

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 15

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1 1909

WHOLE NO. 1118



When the Blood is poor,
When more Flesh is Needed,
When the Throat and Lungs are Affected,
When more Strength and Vigor are needed,

"VINOL,"

The Modern Tonic Reconstructor, containing the Medicinal Extractives of

FRESH COD LIVERS

With Paptonate of Iron, is the Remedy Parexcellent

Vinol is Guaranteed under the Pure Drug Law.
Vinol is very Pleasing to the Taste,
Vinol bottle holds a Full Pint.
Vinol costs One Dollar.

The Wolverine Drug Co.

Both Phones No. 5.

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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at "THE WOLVERINE." BOTH PHONES No. 5. Office 2 rings Residence 3 rings

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 one or soot.

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

BOTH PHONES.

Local Correspondence

PIKE'S PEAK.

The Christmas exercises at the brick school last Thursday were well attended.

Mrs. Richards of South Lyon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Henry Klatt. Mrs. McKee and son, Robert spent Christmas at the latter's uncle's in Wayne.

Wm. Wright of Plymouth visited his brother Charles of this place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer of Perrinsville spent Christmas at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Badelt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Klatt and family and Mrs. Richards spent Christmas at John Houk's of East Nankin. It is reported that the Nankin mills are sold.

School will begin again in district No. 2 Monday, Jan. 4.

Frank Karrick is working in Detroit. The cattle inspectors were in this vicinity last week inspecting cattle.

FREE CHURCH.

The "Marys" will give an oyster dinner at Olin Strong's Thursday, Jan. 7. Gilbert Brown, who spent Xmas with his parents, has returned to Flint. Miss Ellen Jackson and Mrs. John Forshee visited Mrs. Fred Smith Wednesday.

Mrs. Seymour Eighmey of Phelps, N. Y., and Mrs. A. D. Truesdell of Greenfield, both sisters of Mrs. Nelson Cole, visited the latter Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lewis Brown, who spent the latter part of last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown, returned to Detroit Sunday.

The Christmas exercises at the Free Church were fine and well attended. Old Santa seemed very generous with both old and young.

Mrs. Agnes Voorhies of Detroit and Mrs. Ed. Shuart visited Mrs. A. C. Root last Wednesday.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mr. and Mrs. Voyle Becker and children of Tyrone spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Orr and sons, Mrs. Clay Kingsley of Toledo and Earl Ryder of Plymouth spent Thursday evening with Harmon Kingsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rucker spent Xmas in Detroit.

Maurice See made a business trip to Ann Arbor Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley and daughter spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Larkins.

The Guilford's entertained their relatives with a big Christmas dinner.

District No. 7's teacher was presented by her pupils with a very handsome gold hat pin for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes and son spent Christmas with Mrs. Holmes' sister in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson spent Christmas at Will Robinson's in Plymouth.

Mrs. Chas. Shearer spent Christmas at Flat Rock with her sister.

Miss Fay Spencer is home for vacation from Bunker Hill where she is attending school. Miss Fay was much surprised at the fine new piano Santa Claus had brought.

Ed. Spencer of Ovid is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Ann Arbor is to be provided with a wireless telephone station. The tower will be erected on the Glazier building and will be 120 feet high. It will be used for receiving and dispatching messages. The offices of the Ann Arbor branch of the company will be in the same building. The company which is known as the Great Lakes Radio Wireless Telephone Co. have their headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, and will establish 21 stations and 15 substations, the Ann Arbor equipment being one of the latter. With the De Forrest system, which is the one being installed there, communications have been carried on a distance of 600 miles air line.

The Meanest Man in Town

In the one who always wears a frown, is cross, disagreeable and short and sharp in his answers. In nice case-out of ten its not the poor fellow's fault, it's his liver and digestion that make him feel so miserable, he can't help being disagreeable. Are you in danger of getting into that condition? Then start at once taking Dr. Cassell's Sugar-Coated Pills for you will get the safe, sure and reliable relief their regular use. Ask for a free copy. Sold by John L. Galt and Sons' Pharmacy.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. Williamson and daughter Ethel of Dowagiac returned to their home on Wednesday, after a week's visit at Will Garchow's.

The many friends of Mrs. Chas. Wolf from are sorry to learn that she is not improving any since her removal to Eloise.

David Wolf from's people entertained some of their family and friends on Christmas.

Several of our young people attended the dancing party at Clarenceville Christmas night and report a fine time.

Maxwell Revard of Detroit was in these parts on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Austin and son Irvin were Christmas visitors at Northville with Perry and Harry Austin.

J. C. Phillips was a Center caller Wednesday.

NEWBURG.

Miss Tillie Beckhold of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. Ella Joy, last week Thursday, taking her niece, Dorothy Joy, home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. James Joy spent Xmas with Mrs. Vina Joy at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Joy and daughter Leona of Toledo are spending the holidays in Newburg.

Mrs. N. M. Breckenreid was expected home from her daughter's Tuesday, but word came here that she was very ill with hemorrhage of the stomach.

The largest attendance at a social ever held here was at Henry Thompson's Tuesday night, the number being near 200 people and the proceeds being \$30, to be given to young Mr. Hicks, who was unfortunate in breaking his leg recently. It will be remembered by all that he broke a leg at a picnic at the Patchen school last summer. He has the sympathy of the community.

N. M. Breckenreid spent Christmas in Birmingham with his daughter and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Mackinder and son Verne spent Christmas in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Mead ate Christmas dinner at Stark with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oldenburg.

Clark Bassett and Lillian Geer have entered the matrimonial ranks. They have the good wishes of their many friends at Newburg.

Christmas exercises were excellent at the hall. The children recited and sang beautifully and all received presents for which they were thankful and we believe they fully deserved them.

Our organist, Myrtle Wright was presented with a manicure set by the Sunday school.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stephenson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hauchett and family spent Christmas with Mr. Mrs. Jack Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Parmalee were in Farmington last Monday.

Miss Mata Kötcher of Detroit, who has been visiting friends here, returned home Monday, Miss Lizzie Theuer going with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schunk spent Christmas with their daughter Mrs. Asa Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beyer of Detroit visited relatives here a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stephenson were at Inkster last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winchester and daughter and son of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Rhode and son of Farmington have been spending part of the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherman.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stephenson Wednesday, Jan. 6, for dinner.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer entertained a few friends Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sly of Colorado.

Miss Mabel Spicer of Kitanning, Pa. visited Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer this week.

The oyster dinner to have been given by the Marthas Jan. 2, has been postponed and will now be held Jan. 7th at Olin Strong's.

Frank Spicer of Ypsilanti is spending the week with his brother Sam.

Silas Howson, who has been spending the week in this vicinity has returned to his home at Cabott.

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

Stop! Look! Listen!

We have a few boxes of Fine Stationery and also a few bottles of Perfume left from the Holiday Stock that we are offering this week at a great

Reduction in Price

Boxes of Stationery, formerly 20c & 25c 35c and 45c

Perfume, 1/3 Off.

Watch our BARGAIN in this space next week.

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 plants at Plymouth and Manchester, Mich. are 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. Any who are contemplating the erection of a family monument or marker in the spring will do well if they take our advice and place their orders now, as many others have done this fall to insure themselves that their work will be erected before the rush at Decoration Day. We have plenty of time during the winter months to do your work, as the monument business is usually at a standstill at this time. Let us give you an estimate on what a substantial monument of exclusive design will cost you. If you drop us a card one of our firm will call on you with designs and estimates.

The Garey-Moran Granite Co.

Plymouth, Mich.

Manchester, Mich.

IF IT ISN'T RIGHT SEND IT BACK!

You get your money back on every article that does not prove satisfactory.

Commercial Flour 65c per sack with \$1 Grocery order

Tomatoes per can	10c	Grape Nuts, 2 pkgs.	25c
Baked Beans, tomato sauce 3 can	25c	Maple Flake, 2 pkgs.	25c
Red Kidney Beans, per can	10c	Shredded Whole Wheat, pkg.	12c
Sauerkraut, per can	10c	Cream of Wheat, per pkg.	15c
Sugar Corn, best	10c	Crackers, per lb.	7c
Sugar Corn, good, 3 cans	25c	Yeast Foam, pkg.	7c
Pumpkin, 3 cans	25c	Raisins, pkg.	4c
Peas, per can	10c	A. & H. Soda, pkg.	7c
		York State Cheese, full cream per lb.	30c

Try White Star Coffee—none better—at 25c per lb.

CASH GROCERY

W. B. ROE

MICHIGAN NEWS TERSELY TOLD

Fleishah Picture Making. An almost incredible case of cruelty to a horse has been decided at Morh...

To call a man "a warrior in dressing gown and slippers" is now only half as opprobrious as it used to be.

The French Young Person is emancipating herself, as will be seen by the following: "Dear Mamma—We are tired of the war we are leading here...

The woman down in Verona, N. J., who alone was building a house of concrete got along all right till she came to the roof.

Western Ireland was recently excited over a particularly clear mirage seen near Ballyconnally, a town on the wild Connemara coast.

Can it be true that the simplified spellers are considering the propriety of restoring the word "through" to their decapitated vocabulary in view of the dissatisfaction among some of the eminent members of the board over its treatment?

The forest commission of New York has reported that 90 per cent. of the forest fires in that state were caused by sparks from locomotives.

Port Huron.—I'm not insane and never was and it was just a scheme on the part of my husband to get rid of me for the rest of his life by having me put in the Pontiac asylum.

Grand Rapids.—For four hours Farmer John Bishop of Byron township used his hired man, William Burke, for a cushion, after first battering Burke to a pulpy softness.

Port Huron.—Rival factions of Golden Star lodge No. 1 of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, waged a contest by their attorneys in the circuit court to determine whether the committee of five women appointed by the lodge shall continue the investigation of the standing of Mrs. Amy Downing, treasurer of the general society.

Hillsdale.—Mrs. Frank Newberry, residing near Allen, in the western part of this county, is suffering from a peculiar accident. She was carrying a kettle across the floor when she tripped upon the corner of a rug.

Monroe.—A witness who appeared before the board of supervisors and Arthur P. Hicks, a representative of the attorney general's office, declared that 14 tons of fish which had died in the River Raisin in Summerfield township had been buried.

Bay City.—Sherwood Clemons, who confessed to burning the Grand Trunk depot in order to cover his embezzlement, was not sentenced.

Saginaw.—Probably the most unique sentence ever passed in Saginaw was that imposed by Judge Crane in the probate court upon 20 boys, many of them in short trousers.

Muskegon.—Laden with Christmas presents for his wife and child who reside in Detroit, John Pastur was passing a lonely spot near the Brunswick-Balke-Clender Company's plant, when he was stabbed in the back.

Port Huron.—After deliberating three hours the jury in the case of William Seely vs. the Grand Trunk railway in which the plaintiff asked \$10,000 for the life of his little son, Charley, who was killed at the Stone street crossing on August 5, 1907, rendered a verdict in circuit court of \$700 for the plaintiff.

Muskegon.—Alleging that his wife would not let him speak to their children as he passed them on the street, Charles A. Perry of Sullivan has instituted divorce proceedings against Johanna Perry, to whom he was married in Kalamazoo six years ago.

Grand Rapids.—Nine o'clock is nine o'clock in Judge Loucks' court, not let it be distinctly said—ten o'clock. Attorney Edward Barnard found it out. He had a case in Justice Loucks' but had not shown up at 9:30.

Traverse City.—In the ruins of the Tonner home at Interlocken, where two little children were burned to death, the charred remains of a shepherd dog, owned by the family, were found near where the children's bodies had been.

Monroe.—William H. Hubbard, a salesman of Binghamton, N. Y., and Mabel Haddow, a tailoress of Wooster, N. Y., were married here by Rev. Charles O'Meara.

Mason.—Charles Wheeler, 74 years old, a civil war veteran of Dansville, who lives alone, fell on the ice, striking his hip on the doorstep and crushing the bones.

Owosso.—The Owosso lodge of Elks entertained about 200 poor children with a dinner and Christmas tree in the lodge temple. Every child received a gift.

WOLVERINE NEWS BREVITIES

Monroe.—Bessie A. Jewell has brought suit in the circuit court against Nikolaus Willinger and John P. Morrissey et al., saloon keepers in the village of Ottawa Lake, for \$3,000 damages.

Cheboygan.—That the mysterious person who threw acid in the face of Mrs. C. B. Marks, while on her way home from church Sunday night, is a woman and that the act was prompted through jealousy, is the theory now entertained by the police.

Three Rivers.—This city proposes to have the first convention hall in southwestern Michigan and if present plans carry it will be ready for dedication by April 1.

Muskegon.—The diamond stealing mystery that shocked the high school was cleared up when a young man confessed that he stole a ring valued at \$100.

Saginaw.—Allen Sawyer, boatkeeper on the sandaucker Mofles, narrowly escaped death when he plunged from a gangplank, 15 feet in the air, through the river ice and went to the bottom in 12 feet of water.

Escanaba.—J. A. Reddick, a lineman employed by the Postal Telegraph Company, was killed by an electric shock while endeavoring to save the property of an opposition company.

Owosso.—Michael Angelo, a local shoemaker, became ill while at work in his shop and was assisted home by James Hoffman, an employe, with whom he roomed.

Flint.—County Treasurer Hetchler has received from the state treasurer the primary school money which has been due Genesee county for six weeks, but which has not been available until now on account of the depleted condition of the state treasury.

Saginaw.—Sam A. Vorbels, the veteran theatrical man who was arrested in St. Johns and brought back to Saginaw for leaving a board bill of \$1.50 at the Wright house unpaid, was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail by Justice Bowen.

Vicksburg.—While skating on Sunset lake here Otto Steinberger of Kalamazoo, and Miss Jessie Pae, employed by the Lee Paper Company, had a close call from drowning.

Port Huron.—After a tramp all alone from Presque Isle county, a distance of 200 miles, William Hobart, 61 years old, has arrived in Port Huron.

Homer.—Living the life of a recluse in a little shanty on wheels, which he moved about from place to place as the notion struck him, John Brooks, an aged civil war veteran, met death in the flames of his burning abode.

Kalamazoo.—The executive committee of the Kalamazoo County Sunday School association has decided to invite W. J. Bryan to address the association at a grand big rally and picnic day some time next summer.

Lansing.—George R. Perry, lieutenant, junior grade, of the Saginaw Naval reserves, has tendered his resignation to the state military authorities and an election has been called to fill the vacancy.

Saginaw.—R. A. Patterson of Remus was arrested here on complaint of Meat Inspector Lester, charged with offering for sale "unsound and unwholesome meat." He pleaded guilty.

SLEUTHING THE SLEUTH.



RESCUE STATIONS FOR COAL FIELDS

GOVERNMENT'S NEW SCHEME TO REDUCE NUMBER OF FATALITIES.

