirt Waists.....      | \$ 39  |
| 50 " " " " " " " "        | 39     | 1 00 " " " " " " " "         | 79     |
| 75 " " " " " " " "        | 59     | 1 25 " " " " " " " "         | 99     |
| 1 00 " " " " " " " "      | 79     | 1 50 " " " " " " " "         | 1 19   |
| 50 Muslin Petticoats..... | 39     | 1 75 " " " " " " " "         | 1 50   |
| 1 00 " " " " " " " "      | 79     | 2 00 " " " " " " " "         | 1 69   |
| 1 25 " " " " " " " "      | 99     | 2 25 " " " " " " " "         | 1 79   |
| 1 50 " " " " " " " "      | 1 19   | 2 50 " " " " " " " "         | 1 99   |
| 2 00 " " " " " " " "      | 1 50   | 3 00 " " " " " " " "         | 2 50   |
| 2 25 " " " " " " " "      | 1 79   | 4 00 " " " " " " " "         | 3 25   |
| 2 50 " " " " " " " "      | 1 99   | 5 00 " " " " " " " "         | 4 25   |
| 3 00 " " " " " " " "      | 2 50   |                              |        |
| 25 Corset Cov. Emb'y      | 19     | LADIES' & GENTS'             |        |
| 30 " " " " " " " "        | 25     | Summer Underwear             |        |
| 35 " " " " " " " "        | 29     | \$1.25 Summer Underwear..... | 19c    |
| 45 " " " " " " " "        | 35     | 50c " " " " " " " "          | 39c    |
| 50 " " " " " " " "        | 39     |                              |        |
| 1 00 " " " " " " " "      | 79     |                              |        |

One lot of Ladies' 25c Stockings for 19c.

**Don't Forget Our Bargain Table,**  
15c and 25c Dress Goods for 10c.

\$1.25 heavy GUARANTEED SATIN COAT LINING,  
full yard wide, for 69c.  
Peninsular Shirts and Overalls, 50c. All Best Prints 6c

**J. R. RAUCH & SON**

**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.

**WM. GAYDE**

NORTH VILLAGE. Telephone 12

**Rent Receipt Books**

15c.







**SERIAL STORY**

**THE ESCAPADE**

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By  
Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1924, by W. O. Chapman.)

**SYNOPSIS.**

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Houghton, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family fit, caused by jealousy, Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of unfaithfulness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington, which 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 stunned 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. Seton, locating a fishing village, hit the trail of Ellen and Debbie. He then rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit, Carrington pursuing Strathgate. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her.

**CHAPTER XI.—Continued.**

Carrington was armed. He hauled a pistol from his belt, cocked it and leveled it fair at Strathgate.

"Bring that boat into the wharf," he cried, "or I'll shoot you like the dog you are!"

Strathgate did not blanch. He balanced himself easily to the roll of the boat and looked square at Carrington.

"Would you add murder to your other follies?" he answered.

He was an easy mark, the distance was short, Carrington was a sure shot, and if ever a man had murdered in his heart it was in that of Ellen's husband. Yet there was something in the dauntless way in which Strathgate faced him and in the fact that the latter appeared unarmed, that caused Carrington, with finger upon the trigger, to stay the pressure.

"Why don't you fire, my lord?" cried Strathgate.

"Draw your weapon, Strathgate," said Carrington, dropping the point of his own pistol.

"I'm sorry to say that I'm unarmed." There was no use, Carrington could not kill him under the circumstances. He stood staring after him for a moment, and then raised his hand and shook it in the air.

"God have mercy on you if I meet you again!" he cried.

"Take the peril to yourself, Lord Carrington," Strathgate called out, and with a farewell wave of his hand the cutter shot out beyond the extremity of the pier, and, catching the full force of the breeze, which happened to be blowing straight up the harbor, necessitating a hard beat out against it, bore away toward the opposite shore.

Pistol in hand, Carrington turned and confronted the astonished crowd which had gathered in his rear.

"What went he after?" he asked.

The men facing him looked from one to another.

Carrington thrust the pistol back into his belt, tore out his pocketbook, opened it, and took out a ten-pound note.

"That for information."

One of the men whose boats Strathgate had disdained to employ forced his way through the crowd.

"I'll tell you for the money."

"Speak out. 'Tis yours."

"He come down here lookin' for a man and a woman, and Cooper, he owns the boat yonder, said his brother put a party containin' a man and a woman aboard the Flying Star or a ship like her last night."

