

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 14

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1908

WHOLE NO. 1112.

We're Sitting Up for You

SANTA CLAUS,

with a generous assortment of pleasing gifts.

Toilet Sets, Perfumes, Fancy

Goods, Novelties and Notions

The right thing for every person, the right price for every purse, and everything full of quality and merit. To every purchaser of our holiday goods to the amount of \$1.00 or more, we are going to present a beautiful souvenir bottle of

"FLOWER GIRL,"

the latest sensation in perfumes. It's our Christmas Present to you, don't fail to get it.

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.

Local Correspondence

PIKE'S PEAK.

Charles Tait of Salem visited at Charles Wright's Wednesday. Charles Wright was a Wayne caller last Friday. Mrs. L. Clement of Elm spent Sunday at Mrs. L. Clement's. Mrs. John Minnock of Detroit visited her mother and sister, Mrs. James and Miss Lena Bridge. There will be a Christmas tree and program at the brick school Thursday afternoon.

ELM.

Dr. Dumphy of Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit, was in town last Wednesday. Harry Shaw was in Detroit on business last Tuesday. Will Garchow, Sam McKinney, Dan McKinney and Chas. Hirschlieb were in Plymouth on business Saturday. Frank Sieting and Paul Helm were drawn as jurors for the January term of the circuit court from Livonia in stead of Plymouth as reported in these columns last week. Louis Esch was a Detroit visitor last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. William Rossow of Clarenceville called on Mr. and Mrs. Will Hoppner at Reelford Sunday. Will Kort was a Plymouth visitor Saturday. Corn stalks for sale inquire of Chas. Hirschlieb Elm. A number from here attended Communion services at Clarenceville last Sunday.

This is Worth Reading.

Leo F. Zelinski of 88 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.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mrs. John Stringer visited her mother at Salem Tuesday and Wednesday the past week. John Kuhn, an old and much respected citizen, of our town was found dead Sunday morning at his home near Stark. His grandson John came up from Plymouth to see him and found him dead on the back steps. Funeral Tuesday at Center church. John Baze has moved into part of the house with his mother and now there is another empty house. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee were Sunday visitors at Plymouth. Lovina Kincaid is visiting friends in Canada at present. Mrs. Minnie Hart returned to her home in Hart last Saturday. Mrs. John Stringer visited at Chas. Colby's Wednesday. Mrs. John Creiger is very poorly and her granddaughter is staying with her. Frank Creiger is about to start for Mexico for his health. A Merry Christmas to all Mail readers.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanchett and L. J. Meldrum were in Detroit last Monday. The following officers of the Ancient Order of Gleamers were elected last Saturday evening: Chief Gleaner, Geo. Griffin; vice chief gleaner, Wm. McKinney; chaplain, Mrs. Jennie McKinney; sec. treas., Mrs. Bertha Parmalee; conductor, Harvey E. Meldrum; conductress, Mrs. Nellie Beyer; lecturer, Arthur Hanchett; inner guard, John Sherwood; outer guard, Wm. Johnson; organist, Mrs. Bertha Meldrum; com. on entertainment, John Beyer, Mrs. Edith Meldrum and Miss Lizzie Theuer. Next regular meeting Saturday evening, Jan. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee visited relatives in Detroit a few days last week. Mrs. L. J. Meldrum and Mrs. T. P. Sherman were in Detroit last Wednesday. Wm. Beyer is overhauling his feed mill, making several changes. He will soon be ready for business. Clayton Parmalee of Milford called on relatives here last Tuesday.

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 Hahiday, 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.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Packard and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Packard of Detroit spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lyke, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nelson, Mrs. Geo. Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lyke were Ann Arbor visitors Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nelson went to Plymouth Wednesday to attend the funeral of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ovenshire of Detroit. Little Helen Jones has been quite sick but is better at present writing. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith of South Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Howe spent Xmas with their parents.

SALEM.

Chas. Stanbro quite severely wounded one of his fingers in the machinery at the elevator Tuesday. C. L. Bussey of Detroit visited his parents Wednesday. Mrs. F. J. Tousey of Plymouth called on Salem friends Wednesday. Quite a company of friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Boyle gave them a pleasant surprise Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. Bussey are both on the sick list this week. The Ladies' Aid society of the west M. E. church will hold a New Year's supper at the church to help raise money to shingle that building. N. A. Withee was in South Lyon on business Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. John Root were in Ann Arbor Tuesday. Tom Kane of Superior township was a Salem caller Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Orr and family, Mrs. Clay Kingsley and Earl Ryder of Plymouth visited Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley Thursday. Mrs. D. W. Wheeler, who has been very sick, is somewhat improved at this writing. Mrs. Wm. Murray celebrated her 80th birthday Monday, Mr. and Mrs. James Van Atta of Waterford, Mr. and Mrs. Musch of Hamburg and Mrs. Chas. Austin of Detroit were present. Mrs. Musch, who is a niece of Mrs. Murray, also celebrated her 51st birthday the same day. A bountiful dinner was served and the occasion proved to be a very pleasant one to all present.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kinyon of West Branch spent Sunday at Orson Westfall's. Mrs. Mary Bolt of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Orson Westfall. Mrs. Hurd of Plymouth is visiting Mrs. C. E. McClumpha. Ruby Webber is on the sick list. Minnie Brems had a Xmas tree and exercises at her school Thursday afternoon. Herbert Bradford spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ovenshire in Detroit. The remains of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ovenshire of Detroit were brought to the Kinyon cemetery for burial Wednesday afternoon at 3:30. Mr. and Mrs. Ovenshire have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. There was a large attendance at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Rook Tuesday, which was enjoyed by all. Randolph Brown and family spent Xmas with friends in Plymouth. The "Marbas" will give an oyster dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olin Streng Saturday Jan. 2nd. Mrs. W. H. Horton of Mason, R. C. Safford and Miss Faye Palmer of Plymouth visited at S. W. Spicer's Sunday.

Detroit News:—Chairman W. H. Hoyt, of the Wayne County Republican club, has appointed a committee to recommend to the legislature such amendments to the primary law as will prevent, if possible the interference of one party with another at the primaries, or the enactment of such laws as will improve the primary law now operative.

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 nicely printed stationery. Get it at The Mail office.

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

PERFUMES

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

AT WORK FOR YOU?

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.

THE
PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

FINE MONUMENTS!

SELECT WORKMANSHIP

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.

We have every variety of design from which to select a pleasing and attractive memorial. We create ideas for you or embody yours in a special design.

Let us give you an estimate on what a substantial monument of exclusive design will cost you.

The Carey-Moran Granite Co.,

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

"Real Test of Value"

—IS—

Comparison of Quality and Price.

The Quality of our Goods is second to none. We call your particular attention to the Quality and Price of the following:

Chef Coffee.....35c	Shredded Whole Wheat.....12c
White Star Coffee.....25c	Yeast Foam.....4c
Old Tavern Tea.....50c	Calumet Baking Powder.....25c
York State Cheese, full cream 20c	Crackers, Vaif.....7c
Fancy Seeded Raisins.....10c	Tomatoes, per can.....10c

Oranges, Bananas, Nuts, Figs, Candy.

We are having a nice sale on our Premium Coffee. Try it.

10 lbs. best H. & E. Sugar, 50c, with \$1 Grocery order, flour not included.

CASH GROCERY

W. B. ROE

KEEN KUTTER

KNIVES
RAZORS
SHEARS
AXES
TOOLS

The Best Made In the World

Conner Hardware Co., Ltd

Zero Weather Calls for Coal

So be sure to start the new year aright and buy your fuel of the

Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,

We have a good supply of

Chestnut Stove & Furnace Sizes

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

We also have a car of nice

Chestnut Size Coke,

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

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

BOTH PHONES.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

A Literary Hint.

Many persons, old and young, were surprised, two or three weeks ago, when the death of Mrs. Julia Fletcher Carney was announced, to learn that she was the author of that little poem, which seems as if it must have written itself ages ago.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

The authorship of the verses has been ascribed to others, but examination of the evidence seems to decide the matter in favor of Mrs. Carney. She was also the author of another poem which has had almost as wide a circulation and has probably exercised an even greater personal influence—the verses beginning:

Deal gently with the erring.

It is interesting, and to many a young man or young woman of literary tastes it may be useful to notice how many successes of this kind there have been. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," judged by purely literary standards, is commonplace, yet it is better known and better liked than anything else he ever wrote. There are "Moody and Sankey" hymns which have appeared more successfully to great audiences than the more erudite and polished compositions which hymnologists unite to praise. The secret—although it is no secret at all—is, says the Youth's Companion, the fact that the great mass of people everywhere are simple and homely in their tastes, and an appeal to their hearts is answered far more quickly than an appeal to their heads. The great Lincoln, with his pathetic fondness for the poem,

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

is an enduring type of the people from whom he sprang, whom he always loved and never outgrew.

Only people who work in connection with the juvenile court or come in contact in some way with the class of young people likely to appear before it have an idea of the viciousness and depravity possible to youth, says the Indianapolis Star. A case in point is reported from Denver, where a girl of 13 charged her mother with being responsible for her delinquency, and told so harrowing a tale of the manner in which her mother encouraged her in evil courses that the judge in sentencing the woman to 365 days in the county jail, expressed the wish that he could make it 365 years. The girl's stepfather insisted at the time that her story was false, and this is now proved to be the case. The girl has confessed and expressed deep regret, but meanwhile her mother has been in jail for six months. Such actions go far to make meaningless the term "innocence of youth."

During the celebration of the centenary of the Roman Catholic diocese of Boston there was a parade of 40,000 men who belong to the Confraternity of the Holy Name, or as it is sometimes called, the Confraternity against Oaths. That society grew out of a decree of the Council of Lyons in 1274, intended to secure greater reverence for the name of God. Among the rules made by Pius IV. is one against profanity. Not only are the members forbidden to use profane language, but they are urged to admonish all whom they may hear taking the name of God in vain. There are millions of members of the society, as there is a branch of it in nearly every Roman Catholic parish in the world. There is no other anti-profanity society which approaches it in size.

Another specialist who has been doing some dead-end figuring from the data not at hand is certain the human race will die a natural death from race suicide in about 160 years. If this be true, dear reformers and parlor socialists, what is the use of sitting up nights worrying over the future of the race? Still, if those of us who are living are to live to be 160 years of age, as Prof. Metchnikoff advises, perhaps we shall want to enjoy that perfect society for our own declining years.

A novel device of the latest election that may be held in memory for the next is the camera-trap for repeaters, used in Indiana. Men supposed to be voting twice were "snap-shotted" by party watchers at the polls; the pictures were developed rapidly, and copies were sent to the other voting places. It has not been reported that any repeaters were caught, but it is likely that some dishonest persons were detected by the presence of the camera.

In all the arrangements planned for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln next February the committees include the reading of the famous Gettysburg address. The older persons already appreciate the greatness of that wonderfully brief and significant speech, and the younger generation will learn to understand why their elders prize it so highly.

Won't the newspapers be the best picking cherries?

NEWS OF MICHIGAN

Flint.—Announcement was made here of an important project that is back of the recent purchase of the plant of the Flint Light & Power Company by a syndicate of capitalists whose identity has not yet been disclosed. The project contemplates the damming of the Au Sable river at points along the stream for a distance of 40 miles from its source, and the transmission of electric power.

Monroe.—Court business was temporarily suspended. Chairman Francisco called a recess of the board of supervisors and all the employees and visitors in the county house flocked into Justice Berthelot's chamber to witness the marriage of Hayve H. Williams and Rosa Cahill in which the color line was swept away. The groom is a negro, 50 years old, while the bride is white.

Port Huron.—In the St. Clair county probate court pieces of a joint will which had been made by Mrs. Julianna Schmitt and her husband, and then destroyed by the latter, were gathered up and filed. After the death of his wife, Mr. Schmitt thought that there was no part of their property which was held in the name of Mrs. Schmitt.

Port Huron.—At the request of Van E. Crane, prosecuting attorney Moore and Chief of Police Marx visited the Crane home. The two officers were shown through the house by Mr. Crane and they talked with his sick daughter, Grace Crane, aged 16 years, whose life has almost been despaired of because of carbolic acid poisoning.

Kalamazoo.—After an absence of nearly 30 years from Kalamazoo, where he enlisted in the union army of the rebellion, Capt. James M. Wells, 50 years a soldier, traveler and author, and one of the 43 men who made good the famous tunnel and escaped from Libby prison, reached Kalamazoo for a few weeks' visit.

Reed City.—H. M. Buchanan, proprietor of the Hotel King, pleaded guilty to violating the local option law and was sentenced to a fine of \$320 and 75 days' imprisonment. M. V. Gundrum of Leroy, for a similar offense, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$160 and 90 days' imprisonment.

Ann Arbor.—E. S. Canman, engineering director of the Great Lakes Radio Wireless Telephone Company, DeForest system, announced that a wireless station will be established on top of the Glazier building, including a 120-foot tower, and that it would be ready for operation next month.

St. Johns.—Mrs. Reka Weltzel brought action to recover \$3,000 from F. P. Geller for selling liquor to her husband after he had been forbidden to do so. The jury agreed that \$135 would pay the damages. Mrs. Weltzel brought action against another former saloonkeeper.

Grand Rapids.—That Dean H. L. Schuh of the Grand Rapids Veterinary college was guilty of cruelty to animals, in permitting an operation on a horse recently, was the verdict of a jury in police court, and Schuh was at once fined \$60 and costs of \$12.50 or 90 days in jail.

Charlotte.—The local banks bid in the plant of the Dolsen Auto Company at the receiver's sale. The Times Square Auto Company of Chicago bought the stock on hand and George Upright bought a parcel of desirable real estate owned by the concern.

Rochester.—Robert Wilcox, a former saloonist of Rochester, but who removed to Romeo when the present local option law went into effect, to engage in the same business, has sold his place at Romeo and again taken charge of the old stand here.

Hillsdale.—Little Frances Dubois of Hankers, visiting her mother in this city, was playing with a bottle when she got the cork in her nostril. It could not be removed without the attention of a physician, who administered an anesthetic.

Monroe.—Col. Ira G. Humphrey informed the supervisors that refuse from the Blisfield sugar plant was said to be poisoning the water in the River Raisin and killing fish by the thousand. The board will attempt to remedy the matter.

Corunna.—William Wells of Shattsbury and Claude McClintock of the same place, pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the liquor laws and were fined in circuit court. The former was assessed \$235 and the latter \$50. Both paid.

Lansing.—Mrs. Frank H. Lee, 14 years old, caused the arrest of her husband, a glass cutter and lather of this city, on a charge of non-support. Lee and his child wife have been married less than four weeks.

Ionia.—Charles A. Ross, who has been named by Senator Burrows for appointment at West Point, will take the examination at Columbus, O., January 11.

Rochester.—An attempt to break into and rob the Rochester post office was frustrated by the prompt action of Roy Annette, a D. U. R. conductor.

Traverse City.—An amusing incident occurred in circuit court when as a token of the esteem in which he is held, Judge F. W. Mayne was presented with a magnificent bunch of carnations and ferns by the jurymen.

Saginaw.—Postmaster Linton has received from the post office department a large supply of pamphlets for educating the public in the fundamental postal laws and regulations.

Lansing.—First Lieut. Louis F. Matt of Company B, First Infantry, Detroit, has been placed on the retired list of the National Guard at his own request.

STATE NEWS

Lansing.—A jury was secured for the trial of former State Treasurer Frank P. Glazier of Chelsea upon the charge of the misapplication of state funds. Prosecuting Attorney Foster in his opening address to the jury reviewed the career of Glazier and declared that he had used state funds with impunity to bolster up his own business interests.

