

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO. 25

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, MARCH 12 1909

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WHOLE NO. 1123

Local Correspondence

SALEM.

Rev. Calahan of Lansing has been hired to preach in the Baptist church. He expects to move his family here soon. Married, at the home of the bride Wednesday evening, Miss Bessie Clark and Mr. Harry Bowman.

The gathering of old soldiers at F. C. Wheeler's Tuesday was well attended. The next meeting will be with comrad S. C. Wheeler.

O. L. Westfall and two grandchildren of Ypsilanti and Mrs. Ella King and niece of Plymouth were guests of Mrs. F. C. Wheeler Tuesday.

Miss Mary Penney of Plymouth visited relatives here last week.

Miss Bertha Bennett is learning the milliner's trade in Mrs. Tousey's shop at Plymouth.

Mrs. Roy Larkins has been hired to teach the spring term of school in the upper room here. Prin. Fred Burnett resigned two weeks ago and expects to move on the Sober farm near Ypsilanti soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanbro were in Detroit Monday.

Mrs. James Bullock is spending a few days with Detroit relatives.

The Gleaners will hold a maple sugar social at the home of Webb Lane Tuesday evening, March 16th.

Mrs. A. C. Wheeler was a South Lyon caller Monday.

A Newly Married Couple

Is very happy; so is every person who has good health and is free from rheumatic pains; for those who are not, and for those who have neuralgia, sprains or contracted muscles, we discovered in Renne's Pain-Killing Oil the greatest help. A remedy that has been a favorite in thousands of homes for over seventy years. Once tried—always used. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by J. L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Angus Heeny Sunday.

F. L. Becker is on the sick list. J. C. O'Bryan was in Detroit Friday and Saturday.

On Tuesday a deposit of ice on twig and limb and on grass spear and lump of earth, transformed our sleeping earth into a miracle of loveliness and beauty, "a glistening wonder."

Mrs. Thomas Spencer is in quite poor health at this writing.

Thomas Spencer is spending a few days at Bunker Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Smith of Detroit have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley for the past two weeks.

The Neighborhood Club was entertained a week ago at Mrs. James Heeney's and last week Saturday night at Harmon Kingsley's. A thoroughly enjoyable time was had at each home.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Will Pankow, late of Detroit, is visiting his people for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baze attended the party at Mrs. Karrick's last Saturday night.

The many friends of John Mau, Sr., and Mrs. Christ Long will be sorry to hear of their recent illness.

All our young people enjoyed a birthday party at the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolf last Saturday night in honor of their daughter Mary. Games and refreshments were included in the program and all report a fine time.

Quite a few farmers are using dynamite on their stump land this wet weather.

Elmer Chilson of Greenfield visited his people over Sunday.

W. O. Minkley is very poorly at present writing.

Harry Smith visited C. F. Smith on Tuesday.

Mr. Cimino has gone to the city to work.

Mrs. Alva Pangborn called on her mother, Mrs. Christ Long, on Sunday.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Wm. Herrhad an auction sale Wednesday.

Carl Kingsley has moved his sawmill into Mr. Lewis mill-yard at Plymouth.

Roy Badelt is working east of Denton this spring.

Blanche Klatt, who has been sick the past four weeks is a little better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer of Ferrisville visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Badelt, last Sunday.

A woman in Pontiac has cured her husband of a bad attack of "asthma" by feeding him on raw onions.

FREE CHURCH.

The "Glee" club met with Miss Mable Vike Wednesday evening in spite of roads and bad weather a few faithful members attended.

Mrs. Ammon Brown visited friends in Detroit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burrell have moved to Toledo.

The neighborhood surprised Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kane last Thursday and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cole last week Saturday, presenting each with a fine oak coker.

Miss Madge Harlow visited Miss Olive Brown Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee, Sr., visited Mr. and Mrs. Philo Galpin at Ann Arbor last week.

Auction Sales.

Floyd Mott will sell at public auction on the farm 5 1-2 miles southwest of Plymouth, 3-4 of a mile west of the Canton Center town hall, on Friday, March 19, at 10 o'clock a. m., 7 horses, 10 cows, a large quantity of farm utensils, and two threshing machine outfits. Harry Robinson and Frank Boyle, auctioneers.

George W. Oldenburg will sell at auction on the F. E. Beeman farm, 1 1-2 miles east of Plymouth, on the trolley line, all kinds of farm implements and some household goods, 35 bu. seed potatoes, one horse etc., on Saturday, March 20, at one o'clock. Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

George Lee has rented his farm and will have an auction sale on the premises 2 miles west of Plymouth, on the Sutton road, of 4 horses, 8 head of cattle, a large quantity of farm implements, wagons buggies, etc., on Thursday, March 18, at 10 o'clock. Lunch at noon. Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

Chas. Wheelock will sell at public auction with Frank Boyle as auctioneer, on Tuesday, March 16, at 1:30 o'clock, a big lot of household furniture, stoves, dishes, etc. Terms cash.

In Memoriam.

The following resolutions were adopted by Plymouth Grange at its recent meeting March 4th:

Whereas, It has seemed good to the Divine Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our dearly beloved friend and sister, Emily Dean, it is but just and fitting that we recognize her many virtues and kindly deeds. Therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father we also deeply mourn the loss of our sister and that we shall greatly miss her in our work where she has ever been so kind and helpful.

Resolved, That by the death of our Sister we have lost a true and faithful member, one ever ready to assist in the work of our order.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved husband and friends our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of deepest sadness, and believing that his loss is her eternal gain, we commend him for consolation to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, that Plymouth Grange, No. 389, drap their charter in mourning for 60 days and the committee be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the husband of the deceased, also that they be spread upon our minutes in remembrance of our sister who has passed on just a little while before us.

MRS. C. F. SMITH,
MRS. JOEL BRADNER,
MRS. JAMES HANFORD.

To Give Away Land.

Washington, March 9.—By an order of the interior department about 3,000,000 acres of land in the counties along the eastern border of Wyoming are to be thrown open at once to homesteaders, who will be allowed to take either 160 or 320 acres. The land cannot be irrigated and will be of no use, therefore, only for dry farming. Those who take the full 320 acres entry must make an attempt to cultivate the land, while those who go in on the smaller holdings will not be compelled by the law to do so. The throwing open of this land is somewhat in the nature of an experiment to see what can be done with such land.

Science Had to Hustle.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm." "You can catch the bird man in motion."

Take Active Torpidets for Torpid Livers.

Feel bad; don't know what ails you? Eight out of ten times it's your liver. Active Torpidets for Torpid Livers will make you feel like a new person, when taken as directed. Got dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, headache, dizziness, mal-low complexion, bad stomach, foul breath, bad taste in the mouth, drowsy, appetite poor, or feel out of sorts? It's a TORPID LIVER.

Active Torpidets for Torpid Livers Never Fail to Cure when Taken According to Directions.

We want you to know that our Active Torpidets for Torpid Livers are entirely vegetable, composed of roots and herbs growing on the hillsides, valleys and mountains of this and foreign countries.

We could furnish you with thousands of testimonials, but prefer that you try them in your own case and be convinced. We will be pleased to furnish you with a free sample if you send us your name and address.

ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, 25c.

GET IT AT

Pinckney's Pharmacy

SEVERAL THINGS!

There are several things to be considered in selecting your bank.

- 1st Strength—financial strength.
- 2nd The care with which the bank is managed.
- 3rd The courtesy and spirit of accommodation displayed by the officers and employees.
- 4th The banking experiences of its officers.
- 5th The ability of the bank to properly and promptly handle all your business.

To those wishing desirable banking relations, we offer our services as an old established, permanent, conservative and accommodating bank, promising courteous treatment and careful attention to all business intrusted to our care.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

Fine Monuments

Have that matter of a suitable Memorial attended to before Spring, as we have plenty of time to execute your work during the winter months, and have the work all ready to set when the ground breaks up in the Spring.

Place Your Orders Now

Our splendid variety of designs and latest mechanical devices for doing this work will assist you in performing this duty.

Special Notice

We have recently made arrangements with an expert at the quarries to inspect all shipments before loading on cars, thus doubly assuring our patrons of the finest materials.

The Carey-Moran Granite Co.

Plymouth, Mich. Manchester, Mich.

CASH GROCERY.

Best Granulated Sugar, 50c
10 lbs. for

With \$1.00 order of other goods.