"What then?" asked Carrington.

"Then he offered a hundred pounds for the fastest boat to put him aboard the Flying Star afore she got clear into the channel."

"And he took Cooper's boat," said another boatman.

"Is she the fastest in the harbor?"

"Well, there's some as do say that Jim Haight's boat's got the heels of her."

"Here's your ten pounds," said Carrington. "Where's Haight?"

"Here I be, master."

"A hundred pounds to you," said Carrington. "If you put me aboard that ship, and another hundred if you put me there before Strathgate."

"And if I don't do neither?" returned Haight, quickly.

"Nothing," said Carrington. "It's your loss."

"I take you, yer honor," cried Haight, whose sporting blood was aroused, and the remark was greeted by three cheers from the wharf.

"If it's in the power of a Portsmouth boat to do it, Haight's the man for you, master," said one old veteran.

"Stay," continued Haight, "I'd like to know who I'm dealin' with."

"I'm Lord Carrington, first lieutenant of the Niohe yonder."

He pointed to one of the frigates swinging ahead in the line of battle-ships of Kephard's fleet.

"Right-o, your lordship," said Haight, making a sea scrape at the mention of rank, social, political and naval, of his speaker. "Lads, who goes with us?"

He picked up three or four volunteers, to whom Carrington promised a suitable reward.

"My boat's twice as big as Cooper's cutter, and I need the hands, your lordship."

"Take anybody, anything you please," said Carrington. "Where's the boat?"

"She be lyin' beyond the other pier. Shall I bring her here, or—?"

"We'll go there," returned my lord.

"'Tis quicker."

Committing his horse to one of the bystanders, with instructions to take him to the inn, Carrington, followed by Haight and three seamen, ran back to the shore, made their way along the strand to the other pier, leaped into the boat, which was a large, swift cutter, as Haight had said, at least half again as big as Cooper's, which was now well down the harbor and going tremulously under every freshening breeze.

To cast off the lines, hoist the sails, warp the boat along the pier until she gained the open roads, was the work of a few moments. Carrington stood quietly while the skillful men worked busily around him, but so soon as the wind-filled the sail and the boat gathered way he came aft, calmly displaced Haight at the helm, and sailed the boat himself. And no one in that harbor knew how to do it better than he.

**CHAPTER XII.**

**Lady Carrington's Luck.**

About two o'clock in the morning, as Ellen had expected, the breeze sprang up. It blew fitfully in cat's paws and light baffling airs at first. Ellen made the most of every possibility presented, however. She was desperately anxious to get to Portsmouth and she handled her boat with all her accustomed skill, rejoicing in her possession of it.

She did not awaken Debbie. She let the boat drift while she herself

hoisted the single sail it bore. After an hour of vexatious backing and filling, she thought the breeze was growing stronger and by four o'clock to her great joy the wind had settled and was blowing steadily from the southeast, straight up the channel, that is.

There are two entrances to Portsmouth harbor; one between the Isle of Wight and the mainland, the Solent, and the other around the southern extremity of the same island. Ellen had drifted seaward during the night and she decided that her best course was to round the island and run up to the harbor with a beam wind. The breeze was growing stronger every moment. Indeed, the little boat keeled over so far that sometimes the lee gunwales were perilously near the water line.

Presently, Ellen woke up Debbie in order to trim the ship, bidding her crawl up to windward. Before Debbie took her position, they made such morning meal as they could on tepid water and the remains of the hard bread, and then settled down for their run into the harbor. The little boat was jumping and pitching fearfully, but Debbie was almost as good a sailor as Ellen, and she suffered no inconvenience from the wild motion.

As for Ellen, her heart exulted. She had something to do besides think. The sailing of the boat required all her skill and ability. It was no light task to hold the helm in one hand and the sheet in the other and fight her way through the rising seas. The boat rode the water like a deck, however, and did not ship a drop of spray.

They were well past Bamberidge when the day broke fair and clear. Ellen had been so occupied with the business of sailing the boat that she had not paid any attention to what was astern of her. It was Debbie who about a half hour after sunrise pointed out another and a larger boat following in their wake. In the presence of such a boat at such a time, there was nothing suspicious, yet

some pronouncement of danger caused Ellen to survey the other vessel, a small lugger, perhaps a mife astern, with deep and intense interest. Something seemed to whisper to her heart that its presence boded no good for the fugitives.