St. Joseph.—Unable to secure possession of her eight-month-old baby by peaceable means, Mrs. Maude Luft employed attorneys and filed a petition in the circuit court asking for a writ of habeas corpus which would compel her husband, from whom she is now separated and who at present holds the child, to relinquish possession of the baby.

Muskegon.—Rev. John W. Brink, who came to Muskegon four years ago and founded the Fourth Christian Reformed church, and who is known throughout the middle west as the champion call pastor of the Holland-American churches of the country, decided to accept a call to the Broadway Christian Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

Saginaw.—In order to assist the city to secure the best available water supply when the contemplated reconstruction of the water works system takes place, George C. Whipple, an expert hydraulic and sanitary engineer of New York city, has been engaged to make a thorough investigation of local conditions.

Niles.—The coroner's inquest held to inquire into the cause of the death of Charles Brunk, the aged drayman whose body was found in St. Joseph river here, developed that Brunk drove into the river at the foot of Sycamore street with a load of refuse and, becoming confused, drove down stream.

Kalamazoo.—Because of the opposition to the terms of the franchise granted by the city council of Kalamazoo to the Grand Trunk Western railroad over the veto of Mayor Milham, and the promised litigation in the courts, it is probable that the railroad will refuse to accept the franchise.

Marshall.—Because he thought he had discovered three tubes of nitroglycerin in the Michigan Central water pan here, Sanford Thomas, the night man at the pumping station, held the trains until the sheriff arrived and found they were electric batteries for dark lanterns.

Elk Rapids.—While watching men engaged in unloading potatoes from a farmer's sleigh at the warehouse of A. B. Fairbanks, Arthur Morrison, 35 years old, unmarried, was almost instantly killed by the collapsing of the bin into which the potatoes were being loaded.

Traverse City.—Stumbling on a stake while standing on a small platform which inclined downward toward a rapidly revolving saw, Layman Hamblin, employed in a sawmill at Antrim, managed to stop himself with his head only a few inches from the saw.

Kalamazoo.—According to the report which has just been made of the grape crop in this part of the state for the present year, 2,033 cars were shipped, representing 40,660,000 pounds of grapes. This is the record crop for southwestern Michigan.

Ionia.—While other counties are running close on cash, Ionia county's treasury is in good shape. Treasurer Sparks has plenty of cash to run through the year, even if no taxes are turned in, so that it will not be necessary to borrow a cent.

Bay City.—Believing themselves unjustly treated by the board of assessors a number of citizens have raised a fund and have engaged Attorney I. A. Gilbert to investigate their own cases in particular and assessment matters in general.

Muskegon.—W. L. Lane, the Grand Rapids man who married a Charlotte Belle two weeks ago and departed on a honeymoon trip with a cash capital of \$310 was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail for jumping a board bill at Hart.

Traverse City.—George Kidder of Alba was struck in the right eye with a twig while in the woods, a companion who was walking ahead having allowed a branch to fly back. The lid and eyeball were penetrated.

Houghton.—On the eve of the first day of the annual holiday vacation the only Finnish college in the United States has been put under quarantine, two cases of diphtheria having been discovered among students.

Almont.—Edward Waitag, while oiling a corn-banking machine on the farm of Joseph Cochrane, near here, caught his arm in one of the wheels. The member was severed at the elbow.

Kalamazoo.—Mrs. Lucy C. Parker was badly injured while picking up coal along the tracks of the G. R. & I. A switch engine struck the woman, throwing her to the side of the track.

Muskegon.—As a result of the snow storm, telephonic communication was in bad shape here and telegraph wires were grounded.

Battle Creek.—Another verdict, this one of over \$3,500, was awarded a St. Louis investor of the Peopl Company, now defunct, against W. H. Kellogg. The jury, out four hours, awarded William Steele \$3,525 judgment.

Grand Rapids.—Bertha May Turpan, widow of C. R. Turpan, of Detroit, was found guilty of being a transient trader without having obtained a city license.

Lansing.—E. T. Granberry of Albetons, Pa., commenced suit against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for \$5,000 damages for being ejected from a train at this point.



BIG LUMBER TRUST FORMED AT DULUTH

VIRGINIA AND RAINY LAKE COMPANY IS ORGANIZED IN MINNESOTA.

Capital is \$20,000,000—Weyerhaeuser Back of Concern That Will Control Immense Tract in Northern Minnesota and Canada.

Duluth, Minn., Dec. 21.—The Virginia and Rainy Lake Lumber Company, the largest of its kind in the world, has just been formed here. Its president is Edward Hines of Chicago. It represents the pooling for the first time in one great corporation of one part of the tremendous holdings of timber land of Frederick Weyerhaeuser, said to be because of his fabulous lumber possessions the richest man in the world.

Will Cut 3,000,000,000 Feet. The capital stock of the new corporation is \$20,000,000. It holds over 3,000,000,000 feet of lumber, covering a vast tract in northern Minnesota and extending into Canada. This is said to be the last great tract of timber land in the forest region of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, once thought to be inexhaustible. It is thought the new company will take about ten years to cut the 3,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

To aid in this colossal task sawmills will be built, a fleet of 20 lake steamers built or bought, and railroads constructed.

The constituent companies that went to make up the new corporation are the Virginia Lumber Company, the Edward Hines Lumber Company, the Cook & O'Brien Lumber Company, and the Seine Lumber Company. Beside these and entwined with them were the "Weyerhaeuser interests."

The deal, the largest of its kind ever carried through, according to lumbermen, has been pending for over two months. The following officers were elected:

List of Officers.
President—Edward Hines of Chicago.
Vice-President—W. W. O'Brien of Duluth.
Treasurer—Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser of St. Paul.
Secretary—H. D. Hornby of Cloquet, Minn.
The company will not chop down trees. It will manufacture them into lumber. This will be done at five great sawmills. Two of these will be at Duluth, two at Virginia, Minn., and one at St. Francis, Canada.

JAIL FOR WEALTHY BANKER.

Californian Sentenced for Illegally Fencing Government Land.

Fresno, Cal., Dec. 22.—S. C. Lillis, a wealthy banker and stock man of Le-moore, Cal., was sentenced by Judge Welborn at a special session of the federal court Monday to six months in jail and fined \$1,000. Lillis was convicted at the last session of the federal court on a charge of illegally fencing large areas of government land in the Cantua district where he has immense holdings. The case will be appealed and Lillis has been released on bond.

FLEET LEAVES COLOMBO.

Battleships Now in Longest Leg of Their Cruise.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, commanding the American battleship fleet, has sailed the navy department that the fleet made its departure Sunday from Colombo, Ceylon, for Suez. The message was in cipher and very brief. The fleet has begun the longest single leg of its world cruise, through the Indian ocean, the Arabian and Red seas.

President Simon Inaugurated.

Port au Prince, Dec. 21.—Gen. Antoine Simon, the newly-elected president of Hayti, took the oath of office at ten o'clock Sunday morning at the palace, where a special sitting of the legislative bodies was held, and in the presence of the foreign diplomats, the officers of the American and Italian warships and the Haytian officials of state.

TELLS OF HUSBAND'S DEATH

MRS. ANNIS RECITES STORY OF THE BAYSIDE TRAGEDY.

Declares Thornton Hains Beckoned to Brother Before the Shooting—Hard Day for Defense.

Flushing, N. Y., Dec. 22.—The trial of Thornton Hains reached a climax of dramatic intensity Monday when Mrs. Helene E. Annis, widow of William E. Annis, in a deliberate recital lasting for nearly three hours, pictured the killing of her husband, as he sat at the tiller of his boat, by Capt. Peter C. Hains, Jr.

It was a hard day for the defense and counsel for Hains was exhausted from the arduous cross-examination which was directed toward the state's witnesses in an effort to shake their testimony. Thornton Hains lost much of the easy nonchalance that has characterized his manner in previous seasons.

Several new points of evidence added dramatic interest to the trial. When Annis' boat came alongside the float, the widow testified, Thornton Hains beckoned to his brother and led the way down the runway. The shooting followed within a few moments.

Lawyer McIntyre sought to discredit the "beckoning episode," which the state asserts proves that the author induced the army officer to the crime, and kept Mrs. Annis on this point under cross-examination for nearly half an hour.

"I ran down the runway and Thornton Hains pointed his revolver at me. I turned to go back and he pressed the weapon against my back, saying, 'You get out of here or you will get the same.' I ran up the runway and, looking back, saw my husband fall into the water." So said Mrs. Annis in relating her story, and this new evidence the lawyers for Hains struggled vainly to discredit.

Another important witness Monday was Charles H. Roberts, a Bayside Yacht club member, and an eye-witness of the shooting.

SMUGGLING CASE SETTLED.

Mrs. Chadbourne Pays Uncle Sam \$32,411 Without Contest.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Emily Crane Chadbourne completed the payment of \$152,820 to the government Monday, and now has possession of the valuable tapestries and art works seized by customs officials when they were imported from England last July.

Mrs. Chadbourne made a payment of \$2,411 following confession of judgment through her representative, H. W. Askhoff, member of a firm of customs brokers. The action took place in Judge Landis' court. No attempt was made to contest the case of the government. It is believed Mrs. Chadbourne will now return the property to Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston to whom the property belongs.

PRIEST DROWNS AT SEA.

Father Kelly of Paterson, N. J., Falls Overboard from Liner.

Queenstown, Dec. 21.—When the steamer Arabie arrived here Sunday from New York the officers reported that one of the passengers, who was registered under the name of Father Kelly of Paterson, N. J., was drowned during the voyage. He fell overboard, whether by accident or design is not known.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 21.—Rev. James A. Kelly, whose loss overboard from the steamer Arabie was reported upon the steamer's arrival in Queenstown, was pastor of St. Agnes Roman Catholic church in this city. A week ago he took passage for Queenstown to visit relatives in Ireland.

Poisoned by Pork and Beans.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21.—The family of N. S. Richardson, consisting of six persons, became violently ill after eating pork and beans at dinner in their home, Kansas City, Kan. It is believed the pork contained ptomaines.

A. S. Stuckney May Resign. St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 22.—A. B. Stuckney, president and one of the receivers of the Chicago Great Western railroad, Monday assigned his receivership and it is reported that his resignation as president will soon follow.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Robbers raided the State bank at Ceresco, Ia., and secured \$2,000.

The nine-hour day law for workers in the British coal mines was passed by parliament.

The new municipal council of Lisbon, Spain, has unearthed a \$7,000,000 boodle scandal.

John Robb Murdoch, member of a prominent Pittsburg, Pa., family, committed suicide in a hospital.

Harry B. Snyder, the New York curb broker who was shot by John Q. Lumsden, an inventor, died of his wound.

James Clancy, said to have been the oldest civil war veteran, died at the National Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee, aged 100 years.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the government bureau of chemistry, recommended that the further importation of absinthe be prohibited.

William A. Dolph of the firm of Nell-Dolph, lumber dealers of Memphis, Tenn., was arrested in San Francisco on a Memphis warrant charging him with embezzling \$1,000.

Edward Parks, who threw a bottle at the opening baseball game of the Central league season at Grand Rapids, Mich., last May and killed Willie Haverkamp, a small boy, was found not guilty of manslaughter.

The jury in the case of state against James H. Parrish, an Owensboro (Ky.) banker, charged with receiving a deposit when his bank, the Owensboro Savings Bank and Trust Company, was insolvent, reported that it could not agree, and was discharged.

Harry K. Thaw, the slayer of Stanford White and now confined in the state hospital for the criminal insane at Matteawan, N. Y., cannot be taken to Pittsburg to testify in bankruptcy proceedings, according to a decision handed down by the United States circuit court of appeals in Philadelphia.

NEW CABINET FOR VENEZUELA.

Acting President Gomez Removes All of Castro's Ministers.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 22.—Vice-President J. Vicente Gomez, to whom Gen. Cipriano, Castro, handed over the presidency on his departure for Europe, has established a new government in Venezuela.

He has replaced the old ministry, the leader of which was Dr. Jose de Jesus Paul, the minister of foreign affairs, who has been the one figure outside of Castro himself in the negotiations that culminated in the ousting of Minister de Reus and the severance of diplomatic relations with Holland, with a new body of men who represent various factions in the state and who have figured prominently in various ways in the political history of the country.

Not only has Dr. Paul disappeared from the councils of the nation, but Dr. Baldo, who is now traveling in Castro's suite abroad, also has been removed from his official position as minister of education. Gen. Diego Ferren, the minister of war, who also was war minister in the cabinet of Acting President Gomez in 1906, has been superseded by Gen. Regulo Olivares, who took a prominent part in crushing the revolutionists six years ago.

ARRESTED FOR BOODLING.

Seven Members of the Pittsburg Councils Are Accused.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 22.—Seven members of the finance committee of this city were arrested Monday night on charges of receiving bribes and bribery and the alleged corruption of other members of council in the passage of various kinds of legislation during the past two years.

The charges were preferred by the Civic Voters' league of this city. The men were released on bonds ranging from \$15,000 to \$30,000.

Later in the night W. W. Ramsey, president, and A. A. Vilasack, cashier of the German National bank were arrested. The bank is not affected by the developments.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 22	
LIVE STOCK—Steers	42 1/2
Hogs	24 1/2
Sheep	18 1/2
WHEAT—Winter Straight	1 1/2
WHEAT—December	1 1/2
WHEAT—May	1 1/2
CORN—December	1 1/2
RYE—No. 2 Western	1 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	1 1/2
EGGS	1 1/2
CHICAGO	
CATTLE—Fancy Steers	35 1/2
Medium to Good Steers	32 1/2
Cows, Plain to Fancy	25 1/2
Native Yearlings	25 1/2
Calves	25 1/2
HOGS—Heavy Packers	25 1/2
Heavy Butchers	25 1/2
Pigs	25 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	1 1/2
Dairy	1 1/2
ST. LOUIS	
LIVE Poultry	1 1/2
EGGS	1 1/2
POTATOES (per bu.)	1 1/2
FLOUR—Spring Wheat, 90 lb	1 1/2
WHEAT—May	1 1/2
July	1 1/2
Sept.	1 1/2
Nov.	1 1/2
Dec.	1 1/2
Jan.	1 1/2
Feb.	1 1/2
March	1 1/2
April	1 1/2
May	1 1/2
June	1 1/2
July	1 1/2
Aug.	1 1/2
Sept.	1 1/2
Oct.	1 1/2
Nov.	1 1/2
Dec.	1 1/2
MILWAUKEE	
BRAIN—Wheat, No. 1 Northern	1 1/2
May	1 1/2
Sept.	1 1/2
Nov.	1 1/2
Oats, Standard	1 1/2
Rye	1 1/2
KANSAS CITY	
BRAIN—Wheat, December	1 1/2
May	1 1/2
Sept.	1 1/2
Nov.	1 1/2
Oats, No. 2 White	1 1/2
ST. LOUIS	
CATTLE—Best Steers	35 1/2
Texas Steers	32 1/2
HOGS—Fancy	25 1/2
Butchers	25 1/2
Native	25 1/2
Sheep—Native	25 1/2
OMAHA	
CATTLE—Best Steers	35 1/2
Texas Steers	32 1/2
HOGS—Fancy	25 1/2
Butchers	25 1/2
Native	25 1/2
Sheep—Native	25 1/2

Old Man Hornbeck's Conversion

BY C. E. G. PEABODY

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It was in the spring of the year, and the wild flowers were running riot over the meadows as only the wild flowers of California can when once coaxed out by the warm spring rains. The wash, usually nothing but a sinuous streak of gleaming sand and rocky boulders, was now raised, by the melting snows in the mountains, to the dignity of a turbid river. Hobbling along the road like a gigantic grasshopper with the rheumatism came Seth Lane, a moving blot upon a peaceful landscape.