Chef Coffee, 4lb value, per lb	35c
White Star Coffee, per lb	25c
York State Cheese, "	15c
Crackers	5c
Fancy Borden's Baking, per lb	30c
Roll'd Oats, 5 lbs	25c
Shredded Whole Wheat, pkg	15c
Yeast Foam, pkg	4c
A. and H. Soda, pkg	7c

Try Knox-all Premium Coffee

A Dish with each package—per lb. 25c.

CASH GROCERY **W. B. ROE**



"ABILENA,"

AMERICA'S NATURAL CATHARTIC WATER

A Mild and Gentle Laxative.

Unexcelled as a remedy in Chronic Constipation, Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache. A reliable adjuvant in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism and allied disorders.

The large size (1 quart) bottle, which sells everywhere for 35c., we offer this week for 25c.

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

March Gift Jewelry

will never fail to please if the selection is made here. We are constantly receiving new and exclusive designs in dainty Jewelry as it is created by the Jewelry artists of America, and America stands in the lead of artistic Jewelry creations.

We Have a Full Line of Birthstones

Any person holding our (N) Birthstone Coupon will receive a Birthstone free at our store. We will mount this stone in a solid gold Tiffany ring for \$2.00, or will allow you 50 cents for the stone in exchange toward any ring in stock costing over \$2.50.

See our New Line of Birthday Post Cards Also Local Views, 12 for 25c.

G. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

FEED & GRINDING

Essential features for the proper grinding of Feed are—

- (1) Modern Grinding Machines.
- (2) Plenty of Power.

These two features guarantee the best possible results, fine and uniform grinding, coupled together with dispatch and courteous treatment, should appeal to the GRINDING PUBLIC. Give us a trial and let us prove to you that we can "furnish the goods."

Agency for Dr. Hess & Clark Stock Food.

Plymouth Milling Co.

WILCOX BROS.

We Print Auction Bills

Advice to the Aged.

Somewhat precise advice must be given with regard to bodily exercise in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration.

Now that eggs are luxuries a son of the late King Milan of Serbia is to make a haughty bow to vaudeville audiences and sing a few songs.

In a lecture on the French theater given in New York recently by Mr. Felix Weil it was stated that the apostrophe to the sun from "Chanticleer," with which the new Rostand play begins, was recited a number of times by Coquelin to his friends and some favored auditors during the last year.

Military authorities are to undertake to make the army immune to typhoid fever by vaccination. No officer or soldier will be compelled to submit to the process, but the subject will be laid before them and it is hoped that they will voluntarily agree to this means of preventing the worst of camp diseases.

The house committee on agriculture realizes that delay may be fatal in providing for the purchase of forest reserves at the head of navigable streams and has agreed to a general bill carrying an ultimate appropriation of \$15,000,000 for such purchases.

German military authorities expect by the end of the year to possess eight dirigible balloons suitable for war purposes. Two of these will be of the Zeppelin model, with a gas capacity of about 500,000 cubic feet.

Marriage is a queer sort of lottery, after all, because those who draw the prizes are not always the winners.

WOLVERINE NEWS BREVITIES

VILLAGE ELECTION RESULTS.

Newaygo.—At the village election W. J. Weil was re-elected president.

Rogers City.—The following officers were elected: F. D. Larke, Sr., president; J. Hogleheim, Jr., clerk; H. Hansen, treasurer. Mr. Larke has had the honor of holding the office of president for the past 30 years.

Union City.—The entire Republican village ticket was elected as follows: President, P. J. Buell; trustees, C. H. Wilder, H. Ackerman, Walter Smith; clerk, E. R. Sullivan; treasurer, H. T. Carpenter; assessor, M. Vosburgh.

Rochester.—The People's Progressive party ticket was elected. Officers elected are: President, Dr. D. C. Spencer; clerk, T. J. O'Brien; treasurer, Arthur Dillman; assessor, James Horn; trustees, R. D. Watson, Fred McCafferty and George Plummerhoff.

Clia.—The result of the village election was a victory for the "drys." The following officers were elected: President, C. H. May; clerk, William Goodrich; assessor, Edwin Fox; trustees, John Sander, Sanford Ham and Ole Peterson.

Frankfort.—At the village election H. J. Kinne was re-elected president and the entire Republican ticket elected by majorities from 90 to 100.

Perry.—The "drys" elected their entire ticket by majorities of 15 to 21.

Mount Morris.—A hot fight took place in the village election. The business men's ticket, headed by Morton W. Fairbank, representative in the last legislature, was elected by a good majority.

Grand Rapids.—The Michigan Pacific Lumber Company, capitalized at \$1,500,000 and owning 39,912 acres of timber lands in British Columbia, was organized in this city.

Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 9.—Arguments began yesterday in the case of Col. Duncan Cooper, his son Robin and John D. Sharp, charged with the murder of former Senator Carmack. Capt. Fitzhugh made the opening address for the state.

Capt. Fitzhugh made a strong and striking argument. It lasted over five hours and when he concluded he was exhausted. The courtroom was packed to suffocation, the ventilation was poor and the spectators felt the effects of the vitiated atmosphere.

Relief squads have been at work since yesterday searching for the dead and caring for the injured. The Rock Island and Cotton Belt railways have placed cars at the disposal of the local relief committee and many people are seeking a temporary refuge at other points near by.

Gov. Denaghey arrived at Little Rock yesterday afternoon in response to a call from the citizens' committee. He has the situation well in hand and says food, clothing and shelter are the things most needed. Hundreds of people are homeless.

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Washington, Mar. 9.—The University of Wisconsin has been selected by Gifford Pichot, forester of the United States, as the location of the laboratory of the forestry service for which the University of Michigan has made such a hard fight.

Saginaw.—A claimant for the fortune in Germany left by Gottlieb Pfeiffe, who died in that country recently, and for whose American heirs Cincinnati authorities are looking, has been found in the person of Mrs. E. S. Wagar of Edmore.

Rochester.—While assisting in lifting a heavy oak beam used for blocking purposes in the D. U. R. power house, David Spencer, 22 years old, narrowly escaped being killed by an other beam, which fell from a window above him.

Saginaw.—While his brothers tapped trees and gathered sap in a woods near their home, the body of Harry Phoenix, cold in death, lay stretched upon the ground only a few feet away and in plain sight. He had accidentally shot himself.

Jackson.—Mrs. Demetra Jinos, wife of a former proprietor of a prominent cafe, instituted suit for divorce and secured an injunction restraining her husband from drawing about \$7,000 which he has on deposit in a local bank.

Kalamazoo.—Daniel F. Fox, the oldest man in Kalamazoo county, and a resident of this part of Michigan for 80 years, died at the age of 94 years.

Alpena.—John J. Cathro, who represented Alpena and Montmorency in the legislature in 1895, died at his home in Maple Ridge township, of stomach trouble, at the age of 69 years.

Holland.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bird, two of the oldest and most respected of western Michigan pioneers, celebrated their seventieth wedding anniversary at the home of their son.

Muskegon.—While about to pour coffee for the inmates of the county jail, Mrs. Boda Heckstrom, domestic for Sheriff Nelson, was severely burned when the pot slipped.

T. R. WILL SCOOP ALL ROOSEVELT STORIES.



JUSTIFIES SLAYERS

Counsel Pleads Unwritten Law in Cooper Case.

SHOOTING AS ONLY COURSE

Gen. Meeks Tells Jury Carmack's Newspaper Attacks Deserved Bullets in Reply—Capt. Fitzhugh for State Denounces the Defendants.

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MORE THAN THIRTY DIE IN ARKANSAS TORNADO

Gov. Denaghey Takes Charge of Relief Work at Brinkley Which Was Destroyed.

Brinkley, Ark., Mar. 10.—Thirty of more lives were snuffed out, 60 people were injured, and property estimated to be worth \$1,000,000 was destroyed by the tornado which wrecked this little city Monday night.

Of the known dead, 14 are white, as follows: Isaac Reed, Russell Reed, Raymond Reed, Porter Foote, J. L. Starrett, Harry Stovall, Jr., Mrs. Ethel Phillips, Mrs. Belle Darden, two children of Mrs. Darden, Charles Frenze, A. M. Hood, unidentified man. The remainder of the dead and seriously injured are negroes.