In order to settle the matter, Ellen suddenly put up the helm and ran broad off toward the channel. The other boat followed her motions at once. At this confirmation of her suspicions, Ellen once more brought her own cutter on her previous course, and again the other boat followed the movements of the first.

"They're pursuing us," said Ellen.

"I thought so," returned Debbie.

"Who can they be?" queried Ellen, tightening her grip upon the tiller.

"It might be your husband," answered Debbie.

And if that were so, it flashed into Ellen's mind that perhaps the best thing would be to throw her own boat up into the wind, doff sail, or at least just give her steerage way and wait to be taken back. But Debbie's voice dispelled that dream.

"It's more likely to be Lord Strathgate," continued the American girl, "than anyone else. He would naturally follow us to that little village, if he were not so seriously wounded as to be utterly helpless and of course he would pursue us. They would find the money you put on the wharf and anybody could guess the rest."

The thought smote Ellen's heart. There was so much probability of it.

"Ay," she said, "'tis probably Strathgate as you say."

"He's undoubtedly intensely angry with us both, or with you at least, Ellen," continued Deborah. "You know you tried to kill him last night."

"I wish to heaven I had succeeded!" returned Lady Carrington.

"And we both left him helpless in the road and he can't be feeling very kindly toward us," went on Deborah with innocent simplicity.

"He pretended to love me," said Ellen, scornfully. "Well, he shall never take me into that boat. I'll sink this one rather than—"

"Oh, please don't do anything so rash," cried Deborah, alarmed at that threat. "I'm sure I don't want to be sunk and drowned because Lord Strathgate loves you and Lord Carrington doesn't."

"How do you know he doesn't?" cried Ellen.

"Why, you said that he and Lady Cecily—"

"Don't you ever dare mention that woman's name to me," returned the other, fiercely. "She beguiled him and enticed him—I hate them both!"

She was on the verge of another breakdown. Deborah was appalled by the vehemence of her companion and tactfully interposed a remark to change the trend of her thoughts.

"I think they're nearer to us now."

"They are," cried Ellen as she surveyed them with her practiced eye. "Their boat is larger, she spreads more sail. She goes three fathoms to our two. What shall we do? Here take the tiller a moment. Hold it just as it is and the sheet in the other hand."

"What are you going to do?" asked Deborah as she obeyed her captain's commands.

"I'm going to see if there are any powder and shot in the lockers forward. I was a fool to come away with only the charges in my pistols."

"Would you shoot him?"

"Ay, that I would," returned Ellen, "rather than fall into his hands."

She stepped forward and rummaged in the locker under the bows but found nothing. She made her way aft again and disturbing Deborah opened another locker in the stern sheets. There to her good fortune she found a flask of powder but no bullets. She was bitterly disappointed at this lack, but at least something was gained. She knelt down on the thwarts and with skill bred of ancient practice rapidly charged both her pistols.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**WHERE AUBURN LOCKS ABOUND.**

Found in Great Numbers in North-eastern Part of Scotland.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the northeast of Scotland. A scientist who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a color survey of the school children—over 50,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In north Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunettes. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark.

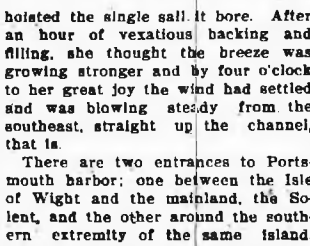
The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

**Teach Poor Women to Cook.**

Some of the home economics clubs of the east have established "centers" with all cooking school conveniences, where poor women may be taught how to keep house and cook economically. There is no fancy cooking taught, but simply the things that are served by the poor people themselves each day, only they are taught to keep account of the expense and cook economically.



"'Tis Probably Strathgate as You Say."



"What went he after?"

**FANCIES of FASHION**

**SELECT WITH CARE**

**MATERIALS FOR SMALL DAUGHTER'S WARDROBE.**

Light Designs Are Pretty for a Time. But Not Serviceable—Patterns by All Means to Be Avoided.

These are the days when the younger daughters of the household strike terror to mother's heart by announcing that they have nothing to wear!

Their elder sisters, knowing how to care for delicate summer fabrics and how to select the proper gown to wear



on occasions when wear and tear must be considered, generally have a presentable wardrobe in midsummer, but a sorry array is presented in the closet of the younger girl.

