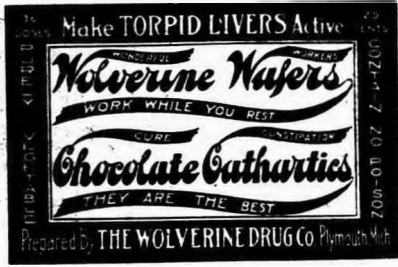


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 8

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1908

WHOLE NO. 1106.



YES,

We Have Both Phones

and number **FIVE** either exchange will reach us day or night.

The same call will reach Dr. Kimble, at both office and residence.

**BOTH 'PHONES,
NUMBER FIVE**

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

CONSIDER MEATS,

When you Buy Them.

There is just as much quality in them as in other lines.

OUR PRICES

are within the reach of the poor as well as the rich and our aim is to please all.

FRESH FISH THURSDAYS & FRIDAYS
OYSTERS IN BULK.

TEL. 23 **W. F. HOOPS**

A FINE VIEW

For those who know and appreciate a good line of

GROCERIES

Kar-a-Van Coffee at 20c to 40c lb
Kar-a-Van Tea at 25c lb, a winner

Oysters in Can or Bulk

Bloaters 3 for 5c
Whitefish 15c lb
Mackerel 10c each

We Wholesale and Retail Candy.

Our retail price on a few leaders:

Coco Bou Buns 10c lb
Cream Covered Dates 10c lb
Assorted I C Kisses 10c lb
Orange and Lemon Slices 10c lb
A regular 40c Chocolate 20c lb

Weight, Prices and Quality Guaranteed.

GITTINS BROS.

Phone 13—Free Delivery.

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Local Correspondence

WEST TOWN LINE.

A number from this vicinity attended the fine lecture at Plymouth last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Guilford entertained their relatives who live in this locality and Detroit friends Sunday.

The Grange met at George Bryant's last week and the faithful from this vicinity were present as usual.

He have 25 bird's nests in our collection. Recent contributors were Edna and Ruby Guilford, Helen and Lyman O'Bryan, Harold Guilford, Harold Kellogg, George Innis.

The H. H. will give a New England dinner at Mrs. Frank Oliver's next week.

Will Heeney has purchased a the new driving horse.

H. C. Guilford has a telephone on the Northville exchange.

The following students were excellent in deportment during the month of October—Gladys Heeney, Grace Innis, Manfred Becker, Edna Guilford, Ruby Guilford and Alice Kellogg.

Mrs. J. H. Golf and Miss Stevenson from Detroit were guests of Mrs. Geo. Innis this week.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Savery returned Wednesday from Detroit after a few days visit with their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Savery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard are visiting their sons in Detroit for a few days.

Elmer Jarvis went to Detroit Tuesday to attend the Sunday-school convention as delegate from the Lapham's Sunday-school.

Mrs. Chas. Cole is visiting her daughter in Pontiac for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Geo. Nelson left Tuesday for a weeks' visit with her mother Mrs. Waters of Lodi.

Mrs. G. M. Waters and daughter Freda, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nelson and Mrs. Ray E. Lyke were Ann Arbor visitors Tuesday.

The Grays will give a Grab Bag social Thursday evening, Nov. 12, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Smith.

The Blues will have a fish dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard on Friday, Nov. 20. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure a sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy of East Wilton Main 6. 25c. at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug stores.

NEWBURG.

The L. A. S. supper and bazaar at the hall Friday was favorably patronized. The candy booth, presided over by Mrs. Alzada Norris and Mrs. Alice Laing, called the juveniles and papa's and mama's and all seemed to have an appetite for popcorn, peanuts and candy. Many aprons were sold and there was a goodly number of them of various colors and patterns, ranging from the kitchen apron to the fancy waiters' apron. The vegetable table was well filled with citron, squash, pumpkin, popcorn, butternuts, apples, potatoes and house plants. Mrs. Hoisington brought the largest potatoes, one-half bushel, which brought a prize of fifty cents. The financial part will be reported next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson and family have moved in the store recently vacated by Barlow & Riggs. After a few needed repairs they will serve their customers with first class groceries.

Mrs. Ella Joy was called to Detroit Friday by the serious illness of her father Charles Beckhold, Sr.

Mrs. Lottie Kingsley was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Chilson, last week.

The L. A. S. will meet at the hall this Friday for dinner.

Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug stores. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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

LIVONIA CENTER.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fisher, Saturday, Nov. 7th, a girl. All doing nicely.

Mrs. Fred Lee attended the convention in the city last week.

Mrs. Card, Sr. is quite poorly this fall. She is at her old home on the farm.

German school opened on Monday in the German church.

Harvey Millard is very busy burning brush and picking up things on his place at the Center.

Mrs. John Stringer drags up to her mother's on Monday to stay a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Chilson entertained their son and family from the city the past week.

The first snow of the season fell on Wednesday and gave us all a reminder of cold winter.

Fred Garchow, Sr., is still a great sufferer and it is quite a task to take care of him.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mrs. Hayner and grand-daughter of Clio who have been visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. Cummings, returned home last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wright were called to Romulus last Thursday to attend the funeral of the former's uncle, Jacob Stofflet.

Thomas Bridge called on his mother last Sunday.

Mr. Mrs. J. Roach visited P. Kubik, Sr., last Sunday.

Mrs. S. Cummings visited at D. Furlong's last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wright visited at Mr. and Mrs. Benton's of Belleville last Friday.

FREE CHURCH.

The L. A. S. met with Mrs. Ed. Minelhart Thursday.

The "Marthas" will give a box social at James Gates' Friday night, the 13th.

Mrs. Will Cole who has been seriously ill for the past three weeks is not any better at this writing.

Geo. Barker and wife, Wm. Franklin and wife of Canton and F. C. Baade and son of Detroit visited at N. L. Cole's Sunday.

Miss Florence Cole, who spent last week in Detroit returned home Sunday.

Philo Galpin and wife and daughter Satie visited Mrs. J. D. Forshee Wednesday.

Mrs. John Forshee and Mrs. J. D. Forshee visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Philo Galpin of Ann Arbor, Saturday and Sunday.

Consumption and Telephone.

The panic recently created on the subject of the assumed danger lurking in the transmitter of the telephone is not precisely new. It is but the development of a fear which has caused misgiving for some years, as is pointed out by the British Medical Journal. On the supposition, it says, that various germs of disease probably collect in the receiver and transmitter of the instrument, at any rate in public telephone stations, some medical alarmists have thrown out suggestions that anti-septics, both in the dry state and in solution, should be applied for the safety of the telephone user. The recent dictum goes one step further, inasmuch as it is now an established fact that tubercle bacilli, the causal micro-organisms of consumption, have been found—alive and in robust condition—in the instrument. It is quite natural, in view of such a find, that a feeling of alarm might seize hold of the more nervous.—Current Literature.

Letters Go Astray.

We notice in the Postmaster-General's report a suggestion that people writing letters should sign their full names and addresses to their letters, and there would never be a letter but what could be returned if it failed to reach the person it was intended for. The report suggests a better way than that, too, but one which is a little more expensive. That is to have a small card printed on the corner of the envelope. This will cost only a trifle, and if the letter cannot be delivered to the address, or the address should be wrong, the letter would come back in the course of five to seven days, instead of going through the dead letter office, and finally being returned to the writer after a lapse of two weeks or more. The latter suggestion is much the best, and can be adopted at a very small expense.

Some men, alas! use words profane
When Fountain Pens their fingers stain:
They make the air around look blue.
When their clothes take on an inky hue.

They might have saved their lips this guile,
And had their faces wear a smile,
If they had used the "Moore" that's "clean."
These Inky Stains had ne'er been seen.

Moore's Non-Leakable Fountain Pens

are unquestionably the finest on the market and are guaranteed not to leak. Come in and inspect our fine new line of these, the most perfect pen on the market, before purchasing elsewhere. We guarantee them to please you.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

BUY BANK DRAFTS

When Sending Away Money.

WHY?

They are the BEST and CHEAPEST way to remit money, and are payable, not like P. O. orders, only at the office they are drawn upon, but are payable in any part of the United States. They COST MUCH LESS than Post-of-

B
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rice or Express orders, and if lost can be duplicated without delay or extra charge. This bank keeps all paid drafts on file in their vaults, making a perfect receipt subject to your examination at any time.

THE
PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

N. HILLSBERG, Eyesight Specialist,

WILL BE AT THE

PLYMOUTH HOUSE, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23

Ready to fit all who may desire his services in fitting the eye. Dr. Hillsberg has been making visits to Plymouth the past nine years and counts many prominent citizens among his clients and to any of whom he will gladly give reference.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Home Office, 948 12th st.

DETROIT

J. D. McLAREN CO.

Headquarters for

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

HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Plymouth Elevator, Both Phones.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

Good Advice. Good conduct cements enduring friendship. Never press a favor when it seems undesired.

The Importance of Health. The value of health to the individual—say, for example, to the father of a family who is the breadwinner for wife and children—is recognized by all.

The most venerable rose tree in existence is said to bloom against the ancient church of Hildesheim, in Germany.

It has been discovered that a happy miller's family living in the vicinity of the battlefield of Waterloo have derived a regular income since 1815 from the sale of a rusty iron nail.

A year ago, when times were hard, eastward-bound steamers were crowded with foreigners who had lived for a time in this country, but were returning to their native land.

The American Humane Education society offered a prize of a thousand dollars for a play on the subject of "The Christ of the Andes."

Jackson.—Mrs. Nettie Marinane of Grass Lake has been awarded \$3,000 damages against Fred Miller, a Grass Lake saloonkeeper.

Traverse City.—Among the deer hunters who went north was Mrs. H. D. Ranch of Alden, accompanied by her husband.

Port Huron.—Dashing over a burning bridge, a mile west of Yale, a Pere Marquette freight train and its crew of six men missed being plunged into the bottom of a 60-foot gully by the narrow margin of a few seconds.

Ann Arbor.—Sult for \$10,000 was started against Sidney Johnson, contractor, one of the firm of the Central Construction Company of Detroit.

Ithaca.—The following were elected in Gratiot county: Sheriff, Frank L. Convis (Dem.); clerk, Richard E. Hughes (Rep.); treasurer, Harvey R. Munson (Rep.); prosecuting attorney, John M. Everden (Rep.); judge of probate, Isaacs Seaver (Rep.).

Lake Linden.—Just 60 years ago William P. Raley of Laurium, Houghton county, cast his first presidential vote, and he has exercised the right of franchise at every national election since that time.

Kalamazoo.—Charles H. Sears, who slashed his throat at Three Rivers ten days ago and a number of times at attempted suicide, was brought to the asylum here.

Grand Rapids.—Alleging that he was never married to the woman who has begun suit for divorce against him, James Higgins has petitioned the circuit court for permission to file a cross bill.

Ludington.—The following were elected in Mason county: Sheriff, Alex. G. Freeman; clerk, P. E. Bailey; treasurer, C. F. Meads; prosecuting attorney, H. G. Reed; judge of probate, H. C. Ransom, all Republicans.

Newberry.—The following were elected in Luce county: Sheriff, John T. Turnbull; clerk, John Tait; treasurer, John C. Stephens; prosecuting attorney, Louis H. Fead; judge of probate, Harry L. Harris, all Republicans.

Grand Rapids.—Falling to see the approach of a Grand Rapids & Indiana switching train, Mrs. John Collins was knocked down and run over while attempting to cross the track and instantly killed.

Manistee.—The following were elected in Manistee county: Sheriff, J. A. Higgins; clerk, Albert Erickson; treasurer, H. J. Kerley; prosecuting attorney, C. N. Betcher; judge of probate, John H. Grant, all Republicans.

Mulr.—The Presbyterian church has called Rev. J. W. Will of the Methodist Protestant church of Clio to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. V. K. Beshgetoor, who is now engaged in temperance work.

Ann Arbor.—Mrs. Mary Ann Wynkup, a resident of this county for a quarter of a century and who was nearly 91 years old, died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Grose after an illness of but 12 hours.

Coldwater.—A. W. George, a farmer who resided near Bronson, fell from his wagon and was killed instantly, one wheel of his heavily loaded wagon crushing his head.

Kalamazoo.—The lid was clamped on in Kalamazoo tighter than was ever known before. Chief of Police Allen made the rounds of the saloons and forbade anyone entering the saloons on Sunday.

Coldwater.—Ezra Long, engineer of the Coldwater plant of the Wolverine Cement Company, dropped dead while at work, from heart disease.

Stephenson.—Seeing the brush move and hearing it crackle, a carpenter living at Florence, who was hunting near here, fired. He shot Otto Sternhagen, aged 15, who was fatally wounded.

Traverse City.—After standing five days in the woods without food, water or shelter, a horse stolen from John Roberts of Kingsley has been found and returned to the owner.

Bay City.—County Treasurer Omar J. Morton celebrated his re-election by getting married. The bride was Miss Mary J. Perkins.

Kalamazoo.—Charles Kelley, an escaped convict for two years from the penitentiary at Columbus, O., was arrested here and returned. Kelley had served 14 years of a 25-year sentence for manslaughter.

Washington.—Michigan patents were issued as follows: J. L. Allen, Hastings, non-repeating clutch for die presses; M. E. C. C. and H. E. Blood, Kalamazoo, universal joint; G. W. Cope, Detroit, furnace; C. W. Elson, Grand Rapids, folding box; A. Goetz and P. A. Jones, Grand Rapids, pasteurization; J. F. Jackson, Houghton, dam; C. J. Matthews, Grand Rapids, water gauge; F. M. Way, Detroit, invisible ear drum; G. P. Youmans, Galesburg, rotary cutter.

Ann Arbor.—It cost Louis Moulton of Monroe county \$25 to use improper language on the streets of Milan, Washtenaw county. He was fined by the village justice and appealed to the circuit court.

East Tawas.—Iosco county elected the following county Republican ticket: Probate judge, A. R. Wear, Au Sable; sheriff, George H. Hadwin, Tawas City; clerk, John A. Mark, Tawas City; treasurer, H. W. Stockman, Tawas City; prosecuting attorney, Edwin Rawden, East Tawas; register of deeds, Edgar A. Crandall.

Traverse City.—Mrs. William Lawson was taken to the hospital suffering from the effects of a gunshot wound in the jaw and shoulder. Her son had picked up a shotgun to shoot a chicken hawk, and the weapon was accidentally discharged, the shot striking the woman.

Coldwater.—Branch county elected the entire Republican ticket. For probate judge, Mark Andrews has less than 12 over C. U. Champlin, and Tyler defeats Fenner for sheriff by less than 20. Both the amendment to the constitution and for revision carried.