The tornado's work of destruction was complete. The Roman Catholic church, standing directly in the path of the storm, alone escaped damage or destruction, and stands grimly in a scene of desolation. It has been converted into a hospital. Main street and Cypress avenue, the principal thoroughfares of the town, are now impassable and are piled high with wreckage from end to end.

Every business house is in ruins and there is hardly a home that has not at least suffered the loss of a roof or a window. The Arlington hotel was demolished. Eighty guests were registered there, but all escaped uninjured. The Brinkley, Southern and Kelly hotels were destroyed, but without loss of life.

Relief squads have been at work since yesterday searching for the dead and caring for the injured. The Rock Island and Cotton Belt railways have placed cars at the disposal of the local relief committee and many people are seeking a temporary refuge at other points near by.

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NEW PROBE FOR STEPHENSON.

Wisconsin Senator May Be Put on Grill by the Senate.

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If the legislature of Wisconsin finds against Mr. Stephenson it is almost certain the senate committee on privileges and elections will be instructed to take the matter up and determine what action should be taken in the premises.

No conclusion has been reached as to who shall escort Mr. Stephenson when he takes the oath. Mr. La Follette will be requested to offer his credentials and perform that service. If he declines, some other senator must be found. Mr. Nelson is the most likely to be selected.

Fire Destroys Presbyterian Church.

Kittanning, Pa., Mar. 8.—The First Presbyterian church, considered one of the finest houses of worship in western Pennsylvania, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The loss is \$30,000, with \$38,000 insurance. The fire started, it is believed, from the heating apparatus. The \$38,000 Carnegie pipe organ and six handsome stained glass memorial windows were destroyed.

Escape Jail at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Mar. 10.—Robert and James Baughman, arrested several weeks ago following a series of robberies in Ohio and Indiana, escaped from the county jail yesterday. James Baughman was arrested at Anderson, Ind., charged with robbing a post office at Upland, Ind., and Robert Baughman was arrested the same day in Piqua, O.

MICHIGAN NEWS TERSELY TOLD

Detroit.—President J. B. Hawks of the Detroit & Mackinac railroad in an interview here declared that under the Michigan two-cent fare law he did not believe that a Michigan railroad is earning six per cent. net and said further that unless the state tax commission reduced the valuations of the roads in the state or the two-cent law was repealed, the railroads would undoubtedly attack the law.

Grand Rapids.—Richard Brabyn of Detroit, defendant in remarkable divorce proceedings in the superior court here, will make a strong fight and interesting disclosures are expected. Mrs. Mabelle Dart, complainant, states she went to Canada and married Brabyn upon the strength of his statements that her previous marriage to Hart was illegal.

Flint.—Citizens of Flint raised \$1,000 to be paid as a reward for the return alive to his home here of Harold Moon, a ten-year-old boy who disappeared from home February 27, and who is supposed to have been kidnapped. A lad answering the description of Harold was seen in a freight car at Pontiac.

Muskegon.—Contractor Charles H. Wheaton of the Wheaton Bridge & Iron Company, the successful bidder for the \$455,000 bridge contract for Muskegon county called to the stand in the alleged bridge graft scandal here, made a sweeping denial of all the charges of irregularities in connection with the contract.

Port Huron.—The members of the committee of Golden Star lodge, No. 1, Ladies' Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, who found Mrs. Downing not guilty of defrauding the order, have been notified that the charter of Golden Star lodge has been revoked by the grand officers of the auxiliary.

Lansing.—The Island Copper Company, a new \$1,000,000 mining corporation, filed articles with the secretary of state. The offices of the company are at Houghton, Mich., and Duluth, Minn., and its operations are to be confined to Houghton and Keweenaw counties in Michigan.

Saginaw.—On the testimony of neighbors and the girl herself, Sadie Meszynski, 16-year-old daughter of Joseph Meszynski, 708 Perkins street, has been removed from her home by Judge of Probate Crane because she was subjected to cruel treatment by her father.

Owosso.—Mrs. Mary Jane Horn, widow of Solomon Horn, the Shiawassee township pioneer who died survived him only three days and went to her grave without knowing that her aged husband had preceded her in death. She died on the day of his funeral.

Traverse City.—A flock of wild ducks suddenly rising almost at her feet saved Miss Jennie M. Wolfe, superintendent of nurses at Grand Travers hospital, from walking into the deep, swift waters of the Boardman river and being swept under the ice.

Port Huron.—Woodmen of the World from various portions of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin gathered in Port Huron and the head camp convention of the order, for which elaborate preparations have been made by the city committee, was held.

Muskegon.—Living in a section of the city where she was forced to make the streets her playground, nine-year-old Rosa Logg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Logg, was perhaps fatally injured by being run over and stepped upon by a horse.

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THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The chamber of deputies of France passed the income tax bill by 407 votes to 166.

William B. Sever, chief of the mail-bag repair shop of the post-office department, has resigned after 12 years' service.

Opposition to President Taft's suggestion of a federal inheritance tax as a means of raising revenue, has appeared in the Connecticut general assembly.

Snowden E. Fairall died at Iowa City, Ia., aged 73. He was for many years a member of the Iowa house and senate. He was a college mate of James G. Blaine.

Mrs. Nancy Wilson, generally known as Mrs. Staffleback, one of the most notorious women prisoners in the Kansas penitentiary, died of pneumonia. With her husband and three sons she was convicted of murder in 1897.

President Zelaya of Nicaragua, it is reported, has called another conference between his own country, Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador and Costa Rica, with the view of arranging permanent peace for Central America.

Former Gov. Frederick Holbrook of Vermont, one of the three surviving "war governors" and the oldest ex-governor in the United States, is dangerously ill with bronchitis at his home in Brattleboro. He is 96 years old.

Matthew Astor Wilks, descendant of the late John Jacob Astor, and his bride, who was Miss Sylvia Green, daughter of Herty Green, the richest woman in the world, are back in New York from their honeymoon trip in the south.

The funeral of the late J. W. Blythe, general counsel of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, at Burlington, Ia., was attended by nearly fifty prominent railroad officials and many men high in business and political circles of Iowa.

John W. Fisher, formerly prominent as a lawyer and politician of Buffalo, N. Y., was sentenced to Auburn prison on his plea of guilty to grand larceny in the first degree. The indictment charged the theft of \$2,500 from the town of Cheektowaga.

Lieut. Arnold of the Belgian army, who was at one time denounced by the missionaries for burning and pillaging villages and committing assassinations and other atrocities in the Congo, has been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for 12 years.

Gov. Charles N. Haskell and others, indicted for Muskogee town lot frauds by the federal grand jury in February, were granted until March 15 to plead, by agreement of counsel. Their plea will be entered at Vinita during the term of the federal court there.

That the tide of immigration is again on the flood was apparently indicated when 1,500 immigrants arrived in Boston on the steamer Roma, from Mediterranean ports. This is the largest number landing from any steamer at Boston for 16 months.

3,000,000 ACRES FOR HOMES.

Government Decides to Open Wyoming Land for Dry Farming.

Washington, Mar. 10.—By an order of the interior department about 3,000,000 acres of land in the counties along the eastern border of Wyoming are to be thrown open at once to homesteaders, who will be allowed to take either 160 or 320 acres. The land cannot be irrigated and will be of use, therefore, for dry farming only.

Those who take the full 320-acre entries must make an attempt to cultivate the land, while those who go in on the smaller holdings will not be compelled by the law to do so. The throwing open of this land is somewhat in the nature of an experiment to see what can be done with such land.

Marshal Arrested for Murder.

Harrisburg, Ill., Mar. 9.—Marshal John Smith of Ledford was arrested here yesterday charged with the murder of Joe McCluskie and placed under \$2,000 bond. Smith, in attempting to quell a riot among foreigners, shot McCluskie.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for New York, Mar. 10. Includes LIVE STOCK—Steers, Hogs, Sheep, and various grains like WHEAT, CORN, BUTTER, EGGS, and CHEESE.

Table with market prices for CHICAGO. Includes CATTLE—Fancy Steers, Medium to Good Steers, Cows, Plain to Fancy, Choice Feeders, Calves, HOGS—Heavy Packers, Heavy Butchers, Pigs, BUTTER—Creamery, Dairy, LIVE POULTRY, EGGS, POTATOES (per bu), FLOUR—Spring Wheat, Sp, WHEAT—May, July, Corn, May, Oats, May, Rye, May.