"Bin walkin' in the mud," said old Seth as, mud-encased, he paused before Welch and apologetically mopped his leathery face with a piece of flour sacking which, owing to the old man's rigid sense of economy, did duty for a handkerchief.

"So I see," said Welch, severely. "It would seem to me that an old man like—"

"Bin biddin' old man Hornbeck good-by," interrupted Lane, blandly. "He's bin livin' down there by the bend near the wash."

"On the claylands?" asked Welch, absently.

"Yes, on them claylands," chuckled the old man. "He kin up here about four months ago from the Downey country, where he had been raisin' hogs an' alfalfa, an' doin' well, too. But he thought he wasn't makin' money fast enough, so he kin up here in the citrus belt, where he could git rich in a hurry. I rather liked Hornbeck when he first kin here, 'cause he was so straightforward an' honest. Why, he is the only man I ever trusted in my life to buy my terbacker! There kin a time, however, when I had my faith somewhat shattered in him. But here I am tryin' to hush my pun'kins when I ain't even planted the seed yet; so I'll git back where the trail starts, an' commence right!"

"You see, Hornbeck, he kin up here lookin' for an orange ranch an' Newby got hold of him. An' when Newby git hold of a man you kin bet that somebody is gittin' experience an' that it ain't Newby. When that man Newby comes around me walkin' on his toes like a cat, an' smellin' of hair oil an' cosmetics, I always feel like holdin' my nose an' yellin' 'polecat!' He was an undertaker before the boom struck the country, an' then he went into the real estate business, jes' like everybody else did. But like everybody else he didn't git ashamed of it an' quit when the boom busted, but hung on like the toothache when you are 40 miles from a jawsmith! An' when the life church, that you kin see down there by them blue gums, got so poor that they couldn't afford to hire a preacher, Newby volunteered to fill the pulpit for what he could find on the plate. That wasn't much, but it gave him a certain genteel standin', an' that was what he was after."

"Well, Newby nosed out Hornbeck just like a dog does a rat, an' the next thing I heard was that he had sold Hornbeck, his ten-acre ranch down near the wash for \$5,000, which was highway robbery. Hornbeck hadn't been here long before he commenced to look thoughtful, as if he was doin' a heap of thinkin', an' I saw right away that he had something on his mind. I had a pretty good idea what it was, too, for he wasn't the first man to see a great light in this settlement."

"Seth," said he one day to me, "is that man Newby honest?"

"Well," said I, "I saw Newby's grandmother yesterday an' she still had her false teeth! But then she knew Newby before she had any use for false teeth, an' I suppose she knows enough now to keep her mouth shut when Newby is around. If it wasn't for that, I'm bettin' that Newby would have them teeth!"

"I asked him," said Hornbeck, with chin indignation, "if them orange trees was all paves! an' he said they was."

"So they be," said I, with a chuckle, "but did Newby say anything about them bein' Australian trimmed in to look like the Washington navel?"

"An' I asked him if the water right was a good one!" shouted Hornbeck, "an' he said that it was just as good a right as my neighbor had, and that he raised ducks!"

"So he does," said I, "but did Newby say anything about them ducks bein' Pekins, what git along better with water?"

"Seth," said he, kinder solemn-like, "all the money that I have is in this ranch, an' I can't afford to lose it."

"But I can't do that," said he, "I never beat a man in my life, an' I'm too old to commence now."

"Well, about two weeks later I saw Hornbeck again, an' he drew me aside an' said:

"I've bin thinkin' the matter over, Seth, an' I've about come to the conclusion that I have been denyin' myself the consolation of religion in my old age."

"Well, I laughed, an' laughed, an' laughed, an' then I commenced an' laughed all over again, for Hornbeck had a reputation for free thinkin' that had followed him and extended over three counties."

"What's the joke?" said I, thinkin' that the real laugh was yet to come."

"There ain't no joke," said he, "as solemn as an owl. I've seen the error of my ways, an' henceforth I walk the straight and narrow way."

"Well," said I, "if you hold on to that ranch you will need all the religion you can git!"

"Well, sir, in spite of what he said to prepare me for what he knew would be an awful shock, you could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard that he had been to church. You never saw such a change come over a man in your life as came over Hornbeck when he got religion. Before that he would laugh an' joke an' tell a funny story with the best of us. But now he went around with his mouth droopin' down like a rainy moon, an' he had a way of lookin' at you an' shakin' his head an' groanin', an' then walkin' on, that made you feel like askin' who was dead. Next to Newby he was the biggest walkin' tombstone around here, an' I saw that Newby was gittin' a little nervous for fear that Hornbeck was after his job."

"Well, one Sunday I was comin' along the road, havin' bin huntin', when I met Hornbeck an' Newby on their way home from church."

"Seth," said Hornbeck, "we are about to feed the inner man after a feast of the soul down at the church under the beautiful guidance of Brother Newby. Will you line us, an' while we eat chicken listen to the beautiful thoughts that flow so gently from the lips of our dear friend an' brother?"

"Well, that word chicken caught me, an' I went along. Mrs. Hornbeck has a reputation for cookin', an' I knew I would be taken care of, besides I saw that Newby didn't want me along, so I went just to spite him. Well, sir, Hornbeck was very quiet during the meal, and looked as if he had something on his mind that was worryin' him. When the meal was over he turned to Newby, and said:

"Brother, I have had a terrible weight upon my soul ever since I joined the church an' saw the blessed light, an' I fear for the welfare of a dear friend of mine. I know he means all right now, no matter what his intentions may have been in the past; but he is in doubt how to make the proper retribution. Some time ago this man discovered gold on the land of another. Now, instead of makin' his discovery known to the owner, he concealed the fact an' bought the land for what it was worth for farmin' purposes."

"I saw Newby set up with a sudden start an' turn kinder green an' white around his gills. But I didn't know at that time that Hornbeck had dropped a gold nugget on the plate that mornin' at church."

"Was it wrong for him to secure this land with the secret knowledge that he possessed?" asked Hornbeck, leanin' forward an' lookin' at Newby anxiously.

"Wrong?" gasped Newby, holdin' up his hands in horror, "why he will be lost forever unless he allows the poor man he robbed at least a portion of his ill-gotten gains!"

"I'm in doubt, in doubt!" said Hornbeck, with a groan.

"He's lost if he doesn't!" exclaimed Newby.

"He's a dern fool if he does," said I.

"Well, sir, for more'n four weeks every time that Newby would send the plate around Hornbeck would groan an' drop a gold nugget on it. An' every time that he done it Newby would twist and squirm an' try to look pleasant, but he made a mighty poor job of it. I'm hanged if I didn't git in the habit of goin' to church every Sunday just to see Newby squirm."

"Well, I saw the whole thing then, just as plain as day. Hornbeck had discovered gold on the Newby ranch before he bought it. It didn't surprise me much, for it lays up agin the mountains, an' I've always said that they would find gold around there somewhere. But what tickled me was the fact that Hornbeck was cute enough to keep it still an' git Newby to let the place go under the impression that he was sellin' it to a sucker. Well, sir, when I really grasped the situation I laughed till I thought I would bust! An' every time I saw Newby I would hold my sides an' laugh agin. An' then Newby would shake his head an' groan, an' then pass on like a man goin' to his own funeral. But what worried me was Hornbeck gittin' religion, for when a man gits religion as bad as Hornbeck did there is no tellin' where he is goin' to break out at. I saw that Newby's game was to work upon Hornbeck until he made him think that it was his duty to give the ranch back, an' I couldn't see no way of headin' him off, for every time that I tried to speak to Hornbeck about it, and tell him not to make a fool of himself, he would commence groanin' an' keep it up till I left him in disgust."

"Well, sir, the way that Newby went at Hornbeck was beautiful to see. He preached a series of powerful sermons on 'The Curse of Wealth,' 'Legal Dishonesty,' an' 'Moral Theft,' an' every one of them was aimed straight at Hornbeck, with such tact an' wisdom

around on his seat. An' never once did he miss droppin' a gold nugget on the plate, an' once when the sermon was extra powerful I saw him drop two.

"Well, yesterday Hornbeck looked me up an' asked me to come up an' take dinner with him. Newby would be there, he said."

"All right," said I, "I'll come to oblige you; besides, it would be a shame if you had to throw away any of that chicken!"

"Well, sir, what I saw an' heard there nearly took away my appetite for chicken. We hadn't got more'n fairly started before Newby commenced to worry Hornbeck by insistin' that his mansion in the skies had a mortgage on it, an' that it would be just as well to lift it before he moved in. I set right across from Newby, an' I managed to git in one good kick on his shins, but he kept them out of the way after that, an' I had to set there an' eat chicken, powerless to help myself. Well, finally Hornbeck broke down an' commenced sobbin' like a child, while I felt like wringin' that miserable Newby's neck. I made up my mind that I would do it too, just as soon as the chicken was all gone!"

"Oh, brother, brother," sobbed Hornbeck, "if I hadn't found it! If I hadn't found it! If I could only git down to the Downey country an' spend the rest of my life workin' among them poor lost souls down there, I might be almost happy an' forget the dark, dark page of my life! Oh, if I hadn't found it! If I hadn't found it!"

"Well, now that you have found it," said I, in disgust, "you had better hang on to it."

"Why don't you go down to the Downey country an' carry the light to the poor lost souls?" asked Newby, watchin' Hornbeck as a dog does a rat.

"I can't," he groaned. "This ranch hangs like a millstone around my neck! If I was only free I would gladly go."

"Brother," said Newby, as if struck by a sudden thought, "why not sell the ranch? I would buy it myself if I thought it would further the blessed cause of religion!"

"Brother," sobbed Hornbeck, seizin' hold of Newby's hand an' wringin' it, "if you would it would make me the happiest man on the face of the earth! I feel it in my heart that it should belong to you of all persons!"

"About the price, brother?" asked Newby, with a purr of satisfaction.

"Well," said Hornbeck, with a deep sigh, "I gave you \$5,000 for it, you know, an' I have made some improvements. Say \$5,500, an' I will be free to move to the Downey country an' save souls."

"See here, Hornbeck," I began, when Newby cut me short.

"You're a man of sin!" said he, plausibly.

"I'll give you \$5,000, Hornbeck!" I shouted.

"Seth," said he, earnestly, "I would prefer to have this ranch pass into the hands of a godly man. If you would give the church, an'—"

"I'll give you—"

"Draw up the papers, brother," said he, turnin' sadly to Newby, "the tempter is abroad an' I may fall!"

"Well, sir, I'm derved if that miserable Newby didn't have a deed all ready drawn with the exception of the price! I grabbed my hat an' was leavin' in disgust when Hornbeck asked me to remain an' take his acknowledgment. I'm a justice of the peace, you know. I refused at first, but he said he would give me a dollar if I would, an' as I knew that it would be my only chance to git any of the derved fool's money I consented."

"For the last time, Hornbeck," said I, "as I took up the pen, 'I'll give you—"

"You're a man of sin!" groaned Newby.

"Turn from thy evil ways!" cried the blessed light!" groaned Hornbeck, in turn.

"That settled it! I took the dern addle-pated idiot's acknowledgement, an' fed."

"Well, this mornin' I went up to bid him good-by an' collect the dollar that he owed me. I wasn't any too soon, for Hornbeck, with all his household goods loaded on a lumber wagon, was just turnin' on the main road on his way for Downey."

"Seth," said he, as we shook hands, "give the church! There's more in it than you have any idea of. 'Giddap!'"

"No, thank you," said I, "I've seen too many horrible examples to do likewise!"

"Just then Newby come runnin' up, all out of breath."

"Brother Hornbeck! Brother Hornbeck!" he cried in his thin, squaky voice.

"Whoa!" said Hornbeck, pullin' in his horses; and then seein' who it was, he said:

"Good-by, brother, put thy faith in the Lord an' be happy! 'Giddap!'"

"But, Brother Hornbeck! Brother Hornbeck!" cried Newby, runnin' alongside of the wagon, "what was it—that is—you know—what was it you found?"

"Found that I had been beat, you miserable scoundrel!" roared Hornbeck. "Giddap!"

"Well, sir, when it dawned upon me that Hornbeck had been simply workin' Newby to unload the ranch upon him, I fell right down in the middle of the road an' rolled an' laughed, an' laughed an' rolled. That's how I kin be so steady. An' while it ain't for me to criticize, an' bein' a church member in regular standin', it did seem to me that Newby, when he stood there in the middle of the road shakin' his hat at the newspaper's Hornbeck, used language that was not becoming for a man who is supposed to administer to the spiritual welfare of the people in this here settlement."

TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Former Society Belle in Limelight Again



NEW YORK.—Mrs. Jack Wilmerding, great-granddaughter of old Commodore Vanderbilt, whose brief life has been crowded full of sensations and startling chapters, has leaped into the limelight again by having "Jimmy" Coates, who says she is his wife according to the English common law, arrested and arraigned in the Harlem police court on a charge of ill-treatment. Coates is a large, blonde man, heavily mustached and nattily dressed, 36 years old, and has a thick English accent.

Coates declares that he is the legal husband of Mrs. Jack, that they were married in England, and that he has reformed her, so that she no longer drinks champagne or smokes cigarettes. Before her marriage to Jack Wilmerding, the young woman, daughter of the late Col. Vanderbilt Allen, was rich and a dashing society favorite.

Jay Gould Has Aeronautic Ambitions



JAY GOULD, grandson of the Jay Gould who knew all about financial ballooning, has announced himself as an enthusiastic student of aeronautics, and within a few days will purchase an aeroplane of the most practical kind that can be obtained. Young Gould, after gaining a world championship at court tennis, is seeking other worlds to conquer.

"Although I am but a recent convert to the study of aeronautics," said Mr. Gould at the meeting of the recently formed Columbia University Aero club in Faculty hall, "I never experienced such an enthusiasm for any thing in my life. Tennis is nothing in comparison. The more I hear about the fight to conquer the air, the more I want to take part in the conquering of it. I shall spare no effort to accomplish my desire."

"I intend to purchase an aeroplane of the most practical kind as soon as I

Even then, however, her gay stunts attracted attention, and after her marriage she went the pace at a faster clip than swiftness had seen in its own circle. The climax came when she was sent to an insane asylum.

While in that institution her fortune was lost through mismanagement. She sought her release, declaring that she had never been insane, but had been confined through the machinations of a lawyer so that somebody else could get control of her money. Given another examination she was declared sane and released.

At the time she was sent to the asylum, Mrs. Wilmerding was close to collapse. When she was released she was in excellent physical condition, all her old beauty and grace having returned. Practically moneyless, she went on the stage in vaudeville. There was an effort to bring about a reconciliation with her husband, but when the lure of the wine glass and the old galeity drew her again the estrangement with her husband was made permanent. She was again placed in an asylum and again released when she appealed to the state authorities. Then she went to Europe, and has been less in the public eye or on the public tongue since her return.

have decided what is best. I shall run it myself and I shall continue my studies in aeronautics."

Young Gould is a member of the Columbia University Aero club, organized recently as a result of the faculty incorporating a course in aeronautics in the college curriculum. It was not suspected that Gould, who will graduate in 1911, had taken any more than a passing interest in balloons or airships. When he signed for the new aeronautic course and joined the club it was supposed that the novelty more than anything else had inspired his action.