Port Huron.—Probably one of the most remarkable runs ever made by any party candidate in this city or county was that of Fred B. Brown, who was elected prosecuting attorney over Elmer Stockwell, his Democratic opponent, by a plurality of over 3,000.

Newaygo.—Newaygo county elected: Sheriff, David Mootie; clerk, George W. Shepherd; treasurer, Benjamin Candee; prosecuting attorney, John G. Anderson; judge of probate, Edward E. Edwards; register of deeds, Charles E. Phillips, all Republicans.

Sturgis.—Fatally crushed and unconscious, Philip W. Berridge, president of the Berridge Shears Company of Sturgis, was found under his overturned auto on the road four miles west of here. He died four hours later without recovering consciousness.

Lapeer.—The following were elected in Lapeer county: Sheriff, John Conley (Dem.); clerk, George W. Dickerson (Rep.); treasurer, D. F. Zuhlik (Rep.); prosecuting attorney, H. W. Smith (Rep.); judge of probate, Elmore Brown (Rep.).

Marine City.—The filing of papers of incorporation of the Western Sugar Refining Company at Port Huron closes a deal whereby the company will take over the Marine City sugar factory and rebuild and operate the plant here.

Bellaire.—The following were elected in Antrim county: Sheriff, William K. Kittle; clerk, James Devy; treasurer, Warren B. Beam; prosecuting attorney, Clark E. Denamore; judge of probate, Ernest R. Harris, all Republicans.

Atlanta.—The following were elected in Montmorency county: Sheriff, R. J. Hunt; clerk, John Pettinger; treasurer, William Briley; prosecuting attorney, L. W. Ostrander; judge of probate, George Sacks, all Republicans.

Mason.—A surprise awaited Mason when it was found that the Northern Construction Company had graded across Worth and Center streets on the disputed right of way of the Lansing Southern railway through the city.

Charlevoix.—The following were elected in Charlevoix county: Sheriff, Frank McWain; clerk, Daniel Payton; treasurer, Richard Lewis; prosecuting attorney, Alfred B. Nicholas; judge of probate, John M. Harris, all Republicans.

Mio.—The following were elected in Oscoda county: Sheriff, Harvey Mapea; clerk, Laird Troyer; treasurer, H. P. Hager; prosecuting attorney, W. B. Connine; judge of probate, John A. Stevens, all Republicans.

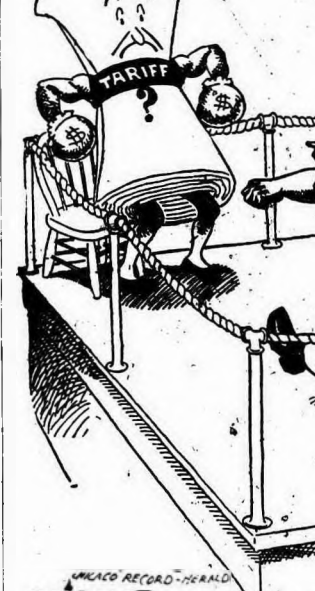
Muskegon.—The will of John A. Draz, who was killed by falling in front of a railroad train at Durand, was offered for probate and disposed of, an estate estimated at \$25,000.

Benton Harbor.—Harry Calkins, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Calkins of this city, is dead as the result of terrible burns he received in playing with matches.

Jackson.—Caught plundering Norris' second-hand store, John Mallack was shot through the arm by Patrolman Fall before he submitted to arrest.

Kalamazoo.—The citizens' committee secured eight more warrants against Kalamazoo saloonkeepers and druggists upon a charge of violating the liquor laws. It is said they have over 50 more complaints to make.

Holland.—J. J. VanDyke, aged 73, a member of Company D, Eighth Michigan infantry, died here. Mr. VanDyke had been in poor health, but his death was hastened by a bad fall.



E. W. CARMACK IS KILLED IN A DUEL

FORMER TENNESSEE SENATOR SHOT DEAD ON NASHVILLE STREET.

Politics Cause of Fight—Robin Cooper Slays Editor of The Tennessean Because of Published Attacks on His Father.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 10.—Former Senator Edward Ward Carmack, editor of The Tennessean, was shot and killed Monday afternoon about four o'clock on Seventh avenue North, in front of the Polk flats, by Robin Cooper, a son of Col. Duncan B. Cooper.

Mr. Carmack was going north on Seventh avenue in front of the Polk flats and Col. Cooper and his son Robin were approaching Seventh avenue on Union street. Soon after they came in sight of one another the shooting began, Robin Cooper, it is said, firing two shots and Senator Carmack one.

Col. Cooper, it is said, drew his pistol but did not fire. Carmack dies instantly. Senator Carmack fell to the ground, dying instantly. Robin Cooper was shot in the right shoulder but was not badly hurt.

It is understood that the trouble is one of the results of the recent Democratic gubernatorial primary in which Carmack was defeated. Carmack, since he had been editor of The Tennessean, had been quite caustic in criticizing what he called the Democratic machine, and had several editorials about Col. Cooper.

Within the past few days, it is said, Col. Cooper notified Carmack that these editorial criticisms must cease. Monday morning another editorial reference to Col. Cooper appeared in The Tennessean, and this is supposed to have been the immediate cause of the trouble.

Young Cooper's Wound Slight. As soon as Carmack fell Col. Cooper put his arm around Robin Cooper and both walked a few feet down Seventh avenue to Dr. R. C. Fort's office, where the slight wound in Robin's shoulder was examined and treated.

An ambulance carried the body of Mr. Carmack to an undertaking establishment. His pistol was lying at his side with two of the chambers empty when the body was picked up.

Young Cooper was later carried to a hospital and Col. Cooper is held at police headquarters. He has made no statement. Robin Cooper is a practicing attorney, 27 years old and single.

PRESIDENT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Doesn't Seek Platt's Seat, Says National Committeeman Ward.

Washington, Nov. 11.—President Roosevelt, six months ago, came to the decision that no combination of circumstances would induce him to become a candidate for election to the United States senate to succeed Thomas C. Platt, said National Committeeman William L. Ward of New York Tuesday as he was leaving the White House. Asked if he thought Secretary Root would be the next senator from New York, Mr. Ward replied by asking: "Would Mr. Root be a candidate?"

Shawneetown Still County Seat. Shawneetown, Ill., Nov. 11.—The contest between Shawneetown and Ridgeway for the removal of the county seat from Shawneetown to the latter place resulted in a victory for Shawneetown by a majority of 120 votes.

Dr. Thompson Killed by Auto. St. Louis, Nov. 11.—Dr. David D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, published in Chicago, died Tuesday as the result of an injury sustained by being struck by an automobile.

FARM LIFE QUIZ BEGINS

FIRST HEARING BY PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION HELD.

Maryland Men Express Their Opinions on Many Subjects of Interest to Farmers.

Washington, Nov. 10.—President Roosevelt considers the appointment of the commission on country life one of the most important pieces of work he has done, according to the statement made by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell university, chairman of the commission, after the president had discussed with the commission the result of the first hearing of the commission Monday at College Park, Md. The president expressed his pleasure at the work already done by the commission.

A gathering of representative Maryland farmers was present at the first hearing. The only absent member of the commission was Dr. Walter R. Page, who joined the commission in Richmond, where a hearing was held Tuesday. There were no set speeches, the various farmers present being asked to express their opinions on any subject of general interest to farm life.

Dr. C. W. Stiles, who was present as a representative of the public health and marine hospital service, declared that typhoid fever is essentially a farm disease in the southeastern states. The discussion brought out the necessity of better sanitary control in country districts.

Among the other topics discussed were the need of rearranging the curriculum of country schools with a view to making them of more direct practical value to the farmer; the effectiveness of the rural church; parcels post; good roads and the formation of farming institutions; small local insurance companies and cooperative and buying agencies. The general consensus of opinion favored all these.

BLACKMAILER THOUGHT CRAZY.

Only Explanation of the Peculiar Case in Denver.

Denver, Col., Nov. 11.—Further developments as to the identity of the woman who Monday threatened Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps with death unless she delivered over \$20,000 within an hour, show that it was not the need of money that influenced her to attempt blackmail, but must have been the suggestion of a diseased mind.

After learning that the woman was the wife of Allen Reed, a druggist of this city, the police investigated further and discovered that Mrs. Reed is one of two daughters of a Springfield (Mass.) millionaire woolen manufacturer named Campbell, who died recently, leaving a large estate to his daughters. Mrs. Reed's income from her share is more than \$12,000 a month. The police are convinced that Mrs. Reed is insane and late Tuesday they turned her over to the care of her husband, who arrived from Buffalo Park, Col.

Although Mrs. Reed displayed better mental control toward the last of her interviews with Chief of Police Armstrong, she is unable to explain her attempt to coerce Mrs. Phipps into giving her a large sum of money and cannot remember where she procured the dynamite with which she threatened the life of Mrs. Phipps and her daughter Helen.

Drunken Man's Bloody Deed.

Grand Rapids, La., Nov. 11.—In a drunken frenzy Jacob Sikkema, aged 32, shot his wife Cora twice at their home, 478 Logan street, Tuesday afternoon, and then shot himself through the head, causing instant death. The woman has slight chances for recovery.

Tariff Hearings Are Begun.

Washington, Nov. 10.—With the first hearing on the proposed revision of the tariff Tuesday the active work of the committee on ways and means of the house of representatives began in Washington.

King Edward spent his sixty-seventh birthday at Sandringham.

The stock brokerage firm of Burnham, Bennett & Co. of Boston made an assignment.

France and Germany signed an agreement for the arbitration of the "Casablanca incident."

Horace P. Schell, for many years editor of the Bartlettville Independent, died at his home there of pneumonia.

A mob of white men stormed the jail at Biloxi, Miss., and lynched a negro accused of assaulting a white girl.

John W. Henderson, pioneer business man of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and former state senator, died, aged 88 years.

Former State Treasurer Daniel McCoy, prominent as a Michigan lumberman, banker and capitalist, died at Grand Rapids of heart trouble.

An encounter between two warring factions of students attending the University of Vienna resulted in injury to about 100 of the young men.

Alberto Costa, a former member of the Portuguese chamber of deputies and one of the most prominent of the republican leaders, committed suicide.

A friendly bout with boxing gloves between John Vanderbeck and Edward Lynch in New York resulted in Vanderbeck's death from heart trouble.

Whisky valued at \$125,000 and buildings worth \$15,000 were destroyed by fire at Deatsville, Ky. The government loses \$450,000 in taxes on the whisky.

President Castro of Venezuela has been advised by his physicians to go to Europe for medical treatment for the malady from which he has been suffering recently.

An average yield of 26.2 bushels of corn per acre and an increased total production of 2,642,687,000 bushels of corn are preliminary estimates announced in the report of the department of agriculture.

It was announced in Kansas City that W. H. Ridgley, president of the reorganized National Bank of Commerce, is to be replaced, Dr. W. S. Woods, the deposed president of the bank, and his friends having succeeded in buying up a majority of the bank's stock.

PRESIDENT GOMPERS CHEERED.

Federation of Labor Applauds Report of its President.

Denver, Col., Nov. 10.—Hearty applause was given President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor by the delegates to the twenty-eighth annual convention of the organization at its opening session Monday, and also at the close of his report, which he read at the afternoon session, and it was interpreted to indicate that there will be no effective opposition to his re-election.

"The statement that there will be a big fight in the convention in regard to the action taken by President Gompers in the recent campaign will not be fulfilled," said John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America and a delegate to the convention.

Chosen Bishop of Washington.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Rev. Dr. Alfred H. Harding, for the past 22 years rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, this city, was elected bishop of Washington, to succeed the late Henry Y. Satterlee, late Tuesday at the fourth meeting of the thirteenth annual convention of this diocese.

Governors to Meet Again.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Invitations to a second meeting in Washington of the governors or their representatives has been sent out by the National Conservation of Resources commission. The date announced is Tuesday, December 8.

Double Tragedy in Wichita.

Wichita, Kan., Nov. 10.—Oscar Huder Monday evening shot and killed his wife, shot at his mother-in-law, Mrs. M. A. Turner, then turned his revolver on himself and blew his brains out.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities including Live Stock, Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Cattle. Columns list item names and prices per unit.

Decks Bad Boy in Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE HUNTS DOWN HIS PA IN PARIS

The greatest relief I ever experienced was getting off of that cattle ship, which I did somewhere in France, because the ship had become so foul smelling that one had to stay on deck to breathe, and there was no safe fun to have, 'cause the officers and crew got on to me, and everyone expected to be blown up or electrocuted if they got near to me, and the last three days they wouldn't let me eat in the cabin or sleep in my hammock, so I had to go down with the cattle and eat hot bran mash, and sleep in the hay. Gee, but when you eat hot bran mash for a few days you never want to look at breakfast food again as long as you live.

I traded my electric battery to a deck hand for a suit case, and so I looked like a tourist, because I went to a hotel and got a square meal, and had a porter paste some hotel ads. on my suit case, and I took a train for Paris, looking for Pa, 'cause I knew he wouldn't be far away from the bullyards.

I left my baggage at a hotel where we stopped when we were in Paris before, and the man who spoke shattered English told me Pa was rooming there, but he was not around much, because he was being entertained by the American residents, and had some great scheme that took him away on secret expeditions often, and they thought he was either an anarchist or grafter, and since the assassination of the king and crown prince of Portugal the police had overhauled his baggage in his room several times, but couldn't find anything incriminating, so I had my baggage sent to Pa's room, and went out to find Pa, and pick up something that would throw suspicion on him if he showed any inclination to go back on me when I found him.

It was getting along toward dark when I walked down a bullyard where Pa used to go when we were

at Newport and in Florida, and yachts and gold mines, and she could be the queen of them all if she would only say the word, and she was just going to say the word, or something, and had his fat, pudgy hand in both of hers, and was looking into his eyes with her own liquid eyes, and seemed ready to fall into his arms, when I got up behind him and lighted a giant fire cracker and put it under his chair and just as the fuse was sputtering, I said: "Pa, ma wants you at the hotel," and the fireworks went off, the woman threw a fit and Pa raised up out of the smoke and looked at me and said: "Now, where in blazes did you come from just at this time?" and the head waiter took the woman into a private room to bring her out of her fit, the waiters opened the windows to let the smoke out, and the crowd stampeded, and the police came in to pull the place and find the anarchists who threw the bomb, and Pa took me by the hand and we walked up the sidewalk to a corner, and when we got out of sight of the crowd Pa said: "Henery, you ma ain't here, is she?" In a pitiful tone, and I said no she wasn't along with me this trip, and Pa said: "Henery, you make me weary," and we walked along to the hotel, Pa asking me so many questions about home that it was like a catechism.

