

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 13

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18 1908

WHOLE NO. 1111

Local Correspondence

LIVONIA CENTER.

Frederic Garchow, an old and much respected citizen living one mile east of the Center, died Dec. 7th, and was buried the Thursday following in Center cemetery. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father, also a large number of neighbors and friends, who will greatly miss him in the community where he has lived so long.

Mrs. Maria Daines, better known here as aunt Maria Ferguson, died at her home in Northville, Saturday, Dec. 12, and was laid to rest in Newburg cemetery on Monday following. She was always kind and ever ready to help any one in sickness and her good knowledge of medicine has helped out many a poor person in need of such.

Mrs. Will Smith called on Center friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Asa Lyon called on Mrs. Dora Baze Thursday.

Harvey Millard visited Center friends Sunday.

Mrs. Ed. Halstead of Novi visited her parents Saturday and Sunday.

The play at the town hall Friday and Saturday evenings was a great success. All did their parts very nicely and although it stormed terribly Saturday night the hall was packed to the limit. Some from Plymouth, Northville, Detroit and Farmington attended.

This is Worth Reading.

Leo F. Zelinski of 68 Gibson st., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's. 25c.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mrs. Fred Rucker was in Detroit Monday attending the wedding of her cousin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Guilford entertained their friends with a dancing party.

District No. 7's library now numbers one hundred and twenty-six volumes. As a result of the social 21 bound volumes and 17 pamphlets have been added, making our circulating library an unusually fine one for a country school.

Mr. Yost was a very welcome visitor at our school Monday afternoon. So pleasant did he make his visit that one of the boys wished he would remain two days.

J. C. O'Bryan and Maurice See made a business trip to Detroit Tuesday and Wednesday.

An event of unusual interest was the visit of Wm. Spencer at his sister's, Mrs. James Heeney, Sunday.

Mrs. Seymour Orr is visiting her daughter at Delray this week.

Will Heeney, debarred from his usual stock buying, purchased a load of poultry and took it to Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Heeney visited Mrs. Heeney's sister at South Lyon Saturday.

District No. 7 will celebrate Christmas Thursday afternoon. Two plays will be given. One, a morality play, and the other, Miss Nettie Pelham's play, "The Christmas Ship." Friends of the school will be cordially welcomed.

The Line extends congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Don Packard.

D. W. Packard had an experience with hunters Friday afternoon. Mr. Packard is very much displeased to have anyone trespass on his land or hunt there. He was especially annoyed, as these hunters disturbed a bunch of quail which he prizes highly, and for which he has purchased wheat, during the hard winters. He says his Irish is thoroughly up and that he will prosecute anyone violating the hunting laws on his land or any land adjoining his. There are others in this vicinity who resent the lawless trespassing on their farms. Many a farmer who enjoys the taste of rabbit is deprived of it by hunters who bring dogs and ferrets, and who kill off mercilessly every bit of game. Is it fair to the farmer?

Chas. Smith was in Detroit Tuesday and Wednesday.

A Dangerous Operation

is the removal of the appendix by a surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal. They work so quietly you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's.

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

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

The Blues and Grays united and gave a ten cent oyster dinner Tuesday Dec. 15 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Whittaker. As the contest ended on that day each side gave in their report and amount of money earned in the three months that they have been working. Mrs. Chas. Allen, captain of the Grays, reported \$76.00 earned by her side and Mrs. Cora Gale, captain of the Blues reported \$97.50 earned by her side.

The Christmas supper will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith on Christmas eve. Everybody invited. Mrs. T. G. Howe visited her mother Mrs. H. Nelson Sunday.

Chas. Bovee and Roy Lyke were Ypsilanti visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Ovenshire is spending a few weeks with her son Leon and family of Detroit.

The Latest Phases of the Hoof and Mouth Disease

Washington, December 10.—That the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease now prevalent in several states was due to the importation into this country of either biological products or such material as straw, merchandise or in the clothes or effects of immigrants, is the opinion of Secretary Wilson.

He gave this as the most plausible explanation, in an appeal today to the house for an emergency appropriation of \$500,000, needed by the department of agriculture to fight the disease.

"It now seems clear that the present outbreak has its origin near Detroit," says the secretary, "and that the infection in the other states came through that source. After all known infected herds have been slaughtered and buried and the premises disinfected it will be necessary to make a careful and a thorough inspection from farm to farm in the infected region to detect any contagion that may possibly remain, in order to prevent the spread to other states. With the combined efforts of the state and federal authorities there is every reason to believe that the disease will be eradicated within a reasonable time.