Table with market prices for MILWAUKEE. Includes GRAIN—Wheat, No. 1 Northern, No. 2 Northern, Corn, May, Oats, Minnesota, Rye.

Table with market prices for KANSAS CITY. Includes GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Hard, No. 3 Hard, Corn, No. 2 Mixed, Oats, No. 2 White.

Table with market prices for ST. LOUIS. Includes CATTLE—Native Steers, Texas Steers, HOGS—Packers, Heavy Butchers, SHEEP—Native.

Table with market prices for OMAHA. Includes CATTLE—Native Steers, Stockers and Feeders, Cows and Heifers, HOGS—Heavy, SHEEP—Wool.

Soul of the Blue Bokhara

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

One of Carlton Clarke's Telepatho-Deductive Solutions

CARLTON CLARKE and I were in New York—I knew not why—at the time Col. James Watson Drexlau, an immensely wealthy New Yorker, was found stabbed to death in his home. His daughter and Ranleigh Harcamp were the first upon the scene of the murder. We became connected with the case through my acquaintance with Collins, friend of my youth and one of the best reporters in Manhattan. Clarke and I were discussing the strange mystery which had grown out of the case.

A knock on the door put an end to our conversation. It was Collins, to whom I had given a quiet tip to stay with us through the case.

Another knock followed almost immediately, and I admitted Ranleigh Harcamp, whose face showed the first smile I had seen him give when he related the ease with which he had eluded Clancy's shadows.

"Now, Mr. Harcamp," began Clarke. "I want you to tell us exactly what happened last night."

"I cannot," said Harcamp, between set teeth.

"Then I will have to tell you. Sit down, Mr. Harcamp."

"When you and Miss Drexlau returned from the theater," continued Clarke, "Mr. Drexlau met you and a violent scene occurred. Is that right?"

"Yes; I suppose Fogarty has told you."

"Miss Drexlau, at her father's orders, finally went to her room in tears."

"I see by the papers Fogarty was eavesdropping," commented Harcamp.

"Then you and Mr. Drexlau cooled down. He suggested that you go into the billiard room and amuse yourself while he smoked a cigar, and maybe you would both see things in a different light. You became interested in practicing some difficult masse shot and stayed for some time."

"How in the name of heaven do you know all that?"

"Very simple. Balls carefully placed in line along the side rail, tip of cue badly damaged, your fingers covered with chalk. You were just about to attempt the shot after repeated failures when you heard Mr. Drexlau fall. You rushed into the hall and saw feeling up the stairs—"

Harcamp rose with clenched fists and white face. "Stop; you lie! No man on God's earth knows whom I saw."

"Ha, I thought I was right. You saw Miss Drexlau."

Harcamp groaned and buried his face in his hands. "She didn't do it. She didn't do it. Oh, why didn't I confess to it and save her?"

Clarke went over and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Now, brace up, Harcamp," he said. "It may not be as bad as you think. There is one thing that may save her."

"Tell me, for God's sake!" moaned Harcamp.

"The blue Bokhara," answered Clarke.

Just then a messenger arrived with a telegram. It was for Clarke and he tore it open feverishly. As he read his face broke into a smile of triumph.

"At last I can act," he cried. "Quick, Mr. Collins, call a cab. You know the nearest stands. Mr. Harcamp, we will save her."

Collins was soon at the door with a carriage. Clarke gave the driver his directions, and we all got in.

"Where are we bound for?" I asked.

"We are in pursuit of the blue Bokhara," was all that Clarke would vouch for.

We drew up before a large store in Broadway devoted exclusively to oriental rugs, and hurried in.

"Did you ever see a Blue Bokhara?" asked Clarke of the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied, "but we haven't one. In fact I never saw but one I believed was genuine, and that didn't bring very good luck to the man that bought it, for I hear he's just been murdered."

"Yes, yes, that's the one!" said Clarke, excitedly.

"Did he get it here?"

"No, he didn't. He picked it up from a small dealer, but there was considerable talk about it among rug men, and I went around to see it. I've seen many so-called blue Bokharas, but never one like this. It was the softest shade of blue and of the finest wool mixed with silk. The sheen was perfect."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Clarke; "but can you tell me the name of the shop that sold it?"

"Certainly; it was Agnos's, on lower Washington street; but he hasn't anything like it. Let me show you some particularly fine Bokharas I have just imported."

But we were gone on our way to Agnos's before he recovered from his surprise, I suspect.

Agnos was a dark-eyed Armenian who had a small stock. He was proud of having sold the most wonderful rug in New York, proud of having known the murdered man and anxious to tell all about both.

"But what it was in your hands did

you repair it?" asked Clarke, interrupting his flow of description.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, it was perfect. I have been dealing in rugs all my life and—"

"But haven't you even a thread of it; even a strand of wool?"

"Why, no. You ask funny questions. More funny than young man who come here every day I got the rug and ask the price and cry when I tell him I sold it to Mr. Drexlau. And to think of Mr. Drexlau so soon killed! I like to have the pick of his rugs. It make me rich."

"From whom did you get the rug?" broke in Clarke.

The Armenian's eyes twinkled with suspicion. "What for you want to know that?" he said.

"Now," said Clarke, "tell me where you got the rug or I'll put the spell on you and leave you that way."

"Oh, I'll tell, I'll tell," said the frightened Oriental. "I had it of Israel Fangbone in Pell street."

"A well-known fence," said Collins.

"If we find you've been lying I'll come back and look into your head and see everything you've ever done," warned Clarke.

"Oh, gentlemen, I tell the truth; and listen, I did repair it. Fangbone, he cut a little piece out of it, such a little piece. I weave it in and Mr. Drexlau never see it at all. I think Fangbone try to match the wool and get some fake ones made."

"A scheme that you doubtless suggested," said Clarke. "Now, haven't you that piece?"

"Oh, no, gentlemen. I gif you my word of honor. Fangbone he have it."

"Then to Pell street," commanded Clarke.

"I'm afraid you'll find Fangbone a tougher proposition than the Armenian," said Collins when we were once more in the cab.

"If he is a strong character his weak point is the more vulnerable," replied Clarke. "When I see him I will know where to attack."

Fangbone in truth was a veritable Fagin. He treated us with twisting, treacherous hands, which seemed to itch, and his inky-black beard to bristle at the gain that might be derived from such a presentable set of rounders as he took us to be.

"Somedings I can show you, shentlemen? Some moneys you want, maybe? I haf it."

Clarke made a careful survey of his antagonist. "Yes, Fangbone, it's money. Twenty dollars on this," and Clarke took a diamond ring from his finger and laid it in the moist, outstretched palm.

Fangbone examined it critically, but with greedy eyes. "You haf come by it honestly?" he asked.

"Of course. You'll be safe enough anyway. It's easily worth two hundred and I may never redeem it."

"Not redeem it?" said Fangbone in surprise.

"No, I wouldn't wear it again. It's kishief. I had it of this man Drexlau who was killed last night, and I just heard he had a blue Bokhara rug that was kishief and it killed him."

"You say the blue Bokhara is a kishief? Who dell you dat?"

"Thaidia told me."

A look of fear stole over Fangbone's forbidding countenance and his eyes wandered involuntarily toward a drawer back of the counter in front of which we were standing.

"Here, dake id, dake id, quick!" he said, thrusting the ring at Clarke. "I will haf nodding to do vid id. Thaidia she know. She is wise in de black magic as in de white. Tank Gott I vind id out in time."

As soon as we were beyond the line of vision from the interior Clarke stopped and accented a typical Pell street hobo. "Here, my man," he said, "want to make a half a dollar? Well, wander into Fangbone's, take whatever he gives you, bring it to me and you get your money. The hobo hurried off and Clarke's scheme began to dawn upon me. In a few minutes he was back. "Here's wat de sheeny give me. Now, where's de mazzuma?"

Clarke handed him the money and in return the man placed in Clarke's hand a square inch of the blue Bokhara!

"Superstition, his ruling passion, and a powerful name in the Ghetto," quietly remarked Clarke. "Now the solution is in our grasp."

We stopped before one of those old-fashioned New York houses, once the home of fashion and yet to be found in the lower East side. Clarke sent up his card and we were admitted to a drawing-room furnished in a quiet magnificence that contrasted strangely with the squalor and degradation all about.

"The silken portieres parted and there stood before us the most beautiful woman I had ever seen."

Clarke started up and took a step toward her. Their eyes met.