When we got to the hotel and went to Pa's room and told him what I had been doing, he abandoned me, he said he was proud of me, and now he had plenty of work and adventure for me to keep him in.

He said he had tried several airships, by having someone else go up in them, and that he was afraid to go up in one himself, and he seemed glad that I had been ballooning around home, and he said he could use me to good advantage.

I asked him about the woman he was talking about marriage, and he said that was all guff, that she had a

filled a big balloon that looked like a weiner sausage, with gas that he made over a fire out in a field, and the inventor and I got on a bamboo frame under the balloon, and he turned on the gasoline that runs the wheel for steering, and they cut her loose and we went up about 50 feet and sailed around the country a half a mile either way and watched Pa and the wife of the inventor as they sat under a tree and talked politics.

We came back after a while and Pa was proud of me for having so much nerve, and I told him the government at home was complaining because Pa didn't go up in the airships, 'cause they said he couldn't buy airships intelligently unless he tried them out, and that if he didn't look out they



The Fireworks Went Off—The Woman Threw a Fit, and Pa Raised Out of the Smoke.

would send some expert out to take his place and spend the money, and as we were landed on the ground I dared Pa to get on the frame and go up with us for a little spin, and he was afraid the woman would think he was a coward if he didn't, so he got up and straddled the ridge pole of the bamboo frame, and said he would take a whirl at it if it killed him. The balloon thing couldn't quite lift all of us, so I got off and gave her a lift, and up she went with the inventor steering, and Pa hanging on for dear life and saying: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

I have seen some scared men in my life, but when the machine got up about as high as a house, so Pa could not get off, and the woman waved a handkerchief at Pa, he swallowed his Adam's apple and said: "Let her go Gallagher," and Gallagher, the Frenchman, let her go.

Well, you'd a died to see the thing wobble and see Pa cling on with his feet and hands. For about a quarter of a mile she went queer, like a duck that has been wing-tipped, and then she began to descend.

First she passed over a lot of cows that women were milking, and the cows stamped one way and the women the other way, and the women were scared more than the cows, 'cause when they got out from under the ship they prayed, but the cows didn't.

Then the ship struck a field where about 40 women were piling onions on the ground, and it just scattered women and onions all over the field, and of all the yelling you ever heard that was the worst.

Pa yelled to them that if he ever got off that hay rack alive he would pay the damages, and they thought he was swearing at them. Then the worst thing possible happened. The airship went up over a tree, and Pa was scared and he grabbed a limb and let go of the bamboo, and there he was in the top of a thornapple tree. The balloon went over all right, and the inventor steered it away to where it started from, and the woman and I watched Pa. The thorns were about two inches long and more than a hundred of them got into Pa and he yelled all kinds of murder, and then the woman who owned the cows and onions the ship had wrecked surrounded the tree with hoes and rakes and pitchforks, and they made such a frantic noise that Pa did not dare to come down out of the tree. So Pa told us to take the train back to Paris and send the American consul and the police and a hook and ladder company to get him down and protect him.

I told Pa I didn't want to go off and leave him to be killed by strange women, and maybe eaten by wolves before morning, but he said: "Don't talk back to me, you go and send that patrol wagon and the hook and ladder truck, and be quick about it or I won't do a thing to you when I catch you."

So we went and put the airship in a barn and went back to town and turned in a police and fire alarm to rescue Pa. The chief said there was no use in going out there in the country before morning, because the woman couldn't get up the thornapple tree and Pa couldn't get down. So I went to bed and dreamed about Pa all night, and had a perfectly lovely time.

Took His Stock to Camp. A French territorial, who had received notice to join his regiment for nine days' service, made a sensational entry into barracks the other day at Privas. Unable to leave his live stock to shift for itself, he decided to bring everything with him, and so arrived in his cart, drawn by a mule, and containing his goat, two rabbits, several fowls and 12 chickens. It is not stated what the colonel has decided to do.

Musings of the Metropolis

News of New York Town Outlined in Brief Form.

War Declared on Huge Army of Hoboes



NEW YORK.—Open war has been declared upon the huge army of hoboes that infest this city and prey upon the people. The nomads have rushed into the metropolis from all directions in a steadily growing torrent, until the commissioner of charities finds his department unable to cope with the situation and has been compelled to call for the co-operation of the police.

There are some unemployed in New York who are anxious to find work. But they are in a hopeless minority. For the past two weeks not a single one of the hoboes that applied to the city lodging houses for food and shelter were willing to accept the work offered them by Supt. Yorke and his aides. They did not care to work outside of New York, they said, and they would not do farm work. They would not work in the woodyard maintained by the poor commission, and they evinced a marked disinclination to work at anything or anywhere.

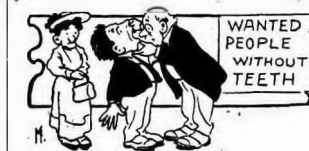
The hoboes are little short of riotous.

In the municipal lodging houses their refusal to comply with the rules of the department lead to outbreaks that compel the calling of the police. They are declared responsible for frequent hold-ups and assaults about the parks. They have demanded that the armories and the recreation piers be opened to them as lodgings, and they are abusive when the demand is refused.

Now the city and charity organization officials will work with the police officials, and it is declared that the entire city will be cleared of its tramp army in a short time. The hoboes will be arrested, taken before the magistrates and sent to Blackwell's island. There temporary barracks will be erected to house the men and they will be compelled to break stone. Men who apply for aid and would dodge the "rock-cracking" stunt will be investigated and offered work if they desire it.

The municipal lodging houses are overflowing, several large lots have been rented or leased by the department of charities on the East side and these, used as dormitories, are overflowing. The pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street is being prepared for the overflow. At the present time there are more than 10,000 hoboes in the city who will not accept work but demand food and lodging.

New Profession for Women Pays Well



ONE of the newest professions for women that pays well is that of "demonstrator," and every big department store has scores of good-looking young women employed to "demonstrate" something.

The growth of the "profession" was manifested in an advertisement which shows the beginning of a new class of these publicity promoters, and would seem to indicate that there is no limit to the nature of the work. The ad. in question read:

MEN AND WOMEN WITHOUT TEETH wanted, paid by the hour. Friday, 9 a. m. to 12 m. X. Y. Z.

The persons engaged will sit in a store window, exhibit the mouth without Dr. Forcep's teeth, and, whirling around, show a double set at \$6.98 and incidentally the difference they make in the countenance. The pay of the demonstrator depends on the nature of her or his work, although most of them are women. Good looks is essential to corset exploiters, while the woman who shows how a piano may be turned into a folding bed doesn't matter so much.

As a rule a demonstrator is paid

five dollars a day, while some exceptionally pretty or stylish woman who shows things used or worn by her sex gets more.

With the schools of saleswoman ship teaching young women how to approach a prospective buyer with a fascinating smile, the demonstrator actually shows curious shoppers how the wares she is hired to show off look or work or act.

Where formerly manufacturers had to depend on signs and labels, the business competition is so keen now that shoppers have to be shown the merits of some new thing.

On upper Broadway, in an automobile supply house, a well-gowned woman "demonstrates" how a patent veil can be put on or off in a second. In a big department store a middle aged woman with half her face free from wrinkles may be seen demonstrating a bleach. Biscuit makers, pancake flours, soups, new shoes, health corsets, and patent beds are being shown daily by this army of the new profession, and many women travel all over the country "demonstrating" with a route laid out like a theatrical star. A week in St. Louis, a week in Chicago, a week in St. Paul, and so on. Their expenses are paid, of course, and their salaries besides.

The new employment has proved a great boon to many women, and the first feeling of nervousness over the publicity part of it soon wears off.

Russian Woman Plans Adamless Eden



LONG ISLAND is to have an "Adamless Eden." Mme. Davidoff, a native of Russia, but now a resident of New York city, is establishing an experimental farm at Bellecrest, near Northport, L. I., which will be operated by women. Men will be barred from the greenhouses, where fruits and flowers are to be grown every month in the year by the aid of electricity. While similar experiments have been made by this and other governments, Mme. Davidoff believes her experiments will prove more successful than those carried on by the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture.

Mme. Davidoff says the experiment will be based on the theory that the growth of vegetable matter, which ceases at sundown, will continue through the night if proper artificial

light is supplied to stimulate the developing powers of plants. Fruits and flowers that are grown in this section only in the spring and summer months, she believes can be cultivated during the entire year.

"This is not intended as a money-making enterprise," said Mme. Davidoff in an interview. "While of course, we expect the experiments to prove successful and the farm to be self-supporting, yet my object is to make it a philanthropic enterprise with the view of helping members of my own sex, as well as to prove the scientific value of the plan with which I have been experimenting for several years."

"There is no connection between my venture and the utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge, the English savant, relative to the influence of electricity on plant life. The two systems differ chiefly from the fact that all of my experiments are made under glass and under certain conditions a static machine is used in addition to dynamos."

Active work on the farm at Bellecrest will begin, she says, within one month, upon the completion of the necessary buildings and the installation of the electrical apparatus.

Yerkes Home May Be Sold at Auction



THE Yerkes mansion, at Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, which, with its paintings and art treasures, would, it was generally believed, eventually pass into the control of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, may be sold at foreclosure. The Mutual Life Insurance Company has brought foreclosure proceedings against Mrs. Mary A. Yerkes, widow of the traction promoter, basing the action on a total indebtedness of \$242,292, of which \$228,000 represented a mortgage on the property and the rest unpaid interest. It is said Mrs. Yerkes has put in no appearance by counsel or otherwise, and the house will be sold at auction.

Mr. Yerkes left a will in which he provided that upon his wife ceasing to live in or use the home and art gallery, or upon her death, a corporation was to be formed to take over the property as the Yerkes gallery, and that it was then to go to the city. This corporation was to be made up of five members appointed by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was to include the mayor. There was also a provision in the will setting aside \$750,000, the interest of which was to go toward maintaining and caring for the gallery.

At the time of Mr. Yerkes' death it was found he had mortgaged part of the art gallery to the Mutual Life for \$225,000. The gallery is L shaped, and runs on an inside lot back of the Yerkes house, the front of the gallery facing in Fifth avenue on a lot 25 feet wide and running back 100 feet. This was the lot mortgaged and formed a part of the gift to the city.

EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pincher Creek district, (Southern Alberta), the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet, for about 25 years, is excelling itself this year. The yield and quality are both phenomenal, as has been the weather for its harvesting. Forty bushels is a common yield, and many fields go up to 50, 60 and over, and most of it No. 1 Northern. Even last year, which was less favorable, similar yields were in some cases obtained, but owing to the season the quality was not so good. It is probably safe to say that the average yield from the Old Man's River to the boundary will be 47 or 48 bushels per acre, and mostly No. 1 Northern. One man has just made a net profit from his crop of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of land. Land here is too cheap at present, when a crop or two will pay for it, and a failure almost unknown. Nor is the district dependent on wheat, all other crops do well, also stock and dairying, and there is a large market at the doors in the mining towns up the Crow's Nest Pass, and in British Columbia, for the abundant hay of the district, and poultry, pork, and garden truck. Coal is near and cheap. Jim Hill has an eye on its advantages, and has invested here, and is bringing the Great Northern Railroad soon, when other lines will follow."

The wheat, oat and barley crop in other parts of Western Canada show splendid yields and will make the farmers of that country (and many of them are Americans) rich. The Canadian Government Agent for this district advises us that he will be pleased to give information to all who desire it about the new land regulations by which a settler may now secure 160 acres in addition to his 160 homestead acres, at \$3.00 an acre, and also how to reach these lands into which railways are being extended. It might be interesting to read what is said of that country by the Editor of the Marshall (Mrs.) News-Messenger, who made a trip through portions of it in July, 1908. "Passing through more than three thousand miles of Western Canada's agricultural lands, touring the northern and southern farming belts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with numerous drives through the great grain fields, we were made to realize not only the magnificence of the crops, but the magnitude, in measures, of the vast territory opening, and to be opened to farming immigration. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers there, and millions of acres under cultivation, but there is room for millions more, and other millions of acreage available. We could see in Western Canada in soil, product, topography or climate, little that is different from Minnesota, and with meeting at every point many business men and farmers who went there from this state, it was difficult to realize one was beyond the boundary of the country."



Mr. Asker—Do you find your new auto a good climber, Harry?
Harry—Well, it's not a speed marvel when it comes to running up hills, but say, old man, you just ought to see it run up a bill.

By the Hurricane Route.
"He's long wanted to leave the country," says a Billville exchange, "but he never could afford the railroad fare, but just as he had given up all hope a hurricane came along and gave him and his house free transportation. It was providential and he pulled through at last."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dainty Bits of Sentiment.
A fine bit of sentiment from Editor Howe of the Atchison Globe: "Treat the faith your friends have in you as carefully as you would handle a dainty silk parasol in a violent wind and rain storm."

The General Demand

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

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

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



Up She Went with the Inventor Steering, and Pa Hanging On for Dear Life.

In Paris before, and as I came to a cafe where there was a sign, English spoken, I saw a crowd out on the sidewalk surrounding tables, eating and drinking, and there was one big table with about a dozen men and women, Americans, Frenchmen and other foreigners, listening to an elderly man bragging about America, and I saw it was Pa, but he was so changed that but for his bald head and chin whiskers I would not have known him.

He had on French clothes, one of those French silk hats that had a flat brim and a bell crown, and he had a moustache that was pointed at the ends and was waxed so it would put your eyes out.

Pa was telling them that all the men in America were millionaires and unmarried, and that all of them came abroad to spend money and marry foreign ladies, to take them back to America and make queens of them, and he looked at a French woman across the table with goo-goo eyes, and she said to the man next to her: "Isn't he a dear, and what a wonder he is not married before," and Pa smiled at her and put his hand on his watch chain, on which there hung gold nuggets as big as walnuts, and he fixed a big diamond in his scarf, so the electric light would hit it plenty.

They ate and drank and the party began to break up, when Pa and the beautiful woman were alone at the table, and they hunched up closer together, and Pa was talking sweet to her, and telling her that all wives in America had special trains on railroads, and palaces in New York, and

husband who had invented a new airship, and he was trying to get title to it for use in America, for war purposes, and that the only way to get on the right side of these French women was to talk about marriage and money, because for money any of them would leave their husbands on 15 minutes' notice. He said he had arranged for a trial of the airship the next day, from a place out in the country, and that I could go up with the inventor of the ship and see how it worked and report, so we went to bed and I slept better than I had since I shipped on the cattle ship.

In the morning while we were taking baths and preparing for breakfast, I found that Pa had been flying pretty high on government money, and he had all kinds of gold and paper money and bonds, and he made people think he owned most of America.