Will Train Mine Crews—Demonstrations of Oxygen Helmets and Safety Lamps to Be Made by Experts—Probable Locations.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Carrying out its efforts to reduce the number of fatalities in coal mines, the United States geological survey is about to establish rescue stations in the principal coal fields of the country.

The new stations will be at or near the greatest centers of accidents and it will be the purpose of the experts to teach the miners and mine bosses how to use the most approved apparatus for mine rescue work.

Government mining engineers, thoroughly trained in the use of rescue apparatus, will be assigned to these stations, and they will be ready at a moment's notice to go to any disaster in their district.

These stations also will be headquarters of the engineers for the study of the waste of coal in mining, one of the important problems before the geological survey.

It is the intention to have every station fitted up with an air-tight room where gas can be generated. The coal mining companies are to be invited to send picked men to these stations, where they will be trained by the government experts in the use of the oxygen helmets.

Where the Stations Will Be. One of the rescue stations will be at Urbana, Ill., in connection with the University of Illinois.

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GO ON VISIT TO CANAL ZONE

TWELVE HOUSE COMMITTEE MEMBERS SAIL FOR COLON.

Will Study Conditions and Possible Needs of Changes in Form of Government.

Washington, Dec. 28.—To familiarize themselves with conditions under the present form of government of the Panama canal zone and to consider what changes, if any, are desirable, 12 members of the house committee on foreign and interstate commerce left Charleston today for Colon.

It is not thought that any measure having for its object a change in the form of civil government for the zone will receive the consideration of the congress at the present session, but as all but two of the members of the commerce committee, Representatives Hepburn and Sherman will be members of the house in the Sixty-first congress, the committee will find the information secured now of value later.

There has been some discussion of the advisability of attaching the zone to one of the southern circuits of federal courts in order to overcome criticism that has been made of the prevailing judiciary system because of the difficulties that have been experienced with regard to the limits of jurisdiction of the civil and military authorities on the zone and the government of Panama.

The congressional party not only will investigate this matter, but also will look into all phases of the construction of the canal.

The party will reach Colon on January 2, arriving in Washington, returning January 14. Those in the party who are accompanied by their wives are Messrs. Hepburn, Iowa; Cushman, Washington; Kennedy, Ohio; and Ryan, New York, of the committee. Other members going on the trip are Messrs. Stevens, Minnesota; Esch, Wisconsin; Townsend, Michigan; Knowland, California; Hubbard, West Virginia; Adamson, Georgia; Richardson, Alabama; and Bartlett, Georgia. Messrs. Morse, Wisconsin; Humphrey, Washington; Lee, Georgia; Conner, Iowa; and Loud, Michigan, also are members of the party, as is J. F. Ryan, the clerk of the committee.

VIRGINIA CITY IS SHAKEN.

Severe Earthquake Does Damage in the Montana Town.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 28.—A dispatch from Virginia City, Mont., states that at 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon that section was shaken by the severest of a series of seismic disturbances that have been going on for more than a week.

Parents Fight; Babe Killed. Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—Alfred Turner, aged ten weeks, was killed in a peculiar manner during a fight between his parents here Friday.

Father and Daughter Fatally Hurt. New York, Dec. 26.—In a collision late Friday between a trolley car and an automobile in the sunken roadway which crosses Central park at Eighty-sixth street, George C. Huribut, the aged librarian of the American Geographical society, and his daughter, Miss Ilione Huribut, occupants of the automobile, were crushed in the ruins of the machine and fatally hurt.

President Fallieres Assaulted. Paris, Dec. 25.—President Clement Fallieres was attacked Friday in a cafe in the Place de l'Etoile by a politician named Mappia. The aged president grappled with his assailant and was severely bruised before gentlemen could seize Mappia.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

C. W. Masingale of Valentine, Neb., was robbed and murdered at Eldorado, Ark.

The First National bank of Manrovia, Cal., was robbed of about \$29,000.

Dr. Richard A. F. Penrose, father of United States Senator Boies Penrose, died at his home in Philadelphia, Pa., of pneumonia, aged 82 years.

A mysterious disease is killing many people in Hermosillo, Mexico, and the inhabitants are terror-stricken and are leaving as fast as possible.

Representative Robert C. Davey, Democrat, of the Second district of Louisiana, died in New Orleans of a complication of maladies, aged 55.

The jury at Irvine, Ky., in the case of Beach Hargis, accused of the murder of his father, Judge James Hargis, reported inability to agree and was discharged.

On account of an epidemic of scarlet fever municipal authorities refused to allow any public Christmas entertainments or Sunday school sessions in Warsaw, Ind.

Henry W. Poor, trading as H. W. Poor & Co., at 33 Wall street, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors, his liabilities probably being between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

Claus Spreckels, widely known as the "Sugar King" of the Pacific coast, died at his home in San Francisco in his eightieth year. The immediate cause of death was an attack of pneumonia.

Baron Cotte, chief of the Russian secret political police, was killed a Col. Muraki was wounded in a brief encounter with revolutionists who were entrenched in a suburban villa near Moscow.

Preparations are under way at Naples for the reception in honor of the division of the American battleship fleet, now cruising around the world, on its arrival at that port about January 17.

In a sheet which was about to be placed in a mangle in a hotel laundry in Boston was found a \$5,000 diamond necklace of Mrs. John De Coste, wife of a well-known English artist, who is at present in New York.

The fisheries committee of the Vancouver board of trade is preparing a strong memorial asking the Dominion government to define the sovereignty of Canada in the North Pacific owing to the alleged poaching of American halibut fishing boats in Canadian waters.

FOR BROADER CONSERVATION.

Canada and Mexico Invited to Conference on Resources.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Announcement was made at the White House yesterday of a proposed plan for a conference looking toward the conservation of the natural resources of North America, to be held at the White House February 18 next.

Letters suggesting the plan have been addressed by President Roosevelt to the governor-general and the premier of Canada and to President Diaz of Mexico. They will be delivered to the officials in person by Gifford Pinchot, chairman of the national conservation commission and chief forester of the United States.

TUG AND FOUR MEN LOST.

Fishing Vessel Wrecked and Sunk at Frankfort, Mich.

Frankfort, Mich., Dec. 28.—The 15-ton fish tug Rhine of Frankfort was wrecked against one of the harbor piers here Saturday night, trying to make the harbor in a strong southwest gale. The little vessel was broken in two and the four men comprising her crew were drowned.

The dead are: Capt. Henry Hanrath, Julius Dorry, Charles Kibby and Gus Straubel.

Tragedy in Alexandria, Va.

Alexandria, Va., Dec. 28.—Lawrence W. Peters, aged 28, yesterday committed suicide in a boarding house after shooting and attempting to kill his sweetheart, Jennie W. Beaudette, 21 years old, a silk mill worker.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities like LIVE STOCK, FLOUR, WHEAT, BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

KARL ENGEL, ADVENTURER

By DONALD KENNICOTT

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repetition. Within, Karl Engel himself leans back in his chair, with his pudgy hands clasped over his fat stomach, and—dozes. The young reporter who stands on the street corner waiting for a car which is to bear him down to his daily tasks, for the hundredth time tells himself gloomily that the world is composed entirely of the bourgeoisie, and that Karl Engel in particular, dozing there in the butcher shop, is bourgeois to the nth power.

Whistling aggressively, Karl's assistant comes in from his belated luncheon and resumes his apron. The wholesaler's wagon backs up to the sidewalk, and Karl, bestirring himself to bicker with the driver concerning the choice of meats, presently staggers back into the shop under an imposing quarter of beef. With a mighty heave, he lifts it so that it shall catch the hook, and as it swings into place on the rack, he brings it to a standstill with a resounding slap that is really a caress, and murmurs to himself: "Ach, he was a fine fellow now. He came from out there."

For though Karl's body was cabined within the narrow precincts of a metropolitan meat market, his soul fared far abroad into the celestial spaces of the western wilds—into that fair, free, fabulous land of Bret Harte and large pistols, of Mayne Reid and savage beasts, of Harry Castleman and mad Mexicans. Out there the good, brave beef cattle roamed up and down, pawing the earth, until the circling "lasso" laid them low; out there the insidious Indian added arrows to one's person and rare zest to every enterprise; and there was gold and blood and fire—a man's world. Ach, himmel, some day he would go, even he, Karl Engel, of Market street, would go out there, away from bees which were but stiff and bloodless simulacra, away from men who were but pale, soulless shadows, away from—yes, one must be prepared to make some sacrifices—away from the big, brown glass at Kohberg's on the corner.

With each recurring spring, there came days when, occasion permitting, Karl would shuffle wearily up and down the sawdust floor of the shop, instead of dozing in his chair. Always then, Paul Ludwig, the assistant, who was ambitious to possess a shop of his own, would inquire quite pertinently why, then, he did not go out there. But always Karl would sigh gloomily, and defer the day of departure until his bank account should have reached the definite and delectable sum of \$2,500; and gradually the springtime and the Wanderlust would wear away together.

Yet, at last, on a rare, balmy day in March, there came news that the death of that far-away uncle which sets so many ambitions at liberty to vault, had placed to Karl's credit a multitude of marks, which, when translated into the good round dollars of the republic, brought the bank account well above the determined sum. Karl was now his own man; and Karl, after pacing up and down in the sawdust for a stormy hour, thumped down his flat upon the cleaver-block and spoke with the stern voice of mighty resolve. He would go; to-morrow he would go, and Paul Ludwig must run the shop and hire a new assistant.

Sleepless hours of preparation ensued. First the making of his will, for which, as a childless widower, he bequeathed the bank account to his brother's little girl and the shop to the faithful Paul Ludwig. Next, the packing of the ancient leather trunk—an operation that for years he had rehearsed and secretly prepared for. Side by side in its capacious depths were tucked the Mackinac biscuit-box which he had bought nine years before, on hearing its cold-resting virtues praised by a reformed lumberjack in Kohberg's back room; the slashed Mexican trousers of black velvet which six years before he had seen worn at the masked ball of the County Democracy, and had astutely traced back to the costumers whence they came; the low-heeled, farmer's boots which he had observed in the window of a shop near the Union station; the harmless, necessary red handkerchief and the smoked goggles with which to combat the desert sun. With them, too, were placed the "lasso" which on a glad, golden day long ago, while over at the "yards" to pay his bills, Karl had seen fall from the saddle of one of the yard hands; the big pistol, upon which he had looked with covetous eyes for months, as it lay in the dusty pawn shop window, until he had seen another customer considering it and had been frightened into immediate purchase; and last—but, oh, not least—the long brass-mounted target rifle, with its exaggerated butt-plate and its handle, with which Karl, at a monthly meeting of the Schutzverein, won a solid rest and six min-

utes in which to aim, would pot the bull's-eye with a precision altogether appalling.

Remained but to purchase the ticket. And this at first was a difficulty, for neither Don Carlos' rancho, nor "a lonely log cabin gilded by the rays of the declining sun," nor—alas—Dead Man's gulch, are to be found upon the folders of any railroad. Yet here Karl showed himself to be a man of resource and worthy of great enterprise. He bought a ticket clear to the coast, and set out with the grave determination to choose his place of debarkation from the car window. Thus it happened that on a windy day in March Don Quixote of the Market, squirrel and clad incredibly, rode out of the picturesque little New Mexican town of Medilla upon a rocking old Rosinante for which he had paid four prices, bearing across his saddle bow the long brass-mounted rifle of the Schutzverein. Upon his brow was the black frown of dire discomfort and of high purpose, but in his heart welled up the all-pervading joy of attainment. Would but the Fates be kind!

A road was their instrument—a kindly, devious road that avoided alike the baseball park just outside of town, the farmhouses along the river, and the near-by grove, where at that very moment an unmistakable Sunday-school picnic was rioting in infinite ice cream. Out over rocky, sun-scorched hills, and through dusty, barren valleys, the road led him, and Fancy peopled their desolate solitudes with all the puppets of our latter-day romance. The up-tossed dust of the road was redolent of blood and battle; the lowing of distant cattle was clamorous of midnight raid and deadly stampede; gold glistened in each crystalline pebble. And when a string of steers passed over the brow of a neighboring hill, the heart of Karl Engel was uplifted as at sight of uncovered treasure, and he fingered his "lasso" with longing and—doubt.

A roadside cross, carved on a boulder 50 years before, by devout Mexicans, who thought thereby to commemorate some soon-forgotten scalp-lifting, then caught Karl's eye. Instantly he dismounted, and after a pious prayer for the repose of these unshriven souls, spent a rapturous hour in fingering the time-worn inscription and speculating upon the tumultuous day it recorded. To him that bit of rock pictured whole troops of swarthy villains in velvet, a dark-eyed maiden radiant with all allurements, and a heroic cavalier whose plunging steed bore a double burden from out the smoke of battle.

The road beckoned. Just over the crest of a rock-strewn ridge, it brought him suddenly upon a windmill, solitary, gigantic, mysterious. The cattle, for whom its office was to pump water, were far abroad in the hills; no human habitation was in sight; the murmur of the faint noontide wind in the motionless sails whispered dark tales of murder and of massacre. Unguided, Rosinante sought the water-trough; Karl dismounted stiffly, and after slaking his own thirst, fell to munching crackers and sardines that he had regretfully substituted for the unpurchasable glories of pemican and jerked buffalo tongue. Then strolling warily about, he came suddenly upon a thing which brought him up short, open-mouthed and saucer-eyed. A small thing, too. Fact would have described it as the ashes of a camp-fire built about a dead yucca, the bones of a calf that had been roasted thereon, the empty shell of the cartridge that had been expended to slaughter the beast, and a pair of cast-off boots. Fancy told another tale: of the lonely home of an adventurous pioneer; of demonic war-whoops at dead of night; of yelling savages leaping in glee around the flames that fared about their victim at the stake. Fascinated, Don Quixote tip-toed gingerly closer; furtively he slipped in his pocket, as a memento, the empty shell; furiously he vowed vengeance on the first misguided redskin that ventured to cross his path.

Alluring the road led on, over hill and dale, ridge and arroyo. A mile or so beyond the enchanted windmill Don Quixote pulled in his Rosinante with a jerk, for unmistakably he heard the sound of footsteps approaching on horseback. A moment and then a solitary horseman appeared trotting down the road toward him, and his heart beat fast for joy. It might have been Alkali Ike; it might have been Chick-asaw Charlie, perhaps even Billy the Kid; but after all, Karl decided for Deadwood Dick. Fact, indeed, knew the rider for old man Johnston's tenderfoot nephew, garbed in the remarkable attire affected by his kind—harmful and unnecessary chaparajos, the widest of wide sombreros, and the pearl-handled, nickel-plated revolver, whose very shadow is tabooed. Perhaps he, too, in his small-souled way, was Don Quixote—further exemplifying the truth of Mr. Oscar Wilde's paradox that literature is not the criticism of life so much as life is the criticism of literature.

"Good evening, partner," remarked Deadwood Dick, with easy nonchalance.