"Thaidia!"

"Carlton!"

"You had my wires?"

"Not until I got home this morning. I've been away. And you mine?"

"It has brought me and my friends. Let them be your friends, Thaidia!"



ENOUGH, THAIDIA, WAKE.

Concentrating his mind, Carlton Clarke gazed steadily into her eyes for a few moments. Her muscles became tense, her face pallid and her eyes glassy, and then they closed in what appeared to be the sleep of nature. Clarke took the square of blue Bokhara from his pocket and pressed it against her forehead.

"Do you see, Thaidia?"

"I see," came the rich, subdued voice.

"What see you?"

"I see a richly appointed drawing room. Oriental rugs cover the floor. Over the fireplace is a picture of Washington. A white plastered archway leads into a library and that opens into a conservatory. Three persons are there. One is an old man, one a young man and one a woman, young, slender and black of hair. They seem to be disputing and the old man is greatly excited. At last he points to the door and his daughter—yes it is his daughter—goes out in tears, with one last supplicating look at the men. There they part, not all in anger, as the father seems to weaken at the sight of his daughter's tears. The young man goes out through the library and the aged man lights a cigar and walks the drawing room with bowed head, his hands behind his back."

"He halts in his walk and listens. He slips across the room on tiptoe, tears open the portiere at the hall door and drags out a little old man. He is a servant. The master of the house upbids the cowering menial and then points to the door. The little old man goes out. The tall man resumes his restless walk, blowing rings of smoke and now and then glancing at his watch and from that to the door. He expects some one. At last he stops. He listens. He hears a step. He goes out into the hall to the front door and finds it open. A dark-nudged form enters."

"Mark well this man, Thaidia. What is he like?"

"He is dark, very dark. He is emaciated. His face is drawn with suffering. His clothes are in rags, yet his bearing is proud and noble. They pass into the drawing room. The dark man is pleading with clasped hands. The old man laughs scornfully. The dark figure offers him something. It

placed and there, day by day, a maiden weaves upon a rug. She is beautiful as the night, and as she weaves a youth watches her and strokes the inky braids of her hair while their eyes speak the tale of love that is old as this old world, yet ever new.

"Day by day the maiden weaves, and as she weaves her fair body wastes by degrees so small that her lover sees not the change. At last the final knot is tied and the waft thrown through the warp for the last time, and with a sigh and a look of love the weaver falls into his outstretched arms."

"She has woven her soul into the blue Bokhara."

"The youth wanders, the rug always with him, for it is his bride. He comes to this city. He is in want; he is starving. When near to death he pawns the rug that he may live. Then the change comes. He finds work, he makes money. He tries to redeem the rug, but the man to whom he pawned it is a villain. He has learned the value of the rug and will not give it up but for a great price. The youth struggles and saves and denies himself everything until at last he has the sum. At last he is able to buy the rug, only to find that it is sold to—yes, it is to the man who was slain. The youth seeks him out, and by the ruse that he has smuggled rugs for sale, gains entrance at midnight."

"Where is he now? Look well, Thaidia."

"He is near."

"The street; can you read it?"

"It is Washington street, in the Armenian quarter."

"The number?"

"Two hundred and sixty-eight."

"The name?"

"I cannot tell. Wait, he writes. He signs 'Kareton Boyajian.' He faints. You must hasten if you see him."

"The floor?"

"It is the garret. I am weary, Carlton; make haste."

"Enough, Thaidia. Wake."

"The eyes opened and smiled.

"Have I helped?" she asked.

"You have made all clear. But we must act now. To-morrow I will return and tell you all. And, oh, Thaidia, that I may then persuade you to give up this world life, this praying upon the ignorance and fear of the Ghetto."

is money. The old man again repulses him and points toward the door. The dark man still pleads with many passionate gestures toward a blue rug of surpassing beauty on the floor. At last the old man advances and raises his hand as if to strike. There is a quick blow and a flash of steel. The old man reels and falls, clutching at his breast. The dark man seizes the rug and is gone into the night."

"Now the rug, Thaidia, the rug. Follow it. Trace it back to the making. What see you?"

"I see a little hut in Bokhara beside the Samarkand gate. I know the spot well. Within the door a loom is

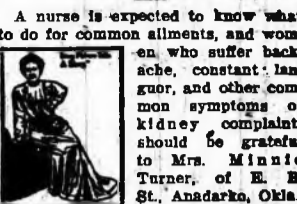
"You see the results—luxury, wealth, all that we longed for in the old days. But come to-morrow."

The final act of the drama was brief. We communicated with the inspector and he met us on the way to the Washington street number in Clarke's possession. This proved to be a rickety tenement. Under the guidance of the inspector, we entered boldly and mounted five dingy flights to the garret. A knock at the one door brought no response and we pushed in as it was unlocked.

There, on a miserable bed of straw, his wasted body wrapped in the blue Bokhara, lay a young Turkoman. By

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bleating, Etc., Overcome.



A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

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

TROUBLES OF JUNGLE DENTIST.



Dentist—I wonder does he really want that tooth pulled, or is he scheming for a breakfast?

Why There Was a Funeral.

"That looks like a newly made grave—that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveler from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al. "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"

"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, sayin' a tow-headed little girl hed come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed some how. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that it was a two-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wan't nothin' to do but hold the funeral the next day but one."

Less Majests.

A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser," in the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the schloss, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

Truthful Beasle.

There had been a lovers' quarrel and it was his first visit in two weeks.

"I guess you know there was a difference between your sister and myself?" he ventured, trying to pump the little sister.

"Yes, indeed," responded the latter without hesitation.

"Well—er—do you think Clara will make up when she comes down?"

Little Beasle leaned over nearer and whispered:

"She ought to, Mr. Bilkins. She is upstairs making up now."

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk 12 blocks to business and know how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

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

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are truthful, true, and full of human interest.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

(Copyright in Great Britain.)

PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. JAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.50
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.50.
Cards of thanks, 25c.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Weekly advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1909.

THE VILLAGE ELECTION.

Workingmen's Ticket Wins Out by a Large Majority.

The village election last Monday caused an intense interest and a large vote was drawn out, probably the largest vote ever cast at a village election, there being 417 votes polled. This interest manifested by the adherents of either one side or the other of the political situation in Plymouth is too well known to need any further elucidation at this time. The Workingmen's ticket won out and the people must be or are satisfied with the result. Below we give the vote, the first named running on the Workingmen's, the last on the Citizens' ticket:

President—	
W. F. Markham	242-75
J. D. McLaren	187
F. F. Bennett	1
Clerk—	
Charles Rathburn	247-93
Warren Lombard	155
Treasurer—	
W. B. Roe (no opposition)	225
Assessor—	
W. T. Rattenbury (no opp.)	221
Trustees—	
Burton D. Brown	221-30
Fred C. Hall	215-42
A. J. Lapham	213-28
Andrew Taylor	191
George Richwine	173
Louis Hillmer	185

Remains of C. B. Crosby Brought Here for Burial

The body of the late Calvin B. Crosby, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Geo. S. Curtiss in Athens, Pa., Saturday evening, March 6, was brought to Plymouth, Tuesday morning and interred in the family burial plot in Riverside cemetery.

Mr. Crosby had been in good health up to Wednesday night, March 3, when, soon after retiring, he sustained a paralytic stroke, being discovered a few minutes later by his little grandson who had gone to his room to bid him "good night." Though conscious up to a few hours of the time he died, he never rallied.

Calvin B. Crosby was born in Pompey, New York, August 19, 1829, a son of the late Charles Crosby who came to Plymouth township about 1840 and who for many years was employed as miller in the old Phoenix flouring mill.

When about 15 years old Mr. Crosby entered the store conducted by the late Peter Fralick, as a clerk and in 1867, in partnership with Henry Baker of Plymouth bought the business which was run for eight years under the firm name of Crosby & Baker, when the latter retired and Mr. Crosby conducted the business which was located in the building now occupied by Brown & Pettingill until 1884, when he sold out to A. A. Taft.

In politics Mr. Crosby was a staunch and lifelong Republican, having taken part in the organization of that party at Jackson in 1850. He served two terms as treasurer of Wayne county from 1880 to 1884 and represented the First Senatorial district in the State legislature in the session of 1887.