Pa asked me how the people at home looked upon his absence, and if they advanced any theories as to the cause of his being abroad, and I told him that everybody from the president down to Rockefeller knew about what he was out looking after, and that when I left Bob Evans at Fortres Monroe, he told me to tell Pa to send a mess of airships to him so he would meet them when he got to San Francisco, as he wanted to paralyze the Japs if they got busy around the fleet, which pleased Pa, and he said: "Just tell the people to wait, and I will produce airships that can fight battles in the clouds, but it will take time."

Then we went out in the country about a dozen miles, and met the inventor and his wife, and the inventor

BY F. W. SAMSEN.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$2.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25cents.
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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Per Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1908.

The Fallacy of Artificial Food.

In these days of concentrated foods prepared from natural sources such as condensed and dried milk, concentrated albumen, beef extracts, etc., there seems to be a tendency to sacrifice the pleasures of the table to convenience, portability, and time saving; and the question might arise, Would it be possible for us to exist entirely on artificial food? According to Francis Marie, it appears to be improbable that this assumption, whether devoutly to be wished or not, will come into effect. The human stomach is not merely a chemical laboratory, but also a creature of habit, that calls for work. It demands a certain bulk of material, out of which the intestines can take the nourishing constituents, while rejecting the inappetuous. As soon as the intestines are relieved of the necessity of seeking out the necessary and rejecting the unnecessary portions of food, the digestive function is suppressed. Further, certain bacteria must be introduced into the digestive tract, whose co-operation is absolutely necessary to proper assimilation of the food. Chemically-pure artificial foods would be free from all bacteria. The human system is accustomed to be nourished by various kinds of ailments no one of which is alone sufficient to promote life. In order to imitate these constituents, the chemical foods would have to be prepared in an extraordinary degree of variety and complexity. Eating is not merely a matter of introducing into the system a certain number of heat units. The reception and digestion of food must be accompanied by a certain degree of pleasure, in order to permit it to be properly assimilated. Experiments made with a dog show that the secretion of those stomachic juices which are necessary to the commencement of the digestive processes, cease immediately, and remains absent during several hours, as soon as a feeling of displeasure is excited in the animal.—Scientific American

Going to Make a Record.

Detroit News.—A close friend of Gov. Warner says the governor is going to put in 14 hours more or less daily on the job for the two years beginning New Year's next, trying to make a record for reforms that he will be remembered for. Also, that by this record he hopes to convince many republicans who voted against him last week that they were misled by what his enemies said about him during the campaign. There is no intimation yet from the governor's camp as to whether or not he expects to rehabilitate himself in the next two years sufficiently to warrant his becoming a candidate for United States senator in 1911. However, there are already some signs that certain of his party enemies are apprehensive that even though he may not become a senatorial candidate he will be a factor in the contest. Senator Brown will presumably be a candidate to succeed himself, and Congressman Townsend will be in the contest, also. Both Burrows and Townsend seem disposed to give Warner a chance to do the best he can during his third term but not so with another senatorial candidate, say some of the late republican state campaign managers. Said one of these managers: "The other candidate is still gunning for Warner. It won't surprise me to see him begin an attack on both Townsend and Burrows before the campaign of 1910 unless they withdraw from the senatorial race."

Plymouth has a citizen who voted for Fremont in 1856, for Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, for Grant in 1868 and 1872, for Hayes in 1876, for Garfield in 1880, for Blaine in 1884, for Harrison in 1888 and 1892, for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, for Roosevelt in 1904 and for Taft in 1908. He is Morris J. Smith. Mr. Smith has voted the Republican ticket ever since the organization of the party, casting fourteen Republican presidential ballots in all.

How is Your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric-Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market to-day." This great tonic and alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c at all drug stores.

CHURCH NEWS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

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

METHODIST.

Rev. E. King, Pastor.
Services next Sunday will be as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor. Subject "Human or Divine Guides." Singing by the quartet. Sunday-school at 11:30. Epworth League at 6 o'clock, led by Geo. Richwine. Evening service at 7 o'clock. The pastor will preach. Subject "A Royal Heroine." You are invited to all our services.

UNIVERSALIST.

Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
The usual services next Sunday at 10:00 A. M. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Tribute to Whom Tribute is Due." Sunday School at 11:15 A. M. 7:00 p. m., a lecture by the pastor upon the subject, "Things Worth While." Everybody is cordially invited to all these services.
Last Sunday in the absence of the pastor an improvised service was held in which several of the young people participated in the preliminary service and Mrs. C. W. Richardson of Elgin, Ill. read a sermon. This service was greatly enjoyed by all present.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:00, morning worship. Preaching by the pastor on "The Sound in the Tops of the Mulberry Trees." 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Young People's Meeting. 7:00, Evening gospel service. Preaching by the pastor on "The Man Who Missed the Meeting." You are most cordially invited to all the above services. Also to the midweek prayer service Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. L. H. Galpin, Miss Rose Hawthorne, Karl Hillmer and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald were in attendance at the State Sunday-school convention in Detroit this week.
The session has appointed Nov. 22, the Sabbath preceding Thanksgiving, Foreign Missions Day and "set the mark" for the annual thank offering at \$150.

SCHOOL NOTES.

You ought to see the sixth grade room. It is decorated beautifully.

The Fourth Grade has begun preparation for their Thanksgiving work.

The editor-in-chief of the school news took a leave of absence Wednesday afternoon.

The First Grade have finished Hiawatha and are now enjoying the story of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Floyd Sullivan, a fellow student of Miss White, called upon her and Miss Childs one day last week.

Dr. Patterson was called to the school Wednesday on account of the sickness of one of the pupils.

Mr. Hathaway of the Cleary Business College called at the school Wednesday in behalf of the C. B. C.

The Juniors and Sophomores will meet the Seniors and Freshmen on the gridiron Friday (today) to settle the championship of the school.

Eugene Spencer, Nina Stuart and Waive Cady were the visitors of the High School this week; Mrs. McCumpha, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Huffman visited the grades.

The following pupils of the fourth grade were neither absent or tardy for the past two months of school: Francis Beals, Merritt Crumble, Egbert Isbell, Howard Lane, Etoile Cook, Helen Ehnis, Clara Gayde, Irene Lyndon, Carmen McIntyre, May Spinks, Hilda Micol.

Pres. Jones of the State Normal College spoke to the High School last Monday afternoon on the topic of "Young people I have known and what has become of them." He told the history of several boys and girls, one being the story of failure which stood in contrast with the other successful contestants. The pupils were left to moralize upon the stories which were very clear and did not need to have the lesson pointed out.

A little later he spoke to the teachers at their meeting and in the evening he addressed a large and appreciative audience about his observation concerning the school system of Great Britain and pointed out the difference between our school system and that of Great Britain.

State Borrows Money.

Not since 1894 has the State of Michigan been under the necessity of borrowing money to carry on its business. Arrangements are now being concluded to borrow \$750,000 until the January tax money comes in. The lack of funds is due to the last legislature neglecting to appropriate money enough. But the funny part of it is, while the Democrats during the recent campaign charged the State to be bankrupt, it was persistently denied by the Republican managers. There is no pretense of denial, now.

Orchards Should Pay Better.

The farmers in general of Michigan are making a great mistake in the way they are robbing their farms. Many a farmer is taking all he can get from his farm every year and is putting little or nothing back upon the soil and the result is a gradual decrease in production every year. It is seldom and only isolated cases that we hear of land producing the crop that it did 25 years ago. We can not lay it to the machinery of farming, for we have wonderfully improved the tools in the last decade, both for planting and harvesting. There can be only one solution of the question of decreased crops.

The apple crop is a total failure this year, as compared with other years. Very few orchards receive any care from the farmer, either in tilling the soil or spraying the trees and we are now reaping the result of this neglect in the loss of the crop. In the city of Lansing, the capital of our state, apples imported from Idaho are retailing at forty cents per dozen or four cents for a single apple. What do you think of that in one of the best fruit states of this country?

Thousands of apple orchards in this state are left absolutely to themselves never cultivated, never sprayed, and in a large per cent of the orchards the trees are not even trimmed from one year to another. No finer flavored fruit can be produced anywhere than in Michigan, and yet unless there be a change we shall be importing our fruit from even less favored states. Owners of orchards should swaken to the fact that if properly cared for the orchard will be the best money producer on the farm.—Fowlerville Review.

New Coin is Unique.

The mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver have begun coining a new \$5 gold piece, struck on a different plan from any heretofore coined in the world.

It follows an idea expressed to President Roosevelt by Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow of Boston, that to permit, the coins being piled to a uniform height, a high or strong relief might be obtained by depressing the design below the field or face of the coin, instead of raising it above, as usual in all coinage operations. This would provide a flat surface taking the wear and protecting the relief, the shape of the depression following the outline of the relief.

The same design will be used on the \$2.50 pieces, and all will bear the "In God We Trust" motto. While never applied to coins, the countersinking relief is one of the oldest forms of sculpture in stone.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stingy Man.

It is said that three of the stingiest men in the state were in town yesterday. One of them will not drink as much water as he wants unless it be from another man's well. The second forbids any of his family from writing anything but a "small hand" as it is a waste of ink to make large letters. The third stops his clock at night in order to save wear and tear on the machinery. All of them decline to take their county paper on the ground that it is a terrible strain on their spectacles to read newspapers, even in the day time. Belleville Enterprise.

Jap a Human Nonconductor.

Playing with death and laughing when it reached out to claim him for its own, Hakkadote, a Jap employe at the Hotel Castaeda, was found at eight o'clock in the evening, recently, holding a live electric wire in his hands and touching it to the rails of the street cars just to see the sparks fly. The wire, which was the street car trolley, carried 22,000 volts of electricity.

When electricians came to repair the break, which had been caused by the wire burning in two, they would not touch it until the power had been shut down, but the Jap stood there with it in his hand gleefully thrusting it out at them and laughing when they sprang back.

"It was the greatest wonder in the world he was not killed outright," said the chief electrician. "The only way I can account for it is that the Jap is a human nonconductor, or else that God takes care of fools."—Las Vegas (N. M.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Sailor's Prayer Book.

"This is what you call the sailor's prayer book," a seaman said bitterly, as he kicked a holystone out of the way. "Why is it called that? Well, in the first place it is called that because in using it, in holystoning the deck, the sailor has to kneel down, and in the second place, because all holystoning is done on Sunday. Don't you know the chantey?—Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou art able. And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable." "The stone is called holystone because the first holystones were bits of tombs stolen from cemeteries. It's got a pious, religious sound—holly and prayer book, and Sunday and all that—but it is when he is using this stone that the seaman is most profane."

Getting Bald by Degrees.

"In the minister very bald, papa?" "No, my son, not very." "Then why does it say after his name B. A. L. L. D.?"—Boston Transcript.

Getting Ready for the Holidays

The Holidays are approaching and we are getting ready to anticipate the wants of the people of Plymouth and vicinity by placing in stock the finest line of Furniture suitable for Holiday Gifts, and also Carpets and Rugs, that we have ever carried. It will have to be seen to be appreciated, and we invite you to call and inspect the many handsome articles we shall place on sale. You will also find our prices as low as you can buy anywhere else. We invite comparison in both goods and prices, and are convinced we can please you.

SCHRADER BROS.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors. Both Phones, Night or Day

Come and Look at the New Cloak Styles

Come just to look if you choose; if you want to buy we'll help you make selection



You will like our new and natty Cloak Models; they possess a quality and style that are unusual; the Workshop of Worth put them there; wool fabrics, rich linings, perfect tailoring.

Look at the pretty semi-fitting models with radiann braid and shimmering satin trimmings. See the single-breasted types with their knack of minimizing the hip size and adding to the wearer's height. Double-breasted models for those who prefer them; novelty ideas in the Princess Nippon, Princess Directoire and Princess Empire shapes; the very newest things in cloakdom.

You cannot over-anticipate the elegance, fit and finish of these new models. They are in a class by themselves; they lift their wearers into a class by themselves.

For \$15 you can secure a cloak that you would have to pay at least \$25 for anywhere else.

Our showing at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$20 and \$25 is unequalled; it is the best evidence we can offer of your advantage in trading here.

Misses' Cloaks \$5, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12. Children's Cloaks \$2.50 to \$4.50.

Beautiful new Dress Skirts \$2.50 to \$10.

E. L. RIGGS



W. A. Gowles, Op. D.

THE DETROIT

Optical Specialist

WILL BE AT

Plymouth House,

Saturday and Monday

Nov. 14 and 16,

1 to 4 P. M.



HORSE BLANKETS

Believing that citizens of the smaller towns will appreciate the value of a city specialist in so important a matter as the care of the Human Eye, I have arranged to make visits to Plymouth at intervals, which will be announced in this paper.

We are always conducting a sale on Horse Blankets, at prices that are real bargains. We buy our blankets direct from the factory, thereby saving the middleman's profit, and thus being able to sell them 20 to 25 per cent cheaper. We also have a

NICE LINE OF ROBES

SOMETHING NEW IN A

RUBBER LINED PLUSH ROBE, which makes them wind proof and warmer than fur robes. Come in and investigate before buying.

GEO. W. RICHWINE,

Harness and Horse Goods, Plymouth, Mich.

WE PRINT AUCTION BILLS PROMPTLY

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 2;
 after 7 P. M.
 Office at home, next to Christian Science Hall
 Bell Phone 38; Local 20.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
 Office and residence, Main street,
 next to Express office.
 Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
 Telephone 85, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL
 Office and Residence, Ann Arbor St.,
 first house west of Main street.
 Hours—5 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
 Independent Phone No. 45.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
DENTIST.
 Office in old Bank Building.
 Phone 120.

P. W. VOORHIES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
 Real Estate, Loans and
 Collections.
 Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich

Penney's Livery!
 When in need of a Rig ring up
 City Phone No. 9.

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS
 Promptly done.
 A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY
Robinson's Livery
 Sutton Street

Good Rigs at the best
 prices possible.
 All kinds of Draying
 done promptly

GOOD STABLING.
Harry C. Robinson

Detroit United Lines
 Effective Oct. 20, 1905
EAST BOUND.
 For Detroit via Wayne 6:30 a. m. and every two
 hours to 8:30 p. m.; also 7:42 p. m. and 9:12 p. m.
 To Wayne only 10:40 p. m.
WEST BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:30 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours
 to 7:10 p. m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:42 p. m. & 12:20 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:55 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barn), also 7:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 5:30 p. m.; also 7 p. m. and
 11 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 8:30 p. m.; also 9:10 p. m., 1:10 p. m.
 Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and
 points west to Jackson.