"As the foot and mouth disease is strictly a contagious disease and has not been known to exist in the United States since 1903 until the present outbreak" continued the secretary, "it is believed that the infection was introduced into this country in some manner from abroad, though just how the department is not able to determine. In view of our strict quarantine on imported animals, it does not seem possible that it could have been brought in with live animals."

Washington, Dec. 15.—President F. O. Ryan or Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit had an hour's conference to-day with Sec. Wilson and Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry. Mr. Ryan was what might be "peremptorily uncommunicative" when the audience with Mr. Wilson was over.

The representative of the drug firm, it is understood, was firm in his statement that his company had no knowledge of the existence of the hoof and mouth disease in the cattle on their premises, and that the officials did not seek to hide the facts in the case.

An effort will be made by the Detroit people to have restored to them the privilege of importation of such material as is needed, in their work. There is only a partial prohibition at present, but the embargo probably will not be raised until it is certain there is no danger that anything is to come from a possibly infected district.

The officials of the company will work with the government to secure in Michigan safeguarding legislation which will prevent any recurrence of the circumstances which led up to the spread of the hoof and mouth trouble in the present instance.

It is apparent that Sec. Wilson and other officials still hold that there was carelessness at the beginning of the trouble—a carelessness that must not be repeated.

Medicine that is Medicine.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down condition," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's.

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We have a good supply of

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In the Hard Coal. In the Soft Cool we have a good grade in the Lump and Washed Nut.

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which is hard to beat for the range, as there is no smoke or soot.

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BOTH PHONES

WE HAVE AN EXTENSIVE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS

this year and invite your inspection of same. What could make a more useful Christmas gift than a

BOX OF STATIONERY,

We have them from 15c and 20c up. Or, if that will not do, our line of

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is the finest in town—choice boxes from 10c up to \$2.00. Then again, our

LOWNEY'S BOX CANDIES

are always fresh and wholesome. Last, but not least, we have a complete line of Moore's Non-Leakable Fountain Pens, the finest in the market. What could make a more ideal present than any one of these?

Pinckney's Pharmacy

IS YOUR MONEY

making money for you? The more of it you have employed for you, the less you need to work yourself. If you keep on saving and putting your savings to work, the funded capital of your earning years will gradually take up the burden and you will not need to work at all. In the meantime you are insured against hard luck or hard times. Have you ever thought about having some money

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If not, it is time you did if you have any regard for your future comfort or for the well being of those dependent upon you. NOW is the time to begin to save. Try a Savings Book issued by this bank on which we pay three per cent interest, and watch your money grow.

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We make a specialty of the finer class of designs in monument work—Perfectly executed carving and lettering—The finest selected Granites.

Our plant is fitted with the most modern and up-to-date machinery and we will not permit a monument or marker to leave our works until properly finished and inspected.

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BEST H. & E. GRANULATED SUGAR, 10 lbs.; 50c.

with \$1.00 Grocery orders, Flour not included.

Rolled Oats, 6 lbs. 25c	Walnuts, new, thin shell, extra good, per lb. 20c
Rice, fancy large white heads, per lb. 8c	Oranges, Cal. fancy, per doz. 30c and 40c
Currants, new cleaned, pkg. 9c	Mixed Nuts, per lb. 18c
Raisins, fancy seeded, pkg. 10c	Yeast Food, per pkg. 04c
Tomatoes, solid packed, extra fine, per can. 10c	Bulk Starch, 6 lbs. for. 25c
Peas, tender and sweet 3 cans 25c	Shredded Whole Wheat, pkg. 12c
Corn, good, 3 cans. 25c	Cheese, York State full cream, strong, per lb. 30c
Mince Meat, None Such, pkg 10c	
Figs, per lb. 20c	

W. B. ROE.

The Shirt of Mail

By Don Mark Lemon

(Copyright, 1908, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Twice in the month of September Howard Thornton was approached to betray the interests of the Golden Gulch Mining Company.

First, one Solomon Peters approached the young superintendent with an offer of certain valuable collaterals if the latter would misrepresent to his employers the value of the Golden Gulch holdings. Later, one Dick Cummings had doubled the collaterals.

Thornton's answer was as clean cut and polished as a dynamite cap, and the two scoundrels hastily withdrew. Then one night a fourth party was added to the dramatic personae. This fourth party was a Chinaman. He bore the name of Chew Lung, and stood nearly seven feet in his huge mining boots.