He had been a resident of Plymouth for nearly half a century and up to the time he left here in 1888 had always been actively identified with everything that made for the advancement of the village and had always maintained a lively interest in Plymouth's welfare.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Geo. S. Curtiss, with whom he spent the last eleven years at Athens, Pa.

No Mechanics in Here.

"I understand that Mrs. Comesp has the greatest horror of trade or working in any way."

"Yes, so much so that she cut Mrs. Jenks off her visiting list because she heard a lady she was anxious to cultivate say that Mrs. Jenks had answered some questions in a mechanical manner."

The Milk Man Says

He has better milk and better cream because he uses Harvell's Condition Powders, which always keeps his cows in the best of shape. The best condition powder on the market for horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. For sale by all general and most drug stores at 25c per package. Once tried—always used. J. A. Carr & Son, Lansing, Mich., write: "We have used Harvell's Condition Powders on our livery horses for about three years and have always found them superior to all others. We have found that livery horses are subject to great abuse and Harvell's Condition Powders always bring back the appetite and puts them on their pins." Sold by J. L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

CHURCH NEWS.

UNIVERSALIST.

Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
Services at 10 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. Topic, "What is Man?" Sunday-school at 11:15 a. m. At 7 p. m. an illustrated lecture.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

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

LUTHERAN.

Rev. G. D. Ehmig, Pastor.
Services next Sunday at 10 o'clock standard time. Sunday-school at 11. All are invited.

The ladies' aid will meet with Mrs. Wm. Hillmer next Thursday afternoon. All members are requested to be present.

Do you need a new kitchen apron or perhaps a fancy or little girl's apron? If so, you will find all kinds and patterns at the second annual apron sale which the ladies of the church will hold in the near future. Watch for the date and place later.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:00, Morning worship. Public reception of members and baptism. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The pastor will speak briefly of the "Significance of the supper." 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Young Peoples' Meeting. Subject, "Isabella Thoburn." Leader, Miss Hazel Conner. 7:00, Evening gospel service. The pastor will give a talk especially for young people. Subject, "Keeping the Heart." You are most cordially invited to all the above services. Also to the mid-week service Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Subject, "In the Evening of His Life, (B) The Farewell Discourse," Jno. 13-17.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The 6th grade have been doing some sketching from life, a rabbit being their latest model.

Minnie Shattuck of the 6th grade has left school and gone to Alabama, where she will make her home.

The 3rd grade have committed "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." They can both say and sing it.

The Juniors are planning a musical which is to be held in the high school room. It will be advertised later.

Dr. Floyd, a missionary, who has just returned from China, gave an interesting talk in chapel, Thursday morning.

A 6th grade boy hasn't got over his fondness for kindergarten fun yet. He brought a rag doll to school the other day to amuse himself with.

Mr. Boyer, travelling for the Alden & Bacon Book Co., visited some of the classes Wednesday. Some of these book agents are "smart fellows."

The biology class has started a bird calendar on which they will keep record of the birds and the dates on which they were first seen after their return from the south.

Some of the teachers went to Ann Arbor Thursday night to see the Ben Greet company in "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream." It was a nice time of the year to see it.

The Citizens' ticket made a better showing in the high school election than it did in the village election, but it can be explained by saying "Girls don't understand politics."

Visitors: Mrs. Geigler, Cora Peterson, Grace Rauch of Jackson, Nina Sherman, Dorothy Henderson, Bina Eckles, Arthur and Elmer Whipple, Mr. King, Ivan Dickerson, Mrs. Sprague of Howell.

Old Resident Passes Away.

Julia E. Pattison, wife of J. B. Pattison, died at her home in Plymouth Sunday, March seventh, after an illness of some months' duration of paralysis. She was born in Plymouth nearly sixty-nine years ago and most of her life has been spent here, except a nineteen years' residence in Dakota. She leaves a husband and one brother, L. H. Bennett, to mourn her loss. The funeral was held at the Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon and the remains were laid to rest in Riverside. Rev. Hugh N. Ronald conducted the obsequies.

An exchange well says: "The local newspaper should be found in every home. No child will grow up ignorant who can be taught to appreciate the home paper. It is the stepping stone of intelligence in all those masters not to be learned in books. Give your children a foreign paper which contains not one word about any person, place or thing they ever saw or perhaps ever heard of and how can you expect them to be interested? But get them a home paper and read of persons whom they meet and places with which they are familiar, and soon an interest is awakened which increases with every arrival of the local paper. Thus a habit of reading is formed, and those children will read all their lives and become intelligent men and women, a credit to their ancestors strong in their knowledge of the world as it is today."

THE YOUNG REPORTER

He Appeared to Be Very Industrious.

"Hendrick's certainly industrious," said Mr. Pickle, night city editor of the Daily Whiff. "He's always writing Sunday stuff."

"Can't burn the candle at both ends," observed Tom Click, who was on the cable desk. "He'll blow out like they all do. He's young and eager, of course, but if he keeps this gait up he'll be tell the gang a fond good-bye for his."

They gazed at Hendrick, who was beating out a story on his typewriter. Click sighed.

"I remember the biggest week's bill I ever made as a reporter," said he, reflectively. "Time of the St. Louis cyclone. I wrote—"

Here Mr. Pickle's phone rang and he answered it with glad haste, because he'd heard about that record bill. Click, having little to do at the moment, strolled about the city room. He halted at Hendrick's desk and greeted the young man amiably.

"Evenin', Joe," said he. "What you making?"

"Sunday story," replied Hendrick, briefly.

Click remained beside him. Hendrick stopped work and hid the sheet upon his machine by carelessly laying one arm over it. He smiled cooly.

"Romance?" pursued Click, and he wondered why Hendrick flushed at the word. "Why don't you shoot out some more of that Bowery junk? It's good and you can't turn out too many of 'em. How you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Hendrick. He sighed as if irritated.

"I tell you, better not try to do too much," Click warned. "I was just as gay as you are when I was a young fellow. There'll be reporters after we're dead—"

"Some one on your 'phone, sir," a small copy boy sought the speaker's attention.

"As you'll find out," ended Click, and scuttled to his desk.

Obviously relieved, Hendrick returned to his work. Sheet after sheet joined the neat pile beside the typewriter. In the middle of one, at which he stared with worried eyes, a boy announced that his services were required by the city desk.

"Man killed two, took gas himself and made a bloomer of it, now at the hospital. Wife caught him with affinity on the street. Here's the names. We can't stand over three-quarters tonight. Only a ten-page paper," said Mr. Pickle. "Smith can take it on the 'phone if it looks like a job. Gimme what you can for the first."

It was 1 a. m. when Hendrick finished his night's assignment. Click, going home with all the morning papers under his arm, was shocked to see Hendrick take out an envelope, rapidly scan the typewritten pages it had held and then begin upon the "Sunday stuff." The toiler looked up and met Click's gaze.

"You better go home," said the cable editor sternly. "Gwan, get out o' here and quit that ding-donging forever! Want any eyes or brains left for your old age?"

Hendrick smiled coldly. Every member of the staff commented on Hendrick's love of work. Between news stories he turned out innumerable columns.

"I believe he's doing a book," said Charlie Cubb, the juvenile individual who did such chores for the Whiff as the older men declined.

"He's been looking gloomier every night since he started on it," remarked Mr. McLemon, who covered Tenderloin police. "Ain't a bit like himself." They speculated, but after one or two attempts the Whiff's staff ceased to ask questions, because Hendrick displayed a too savage temper when inquiries were made. Click publicly mourned over him.

"Hendrick must have six full pages in the magazine," he said to Snipper, the Sunday editor, on a Saturday afternoon. "You shouldn't let him work as he does. Bad."

"Why I can't get him to write even a little human interest story—and I offered to run his name over it," said the Sunday editor. "They're all lazy. And he's the laziest."

"Hendrick hasn't anything in to-morrow?"

"Nary a line," said Snipper.

"Mighty queer," ruminated Click. "Is he trying to bust the magazines?"

In the city room Hendrick was writing, as usual, but he appeared.

"Now what you doing?" asked Click. "Sunday story?"

Hendrick nodded sadly.

"Won't the end come out right?"

"Nothing's right," said Hendrick, dolefully. "It's all wrong."

Click heard the swish of a silk gown. That was an infrequent sound in the city room. He looked a pretty girl in an olive green gown and a droopy sort of hat with a plume, of which Click approved, followed a pugnosed copy boy toward Hendrick's desk. She carried a sheath of big envelope with the New York Whiff printed in one corner.