A few thrifty mothers have learned to select heavy and medium-weight tub fabrics for the majority of frocks to be worn by Miss Sixteen, but the vast majority are caught in the lure of delicately tinted and woven fabrics which can be washed only with in-

**SMALL RUFFLE IS GOOD.**

**Becoming Arrangement of Tulle in White or Colors.**

The ruffle of the moment is a very becoming arrangement of tulle in white or colors, the middle of which is under the chin, and the strings tied tightly at the back.

One great objection to the long ruffle is that it hides the often very pretty line of the shoulders, but the little neck ruff is not open to this objection. The wide-brimmed hats surrounded by ruchings of silk or tulle ought always to have a neck ruff to match the latter, so very becoming is the effect. For instance, one of the new small brown straw toques, with a tan-brown ruche of tulle, this repeated in the ruff round the neck, goes beautifully with a clinging brown alpaca frock, and is rendered inexpressibly dainty by the addition of a touch or two of soft gray blue tulle, just resting on the hair.

It is a pity that one cannot describe in words the exact tone of this very becoming soft blue. It is not turquoise, and it is not natter, but is very much softer, and paler, and grayer than either.

**Toilet Table Lights.**

It is impossible to dress to look one's best unless the toilet table has a brilliant light above it. It is mortifying to discover small wisps of straying hair and errors about one's attire which entirely escaped attention in the semi-darkness at home. A clever woman has her bedroom most cunningly lighted so that by means of another mirror opposite that on her dressing table she can see herself in every position. This is one reason why she is rarely seen with "yawnings" between bodice and skirts, glimpses at petticoats through plackets and the back of collar badly adjusted.

**Tailor-Made Tussore.**

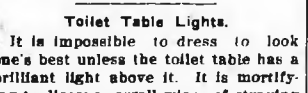
Tussore is a beautiful fabric for the tailor to work upon. Shantung is not so good for this purpose, though it looks very well in the semi-fitting coats; but the expensive tussore is the one that does most justice to sartorial art. In a way there is a great deal of comfort in the tailor-made of the hour, for it shows a somewhat fuller skirt, or, at least, one in which you can walk. This is in direct contrast to the ultra-tight, clinging crepe de chine and such-like fabrics; but the tailor gives us the opportunity of wearing a practical and yet up-to-date garment. For instance, in some of the practical traveling tussore, as well as in the very smart ones, the plaided skirt made just to clear the ground, is much affected. There is also a new skirt which is plain at the top and quite comfortably full at the feet, where it is self-strapped.—Ladies' World

**Wedding Dress Not Costly.**

**Fine Cream Veiling the Chief Material for Costume.**

The dress illustrated here is just suited to the girl who does not wish to spend a large sum on her wedding dress and yet wishes to look nice.

It is carried out in fine cream veiling. The skirt is slightly full at the waist, sides and back; the foot is trimmed with a deep facing of chiffon



taffetas, cut in scallops, the silk being gradually wider towards the back. The over-bodice is finely tucked on the shoulders, and is trimmed round the large armholes with silk passementerie; a bunch of orange blossom and myrtle ornaments the left side and trails up to the shoulder; the under-slip is of white crepe-de-chine with lace yoke, the sleeves, being trimmed with insertion. The tulle veil is attached to the hair under a coronet of orange blossoms.

**Costume for Young Girl.**

A white mousseline costume had a tunic a la Grecque—that is, falling to the knee in straight lines, having a square all high on the sides, falling over the demi-traine skirt, bordered on the bottom with a light tracery of pale mauve and in a deep shade of mauve floss. Upon the tunic was an all-round border of white and mauve silk embroidery, embracing three cross rows of valenciennes insertions, dyed a still paler tint. The draped open bodice had its V-openings at the neck defined by the same dyed lace, as well as a low square face line, running above the belt both back and front. The sleeves were of mousseline, draped close to the arm transparently and banded below the elbow with the lace. A tucked mousseline chemisette lace trimmed gave the neck its finish. A parasol of white silk and white gloves completed the toilet to perfection.—Vogue.

finite care and which yield to the sun's uncompromising rays.

The mothers who now find themselves face to face with the task of renewing Miss Sixteen's summer wardrobe, will do well to recall that fall and school days are ahead, and to plan upon making the new gowns do double duty, that is, finish off the vacation season and answer various purposes in the fall.

Lawns, batistes, organdies, etc., should be avoided except for making up party frocks, and even then a net or chiffon cloth, or light silk, is a better investment for fall and winter evening use.