After all the big guns of the club had talked at length, Gould was called upon, it being known that he had prepared a sort of a thesis. Most of the fifty or more present settled down to listen to a humdrum dissertation. To the surprise of everyone the paper was interesting, learned, yet comprehensive almost from the first sentence. He talked about balloons and the density and displacement of bodies in the air, as well as the accomplishments of the Wright brothers, in as familiar a way as did his grandfather 40 years ago of gold when prices went soaring and set Wall street in a panic.

Wealthiest Spinster in America Dead



MISS MARY GOODWIN PINKNEY, who died at the Hotel Buckingham recently, had spanned the better part of a century, most of the time here in New York, and had taken care of a high living family on the proceeds of a \$40,000 loan made to her stepfather in 1843.

The published death notice said she died in her ninety-ninth year. One of her old associates thought that she was about 38 when she made her famous loan to her stepfather, and in return came into possession of "half of Harlem," or, in other words, the ancient farm of John DeLancey, which her stepfather had bought in 1826 for \$62,500.

Most of her life she had spent in the old DeLancey homestead at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, and she left it for her winter quarters in the Buckingham only a fortnight before her death.

Miss Pinkney had been often written of as the wealthiest spinster in the United States and as one of the half-dozen richest women of the country. Her mail for years had been filled with letters asking help and originating in every part of the land. Her charities, however, she kept quiet. Her wealth has been guessed at all the way from \$10,000,000 to \$50,000,000. Her father, Col. Pinkney of the eastern shore of Maryland, was an officer

in the United States army from 1799 until his death in 1825. In her girlhood she and her mother, Mary Goodwin, were quartered with him at one time at Fort Niagara.

After her father's death her mother married Archibald Watt of this city, who speculated in "uptown" real estate. He was engaged with associates in a project to build a canal from the Hudson to the East river. He was driven to the wall through business depressions in the '30s and stood to lose everything, when Mary Pinkney came to his rescue by offering him, in conjunction with her sisters, who died soon afterward, the \$40,000 legacy from their father for all his real estate.

The family continued to live in the DeLancey homestead, the colonial house still standing on the block bounded by One Hundred and Thirty-ninth and One Hundred and Fortieth streets and Seventh and Lenox avenues. There Miss Pinkney had made her home ever since.

The grounds occupy a whole block, and up to last summer all the vegetables which her household required had been raised on the remnant of the old farm—probably the most expensive garden property in the world.

From her mother's marriage with Watt there was one son, Thomas Watt. He married Julia Elizabeth Hawks, a southern girl resident in New York and a daughter of Bishop Hawks. Four children resulted from this union.

From the time of the transfer of his property by the elder Archibald Watt Miss Pinkney provided for the entire Watt family, giving them at times whole city blocks.

Pie Habit Clings to J. Pierpont Morgan



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S "eat lightly" advice has opened the eyes of the public on what the big men in finance consume in the way of lunch. The fact that delicacies of the season, spread with French sauces, are not served to the down-town millionaire at noon came as a shock to some.

ers diet of the Standard Oil ruler. Mr. Morgan likes plain but substantial things.

He has a private dining room fitted up in his banking house at Broad and Wall streets, and he goes there with his partners at one o'clock each afternoon. They sit around a small table and during the meal discuss the event of the day. In this way no time is wasted from business and the digestions of the firm's members are materially assisted.

Mr. Morgan frequently takes a small cup of bouillon first, then a chop or piece of steak, and always a piece of pie. The pie habit he acquired from his New England ancestors. To finish with, he takes either a cup of tea or coffee and a long, black cigar. This lunch satisfies the world's greatest banker.

CARNEGIE HAS FUN WITH COMMITTEE

HE JOKES, TELLS STORIES AND AVOIDS ALL FACTS AND FIGURES.

Alles "Stand Patters"—Laird of Skibo Says Steel Industry No Longer Needs Protection—Makes His Questioners Uncomfortable.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Andrew Carnegie, famous for the millions he made in the steel business and for his views on economic questions, made a most entertaining if not instructive witness before the house ways and means committee Monday in connection with the proposed revision of the tariff.

An article on the tariff, especially in regard to the steel schedule, written by Mr. Carnegie recently appeared in a monthly magazine. Owing to the statements made in that article, it became the basis for the questions asked by the members of the committee when the hearings on the steel schedule were held.

Jokes But Avoids Figures. Although he was on the stand for nearly eight hours, Mr. Carnegie laughed and joked good-naturedly throughout. He exasperated several of the "stand patters" with his epigrammatic replies, praised the genius of Charles M. Schwab, urged the committee to accept the testimony of Judge E. H. Gary as conclusive, and told several funny stories. He avoided figures, however, to such an extent that it is doubtful if the tariff framers are any more enlightened on the steel question than they were before Mr. Carnegie was sworn in by Chairman Payne.

Mr. Carnegie's principal contention was that the steel industry needs no more protection, that it has reached a point in its development where the American manufacturer can compete with the world under free trade conditions. While he claimed that the cost of labor and production of steel are less in this country than in the other countries producing steel, Mr. Carnegie gave no figures to support his contentions.

Wants Them to Take Gary's Word. He said that Judge Gary told the committee that the United States Steel Corporation can get along without a tariff on its products, and that should be sufficient evidence for the committee to take off the duty on steel and iron.

Mr. Carnegie's testimony was most unique and interesting and he frequently caused peals of laughter in the crowded room, the joke often being at the expense of the chairman or some other member of the committee. He declared emphatically against combinations, or "trusts," and said that he had nothing to do with the sale of the Carnegie Steel Company to the United States Steel Corporation. He characterized the "stock gambler" as being the worst citizen a country could have and said that he never had one associated with him in business.

Wanted to Question Questioners.

Mr. Carnegie evidently enjoyed the cross-fire of questions put to him by both Republican and Democratic members of the committee, but frequently expressed the regret that he could not cross-examine the members of the committee. He seemed to devote his efforts to making Chairman Payne and Messrs. Dalzell and Fordney of Michigan uncomfortable. He called Mr. Dalzell "John," and either gave evasive replies to his questions or dealt with him in such a manner as to turn an evidently serious discussion into a humorous one. The member from Pennsylvania soon subsided into silence. Mr. Fordney, after having asked Mr. Carnegie many hypothetical questions, gave a somewhat elaborate account of his views on protection and then asked the smiling Scotchman: "What do you think of my opinions on this point?"

"I think you are entitled to hold them," was the quick rejoinder, while the spectators joined the rest of the committee in a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. Fordney.

HEIRS TO \$80,000,000 ESTATE.

Two St. Louis Brothers Informed of a Vast Windfall.

St. Louis, Dec. 21.—Arizona Lyle, a St. Louis carpenter, and his brother, William A. Lyle, a railway clerk, have been informed that they are part heirs to an estate in the heart of Wilmington, Del., worth \$80,000,000.

The estate was originally owned by a German baron named Christopher Springer, who came to America nearly a century ago. He leased the property to various persons and died without leaving a will. A sister of the baron was the grandmother of the Lyle brothers. The leases expired last January. Arizona Lyle is 40 years old and has a wife and three children. His brother is 38 years old. Mrs. George M. McCollum, who runs a candy store in Altoona, Ill., is also said to be an heir to the estate.

Killed by Her Own Automobile. Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 21.—Believed with a sinking spell while driving an electric automobile Monday, Mrs. Clara Courtwright, aged 60 years, fell from the machine and was killed. When she fell the sliding lever of the machine was swung in such a manner as to cause the machine to strike the street twice, the wheels passing over her body both times and causing internal injuries from which she died an hour later.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY
F. W. SAMSEN.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$2.50 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.50.
Cards of Thanks, 50 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1906.

What Christmas Means.

Christmas is far other and more than a vision, a poetic rendering of the facts of life; it is an event set deep not only in the history of men but in their faith, their worship and their way of life. They have never risen to its level; they have never, by united effort, given its spirit the tremendous effectiveness of concerted action; but even in their infirmity of intention and their feebleness of practice, Christmas has given their life on earth a diviner meaning and a kindlier habit. It has enormously increased the value of that life; it is increasingly enriching the spiritual content of the thought of life in the minds of men; it is giving it a sweeter savor, a softer grace, a warmer atmosphere as men more and more interpret life in the light which streams from Bethlehem.—Hamilton Wright Mabie in the Circle Magazine.

State Quarantine Lifted.

Secretary Wilson Tuesday morning gave orders for releasing most of the state of Michigan in a modified way from the foot and mouth disease quarantine. Interstate shipments of fodder and fat cattle—that is cattle for immediate slaughter—may be resumed from all but five counties, provided the state authorities of Michigan agree to see to it that the quarantine is rigidly maintained as against the excepted counties. Also provided that the authorities of states to which shipments are to be made will authorize the business.

The five counties to be kept under the quarantine are Macomb, Oakland, Wayne, Washtenaw and Monroe. Infection has been found in only two of these, but the secretary desires to maintain a fringe of quarantined territory about these two, as a measure of safety, and also it is said because he has not yet been able to trace all the shipments from the Parke, Davis & Co. In Michigan so far 242 cattle, 23 hogs, nine sheep and three goats have been killed on nine different farms.

Impaired His Health.

City Attorney J. W. Dwyer of Ann Arbor, is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Thomas Ellis of New Haven, Mich., giving details of the illness of her husband, Motorman Ellis, who was to have been tried for manslaughter at the December term of court, for causing the death of Motorman Robinson of Plymouth. Mr. Ellis' health has been failing all summer, she says. He has been suffering with the blues and melancholy and was liable to begin weeping at almost anytime. On election day he became violently insane, and since then he has had to be watched night and day. Three doctors say that the trouble was caused by the crash of the collision and that he bore up under the strain until his nerves gave way. Papers were made out by the judge of probate to send him to Pontiac but there seemed to be a slight change in his condition and he will be left at home while the doctors see if something can be done for him. It is certain that he cannot be tried this term, and it is just possible that the case will never come to trial.—Ypsilantian.

Think This Over.

Frank Lovell Nelson has written many Master Mind stories. They have attained world-wide fame. He has often been requested to dig up more and he has done so with the result that the high water mark is reached in a feature article: Carleton Clarke's Zinc Case, which will appear in the next issue of this paper. It's the best ever produced in the Master Mind line of stories. It's for you. We want you to read it and enjoy it. Its strong point is a telepathic and hypnotic battle. Then, too, there is opium smuggling, the great white plague, the union of two young lovers and the uncrowning of a king among criminals. It's worth your while. It is appropriately illustrated. You'll like it.

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard 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 Bec. Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 50 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 and Dr. Trial bottle free.

CHURCH NEWS.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Rev. G. D. Ehnes, Pastor.
There will be services in the German church (Friday) Christmas afternoon and also Sunday evening at the usual hour.

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

UNIVERSALIST.
Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
Services as usual at 10:00 A. M. next Sunday. Sermon by the pastor upon the subject, "The Eleventh Commandment." Sunday-school at 11:15 A. M. At 7:00 P. M. the pastor will lecture upon the subject, "Sentiment versus Sense."

BAPTIST.
Rev. C. T. Jack, Pastor.
The usual services next Lord's day. Morning sermon 10:30. Sunday-school 11:45. B. Y. P. U., 6:00. Leader, Lucy Lapham. Song service 7:00 to 7:15, followed by evening sermon. Mid-week prayer and praise service Wednesday night 7:30. Covenant meeting Wednesday night in connection with prayer meeting.

METHODIST.
Rev. E. King, Pastor.
Next Sunday morning's service will be especially appropriate for the reception of members at that time. Service at the usual time 10 a. m. Special music. Sunday school at 11:30. Epworth League service at 6 p. m. led by F. Spicer. Evening preaching and song service at 7 o'clock. The usual enjoyable song service will precede the sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Things Untold." Strangers are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:30, Morning worship—New Year's sermon by the pastor, entitled "Passing." 11:15, Sunday-school, 6:00, Young People's meeting. 7:00, Evening gospel service, with a New Year's Meditation by the pastor on "Taking Inventory."—You are most cordially invited to all these services, also to the prayer service on Old Year's Night, beginning at 7 o'clock. Subject, "Nineteen Eight and Nineteen Nine."

The annual meeting of the church and congregation will be held Monday evening, Jan. 1, 1909. Every member, contributor, adherent and friend of the church is most cordially invited. Besides the usual reports, election of officers and other routine business, there will be refreshments and speeches. The meeting will open at 7 o'clock.

W. C. T. U.

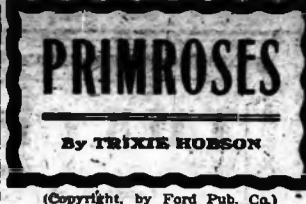
Our next meeting will be held next week Thursday, Jan. 31. The leaders of the meeting are Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Beals. Some time will be given to special devotional exercises, which will be followed by a roll call, and those present will respond by giving their chief experience for 1908 or some quotation of Scripture. There will be reports of officers and crusade memories. This is the last meeting of the year and should be largely attended.

According to press dispatches, President-elect Taft turned his wine glass down at a dinner given in his honor November 27, and in a response to a query concerning his action, is quoted as saying, "Yes, and it is going to stay turned down. I am not going to drink anything again, ever."

The New York World telegraphed the statement to Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National W. C. T. U. President, with a request for an expression of her opinion in the matter. Mrs. Stevens replied as follows: "For Mr. Taft to set the example of total abstinence is cause for great rejoicing by those who care for humanity's weal. It is an example safe and beneficent for all to follow. It will influence multitudes to become abstainers, and thus their own lives and the lives of their families will be blessed. Mr. Taft is entitled to grateful appreciation, and the thanks of a thrice grateful nation, which nation we believe within the next decade will outlaw the sale of that which is unfit to drink.—Supt. Press.

An active campaign against the manufacture and sale of adulterated buckwheat flour has been commenced by the state dairy and food commission and already the conviction of a company has been secured. Two or three other cases are in the hands of the dairy and food commission, and prosecutions are liable to follow the findings of the state analysis. "We have started in earnest to prosecute the manufacture and sale of adulterated buckwheat flour," said State Analyst Robinson. "This is the best time of the year to begin such a campaign, because now the buckwheat is being brought into the mills and the mixing of it is being carried on."

Some men manage tender sympathetic women with about as much tact as a hen would use if she got up on a high perch to lay an egg.



He Deftly Unpinned the Flowers.

PRIMROSES
By TRIXIE HOBSON
(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)
"I wonder if it's real, or only a take-in," remarked Stephen Ellis as, glancing at the Morning Lyre, his eye caught the following advertisement: "Long Absent Lover.—So, glad to hear from you again. Meet me Sunday, Victoria station, 11:30. I will wear a bunch of primroses, that you may know me. Do the same.—Adorable One."
"What do you think, Toodles?" addressing his fox-terrier, evidently more interested in watching the piece of toast between his master's fingers than bothering about a stupid advertisement.
"I tell you what, Toodles, I've a good mind to go and see whether 'Long Absent Lover' and 'Adorable One' will really meet, or whether it's only a dodge to sell the paper." Toodles for answer made a bound upward and managed to lick the piece of toast, thereby making it impossible for his master to eat it.
Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny, and Norma Severing sang gaily to herself as she almost danced (she never walked) toward Victoria station.
"I wonder," she soliloquized, "whether Aunt Caroline will come by this train; she never told me the exact time, but only that she'd come in the morning. Anyway, this is the only



He Deftly Unpinned the Flowers.

morning train that comes direct." "Oh!" she exclaimed, as she neared the station, at the door of which a woman sold flowers. "What adorable primroses! I must have a bunch." She bought a few and pinned them in her coat and walked blithely on to the platform.
As there was some time before the train was due, she sat down on a seat and proceeded to read a paper, and as at that moment Stephen passed by with Toodles at his heels, she noticed that he wore a bunch of primroses.
"I wonder who he is going to meet," thought Norma. "He has got rather a nice face, and what a dear little dog. How funny that he should be wearing primroses—and, oh! it's just at this time that those people in the Lyre, 'Long Absent Lover' and 'Adorable One' were to meet! Suppose he should be 'Long Absent Lover'! What fun, I shall see the meeting."