"Oh, Joey," she cried, rushing past the boy; "we moved two weeks ago and I just happened to go into the old place and there I found all the letters together! What must you have thought?"

"Is—is it all right?" Hendrick seemed to wait for Click to absent himself. "Is it?"

"Of course, you silly," said the pretty girl. She blushed redly.

"I just couldn't wait, and so walked in here," she added.

Click sneaked away.

THE SIMPLE LIFE LEFT BEHIND.

Mankind Has Created Complications Hard to Do Away With.

It is easy to talk about the simple life and so hard to live it, for life is not simple any more. Its complications seem unavoidable.

The trouble lies in ourselves; the entire trend of womanly sentiment is away from the things the centuries held dear.

It was not so hard to keep life simple when one's best black silk did duty for a decade. Nowadays if the silk didn't cut into ribbons the cut of the garment would mean the patch box in at least two seasons.

It is the craze for something new that is the undoing of simplicity. Novelty is the keynote of most of our lives. Even friendships and matrimony are getting infected with this microbe of restlessness.

A mother said not long ago: "Baby Louise is so finicky she will only play with her toys two or three times before she is tired of them and I have to send them off to the hospital."

And the mother seemed to think that it showed a progressive spirit in her child. Such a craving for novelty can mean nothing but unhappiness, no matter what one's ability to gratify it.

If we are ever to become simple again without some dire calamity forcing it upon our country, we must change our views of much that we now think progressive.

We will have to learn to draw a sharp distinction between our necessities and our frills. A woman who is noted for her restfulness and her placidity in the midst of a hard life was asked how she managed to keep unfretted.

"I try to keep my life simple. Long ago I learned that what women possess beyond the real necessities soon grows to be a weariness to the nerves. The more of the unessentials we acquire the more we want. Our most coveted treasure soon grows insignificant in the thought of something still to be achieved. I make my rule of life less change and more repose."

That is a good rule for any harassed mother or business woman who has come to think life too much for her.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Felt Bound to Make Good.

A woman in a trig riding habit, whip in hand and dog at side, was stepping breezily along the flagging around the White House ellipse. Her hair was tucked under her derby; her light jacket opened over a white shirt, with mannish collar and tie, and the lifted skirt revealed glimpses of patent leather boots to the knee. To the party of tourists who had filed out of the gallery across the way the woman possessed all the value of a free show. The half dozen members followed and stared until she had outstepped them, when one of the party, who was evidently undecided whether the tripe, breezy figure was a he-woman or a "she-man," asked a passing native: "Is that Dr. Mary Walker?"

The native answered with the authority of one who knows: "Why, no, madam. That is Mrs. Roosevelt."

Of course, it wasn't Mrs. Roosevelt—and you could tell by the way the native said it that he knew it wasn't Mrs. Roosevelt, still—All of us have our temptations.

The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work?

The Hobo—Well, I am, mum. But I don't want to get it right now. I'm a detective, yer see, an' I'm jest after clewa, to-day.



Most Perfect Light Under the Sun

Suitable for homes, stores, halls, churches, factories. Better than electricity—cheaper than city gas, kerosene or candles. 2c per day per lamp, keeps your home as bright as sunlight. No smoke, no soot, no odor, no work filling or caring for lamps. Anyone can operate.

The Standard-Gillett Lighting Systems

Inexpensive to install—no expense to operate—simple, safe—nothing to get out of order or cause trouble. Don't be under the thumb of any monopoly—own your own light lighting plant, save money and be independent. Just the light for country homes.

Agents wanted in unassigned territory—good money for hustlers. Write today for large free book, illustrating and describing our systems and full particulars. Mention this paper when you write.

The Standard-Gillett Light Co.
230 N. Halsted Street, Chicago

The Prices we Quote

Speak with no uncertain sound. We never whisper quotations.

- 1 pkg. Banner Oats (with dish) 20c.
- 1 can Aurora Corn 15c, 2 for 25c.
- 2 cans Egg Plums 25c.
- 1 lb. Dried Peaches 10c.
- 1 lb. Dried Apricots 15c
- Grape Fruit 10c each
- Sweet Oranges 25c per dozen

Small orders or large—we give equal attention to every customer.

GITTINS BROS.

Phone 13—Free Delivery.

See Our Window

Your Opportunity



Simplest Popular Prices Fully Guaranteed

PERFECT COFFEE ASSURED

"ROCHESTER"

TESTED—PROVED

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SAID—

"We have always wanted a coffee percolator but the prices were prohibitive."

The above cut illustrates the success of an attempt to meet the increasing demand for a good coffee percolator at a price within the reach of all.

This percolator is made from the best copper, nickel plated, has no small parts to lose, no valves to get out of order, makes delicious and uniform coffee.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES

5 CUP SIZE \$2.00 7 CUP SIZE \$2.25
8 CUP SIZE \$2.50

Ask for free (illustrated) circular on "How to Make Exquisite Coffee."

Conner Hdw. Co., Ltd.

Special Sale

—ON—

WATCHES & DIAMONDS

Beginning March 13th and continuing until April 1st.

Special Low Prices

during this sale. All goods warranted just as represented and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Get the habit—come in and see our goods and become satisfied that we are offering you genuine bargains. Now is the time to buy your Diamond Rings and please your best friend and also yourself.

L. J. FATTAL

Your Eyes Tested Free. Jeweler and Optician

Rent Receipt Books

15c.

Get them at The Mail Office

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS.

Colonists' one-way tickets Chicago to the Pacific coast, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Lines, are on sale daily during March and April at the rate of \$32.00. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Double berth in tourist sleeping car only \$7.00, through without change to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. No extra charge on our personally conducted tours. Write for itinerary and full particulars to S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

ARTFUL BEGGAR.



Miss Charity—If I were to give you a quarter, what would you say?
Wandering Jim—I should tell every gent that you were the prettiest lady in all this town.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have secured laws in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists. 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A New Standard.

"I knew they were putting on airs. They let on that their silverware was all solid and now the whole world knows it isn't."
"How did it come out?"
"Burglars broke into their house the other night and didn't take a thing."
—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking Up Colds.

A cold may be stopped at the start by a couple of Lane's Pleasant Tablets. Even in cases where a cold has seemed to gain so strong a hold that nothing could break it, these tablets have done it in an hour or two. All druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cents a box. If you cannot get them send to the proprietor, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

A Question of Value.

"Polltiness costs nothing," said the proverbialist.
"Which may explain," answered Miss Cayenne, "why some people of ostentatious wealth have so little of it."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms. 50,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists. 5c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A lazy man makes as much fuss when he has a little job of work on hand as an old hen does who is trying to raise one chick.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamline Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

A sacred burden is the life ye bear. Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly. Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.—Kemble.

Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Sting. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little drying and a great deal of lying constitutes life.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation.

Opportunities fall in the way of every man who is resolved to take advantage of them.—Samuel Smiles.

PILES CURED IN 5 TO 14 DAYS.
FARO'S Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Piles, Itching or Burning. Price 10c. Sold by all Druggists.

And sometimes a poet fools people by wearing his hair short.

Miss Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Suspect the meaning and regard not speeches.—Socrates.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually.
Dispels colds and headaches due to Constipation.
Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIS SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price, 50¢ per bottle.

MEN WHO FORM PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

PHILANDER C. KNOX
SECRETARY OF STATE

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK
POSTMASTER-GENERAL

RICHARD A. BALLINGER
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

CHARLES NAGLE
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

GEORGE VON L. MEYER
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

JAMES WILSON
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

WILLIAM H. TAFT
PRESIDENT

President Taft's cabinet of nine men is headed by Philander Chase Knox, secretary of state, who was born in 1853 at Brownsville, Pa. He graduated from Mount Union college, Ohio, in 1872, and three years later was admitted to the bar. During the years 1876 and 1877 he served as assistant United States district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania. In the latter year he formed a law partnership with James H. Reed which still exists and which has represented many large corporations, including the Carnegie Company. Mr. Knox entered President McKinley's cabinet as attorney general in April, 1901, serving until 1904, when he was elected United States senator from Pennsylvania. The latter position he resigned to become the head of President Taft's cabinet. He was a candidate for the presidential nomination in the Republican national convention of 1908. Mr. Knox is recognized as one of the foremost constitutional lawyers in the country.