THE ONLY
Through Sleeping Car to
Philadelphia
 from Michigan is operated
 on Train 8, via

The Grand Trunk-Lchig Valley
Double Track Route.
 For time table and other particulars, call on
 any Grand Trunk Agent or write to GEO. W. W. TAYLOR, C. P. & T. A., 125 Adams St., CHICAGO

Commissioner's Notice.
 In the matter of the estate of Calista E. Mann,
 deceased. We, the undersigned, having been
 appointed by the Probate court for the county
 of Wayne, State of Michigan, to receive, examine
 and adjust all claims and demands of all persons
 against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will
 meet in the office of P. W. Voorhies in the
 village of Plymouth, in said county, on
 Tuesday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1905,
 and on Friday, the 31st day of April,
 1906, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days,
 for the purpose of examining and allowing said
 claims, and that six months from the 31st
 day of October, 1906, were allowed by said
 court for creditors to present their claims to
 us for examination and allowance.
 Witness my hand and seal this 22nd day of
 October, 1905.
SEWELL L. BENNETT,
ARTHUR D. FORD,
 Commissioners.

The matter of the estate of Calista E. Mann,
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 Witness my hand and seal this 22nd day of
 October, 1905.
SEWELL L. BENNETT,
ARTHUR D. FORD,
 Commissioners.

TRY MAIL LINERS

Local News

Miss Lettie Anderson is visiting in
 Saginaw.

Mrs. Wm. Henry and baby spent
 Sunday in Livonia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs spent
 Tuesday in Milford.

Mrs. Geo. Shafer visited in Detroit
 the first of the week.

Mrs. H. Merrweather is spending a
 few weeks in Detroit.

Miss Anna Smith spent Saturday
 and Sunday in Pontiac.

Mrs. Mero Wheeler of Toledo spent
 Sunday at C. W. Valentine's.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser of Bay City spent
 Sunday at Dr. S. E. Campbell's.

Mrs. Bessie Smith and daughter
 Marion spent Sunday in Wayne.

Misses Nora Avery and Ethel Merry-
 weather spent Friday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chaffee spent
 Saturday and Sunday in Pontiac.

W. J. Burrows is putting a hot
 water heating system in his home.

W. O. Allen has been confined to his
 house the past ten days by sickness.

Mrs. Nancy Bradner of Lansing is
 visiting her mother for a few weeks.

John Lundy is at Mt. Clemens
 taking baths for rheumatic troubles.

Miss Anna Smith spent Saturday
 and Sunday in Chelsea and Ann
 Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Havershaw and
 son Clare spent Saturday and Sunday
 in Detroit.

Mrs. Olive McCutcheon of Detroit
 is spending a few days with Mrs. A.
 D. Stevens.

Mrs. Brant Warner attended a meet-
 ing of the Spinster's Club in Wayne
 Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray of Ann
 Arbor spent Saturday and Sunday at
 W. W. Murray's.

W. W. Eldridge and wife of Wash-
 ington, D. C., visited Mrs. A. O. Lyon
 and family last week.

Dr. Nichols was out Wednesday for
 the first time since he was injured a
 number of weeks ago.

Gov. Warner has issued his procla-
 mation designating Thursday, Novem-
 ber 26, as Thanksgiving day.

There were 100 Prohibition votes
 cast in Nankin township at the late
 election—a very creditable gain.

New Independent Telephones: H.
 Wills, Wm. Kensler, O. C. Darning,
 Arthur Walker, Warren Gorton.

Snow covered the ground Wednes-
 day morning for the first time this
 season. Weather prophets say it's to
 be a cold winter. It's cold enough, in
 any event.

The Degree of Honor will give a
 Post Card social at the Odd Fellows
 hall Friday evening, Nov. 20. All
 welcome. Ladies please remember
 Post Cards.

Harry Robinson has plowed a furrow
 around the lot back of his livery barn
 and as soon as freezing weather comes
 will convert it into a skating pond for
 the use of the "kids."

Beginning next Tuesday another
 through car to Detroit will be run by
 the D. U. R. at 8:20 p. m., taking the
 place of the 7:42 car. Another through
 car will also leave Detroit at 7:30 p. m.

The total amount of primary school
 money coming to Wayne county is
 \$204,310.18. Of this amount Plymouth
 will receive \$1,041.30, Canton \$576.72,
 Livonia \$655.04, Northville \$1,082.24,
 Nankin \$1,296.91.

David Birch and Miss May
 Humphries both of this village, were
 married in Detroit last Saturday. On
 their return they were recipients of
 most cordial congratulations from
 their many friends.

Detroit newspapers say Walter Mol-
 ster is to be County Clerk Farrell's
 chief deputy, the place now held by
 Harry Bennett of this village. It is
 also said Arthur Cable will not be re-
 appointed in the register's office.

A large and appreciative audience
 greeted Dr. James Hedley at the opera
 house last Thursday evening. The
 Doctor appeared under the auspices of
 the Citizens' Entertainment Course
 and fully came up to all the many ex-
 cellent things that had been said of
 him. He is a man of general personal-
 ity and a pleasing talker.

The dancing craze so prevalent a
 year or two ago, seems to have died
 out and Penniman hall is vacant. The
 Plymouth Pastime Club has dis-
 banded and efforts leading to a reor-
 ganization or a new club seem to be
 futile. Some of the young people
 seem to think it's "more fun" to go
 to Northville or Wayne for their
 dancing amusement.

Have You Anything to Sell?

The Mail will find a buyer for you.
 Some one of its readers may want just
 what you have to sell. It makes no
 difference what it is. A Want Ad
 will bring you two together. It costs
 only 25c for two insertions to try it
 and find out for yourself.

The Mail is pleased to publish per-
 sonals and items of social interest
 and appreciates contributions of
 this nature. To insure insertion
 contributions should reach this
 office not later than noon Thurs-
 day.

Miss Elsie Eddy spent last Saturday
 in Ypsilanti.

Miss Winnie Jolliffe visited in De-
 troit Wednesday.

Lou Reed made a business trip to
 Brighton Wednesday.

Miss Inez Cole is spending a few
 days in Fowlerville.

Robt Laible of Saginaw is visiting
 his son Harry this week.

Miss Gertrude Smith gave a party to
 a few of her friends Wednesday night.

Mrs. Veeder Shankland of Dixboro
 visited Mrs. Henry Andrews yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Simonds of North-
 ville spent Saturday at W. T. Conner's.

Mrs. L. J. Beck of Guaymas, Mexico,
 spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Van-
 Vleet.

Mrs. Harrison Olsaver of Rushton is
 visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ralph
 Sausen this week.

Albin Smith opened his new pool
 room and cigar store near the P. M.
 depot Saturday night.

Mrs. Daniel Blue and Mrs. J. H.
 Patterson and son Donald leave today
 for a visit in Mt. Clemens.

Evered Jolliffe and John Shaw
 "hoofed it" from Detroit last Sunday,
 stopping at Elm for dinner.

A reception was given Mr. and Mrs.
 David Birch Tuesday night at the
 home of Miss Lucy Lapham.

A. W. Chaffee and F. B. Parks left
 yesterday for Memphis, Tenn., to at-
 tend a Hardware Men's convention.

Mrs. B. H. Rae is visiting friends in
 Lansing and Reed City. Mr. Rae will
 also spend Sunday at the latter place.

The Plymouth Gun Club is now lo-
 cated at White Fish Bay on Lake
 Superior. Geo. Springer shot the first
 deer.

Mrs. Chas. Riggs was called to
 Northville Wednesday on account of
 the serious illness of her father, P. E.
 White.

Amiel Schilling, Claude and Clyde
 Fahner and Loren Proctor have se-
 cured jobs with the Buick Automobile
 works in Flint.

Mrs. F. F. Bennett gave a six o'clock
 dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. A.
 Hamilton of Colorado Springs, Col.,
 Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. J. Burrows, Mrs. C. S.
 Pinckney, Mrs. J. B. Pettingill and
 Mrs. Brant Warner were visitors in
 Northville yesterday.

Geo. Peterhans is moving into his
 new house on the farm. Mr. Fletcher,
 operator at the depot, will occupy Mr.
 Peterhans' house on Oak street.

It is whispered around that Samuel
 Ableson will have a job in the capitol
 building at Lansing after January 1st,
 for his faithfulness to Gov. Warner's
 cause.

Charles Shattuck is working for the
 Taxton Light & Power Co., Taxton,
 Ill. J. M. Burton, formerly of Plym-
 outh, is one of the stockholders of the
 company.

The following of Frank Stephens'
 pupils in music took part in a recital,
 given Tuesday evening in the Detroit
 Conservatory: Czarina Penney,
 Bertha Seals, Leda Riley, Spencer
 Heeny and Arbutus Wolf of North
 ville.

Quite a bunch of foot ball enthu-
 siasts will attend the Michigan-Pennsyl-
 vania game at Ann Arbor tomorrow
 afternoon. It will be the first game
 between an eastern and western college
 team in western territory for a num-
 ber of years and the interest is very
 tense.

The Michigan Mfg. & Lumber Co.,
 of Holly, has sold its Plymouth yards
 to Everton Jinks of Detroit and Chas.
 Mayer of Marshall. The latter will re-
 move to this village at once. Mr.
 Yorton, who has had charge of the
 Plymouth yards for the past three
 years, expects to go to Detroit.

The department of agriculture has
 issued a preliminary estimate of the
 production of the principal crops of
 the United States, showing that corn,
 wheat, oats and eight other crops, rep-
 resenting approximately 70 per cent of
 the value of all farm crops, this year
 aggregate about 3 per cent greater than
 the average for the past five years.

The shortest apple crop in 10 years
 has just been harvested in northern
 Michigan. In many counties in that
 part of the state there has been an
 entire crop failure. "Michigan's entire
 apple yield this year is less than 40 per
 cent of the average, and 75 per cent of
 that will go into vinegar and cider."
 The state already is "importing" its
 winter supply of apples, principally
 from New York.

The Mail has just printed a large
 edition of circulars for E. L. Riggs,
 who announces a large stock of season-
 able merchandize at prices not equalled
 elsewhere. All goods were bought at
 lowest prices and will be sold accord-
 ingly. In ready-to-wear garments for
 both gentlemen and ladies Mr. Riggs
 has a fine, up-to-date stock and we
 advise all intending purchasers to go
 and see his line of goods before pur-
 chasing.

Main Street Paving Finished

The paving of Main street from the
 Plymouth House corner to Mill street
 is an accomplished fact, the work being
 finished by Contractor Heffner Wed-
 nesday morning. Only the cleaning
 up needs yet to be done. The street
 from the hotel to the railroad has been
 in use for a few days past and the bal-
 ance of the street will be ready for ser-
 vice next Tuesday. The work has
 taken a long time and like every job
 of that kind has been the cause of
 much inconvenience to the public.
 But the end is in sight and Plymouth
 may congratulate itself in having com-
 pleted another important improve-
 ment, one that will reflect pride and
 enterprise upon its citizens. No longer
 will the traveling public and visitors
 point their finger of shame at us and
 taunt us with the wretched condition
 of our Main street. The improvement
 should have been made years ago, but
 "better late than never."

With our fine water works system,
 our electric lighting plant, our hand-
 some and commodious school building
 our elegant little village hall and the
 new public street improvement, Plym-
 outh may rank among the foremost
 of the many enterprising little villages
 of the State. If it were not for the
 lateness of the season, The Mail would
 suggest a jolly celebration over the
 completion of the latest public achieve-
 ment.

Shot Himself.

John Fitzgibbons, Jr., of Wayne, and
 well known also in this village, shot
 himself dead in the home of his par-
 ents Tuesday night about 8:30 o'clock.
 The bullet penetrated the brain and
 caused instant death. He was alone in
 the house at the time, his mother being
 at a lodge meeting.

Young Fitzgibbons was 30 years old
 and was well known as a baseball
 umpire, having officiated in the South-
 ern Michigan league games. He was
 engaged in cigar-making and had
 twice burned out, and it is the belief
 of his father that business reverses un-
 balanced his mind.

Thanksgiving Dinner and Bazaar.

The annual Thanksgiving Dinner
 and Bazaar will be held in the parlors
 of the Presbyterian church, Thursday,
 Nov. 19th. Supper will also be served
 Friday, Nov. 20th.

MENU—DINNER.

Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce
 Mashed Potatoes Squash
 Pickles Jelly Cheese
 Mince Pie Apple Pie

Tea Plum Pudding Coffee
 Dinner served from 11:30 to 1 P. M.
 Price 30 cts.

MENU—SUPPER

Mock Chicken Turkey Hash
 Creamed Potatoes Baked Potatoes
 Jelly Pickles Cabbage Salad
 Cake Sauce
 Tea Coffee

Supper served from 5:30 to 7. Price
 20 cts.

Calls for Many New Bills.

Lansing, Mich., November 10.—The
 state legislative reference department
 is getting together a large amount of
 information for the use of the state
 legislature, especially with reference
 to the bills to be enacted for the pur-
 pose of giving effect to the new state
 constitution. A list of 35 necessary
 bills has been placed in the hands of
 Atty. Gen. Bird, who will prepare the
 measures, and additional laws will
 probably be suggested later.

A large number of provisions of the
 constitution are mandatory, and bills
 will be prepared to give effect to these
 provisions only. There are other num-
 erous sections of the constitution
 which simply give permission to the
 legislature to enact laws, and these
 will be productive of a large grist of
 measures in all probability.

Mind Your Business!

If you don't nobody will. It is your
 business to keep out of all the trouble
 you can and you can and will keep out
 of liver and bowel trouble if you take
 Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep
 biliousness, malaria and jaundice out
 of your system. 25c. at The Wolverine
 Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug
 stores.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion.

FOR SALE.—Large size base burner
 coal stove. W. J. Burrows.

LOST.—Gold ring with sardonyx set.
 Finder please leave with L. J. Fattal
 and receive reward.

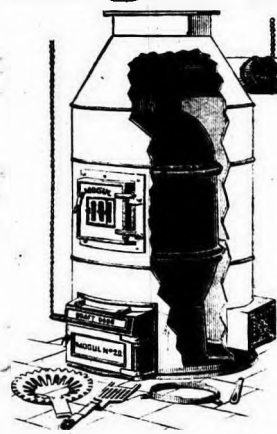
FOR SALE.—Good turnips at 25c. per
 bushel. GEO. HUGER

MAKE EASY MONEY home corre-
 sponding for newspapers; either sex;
 experience unnecessary; reporters and
 correspondents wanted in every sec-
 tion; send stamp for particulars. EX-
 FIRE PRESS SYNDICATE, Middleport,
 N. Y.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.58
 Oats, 45c.
 Bye, 65c.
 Beans, basis \$1.90
 Buckwheat, \$1.40 per cwt.
 Potatoes, 55c.
 Butter, 27c.
 Eggs, 28c

Mogul Furnace



The Original
**One-Register
 Furnace,**
\$45.00

With Radiator,
\$50.00

Conner Hardware Co., Ltd

GALE'S.