Chiffon cloth, unlike chiffon pure and simple, does not suffer greatly from humidity, and all the nets, silk or cotton, are excellent between-season investments. Be careful in selecting your net and avoid the flut patterns. This because flut has had such a long run that certainly in the fall it will be counted among the passe designs. Better far to employ a simple dotted, ringed or flowered net, and trim it with pipings, bias folds or shirings of white satin or ribbon in soft finish.

Right here a word about slips to be worn under these little party frocks. Do not buy taffeta for this purpose. It has gone out entirely, and soft messaline or a fine grade of china silk is used instead under net, chiffon, etc.

For wear under organdie, batiste or fine lawn, there is nothing better than a delicately tinted lawn, blue, pink, green or lavender, according to the complexion of the wearer. This may be trimmed with inexpensive german val lace, and will wash and sourwear the silk slip.

A very pretty party frock is illustrated, which shows the apron effect now growing in popularity. This would be most effective in soft finished batiste, with batiste insertion and flouncing for trimming. Or the flouncing may be of batiste embroidery and the insertions of lace.

If batiste insertion is employed, get a fine but rather open pattern, suggesting Irish crochet. The epaulet effect over the shoulder is very becoming to the slender girl. This frock should be worn over a delicately tinted silk, and may have a matching sash in soft fallie ribbon, made into a chou with long ends or in a very long narrow, bow, running up and down but never across the waist line, and very long ends.

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This woman says that after months of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

Maude E. Forgie, of Leesburg, Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I want o'her suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For months I suffered from feminine ills so that I thought I could not live. I wrote you, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and using the treatment you prescribed I felt like a new woman. I am now strong, and well as ever, and thank you for the good you have done me."

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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.

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None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutrient retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.

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## GREEK VERSUS GREEK

The Battle of the Soda Water Studio.

The woman with the determined face and the undetermined husband marched into the ice cream and soda water studio and seated herself at a table. Her husband seated himself also at the same table. She looked daggers at the languid girl, and snapped:

"Two ice cream chocolate sodas, with plenty of ice cream at the bottom and plenty of soda at the top."

"Check?" said the languid girl.

"Check?" snapped the determined woman. "What do you mean by check?"

"You must purchase your checks from the cashier before giving your order," said the languid girl, more languidly than ever, and before she was half way through the determined woman was snapping over to the cashier—ah, yes, to the cashier. Let us gaze, therefore, upon the cashier, respectfully, and see what we can see.

She had, then, the sour expression of a woman whose experience had been such that she has learned every trick in the deck; she looked as though she had first been robbed of her fiance and next deserted by the man who had sworn to cherish and protect her. She could look at a trimmed hat in a way to make its owner quiver.

"Two," she snapped, snapping half a dollar on the glass.

"Two what?" asked the cashier, glancing at the feathers in that way of which I have already given you the most of meager hints.

"Two checks!" said the determined woman, quivering. "Soda water checks! Gracious me, what a bother about nothing! Please be quick about it, for I do not wish to stay here all night!"

"Plain sodas?" asked the cashier, looking at a little hole in the determined woman's glove.

"Ice cream," snapped the other, and as the cashier pushed over a celluloid chip and 20 cents in change, the determined woman snapped: "What's this?"

"Your check and your change, madam," said the cashier, smiling like a vinegar bottle.

"Naturally," snapped the determined woman. "But why have you charged 30 cents? That is what I wish to know."

"For the reason, madam," said the cashier, "that 30 cents is our price for two ice cream sodas. Fifteen cents each. Two for 30 cents."

And she held herself with such an air of being ready to give her patron her money back so that she could go to a cheaper place that the determined woman snapped up her check and her change and returned to her table, walking with a brisk and ominous swish that boded ill for serpents in the path.

"Now, my girl," she said, "two ice cream chocolate sodas, as I told you before, and for heaven's sake do something to keep those flies away!" Turning then to her husband she exclaimed in her most determined manner: "They ought to keep these places cleaner."

"Yes," said he.

"Poor management—I noticed it the moment I came in," and picking up a paper fan she arose to her feet, a commanding sight, and began to shoo the flies away from the vicinity of her table. At the desk the cashier yawned behind her hand, and looked anywhere but there.

Ah, but she made much of those flies, did the determined woman, slapping herself, her husband and the table, gradually arousing the other customers against the flies, telling her husband of the habits of flies, of their value to physicians, of the different things a fly could carry and give one, and how easily they could be kept out of a place by the exercise of a little judgment, a little labor and the proper use of screens. Bringing down her fan suddenly on the table, it chanced that she bagged two of her subjects of conversation. What happened then I do not know, but the next moment those two flies had disappeared off the table, and there was the woman's soda.