No man knew from where Chew Lung had come, but there were several who believed they knew precisely where he was going. Only Thornton had dared openly to express this belief. He had caught the giant heathen one night on forbidden ground, and showing a revolver in his face had commanded: "Right about to—!" Chew Lung remembered the incident very well, and patiently yet not less bloodily he had bided his time for revenge. That time had now come on golden wings.

Concealing in his ample blouse the heavy sack of yellow dust that Peters and Cummings had handed over to him, he returned to his quarters.

As certain as the yellow dragon flew over the imperial palace in the land of his ancestors, he would kill Howard Thornton. He had sworn it; half the blood-dust had been paid him; he



The Combatants Fought Desperately.

asked but a day and night to fulfill the compact of his oath.

Peters and Cummings were jubilant. With Thornton removed, they felt that they would have but little difficulty in gaining a controlling interest in the Golden Gulch claims, the owners of which lived thousands of miles away. The unscrupulous pair would freely handle bloody money, but would leave others to handle bloody weapons.

"The Chinaman will dirk him," meditated Peters.

Cummings gnawed his finger nails. "Hell make no noise, which way he does it?"

Chew Lung, in his narrow quarters, spoke neither to others nor to himself. He buried the heavy sack of gold dust beneath his mattress, and vanished into the night, leaving a three-bearded wooden god grinning on the shelf over his bunk.

Up at the Golden Gulch mill, by the light of a single incandescent, Thornton was engaged at an assay. He chose to work secretly, as the specimens being tested were remarkably rich, and until the interests he represented were better informed, he did not wish for any publicity. Then, too, certain wealthy investors would be down the following month, and he was anxious to lay before them palpable evidences of the richness of the Golden Gulch claims.

With fortune's golden chariot rolling nearer and nearer every hour, and each successful day's work bringing him one step closer to Her, nature's call to food and sleep had again and again been disregarded, but not until the fine young fellow actually staggered at his labor did he realize that it was long past midnight and he was dizzy and exhausted.

Suddenly some seventh sense—something finer than the licensed sixth sense, an intuition as subtle as indefinable, informed him that he was being watched. Somewhere there was a face peering at him!

With no sign of this discovery, but reacting bravely, he brought his hand up until it came in contact with the incandescent's key. Another moment and he had shut off the light that exposed the rich samples of ore and swung aside. Start and angry.

This movement changed instantaneously into a battle. Out of the darkness there sprang upon him the huge form of Chew Lung, the giant heathen, and a red silver of flame passed his shoulder ere he could grasp the hand that clutched a murderous dirk.

One touch of the yellow skin had informed Thornton of his assailant's identity, and the young fellow knew that the odds of battle were heavily against him. He was outmatched in body and weapon, an exhausted man of slender build pitted against an armed giant; yet against his gross adversary his finer fiber might prove as steel against iron.

A moment he fumbled helplessly, as the Chinaman crushed him back with sheer weight, then, freeing his right arm, he swung for the yellow stomach.

The short, hooked jolt loosened the giant's hold on the knife, which fell to the floor and was kicked out of reach in the struggle that succeeded, and Thornton attempted to follow up the blow by seizing his antagonist with a trick hold.

In vain! His reach was inadequate against the other's huge bulk, and he realized that his only chance for life was to keep from being thrown and his neck or back broken.

It was pitch dark in the room, and as the combatants fought desperately the furniture and paraphernalia were overturned and smashed, and the rich samples of ore were scattered underfoot.

Suddenly Thornton was aware that beneath the Chinaman's blouse there was a broad band of some substance as hard as steel. His hands had again and again come into contact with it, and now it flashed over him that his assailant wore a shirt of mail, which extended around his body beneath his arms to his stomach.

Back and forth, across the room and against the shelved walls, the unequal fight continued, till Thornton felt himself growing desperately weak, when to the crushing horror of the giant assassin in his shirt of mail was added the knowledge that the Chinaman had recovered the dirk.

Howard Thornton felt that things were pretty much the devil's way, when suddenly there came to him one wild, uplifting hope, and a young girl's white hand seemed to fall caressingly against his cheek.

His body was being crushed against the principal piece of machinery in the room—a large electric magnet of great power. He had had it installed but the week before for experimental work in separating gold from iron ore. If only he could reach the switch and turn on the power. His free hand fumbled among the keys. He sobbed as he felt his heart swell like a sponge with accumulating blood. There was a ring of metal against metal, a fearful howl from the Chinaman, and Thornton staggered forward headlong, released from the giant's terrible hold.