"Howdy, stranger," returned Don Quixote in a ready but awe-stricken whisper, and when the youth had passed turned to look after him. Deadwood Dick, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his hatband was the skin of a rattlesnake.

The road wound on, endless, enticing, pregnant of all adventures. Dark came, and with it the friendly light of a ranch house. Yet still the ardent spirit of Don Quixote granted his weary body no rest, for Fact and Fancy still dalled with one another distantly. He had drawn close to the house, and was within of hospitable bed and board when in his mind

when suddenly Clamor came, and her train were Tumult and Uproar, Turmoil and Riot. Shadow forms danced madly about in the faint moonlight, shooting incontinently, yelling horribly, beating pans. Fact had it that the occupant of the house having that day been married, his friends were indulging themselves in the delicate western custom known as a "chivaree"—assailing the nuptial abode with a sort of epithetial chorus of hideous noises until the groom should appear with brown jugs of sedative liquors. Fancy, however, knew well that here was a wild night of battle; hoarse shouts of blood-thirsty outlaws; deafening detonations of musketry; throbbing tom-toms of savage allies; groans of wounded, sighs of dying; rapine, pillage, slaughter.

With no thought of retreat, but in pitiable perplexity as to the identity of friend and foe, Don Quixote made ready his weapons and urged Rosinante hither and thither about the borders of the melee. The uproar waxed terrific, culminating in a vast and universal ululation of victory, when Benedict, yielding at last, brought forth his tribute to the turbulent disciples of Bacchus. A noisy division of the spoils followed, and Karl was edging in closer, when an unsteady figure staggered toward him, engaged with a furious combat with his own shadow. The shadow became superimposed upon Don Quixote, and it occurred to the befuddled warrior to discharge his pistol in close proximity to the ear of Rosinante. The result was retreat inglorious, un-stayed, incontinent; and when Karl at length pulled in his trembling steed, darkness and silence enveloped him.

Yet at last stern Fact took nimble Fancy to wife, and their offspring was Adventure. Crouching by the roadside over a fire of brushwood he had with difficulty constructed, Karl passed a sleepless night, obsessed by a haunting dread that though the gods might vouchsafe to him a Pisgah sight of these, their promised glories, they would deny him participation. And at dawn, when he mounted stiffly and spurred the unwilling Rosinante onward, his heart was very heavy. Then it was, however, that he attained and achieved.

For, lo! out of what could but be Dead Man's gulch there appeared an undeniable stage-coach, drawn by six quick-trotting mules. It debouched upon the main road, overtook Karl and passed him in a cloud of gloriolous dust. It does not matter that the normal function of this vehicle had long since been usurped by a 40-horsepower Mercedes; nor that it now served merely as a reliable and dust-proof carriage in which to transport from the railway station the superintendent of the Golden Eagle mine, the monthly satchel stuffed with pay-envelopes and an occasional visiting stockholder. Nor is it even of importance that the man who stood waiting with drawn revolver behind a bowlder, a little farther on, was not a recrudescence road agent, but a discharged gang foreman, seeking at once revenge and recuperated fortune. Reality and appearance were in all fundamentals identical.

And so when Don Quixote, relentlessly spurring Rosinante forward in the hope of one last glimpse, galloped over the crest of a little ridge, he saw before him a true, real and indubitable stage coach robbery—the three hapless passengers standing with uplifted hands at the mercy of the menacing weapons in the hands of a lone, masked bandit. The supreme moment had come, yet Don Quixote did not hesitate, for his part in the drama was all too obvious. Instantly he slid down from the unstable back of Rosinante, and, kneeling, rested upon a rock the long, brass-bound rifle of the Schutzverein. Facing about, the road agent opened fire upon him, but Karl did not hasten unduly. Four times the bandit fired, and though he missed, received no reply; the fifth bullet from his revolver, striking Karl in the hip, spun him over in the dust unconscious. But in that same instant, the long target rifle had spoken also, and its word was deadly.

Thus briefly ended Don Quixote of the Market his knightly errantry. For though the mine superintendent caused him to be cared for most tenderly, yet even when he emerged from the delirium of the initial fever it appeared that he was not wholly sane. And it was therefore deemed best: to send him, under the care of a doctor, to that address which, along with some moneys, was found in a curious old wallet under his shirt. Thither he came safely, and when he had been nursed back to health by his brother's wife, he told a tale of his adventures in that far, free, fabulous western land which they needs must believe even as he did, for he bore its proof upon his person.

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the meat market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repetition. Within, Karl Engel himself, his right leg extended stiffly, leans back with his pudgy hands clasped over his stomach, and dozing, dreams of the poignant and passionate life out there, all of which he saw, part of which he was. The young reporter who stands on the street corner, waiting for the car which is to bear him down to his daily perambulations, looks into the shop at the dormant figure of Karl Engel, and for the thousandth time tells himself gloomily that the world is populated exclusively by the unimaginative bourgeoisie.

Denmark's Unsavory Record. The highest suicide rate of any nation is that of Denmark.

Gleanings of Gotham

Life in the Great Metropolis Mirrored for Our Readers

Big Bank Moves Fifty Million Dollars



NEW YORK—Fifty million dollars in gold, silver and currency were moved across Wall street the other day, when the National City bank quit its old home, 52 Wall street, for its new quarters, the old United States custom house, remodeled.

The removal of this enormous sum of money was accomplished by the bank's own clerks and messengers, who, under heavy guard, crossed and recrossed the street carrying great leather bags, each containing not less than \$10,000. The street was filled with policemen to head off anything suggestive of trouble.

A year ago the old custom house was turned over to builders. The interior was completely remodeled, but the granite walls, with the familiar Ionic columns, were left practically untouched. By adding a Corinthian colonnade and adhering strictly to a scheme of classic simplicity it is believed an admirable result has been obtained.

Mrs. Tom Pierce Free from Asylum



MRS. TOM PIERCE, "sportiest woman in the world," once a leader of New York's smart set, and most famous woman whip in America, has been liberated from the private sanitarium in Norwalk, Conn., being adjudged sane on her brother's statement that she simply had his sister placed in the asylum to enable her to recover from a case of alcoholism.

Mrs. Pierce at her fashionable home in this city, declared she has been the victim of a conspiracy and was subjected to the greatest cruelty by her brother, from which she was rescued only through the ceaseless efforts of her friend, Adèle Ritchie, the actress.

She also avers in no uncertain terms that the private sanitariums in Connecticut are filled with perfectly sane people, forcibly placed there

The entire lower section is given over to a great banking chamber, the ceiling of which is 60 feet high and 83 feet to the top of the central dome.

Dominating from its position in the center of the banking room every other feature of the ground floor is the great armor plate safe, weighing 30,000 tons. Bare of disguise or ornament, the architects are frankly treating it as a strong box. The safe has every known effective safety feature, the most modern and striking of which is a system of steam coils encircling the great iron box designed to parboil in a moment any person bent on robbery. The steam can be shot into these coils by touching several concealed buttons in a twinkling, making all the space about the safe a veritable furnace.

The purpose of such a feature is to foil any attempted hold-up in banking hours, no matter how strong or how heavily armed the raiding force. The safe might be wide open, with hundreds of thousands of dollars in plain view, every bank clerk and official on that floor might be looking down the muzzle of a revolver, yet an office boy on the upper floor could touch a button and no human being could approach the safe and live.

The National City bank is just four years short of 100 years old.

by intimated relatives, and declares that she will carry the entire matter before the legislature and ask for an investigation.

For years Mrs. Tom Pierce has been the most talked of woman of the smart set. New York's millionaire circle knew no more daring rider to the hounds. In the field Mrs. Pierce's aim was the surest. No one drove blooded horses with such consummate skill. But it was also said that no one could sit longer at the festive board where highballs bubbled and rare wine flowed.

So ardent a sportswoman did she become that she discarded the feminine garb of field and chase. She startled society by riding to hounds in male attire, and even afoot she frequently adhered to the bewitchingly sportive panama hat, box coat, riding breeches and puttee leggings.

Several weeks ago Mrs. Pierce suddenly dropped out of sight. She was last seen at the office of her brother, J. C. Rogers, and was next heard of in the sanitarium. Her sudden reappearance created a sensation among the smart set.

J. K. Tod Now Living Close to Nature



MR. J. KENNEDY TOD goes down into the Wall street district two or three times a week to keep in touch with his financial interests, though he retired two years ago from the Stock Exchange firm of J. Kennedy Tod & Co., which is now composed of his two nephews, Mr. William Stuart Tod, who is the representative on the floor, and Mr. Robert E. Tod, who has charge of the office end.

Mr. Tod is in a healthy, active old age, and is apparently possessed of as much vitality as he was a generation ago. This is due to the fact, he asserts with no little pride, that he is living as nearly as possible close to nature, and in that manner of simple life which gives to a man a wholesome body and a cheerful, unobstructed, broadened view of life.

Mr. Tod has put some of his ideas

into operation at his handsome home at Sound Beach, Conn., and not long ago, when he introduced a new idea into his simple life scheme, became talked of as a man who had a palace for his home, but who found joy in sleeping in a "shack." The structure is made of plain boards and so supplied with windows that it has perfect ventilation. No matter what the quarter of the wind, fresh current of air from the sound sweeps through the place.

It is located almost on the water, and there Mr. Tod sleeps during the late days of the spring and throughout the summer. On a warm morning he can almost roll out of bed into the water. Being an ardent lover of outdoors, he is an enthusiastic yachtsman and cruises in his big auxiliary schooner rigged craft, the "Thistle."

Mr. Tod's place is surrounded on three sides by the sound, and he owns a large island to the west which at low tide is connected with the mainland. This place is a great clamming ground for the neighbors, and at one time schooners loaded with sand at this island, but Mr. Tod finally stopped the custom, as the island was being rapidly removed.

Select Section Giving Way to Business



THE announcement that two blocks of Fifth avenue in the heart of what was only a few years ago the most exclusive section of wealthy homes in the city are to be converted to business uses marks another step in the rapid passing of this thoroughfare as a fashionable street. For several years the homes which lined the avenue from the magnificent Washington arch to the lower end of Central park have been disappearing rapidly, and this movement has proceeded more rapidly since the department stores began to invade the once sacred precincts.

It is known that one of the blocks just sold is to be used as the site for a dry goods store, now further down town, and it is rumored that the other has been acquired by a Chicago mercantile establishment which

has often been reported about to invade New York.

In five years it is predicted by real estate men there will not be a dozen private residences in Fifth avenue below Fifty-ninth street. Even the wealth of multimillionaires cannot withstand the encroachments of business, and they are being driven up town or into the side streets, whither the fashionable clubs that formerly had houses on the avenue are following them. For a time there was a tendency to build luxurious hotels on Fifth avenue, but this has ceased. Hotel visitors and the brilliancy of Broadway and the conveniences of its great hotels and theaters and transportation lines preferable to Fifth avenue, which is dim and comparatively deserted after nightfall, and from which it is more inconvenient to reach either the business or amusement centers.

The City Farmer. "There is no doubt that Chumpleigh has the correct appreciation of what is expected of a city farmer." "What has he done now?" "Why, he has just sunk a \$1,400 well on his place in order to supply water to his \$14 cow."

WHISPER FOR HELP HEARD BY POLICE

DOCTOR'S WIFE TELEPHONES ALARM FROM UNDER HER BEDCLOTHES.

TELLS OF BURGLAR IN HOUSE

Awakened by Growl of Dog to Hear Robber Rummaging in Next Room—Faints After Notifying Station.

Williamport, Pa.—The wife of a physician, Mrs. G. Franklin Bell, played the part of a clever detective in her home while a burglar was ransacking the drawers in several pieces of furniture in an adjoining room, with the communicating door open.

Mrs. Bell was awakened by the low growl of the house dog, which was lying at the head of the stairs. She raised herself in her bed and heard plainly the robber rummaging in the next room. Not daring to call for help, as her husband was not at home, she reached to a table which stood at the head of the bed, and on which two telephones rested, which were used by the doctor for answering night calls.

She pulled one telephone under the bed quilt and then ducked her head snugly under the covers and telephoned to the police station, which was not far from her home.

She whispered through the phone, but loudly enough to be distinctly understood by the officer at the station. The robber went on with his work and evidently never suspected his danger until a policeman came running toward the house blowing his signal whistle in hopes of raising another patrolman whom he could call on for assistance.

Mrs. Bell heard the man run from the room and go down the stairs jumping over the head of the dog, which barked loudly. She then jumped from her bed and, raising a window, informed the officer what was going on.

The officer waited a few minutes for the robber to come out, but no



She Ducked Her Head Under the Covers and Telephoned the Police.

one appeared, and then Patrolman Segebrecht entered the house by a side door. The robber was too clever to be caught in a trap. He hid behind a closed door until he heard the officer walk by, and then he made his escape.

"I never was so frightened in my life," said Mrs. Bell, in talking to a friend about the robbery. "I just knew that I might be killed if I called for help, and then there was no one to help me. The doctor and both boys were hunting. When I heard some one in the next room I thought of the scheme to get one of the phones under the covers. He didn't hear me, I guess, for I called the exchange in a whisper. I got the place right away, and when the man said 'Hello,' all I said was: 'Send an officer to Dr. Bell's; burglars,' and then I almost fainted. I never moved until I heard that whistle down in the yard, and then I knew that I had been saved."

Kills Steer with His Fist. Springfield, Ill.—Accompanied by friends, Fritz Schafer, a muscular young German farmhand, residing near Greenview, in Menard county, went to the farm of Henry Austin to trade horses. As Schafer started home across the lot where a bad-tempered steer was kept, Austin warned him of the danger of entering the lot.

When near the center of the pasture Schafer's friends, who had remained behind, were horrified to see him attacked by the animal and knocked down by the first onslaught. As the steer charged a second time Schafer landed a blow behind the animal's ear that dropped it as though shot. When Schafer's friends gained his side the steer was dead.

Dutch Plan World's Exposition. The Dutch intend to celebrate the centenary reestablishment of their national independence by a world exposition, to be held at The Hague in the year 1912. The exposition ground and guarantee fund have already been secured.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
P. W. SAMSEN.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 50c each.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Dupl. 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 .50
Three Months .25

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1909.

Three Fine Entertainments.

The Citizens' Lecture Course committee has decided to sell season tickets for the three remaining numbers of this course at the following prices: Adults 75c, children 50c, with reserved seats for the three numbers 15c extra. The three remaining attractions will undoubtedly prove the most popular entertainments in the course. Next week Wednesday evening, Jan. 6, the Chicago Glee Club and Trombone appears. This is the most expensive single attraction on the course and comes to us highly recommended by those who know of their work. Col. Bain, before he began his lecture here, told the audience that the Chicago Glee Club was undoubtedly the best glee club in the country and would give us a rare entertainment. Col. Bain also spoke of the Dixie Jubilee Concert Company, who come here Feb. 2, saying they were the best of the jubilee singers. He had heard them and he knew we would enjoy them. Of the Bellhuz Entertainers who close our course Friday evening, March 19, he said: "Mr. Bellhuz is certainly an artist and will give you people a splendid program. I have heard them several times and they are all right. Your people are to be congratulated on the next three entertainments."