"Take these away!" she said to the girl. "Ugh! Flies in them! And try to bring two sodas served without flies, for, speaking for myself, I must say that I don't enjoy them, especially when I find them at the bottom of a glass of ice cream soda."

"I shall have to speak to the cashier," said the girl, and presently as the determined woman sat at her table with her arms by her side looking at her glass of soda as though it held for her a horrid fascination, a fascination feebly reflected on the face of her husband, who similarly sat across, the cashier came forward slowly, reflectively, and yet carelessly, with the face of one who is humming an inward tune, and yet, moreover, with a certain mingling gait of precision, ready and prepared to jump at any given angle from any given spot.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Can't you see?" snapped the other. "Goodness gracious, can't you see? If you will look in these glasses of soda, which I am sure will be very little trouble for you to take, it will be quite unnecessary—quite unnecessary—to ask."

"Um," said the cashier, looking again at a certain article of millinery. And as the determined looking woman suddenly bounced up and bounced out, her husband following closely behind, the face of each lady glowed for a moment with a look that said as plain as print:

"There! That put her in her place!"

## THE DUELIST'S WATERLOO

By Stewart B. Stone.

When Monsieur Paul Eugene Leroy-Ledeaux, chevalier of the order of the Red Broadsword and the most famous, most persistent duelist in Paris, informed Arthur Dunlap that the Gallic honor of the former was outrageously touched, and that only the sight of the American gentleman's blood could at all appease him, it was Mr. Dunlap's time to be vexed.

It was all a foolish, airy trifle about a lady—about a little blonde lady of the faintest charm, it is true; but still it was the merest nothing, and Mr. Dunlap was very busy just then turning little, green certificates of stock into good hard money. Mr. Dunlap, who knew the lady very well, had winked at her in the course of a funny story at the box party; and Monsieur Paul had jumped to his feet and there had been a flung glove and the boiling of bluest Latin blood.

Monsieur Paul repaired to his apartments at the Durham and made ready his shining instruments of carnage. There was just room on the rapier's slim point for the insolent Yankee's red blood, mused monsieur; and if the American chose pistols, monsieur had a pair that glinted like brass in the sunlight.

Arthur Dunlap, after he had figured out the deal in Duquesne & Northern, partook of a sizzling drink or so, and proceeded to devise the matter of weapons and things, for he was the challenged party. The devising was finished just as the brass-satyr clock on the mantel flung two o'clock in the warm, dark morning, and at this time Mr. Dunlap clambered into bed with a smile of content—this was the sizzling drinks, no doubt.

This was the fashion of the combat of honor outraged, as borne by the representatives of Mr. Dunlap to the fiery Frenchman at the Durham next morning. The principals were to seat themselves on stools, side by side, in the pitch dark convention room at the Durham. The flip of a coin by the seconds should decide which of the combatants should depart from the great room, leaving his rival in the still dark, black chamber. The loser, seated on the stool, should press one of two buttons, releasing one of two doors at the end of the hall. Behind one of the doors would lurk the little blonde lady of the boisterous box party; behind the other—grim, white old Hoxer, the polar bear of the zoological gardens. In the matter of whether the lady or the bear should come forth to embrace the man on the stool in the dark, the great god Chance should say. You know where Mr. Dunlap got the conceit; his rival did not.

To the terms of this duel Monsieur Paul made most voluble, shrug-shouldered Latin objection.

"Eet ees ridiculous—I will not haff eet so—zee idea—zee deegrace," he chattered, but the seconds were inexorable, and Monsieur Paul was obliged to submit.

When the hour for the duel arrived the combatants took their places on the stools in the big, empty room and the lights were switched off. There was a mumbling in the small ante-room, and voices of the seconds were heard announcing:

"Heads win. Mr. Dunlap will leave the room. Monsieur Paul will remain seated and press the button."

There was the sound of a man descending from a stool and his quick stride across the floor until Mr. Dunlap joined the party in the ante-room—then silence and darkness in the assembly room of the Hotel Durham. The scraping of the Frenchman for the button on the stool was heard, and then the swinging of a door at the end of the gloomy hall. Something stepped out upon the bare floor and there came a noise of a body shuffling its way up the hall toward Monsieur Paul on the stool. A sweet, baffling smell—say of a garden in old Araby—became evident, and then—

"Mademoiselle!" the Frenchman shrieked in the darkness. "are you there—answer—my God!"