Stephen took a seat lower down the platform, where he could watch Norma. "She has turned up, anyway, and is waiting for him. 'Adorable One,' the name suits her, for I never saw a lovelier face. Her eyes are glorious. Lucky beggar, 'Long Absent Lover!'"
A quarter of an hour went by, and still no sign of "Long Absent Lover," and Stephen, conscious of his primroses and noticing Norma's interested glances in his direction, said to Toodles: "I do believe she thinks I'm 'Long Absent Lover'! By Jove! Why shouldn't I pretend that I am? I'm dying to know her, and it would be a good way to begin the acquaintance."

"Poor man," thought Norma, pretending to read, regardless of the fact that the paper was upside down; "she hasn't come yet; it's too bad of 'Adorable One!'"
At that moment the train steamed in and Norma jumped up to search among the passengers for her aunt. The crowd gradually diminished and the train moved on, but Aunt Caroline did not appear.
"What a nuisance," said Norma, almost aloud. "She'll have to come on

JOHN D. MABLEY,
Men's, Boys', Children's Clothing
Hats and Furnishings,
Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.
Mail Orders Given Special Attention.
SAMPLES ON REQUEST.
Detroit 184 Woodward 186 Detroit

Christmas is Over
But we still have a nice assortment of Articles in the Furniture Line that are very acceptable as
New Year's Gifts,
and on which Prices have been materially reduced. Come and see what we have.
SCHRADER BROS.
Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors. Both Phones, Night or Day

alone now, for I won't meet any more trains to-day."
She walked slowly down the platform, when a voice made her turn, to see Stephen, smiling and lifting his hat.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I did not know you at first, but it is so long since we met, and I have only just caught sight of your primroses."
Understanding flashed upon Norma, lapulave as she was; with a passion for fun and adventure, she made up her mind to act the part of the girl for whom she was mistaken, so she smiled entrancingly at Stephen. "I guessed you did not know me. I have altered a good deal," she said.

"Naturally," remarked Stephen, who had not the faintest notion of "Adorable One's" history and was much afraid of making blunders.
"Don't you think we ought to take off our primroses now?" said Norma. "People may suspect who we are."
"Yes, of course. Allow me," as the girl fumbled at her brooch, then as he deftly unpinned the flowers: "May I keep them?"
"Oh, yes," said Norma, bent on acting her part thoroughly, and Stephen longed to be in reality the man whose place he was taking.

"Of course you will lunch with me," Stephen said, as they walked out of the station yard; but Norma was beginning to wish she had not carried the joke so far, and beginning to dread the consequences when he found out her deception.
"Oh, no," she began, trying to think of some excuse, and lowering her long lashes; when she found his eyes fixed on her face with undiminished admiration. "I cannot come with you," she repeated vaguely.

"Why not, dear 'Adorable One'?" cried Stephen.
"Oh, I must explain, you do not understand; I am not 'Adorable One' at all and only pretended to be because I could not resist the fun of keeping up the delusion when you mistook me for her. What must you think of me?"
She waited, trembling to hear the effect of her words, expecting disappointment, anger, even scorn; but to her amazement Stephen burst into peals of laughter.

"I thought you'd be furiously angry," cried Norma with astonishment.
"Well of all the idiotic coincidences," laughed Stephen. "I'm going to confess now I'm not 'Long Absent Lover,' but saw you, as I supposed, waiting for him, so I thought I would pretend to be that person, and spoke to you. It was all the fault of those primroses. I know you're angry. But isn't it ridiculous?" he concluded, going off into another fit of merriment.
"I can't very well be angry," answered Norma, "because I've done the very same thing as you. I do very silly things sometimes, and often regret them."
"I don't regret this one, because if I had not done a 'very silly thing' I should not have been talking to you at this moment. You don't do yours"

said Stephen persuasively, glancing under her hat-brim.
And then they both laughed.
"I must take a cab home, I'm fearfully late as it is," she said, rising to go.

Stephen hailed a cab, and Norma turned for a moment to say "Good-by."
"Good-by, 'Adorable One,'" said Stephen. "I hope we shall meet again soon. This has been the handsomest morning I ever spent in my life."

A year later, at Norma's wedding, one guest remarked to another: "Yes, are not they a good-looking couple? But why are they both wearing primroses?"
"I don't know," was the reply; "ask Norma."
But Norma never told.

Justifiable.
Ezra—I heard Si Plummer got a verdict of justified homicide for killing the summer boarder last August, an everybody sayin' it was such a cold-blooded crime, too.
Rufus—Wal, that was some new evidence at the trial. Fust, Si's wife told how, when the feller come, he sees a patch on Si's trousers an' sez: "I see you got a stitch in your side." Then Si's little gal got up an' evidenced, how the feller foiled Si out to the yard when they was washin' the milk cans an' yells: "Don't you know honesty's the best policy?" Finally, the hired man swore how, on the day of the murder, after he an' Si had pitched hay from 5 a. m. to 4 p. m., with the temperature like Haydays in the shade an' New York in the sun, they hears a hyena-like laff behind, and lookin' up, sees the feller under a tree, with a straw hat, an' his flannel trousers rolled up nice an' cool, with a refreshin' bottle in his hand, an' he chirpin': "Go it, kube. Make hay while the sun shines!"—Puck.

Occupation for the Blind.
A successful blind masseuse was employed at a well-known hydropathic establishment in Matlock, England, a few years ago. Recently there was a blind teacher at the Hampstead General hospital for all massage cases. This blind teacher, then a resident of Hampstead, obtained his training through the interest of a woman guardian and his first cases were at the Hampstead hospital. The blind man, walking alone into the hospital and up to the wards with unerring directness, grew to be a familiar figure and his gentle, kindly personality made him a favorite with nurses and patients alike. An English doctor says that as massage depends for its success almost entirely upon manipulation and the sense of touch, it can be strongly recommended, as an employment for "the blind."
Ella—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.

BOUND THEY SHOULD HEAR IT.
Minister's Humorous Rebuke to Inattentive Congregation.

Dr. Smith Jelliffe, the alienist, was once talking about campaign oratory. "Blank," he said of a certain senator, "is such a thorough-going, painstaking, and withal tedious, campaign orator that whenever I hear him, I am reminded of an old-fashioned minister of my boyhood."
"This minister, one Sunday morning, spread before him on the reading desk a very thick packet of notes, and launched into a long, dry, heavy sermon."
"The reading of the sermon absorbed him. He did not once lift his eyes. On toward the end, however, happening to glance up, he perceived almost the entire congregation to be sound asleep."
"The minister frowned and passed. He struck the desk a resounding blow that awakened his parishioners. Then he said:
"My good friends, this sermon cost me a great deal of labor, and I do not think you have given it the attention it deserves. I shall, therefore, repeat it from the beginning."

Vulgarity of Quarrelling.
There must be a satisfaction in tearing human beings, for it is done so often. Nobody blames a wife for upholding her self-respect and resenting insult, but there is little sympathy for one who deliberately drives a man to deeds of rudeness and violence. Blasting and "hidulgence" in bad temper leave indelible marks on the face of a woman, on her voice and on her character. They shrivel up whatever sweetness nature has put into her position and make her unlovely, even in the eyes of those who feel in duty bound to give her affection. It is often hard to maintain silence under provocation, but there is always the open door of escape, you know. A quarrel does not thrive when fed from one side only, and what should be important to every woman with pretensions to refinement is the undisturbed vulgarity of bickering. Education and refinement are supposed to lift us so far above vulgarity that even the best of our skirts are unstained.—Exchange

Druggery in the Kitchen.
The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should wash and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor saving devices of all kinds, finally obviate the necessity of these things each day in our lives through the land. Co-operation, when we are slowly learning to make a friend, will overcome the obstacles and make the life of a woman as joyous and eventful as that of a man.—Nearing and Watson's Economics.

R. COOPER, M.D.C.M.
Physician & Surgeon.
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 11 to 12;
 after 7 P. M.
 Office at home, next to Christian Science Hall
 Bell Phone 36; Local 20.

DR. A. E. PATTERSON
 Office and residence, Main street,
 next to Express office.
 Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
 Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL
 Office and Residence, Ann Arbor St.,
 first house west of Main street.
 Hours—8 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.

Robinson's Livery
 Sutton Street
 Good Bigs at the best
 prices possible.
 All kinds of Draying
 done promptly
GOOD STABLING.
Harry C. Robinson

Penney's Livery!
DRAYING OF ALL KINDS
 Promptly done.
 A share of your trade solicited.
 When in need of a Rig ring up
 City Phone No. 9.

CZAR PENNEY
Detroit United Lines
 Effective Nov. 17, 1908.
EAST BOUND.
 For Detroit via Wayne 6:20 a. m. and every two
 hours to 9:20 p. m.; also 9:42 p. m. changing at
 Wayne. To Wayne only, 10:40 p. m.
WEST BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:04 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours
 to 9:40 p. m.; also 10:32 p. m. & 12:20 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:35 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barns), also 7:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 9:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m.
 changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:29 a. m. and every
 two hours to 8:29 p. m.; also 12:10 p. m. mid-
 night.
 Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and
 points west to Jackson.

A. F. KHERBKY,
Boot and Shoe Repairing
 Shop over Express Office.
 First class work and satisfaction guar-
 anteed.

LADY WANTED
 Honest industrious woman wanted to intro-
 duce our large line of fancy and staple goods,
 including, trimmings, etc., among friends,
 neighbors and townpeople. We also manu-
 facture a full line of perfumes and toilet ar-
 ticles, no season. Should be able to earn \$20 or
 more weekly. Dealing direct from the mills
 our prices are low and patterns exclusive. No
 money required. Write us for full particulars.
STANDARD DRESS GOODS CO.,
 Dept. K, Binghamton, N. Y.

"MERRY XMAS"
 Dairy Products will stand inspection
 when bought from the

CLOVERDALE DAIRY!
 Take it over with your friends and
 neighbors and find what they say re-
 garding these products.
 Phone 192-Red.
G. A. ALLEN

Probate Notice.
 STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss.
 At a session of the Probate court for said
 county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in
 the city of Detroit, on the fourteenth day of
 December, in the year one thousand nine hun-
 dred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge
 of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
 Joseph L. Hinton, deceased.
 John Nash, executor of the last will and tes-
 tament of said deceased, having rendered
 to the court his final administration account
 and therewith his petition praying that
 the same be approved and that the executor
 be discharged with the provisions of said last
 will in evidence. That the nineteenth day of
 December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at
 the court room, is appointed for examining
 and allowing said account and hearing said
 petition.
 It is further ordered, That a copy of this
 notice be published three successive weeks pre-
 viously to the time of hearing. In The Plymouth
 newspaper published and circulating in
 the county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DUFFEE,
 Judge of Probate.
 William W. Plaza, Deputy Register.

R-T-P-A-N-S Tablets
 Doctors find
 A good prescription
 For mankind
 The best is enough for usual occasions.
 The bottle (20 cents) contains a supply
 All druggists sell them.

MAIL LINERS

Local News

C. H. Rauch was in Carleton on bus-
 ness yesterday.

Eugene Campbell is home from Ann
 Arbor for Xmas.

Roy Lane and family will spend
 Xmas in Belleville.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Palmer
 Sunday night, a girl.

Mrs. Lizzie Larkins, the dressmaker,
 has removed to Detroit.

Miss Emma Stever will spend Friday
 and Saturday in Detroit.

Guy Rice of Yale visited friends in
 town the first of the week.

Ernest Gentz of Saginaw is spend-
 ing Xmas with his parents.

Miss Kate Passage of Stanton is
 home to spend the holidays.

The Mail wishes all its readers and
 friends "A Merry Christmas."

Fred Rowe of Chelsea visited his
 brother M. F. the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Armstrong and
 family will spend Xmas in Detroit.

Miss Mary T. Phillips of Ypsilanti
 visited at C. G. Draper's this week.

Don Safford of Grand Rapids is
 spending Christmas with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woodruff of
 Salem visited relatives here this week.

Miss Verne Rowley is spending
 Christmas at her home in Williamston.

Mrs. Phebe Spencer has returned
 from a two week's visit in Farmington.

Miss Laura Bell is home from De-
 troit sick with inflammatory rheuma-
 tism.

Chas. Wheelock and family expect
 to remove to Detroit about the first of
 March.

Miss Mabel Spicer of Kittanning,
 Penn., is at home for a two weeks' vaca-
 tion.

Chas. Shattuck is home from Taxton
 Ill., to spend the holidays with his
 family.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Caster are
 spending the day with their son in
 Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Allen are spend-
 ing Christmas in Detroit with Dr. Bur-
 gess and wife.

Mrs. Krental of North Lansing is
 spending a few days with her mother,
 Mrs. Hanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Beyer of Detroit
 visited his brother, O. F. Beyer and
 family, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lang and children
 left Thursday to spend Xmas with re-
 latives at Marshall.

Mrs. Edith Robinson will begin at-
 tendance at a business college in De-
 troit next Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Safford and three
 children of Detroit are spending a few
 days at R. C. Safford's.

Geo. Sage and sister, Mrs. Withee of
 Detroit, visited their brother Henry
 and family here Sunday.

Miss Etta Reichelt of Detroit is
 home spending the holidays with her
 sister, Mrs. Louis Reber.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ronald of Mar-
 lette are with their son Rev. Hugh
 Ronald for the holidays.

"Some people suspend their adver-
 tising during the dull season; that's
 what makes the dull season."

Miss Myrtle Yorton is clerking for
 C. G. Draper this week and Mrs.
 Monte Wood for J. R. Ranch.

H. A. Spicer and family will spend
 Christmas with his daughters, Mrs.
 Judson and Mrs. Wakely, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kinyon, of West
 Branch are visiting in town this week.
 Mr. Kinyon is the new sheriff-elect of
 Ogemaw county.

Chas. Mason of Pontiac and Miss
 Jennie Grainger, daughter of Dr. and
 Mrs. M. R. Grainger were married at
 the M. E. parsonage last evening at 8
 o'clock by Rev. E. King.

Northville Record:—W. B. Penfield
 arrived home Wednesday morning from
 Europe where he has been, for several
 months past in the interests of the
 Hamilton Air Rifle Co. of Plymouth.

A case of scarlet fever developed in
 the school on Monday. Imogene Smith
 coming down with it. As it was near
 the holiday vacation, the health officers
 and school board deemed it advisable
 to close the school at once.

His left hand catching in a saw
 Louie Evans, now of Flint, lost the
 middle finger and suffered the fracture
 of a bone and severe laceration of an-
 other finger Wednesday afternoon last
 week while at work in the W. F.
 Stewart factory.

The Tekonsha News says their little
 town has the largest matrimonial
 agency in the world. On Saturday, a
 week ago, the Tekonsha office received
 65 mailpouches full of sweet letters
 from people who wished to get "next"
 to a good proposition.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Butterfield left
 Plymouth last Saturday for Los An-
 geles, Cal., where they expect to make
 their home. They took with them
 little David Wilcox and will stop for
 a few days at Longmont, Col., to visit
 David's mother, Mrs. John Wilcox.