JUST STARTING ON MY

Christmas Stock

First line we will put on sale will be

DOLLS!

We have Dolls from 1c to \$1.50 each. Dolls dressed and Dolls un-
 dressed—Dolls with hair and Dolls without hair—Dolls with kid
 bodies—Dolls with cloth bodies—Rag Dolls 10c each. We have
 dressed Dolls at 5c, 10c, 25c and 50c each.
 Just received a new stock of

CHINA, LAMPS, ETC.

We have in stock Children's Wagons—10c, 25c, 75c and \$1 each.
 If you want playing Cards, Checker Boards, Fling Cards, we
 have them in stock.

In the Grocery line we have just received a prime lot of Farmers
 Butter, which we can sell at 30c. Also strictly fresh eggs at 30c.
 We have on hand new stock of Raisins, Currants, Figs, Oranges
 Lemons, Grapes, etc.

JOHN L. GALE



**We have
 Every-
 thing**

In the line of Staple and Fancy Groceries which you
 you will need for Thanksgiving, or to set an appetizing
 and satisfactory meal at any time. The assortment is
 especially good as are also the delicacies. Of course
 you know our prices are always lower than can be
 found elsewhere for equal quality.

B. & P. Coffee, 25c New Compradore Tea, 50c.
 Oysters and Cranberries
 Celery, Lettuce, Radishes, Mixed Nuts

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery

Novemb'r Special

Owing to the crowded space in our store and inconvenience of
 attending to the wants of our customers during the holiday season, I
 will give as an inducement to November purchasers of Holiday Gifts,

5 per cent Off

On all cash purchases of amounts of \$1.00 or more in our Watch
 Clock and Jewelry department. Also a

Beautiful Twelve-Piece Toilet Case

To the person guessing the nearest in our guessing contest as shown
 in our window. One guess free and one guess for each 25 cent pur-
 chase.

CALL AND LOOK OUR LINE OVER

We have many new and up-to-date Novelties.

G. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

Agency for McKinley 10c Music. Local Postcards, 6 for 25c
 Oak Postcard Frames, 25c each.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPEE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE
By
Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1921, by W. O. Chapman.)

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed just following the revolution, in Carrington's castle in England. The Carringtons, after a household, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her cousin Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m. he agreeing to see them safely away. 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 rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington 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 he arrived. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding an American vessel and fleeing her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton, Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale. Debbie and Ellen are watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at swords from Strathgate. Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I was his master because he was a villain," answered my Lord Carrington. "He nearly had me undone at first, but I knew he couldn't go the pace, and a clean life and an honest heart wore him down at last; and yet I don't know which is much the worse, the damned scoundrel or the damned fool! I hope he'll live. Somehow, when I saw him there helpless on the grass, my sword through his breast, a good deal of the enmity went out of me. If I could get my wife now, I'd be satisfied. A damned fool!" my lord laughed nervously as he turned away. Yes, if he could have gotten his wife then, he would have been satisfied, and his wife would have been satisfied, too. But Ellen lay in the bushes in a dead faint. The relief of the denouement had been too much for her. And there was horror at the picture of Strathgate, blood spurting about the blade of the sword where it entered and where it left his body, reeling, his hands in the air, white-faced, desperate, crashing down at her husband's feet.

Debbie, in a like state of collapse, but not quite insensible, not knowing what to do, not daring to do what she knew, if she had known.

CHAPTER XX.

My Lord is Arrested.

But Lord Carrington was not to go very far in his present path, for two carriages which had galloped rapidly across the park toward the one which had brought him thither stopped suddenly before Carrington and Parkman. The door was thrown open and Sir Charles Seton and a naval officer in full uniform alighted from the first. From a second a sergeant and four marines, completely armed, descended to the sword.

The marines instantly fell in ranks and stood at attention. The naval officer looked back toward them. The sergeant saluted and declared himself ready for the business on which he had come. Seton had taken a step toward his friend, when the latter, his pale face suddenly flushing, darted at him.

"Seton," he said in a low, fierce voice, "where's my wife?"

In the intensity of his passion he seized Seton by the shoulders and shook him slightly.

Now, Sir Charles had come there with a great pity for Carrington in his heart and a willingness to forget and forgive the other's insults and threats, but the soldier was as quick tempered as the sailor, and his own face answered the ruddy flag in Carrington's cheek.

"Take your hand off me, Lord Carrington," he cried, wrenching himself free and springing backward, his own hand upon his sword.

"I've had one man's blood on my hands this morning," returned my lord, savagely, "and I don't want to have another, but, by heaven, if you do not instantly declare to me what you did with my wife, I'll strike you

"And I swear to you," cried Seton, whipping out his blade, "that if you come near me again I'll run you through without benefit of clergy."

"Sir Charles Seton," began my lord, evidently mastering his feelings with great difficulty, "little do I care for your threats, but I must have an answer to my question. Lady Carrington is known to have boarded that merchant ship which was overhauled, I have no doubt, by the Britannia. Knowing our navy as I do, I have no hesitancy in believing that Lady Carrington was taken from that ship; that she was brought back to Portsmouth on the Britannia, and has been, or is now, under your care. Where is she?"

"Lord Carrington," returned Sir Charles, standing upon a punctilio, "I recognize no right in you to question me and I decline to give you any reply in your present condition."

"Will you reply to my sword's point?" exclaimed my lord, passionately.

"With pleasure," said Sir Charles, proudly, "but perhaps I may say this much. I don't know where your wife is, or Mistress Slocum, either. I wish to God I did. She isn't under my protection as you insinuate."

"That's a lie!" burst out my lord, fiercely.

"Good God!" cried Sir Charles, stepping forward menacingly.

"Charles," said Carrington with a sudden change of manner, "you were once my best friend, for God's sake, tell me where my wife is?"

"You've insulted me publicly," cried Seton, a man of slower temper, but of quite as hot a disposition, once aroused, as his former friend. He recked nothing of my lord's appeal. He saw only the fearful insult that had been hurled upon him. "Draw your weapon!" he exclaimed, extending his own blade so that the point almost touched Carrington's breast.

My lord suddenly seized Seton's sword by the blade with his naked hand, and although the sharp edge bit into his palm, with a quick jerk he tore it from the surprised baronet, who was naturally not expecting an act of that kind.

"Tell me, tell me!" he cried. "You may kill me after that, or I may if needs must be, but where is my wife?"

"Bernard, you're beside yourself," said Parkman, picking up Sir Charles' sword, "let me apologize to you, Sir Charles, for my principal."

He bowed gravely and extended the hilt toward Sir Charles. But Sir Charles would not be pacified.

"Tell your principal to make ready at once," he continued, "or I shall feel justified in cutting him down."

"This can go no further, gentlemen," now interposed the naval officer who had come with Seton.

"And what business is it of yours, McLearn?" cried my lord, laying his hand on his sword hilt and quite des-



"On These," answered McLearn.

perate at the situation in which he found himself. "I take it that you have no interest in this quarrel unless it is to perform a friend's office for Sir Charles Seton with whom you came."

"Have I not?" said McLearn, sharply. "Nay, never menace me with your blade, Lord Carrington. I'll take charge of it."

He stepped closer and extended his hand for my lord's sword.

"And on what grounds, pray?" asked Carrington in a high voice.

"On these," answered McLearn, equally determined. As he spoke he hauled out from his pocket a folded paper. "Tis an order of arrest from Admiral Kephart for disobedience of orders, failure to rejoin your ship, insulting language to your commanding officer. Admiral Kephart's sign and seal, sir." He shook the paper forth as he spoke. "Now, your sword."

"As a gentleman and I make no doubt a man of honor yourself, Lieutenant McLearn," continued Carrington, glancing at the single epaulet on the officer's shoulder, "you will, I am persuaded, grant me a few moments respite in which this gentleman and I may continue our debate."

"What, and run the chance of having to carry back a dead body to the admiral? No, sir," returned McLearn peremptorily. "I have orders to bring you to the Britannia in your proper person."

"And if I refuse?"

"Sergeant," McLearn turned to the marine, "if Lieutenant Lord Carrington does not hand me his sword before I count ten, you will advance your men and take it from him by force."

"Parkman, will you see this thing done?" cried my lord as McLearn, who was a man of great determination, began to count.

"You're in the wrong, Bernard," answered Parkman, "you must obey orders. I've no doubt you can get clear, but now the admiral's word goes."

"And did you, Sir Charles, provoke this quarrel knowing that I was bound and fettered?"

"Damnation!" cried Seton. "You insult and insult and insult me! Give him five minutes, Mr. McLearn!"

"Nine!" said McLearn with especial emphasis.

"Squad, attention!" cried the sergeant.

Carrington knew that the game was up. Without another word, he seized his sword by the blade and tendered the hilt to McLearn.

"That's well," said the lieutenant, quickly, "now, if you will enter the carriage with me. And you, Sir Charles."

"I wouldn't ride in the same carriage with him, curse him!" returned the baronet hotly. "Leave me here. I shall get away. I have some acquaintance with Blythedale, and—"

"Very good," said the officer turning away.

"Tell me one thing," said my Lord Carrington as McLearn approached the carriage which my lord had already entered, "is my wife—are there any women aboard the Britannia?"

"She is not there, she hasn't been there."

"Was there anyone taken from that merchant ship?"

"No one was aboard of her. I heard Collier say that those they sought to seize from her had escaped."

Carrington's face lighted and then fell, lighted at the thought that his wife was not with Seton, fell that her whereabouts was as much a mystery to him as ever. He had wronged Seton dreadfully. He was a proud man, my lord, but something must be done.

"Sir Charles Seton!" he cried and Seton turned and stepped toward him, his face black with passion, but his manner cold and composed. "I did you an injustice. I'm ready to atone for it in any way you may decide if ever I get free from this cursed arrest, but I cannot go away easy in my mind without any apology."

"No apologies," cried Sir Charles, "are adequate to such a situation."

"I suppose not," returned my lord. "I've just done for Strathgate yonder, perhaps fate'll get even by giving you a chance at me. You know what Strathgate said to me?" he continued with one of those quick changes of manner to which he was subject. "As he lay on the grass with half a fathom of my blade in his breast, he cried out: 'Carrington, you're a damned fool!' It's true, Charles. Drive on, McLearn," he said, sinking back in the cushions and turning his face away.

The two carriages rolled out of the park rapidly leaving Seton staring in amazement at the remarkable and contradictory remarks of his former friend.

When he recovered his equanimity in some measure at least, the baronet turned and walked toward the two still busied about Strathgate. His situation was so critical and there was so much to do that they had paid no attention whatsoever to the exciting incident which had just taken place within earshot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUAL NATURE OF DIAMOND ROBBER

FRANK SHERCLIFFE REVELS IN CRIME BUT LOVES WIFE AND HIS TWO CHILDREN.

MAKES REMARKABLE ESCAPE

Captured While Seeking Healthier Climate for Family, He Leaps, Handcuffed, Through Window of Speeding Train.

Des Moines, Ia.—That Frank Shercliff, the notorious diamond robber, who has just escaped from the Colorado authorities and whose daring career has eclipsed even that of Tracy, the outlaw, has a strangely dual nature is evidenced by letters which he sent to his wife in Des Moines only a few days before he made his sensational escape.

Detectives all over the country call Shercliff the most desperate criminal they ever knew. A slender little white faced woman in Des Moines calls him the best husband a woman ever had.

Shercliff made one of the most sensational escapes ever recorded in criminal history. While being taken to the state penitentiary at Canon City a few days ago to serve a 20-year sentence for the murder of a Colorado saloonkeeper 15 years ago Shercliff eluded the two deputies who had him in charge by leaping through a car window while the train was going 40 miles an hour and made his escape in the darkness.

When his wife heard the news she cried for joy. Shercliff was married to Mae Bergstrom, a Des Moines girl, four years ago. She is a pretty girl and a talented musician. During his married life here Shercliff had evidently reformed and lived a sober, industrious life. It was when he left the state to seek a better climate for his wife's health that his old enemies nabbed him and railroaded him to Colorado to answer to a murder charge.

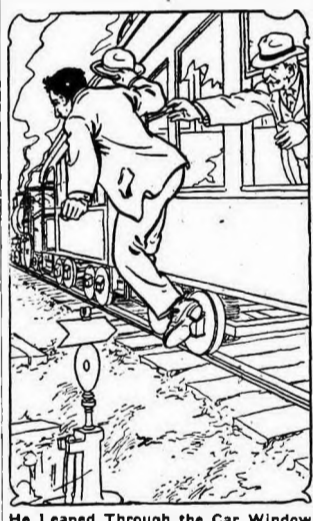
That Shercliff's thoughts were with his wife and two little children, even while the shadow of the big penitentiary loomed near him, is evidenced by letters scrawled in lead pencil on pris-

ARMY OF BATS INVADE BEDROOM OF RECTOR

INMATES HAVE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE BEFORE PESTS ARE GOTTEN RID OF.

London.—Inmates of a quiet rectory in Dorsetshire will long remember the latter hours of a recent night. The rector was aroused in the middle of the night by a great noise in the room. Was it a burglar? Finally, he concluded that an army of bats had selected his bedroom for their high jinks. From every part of the room they could be heard plunging against mirrors and glasses, knocking up against the ceiling, while too often to be pleasant one would hit against the head of the bed, and, worse still, the beating of their wings could be felt as they came close to the helpless faces on the pillow.

The rector's alarm was increased by the fact that his wife had a horror of



He Leaped Through the Car Window.

BOY OF SEVEN IS A HERO.

Presence of Mind Saves Life of Father in Fight with a Bull.

Freeport, Ill.—Heiko Brauer, a farmer residing a half mile south of Everts, was attacked recently by an enraged bull and was saved from death by the courage and presence of mind of his seven-year-old son.

Mr. Brauer was chasing the bull into the barn at the time of the adventure. He hit the animal a couple of cracks with a stick. This enraged his majesty of the pastures and he turned on Mr. Brauer, knocking him down and butting him savagely.

Mr. Brauer grabbed the bull around the neck and managed to get on his feet for a moment, when the animal downed him again. He also trampled upon him.

Two of Mr. Brauer's sons were present, and it was then that the little boy took a hand in the proceedings. Grabbing a stick, he hit the enraged animal over the head. The bull lifted his head and looked at the boy a moment, apparently wondering at his audacity. This gave Mr. Brauer the chance he was looking for, and he hastily jumped up and got away.

After Mr. Brauer had counted up his injuries he found that they consisted of a fracture of the left arm near the wrist and numerous bruises.

Sleeps Amid Coffins and Shrouds.