After an age of paddling about in the dark, like a spent swimmer under water, he found the switch board and flooded the room with light.

Over in one corner was the Chinaman. He was squirming like a spitted cockchafer on the broad plate of the big electric magnet. The machine had attracted the steel on his shirt of mail, and now gripped it with titanic power, holding the murderous giant in a grasp that left him as helpless to escape as an armless man in his grave.

Thornton picked up a chair and, seating himself, studied the astonishingly cheerful situation. After a little while he began to talk. First he complimented himself upon being a fool in going about unarmed, then he told Chew Lung certain facts which the latter believed were unknown even to his three-bearded god. Finally he turned off the light and left the assay room, followed down the long hill to his sleeping quarters by the howls of the giant.

The events of the succeeding day were known only to an enthusiastic and select party of law-loving miners, but Howard Thornton's successful management of the Golden Gulch claims, and his subsequent marriage to Her, are matters familiar to the many friends of the fine young fellow.

Be Your Own Tree Doctor.

Every man should be his own tree doctor. If properly trained he has been busy all summer removing suckers from the trees, fighting fungus and discouraging insects. When the leaves are off he goes all over his plantation, diagnosing each tree, shrub and bush. He will find some borers not yet killed, and these should be thoroughly eradicated from his quinces and apples before winter sets in. Use a flexible wire and a sharp knife, and when the larvae are killed pile coal ashes freely around the tree. He will probably find in his currant and berry fields more or less bushes that cultivation has loosened in the soil. These are liable to heave out during the winter. He should slip a narrow shovel under the plant, draw out the dirt, and let the bush settle until it is well planted. Tread heartily, and then, if you have time to spare, place a scutcheon of coal ashes about each one.—*Outing Magazine.*

According to Contract.

House Owner—You failed to pay your rent last month. What are you going to do about it?
Tenant—Oh, I suppose I'll do as you said when I rented it.
House Owner—What did I say?
Tenant—You said I must pay in advance or not at all.

HAD NOT ALL THE KNOWLEDGE.

Simple Word with Which the Elder Squelched the Younger M. D.

A becoming modesty is a desirable aid to advancement in any profession. In a small town in Maine there lived a brusque old doctor, who, for all his eccentricity, was a learned and skillful man. For many years he had been the sole doctor in town, but one day there came a rival in the shape of a young graduate. The young M. D. did not pay his respects to his senior, and the old doctor in turn completely ignored the fledgling. One day, however, the two were brought together at a consultation, and the young M. D. thereupon essayed to squelch the old M. D. with the preponderance of his knowledge. He rattled off Latin terms and French and German phrases, while the old doctor listened as if quite overawed. "Yes," he mused, meditatively, "that's so, that's so. But what do you think of a cataplasm for this case?" "A—what?" ejaculated the new doctor, completely dumfounded. "A cataplasm," repeated the old doctor. "Well," stammered the other, "I am not familiar with that mode of treatment, although I have seen it advertised. It's something new, isn't it?" "Oh, no!" was the quiet reply. "A cataplasm means simply a poultice. It always has meant a poultice and probably always will." It is needless to say that the young doctor straightway subsided.

Arming Safes with Deadly Gases.

A chemical company has devised a grenade or glass receptacle, filled with a chemical compound, as a means of making it impossible for safelockers to rob a safe after breaking it open.

It is an inoffensive-looking article, about two inches in diameter and five inches long. Inside of the exterior tube are seven smaller ones, each filled with a different chemical. When the door of the safe is blown, or the safe is jarred heavily, the grenade explodes, and the air is filled with the deadly fumes. It is claimed that these fumes, which, so far as effect is concerned, are not unlike the gases from the deadly Chinese "stink pots," are powerful enough to make breathing impossible and to force all persons near the safe to retreat or be almost instantly suffocated.

The grenades are made with a lasting effect of from six to ten hours, depending upon the size, and are placed just back of the locking mechanism of the safe doors.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Hadley Points Out Danger.

President Hadley of Yale writes: "In the year 1789 the whole French people was in a state of political excitement. They seized eagerly upon everything sensational. A young journalist named Camille Desmoullins shared this feeling and took advantage of it. He wrote a series of articles called 'Lamp Post Talks to the People of Paris,' in which he urged that anybody who was not a friend of the people ought to be taken to the nearest lamp post and hanged. He was not himself a bloodthirsty man. He chose his title chiefly because it sounded so picturesque. After a time he saw that they were executing a great many innocent men and women, and began to tell men so. Then they said that he was not a friend of the people any longer, and hanged him. This story has a moral for us in America to-day. It shows the dangers that come to a people which reads newspapers for the sake of excitement, instead of for the sake of information.