Miss Rose Hawthorne is spending
 Xmas at Redford.

Mrs. E. King is spending a few days
 with relatives in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shafer are spend-
 ing a few days in Detroit.

Mrs. Michael Smyth of Wayne spent
 Wednesday at Chas. Holloway's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gale entertain
 a large company of relatives today.

Gilbert Brown is home from Flint
 and Howard Brown from Detroit for
 Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson and
 Mr. and Mrs. I. Colvin are spending
 Xmas in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Shaw and D.
 D. Allen will spend the holiday with
 John T. Shaw of Detroit.

Mr. Papka and Mr. Brown of Green
 Bay, Wis., father and brother-in-law of
 Mrs. Frank Bae, are visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettingill, Mr.
 and Mrs. Brant Warner, Mr. and Mrs.
 W. T. Pettingill and Mrs. Ida Dunn
 are spending the day in Wayne.

The few days before Christmas have
 certainly been delightful from the
 weather standpoint. Judging from
 the many parcels carried away from
 the business places of the village, the
 merchants have had a good holiday
 trade, much larger than a year ago,
 when financial affairs were a little
 strained.

The K. P.'s have secured the rooms
 in the Coleman block, formerly oc-
 cupied by Mrs. Larkins, and will connect
 them with their castle hall. The new
 rooms will be nicely furnished, a bil-
 liard table, card and reading tables
 provided and in every way made as
 pleasant as possible for the enjoyment
 of the members. The order is grow-
 ing steadily and with the new social
 features added hopes to increase its
 membership materially.

The Conner Hardware Co. has for
 several years past been putting out
 calendars taken from photographs rep-
 resentative of the early history of the
 village. This year they have a rep-
 resentation of Main street as it appeared
 in 1857, the year the hardware was be-
 gun by the late Michael Conner. To
 the "old timers" the calendar brings
 back to memory some of the scenes
 and incidents of their youth and is
 very eagerly sought for and prized. To
 the younger generation the picture is
 also an object of interest.

The country newspaper is in no
 sense a child of charity. It earns
 twice over every dollar it receives, and
 it is second to no enterprise in contrib-
 uting to the upbuilding of a commu-
 nity. Its patrons reap far more benefits
 from its pages than its publishers, and
 in calling for the support of the com-
 munity in which it is published, it asks
 for no more than in all fairness belongs
 to it, though generally it receives less.
 Patronize and help your paper as you
 would any other enterprise because it
 helps you, and not as an act of charity.

A Modified Y. M. C. A.

The Presbyterian society has taken
 the initiative in forming a Y. M. C. A.
 in a modified manner, all young men
 and boys of the village being eligible
 to membership. The parlors of the
 church will be open three evenings of
 the week and free reading matter,
 games and entertainment will be pro-
 vided. The movement is to be highly
 commended, as it will afford the young
 men of the village a place of recrea-
 tion and social enjoyment, and it
 should be generously supported. All
 the latest magazines will be provided
 and at intervals hot coffee and sand-
 wiches will be served. The opening
 night will occur on next week Friday
 night, when it is expected there will be
 a large attendance. Let it be remem-
 bered, that all young men and boys
 are invited, as the affair is of general
 character.

Became Lost in the Crowd

Bonnie Hubbell, the six-year-old
 daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Hubbell
 had an experience in Detroit last Tues-
 day afternoon. With her mother and
 sister and Mrs. Fred George she went
 down to the city to see Santa Claus.
 They found him in the show window
 at Partridge & Blackwell's and the
 children were especially delighted in
 viewing his huge proportions. The
 ladies went into the store, supposing
 the children would follow. Little
 Bonnie, however, ran back for another
 look, and when she came to find her
 mother she realized she was lost in the
 big city.

Patrolman Reardon found her cry-
 ing at the corner of Griswold and
 Michigan avenue, and took her to the
 police station. With careful fore-
 thought Mrs. George had pinned a
 small tag on each of the children's
 coats to "Return to Fred George,
 Union Station," where the latter is em-
 ployed. Mr. George had also in the
 meantime been informed of the lost
 child and the police station was
 hailed up. A "big" policeman was de-
 tailed to accompany the child to the
 depot, where she was soon rejoined by
 the other members of the party. But it's
 quite amusing to hear the little one
 relate all her experiences with Santa
 Claus and the big policeman.

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.

Found Frozen by Grandson

John Kuhn, an aged and respected
 resident of Stark, was found Sunday
 morning by his grandson frozen, sit-
 ting on the back porch. He had evi-
 dently been feeding the chickens
 Wednesday evening and was overcome
 with a spell of faintness and sat down,
 passing away in that posture. When
 found his feet were frozen to the
 ground and he was partly covered
 with snow. He lived alone, his grand-
 son coming over to see how he was
 getting along, finding him as above re-
 lated.

Mr. Kuhn was born in 1820, in Ger-
 many, coming to this country in 1853.
 He was married to Christina Genter
 in 1845, who died about ten years ago.
 He was one of the earliest settlers
 of Livonia, an upright man and a good
 neighbor and parent. He leaves three
 daughters, eleven grand-children and
 thirteen great-grand-children.

The funeral service was held Mon-
 day at the Livonia Center Church, the
 service being conducted by Rev. E.
 King of Plymouth.

Dies at Ripe Old Age.

J. G. Meiler, one of the oldest resi-
 dents of the village, died on Sunday
 evening last of pneumonia. His aged
 wife is also sick with the same disease,
 but is recovering.

Mr. Meiler was among the most
 prominent Germans of this section.
 For many years past he had conducted
 a drug store in the village. In the
 community he gained for himself an
 enviable reputation for honesty and in-
 tegrity and he also prided himself upon
 the fact that in all his business deals
 he was able to meet his obligations
 promptly.

About two years ago he withdrew
 from active business life and since
 then has lived quietly at his home.

It has been claimed for him that he
 was the oldest Odd Fellow in the State
 having been a member of the order for
 over sixty years.

Mr. Meiler was born in Germany,
 June 14, 1823. He was married to
 Amelia Louise Sachse in Berlin, April
 9, 1848, and in 1849 they came to this
 country settling in Detroit, where for
 a time he engaged in business. In 1856
 they came to Plymouth and have since
 resided here, excepting a period of
 three years when they again lived in
 Detroit. He was a graduate of Berlin
 University.

The funeral was held Wednesday
 afternoon, under the auspices of Ton-
 quish Lodge, I. O. O. F. of which de-
 ceased was long a member, services
 also being conducted in the Baptist
 church by Rev. C. T. Jack. Deceased
 left no children.

"Agin" the Law.

The Mail has of late been compelled
 to refuse publication of drawings,
 guessing contests, etc., the wherefor
 has caused some adverse comment.
 Such matter is particularly prohibited
 by the U. S. postal laws and we print
 the following in relation thereto:

"The attention of postmasters and
 railway postal clerks is directed to sec-
 tion 499 of the postal laws and regula-
 tions of 1892 (section one, act of Sep-
 tember 19, 1890), by the provisions of
 which newspapers or other publica-
 tions of any kind, circulars or pam-
 phlets, containing advertisements of
 lotteries, gift concerts or similar enter-
 prises for the distribution of prizes by
 lot or chance, or lists of prizes awarded
 in pursuance of such schemes, and all
 other matter relating to them, are de-
 clared to be unmailable.

"The term 'lottery,' so-called gift
 concert, or similar enterprises offering
 prizes dependent upon lot or chance, as
 used in that section, include 'guessing'
 or 'estimating' contests for prizes, as
 well as drawings and raffles of every
 kind, whether general or local, whether
 for private gain or in aid of charitable,
 educational or religious objects and
 whether the consideration for chance
 be money or otherwise."

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion.

FOR RENT.—Large, fine office room,
 best location, above J. R. Rauch & Sons
 store. Key at store. 5c

FOR SALE.—A Eureka hand carpet
 loom in good working order—but little
 used. Enquire of Herman Gottschalk,
 Stark. 3c

FOR RENT.—A. H. Fisher's house on
 Main street; \$9 per month. Enquire of
 A. H. Fisher, Redford. 6c3t

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.98
 Oats, 55c.
 Rye, 70c.
 Beans, basis \$1.90
 Buckwheat, \$1.40 per cwt.
 Potatoes, 55c.
 Butter, 7c.
 Eggs, 30c

New Year's Gifts

After the Christmas rush, comes the de-
 mand for presents for New Year's Day.
 Many receive gifts unexpectedly, and New
 Year's gives an early opportunity to show
 appreciation.
 Our beautiful stock suffered delightful de-
 pletion the last few weeks of the holiday
 rush, but there's something left in nearly
 every desirable gift line.
 Our stock has been rearranged and put in
 order and we are ready to supply appropri-
 ate gifts for New Year's.

G. G. DRAPER
 Jeweler and Optometrist.

GALE'S.

All Toys and Books

Left over from Christmas will be
SOLD AT COST.

Come and see our fine stock of
China and Glassware

I wish to thank the public for the liberal patron-
 age they have given me this year and wish them all a
 Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

JOHN L. GALE

Wishing all our
 Friends and Patrons
 a Merry Christmas
 and a
 Happy New Year,
 we remain respectfully,
Gittins Bros.

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS
 AND A
 HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Brown & Pettingill,
 THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY
 Telephone No. 46. Free Delivery

LOST NEW YEAR'S WAGER



"TIS IN A MATTER OF A MISS"



Lady Mary Courtenay



THE FIGHT WAS NOW MORE DESPERATE THAN EVER

On New Year's eve, 1704, Lord John Langley walked into Derival's inn, on a little street back of The Mall. Some of the young bloods, the guests of Sir James Johnstone, as was their wont, were spending the afternoon in carousal there. Langley had been absent from the town for two years, following a quarrel with Lady Anne Marsten, to whom he was paying court. None in London, or indeed in England, had been able to say with certainty in that time where he could be found, although it was known that he had visited many of the larger cities of the continent. Despite the fact that he wore false mustaches, Sir James and old Derival recognized him, but at his request for secrecy the former introduced him to his guests under an assumed name. Some of them had known him slightly, others not at all. 'Twas, therefore, an easy matter to befool them. The afternoon was spent with cards and wine, Langley partaking somewhat sparingly, though entering into the gambling readily enough, baffling with Sir James for fairly high stakes, and in the end losing to him 2,000 guineas. After dinner the party was for resuming the cards and wine. My Lord Langley, however, set their minds upon another matter. He had been talking in low tones with Sir James, when he rose suddenly, and with a curse flung his glass against the wall. For a moment thereafter there was silence, then Langley, not loudly, but quite plainly, said: "An I do not kiss a maid of high degree on her way to my Lady Templeton's ball to-night, you press me for the debt. An I do it, you write me free?"

"You have it right," answered Sir James, dryly.

"The wager's as good as won," Langley returned; "my life on it."—rising as he spoke.

At the turning of a nearby corner he almost ran into a carriage halted because of a break in the harness, which two lusty fellows were endeavoring to patch. Another stood near them holding a rude torch, giving a sufficient, but not brilliant, light. The glow of it fell athwart the carriage, bringing into view three persons: an elderly man and woman, and a young and dashing creature, Lady Mary Courtenay.

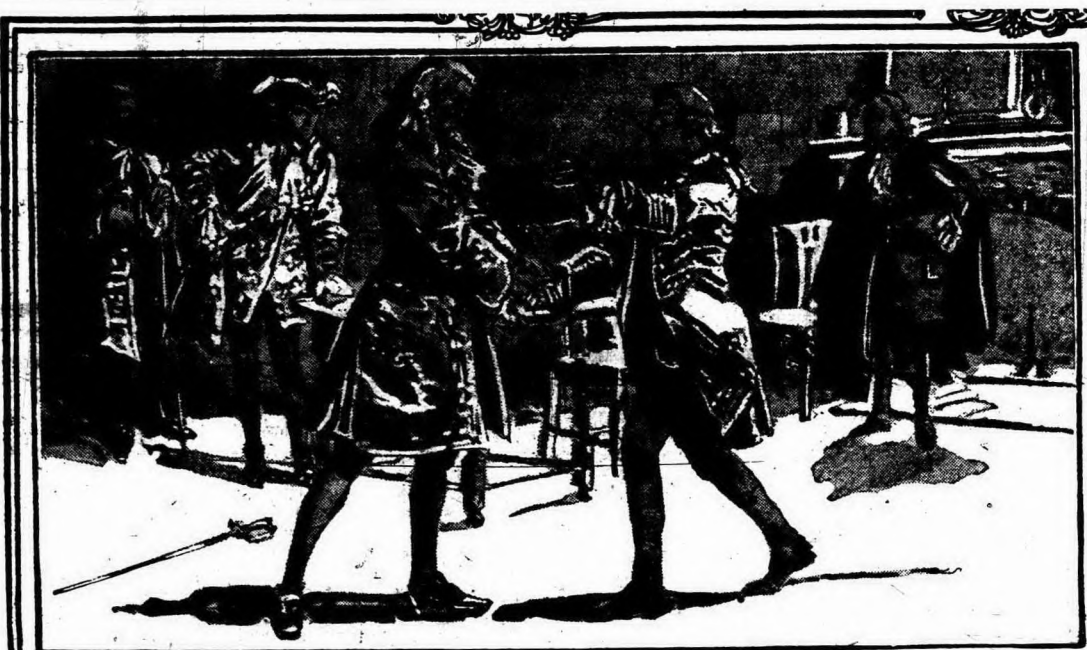
He bowed. "Lady," he said, softly, "'tis in the matter of a kiss." Again she started. The elderly man in the carriage cried out angrily and attempted to rise, but Langley, springing on the step, shoved him back into the seat. Lady Courtenay screamed, and the fellows who had been mending the harness ran toward her. At this moment there was another diversion. Four or five horsemen came riding swiftly along the roadway. One, an officer, judging by his tone, called out as he neared: "Lady Courtenay!"

She answered with a feeble little cry. His practiced eye at once noted something unusual in the grouping around the carriage. "Where have we here?" he demanded, sharply, and then to his men: "Stand, but await my further orders."

Langley, still standing by the carriage, looked towards the speaker. "My lord," he said, calmly, "you'll find me at Derival's inn at any time."

The officer leaned forward eagerly and regarded Langley with a puzzled air. "I will be there at once, fellow," he replied, as he turned to his men.

At the moment of the arrival Langley and Forest faced each



THEY WERE HENCEFORTH AS THEY HAD BEEN IN YOUTH, CLOSER THAN BROTHERS

other, the latter's men—like himself, wearing the uniform of the famous Blues—standing some distance behind him and near the door. Forest lacked a few inches of Langley's height and was not so stout in frame. Moreover, his fair hair, blue eyes and fine features gave him an appearance so boyish as to make it almost impossible to believe that he had seen several years of war service. He looked much younger than Langley as they stood eyeing each other for a moment in the light of the many candles placed at various vantage points around the room.

Few words were wasted. As Forest drew Langley passed his arms rapidly behind his ears, the mustaches came off and he threw them on the table.

Not until then did Forest recognize him. "I thought I had not mistaken the voice," he said, with an odd mixture of sternness and sorrow in his tone; "defend yourself, my lord!"

Instantly Langley's weapon was out, and at once the two were engaged. Langley's friends had always declared him to be the greatest swordsman in England, and in truth he fought like a veteran in such encounters, as indeed he was. The watchers looked to see him score an easy victory, and won-

The watchers marveled at the wonderful steadiness of Forest's hand as he held his rapier there, and still more at his sudden lowering of it. Before they could recover from their astonishment he had thrust it into the scabbard.