Greenfield, Ind.—Dave Ellis, Greenfield's weather prophet, ten years ago engaged with a local undertaker as night man and established sleeping quarters among the coffins and shrouds. During all this time Mr. Ellis has missed only one night from his greswome quarters. He has undergone some thrilling experiences by his stubborn determination to sleep in no other quarters. On one occasion, when a corpse was left in the room near his bed, a scheme was arranged by which he covering on the body could be pulled away by a string. Although he y frightened he refused to be driven away. Many other attempts have been made to break this long record, but all were failures and to-day he defies any man to equal it—every night for ten years in the same bed, except on one occasion, and then "I fell in at seven o'clock in the morning," he said.

TOO MUCH FOR YANKEE.

English Munchausen Had Shaded the Better of Fellow Romancer.

The Cape Cod man and the Londoner were traveling on the same train together from Liverpool to the capital.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we do have considerable fog out our way. I've seen it so thick that the land-ladies of our summer boardin' houses could lade it out and use it instead o' whipped egg for the heavy part of the floatin' island."

"We 'ave 'em, too, in London," said his travelling companion, "but our climate is too dirty to permit of our eatin' it. We burn so much soft coal, you see, the fog gets packed full of soot. The only thing we really can do with it is to cut it up into blocks and use it instead of peat when we want a quick fire."

And the Yankee took out the little American flag he wore in his button-hole and put it away in his wallet.—Judge.



The Bats Swarmed In by Scores.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katherine Craig, 2325 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stolzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

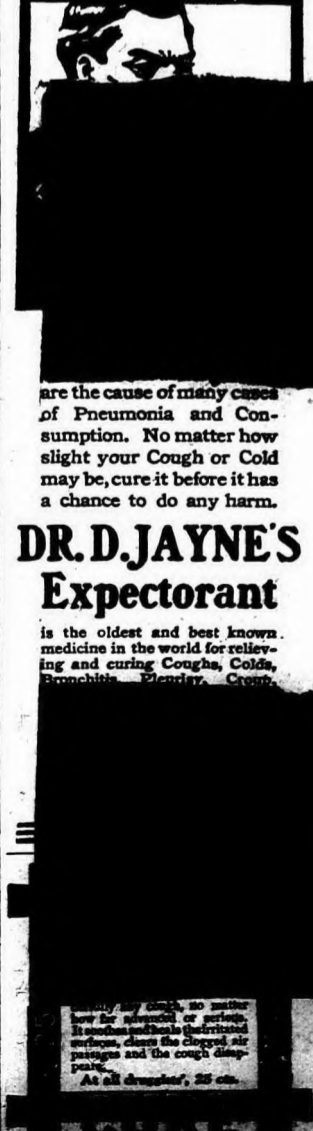
Miss Ellen M. Olson, 417 N. East St., Elyria, Ohio, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."



DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, etc.

At all druggists, 25 cts.



BELONG TO TEMPERATE ZONE.

Four-Fifths of the Horses of the World Are Found There.

Of the 100,000,000 horses known to exist in the world, 80,000,000 or four-fifths of the entire number are found in the temperate zone and nearly all among the occidental people.

According to the National Geographical Magazine, the remaining 20,000,000 scattered through the tropics are largely employed in the service of temperate zone visitors or residents and are but feeble representatives of that animal as he is known to the people of Europe or America.

In the United States and Canada we have 1 horse for every 372 persons; in South America, 1 for every 7; in Mexico, 1 for every 12; in Japan, 1 for every 30; 1 to 40 in Turkey, for 50 in the Philippines, for about 150 in Africa and 200 in India and Southern China.

The llama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds; an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds.

Sad-Colored Food.

Now that it has been discovered, or rediscovered, by an eminent physician that the colors of food have much to do with the appetite, a woman in town who is known for her novel entertainments is going to give a luncheon where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast. A London gastronomic expert, preaching along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, says: "Persons naturally avoid sombre-colored food. As an instance, a man will come home to dinner and see a grayish-colored, overdone leg of mutton before him. He won't touch it. It is not the meat, but the color, which has turned him against the food. The same man will see a piece of red, underdone beef, and he fancies it at once. He is attracted by the color."

Question Still Undecided.

Writers in magazines are still debating the question as to whether women are more responsible than men for the low tone of modern literature, not only as the writers of books, but as the readers. One writer suggests that novelists should be licensed and that they should give evidence of wholesomeness and purity of thought before the coveted privilege of publishing could be obtained.

Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me.



MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes: "I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good."

"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did."

"I hope that all who are afflicted with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me."

The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one person what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

LAUGH WAS ON THE DEACON.
Statement Might Be True, But Certainly Was Unhappily Expressed.

"I regret to say," remarked Deacon French, at the last meeting of the Squashville Political Debate Club, "that this club has been degenerating ever since I became a member of it."

The deacon paused and flushed as he saw a slight smile on the faces of his fellow members.

"What I mean to say is," he continued, with some haste, "that ever since I joined this club I've noticed a gradual but decided change for the worse."

The smile on the faces of the other members deepened, and the deacon's face turned almost scarlet.

"You all know what I mean," he added, desperately. "What I mean is that from the very minute I became a member of the Squashville Political Debate Club, I could see that it was beginning to lose its value as an organization, and the longer I have stayed in it, the more steadily have I seen it running down hill!"—Lippincott's.

Public Credulity.
After making full allowance for the increased spending power of the masses, figures prove conclusively that notwithstanding the wide diffusion of knowledge, the spread of education and the raising of the standard of intelligence among the people, the appeal of the quack and the charlatan to the credulity of the public meets with a reader response than ever.—London Hospital.

Succeeded in His Purpose.
Tom—I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid.
Dick—Did you succeed?
Tom—I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or building stone.—Utica Herald.

EAGER TO WORK
Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me, and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything, and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in *Figgs*.

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

THE WHIP

BY ROSSER W. COBBE

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

I met Mons. LeBlanc as a brother performer. How I came to be on the Empire circuit as a member of the Juggling Gormans does not matter; this is monsieur's story, not mine. Among the rough, uncouth, swaggering troupe of vaudeville "artists," probably I alone, besides monsieur himself, was guilty of having any kind of an education and possessed of the finer sensibilities. At first glance monsieur was not one whom you would care to know intimately, but as our acquaintance ripened, I found that the great-shouldered Frenchman only assumed the sullen, baleful, morose countenance to hide some inner anguish or remembrance from the prying eyes of the world. Our affection for each other became so great that soon we were almost constantly together, and among the other members of the company were known as the "Frog-Eater and the Trick Shrimp," a reference to my size that bothered me not a little, although monsieur's comment on the nickname was chiefly confined to smothered snorts of contempt: "Poooh! Bah! Canaille!"

Monsieur rapped sharply on the table with the diamond ball, and the polished wood showed the nicks where the sharp points had scratched. When our order had been filled, he continued:

"In various ways, as we grew to know each other better, I found out that all was not well with Mme. Croteau, and finally one evening, when we were alone, she broke down and told me. Croteau was a beast—a brute; insanely jealous; he treated her shamefully, and my last visit had been the cause of the great bruises on her fair white arms—big, angry bruises that made me see red. And then she made me promise to do nothing—only to stay away! Oh, the great and pure love of a mother! For her boys' sake she would stay with this brute—would live in constant terror and shame, that their lives might remain unscathed. It hurt me more than you may know, mon ami, to make this promise, but I saw that it was the best—the only—thing to do. Only I wished for one more meeting. The morrow was to be her birthday, her twenty-seventh birthday, and I craved the boon of calling then and presenting her with a keepsake, and to never again see her. To this she very reluctantly agreed, and on the morrow I called with this bauble," he pointed to the diamond ball attached to the end of the whip, "as a gift. Twenty-seven stones there are, you see; one for each pure, fresh year of her clean young life. Surprised and delighted, she could only gasp and stare, and I, in ecstasy over her pleasure, reached suddenly forward to place the chain, to which it was attached, around her neck. And then, while in this position, Croteau entered the room. His face was livid; his eyes protruded; the veins in his temples were swelled and distorted, and his face twitched horribly. In his hand he carried a great blacksnake whip."

"So!" he screamed, "it has come to this, has it? and before I could interfere he had brought the wicked, whirling whip squarely across his wife's tense, white face. Not a sound did she utter, but sank slowly forward, and fell, a crumpled heap upon the floor."

Monsieur carefully lit another cigarette, but his hand trembled noticeably. When I set down my empty stein it rattled loudly on the table, but monsieur did not apparently notice it.

"It is good to be strong sometimes—is it not so, mon ami? My fingers closed tightly around Croteau's throat. Finding I could not reach him easily, I released one hand and tore his collar off. Then I held him securely. I minded not the blows which he was raining on me with ever diminishing force; I had but one object in view. Suddenly, however, the thought came to me that this wretch was dying much easier than he had the right to do, and I cast him one side to the floor, where he lay gasping and clawing at his throat."

"Quickly undoing the silken ropes from the portiere, I dragged the beast to a heavy arm-chair, and tied him securely in it, seated, facing me. Then I took the great whip and cut off just four feet of the lash, to the end of which I tied the diamond ball, taken from the chain on madame's neck. It was then as you see it now."

The lean, sensitive fingers of monsieur began to uncurl the whip length in his hand. Then he spoke again—quietly, tensely, slowly—illustrating what he said by his actions.

"I waited until he had fully regained consciousness, when I lightly tossed the diamond ball towards his eyes, retaining the end of the lash in my hand, and suddenly cracking it, much as a driver cracks his whip on his horse's neck—so!"

The diamond ball shot out with incredible swiftness, and cracked, stopping about two inches short of a spear of palm leaf, which he had evidently picked as his target.

"Gradually, I let the ball come closer and closer, until finally—"

He stopped short and with a sharp crack the palm leaf spear shot off as though cut with a knife. I closed my eyes and my head swam.

"And then," monsieur continued, "I started on the other eye. But it was unnecessary. When they found him the next morning he was locked in his room, with the key on the inside—transoms are very handy—a hopeless lunatic."

Monsieur eyed me curiously for a moment, and then ordered more drinks. "Madame and the boys went to Hong Kong," he said, appreciatively sipping his invariable absinthe. "From her this morning I received this dispatch. 'I am free. Come, Marie.' And that is why, mon ami, I go to 'Frisco. The China Maru leaves for Hong Kong next week."

And with the cablegram, monsieur slipped back into his pocket the diamond-headed blacksnake whip.

"Lucky fellow," I told Croteau. "You have indeed a prize, and he, in his happy-go-lucky way, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Thereafter, on any occasion that offered, I was to be found at Croteau's home, always with some toy or a bit of bonbons for the boys—bright little fellows of five and seven years—and occasionally with the latest novel or a new magazine for madame. And she—while Croteau was about, the coldness of our first meeting was still assumed, while when alone with me she showed that I had won her friendship—even her affection."

Monsieur rapped sharply on the table with the diamond ball, and the polished wood showed the nicks where the sharp points had scratched. When our order had been filled, he continued:

"In various ways, as we grew to know each other better, I found out that all was not well with Mme. Croteau, and finally one evening, when we were alone, she broke down and told me. Croteau was a beast—a brute; insanely jealous; he treated her shamefully, and my last visit had been the cause of the great bruises on her fair white arms—big, angry bruises that made me see red. And then she made me promise to do nothing—only to stay away! Oh, the great and pure love of a mother! For her boys' sake she would stay with this brute—would live in constant terror and shame, that their lives might remain unscathed. It hurt me more than you may know, mon ami, to make this promise, but I saw that it was the best—the only—thing to do. Only I wished for one more meeting. The morrow was to be her birthday, her twenty-seventh birthday, and I craved the boon of calling then and presenting her with a keepsake, and to never again see her. To this she very reluctantly agreed, and on the morrow I called with this bauble," he pointed to the diamond ball attached to the end of the whip, "as a gift. Twenty-seven stones there are, you see; one for each pure, fresh year of her clean young life. Surprised and delighted, she could only gasp and stare, and I, in ecstasy over her pleasure, reached suddenly forward to place the chain, to which it was attached, around her neck. And then, while in this position, Croteau entered the room. His face was livid; his eyes protruded; the veins in his temples were swelled and distorted, and his face twitched horribly. In his hand he carried a great blacksnake whip."

"So!" he screamed, "it has come to this, has it? and before I could interfere he had brought the wicked, whirling whip squarely across his wife's tense, white face. Not a sound did she utter, but sank slowly forward, and fell, a crumpled heap upon the floor."

Monsieur carefully lit another cigarette, but his hand trembled noticeably. When I set down my empty stein it rattled loudly on the table, but monsieur did not apparently notice it.

"It is good to be strong sometimes—is it not so, mon ami? My fingers closed tightly around Croteau's throat. Finding I could not reach him easily, I released one hand and tore his collar off. Then I held him securely. I minded not the blows which he was raining on me with ever diminishing force; I had but one object in view. Suddenly, however, the thought came to me that this wretch was dying much easier than he had the right to do, and I cast him one side to the floor, where he lay gasping and clawing at his throat."

"Quickly undoing the silken ropes from the portiere, I dragged the beast to a heavy arm-chair, and tied him securely in it, seated, facing me. Then I took the great whip and cut off just four feet of the lash, to the end of which I tied the diamond ball, taken from the chain on madame's neck. It was then as you see it now."

The lean, sensitive fingers of monsieur began to uncurl the whip length in his hand. Then he spoke again—quietly, tensely, slowly—illustrating what he said by his actions.

"I waited until he had fully regained consciousness, when I lightly tossed the diamond ball towards his eyes, retaining the end of the lash in my hand, and suddenly cracking it, much as a driver cracks his whip on his horse's neck—so!"

The diamond ball shot out with incredible swiftness, and cracked, stopping about two inches short of a spear of palm leaf, which he had evidently picked as his target.

"Gradually, I let the ball come closer and closer, until finally—"

He stopped short and with a sharp crack the palm leaf spear shot off as though cut with a knife. I closed my eyes and my head swam.

"And then," monsieur continued, "I started on the other eye. But it was unnecessary. When they found him the next morning he was locked in his room, with the key on the inside—transoms are very handy—a hopeless lunatic."

Monsieur eyed me curiously for a moment, and then ordered more drinks. "Madame and the boys went to Hong Kong," he said, appreciatively sipping his invariable absinthe. "From her this morning I received this dispatch. 'I am free. Come, Marie.' And that is why, mon ami, I go to 'Frisco. The China Maru leaves for Hong Kong next week."

And with the cablegram, monsieur slipped back into his pocket the diamond-headed blacksnake whip.

PERFECT HEALTH.

After Years of Backache, Dizziness and Kidney Disorders.