"To What Base Uses."

His Brother (to young sister who has acquired an unaccountable habit of borrowing his razor)—I know you have borrowed my razor again. It's not where I put it.

Young Sister (scrambling around in the bathroom)—Oh! here it is, Bob—just where you left it, I am sure!

Big Brother—No such thing. And this is the third time you have misplaced it. Now, miss, you will tell me what you use it for. Were you ripping the sleeves of your last winter's coat?

Young Sister (doggedly)—No. You never will forget that!

Big Brother—Well, what then? (shaking her by the shoulders) Answer me.

Young Sister (tearfully)—I was just splitting up a little light wood to kindle the fire, and I just think you are a horrid, selfish old thing not to want to even lend your things—so there!

Large Royal Family.

Prince Ferdinand's assumption of the title of "king of Bulgaria" makes the number of reigning monarchs belonging to the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family four. This most prolific of royal races furnishes King Edward of England with 92 living relations, 55 of these being direct descendants of Queen Victoria.

If the list be made to include distant cousins and connections by marriage, the number of King Edward's relations reaches the total of 238, ranging in rank from Capt. Macell (who married a daughter of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe), to the czar of all the Russias.

This total does not include the offspring ofmorganatic marriages of the type contracted by the late duke of Cambridge.

Worse Than Leporotomy.

Edison—Halloo, dear boy, you look very sad this morning. What's the trouble?
Green—I've just undergone a most annoying operation.
Edison—What was it?
Green—I had my allowance cut off.—*Tit-Bits.*

MAN IS CAUGHT ROBBING A GRAVE

GRANDSON OF DECEASED SURPRISED GHOUL IN ACT OF PROCURING SKULL.

WANTED IT FOR TOBACCO BOX

Montie Goodell Horrified When He Learns Object of Man's Digging—Makes Him Refill Grave, Then Marshal Makes Arrest.

Detroit, Mich.—To get a skull for a tobacco box, Walter Stark, formerly proprietor of the hotel at Great Lakes and Jefferson avenues, River Rouge, entered the private burying ground of the Goodell family at Bonanza avenue and River road, in Ecorse, and there began the disinterment of the body of a man who has been dead these 30 years. He was caught in the act of opening the grave by a grandson of the man whose bones he was bent on disturbing, and eventually made prisoner in the Ecorse jail.

When attention was first attracted to his activity he was busily engaged with a long-handled shovel such as sextons use, and dirt was flying away from him in all directions. He was right after that receptacle for sun-cured, and meant to have it in a very few moments.

But when the grandson of Jonas Goodell, whose bones lay beneath the sod Stark was so rapidly upturning, and a companion came on the scene, Stark was quickly interrupted in his ghastly task. He threw his shovel aside and ran for dear life, but they overhauled him.

"Don't kill me, gentlemen," he moaned. "I didn't mean any harm."
"Look a-here, you," snorted one of his captors. "I'm John Montie, the grandson of Jonas Goodell, who was buried in that grave years ago. I want to know what you mean by this business."

"I was only after a tobacco box."
"Well, there isn't any buried with him that I know of," volunteered Montie.

"But it was his skull I wanted for the box," said Stark. "I thought it



He Threw His Shovel Aside and Ran for Dear Life.

was an old abandoned burying ground and no one would care. I've seen those boxes in my friends' rooms. They're mighty unique. Take a skull and put a sign 'Get busy' or 'What's the Use?' over it and you have something people stop to look at."

Montie and his friend, Edward Ouellette, were horrified. The grandson had heard somewhere that the old Persian philosopher Omar had wished that when he died his ashes would be turned into a snare of vintage with which to incense the prohibitionists, but he did not remember that his own ancestor was ever so fond of the weed as to wish his skull used for a tobacco box. He told Stark so.

Finally it was agreed that Stark could go on his way if he would refill the grave and abjure his consuming desire to possess a skull for such purposes. Back they went to the little cemetery, and there Stark took off his coat and went at the refilling of the grave. He worked almost as earnestly as he had when removing the earth, and soon the plot was leveled off again.