"Jack, 'twas a shameless thing thou wouldst have done to my affianced wife."

Langley gasped, "What?"

"My wife to be, God bless her," returned Forest.

"And what of Lady Anne Marsten?" Langley asked, with an assumption of roughness his tremulous lips belied.

"She waits for thee; and she'll wait away, an thou goest not to her; so true she is."

"Jack," Forest went on, gently, "The Lady Anne was the repository of the love secrets of Lady Courtenay and myself when each fancied the other did not love. She brought us together, but all her love is for thee only."

Langley, who was staring at him eagerly, cried out: "How blind I was!"

"Charles," said Langley, presently, and Forest smiled happily at the name. "I deserve death at thy hands. God grant you may never regret the sparing of my life."

A VARIETY OF EXPEDIENTS.

Little Sinner Was Providing for Future Emergencies.

Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward VII., has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the floor with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going up-stairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And I shall tell Jesus. And if that doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"—Everybody's Magazine.

FACT VERIFIED.



Kid—Say, mister, got change fer five dollars?
 Kind Gentleman—Yes, my boy; here it is.
 Kid—Thanks, boss; I just wanted to see it. I'd kinder got to think' dere wasn't dat much money in circulation!

ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

The Family Skeleton.

Visitor—By George! But you've added a great many beautiful volumes to your library since I was here last. Must cost something, old man?
 Mr. Meeker—On the level, Bill, I'm on the verge of bankruptcy buying souvenir post card albums and book-case sections to hold them.—Puck.

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

It's awfully hard for a crooked man to keep in the straight path.

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

Work is only done well when it is done with a will.—Ruskin.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring, and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

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 complaints, continually doctoring, and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

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

FINE MANSION IS DOCTOR'S PRISON

PHYSICIAN FORBIDDEN TO LEAVE RICH PATIENT BY BROTHER OF LATTER.

CHARGES BY HOUR FOR STAY

Starts Suit for \$4,960, Which Price He Claims Was Agreed Upon for "Un-usual Detention"—Defendant Married Heiress.

San Francisco.—From the lonely confines of the famous "Konoyah" estate in Lake county, where dwells wealthy Milica Mitrov Gopcevic, the millionaire, at one time a blue-clad, hard-working gripman on the Sacramento street cable line, comes the story of a most unusual happening—an occurrence which may be aired soon in the courts of San Francisco, with Dr. Walter H. Fearn, a well-known Lake county physician, and Gopcevic as the central figures. Gopcevic will be remembered as the gripman who married Miss Floyd, the heiress.

For 696 hours, or 29 days, Dr. Fearn alleges he was a prisoner in the home of Gopcevic, where he had gone to treat the millionaire's brother. For each of these hours the physician wants \$10, which, he claims, is justly due him as a special fee covering, as he declares, "unusual detention" in the famous "Konoyah" mansion. For 696 hours Dr. Fearn says he was kept away from his patients, who charged that he forsook them to become the private attendant of a rich man. All these things and minor allegations have been made in a sensational statement, made by Dr. Fearn to a legal firm, in whose hands he has placed his case. The firm will bring suit for \$6,960 against one of the most fortunate cable car gripmen who ever breathed the chilling fogs of the western addition.

The splendor of Konoyah mansion held no prize for Dr. Fearn, although he had servants at his beck and call, priceless paintings to be studied when his patient rested easily, and countless modes of recreation. But ever present in the doctor's mind, he says, were suffering patients whom he could not reach and he was stirred to



"You Cannot Go—You Must Save the Life of My Brother."

Indignation. When he attempted to persuade Gopcevic to permit him to leave the place, he says, he was confronted by violent entreaties. "You cannot go. You must save the life of my brother Peter," Fearn says that his suggestions were met with emphatic prohibitions.

"I will pay whatever price you say," said Gopcevic, according to the physician, and Fearn declares that when he agreed to remain for \$10 an hour Gopcevic offered no objection.

"You do not doubt that I can pay your bill?" anxiously quizzed the millionaire. "I am a rich man, but to leave my brother to a horrible death in these lonely parts would break my heart."

And so Fearn remained. For a whole month Dr. Fearn treated Peter Gopcevic and at the expiration of that time the sick man arose from his bed and departed for the southern part of the state.

The sad sequel, sad at least for Dr. Fearn, came when the physician presented his claim for his services.

According to Dr. Fearn there never has been any reply to his statements other than occasional small checks. Continued silence on the part of Gopcevic led Fearn to place the matter in the hands of a legal firm, and now, it is stated, a lawsuit is to follow.

It was while he was gripman at \$3 a day on the old Sacramento street cable line, Gopcevic met Miss Harry Floyd, a brilliant young heiress, living on Sacramento street. From a casual acquaintance there grew a loving friendship, and Gopcevic left his humdrum job to wed Miss Floyd. A year later marriage the heiress died, leaving her entire estate valued at more than \$300,000 with the exception of a few minor bequests, to her husband.

After contest for the beautiful Lake county property followed, but Gopcevic was victorious.

It is said about the Dr. Fearn suit that "I did it for the love of

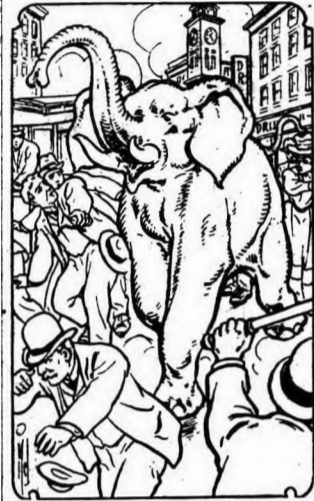
PIG SENDS ELEPHANT ON A WILD RAMPAGE

TINY PORKER CAUSES HUGE PACHYDERM TO RUN AMUCK IN GOTHAM STREETS.

New York.—The antics of a tiny tame pig so frightened a four-ton elephant the other day that the big beast broke away from its keepers at the Hippodrome, crashed through several stout doors which barred her progress, and started on a wild run toward the East river.

Down Forty-third street to Fifth avenue and then through crowded Thirty-fourth street, the huge beast swung along at a speed that amazed the great crowd following and spread consternation ahead of her. No hand was raised to stay her progress as she swept along, dodging street cars and automobiles.

Men, women and children darted into doorways to give the animal free



The Elephant Started on a Wild Run Toward the East River.

way, and horses reared and plunged and screamed in terror when they saw the lumbering pachyderm bearing down upon them. Madison, Park, Lexington, Third and Second avenues were passed at top speed.

Between Second and First avenues, however, the frightened beast stopped short and plunged into the entrance of a tenement house. The passageway was too narrow to admit the immense bulk, but the elephant threw her weight forward and the sides of the doorway crumbled. Trotting through the long hallway, she forced an exit in the same manner, and then started on a wild rampage through back-yard fences. By the time her keeper arrived on the scene she had swept through half a dozen frail obstructions and the windows of every tenement house in the block were filled with spectators.

The keeper finally succeeded in getting a rope around one of the elephant's legs, and by making the rope fast to a clothes pole held her there until the beast was securely tied.

Then came the problem of getting her back to the playhouse. The beast refused to leave the yard, even after she had been calmed and the ropes removed, and as a last resort the three other elephants were led to the scene. It was necessary to break down two more fences before they could be gotten to the runaway. When she had been joined by her companions the big beast became as tractable as a kitten. The four animals were driven back to the Hippodrome through streets lined with spectators.

WOMAN BOUGHT HER HUSBAND.

Bargain Not Satisfactory, the Purchaser Kills Himself.

St. Louis.—Realizing that her husband, Peter Rossman, whom she purchased from another woman three weeks ago for \$360, had not loved her since he became aware that her boasted fortune consisted of a spurious \$10,000 bill and a few hundred dollars in money. Mrs. Katherine Rossman opened her palm book and, after reading her favorite passage over and over, composed herself and fired a bullet into her heart and died immediately.

Mrs. Rossman was only 29 years old. Her first husband died six months ago. Before and after her marriage to Rossman the young widow talked constantly of some "great sin" hanging over her and she refused to be consoled.

The shot was fired while her husband waited at the front door of their residence for his wife to admit him.

The body was found on the bed, clothed in a night gown. A few inches from the pillow was the open book, thumb-nails and pencil marked. The body was removed to the morgue and Rossman was arrested and held for a coroner's inquest.

Rossman, who is an artist, had gone home for lunch shortly after noon and rang the front doorbell. His wife opened the door a few inches and told him to "wait a few minutes." Although puzzled, Rossman waited and soon heard a revolver shot. He left the house and told Sergt. Fred Lang. The officer accompanied him back to the house and they were forced to break open a side window to enter.

Prize for Personal Beauty Divided. The unofficial and unauthorized jury of outsiders has decided that the award for personal pulchritude among the 11 governors and next governors to be divided even between Draper of Massachusetts and Prouty of Vermont.—Boston Record.

A Lovemaking Lesson

By ADELAIDE HURST

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

"It's awfully good of you to see me, Miss Murray."

"Not a bit of it. To tell you the truth, it's not my goodness at all, but Jane's."

"I—I came to have a chat with you, you know, and I—I'm glad to find you alone," said Dick.

"Ye-es?"

"It's about my new story," explained Warburton diffidently.

"Yes," continued the author with increasing confidence, "it'll be the best story I've every written—if you'll help me."

"I don't understand."

"Will you collaborate with me, Miss Murray?"

"I?" Ethel opened her blue eyes in well-feigned amazement. "Really, Mr. Warburton?"

"Miss Murray, you, with the experience you have had, could do so much for me. You see, it is like this," explained Warburton eagerly, "a man has got to ask a girl to be his wife, and—"

"I don't see the necessity," interrupted his companion.

"I am speaking of the characters in my new book," returned the author, with some dignity, "but, of course, if you refuse to treat the subject seriously—"

"I beg your pardon. Please go on; I won't interrupt again."

"Well, then, as I said before, the man has got to propose to the girl, and I want your advice as to how he's going to do it."

The girl knit her brows in perplexity.

"Such a lot depends on how long they've known each other," she said at last. "Are they old friends, and has she seen it coming?"

"Well—I—as to that, I don't think I've made up my mind yet."

"How extraordinary! Then you've not really begun the story at all!"

"Oh, yes; that is, I—I'm busy collecting material, thinking out strong situations and all that kind of thing, you know. It's—it's rather difficult to explain."

"Oh, I see. Of course, it's stupid of me, but, you know, I don't pretend to understand anything about writing

books. I only asked that question because, you see, the way a man proposes depends very much on whether or no he's an old friend of the lady's."

"Ye-es?"

There was deferential inquiry in the author's tone and look.

"Yes, of course it does. Now, for instance, supposing he's merely a recent acquaintance," Ethel went on, as one propounding the wisdom of ages, "he's almost sure to introduce the subject with some such remark as: 'Isn't it strange, Miss Jones, that you and I seem to be quite old friends?' or 'Somehow, Miss Jones, I feel as though I had known you all my life!'"

"Of course after that Miss Jones will know what to expect and can act accordingly."

"Act accordingly?"

"Now, if Miss Jones is a timid, nervous sort of person, and doesn't like to say 'No' point blank, she'll very likely murmur something about its being so sudden—the comic papers are quite right there, you know—and about never having thought of him in that light, and all that sort of thing, and she'll probably end by asking him to give her time to consider; and on the following day she'll write him a pretty little note to the effect that, deeply as it pains her to say it, and so on. That's the favorite way of doing it because it's the easiest. On the other hand, she may prefer to get the affair over and done with at once, in which case—"

"But," protested Warburton, "supposing she wants to accept the man?"

"In which case," continued Ethel, ignoring the interruption, "she'll tell him quite frankly and simply that she can't marry him because she doesn't love him."

"Don't tell me she'll promise to be a sister to him!" exclaimed the author apprehensively.

"She might," replied Ethel guarded-

ly—"If she's a very ordinary sort of person. You see, it's not so simple as it sounds to refuse a man."

"Well, never mind about the refusals. What I want to get at is—"

"Then there's the case of two people who are old friends," Miss Murray went on hurriedly. "That makes a proposal so much more complicated in the first place it'll take the man much longer to come to the point, and the girl will know how to ward off the crisis in all sorts of ways; and then, when he does come to the point, she'll find it rather troublesome to convince him that her answer is final. Of course," added the speaker thoughtfully, "that applies to the comparative stranger as well. Men always do seem hard to convince that a woman's 'No' doesn't mean 'Yes.'"

Miss Murray looked innocent mystified.

"You see, what I am—really anxious to know," explained the author, with some diffidence, "is how a woman would accept, not reject an offer of marriage."

"Oh!" said Ethel, in the tone of one who had never considered that side of the question. "I'm afraid I can't be of much help to you there!"

"Don't say that, Miss Murray."

"If you remember, Mr. Warburton, said his companion slowly, "you asked for the benefit of my large experience; those were your very words."

"I believe they were," he admitted.

"Very well, then," continued Ethel, with great deliberation, "my experience is limited to refusals."

"You mean you have never accepted—"

"Never," replied Miss Murray firmly. "I'm delighted to hear it!"

"Mr. Warburton!"

"I—I mean I'm very sorry, indeed."

"Oh! Thank you."

"I—I beg your pardon; I didn't mean that either. Of course I—naturally, I'm disappointed. I had hoped so much from your help. Don't you think, Miss Murray, you could imagine an offer of marriage which it would be possible for you to accept?"

The author had risen from his chair and was looking down upon his companion with an expression on his face that was new to her.

For a moment Ethel returned his gaze, then her blue eyes sank before his.

"Do you think you could imagine such an offer?" he repeated softly.

Ethel's lips parted in a little smile. "It's very difficult," she whispered, with crimson cheeks; "it's very difficult to accept an imaginary offer of marriage."

"Ethel!" he cried, seizing her hands impetuously. "Do you mean—do you mean—"

"The question is," said Ethel demurely—"the question is what do you mean?"

"That I love you—that I want you to be my wife! Ethel, won't you say 'Yes' this time?"

"For the sake of the story?"

"For my own sake, darling! Bother the story!"

"For the sake of the story," she repeated mischievously. "Dick, I've half a mind—for the sake of the story—you know—to say 'Yes.'"

King's Theoretical Power.

King Edward of England possesses great power, theoretically. Strictly and legally speaking, the whole of the mineral wealth of the empire is his majesty's property, as is also, for that matter, every acre of ground that covers and contains it. He could empty every jail in Britain by a stroke of his pen and keep them empty so long as he chose to go on exercising to the full his prerogative of pardon. A word from him and the present parliament would cease to be. It is as the supreme head of the navy and army, however, that his autocratic power is most apparent. He can order one or both to make war. He can dress his soldiers and his sailors as he pleases, arm them how he likes. He could discharge every regiment, and send to the scrap heap every ship. Sometimes, too, he wields this power, up to a certain point. He abolished, for instance, the office of commander-in-chief. By the simple expedient of a royal warrant he instituted a sweeping reformation in the war office. Queen Victoria, by a like method, abolished the sale and purchase of officers' commissions, and even more drastic steps.

Ancient Example.

Caesar tore up the blank telegraph form on which he had started to write something.

Taking another sheet, he wrote the words: "Veni, vidi, vici," signed it, and handed it to the operator.

"I was about to make it: 'We have beaten 'em to a frazzle,'" he said, "but that would set everybody to asking what the deuce a frazzle is—and the other is shorter, anyway."