Regarding the Chicago Glee Club The Coldwater (Mich.) Courier has this to say: "The concert was given by the famous Chicago Glee Club. The Courier uses the word 'famous' for it now appreciates the fact the club is entitled to such distinction. The Chicago Glee Club is without doubt the best male quartet that has visited us in years."

The Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligence, among other things, says: "The Chicago Glee Club is by far the best aggregation of singers that has been heard here this season. . . . scored a decided hit with a large audience. The harmony in their ensemble work was perfect and their tones were like those of a great organ." Another says, "the trombone quartet was a rare treat."

Mr. Dixon, a member of the club, is also an impersonator. The St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch says of his work: "Mr. Dixon proved his versatility by appearing in character work, giving several of the Riley poems and afterward achieving even better success with his portrayal of the old time class-leader giving out the lines of a hymn."

We believe the citizens of Plymouth will appreciate the high quality of these entertainments and the low price for season tickets, and hope that many who have not already purchased tickets, will take advantage of this opportunity, not alone for their own benefit, but for the encouragement of the committee; for, if this course proves successful, it means a continuation of the good work next year. Single admission to Chicago Glee Club, 50c.

That's the Man!

Chief of the London "bobbies" is the hero of a great railroad murder mystery case. His name is Colonial James Fraser. His greatest coup will be told in this paper's next issue. Look for this heading: "Solving a Railway Murder," by George Barton. Detective work of the highest order was the factor in picking up the threads of the mystery and piecing them together. They thought they had the wrong man when Muller refused to confess on the gallows. They turned away as the crop fell "I did it." Those whispered words were heard by every man in the jail yard. Did they come from the man about to die? Was it a spiritual manifestation? We can't tell you here. It would spoil the story for you when it appears in the next issue. So be patient until it comes. Appropriately illustrated.

GREETINGS.

Old Year, old and gray, why do you smile,
Why wear this coat of white and green and red,
And these horns with happiness and glee,
When all too soon you'll cough your grizzled head?
You Sir, young and strong, ask reasons why,
In my last days here on this peaceful sphere,
I give my time, and the end is nigh,
To gladness, ways and Love and Life and Cheer!
On this day, in the long, long age,
God, in His Wisdom, to happiness bring,
Brought to the World, with love and joy,
The Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus our King!
So, dear friend, I join the good Old Year
In wishing you and your loved ones, too,
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
And bounteous blessings of friendship true.
—Scott Fraser Hodg.

CHURCH NEWS.

UNIVERSALIST.
Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
Service at 10:30 A. M. Next Sunday the pastor will preach upon the subject, "A Savior of that which is Last." Sunday-school at 11:15 A. M. At 7:30 P. M. the Y. P. C. U. will hold a New Year service.

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

METHODIST.
Rev. E. King, Pastor.
Appropriate New Year's services will be held next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Reception of members and preaching by the pastor. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Evening song and preaching service conducted by the pastor at 7 p. m. Strangers are cordially invited.

BAPTIST.
Rev. T. Jack, Pastor.
Morning worship 10:30, followed by Communion service. Let every member plan to be present. The pastor will preach, both morning and evening. Let us make the entrance into the New Year a time of joy. Sunday-school 11:45. Every teacher should be present and all classes full with no scholars absent. B. Y. P. U., 6:50. Stake this service a record breaker. Song service 7:30 to 7:50, followed by evening sermon. Mid-week prayer and praise service Wednesday night 7:30. The prayer meeting is the pulse of the church and reveals the healthy or sickly condition of the church, set on the firing line.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:00, morning worship. Preaching by the pastor. Subject, "The King's Business." 11:15 Sunday-school. Reports from the secretary and treasurer for the old year and election of officers for the new year. 6:00, Young People's Meeting. 7:00, Evening gospel service. Preaching by the pastor. Subject "The Religion of a Modern Young Man." You are most cordially invited to all these services. Also to the Thursday evening prayer service.

Next Monday evening, Jan. 1, beginning at 7 o'clock, the seventy-sixth annual meeting of the church and congregation and the third quarterly social of the board of trustees will be held in the church. Reports will be given from all departments of the church work, the budget for the coming year will be adopted and pledges received toward the running expenses of the church and officers will be elected. After the business session there will be a social hour with refreshments and speeches. All members, contributors, adherents, and friends are most cordially invited to the annual meeting.

New Year's Night.

President Roosevelt in an address given last Thanksgiving Day said "Hundreds of young men are every year being lured away from the habit of decent living because they are not supplied with the chance to go where innocent and healthy amusements are provided in surroundings that encourage education and morality." Some one else has said "As go the boys, so goes the city." That this kind of sentiment is gaining ground is evidenced by the fact that the people of this country gave more money in the panicky year of 1908 to buildings and equipment for welfare work for men and boys than in any previous year.

There has been a growing conviction in the minds of some of her citizens, that Plymouth ought to be doing more for her young men. A formal movement for the general welfare of the young men of the town is to be launched at the Presbyterian church parlors this New Year's night. It is interesting to note that this morning Detroit dedicates her magnificent new half million dollar Y. M. C. A. home. Plymouth's beginning will be necessarily modest. It is expected that the church parlors will be open from seven till nine on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. A reading table, with the best magazines, will be provided; also games of various kinds. Every man who is interested and especially all the young men are invited to the "opera house" at the church this evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. After an hour of good fellowship the new movement will be formally inaugurated.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

Has to be given: Harvell's Condition Powders, which for over seventy years has been the standard of perfection. Why? Because every ounce and particle of the ingredients do their share towards contributing to the qualities of the stock, to which the powder is given. You should not fail to try this stock food and we feel sure, that after a few days, you will notice a wonderful change in the stock. Get a package at the nearest drug store. Price 25 cents. Sold by John L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

Subscribe for The Mail.

National Model License.

The Mail has received the following letter from the President of the National Model License League, headquarters at Louisville, Ky. and we print it without comment:

Editor Mail:—The indications being that at the next session of the Legislature of Michigan a model license law governing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in the State of Michigan will be considered, a brief discussion of the model license law now being advocated by the National Model License League will be of special interest, we think, to your readers.

It should be stated at the outset that the objects and purposes of the model license law are to take the liquor question out of politics and to take the lawbreaker out of the liquor business.

The liquor question should not be a political factor. The mere fact that a man favors or opposes the use of alcoholic beverages should not be deemed a qualification for discharging the duties incumbent upon holders of public office.

Law-breaking, in connection with the sale of alcoholic beverages, is injurious to the trade as a whole and to society generally. For this reason, the National Model License League, representing the manufacturers of and dealers in alcoholic beverages, feels justified to call on all good citizens for co-operation in the effort to pass a law eliminating the lawbreakers.

Prohibition has notoriously failed to take the liquor question out of politics or to take the lawbreaker out of the liquor business. On the other hand, prohibition agitation has made the liquor question an important factor in politics and has put a premium on violation of the law.

Model license law differs from ordinary license law in that model license law puts a premium on good behavior and provides absolutely certain penalties for violation of the law. Under model license law the liquor dealer is not so long as he abides by the law.

Model license law provides that all licenses in effect at the time of the passage of the model license law shall remain in effect until suspended or canceled because of violation of the law. Under the operation of model license law, if there are too many saloons in a given city the number will be cut down automatically, because too much competition would force some of

JOHN D. MABLEY,

"The Best in the World for the Money."

**Men's, Boys', Children's Clothing
Hats and Furnishings,
Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves, Underwear, Hose, &c.**

MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY.
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,

Come and see what we have

SCHRADER BROS.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors.

Both Phones. Night or Day

SHIRT WAIST SALE!

Commencing Saturday, Jan. 2,

we will Sell our Net Shirt Waists at the following Prices:



\$2.50	Net Shirt Waists,	\$1.79
3.50	" " "	2.69
4.00	" " "	2.89
4.75	" " "	3.69
5.00	" " "	3.79
6.00	" " "	4.69
7.00	" " "	5.50
7.50	Blue & Pink Party Waists	5.50



J. R. RAUCH & SON

the saloons out of business because of lack of profit or because of violation of law.

Model license law stipulates that no new licenses shall be issued until the population is in the proportion of (say) five hundred inhabitants to each saloon license. This restriction would make the license very valuable by preventing undue competition. The greater the value of the license the less disposition there would be on the part of the license holder to ask the forfeiture of his license through any violation of the law.

The National Model License League does not advocate excessive high license. The license should be sufficient to yield a good revenue to the city and state but it should not be so high as to compel the holder of the license to handle inferior merchandise in order to make a reasonable profit.

For the protection of the dealer

model license law includes a clause providing a penalty for any minor over eighteen years of age who shall claim to be of age in order to purchase alcoholic beverages. Without this clause unscrupulous "reformers" would resort to the use of boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one in order to make out a case of violation of the law against the sale of liquor to minors, as has been done so often under the law which provides no means of punishing the minor who makes the false pretense of being of legal age.

In order to give the dealer political independence, the model license law provides that the court must suspend the license for thirty days upon the first conviction of the license holder for any violation of the law and that the court must cancel the license upon the second conviction of the license holder. This provision is compulsory and the court can grant no favors.

The law further provides that where a person has forfeited his license he cannot again obtain a license in the state.

Under the model license law every dealer would be independent of politics; he would have a valuable license, and it would be more profitable to obey the law than to disobey it. With all of the retailers obeying the laws there would be no excuse for agitation and the liquor question would have no part in political campaigns.

Model license law has been accepted by many of the leading thinkers of the United States as the true solution of the liquor problem and it has the conservative and independent press of the country.

T. M. GILMORE.

The term of office of Walter J. Malotte who has been marriage license clerk of Wayne county the past four years ends January 1st. During his

term he prepared the documents which permitted the union of over 10,000 couples. He has for some time been dubbed "First Aid to Cupid." About 8000 licenses were issued by assistants in the office, making in all 18,805 marriage licenses in four years, or an average of fifteen a day every week day during that time.

The general opinion is that the automobile is responsible for many deaths. It may be a matter of news to our readers that of the 212 accidental deaths in the city of Detroit during the past year the automobile claimed but four victims while five were killed by wagons. Forty-one were killed, 28 were drowned, 25 were killed by street-car accidents and 13 by steam railway accidents. Nineteen were burned. There were four deaths from accident every week in the year.

Subscribe for The Mail.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 to 2;
 after 7 P. M.
 Office at home, next to Christmas science Hall
 Bell Phone 25; 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 rigs 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, 1907.
EAST BOUND.
 For Detroit via Wayne 6:30 a. m. and every two
 hours to 8:25 p. m.; also 9:42 p. m. changing at
 Wayne. To Wayne only, 10:40 p. m.

WEST BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:00 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours
 to 9:10 p. m.; also 10:42 p. m. & 12:25 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:55 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barn), also 7:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 9:50 p. m.; also 9:50 p. m. and 11 p. m.
 changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 8:30 p. m.; also 12:40 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,
 washings, trimmings, etc. among friends,
 neighbors and townsmen. We also manu-
 facture a full line of perfumes and toilet ar-
 ticles, no soap. Should be able to earn \$30 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. J. Binghamton, N. Y.

Probate Notice.
 STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne.
 At a session of the Probate court for said
 county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in
 the city of Detroit, on the twenty-third day of
 December, in the year one thousand nine hun-
 dred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Jus-
 tice of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
 John Kuhn, deceased.
 An instrument in writing purporting to be
 the last will and testament of said deceased
 having been delivered into this court for prob-
 ate.
 It is ordered, that the 27th day of Janu-
 ary next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said
 court room, be appointed for proving said in-
 strument.
 And it is further ordered, that a copy of this
 order be published three successive weeks pre-
 vious to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth
 Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in
 said county of Wayne.
 EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
 (A true copy.)
 ERVIN R. PALMER, Probate Clerk.

Probate Notice.
 STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne.
 At a session of the Probate court for said
 county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in
 the city of Detroit, on the fourth day of
 December, in the year one thousand nine hun-
 dred and eight. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Jus-
 tice of Probate. In the matter of the estate of
 Robert E. Hudson, deceased.
 John Nash, executor of the last will and test-
 ament of said deceased, having rendered to
 this court his final administration account
 and filed therewith his petition praying that
 the residue of said estate may be assigned in
 accordance with the provisions of said last will.
 It is ordered, that the nineteenth day of
 January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at
 said court room, be appointed for examining
 and allowing said account and hearing said
 petition.
 And it is further ordered, that a copy of this
 order be published three successive weeks pre-
 vious to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth
 Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in
 said county of Wayne.
 EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
 (A true copy.)
 ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabules
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind
 The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions
 the family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply
 for years. A druggist sells them.