"Now, Stark," said Montie, "if you feel that some skull ought to be turned into a tobacco box just take your own empty top and dispose of it to some appreciative tobacconist. I know you—have known you for many years—and I will keep a closer eye on you after this. Now scoot!"

But Walter's scooting was blocked by the hand of the law. Just as he was making his way out of the cemetery Marshal Eli Le Blanc, aroused by the uncanny noises in the graveyard, came rushing along. The first man he met was Stark, and the skull fancier was a prisoner again.

Tries to Eat Nine Pounds of Spaghetti—Memphis, Tenn.—In an effort to consume three pounds of spaghetti, which, when cooked, weighed nearly nine pounds, Frank Marino lost a wager and caused friends who backed him with hundreds of dollars to lose their money. The doctors who attended him say he may not recover from the effects of overcrowding his stomach.

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.



Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.
Weary Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

Bessie's Task.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, at table one noon, "I'm to write something to read at school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it."
"An essay, perhaps," suggested Bessie's father.

"An oration," offered the little maid's high-school brother, teasingly.
"A valedictory," prompted a senior sister.

"No," said Bessie, suddenly brightening. "I remember now what it is—it's an imposition."

She Spoke Too Quick.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that women are barred from the Island of Ferdinand de Norouha, belonging to Brazil.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—That's like the selfish men! Don't want the women to have any privileges!
"I forgot to say, dear, that the island is only used for convicts!"

The Mistral.

The mistral is a cold northwest wind which does much damage at certain seasons in France and Italy. From the close of autumn to the beginning of spring, it is especially violent. It dries up the soil and causes dangerous storms on the Mediterranean sea.

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."
"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its diet."

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of J. W. GROFF. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

Give some people their pick and they'll pick flaws every time.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal-Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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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.

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One Year, \$1.50
Six Months, .75
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1908.

CHURCH NEWS.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. G. D. Elmer, Pastor.
Regular services in the German church Sunday at 10 a. m. Christmas exercises will be held in the church on Thursday evening, Dec. 24th. Everybody welcome.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Next Sunday morning at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 10:10 A. M. Subject, "Is the Universe Including Man Evolved by Atomic Force." Sunday-school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service, 7:15 P. M. Every one is welcome.

BAPTIST.

Rev. C. T. Jack, Pastor.
Services next Lord's day as follows: Morning sermon 10:30. Subject, "The first Christmas morning." Sunday-school 11:45. B. Y. P. U., 6:00. Leader, Mrs. Markham. Topic, "Why was the king born?" Song service 7:00 to 7:15, followed by evening sermon.
Our Christmas program and tree will be free for all who wish to put presents on for family or friends.
Our midweek prayer and praise service, Wednesday night, 7:30. You are cordially invited to all these services.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:00, morning worship. Public reception of members and Christmas communion. The pastor will speak briefly on "Christmas and the Lord's Supper." 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Young People's meeting. 7:00, Evening gospel service. Preaching by the pastor on "The Song of the Angels." You are most cordially invited to all these services.
The public is also invited to the annual Christmas exercises of the Sunday-school on Christmas eve, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. A simple, miscellaneous program will be given by the children and there will be an old-fashioned Christmas tree.

METHODIST.

Rev. E. King, Pastor.
Next Sunday will be observed as Christmas Sunday in all our services. Morning sermon at 10 o'clock. Christmas theme and special music. The pastor will preach. Sunday-school at 11:30. Epworth league at 6 p. m. Evening service at 7 p. m. commencing with another interesting twenty minute song service and Christmas music. Sermon by the pastor. Strangers invited.
The Sunday-school will have their Christmas exercises on Christmas eve. The program is in preparation and will have some new features. The spirit of Christmas will be emphasized by gifts by the scholars to several needy and worthy causes and institutions.

UNIVERSALIST.

Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
Next Sunday being peace Sunday the morning service will be appropriate. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "How far Does Christianity Require that the Principle of Non-resistance Shall be Carried?" Services at 10 A. M. Sunday school at 11:15 A. M. At 7:00 P. M. there be a Y. P. C. U. devotional meeting.
Christmas will be observed by a social good time on Christmas eve with a tree and an optical lantern reading "Marley's Ghost," an entertainment illustrated by views from life models, adopted from Dickens' "Christmas Carol". The public is cordially invited.
The gross receipts at the Universalist fair last week were about \$90, netting something more than \$80. The ladies, and the members of the society wish to express their gratitude to their friends and the people of Plymouth and vicinity for their interest and patronage.