The great hall flared up in a second, and there stood revealed the immense, shaggy form of an Arctic bear in the act of embracing a pale, perspiring dandy—a dandy who toppled the next second in a swoon to the floor, while the only bear that ever laughed and waffled old world perfume walked away on the shoulder of her fiance, Arthur Dunlap, U. S. A.

### Horrors of the Police Court.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Leggitt Fergrubb, your honor," answered the prisoner, a red nosed specimen of the genus hobo.

"You are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support, and being a common nuisance in the neighborhood. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I han't got no visible means of support, your honor, but that ain't my fault. I'm out of work."

"Have you tried to get work?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you, your honor, how hard I've tried."

"I suppose not. How long is it since you have had any occupation?"

"Bout a year. Or it might be two years."

"What was your last job?"

"I had a position in a barber shop."

"A position? What kind?"

"Juxtaposition, your honor; I was next."

"Six months in the workhouse!" roared the police justice. "Call the next case!"

## WITH RAPID FLIGHT

FATHER TIME KEEPS STEADILY ON HIS WAY.

Too Slowly in Youth and Too Swiftly as Age Approaches, the Years Pass Onward Until the Appointed End.

"The eagle and the condor can certainly fly some, but," said the man with frost in his hair, "they don't begin to be in it with steady going time.

"You see, the eagle and the condor have to rest once in a while, while time keeps a plugging right along—there's something uncanny about the flight of time.

"And not only does it keep going so, but as we grow older it seems all the time to be speeding up; going faster and faster. You know how when we were young the days seemed long and the seasons interminable and the years without end? While now the mornings come and go and the weeks fly by and the years we count with little halt between, they go so fast; and what with my increasing years and the seeming quicker flight of time as we grow older I find myself now, for the first time in my life, in sight of the end; and this is a new and serious awakening and an impressive sensation.

"You see, when we are young, still on the upward slope of life, not yet to the top of the hill, the whole world seems to us yet to come and we advance to greet it joyfully, and then when at middle life we get to the top of the hill it spreads out all around us, and of the end we never think; but as we go down the other slope there comes, as I find there has come gently to me now, a time when we realize that our prospect is gradually but surely narrowing.

"To be sure we give ourselves every year we can; we are going to be long lived; not cut off at 70 or 80 or 90, we are going to live to be a hundred anyway, as we do not doubt; but even so we have passed the summit, we have lived the greater number of our years, and we are drawing now on the steadily diminishing remainder; and when that idea once strikes you squarely so that you take it in it gives you something to think about.

"But not to worry over, not the least little bit. You still have your work to do, haven't you? Why, sure, and you find it in and in every breath you draw a greater joy than ever. Life is mellow and riper and fuller of happiness. You don't waste time worrying over trifling things. You come to have wings of your own now too, on which you mount to take a wider survey, to see with a clearer vision, and you come back to your own corner with a contentment you never had before, a kinder charity.

"Life is pleasant on this slope, very pleasant; but I do wish I could invent some sort of brake to check the flight of time. Talk about eagles and condors! They are not in it for flying with time!"

### Couldn't Scare Them.

A Denver man who rents his motor car by the trip or hour was seated in the machine with a friend, waiting for business, on a downtown corner the other afternoon, when a young couple from the country came up. It was plain to be seen they were bride and groom. The young man from the country said they had just arrived from central Kansas and wanted to see Denver. He arranged for the motor car man to take them for an hour's trip and paid the charges in advance. The country couple took the back seat. The driver's friend sat in the front seat with him.

"I'm going to have some fun," said the driver in a low tone to his friend. "I'm going to run fast and scare those hayseeds."

He ran to the east edge of town and then let the machine out to the limit. It rocked and jumped till the driver's friend became alarmed.

"Say," he said, "you'd better ease up on it or you'll kill us all."

"Look around and see if the bride and groom are scared," was the reply.

Before the other man could turn and look the Kansas farmer touched the driver on the shoulder.

"Hey, feller," he said, "here's another dollar. Make her run fast, will you?"—Denver Post.

### Keeping Account.

Congressman Champ Clark has a story of a Kansas City lawyer, lately deceased, which illustrates the difficulties of achieving a saving sense of economy.

It had occurred to the lawyer shortly before his death to buy a memorandum book wherein he would jot down the items of his daily expenditure, thus enabling him to compare notes from day to day, and so learn to regulate his disbursements.