MAIL LINERS

Local News

J. R. Bauch was in Pontiac Monday.
 Miss Mabel Oliver spent Xmas at
 Beech.
 Merle Murray spent Sunday with
 cousins in Flint.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tait spent
 Christmas in Northville.
 Maynard Riley was home from
 Indianapolis for Christmas.
 Kenneth and Albert Harrison are
 spending the week in Detroit.
 Mrs. Bert Towne of Union City
 visited friends in town Monday.
 Harry Brown and Miss Minnie
 Gay spent Xmas in South Lyon.
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Irwin of Walled
 Lake visited at C. G. Draper's Tues-
 day.
 Miss Easton of Dexter is visiting
 Miss Nellie Rooke a few days this
 week.
 W. O. Stewart, wife and family
 spent Xmas with her sister in Perrin-
 ville.
 Mrs. Fannie Coleman entertained a
 couple of weeks from Farmington last
 Monday.
 Miss Faye Daggett is home from
 Ovid, where she is teaching, for the
 holidays.
 Mrs. H. E. Meldrum and Mrs. L. J.
 Meldrum of Perrinsville were in town
 Tuesday.
 Roy Felt, Harry Hannan and Earl
 VanDeCar were home from Flint over
 Christmas.
 Chas. Trombly and wife returned
 Saturday from a two weeks' visit at
 French Landing.
 Charles, Walter and Florence Mer-
 rell, of Detroit are visiting their sister
 Mrs. C. G. Draper.
 Mrs. W. T. Conner and daughters
 Hazel and Elizabeth are spending a
 few days in Detroit.
 Mrs. B. J. Rathburn, Mrs. Wm.
 Felt and Mrs. W. W. Murray spent
 Sunday with friends in Detroit.
 Rev. E. King has been spending a
 few days with friends in Ontario. He
 and Mrs. King return this week.
 Mrs. S. O. Hudd entertained her
 Sunday-school class of boys at a
 Christmas dinner Saturday night.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Loscy of Wall-
 aceville spent Xmas with the latter's
 parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rooke.
 Mrs. Jessie Buchan of Detroit and
 Mr. and Mrs. Edson Sunderland and
 son of Ann Arbor spent Christmas at
 R. C. Safford's.
 Mrs. Chas. Merritt and daughter
 Leona returned from Longmont, Col.,
 Wednesday morning. Mr. Merritt will
 follow in a short time.
 Claude Shuter of Detroit, Ed. Shafer
 of Northville attended the funeral of
 Mrs. E. C. Lauffer Tuesday.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ransome and
 Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stevens of Flush-
 ing, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Riggs and
 sons of Pontiac will spend New Years
 with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs.
 Wayne Review: It may be a note-
 worthy fact to mention that at the
 close of 1908 Sarah Steers Collier will
 have served the Congregational church
 and Sunday-school as organist for fifty
 years.
 With the present prices of poultry,
 dairy and farm products it looks as
 though we are all on the "commission"
 to improve the condition of the farm-
 er without the formality of presiden-
 tial appointment.
 The Michigan state banks hold a
 hundred and thirty-eight million dol-
 lars of savings deposits, an average of
 nearly \$300 for each family in the
 state. The total is nearly three mil-
 lions more than was in the banks last
 year.
 Misses Genevieve McClumpha,
 Clara Lyon, Carrie Riddle, Flora Whit-
 beck, Bertha Shattuck, Celia and
 Anna Brown and Winnie and Pearl
 Jolliffe were entertained at the home
 of Miss Elsie Eddy last Saturday eve-
 ning. Some of the same young ladies
 made up a theater party to the Detroit
 Opera House Wednesday night.
 Carleton Times: Edward Leffing-
 well of Grand Rapids, charged with
 looting the Pere Marquette depot at
 Erie on the night of Sept. 6th, pleaded
 guilty in the circuit court Saturday
 afternoon and was sentenced by Judge
 Lockwood to not less than one nor
 more than 15 years in the Lonia Re-
 formatory. The court recommended
 two years. It is said that Leffingwell
 had also broken into cars at Plymouth
 and Wayne.
 In renewing his subscription to The
 Mail, C. C. Allen of South Pasadena,
 Cal., writes: "We are about eight miles
 from Los Angeles, thirty rides for
 \$2.10, cars every twenty minutes dur-
 ing the day. We are having fine weath-
 er. Are using radishes from our gar-
 den and have peas, beets, lettuce, on-
 ions and carrots up and sweet peas
 nearly ready to blossom. We have
 roses that would make the girls smile
 as well as yourself. The thermometer
 is up to 56 degrees this p. m."

A Happy New Year!
 George McGill of Detroit spent
 Christmas with his father and sister.
 Mrs. J. Herr is visiting her daughter
 at Elm.
 Regular meeting O. E. S. Tuesday
 evening.
 Mrs. F. J. Burrows is spending a
 few days in Detroit.
 Mrs. S. O. Hudd spent a few days
 this week in Bay City.
 Mrs. Geo. Grabel of Detroit visited
 friends in town Monday.
 Mrs. J. E. Brennan of Ann Arbor is
 visiting relatives in town.
 The little daughter of Dr. and Mrs.
 L. Peck is very seriously ill.
 Mrs. C. W. Valentine entertained a
 few friends yesterday to tea.
 Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Geutz visited their
 daughters in Detroit Christmas.
 Ernest Geutz of Saginaw spent
 Christmas with his parents here.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Roe of Flint were
 over Sunday guests of Ernest Roe.
 Frank Nicholson ate Christmas
 dinner with his sister in Ann Arbor.
 Archie Collins has been laid up at
 home this week with sciatic rheuma-
 tism.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Springer and
 son spent Sunday with relatives in De-
 troit.
 Fred and Carrie Allen left Tuesday
 to visit relatives at Loomis over New
 Years.
 Harry Minthorne has moved into
 Mrs. Fitzgerald's house on Daisy
 street.
 Wm. Lauffer of Sparta attended
 the funeral of Mrs. E. C. Lauffer
 Tuesday.
 Warren Lombard and Miss Cat-
 rine Vincent are spending New Years at
 Highland.
 Mrs. Hubbell and son Win are mov-
 ing into the rooms back of the tele-
 phone office.
 Miss Gladys Videan and sister Iris
 of Detroit spent Wednesday with Miss
 Amelia Gayde.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sage and family
 spent Monday with their brother and
 sister in Detroit.
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Salow and family
 have been visiting her parents in Li-
 vonia this week.
 George W. Springer has been ap-
 pointed special deputy for Plymouth
 by Sheriff Gaston.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bruner of Ruth-
 ven, Ont., spent a few days this week
 with Mrs. A. E. Patterson.
 Miss Celia Brown is home from
 Flint for the holidays and Miss Bertha
 Shattuck from Big Rapids.
 Mrs. E. H. Lincoln and daughter Lu-
 cile of Pontiac visited her parents, Mr.
 and Mrs. Geo. C. Peterhans this week.
 Don't fail to visit the great mid-
 winter sale of millinery, hats and
 baby bonnets, all at half price, at Mrs.
 Tousey's.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Hillmer and
 Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hillmer of De-
 troit spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs.
 Wm. Hillmer.
 C. G. Curtis spent Christmas with
 his sister Mrs. C. B. Jones in Grand
 Rapids and went from there to Hast-
 ings to see his uncle who is very sick.
 County Clerk Farrell has appointed
 J. O. Eddy of Plymouth as one of his
 assistants. He will have charge of
 the copying department at a salary of
 \$1200 per annum.
 The marriage of Miss May Pearl,
 daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dag-
 gett, to Robert W. Shingleton, of
 Salida, Col., occurs this afternoon at
 the home of the bride.
 Miss Alice Safford succeeds C. S.
 Butterfield in the Plymouth United
 Savings Bank. Evered Jolliffe will
 take Miss Safford's place in the Mark-
 ham Air Rifle Co's office.
 The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H.
 Wakely of Detroit was made glad on
 Christmas morning by the arrival of a
 little daughter, Mrs. H. A. Spicer is
 with her daughter, Mrs. Wakely.
 Miss Carrie Brown and Karl Hillmer
 were married in Detroit Wednesday
 and are now comfortably settled down
 in their home on Church street. Their
 many friends will wish them all the
 happiness possible in their journey
 through life.
 Jas. A. McIntyre, a deserter from the
 army, was recognized by Officer Van-
 DeCar Tuesday to whom he was trying
 to sell a railroad ticket. The officer
 had a photo of the man and the latter
 couldn't deny the identity. He was
 taken to Fort Wayne.
 The F. W. N. Club had their social
 gathering at the home of Miss Nina
 Shuart Monday evening, Dec. 28. The
 guests were to appear as ridiculous as
 possible which was certainly a success.
 At 6 o'clock they were treated to an
 old fashioned supper, after which fun
 and jollity began and lasted until 12 M.
 when the happy crowd departed for
 home.

Notice.
 I have turned over all of my insur-
 ance business to George A. Gittins,
 who will give your business the same
 careful attention that I have done. He
 represents two unusually strong com-
 panies and I bespeak for him your
 liberal patronage.
 C. S. BUTTERFIELD.

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.

OBITUARY.
 Kate E. Shafer was born in Plym-
 outh, Mich., Aug. 10, 1862. Was mar-
 ried to Edward C. Lauffer Aug. 6, 1880.
 She died Dec. 27, 1908, and leaves a
 husband and one son, three brothers
 and one sister to mourn her loss. She
 was a loving and devoted wife and
 mother, and always had a pleasant
 word for all. She bore her suffering
 with a Christian fortitude and was
 ready to go to her heavenly home, if it
 was so to be. Services were held at
 the home Tuesday afternoon at 2
 o'clock, Rev. Hugh Ronald officiating.
 The O. E. S. and L. O. T. M., of which
 orders Mrs. Lauffer was a member,
 came in a body and there was an un-
 usually large concourse of friends and
 relatives. The floral offerings were
 many and beautiful. Interment at
 Riverside.

Musicals by Miss Beals.
 A very pleasant and enjoyable
 musicale was given by some of the
 pupils of Miss Bertha F. Beals at her
 home on Wednesday afternoon. About
 fifty of the parents and friends of the
 pupils were present and appreciated
 the efforts of the pupils, who certainly
 did themselves and their teacher much
 credit. Occasions like this mean a
 great deal to the young people of a
 community and these musicales should
 be encouraged.
 Master Lester Van DeCar assisted
 Miss Beals with violin selections which
 gave much pleasure.
 According to a recent order of the
 postal department mail boxes along
 the rural routes belong to the depart-
 ment at Washington and not to the
 farmer, even though the latter pays for
 them. A decision has been handed
 down from the federal government
 that these boxes must not be used by
 merchants to deposit bills in, unless
 the bills pass regularly through the
 mails. Any merchant violating the
 law is liable to a heavy fine for each
 offense.

A work of art in the form of a calen-
 dar has just been issued by the Michi-
 gan Agricultural College, showing
 many views of the buildings and
 campus. This institution has enjoyed
 a wonderful growth and development
 in the last decade. From a total en-
 rollment in 1899 of 528 students, with
 a faculty numbering 52 and a fixed in-
 come of less than \$100,000, the present
 records show an increase in student
 enrollment of over 150 per cent., with
 over 90 professors and assistants and
 a permanent income of \$325,000, while
 during this period \$700,000 has been
 spent in permanent improvements.

CARD OF THANKS. We take this
 opportunity to thank all our neighbors
 and friends who so kindly extended
 their assistance and sympathy during
 the sickness and at the obsequies of
 our loved one. Also for the beautiful
 floral tributes.
 EDWARD C. LAUFFER.
 EARL A. LAUFFER.

CARD OF THANKS.—I desire through
 your columns to thank the friends,
 neighbors and Odd Fellows, and all
 others, for their sympathy and assist-
 ance during the sickness, death and
 burial of my late husband. All were
 so kind to me that I feel under obli-
 gations to all and wish I could in some
 way show my appreciation.
 MRS. J. D. MEILER.

TOO MUCH FACE.
 You feel as if you had one face too
 many, when you have neuralgia, don't
 you? Save the face, you may need it,
 but get rid of the neuralgia, by apply-
 ing Reune's Pain-Killing Oil. Finest
 thing in the world for rheumatism,
 neuralgia, burns, cuts, cramps, colic,
 diarrhoea, sore throat and pleurisy.
 Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold
 by John L. Gale and Bever's Pharmacy

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.
 5c. per Line, One Insertion.

FOUND.—Gold collar pin and thimble
 call at C. G. Draper's.
FOR RENT.—Large, fine office room,
 best location, above J. R. Rauch & Sons
 store. Key at store. 5t
FOR SALE.—A Eureka hand carpet
 loom in good working order. All little
 used. Enquire of Herman Gottschalk,
 Stark. 3t
FOR RENT.—A. H. Fisher's house on
 Main street. \$9 per month. Enquire of
 A. H. Fisher, Redford. 603t

Plymouth Markets.
 Wheat, Red, 3.50
 Oats, 45c
 Rye, 70c
 Beans, basis 81.90
 Buckwheat, 81.10 per cwt.
 Potatoes, 55c
 Butter, 27c
 Eggs, 30c

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLLOW PEOPLE
 Golden Nugget Coffee, Golden Nugget Tea,
 Golden Nugget Cocoa, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Chocolate, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Biscuits, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Crackers, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Cakes, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Pastries, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Confections, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Candies, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Syrups, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Sauces, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Pickles, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Relishes, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Condiments, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Spices, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Herbs, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Fruits, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Vegetables, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Nuts, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Seeds, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Grains, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Legumes, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Pulses, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Beans, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Lentils, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Peas, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Corn, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Potatoes, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Onions, Golden Nugget
 Golden Nugget Carrots, Golden Nugget
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Carlton Clarke's Zinc Case

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

Romance and Mystery Entwined in Master Mind's Coup

IN A VERITABLE WONDERLAND.
Pike's Peak the Center of Colorado's
Magnificent Scenery.

Pike's Peak, that historic beacon summit which guided the early explorers across the great plains, rears its snowy crest in the midst of veritable wonderland. Here Nature is seen in her grandest as well as in some of her most fantastic moods. Great mountain peaks are here—massive, gigantic—lifting themselves into the regions of perpetual snow. Here are a half-dozen stupendous canyons, each miles in length, where the granite mountains have been cleft asunder and rock walls rise perpendicularly a thousand feet. Here medicinal springs gush forth for healing and refreshment. Here, too, was the playground of Titanic forces when the world was young—rock formations of every size, shape and color, rising in airy pinacles like the spires of a Milan, or in solid shafts against which all the forces of modern engineering might beat in vain, or in lofty spires so slender that one almost fears to lean his puny weight against them. And here, too, is the perfection of the Colorado climate, whose charms and remedial virtues have given to the region a worldwide fame; bringing to thousands the blessings of restored or returning health, and to all who come within its influence the delights of a new existence.

The Suspected Beaver.

"Sense I tol' you 'bout the ol' man havin' a blind tiger in a walkin'-stick an' gettin' kitched up with," said the old lady, "he's been keepin' unusual quiet—ain't even kicked the house cat or tried to raise the roof. Pears like it wuz a lesson that done him good, but it's like to cause him to move out the settlement, fer Deacon Jones, who seen the flicker spilled outen the walkin'-stick, spread it all over, an' sence 'bat, ef you shake a walkin'-stick at the ol' man he hunts for kiver—just takes to the woods. I dunno what new scheme he'll try to work to hide it hereafter; he brouth him a beaver hat 't'other day, an' I'm suspicious that it's got a false inside to it, an' that thar's somethin' like half a gallon hid in the top of it w'jar his bad head orter be. I ain't had much of a chance to investigate, kaze the ol' man never lets that beaver out o' his sight, but the other day, when I was a-goin' through the settin'-room I tapped it—easy like—an', in my judgment, it didn't ring as hollow as what a beaver hat orter. So, as I said before, I've got my suspicions, an' I ain't goin' to rest till I satisfy 'em. It's my firm an' onfallin' beliefs that there's a blind tiger in the top o' that new beaver hat!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Alaska's Hidden Treasures.

Alaska has more gold than ever had California, Australia or South Africa; it has more copper than 20 Buites; it has more hard coal than Wales, and it has more tin than Spain. The hay that rots on its tundra and plains would fatten all the cattle that roam upon the prairies of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. And there the wild, fertile, untouched plains and valleys await the ax, the spade, the plow and the reaper of half a million American farmers and gardeners. And yet this virgin empire remains virtually landlocked for nearly 1,000 miles along its Pacific coast. For a distance of nearly 100 miles from the coast inland the country is so rugged that it is almost as cheap to build a railroad as a wagon road. The great river system of this empire flows northward into seas ice-locked for seven months of the year. The heart of this wonderland is close to all the great possible channels of commerce, except railroads, which must be built in the immediate future, yea, which are now being actually constructed from its ice-free Pacific harbors.—Review of Reviews.

Electricity from the Earth.