FREE CHURCH.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bissell and daughter Mary of Gratiot county and Mrs. Chas. Fox of Battle Creek visited at Nelson Cole's last week.
Howard Brown was home over Sunday.
The Ladies' Aid meet Tuesday, Dec. 22, at the home of Mrs. John Rook, it being their 50th anniversary. All are invited.
Mrs. T. P. Geer is spending a few days visiting friends in Detroit this week.
Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee attended the funeral of Mrs. Morris Galpin at Ann Arbor Thursday.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The fifth grade wishes you a Merry Christmas.
School visitors: Mrs. Gayde, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Frazer.
Louise Wilcox of the sixth grade spelled the room down last Friday.
Mr. Parsons, representing D. C. Heath & Co., called at our school last Tuesday.
The second grade will give their Christmas program to-day (Friday) at 2:30 p. m.
The sixth grade are making candy boxes and the seventh grade postcards for their Christmas work.
Mr. Isbell caused considerable embarrassment in chapel Wednesday morning by his questions.
The Masterpiece class have just finished "As You Like It," and have begun Webster's "Reply to Hayne."
The bells that are to call the high school classes are being connected now and will soon be in working order.
The first grade and kindergarten will join in giving their Christmas exercises in the kindergarten room on Thursday morning at 8:30.

GIFTS GALORE.

Low Prices on Holiday Goods at the Library Tea Co., Detroit.
For useful and ornamental articles for holiday presents, our readers are invited to inspect the offerings of the Library Tea Co., 51, 53 and 55 Gratiot avenue, Detroit. The stock, which is priced at about half Woodward avenue figures, comprises china, silverware, cut glass, vases, pictures, dinner sets, toilet sets, jardinières, umbrella stands, lamps, pictures, chocolate sets, cracker jars, berry sets, etc. There is a fine line of new nuts and fresh candies, and a large and fully assorted stock of tea, coffee, raisins, currants, extracts, etc. To get the most for your money, buy holiday gifts and supplies at the store of the Library Tea Co., Detroit.

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

SELF-CONTROL AND PROGRESS.

Vital Truths as Set Forward by Ancient Philosopher.

Where then is progress? If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turns to his own will to exercise it and to improve it by labor, so as to make it conformable to nature, elevated, free, unrestrained, unimpeded, faithful, modest; and if he has learned that he who desires or avoids the things which are not in his power can neither be faithful nor free, but of necessity he must change with them and he tossed about with them as in a tempest, and of necessity must subject himself to others who have the power to procure or prevent what he desires or would avoid; finally, when he rises in the morning, if he observes and keeps these rules, bathes as a man of fidelity, eats as a modest man; in like manner, if in every matter that occurs, he works out his chief principles, the runner does with reference to running, and the trainer of the voice with reference to the voice—this is the man who truly makes progress.—Epictetus.

HE DIDN'T CATCH THE RABBIT.

Brother Dickey Had Good Reasons for Not Doing So.

"I tole de man dat I wuz mighty short er coal an' wood," said Brother Dickey, "an' he tol' me, did I know how ter git some, an' I tol' 'um no—dat's what I wuz tryin' ter know," an' de man say:
"You go down yander, ter whar de graveyard at, an' fetch me de front foot er a graveyard rabbit, an' I'll give you half a ton er coal. I pertickler wants dat rabbit foot ter take off a spell somebody put on me."
"Well, did you get the rabbit foot?" someone asked.
"No, sub. De place whar de graveyard at is too fur far me ter travel, bein' es I got de rheumatism," sides dat, ef de dead is at peace it ain't de likes er me ter wake 'um up ag'in ter de tribulations er dis sufferin' ol' worl'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Whence Pie?

The origin of pie, especially mince pie, like the origin of sausage, is shrouded in mystery, but certain it is that it was known as far back as the time of Piers the Plowman, and it may be that in his dinner pail could have been found the precedent which Michael of Pittsburg, now of the hospital, sought to follow. Those who are surprised, after being led to believe that "land is the habitat of the article," learn that pie is an old English institution that can be accepted the further statement that "planted on American soil it forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." Like the Irish potato, which is said to have originated in the new world, it has been so ingrafted into the life of its adopted country that it seems more like a native than an alien.

MAKES A FLOATING COMPASS.

Peculiarity of Magnetized Needle When Placed in Water.