Cautioning the reporters to suppress all mention of the incident, he turned away and strode haughtily into his tent.—Chicago Tribune.

Machines in Place of Ticket Sellers.

Experiments are under way in Boston with nickel-in-the-slot turnstiles in elevated railroad and subway stations. The idea is to save the pay of ticket sellers.



EVIDENCE. "Is your friend Lissman a vegetarian?" "I believe he is." "What makes you think so? Have you ever heard of his having said 'No, but I've smoked one or two of his cigars.'"

An Encouraging Average.

"I have been looking over my financial operations," said Mr. Easigo. "I must say they are more successful than usual."

"Have you been making large profits?"

"No. I don't expect anything like that."

"But you say you were successful?"

"Comparatively successful. During the month I have loaned money to five friends, and only three of them have quit speaking to me."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.

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"You seem to speak of birds with a sort of sympathetic envy," said the court official.

"Yes," answered the poet laureate; "I do envy the birds. You see, there are certain seasons of the year when they are protected by the game laws from ruthless attack."

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"Do that orator's opinions carry any weight?" asked one statesman.

"They ought to," answered the other. "They are heavy enough."

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Each hour has its lesson and its life; and if we miss this we shall not find its lesson in another.—King.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 52, 1908.

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THE LEFT GUARD'S PASS

As the men walked back to their positions after the score was tied, Olney Newbert left Capt. Hartland's fingers grab his arm fiercely.

The stalwart left guard turned with a scowl, viciously slapping his left leg.

"I'm good to stop any ball or to tackle any man that comes my way, but I doubt if I can run ten yards to save my soul," he growled. "Do you suppose they are on to my weak point, Hart? Hartland rubbed his nose guard with a thoughtful thumb.

"They're onto about everything," grunted he. "I don't know. It does seem as if they try to put the ball in your hands and to leave you an opening for a run. I was surprised to see you pass it to Dawe."

"Dawe knows," blurted the other. "I told him I feared my blinded leg would give out, and he was near and ready. I didn't dare tell you, for fear you would put me off."

"I can't retire you, Olney. I haven't a sub to put against Hurwitz. He'll go over any of 'em like an automobile. You're the only man who can do it."

Hartland was almost crying with anxiety. A tied score, only a few minutes to play, three of his regulars on the wounded list, and now Olney Newbert, his steady old steady, his prize grapple, who never missed a tackle, and who could strike a gait when few cared to follow, and fewer to stop; he to be half crippled at this critical, agonizing time—it was too bad.

Newbert stood still for a few moments, then limped about gingerly rubbing his leg. His big padded shoulders shrugged as if he was in pain.

And over on the grand stand a white musketeer bent peculiarly to a small pink car.

"Olney Newbert is making a fool of himself, my dear."

"Oh! father, don't say that. He is hurt."

"Stuff! He's well enough to stay in the game. Else he would be out of it."



Something Had Him Pinned.

Hang it, Vera, let him stop that rubbing and limping. The other side has him spotted, already."

The girl looked at her father mutely. In his day Stewart Shirley had been a high name on the gridiron, in fact had captained for two seasons the eleven of Newbert's university. Of course, he must be right in his conjectures.

Timidly she took the glasses from her irate parent's tightened fist to view nervously the soiled figure of her dilapidated lover, who seemed to be making mighty efforts in pulling himself together, and her sight blurred.

To-night—after dinner, Olney was to speak—to ask her father's consent for a future coming to the house as a prospective son-in-law. Vera had pictured him a confident, triumphant winner, back from the field of battle, wearing his laurels proudly, and quite unconquerable.

Also, this joyful dream had faded. Surprise was planned for Stewart Shirley's part—that and pleased acquiescence. Now, he would get surprise, but what would poor Olney get? Well, the girl knew her father's mood after a hard game in which he had been interested in the town, such occasions he never acquiesced to anything. And his criticisms were sure to be blunt and unsparring. To give his only daughter to a man who had made a fool of himself on the football field—a highway robber would stand a better chance. A tear stole down the bright cheek as she listened to the gruff comments at her ear.

The umpire's whistle sounded shrill—a blast to awaken thousands of sleeping towns.

"Hurry up! All right, Hartland!"

His eyes crossed the ball, and he advanced a yard from his captain.

"I don't care if you win that—and they'll win it. It fell into Newbert's hands as he passed back a pass half a yard. The crowd's right there, and they'll be cheering for the very best of us."

Hartland's men surged forward, Newbert with the ball making for the clear space between Hurwitz and Goss.

Yet his left end and left tackle were behind him and to the right, joining the crowd of swiftly running players. It was all too plain to Hartland's opponents and to half the outsiders. The ball must be passed into the midst of that closely woven gang. It would disappear for a moment, then from the piling, scramble some feet-footed flyer would emerge for a desperate tear around the end. Newbert had no interference on his left, and three men to stop him. Evidently, Capt. Hartland had need of every head, hand and foot to carry out his plan. Ten men against eight would count greatly at the onset, now almost upon them, and his stout left guard might be relied upon to do better battering than impossible running. Ah! sure enough, Newbert, slipping behind the center, was making an arm movement.

"Quick!" rang out from his captain's lusty lungs. Three of his team crouched like cats, and their eight opponents, like one man, swerved to the right and fell upon the thrusting arms, all eager for the expected ball.

There was a grand tumble, excited shouts, legs in the air, a howl of dismay from Capt. Tenley, a roar from the bleachers, shrieks from the grand stand, and rah-rah's from the friends of the contestants. Two of Hartland's men wriggled out of the mess and shot in different directions.

"Their tackles!" yelled Tenley. "Get away! Look out for the man with the ball!"

But where was the ball?

In the scrambling confusion, no one had noticed Olney Newbert. Now, as the tangled mass separated after the futile struggle of those few blinding seconds, a man was seen dashing straight for the goal, with no one in his path except McDowd.

There was something queer about this man's running, but he was covering ground at a tremendous rate. He appeared to slip a trifle every few strides, and pawed the air with his right arm, as if to keep his balance. His lips bared his teeth, his set face glistening with sweat, his eyes bulged, a strange, unmindful agony seemed written upon him. Little McDowd said afterwards (and the quarter-back was afraid of nothing), that he thought Newbert's mind was gone, and he did not dare tackle him in front, but knowing that he could overtake him, grabbed him from the rear at what seemed certainly a safe distance from the goal.

After him pounded the whole mob. A great roar filled his ears. He saw the goal posts grow near—nearer. Had he dodged a man back there, and how? Where was McDowd? He had meant to run right over McDowd. The quarter-back was at his very heels, almost touching him, but Newbert did not know it.

He guessed 12 feet would take him to the line. Now—he must remember to call "down." Afterwards, no matter.

Why! had his left leg caught in a trap? Was he staggering, falling? Something had him pinned. Well, he should yank out of that.

With a mighty plunge the man threw himself forward, kicking, diving, sprawling, squirming, and he lay on one knee for a moment, his remaining strength making a last effort with a gasp and a gasping lip.

"Down!" he gasped, both arms around the ball and his head upon it.

McDowd, "the trap," who had made a capital tackle and been played dirty the better part of ten feet, let go, got up, and looked hard at the insensible form.

The college football player is not a demonstrative individual, as a rule. The quarter-back knelt, patted the broad back tenderly, and felt curiously of Olney's left leg.

"Something wrong here, doctor," he said, as a physician hurried up. "The man never struggled with this limb. It was like hanging to a rag. He must have made his great run on his nerve."

"Bruised and weak, probably. Bones are all right. Yes, the excitement caused him to forget, I suppose. Roll him over and let him snuff these salts. He has merely fainted. I'll have the lad fit to shake hands soon."

Hartland kicked a goal as Newbert was carried quickly to one side. The players trotted off the field; the shouting multitudes dimmed like huge, gayly colored flower beds torn by a driving storm; the thunder of applause died into murmurs.

Then the captain of the winning team walked over to the group about the litter.

"Dr. Hazard," he whispered, "how is it? He has an invitation to dine at seven. If he can't go, I'll send word."

"Important? Yes! Oh, well, I guess a carriage and a cane will get him there."

Olney opened his eyes, stared, winked and grimaced.

"Went as far as I could, cap," he murmured.

"Sure you did, old boy. What possessed you to run though? Why didn't you pass the ball as instructed?"

"I forgot," said Olney. "I meant to. I don't know the way back."

Hartland swallowed. "How?" he began hastily. "Why, Olney, old chap, you—yes—won."

And the dinner with Vera that night meant several business.

ENGLAND'S MANY DEER PARKS

Four Hundred of Them Are Said to Dot the Little Island.

"A park without a deer," wrote Richard Jeffries, "is like a wall without a picture," and it is something to know that in England there are 400 parks containing deer, that they average hundreds and some of them thousands of acres, and that Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Staffordshire, Northants and Sussex have more enclosed land given up to deer than any other counties.

There is something peculiarly national about our deer parks, for soon after the Conquest the Barons began to inclose parks within the forests and to include within them all the wild animals that could then be secured. Of these the 2,500 acres of park at Bridge is the only one mentioned in the Domesday book as containing deer then as it does now.

In that now scarce book, Shirley's "English Deer Parks," 48 parks are mentioned which no longer contain deer, but since that book was published in 1867 several parks have been stocked which did not then contain deer, and there are others in which the deer have been given up.—London Daily Graphic.

WOMAN PULLS HEAVIEST LOAD.

Point of View Which is Seldom Given Adequate Consideration.

For centuries woman has been, with comparatively few exceptions, a plaything or drudge; overindulged in pleasure and idleness, or cursed with a burden whose weight few men can conceive. A system that places upon woman's shoulders three-quarters of the burden is inevitably degrading. A man receives credit for supporting his family even when the wife, by working early and late, contrives to turn his earnings into a value treble that of the original amount. The difference in the value of a barrel of flour as it is purchased and after it has been made into bread has been reckoned many times—but "the man," and not the woman, "supports the family." Nor is a woman's work done when an income has been stretched to its limit. If a money value could be placed upon her work as mother and wife—not that any one wishes to do such a thing—it would indeed be clear that the woman pulls the heaviest part of the load. That such a condition should carry with it its antithesis in the woman who is a drone and a rattle brain is but natural.—Collier's Weekly.

Wherein Girls Are Superior to Boys.

At an early age the boy begins to practice on the outside world with his hand and eye, and while he is throwing, cutting, hammering, calculating distance and playing competitive games the girl is sitting at home in a pretty frock. But in activities not requiring great strength and speed the boy is not superior. The fastest typist in the world is to-day a woman; the record for roping steers (a feat where the horse does the heavy work), is held by a woman; and any one who will watch girls making change before the pneumatic tubes in the great department stores about Christmas time will be struck by the same wonder one finds in watching a professional typist.

Scotland's Patron Saint.

Why was St. Andrew chosen the patron saint of Scotland? The question has been asked many times, but the archdeacon of Aberdeen, Hole tells us, may be considered to have discovered the most satisfactory solution of the problem. "Gentlemen," said he (he was speaking at a St. Andrew's day banquet at the time), "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."

Asleep Up to Date.

Thinking it was a cinch, the jungle sports decided to repeat the rabbit-tortoise race where they could get a good audience.

So they re-marathoned it, giving a large purse to the winner and a slightly smaller one to the loser. The hare did better this time and the result was reversed.

And so both got vaudeville engagements, for both were clowns. And nobody took much interest in either of them after that.

Moral—The race is not always to the swift, but the hoodie goes to the professional.

An Old-World Clock.

One of the most remarkable survivals of primitive time-measuring appliances in England may be found to-day among the flint knappers of Branton. It consists of a candle stuck into a candle stick, often made of a lump of chalk, or of a piece of perforated draught brick. Into the candle are fixed tiny splinters of flint at intervals, ascertained by experiment of one hour's burning duration, so that when a splinter drops the knapper knows he has worked one hour, and so on, and is thus able to ascertain how many hours he turns out in a given time.

Went Crazy Asleep.

Sheep of the Game.

They attended a performance last night at the Lyceum.

For the purpose of the performance they were taken to a good one.

The Telephone and Its Public Necessity

The Western Electric Co. recently installed a new system at Hillsdale, and the Hillsdale Democrat, after praising the expeditious and perfect manner in which the work was done, goes on and explains the usefulness and necessity of the telephone in present day business and social affairs. It says:

The telephone has long passed the stage when it was a luxury to be enjoyed by the well-to-do and has become a necessity not only to public institutions and private enterprises but to the home as well. The telephone of to-day is a servant to the city and the people and a very useful servant it is. Every public building is equipped with telephones which are always busy taking care of the city's affairs. We find them in the fire department's quarters, in the schools and hospitals, and in the offices of the water and light companies; and these public institutions would be at sea if their telephone connections were cut off for an hour. While the city finds it an absolute necessity, the average citizen finds it just as essential to his welfare. This is evidenced by the large number of 'phones which have been installed during the past year in private homes.

A few years ago if we found it necessary to call a physician it meant a walk of often a mile or two. If he was not in when we got there it meant another trip to some other physician. Today we reach the residence by 'phone in a few seconds and if he is out we call up another in the same length of time, thus saving valuable time and allowing us to stay at home. We find we need something from the store or market in a hurry and still cannot find time to go for it. Without a 'phone we have to get along without it, but with one we can call up and have the goods delivered to us without losing any time. In case of rain or bad weather the telephone proves to be the housewife's best friend. One woman in speaking of her telephone calls it "Her friend on the wall." Our most distant friends are always within call and in case of need can be summoned at a minute's notice.

The business man already knows the value of a telephone to him and it is not a question of having a telephone but a reliable telephone that interests him. Many important deals are closed daily over the telephone and important matters involving thousands of dollars are decided after a conference over the 'phone between two men who may be, at the time, hundreds of miles apart. A reliable telephone and good service are necessary then.

For public convenience the telephone companies now-a-days have an information bureau which tells you practically anything you want to know. Every question imaginable from "What time is it please," to "How did the game come out," is answered each day. This is indeed a great benefit to any city.

The additions of the farmers lines will not only be of great advantage to the farmer but will also increase the business of the city as well. Only recently has the farmer seen the advantage of a telephone line to him. As a business proposition he finds that the telephone will pay for itself in a short time by enabling him to catch the market "at high tide," so to speak, and not drive to town with a load of produce to find that the market has dropped since his neighbor went. It is now but a minute's work to 'phone to the city, obtain the market price of produce and even make the sale. If the market is right he can then deliver the produce at the price agreed upon. The weather reports can be had by the use of the 'phone and other information essential to his welfare obtained on short notice. Socially the 'phone is a great help to the farmer, and in cases of emergency, such as fire, accidents and burglaries its value can be hardly be estimated.

In Beautiful Sepulcher.

The last resting place of the great Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, is one of the most beautiful in its natural surroundings that could be imagined. By the side of a lake, at the extremity of a fjord, close to the composer's native town of Bergen, there is a natural grotto formed in the solid rock, which rises precipitously from the water's edge. Here the bones of the famous musician are buried, and as the grotto is only accessible from the lake, the funeral cortege will have to make the journey by water.

Fresh Air for Complexion.

Tell a young woman that fresh air is good for her health and she may not take the trouble to try to have as much of it as possible, but tell her that it is good for her complexion and she will sleep on the roof rather than forgo the pleasure of it. And that is just what it is good for as much as anything else, for the complexion is the outward sign of good internal order of things within.

Beauty of the Game.

They attended a performance last night at the Lyceum.

For the purpose of the performance they were taken to a good one.

Thanking all our Customers and Friends for their patronage in the past, we most cordially wish you a

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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