Great local differences in the electrification of the earth are known to exist, and a German engineer suggests that with better knowledge it may be possible to make mining for electricity as profitable as digging for coal or metals. In experiments in two comparatively shallow borings, he has obtained weak currents between a small rod of brass or iron immersed in the water of the pit and a similar rod buried near the surface. He urges that contractors, mining companies and others take up the problem, and perform such experiments as testing the current between a 60-foot copper cylinder at the bottom of a boring of 20,000 feet or more and a similar cylinder buried in moist ground at the surface, also investigating the charges to be obtained from long iron pipes buried in the ground. It seems quite possible that means may be found for charging accumulators from earth currents, thus giving us a new source of power, light and heat.

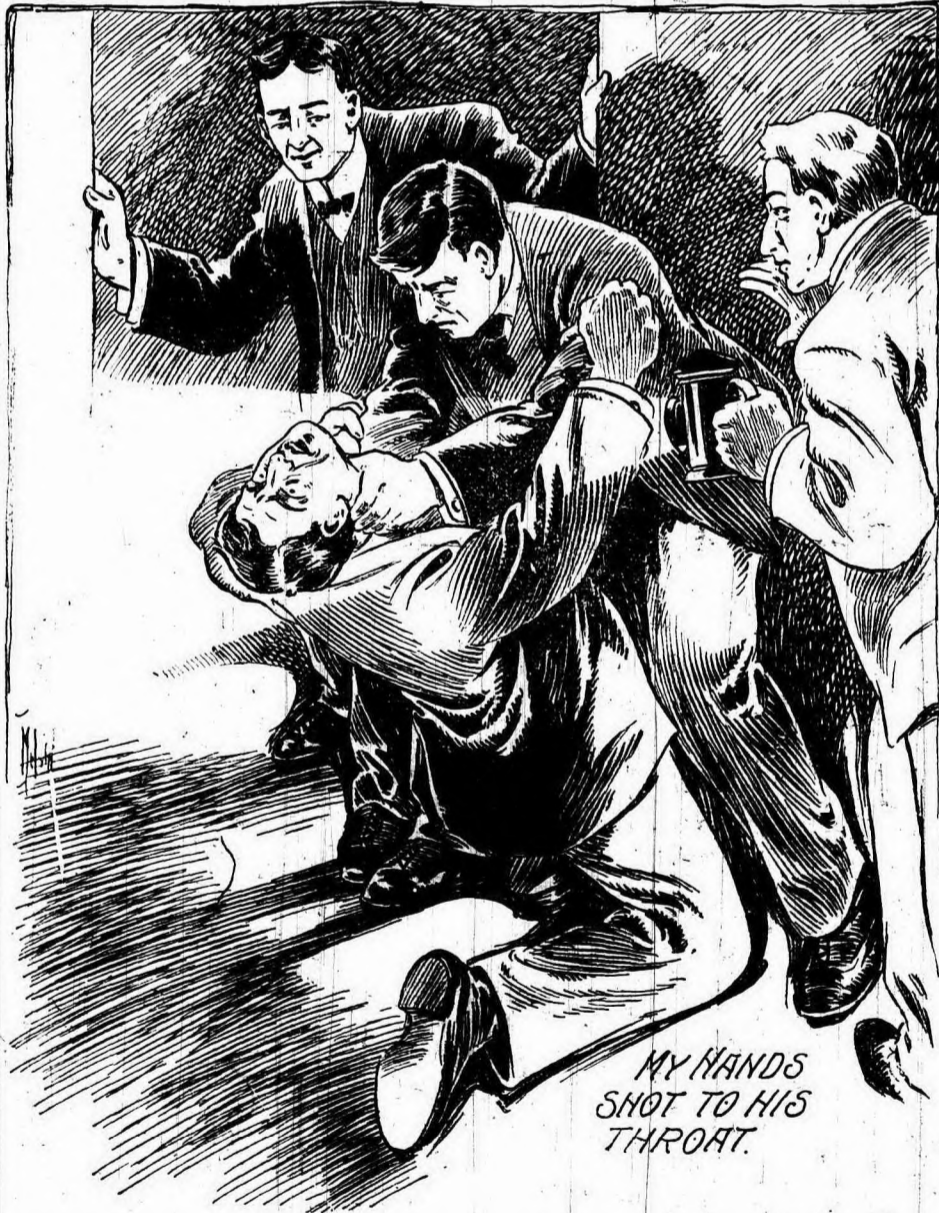
Effects of Friendship.

The three cronies at the summer garden had dined together for years. Then one night one of them passed the other two, went way back, and sat down at a table by himself.

"Now, what do you suppose is the matter?" asked a woman at a table in another corner, who hated to see him sitting so sadly by himself, and trying so hard not to look at the others, or seem to notice them.

"Just a little quarrel," explained her companion, who was a frequenter of the place. "Once in a blue moon that happens, and he goes off and dines a few evenings alone. Then when they make it up they are happier than ever, so don't you care."

Telepatho-Deductive Solver of Criminal Mysteries Tackles a Problem Embodying Smuggling, the Fearful White Plague, and Two Lovers Are Brought Together in Grand Finale—Solution of the Complex Puzzle.



MY HANDS SHOT TO HIS THROAT.

66B BODY Found in Trunk," began Clarke. "But I'll skip the headlines."

Upon opening a box which they had purchased at an unostentatious freight sale two young men residing in America were horrified yesterday to discover the body of a man. It was hermetically sealed in a zinc case which was locked in an ordinary round-topped trunk, which in turn was packed in sawdust within a pine dry goods box. Considering the fact that the box had remained for three years and a half in the freight warehouse, the body was in a remarkable state of preservation, due probably to the manner of packing it. There is no clue to the identity of the body other than that it was killed to a fictitious address on South Jefferson street and was shipped from Salt Lake City, having been rebilled there from Reno, Wash.

"That's the gist of it, but, of course, after the fashion of you reporters the story is told from several angles in order to fill the column. It looks like a promising mystery."

"Yes, but one that probably is impossible of solution considering the length of time," I answered.

"I'm not so sure of that. Did it ever occur to you that any crime can be solved if someone is willing to expend money, time, and travel? Given unlimited resources, I believe I could organize a detective force which would make punishment a certainty for every criminal. Crime goes unsolved because the men capable of doing effective work can make more money in other lines. I'd rather like to look into this case. Does your influence extend to the county morgue?"

"Deputy Coroner McNally in charge there is one of my particular friends. I am sure he will favor us."

"Suppose we call there this afternoon, if your engagements will permit."

"I acceded, but shortly after breakfast something arose that put the matter entirely out of our minds for the moment. I was busy at my own devices, and Clarke was deep in a very erudite work on oriental mysticism when there was a violent tug at our door bell. I opened the door and admitted a handsome, athletic young fellow, square of jaw and keen of eye, but apparently laboring under the most intense excitement.

"Where is Mr. Clarke? I must see him at once," he gasped.

Knowing Clarke's rule to see all callers when possible, I immediately ushered him into the library.

"Oh, Mr. Clarke," he began without awaiting an introduction. "I am sure I have a word from her. I must have your help. The police will laugh at me but I feel it is a clue. I shall go mad if it fails. I know she is living. I have never given her up."

"But calm yourself, my dear sir, and let me have your story connectedly," said Clarke. "Remember, I am ignorant even of your name."

"Pardon me, I forgot. I am so full of this new clue. My name is Richard Dudley."

He needed to say no more to Clarke or myself. The name recalled instantly the disappearance, six months before, of Evelyn Mason. The country had rung with it. The papers had been filled with it. The best detectives in the country had struggled with it. Clarke himself, though not called in by the family had taken a deep interest in the progress of the case. A note of romance had been added to the affair by the recently announced engagement of the iron magnate's daughter to Richard Dudley, Harvard's old crack half-back who, at the time she so mysteriously dropped out of sight, was traveling in the orient. He had hastened home as fast as steamer and train could carry him and had taken up the thread where the police had dropped it in despair.

"Then you have a clue, Mr. Dudley?" asked Clarke when he had assured our caller that his trouble was well known to us.

"I think so. Here is what I received this morning. I hurried to you at once."

And Dudley handed Clarke a slip of paper.

Clarke read the paper and handed it over to me. It contained but one word, "Osetta," written in a sprawling hand.

"Where did you get this?" asked Clarke.

"It was slipped under my door last night. I have no idea by whom. I found it there this morning. Oh, Mr. Clarke, tell me that you have hope that we will find her."

"What particular importance do you attach to this paper?"

"Oh, can't you see? But I forget. No one knows it but myself and her immediate family. Why, what's that Evelyn's middle name? Evelyn Osetta Mason. She never used it. No one knows it. Don't you see she must have sent this?"

"In that case, Mr. Dudley, you have indeed a most valuable clue; more val-

uable, I trust, than you suspect. It will however take time and labor to develop it. I imagine it may take us to the Pacific coast. Are you prepared to take such a trip?"

"At once, if necessary. Oh! we shall find her, shan't we, Mr. Clarke?"

The body already had been prepared for burial, and Clarke did not ask to see it. The pine box he glanced at just long enough to read the fictitious address. The trunk also he passed with a look. When he came to the zinc case, however, it riveted his attention. He examined closely every seam and corner of it.

Clarke decided upon a trip to the Pacific coast.

When we finally reached the end of our long journey and succeeded in locating the town of Etteso, we found a little hamlet numbering about 500 souls. Across a snug harbor shone the broad expanse of the Pacific.

After some search we located the private sanitarium of Dr. Clinton Withersbee, a man known to Clarke to be a villain of the deepest dye. We entered a room in Withersbee's asylum.

What I have next to relate has been pieced together out of a blur of hazy

memories. I am not aware just when I lost consciousness. My first sensation was that some one was looking intently at the back of my head.

Then a soft, purring, voice said: "Mr. Carlton Clarke, Mr. Richard Dudley and Mr. Paul Sexton, I believe; Dr. Withersbee is at your service."

When I awoke to consciousness some one was alternately snapping his fingers in my face and roughly shaking me. I was in pitchy darkness, and the air was chill and clammy.

"Sexton, I'm ashamed of you," said Clarke's voice through the gloom. "You are a particularly easy subject. I should have given you some lessons in resistance."

"Where are we? What has happened? Where is Dudley?" I asked, in a breath.

"Dudley is here. He recovered before you did," answered Clarke, a fact which Dudley's voice confirmed. "We seem to be in some sort of an oubliette, of that dear Dr. Withersbee."

In single file we made the round of our dungeon. We found it to be about 12 feet square, walled with masonry which dripped dampness, and floored with cement. On one side we came upon

a door the height of my head, I being the tallest of the party. From the rivet heads we judged it to be of plate steel and it closed into a steel frame set into the masonry in a manner which offered no entrance for the point of a pick had we had one at hand. The absence of any keyhole, bolt or lever showed that it was never intended to be opened from the inside.

At last, after a wait which seemed an eternity, I heard a soft footfall outside of the door. Then iron bars clanked and grated. I heard the hinges creak and the door swung slowly open. A dark form framed in the doorway was outlined through the gloom. Then it stepped into our midst. My hands shot to his throat, which was cold and clammy as that of a corpse. There was no resistance. I heard Dudley wrenching the lantern from his belt. At Clarke's command I released him. Dudley was about to strike the light when Clarke shouted: "Quick, Dudley; the door!"

We emerged on the rugged side of a hill overlooking the broad expanse of the bay.

Lying flat on my back on the sand, my heart tugging and thumping, my breath coming in rasping gasps which seemed to sear my throat, I waited, I know not how long.

At last I was aroused by a soft "hallo," and the nose of a swift gasoline launch shot into the creek.

We had not long to wait. Clarke lifted his eyes from his intent watch on the shore line and said: "He's coming."

I knew who "he" meant and I shivered at meeting Withersbee on those black waters. Then my ear caught the "puff-puff" of a launch.

"Down in the boat, fellows, he's going to fire," shouted Clarke. Dudley and I dropped. Six times in rapid succession his revolver cracked. But a swiftly flying launch is not easy to hit and we heard the bullets whistle overhead.

Withersbee's boat was almost upon us when Clarke gave the wheel a quick twist and our pursuer shot past within three feet of our gunwale. As he threw the wheel Clarke's right arm shot into the basket at his side. I saw his hand come out holding a writhing black object. He swung it about his head once and let go. I saw it hurtle through the air and strike the doctor full between the shoulders. Withersbee dropped the wheel and stood up trying to fight the thing off while his boat, free of her helm, swung round in circles.

Suddenly he sprang to the gunwale of the boat, threw up his arms and with a piercing, terrified shriek disappeared in the black waters of the bay.

Clarke shot our boat over to the staggering derelict, reached over her side and stopped her engine. I held the gunwales together while Dudley leaped into the doctor's boat at a bound and returned bearing in his powerful arms the unconscious form of a young woman. The figure in the stern sat fixed and motionless.

Dudley swiftly cut the ropes which bound her. "It's she. It's she," he muttered. Clarke felt her pulse. "She's only fainted," he said. We fell to chafing her wrists and Dudley scooped up a handful of sea water and bathed her brow.

At the tavern, after Miss Mason had been safely stowed away in a clean warm bed by the motherly landlady we patched together the ragged threads of the story over the best in the landlord's cellar.

"First," said Clarke, "if you are Oliver Dike, whose was the body that Dr. Withersbee shipped to Chicago in an opium case?"

"He was another attendant, a young fellow by the name of Frank Williams. We were very similar in appearance even to the fillings in our teeth."

"I didn't worry much about her for he treated her well and she seemed to be in no danger from him, and I had seen so many terrible things in cases where he didn't want to marry them that I was sort of hardened to it anyway. I was the watchman of the whole place after Williams disappeared and the only white man about the institution, all the rest being Chinks. I talked with Miss Mason, on the sly sometimes but I paid no attention to her appeals until one day she mentioned the name of Mr. Dudley here. He was one of my boyhood football heroes and I determined to do something."

"But, Clarke, how did you see through all this when we were in Chicago?" I asked.

"I didn't see through it by any means. Only I saw some things which you didn't. Part of it you know. Then a connecting link was the zinc can which I recognized at once as one used in smuggling opium. I picked up the threads of Miss Mason's case where I had dropped them before, and the list of guests confirmed my hazy recollection that there was one from Etteso. The name of the town did not strike me the first time, of course, but the name of the doctor did, for while turning the case over in my mind I thought of something which I should have remembered the first time. It was that once in a Clark street opium den I had heard the name 'Withersbee' in a cautious whisper. My visit to Chinatown confirmed this. I have a Chinaman there that I depend on a good deal, and in reply to my question of who was the greatest dealer in smuggled opium in the country he whispered 'Withersbee,' swearing that he would never live to see another day for having told."

Dudley and Miss Mason were married the next spring and Clarke and I are often guests at their beautiful Lake Forest home. Withersbee's so-called asylum, from which, aided by the powerful Chinese tongs in which he wielded great influence, he conducted his extensive smuggling operations, now atones for its past sins as one of the principal outposts in the war against "The Great White Plague."