If a thoroughly dry and clean sewing needle is very carefully laid on the surface of the water in a basin the needle will float in spite of the high density of steel—seven or eight times that of water.
On close inspection it is found that the surface of the water is depressed under the needle, very much as if there were a thin film stretched over the water, and slightly indented by the weight of the needle. This property of liquids, of offering a certain assistance to a force exerted upon their surface, is termed "surface extension." The magnitude of the force of surface tension varies from one liquid to another. It is greatest in the case of mercury. The cause of the phenomenon must probably be looked for in the attraction of the liquid molecules to one another. A sewing needle, thus floating upon water, may be used as a compass, if it has previously been magnetized. It will then point north and south, and will maintain this position if the containing vessel is moved about; if the needle is displaced by force it will return to its position along the magnetic meridian as soon as the restraint is removed.

CURRENCY OF FURS AND SKINS.

Primitive Mode of Exchange That Prevailed in Early Days.

In the early days of the United States furs and skins were very generally transferred from hand to hand as money. Thus, in the northern states, a pound of beaver was regarded as the unit of value, and in the south the same weight of deerskin performed a similar function. In the far west furs retained a currency value until quite a recent date. But, after all, as a bale of skins was rather a bulky roll of money to carry about, it was customary to cut off small strips as tokens of ownership and pass them from hand to hand, while the skins were deposited in recognized places of security. Proof of rightful ownership was demonstrated when the strip was fitted to the part from which it had been detached. Trickery in substituting another skin was not so easy as might be imagined, because it seldom happened that two skins would prove so exactly similar in shade and length of fur where the strip was cut off as to deceive even the eye of a novice.

Chess and Checks.

Chess was originally the game of kings, the game of eblans. The word "shah" became in old French "eschac," while the old French "eschecs" was further corrupted into "chess." The more original form chec has likewise been preserved, though we little think of it when we draw a cheque, or when we suffer a check, or when we speak of the chancellor of the exchequer. The great object of the chess player is to protect the king, and when the king is in danger the opponent is obliged to say "check," i. e., shah, the king. After this the various meanings of check, cheque, or exchequer become easily intelligible. Exchequer, or scaccarium, the name of the chess board, was afterward used for the checkerboard cloth on which accounts were calculated by means of counters.

The Right Sort of Wife.

An Atchison man recently refused a proposal of marriage. "I like you," he said to the girl, "but you have too many friends. There would be too many at our wedding, for you would be afraid not to invite them all, and your many friends wouldn't be satisfied unless they made fools of us by playing some kind of crazy pranks on us when we started on our wedding journey. You have so many friends that we would get all kinds of wedding presents that we don't want, and would be kept poor in future trying to pay back when the donors got married. You are nice, and I like you, but what I am looking for in a wife is a woman who is friendless."—Atchison Globe.

A Lost Bet.

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something Kenny couldn't answer at once.
A bottle of champagne was ordered; the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a "bang," and flew into Kenny's mouth.
"Ah," he said, "that is not the way to Cork!"
Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No, but it's the way to Kill-Kenny."—Ideas.

He Said It.

"Horace," remarked Mrs. Figtree, "we are going to have company at dinner, and I do wish you would brighten up and look less like an honorary pallbearer. Say something humorous."
The company came, and, with a few preliminary coughs and winks, which were intended to announce to his wife that the witticism was about to be perpetrated, Mr. Figtree said, timidly, "Mary."
"Yes, dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Figtree, graciously.
"Have you got all of your hair on this evening?"—Judge.

Not Her Goal.

"Did you see where a man sued for divorce from his wife because she was a baseball player?"
"Probably he did it because she didn't make enough home runs."

CHRISTMAS

Knowing that you feel a generous desire to remember those you love with appropriate and desirable Christmas Gifts, we have taken special pains that our selection of Christmas Goods this year should include a variety of something new and up-to-date and really desirable for every individual, from youngest to the oldest, and at the lowest scale of prices known to honest trade. Remember, that we represent all things as they are and regulate the price by the true value of the article.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware,
Cut Glass, Books, Stationery,
Kodaks and Supplies,
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NEW LINE OF HOLIDAY BOOKS Christmas Cards

A new line of Books for young and for old. Alger Books for 10c and 25c. Linen Books. Christmas Postcards. Post Card Albums from 10c to \$3.00.

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Base Balls, Foot Balls, Fancy Rubber Balls,
Leather Goods, Purses, Music Rolls, etc.
Holiday Stationery and Fountain Pens

We have made it a point to make our selections at prices that you will feel able to pay. We hope to see every reader in our store at an early date. The early purchaser get the cream of the stock, as we have but a few pieces of a kind.

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