Mrs. R. C. Richmond, of Northwood, Iowa, says: "For years I was a martyr to kidney trouble, backache, dizzy spells, headaches and a terrible bearing-down pain. I used one remedy after another without benefit. Finally I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache ceased. Encouraged, I kept on, and by the time I had used three boxes not a sign of the trouble remained. My health is perfect."

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



KIDNEY PILLS and the backache ceased. Encouraged, I kept on, and by the time I had used three boxes not a sign of the trouble remained. My health is perfect."

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

A MERE CIPHER.



Bertha—Bertha, you are simply impossible.

Bertha—Nothing is impossible.

Bertha—That's what I said.

BOY KEPT SCRATCHING.

Eczema Lasted 7 Years—Face Was All Raw—Skin Specialists Failed, But Cuticura Effected Cure.

"When my little boy was six weeks old an eruption broke out on his face. I took him to a doctor, but his face kept on getting worse until it got so bad that no one could look at him. His whole face was one crust and must have been very painful. He scratched day and night until his face was raw. Then I took him to all the best specialists in skin diseases but they could not do much for him. The eczema got on his arms and legs and we could not get a night's sleep in months. I got a set of Cuticura Remedies and he felt relieved the first time I used them. I gave the Cuticura Remedies a good trial and gradually the eczema healed all up. He is now seven years old and I think the trouble will never return. Mrs. John G. Klumpp, 80 Niagara St., Newark, N. J., Oct. 17 and 22, 1907."

Poor Old Bird.
Pop (looking up from the paper)—I see there's a new baby hippopotamus at the zoo. What are you laughing at, Johnnie?

Johnnie (who is almost as bright as he looks)—I was jus' laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hippopotamus!—Exchange.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advocates of corporal punishment evidently believe that an occasional spanking makes children smart.



Walk home in almost any new shoes—They start comfortable. With every few steps they lose comfort. Try a pair of smart White House Shoes. Walk home, or anywhere—they start comfortable. Continue comfortable—and comfortable—stay graceful.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

FOR MEN, \$5.50, \$4.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00.

FOR WOMEN, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$3.00.

Best of Blue Ribbon Shoes for youngsters. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers

ST. LOUIS

SHOWS 5 YEARS QUALITY

AFTER THE SHOT.



Robbie Rabbit—Never in all my life has such shocking language been used in my presence as that boy has used in the last three minutes. Oooh!

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 18 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 15 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Brazil Takes Forward Step.

The latest plans of the Brazilian authorities interested in improved agricultural methods in Brazil is to employ a number of traveling professors of agriculture, who shall visit different sections of the country and give practical instruction in modern agriculture. Experimental fields are also to be established in this connection.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Liberalty does not consist in giving largely, but in giving wisely.—Jerome.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The actions of a dumb man speak louder than his words.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. See at your Druggist's or Write A. S. Gilman, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

When a man is short he usually has a long face.

Thompson's Eye Water

Relieved with Thompson's Eye Water

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nervousness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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TIME HAD WROUGHT NO CHANGE

One Thing the Returning Traveler Took Note Of.

The Rev. Simon Turple was an eloquent speaker, but he seemed to have a list of sermons which, when he once began, he went right through to the end, and then started at the first sermon again, and so on.

A young man in the congregation was about to leave for South Africa, but the Sunday before he departed he attended the church service.

In the course of his lecture the minister used an illustration in which were the words: "A man can easily purchase two sparrows for three pence."

The young man, after being absent for about three years, returned, and again on the first opportunity attended divine service. Strange to say, he heard the same narrative by the same minister, the phrase striking him most being about the two sparrows for three pence.

At the close of the service the minister, in his courtesy, came and shook hands with the youth, and, welcoming him back to his home, asked him if he noticed any changes about the place.

The young man, evidently quite unconcerned, replied: "Aye, man, there's two or three changes; but there's yin thing I can see, the price o' sparrows is aye at the same auld figger."

TAUGHT LESSON IN COURTESY.

One English Audience That Was Polite to an American.

That gifted public man, A. Toxin Worm, made the preposterous claim in London last winter, that he would see to it that there was no "booting" of the actors at the opening performances by E. H. Sothern.

This popular English diversion consists of bellowing through the bands, and no first night is supposed to be complete without these vocal interruptions.

On the night of Mr. Sothern's first performance, some 45 evil-looking men, bearing blackjacks in their sleeves were distributed throughout the gallery and pit.

There was no interruption from the audience that night, but only the occasional dull thud of blackjacks upon knuckles. Every hand that was raised, as a preliminary to the "booming" process, received a quick blow.

Mr. Worm says that he never saw so many limp hands and so many bewildered faces assembled in any one place as he saw that first night among the crowd that left the theater.

At the close of the week that dignified Journal, the Times, commented gravely upon the growing courtesy of English audiences toward American actors, and witnessed the case of six productions by Mr. Sothern without a single "boo."—Success.

Music and Electricity.

The telharmonium of Dr. Cahill produces music from electricity without the aid of any musical instruments, while, on the other hand, the apparatus of Dr. M. Dupont, a French electrician, converts music into electric currents. To a phonograph Dr. Dupont fits a microphone in circuit with the primary of an induction coil without its interrupter. The musical scale or a piece of music is recorded in the phonograph, and on reproduction this transforms the microphone current into an alternating current with periods changing to correspond to the vibrations of the musical notes. The alternating current gives the physiological effect of hearing music. Practice will probably enable a person to recognize the musical pieces by the currents, and deaf mutes may be given a means of hearing, while it is expected that the varying action on the mind of exciting and calming pieces may prove of value in treating nervous patients.

Explanations in Order.

William Kost, an inspector in the office of the city engineer, is usually thoughtful and careful and he really wouldn't have embarrassed one of the young women at the city hall the other day if he could have helped it. He had given her some cigarette papers to clean her ring and when she was through with them he told her to keep them. She put them in her desk and was duly grateful. It was a week later and the office was full of men when he looked through his pockets for a paper. He had none. He looked through his desk and there was none there. A bright idea struck him.

"Miss ———," he said, "will you please give me a cigarette paper?" The men, most of them strangers, looked at her in astonishment.

"Yes," said she, "but really it's up to you to explain."

He did.—Indianapolis Star.

The Cow and the Hook.

"I understand," said the cow, "that an eastern man has invented a self-hooking waist."

"Yes," replied the colt. "I overheard the hired man saying something about it."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said the cow. "It will kill that idiotic vandeville joke about my being the boss hooker."

And she went on ruminating.

Noting an Exception.

Mayme—I hate these affectionate girls.

Lacie—Why, I always thought you were one of them.

Mayme—Well, anyway, I don't want Jane Jones to kiss me after she's been eating onions.

NANNETTE'S WOE

"Aunt Nancy's come," Nannette announced to her bosom friend in a choked voice, "and of all the frights!"

"What do you mean?" asked her bosom friend.

"Well," hesitated Nannette, "of course she's as neat as can be, but her clothes look as if they were made for Mrs. Methuselah."

"If it's only her clothes, you needn't worry," remarked the bosom friend. "You don't have to wear 'em."

"It's not only her clothes!" shrieked Nannette. "It's her notions! They are simply appalling."

"For instance," suggested the bosom friend, taking a look at her back hair in the mirror with the help of a hand glass.

"For one thing, she objects to my name," explained Nannette, indignantly. "The very first thing she did—after taking a comprehensive view of the family—was to stare at me through her spectacles—steel-rimmed ones, at that—and ask: 'Is this one Nancy, my god-child?'"

"'Dad, who is proud as can be of his enormous family, looked a little sheepish at that."

"'Y-y-yes,' he stammered. 'We had her christened Nancy, of course, but she has taken a fancy to be called—er—Nannette.'"

"'Humph!' said Aunt Nancy! 'Why, she was perfectly scandalized at the idea of my entertaining Charles all the evening without the assistance of the other members of the family! The idea!'"

"Of course, when the bell rang at the accustomed hour, that horrid Tom had to bellow out: 'It's Nan's Tuesday night beau, Aunt Nancy. Parlor's pre-empted for the evening.'"

"You should have seen her stare. 'Am I to understand, Maria,' she asked, fixing poor mother with her eye, 'that this child has visitors from whose company her parents and her brothers and sisters are barred?'"

"'Times have changed, Nancy,' said dad, looking silly."

"'In my time,' said Aunt Nancy, 'it was our greatest pleasure to have our parents and all the family enter into our enjoyments and help in the entertainment of our friends.'"

"'Well, I declare!' said the bosom friend. 'Now, do you wonder that I was frightened at the idea of Charles meeting her?' asked Nannette. 'But I haven't told you the worst,' with a gloomy emphasis. 'I slipped away



"She Objects to My Name."

while she was still holding forth, hoping that she would forget all about it. But I couldn't shake off my forebodings, and the conversation flagged."

"Nothing unusual in that, is there?" wickedly interposed the bosom friend. "Charles actually began to look bored," continued Nannette, "and then we both had such a shock! If you will believe me who should come marching into the room but—"

"Aunt Nancy?" breathlessly interrupted the bosom friend.

"Aunt Nancy," repeated Nannette. "Wasn't it awful? I had been so afraid of something of the kind. She planted herself in the only straight-backed chair in the room, and, sitting bolt upright, gave me my orders: 'Now, Nancy, introduce me to your friend.'"

"Charles had been lounging in his chair and I assure you, Isabel, that the way she looked him over through her spectacles made him straighten up in short order."

"I felt as though I should sink through the floor when she came in wearing her plain black dress and white collar and cuffs, her hair parted in the middle and plastered down on each side, looking for all the world as if it had been varnished, she had brushed it so smooth. You know how stylish and exclusive Charles people are?"

"Well, before I knew it, they were talking together in the most animated manner. I don't know when I have seen Charles so interested. It was strange talk to me, too, for, as dad says, I have neglected to cultivate my mind."

"They talked about literature, art, politics, and even science, and I had to sit there like a dummy and listen to them. Even while he was holding my hand to say good-night he was looking at and talking to Aunt Nancy."

"Now, what do you think of that?" "I think you're lucky that your Aunt Nancy is too old for Charles to marry," said the bosom friend.

Problem for Scientists.

Queen Ena, or Queen Victoria of Spain, as she is known out of England, is said to be growing stout, and will, no doubt, one day rival her namesake, good Victoria of England, who had no waist line for many years before her death. When the experts get through with tuberculosis it is to be hoped they will devote themselves more seriously to the consideration of the best way to prevent the formation of adipose tissue.

Is Head and Heel Worker.

A woman may be a ballet dancer and yet have other brains than those in her heels, as is attested by the fact that Mile. Marie Rutowska, a ballet dancer in an opera house at Warsaw, has just received her degree of law. She will be a lawyer in the daytime, but will continue to dance at night, and will no doubt make more money at the end of the day.

Hadn't Been Kissed for Years.

Ellie—She isn't a very attractive girl.

Stella—That's right; if anybody ever printed a kiss on her lips the copyright must have run out.

Bellitting.

There is an amusing story—amusing, that is, to the reader—of a guest at some Highland lodge, who overheard this dialogue between his equal host and the head keeper:

The Duke—Donald, young Lord will go on the hill to-day.

Donald—Well, your grace, is he to kill a stag, or have a shot for only see deer, or just go for a walk?

Long and terrible was the pause, and painfully excited the interest of the listener, before, in grave, measured tones, the evidently well-weighed and thought-out decision hailed his ear:

"Well, Donald, you may just take him for a walk!"

No Question as to the Superiority of **CALUMET Baking Powder**
Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition Chicago, 1907.

Hides Tanned FOR ROBES AND COATS.



Send us your Cattle and Horse Hides, or any Skins you have, and we will make you a **FINE COAT, ROBE or a FLOOR-RUG** at a reasonable price.

We have one of the largest Fur Coat and Robe Factories in the country, and tan and dress in our own plant, all the hides and skins we use. We can therefore handle your custom work in the very best manner. All hides are soft and pliable when finished. We guarantee our work. A postal card and 25 cents of your time will bring one of our catalogues. If possible, call and inspect our plant. We are on Woodward Avenue. **WRITE NOW.**

HUGH WALLACE CO.
Tanning Dept. DETROIT, MICH.

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

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasion. The family bottle (50 cents) contains 100 pills or a year's supply. All druggists sell them.

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

"Battle Brand Cotton Seed Meal"

I have just received my first car of "Battle Brand" Cotton Seed Meal this season and am making attractive prices on same. I have handled this meal for a number of years and have found by experience that it is the best meal on the market. Always uniform and high in Protein test.

Also have stocks of the following feeds: **Schumaker Stock Feed, Old Process Oil Meal, Hammond Dairy Feed, Winter Whrat Bran, Buffalo Gluten, Winter Wheat Middlings, Omega Portland Cement, paper sax \$1.20 bbl.**

I make right prices to farmers coming from a distance; **MARTIN DAWSON, Ypsilanti**

MO-KA FRESH ROASTED COFFEE
THIS COFFEE IS SELECTED & ARTISTICALLY BLENDED TO SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS TASTE.
VALLEY CITY COFFEE & SPICE MILLS
DETROIT-SAGINAW-BAY CITY.

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

UNITED CLOTHES

Don't judge these good clothes by their small price. The secret of their low cost lies in the fact that the makers of United Clothes make hundreds of suits where other manufacturers make only one. More money couldn't buy clothes that would bring you more satisfaction than United Clothes. Perfect fit—splendid material—latest style—careful workmanship—at prices that will make you glad.

Send us orders and stylish suits in patterns that are bound to please. The label United Clothes is the best assurance that you're getting the best of all the clothes in style, fit and durability.

E. L. RIGGS
PLYMOUTH

Peninsular Range
Duplex Grate for Wood or Coal

Also has double steel wall lined with asbestos. Oven is ventilated, fresh air passes continually through it, so no dead air is retained.

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How Much Are Leaks Costing You?

Remember, your building is no better than the roof. That's where the decay begins. If your roof is leaking you are losing your building. Heppes No-Tar is the one roofing that will protect it from leaks for all time. Better than shingles or sheet metal and costs less. You can lay it right over the old roof—lay it yourself. Special nails and cement come with each roll.

The Flint Arrowhead Trade-Mark Means the Roofing that is Flint-Coated

Come in and See Heppes No-Tar Roofing

—the covering for your house—your barn—your factory—your store—that shows a solid flint face to water, fire, cinders, sun, sleet, hail, snow, the attacks of time—everything that eats into or injures a roof. Fire Insurance Companies reduce the basis rate 25 per cent on buildings covered with "No-Tar."

Let Us Make You an Estimate Free
It will cost you nothing to come in and get figures on No-Tar Roofing for any or all your buildings. We have a free book for you explaining the whole roofing proposition. Take samples home with you. Test them yourself. They will show you how to save hundreds of dollars.

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We Print Auction Bills