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A SISTER-IN-LAW

By WM. K. LANDON

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They were sitting in a ditch, or rather, Teddy was sitting, and Phyllis was stretched luxuriously at full length, with her shiny bronze toes pressed hard against a tree at the bottom of the bank, and her back propped against a moss-covered trunk at the top.

Teddy, on the other hand, looked decidedly uncomfortable.

Teddy was an ordinary clean-looking boy. He was just drifting through the second year of his happy-go-lucky career at college.

Phyllis had always been accustomed to a willing army of male slaves and admirers, and found undiluted femininity rather oppressive at times. So she welcomed an occasional meeting with Teddy and kindred undergraduates.

Teddy was in a decidedly bad temper. He knew that Phyllis had had her photo taken recently; he had, in fact, seen the proofs, which were charming, and of course, he had expected one to put on his mantelpiece, there to create an impression among his friends.

"Why the deuce she won't give me one beats me," he thought gloomily to himself.

Phyllis had relapsed into silence, and was ruminating on things in general.

Everyone had always considered that Teddy and Dorothea, Phyllis' younger sister, had been cut out for each other from the cradle. Since their nursery days they had roamed about the countryside, birds-nesting,

at him. "Look here, Phyl," he went on, "do you think you will ever like me well enough—I've been in love with you for months, well—rather sheepishly—for weeks, at any rate."—Teddy stopped short, conscious that he was bungling the thing horribly.

Phyllis relaxed the tension of her limbs and slid rapidly to the bottom of the ditch. Her dress bunched up round her, and her chin, on a level with Teddy's, rested on her two hands.

Her brain worked rapidly. She must tide over this phase of Teddy's till he saw Dolly again; then she would bring off something definite, and it would come all right.

Phyllis endeavored to make her soft blue eyes look hard; she failed utterly, however, from want of practice. She also tried to smooth out her dimples, which she had frequently been told were bewitching, but she only succeeded, although she did not know it, in pursing up her red lips into their most inviting shape.

Disaster must inevitably have followed, had not something inside her suddenly given way. Her white teeth showed themselves in a smile, and then peal after peal of rippling laughter broke from her, till her sides ached and tears stood in her eyes.

Now, disdainful eyes, even absence of dimples, is no barrier to love's ardor; but a lover, particularly if he be very youthful, can never survive ridicule.

Teddy suddenly felt he had made a fool of himself. Awful enough at any time, but in the presence of a girl—above all, of Phyllis! He was furious with himself, furious with her, he became more and more crimson.

"Teddy, dear," Phyllis at last managed to gasp out, "I'm really awfully sorry; I wasn't laughing at you, but—"

"Perhaps you'd rather be getting back as you seem to find my presence so odious—a scrap of eloquence from the 'Footlights,' a college play, in which he was to act in the approaching commencement—came to the aid of injured dignity.

Phyllis rose, shook out her crumpled skirt and settled her Panama hat. "Oh, Teddy, you are funny," she said, trying hard to recover her gravity.

Teddy helped her out of the ditch, and strode off. If one can be said to stride in patent-leather pumps rather down at the heels.

"Who's Teddy Randolph got up, I say, old man; two fair girls and a portly mamma?"

The speaker, a youth of base appearance, lounged on the window seat of a room, gracefully buoyed up by numberless cushions. He was scanning the brilliant kaleidoscope of sisters, cousins and undergraduates wending their way in light summer attire and shady hats about the campus.

The other occupant of the room, who was laboriously picking out an air on a banjo, ceased his absorbing occupation and came over to the window. Contrary to his custom, he waxed enthusiastic.

"Why, they're the Misses Bletchwood, of course, the prettiest girls on the campus at the present moment, or I'm no judge of fuff. Teddy's sweet on the little one, and their people expect them to make a match of it. Jove! I'd give something to be in his shoes."

"Oh, so that's the matter." Teddy, as host of two such pretty girls, found himself the hero of the hour. Third-year men, even seniors, had suddenly become unbending and affable. His own set vied hotly with each other in invitations and attentions. Teddy's manner was becoming more and more superior with the superiority born of success.

It was the day of the sophomore dance, and his sickle allegiance returned in full force. Teddy's behavior during the afternoon was exemplary. He devoted himself to Mrs. Bletchwood, arranging her cushions and assuring her they were not in imminent danger of twigs and spiders.

"How college does improve a young man's manners!" she remarked approvingly to Dorothea.

How much a few weeks can accomplish in a young man's education could have been gathered from the adroit manner in which he broached a certain topic.

Dolly was gazing pinkly into her billowy parasol when, after a prolonged absence, they joined their party.

"Nobody could have said," Teddy reflected to himself with considerable satisfaction, as he was settling his tie for the dance. "Nobody could have said I didn't take the thing coolly."

The only approach to a hitch in the proceedings had occurred when she, though merely for the sake of not appearing to let him have it all his own way, had said demurely—

"Are you quite sure you want me, Teddy? Sometimes I have fancied that you were fonder of Phyllis."

"Phyllis," cried Teddy. "Of course I've always liked Phyllis. She'll be a corking sister-in-law."

"We are not at all too young," purred Dolly to Phyllis that night after the ball. "Mamma was only 16 when she married. And Teddy thinks you'll be an ideal sister-in-law."

And Phyllis was ungracious enough to make no response.

The Drummer's Sermon

He Introduces Himself and Talks About "The Glad Hand"—A Michigan Hotel Clerk Who Was a Sham—Goods and Labels.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

I am a commercial traveler. Sometimes I eat Puget sound salmon the same day that it is caught; again I run into a little restaurant down in Los Angeles that is famed for its hot tamales; up in New England I have learned to begin Sunday with beans, and down in Virginia I do my duty by spoon bread and fried chicken. I can even stand for Philadelphia's scrapple. Once the house sent me around the world trying out a new line of goods, so I can tell stories about Japanese fried eels—I balked at raw fish—about Chinese roast pork, Korean mulligatawny soup, wherein you could hear the dog bark; curries in Ceylon and India, rank coffee, mostly grounds, in Egypt, and good old English roast beef.

That is another way of saying that I am rather cosmopolitan; for the landmarks of a drummer's journeys, as you know, are the hotel tables. By them he judges a city or a country and its people. Hotels, their food and service and accommodations, are almost as staple a line of conversation among men on the road as stories that were not learned in Sunday school.

But you have another guess coming if you think a drummer sees nothing in all his jumps except grub and customers. In the course of 10,000 miles he finds himself up against a good deal of human nature—and "human nature" is a term which covers many things that are not pretty. The books say that travel is as good as going to college; although most of the travelers I meet seem to stay in the freshman class. "The proper study of mankind is man," you know, although my friend Boggs says it is women. Be that as it may, pretty much all that I know has been learned in this school kept by Experience—who is a schoolmaster with a rod, I can tell you.

A Hotel Clerk and Some Preachers.

The other day I was up in Michigan, in a town which has put up a new hotel—and nobody should say a word against any Michigan town that builds a new hotel. I tried this one, on the principle that it could not be any worse than its neighbors, and might possibly be better. It was, too. But its new clerk will improve with age and hard knocks. When I entered the office he welcomed me as if I were the fattest calf for which the prodigal's feast had been kept waiting. He beamed upon me with a face that exuded joy and violet water, and shook my hand affectionately, trying one or two lodge grips on me, by the way, and inquiring about my health and journey as if he had been sitting up all night in solitude over my welfare. Now I had come only from Lansing (which is a better place to come from than to go to), and there really was no urgent necessity



A DRUMMER'S LANDMARKS

that the gentleman with the waxed mustache should die from joy over the sight of me. I'm not so handsome as all that. He should have had sense enough to know that I would size him up as a smiling fraud. It was a case of an overdone "glad hand," which is worse than an underdone veal chop.

There is a certain minister known to me who is in the same class with this effusive hotel clerk. He fairly drools cordiality over every stranger he meets, and professes all sorts of undying interest in him. When they part his farewell handshake is a soft and engendering and meaningful performance—the sort I cultivated when I was bidding Bess good night in our courtship days. Yet that minister is as big a fraud as the hotel clerk, and for the same reason: he thinks it "good business." He wants to make people believe that he is deeply and devotedly interested in them, though I know few ministers who are really less so.

Some Shame We All Know. Nobody has an exclusive claim on this sort of thing. The church the

world, the fish, the devil, the preacher and the drummer may all be caught in the act any day out of the seven. I am often guilty. The way to get next to the average man is to show an interest in his family, his business or his pet hobby; a lot of business is jolted into the order book in that way.

Even my wife, Bess—than whom there is none better—will suddenly remark as she sees a visitor coming toward the house: "Oh, here is that hateful Mrs. Sharp again!" A minute later I overhear her purring: "My dear Mrs. Sharp, this is a pleasure. I am so glad to see you." Which is not very far removed from the way some evangelists weep over the dear, lost sinners in their congregations, and yet never recognize one of them on the street.

This pious professionalism is so common in religious work that nobody remarks it. Yet it is as truly counterfeit as any bogus money that ever a Dago shovled. It is all sheer cant—so false a front as the bogus shirt bosom, "dickeys," which countrymen used to wear over their flannels.

Sometimes when I am a preacher (before she would marry me Bess made me promise to go to church every Sunday, wherever I might be) who is loved by none of his people, and who reciprocates their sentiment and is pulling every wire to secure a "call" somewhere else, address the congregation a dozen times in one sermon as "dearly beloved," I have a wicked feeling that I should like to get up and say right out in meeting:



FAMILY DRUGS CORDIALITY

"You're a liar!" Wouldn't that make the stars fly? Of course I haven't the nerve to do it; I have to be content to leave the job to Gabriel; for if I should poke the smallest stick into the smooth-running wheels of conventional religiosity, I should have to answer to Bess, who is my all-the-year-round day of judgment.

It is because he gets his language from the books, and handles only shop-worn goods, that the preacher does this thing. He puts on his religion as he puts on his coat. I should like to hear John the Baptist, or the greater One who came after him, rise up in a company of ministers with a "Voe unto you, ye hypocrites!" A few of his hearers would wilt, I fancy—not all of them, nor a majority of them, for the most honest class of men on top of the ground are ministers of the Gospel, of all creeds and names. But they are also a lot of men who are terribly tempted to pretense, in speech and in manner. They are always under pressure to appear and do what men expect of them, rather than what in their sincere hearts they know themselves to be. And in this respect the sheep are not greatly different from the shepherd.

Goods and Labels.

There is an old doctor down in one of the interior Pennsylvania cities which I visit, who, to the amusement of his friends, is fond of saying that whenever he sees an especially well-dressed and smooth speaking man—a drummer, for instance—he wants to cry out: "Look out for him; he is after something, or has some rottenness to conceal!" Judged by this standard the doctor himself would never be mistaken for a confidence man. He makes the mistake of not really expressing, in words at least, the interest in his fellow men which he honestly feels. Of course, after his years of unfeeling service to the sick and poor he is generally valued at his true worth, in spite of his bluish speech and unfashionable clothes. Certainly it is better to be found out as having a sympathetic and generous heart hidden beneath a brusque manner than to be found out as having a facile tongue for professing brotherhood, while at the same time there is only an enlarged perpendicular pronoun under one's vest where a heart should be.

"The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees," I take it, was that their goods did not come up to the label. A man should be genial, of course, but he should be genuine first, if he wants to advertise the religion of that best Brother of men, who called himself "The Truth."

THE DRUMMER.

Looking the Part. "An actor doesn't have to know much these days," sighed the Trayed one. "All he has to do is to look the part. Not long ago Freshman sent for me to take a small part. The moment he looked me over he said, quickly: 'Oh, you won't do.'"

The part was that of a corpulent and well-to-do bank president. Fancy a half-start actor out of a job trying to look a star like that!

WHAT THE DOLLIES HAD.

Small Wonder That the Little Mother Was Really Alarmed.

Little Mary was really very ill. Mother said she was sure it was an attack of appendicitis, but Grandma was equally sure the little one was threatened with convulsions.

The argument waxed warm in Mary's presence, and appropriate remedies were used, and the next day she was better.

Coming into her mother's room during her play she said:

"Mamma, two of my dollies are very sick this morning."

"Indeed, dear, I am very sorry. What is the matter with them?"

"Well I don't really know, mamma, but I think Gwendolyn has a pit of spiders' and Marguerite is going to have 'envelopes.'"

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

REAL GRIEVANCE.



"Boo-hoo! Johnny Jones has got de measles, an' can't come out."

"Ah! And you miss your dear little playmate?"

"Yis-m, he's de only kid in the town dat I kin lick—boo-hoo-oo!"

His Absent-Minded View.

They were engaged in purchasing shoes for the children. The husband was a former teacher, but the wife was a very intelligent and practical person, relates the Chicago News.

"For school purposes I don't want and dull kids for they roughen up so easily," said the wife to the saleswoman, adding: "What do you think of it, dear?"

"Well," he said absent-mindedly. "I have known a good many dull kids at school, but I never regarded them as any rougher than other children."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the secret and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the Bladder, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Land of England.

Twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-one persons own four-fifths of the soil of England, their aggregate property, exclusive of that within the metropolitan boundaries, being 40,180, 775 acres. In point of fact, the number of owners of four-fifths of the English land is nearer 5,000 than 12,000. Of these 500 are noblemen, and four or five of these swallow up the rest.—New York American.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Troubled Even in Death.

"How is this? I thought you disliked your mother-in-law, and here you are carrying flowers to her grave!"

"Exactly! She hated 'em."—Journal Amusant.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXO-TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World Over in Over a Century. No. 100.

For what the mind wishes, that it also believes.—Heliolodorus.

PAIN CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Sciatica, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc. in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. No. 100.

He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he kneads.

A singer doesn't weigh his words on the musical scale.

W. N. U. DETROIT, NO. 1, 1909.

HORRORS!



"What's the trouble, Zumbo?" "I thought it was missionaries, but it's a load of Altruists."

And it sometimes happens that a man is married to his boss.



SICK HEADACHE

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

GENUINE MUST BEAR Face-Similar Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908. Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres of land to each settler. — 160 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

A vast rich country and a congested prosperous one. — Extract from correspondence of a National Review, whose visit to Western Canada in August, 1908, was an inspiration.

Many have paid the entire cost of these farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McFARLANE, 176 Jackson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAIBYER, Bank Bldg., Minn. Minn.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot count a Fair Skin or a Glossy Comb.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every woman knows that the satin coat of her thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition.

Let the horse get "off his feet" and his coat turns dull. Our

grooming and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skin as painters love to copy. At druggists', 75c.