The book was bought, and after the lawyer's death, his executors, going over his effects, came across it. One of them, interested to ascertain how far his friend had been successful in regulating his expenses, opened the book, only to find themselves the sole item:

"To one memorandum book, 25 cents."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### Kindness and Cheerfulness.

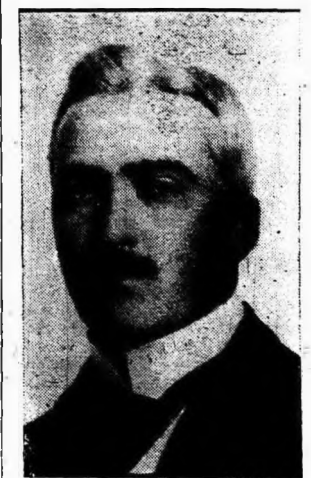
Kindness is contagious. The spirit of harmony trickles down by a thousand secret channels into the inmost recesses of the household life. It is hard to be angry in the presence of imperturbable good nature. It is well-nigh impossible to be morose in the face of a cheerful and generous helpfulness.—Henry Van Dyke.

## STOP AT "HOTEL NORTON"

Detroit's Conveniently Located and Moderate-Priced Hotel for Men.

Those men among our readers whom business or pleasure calls to Detroit, especially during the forthcoming State Fair, will be glad to learn of a very conveniently located hotel for their exclusive accommodation, where everything is high-class and modern, and rates are extremely reasonable. This is the "Hotel Norton," C. W. Norton proprietor, 63 and 65 Griswold street, that city.

The "Hotel Norton" is directly opposite the Detroit United Railway waiting room, and is adjacent to the business district, the theaters and the river. It is only half a block from the Woodward avenue electric cars, which run to the Fair grounds. The hotel has 50 rooms, strictly high-class, with baths, and has every up-to-date improvement. Rates are one dollar per day and upwards. The location of the "Hotel Norton," its excellent appointments and the moderate rates prevailing there make it a most attractive place to stay while in Detroit. Mr. Norton assures us that guests from our town will be so well and courteously served that the initial visit will be the prelude to a regular stay at the "Norton" when in the State Metropolis.



VOTE FOR  
**THOS. F. FARRELL**  
—FOR—  
**COUNTY CLERK**

At the Primary Sept. 23d.



**OTTO STOLL**  
Republican Candidate for  
**REGISTER OF DEEDS**  
Vote for him at the Primary  
September 23.

### Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office of the city of Detroit, on the fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Charles E. Patterson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mabel A. Patterson, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Fred D. Schrader or to any other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the sixteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for 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. FLINN, Deputy Register.

### Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office in the city of Detroit, on the fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Ella Patterson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Fred D. Schrader, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Paul W. Voorhies or to any other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the sixteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for 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. FLINN, Deputy Register.

## FARM HEADQUARTERS

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Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

**HARD AND SOFT COAL.**

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## EXCURSION EXCURSION

VIA VIA

Pere Marquette Pere Marquette.

Sunday, Aug. 30 Monday, Aug. 24

TO TO

**DETROIT.** Agricultural College

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:40 and 11:15 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 8:15 p. m.

Fare, Round Trip, 25c.

Round Trip Fare, \$1.25

## EXCURSION EXCURSION

VIA VIA

Pere Marquette Pere Marquette.

Sunday, Aug. 23 September 1st,

TO TO

**Lansing and Greenville** (Ten Days at the Resorts)

The Pere Marquette Ry.

Will run annual Low Rate Excursion to the

**North'm Resorts**

The best time of the year to visit

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. Returning, train will leave Greenville at 6:30 p. m.

**ROUND TRIP RATES**

|                |       |
|----------------|-------|
| To Island Lake | \$ 35 |
| To Lansing     | 1 00  |
| To Grand Lodge | 1 25  |
| To Greenville  | 1 75  |
| To Ionia       | 1 50  |

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from Michigan is operated on Train 8, via

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Ask Pere Marquette agent or H. F. Moeller, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

**EXCURSION**

VIA

**Pere Marquette**

**SUNDAY, AUGUST 23**

TO

## TOLEDO

Train will leave Plymouth at 10:25 a. m. Returning leave Toledo at 6:00 p. m.

Round Trip Fare to Toledo,

**50c.**

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

**MORGAN PARKER**

**SHERIFF**

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

Doctors find

A good prescription

For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for most occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.