NATURAL UTERINE SUPPORTER

DR. McFARLANE celebrated

gives immediate relief. Sold by all medical instrument dealers and leading druggists in United States and Canada. One box 50c. Two boxes \$1.00. THE McFARLANE & McFARLANE BROS. CO., 221 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Sole U.S. Agents.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY

W. N. U. DETROIT, NO. 1, 1909.

THE ONLY MAN AVAILABLE

By HENRY M. VERDE

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Dudley is really the only available man in town. I know you do not care a great deal for him, but he is one of Bob's best friends, and they have so many things in common that he is a frequent visitor at our house, and, of course, there is a possibility of his coming up to the house when you are here. He may come, and he may not; it all depends. But I can see no reason why you, silly 'its' should be so obstinate over your petty differences. If you were children it might be different, but you are both old enough to be sensible, and I hope to goodness you will act that way."

This is but an excerpt from a letter which Mrs. Gerton wrote to Molly Anthony, after receiving a note from her accepting Mrs. Gerton's invitation to visit her on her way home from Chicago. Mrs. Gerton credited herself, and rightly so, with considerable tact, and she knew only too well that the matter in hand would call not only for an abundance of tact, but all she could command. But she smiled with a sense of keen satisfaction at her own cleverness as she addressed the envelope, and, giving the stamp a sound rap with the palm of her plump little hand, she leaned back from the desk before which she sat and laughed outright. "It will only be for a few days," she said, half aloud, "and they will never know."

There was, in fact, no real animosity existing between Molly Anthony and Dudley Gray, but there was what might be called a mutual dislike, however not a total disregard. Dudley frankly admitted that Molly was a beautiful girl, that she sang, as he expressed it, "like a bird," but he had asserted she was not fair to her male friends, and had purposely used her charms to make men unhappy. Molly never hesitated to say that Dudley was a handsome chap, and perhaps he was a good business man, but to quote her, "He is so conceited. Some of the things he thinks about himself



Returned His Stare with a Quiet Analytical Survey.

are preposterous. And such a disposition! I wouldn't have it for the world."

Two years had passed since Rollin Cole, Dudley's chum, had poured into his ears the story of his love and the repulse he had received from Miss Anthony, which to Dudley explained her sudden interest in himself. Possibly Rollin exaggerated his grief—men do sometimes; but Dudley, in his intense friendliness for his chum, allowed his sense of propriety and better judgment to succumb to his impetuosity, and he actually sought out Miss Anthony and gave her his unsolicited opinion of the affair. This Molly thought entirely unnecessary, and so informed him. Women seldom do care for the opinion of the intimate friends of the aspirant for matrimonial degrees, and on the earnestness and sincerity of her statement of that fact were the present differences predicated.

All this was history with which Mrs. Gerton was familiar; but as Molly was her friend, and Dudley was a friend of Bob's, her husband, she imagined that her womanly tact could contrive to bring the two together, bring about an armistice, at least possibly negotiate peace and prevent a renewal of hostilities. She imagined it was all possible, almost probable, made her plans accordingly, and had set about to bestow the olive branch in a quiet way.

To Dudley, after having first informed him of Miss Anthony's proposed visit, Mrs. Gerton said she hoped that Molly and he would be agreeable—that if each would grant the other a small concession and avoid a reference to the past they would get along, as Mrs. Gerton expressed it, "perfectly lovely."

Dudley in return assured Mrs. Gerton that he was a gentleman, but made a caustic reference to Molly's treatment of his chum.

"But that was over two years ago, and—"

"I know when it was," Dudley interrupted, "and I know Molly Anthony. She is a queen in some ways, I'll admit that; but she is too imperious. She tries to lord it over every one, and she treasures up things," he added, notly.

"As you do," suggested Mrs. Gerton.

"Yes, as I do," Dudley responded.

"But the last thing she said to me was that she would bide her time, and then—she never finished, but I knew that there was fire in those bright eyes, and—well, if she got a chance she would take her revenge. I think Shylock would be a back number with Molly Anthony when it came to getting the pound of flesh. I'll take no chances," Dudley concluded, with a laugh, in which Mrs. Gerton joined.

"But, Dudley, you can be nice to her for my sake."

"I'll treat her as she treats me. I do not intend to forget what she did to Rollin Cole; but if you want me to come up and see her, I'll do it. But remember, this is not to be a one-sided affair. She will get as good as she sends, from me. I have my doubts about two years in Chicago improving any girl's disposition."

When Molly had reached her room and was unpacking her trunk, Mrs. Gerton broached the subject. "You remember Dudley Gray," suggested Mrs. Gerton, ingeniously.

Molly scowled. "I think I ought to," she replied, "don't you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, indeed; he is one of the men a woman could not well forget," Mrs. Gerton answered, with an effort at diplomacy. "He is such a fine, handsome, well-groomed fellow. Don't you think?"

Molly smoothed the wrinkles out of a skirt. "Yes, he is, I suppose. But I do not remember him as such. His brutal speech to me the day I left was very ungentlemanly and without reason."

"Can't you forget that?" asked Mrs. Gerton. "You see, he is Bob's best friend, and, as I wrote you, really the only available man in town, and you can treat him nicely and let the past be forgotten, I am sure."

"Gertrude, you know I do not forget easily," Molly replied, with a sinister smile, "but in common courtesy I do not think I am lacking. I will be as agreeable and nice to him as he is to me, no more, no less. He could not expect more, and I know you would not ask any further concession from me."

When Dudley called, the greeting was all Mrs. Gerton could have asked, and far more than she had expected or even hoped for. When they were left alone Dudley stared at her critically, while Molly gracefully posed in a big chair with her hand upon her chin and returned his stare with a quiet, analytical survey. Then as if by common consent they brushed aside formalities, Dudley calling Miss Anthony Molly, as of yore, and she in turn calling him Dudley. Of course, Mrs. Gerton had not offered either information of her diplomacy, and, naturally, they did not presume that the friendliness evinced was feigned for the gratification of an unknown mediator.

For a time Mrs. Gerton smiled in secret and congratulated herself on her wonderful tact. She considered herself exceedingly clever as she watched the disarmament process that was fast promising an approach to the resumption of friendly relations. As time passed the flippancy increased, little things were said and done that gave the affair a touch of the serious, and Mrs. Gerton became nervous at the thought that they were overdoing matters.

Miss Anthony showed no inclination to desist and go home, although she had remained much longer than she told Mrs. Gerton on her arrival that it was possible for her to stay. Dudley's visits became more frequent. He and Molly were together constantly, and Mrs. Gerton actually lost flesh worrying over the denouement which she knew must come sooner or later.

After some painful deliberation, in which she mentally chastised herself for entering into such a project, which, as she thought, had now developed into a base deception, Mrs. Gerton consulted her husband, and together they agreed that it was best to inform them of the truth. Her husband agreed to inform Dudley, while she promised, after a flood of tears, to tell Molly all, everything, on the following morning, even if it cost her Molly's friendship.

After wrestling with her conscience during a sleepless night, she passed through the ordeal of being natural during the morning repast, and experienced a sense of relief, such as one has when nearing a long-impending danger, as she slipped her arm about Molly's waist and led her into the library to a couch and seated herself by her side. She felt that Molly would be perfectly justified in being indignant, if nothing more, and in a moment of silence she prefaced her spoken remarks by inwardly praying that it would all turn out right. Then, with eyes upon the floor, and controlling her emotion as best she could, she made a straightforward, honest confession, withholding nothing, and admitting the scheme was an unworthy one.

"Was it very wrong?" she pleaded, when she had finished the confession. She had not dared look Molly in the face.

Molly took her hand in hers and drew her closer to her, then replied: "No, I think not. Your intentions were of the best, and you have succeeded admirably. Dudley has proved to be available, and—oh, I am so happy! Don't you see? Can't you guess? We discovered your plan some weeks ago. It was just perfectly dear of you."

A Proverb Paraphrased.

"At least you have fame to console you in your adversity."

"Yes," answered the defeated statesman, as he turned to his magazine article, "sweet are the uses of advertising."

CHANGE IS COSTLY

EFFECT OF VOGUE OF THE ONE-PIECE COSTUME.

Means a Variety of Wraps to Match Similar Variety of Dresses—Some Suggestions for Remodeling a Gown.

After a reign of nearly a decade the separate skirt is forced into retirement, the independent blouse is tossed into the discard. From the jumble of fall fashions, the one-piece costume, with a practically unbroken line from the shoulder to the hem, has emerged triumphant.

The well-gowned woman of the moment builds her wardrobe almost exclusively from one-piece costumes, with matching or harmonious wraps.

This is not an economical change by any means, for there has never been a style so altogether pleasing to



the thrifty woman as the tailored or semi-tailored suit with its various separate blouses. Wraps are always an expensive item in the fall and winter wardrobe, and with a variety of one-piece costumes, a similar variety of wraps is almost essential.

The semi-tailored costume should come first in every woman's plans, certainly in those of the woman who has much shopping to do, or who goes to business each day.

The latest demand of Dame Fashion along this line is for the princess creation in medium weight cloth, especially rich colorings with fine hair stripes of black or deeper hue, made with bias bands of satin or with silk braid and a chemisette and half sleeves of net, either dyed to match the fabric in the costume or of ecru, cream or white.

This princess gown is apt to have a girde of self-tone silk or soft satin built high to stimulate the popular short-waisted effect, and with it will be worn a long, semi-fitted coat, with rather a short waist line in the back at least. Most of these coats have long skirts cut in deep points, and the really smart ones for hard wear show little trimming beyond the silk braid or satin bands.

With such a costume or suit is worn a hat of beaver, satin or felt, trimmed with breasts and wings, never ostrich tips. A popular trimming for tailored satin hats is the egrette, and egrettes sufficient to encircle one of the new satin shapes will cost all of \$25. Stunning breasts and wings in shaded effects to harmonize with all the new shades of cloth can be had at much lower prices and are far more durable.

Suggestions for remodeling a gown: Perhaps you have a long-plaited skirt left from last year with some odd pieces of the material which was not used. Rip up the skirt and, after sponging and pressing, cut out as economically as possible one of the new mounted skirts.

With the pieces left from the skirt which will be not a few if you use a narrow skirt pattern, you can fashion the parts of this bodice which should match the skirt, then with the aid of a mesaline grille in self-tone, mesaline bands, a little soutache braid and net or all-over lace, you can evolve a matching blouse so harmonious that the costume complete will simulate one of the new one-piece gowns. These self-tone girdles and sashes, as well as the nets dyed to match the cloth or silk in the gown, are first aids to home dressmakers bent on remodeling gowns.

Save the Buttonholes.

When discarding a worn undergarment or waist, save the strip of goods on which the buttonholes were made. If the buttonholes are still strong when repairing underwear on which the buttonholes have become torn or too large, select one of the strongest of the saved buttonholes and place it over the old one and stitch into place. This process requires but half the time and labor that it would take to put a new band on and work the buttonholes.

Cleaning French Gloves.

This excellent cleanser is used principally for the medium shades of the gloves. It is as follows: Gum traga-canth, one-half ounce; white castile soap, one ounce; rose-water, one pint and tincture of musk, ten drops.

Rosettes and Buckles.

In slippers the tendency is toward lower cuts and trimmings of rosettes and cut steel or rhinestone buckles.

BEEBLE AS A SCENT SACKET.

Insect of Borneo That Exhales Most Powerful Perfume.

The beaux and belles of Borneo do not have to dattil perfume for their hair or handkerchiefs. They have only to take a walk until they find a mimosa in blossom. Clinging to the flower-balls is found a magnificent beetle of brilliant emerald green shading to a bright bronze on the wing-cases, and touched with gold on the head. This living jewel emits a powerful scent of attar of roses, perfuming the air for many yards around it. A number of them placed in a house will fill it from top to bottom with delightful fragrance. Young girls roll the insect in a bit of cotton cloth and braid it in their black locks, and young men suspend it around their necks like an amulet or an Egyptian scarab. The fragrance gradually grows fainter as the beetle loses its vitality, and dies with it.

The beetle lives in captivity only a few hours, and as the scent expires with it, no way has so far been found to extract or preserve the exquisite odor. The scented beetle appears only when the mimosa is in flower. Neither birds nor lizards will destroy it, and it is protected even from the voracious woodpecker by its powerful perfume.

CHARITY OF LITTLE SERVICE.

New York Health Commissioner Makes Moral of Incident.

"If charity," said Health Commissioner Darlington of New York, "were really as fine and serviceable as we incline to think it is, disease would almost disappear."

He shook his head and smiled.

"Too much of our charity," he said, "resembles that of the Norwalk woman. A tramp, on a gray and freezing day, presented himself at her back door.

"Madam," he said, "my feet are nearly froze." He pointed to his shoes, a tangle of string and strips of leather and holes through which his bare feet showed. "Have you got an old pair of boots you could give me, madam?"

The woman, after rummaging in her closet, returned to the tramp and said feelingly:

"Poor fellow, I know you must suffer terribly without shoes this bitter weather. I have none to fit you, but here is a pair of my late husband's skates you can have."

Big Wages Must Be Earned.

A group of feminine wage earners was discussing a news item the other day, one which told the public that the private secretary of the greatest financier of his time is a woman who receives \$20,000 a year. There was envy in their voices and bitterness in their words, and nobody seemed to grasp the pith of the story, which was a recital of the secretary's duties. There was a woman who had to be on duty many hours, and possess not only a marvelous memory, but infinite tact and patience. Moreover, she had to possess marked executive ability.

She has probably been in training for years, and undoubtedly earns every penny of her salary. The girls who envied her could not do the work, because they were not fitted for it—probably they would not under any circumstances, because they were not the hard-working kind. All they could see in the story was the salary, and that made them envious.

A Gladstone Bull.

Mr. Gladstone was once guilty of an amusing bull in a debate on the question of disestablishment. Dilating on the hold held on the affection of the people by the Church of England, he said: "When an Englishman wants to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants his child baptized, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The house answered with a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone himself joined, adding: "As I was contrasting the English church with the Irish, a bull is perhaps excusable."

Bruin Too Fond of Crow.

A new version of "eating crow" has been furnished in Center county, Pennsylvania. One evening recently a farmer of Curtin township set a bear trap near his home, baiting it with a piece of meat, as is customary. After the trap had been set a crow, tempted by the meat, was caught, and that night a bear happened that way and ate both the crow and the bait. The farmer set the trap again next evening, and on the following morning the bear was in the trap, having come back during the night for another meal of crow.

A Monster Loaf.

Bakers in Germany are fond of making odd experiments, the following being reported from Duisburg in Westphalia. At a children's party recently held in that town there was exhibited and afterward cut up and distributed among the youngsters present, a twist which for size at least has surely rarely been equaled. Weighing no less than 180 pounds, it had a breadth of 1.70 meters and a length of 3.20 meters, and was thus found sufficient to supply a satisfactory afternoon collation to as many as 500 boys and girls.—Bakers Weekly.

A Perfect Cinch.

"My suit case is still intact, but badly scratched."

"That's the most easily remedied thing I know. Paste a lot of labels over the scratches."

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