MacVeagh for the Treasury.
Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, was born on a farm in Chester county, Pennsylvania, graduated from Yale in 1862 and from Columbia law school in 1864. He began the practice of law in New York city but ill-health forced him to abandon it and in 1865 he went to Chicago and engaged in the wholesale grocery business. In this and other commercial pursuits he has amassed a large fortune. Before entering the cabinet he disposed of his holdings in the big grocery firm and resigned as director of the Commercial National bank of Chicago. Mr. MacVeagh has always been interested in movements for the public welfare, locally and nationally. He has been president of the Chicago Citizens' association, the Chicago Bureau of Charities and the Municipal Art League, vice-president of the American Civic association, and chairman of the immigration department of the National Civic Federation. Mr. MacVeagh formerly was a Democrat and in 1894 he was nominated for United States senator by the Democrats of Illinois, but was defeated in the legislature. He supported Grover Cleveland, but afterward changed his party allegiance because of the attitude of the Democratic party on the money question.

Dickinson to War Secretary.
Jacob M. Dickinson of Tennessee and Chicago, the new secretary of war, was born in 1851 at Columbus, Miss. He graduated from the University of Nashville in 1872 and afterward studied law at Columbia college, at the University of Leipzig and in Paris. He served several times by special commission on the supreme bench of Tennessee and was assistant attorney general of the United States in 1895-97. For ten years pre-

vious to accepting the place in Mr. Taft's cabinet he was general counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad Company. When not living in Chicago, Mr. Dickinson makes his home at the Hermitage, the estate upon the outskirts of Nashville, Tenn., once the property of Andrew Jackson. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he is very fond of hunting and fishing. Though a Democrat, Mr. Dickinson has always been an opponent of Bryan.

Wilson Retains His Place.
Only one member of the Roosevelt cabinet retains his portfolio under Mr. Taft. That is James Wilson of Iowa, secretary of agriculture. So excellent had been his work in that position that there was no serious talk of making a change. Born in Scotland in 1835, Mr. Wilson came to the United States in 1852 and three years later settled in Iowa. In 1861 he engaged in farming in Tama county. He was a member of the Iowa assembly for three sessions and speaker of the house for one session, and also was a member of the Iowa state railway commission. In 1882 he was elected to congress, serving two terms, and was sent to the national legislature again for one term in 1883. He was regent of the State university of Iowa in 1870-74, and in 1890 was made director of the agricultural experiment station and professor of agriculture at the Iowa Agricultural college, Ames, Ia. In 1897 he became secretary of agriculture.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock.
The first cabinet officer selected by Mr. Taft after his election was Frank H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts, who gave up his place as first assistant postmaster general to manage successfully the Taft presidential campaign. He has been given the office of postmaster general in the new cabinet. Mr. Hitchcock was born at Amherst, O., in 1867, and graduated from Harvard in 1891 and from Columbia law school in 1894. Since 1891 he has been a government official, having served at different times as chief of the division of foreign markets of the department of agriculture; chief clerk of the department of commerce and labor, member of the government exposition board and first assistant postmaster general. He is a member of many scientific and social organizations and is the author of numerous bulletins, reports and circulars on foreign trade and customs tariffs. His work in the post-office department under President Roosevelt was especially noteworthy.

Nagle Was Commerce Portfolio.
Missouri has been rewarded for its switch to the Republican column by the appointment of Charles Nagle as secretary of commerce and labor. Mr. Nagle is a leading lawyer of St. Louis and the west. He was born in Texas in 1849, moved to St. Louis

when a child and graduated from the St. Louis law school in 1873. He has been senior member of the law firm of Nagle & Kirby, professor in the St. Louis law school and a trustee of Washington university. In 1881-83 he was a member of the Missouri house of representatives, and in 1893-97 was president of the St. Louis city council. He is a member of the Republican national committee and for years has been an intimate friend of Mr. Taft. He was one of Mr. Roosevelt's most enthusiastic supporters. As an attorney Mr. Nagle was identified with several important cases dealing with the numerous complications in the affairs of the Five Civilized Tribes in the then Indian territory.

Navy Under Meyer's Charge.
President Taft's secretary of the navy, George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, has had wide experience as a business man, legislator, diplomat and cabinet officer. He was born in Boston in 1858 and graduated from Harvard in 1879. He then entered business and has been prominently connected with a number of financial and mercantile concerns. His career as a public official began in 1889, when he was elected to the Boston common council. He then served on the board of aldermen, and in 1892-96 he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature, the last two years being speaker of the house. In 1900 Mr. Meyer was sent to Italy as American ambassador, and in 1905 was transferred to Russia. In January, 1907, President Roosevelt called him home to enter his cabinet as postmaster general.

Ballinger Secretary of Interior.
After about one year's service as commissioner of the general land office, Richard A. Ballinger of Seattle, Wash., has entered the cabinet as secretary of the interior. He is a native of Iowa, having been born in Boonesboro in 1858. After attending the University of Kansas and Washington college at Topeka, he went to Williams college, graduating in 1884 and afterward studying law and removing to Washington. He was United States court commissioner in 1890-92 and later was judge of the supreme court in Jefferson county, Wash.

Attorney General Wickersham.
George W. Wickersham, who becomes President Taft's attorney general, has had the reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers in New York city. Born in Pittsburg in 1855, he studied civil engineering in Lehigh university and in 1880 graduated from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. For two years he practiced law in Philadelphia. In 1884 he became associated with the law firm of Strong & Caldwell, to which Henry W. Taft, brother of the present incumbent, belonged.

JOB FOR FAIRBANKS

May Be Ambassador to Great Britain

CANDIDATES ARE SCARCE

Rich Men Find It Necessary to Stay at Home and Take Care of Business Crippled by Panic—Place for Straus.

Washington, Mar. 9.—The keynote to all the discussion about reorganization of the diplomatic corps under the new administration is the confession that there is a remarkable dearth of candidates for the ambassadorship positions, commonly in great demand. The reason given is that the wealthy men, to whom those positions usually go, are hard up. They have been hit by the panic, and succeeding depressions. Their business affairs are requiring their close attention and they are unable to give the time and bear the expense which the first-class positions involve.

Fairbanks for England.
There is remarkable unanimity in the opinion that Charles Warren Fairbanks is the one peculiarly equipped man for the St. James embassy. Whether President Taft will be disposed to recognize the significance of his strong backing is only to be guessed; but if word should come from the executive offices that Mr. Fairbanks was persona grata in this connection there is no question that he would, without the turn of a hand, promptly have a most remarkable support for the appointment. Those best posted to know his disposition believe he would not refuse the place if offered, and they also believe he will not be a candidate for it.

Straus Going to Japan.
While the information is unofficial, it is understood to be almost definitely settled that former Secretary Straus of the department of commerce and labor will be appointed ambassador to Japan. It is well known to those in touch with Mr. Straus that he leans toward a diplomatic career and the position of ambassador to Japan would appeal strongly to him.

While he was secretary of commerce and labor he had largely to do with the Japanese immigration question. Mr. Straus has reached no definite conclusion, but it is not unlikely that a formal announcement of his appointment to some important diplomatic post will be made in the near future.

New York has three ambassadors at present. They are Whitlaw Reid, at London; Charles S. Francis of Troy at Vienna, and David Jayne Hill at Berlin. Of these, Dr. Hill is regarded as the one most likely to be retained, chiefly because he has been there only a short time, has distinctly made good, and took the post under embarrassing circumstances. That Mr. Reid will remain in London is thought altogether unlikely, unless the poverty of the wealthy men should make it difficult to interest the right man in the post.

Another Hoosier Named.
Addison C. Harris of Indianapolis, who was ambassador to Austro-Hungary under the McKinley administration, and made an excellent record, is one of the men pressed for reappointment to the service. If Mr. Fairbanks should go to London, however, Mr. Harris would hardly be available.

Iowa has candidates for two second class posts. Thomas C. Dawson, now minister to Colombia, aspires to the Argentine mission. Maj. S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines, who for many years was consul at one of the Swiss cities, is a candidate for minister to Switzerland.

VICTORY FOR THE OIL TRUST.

Court's Ruling May End Retrial of \$29,240,000 Case.

Chicago, Mar. 10.—Defeat for the United States government in the prosecution of the Standard Oil Company case, in which Judge Landis imposed a \$29,240,000 fine, was forecast by Judge Anderson from the bench yesterday.

In informing District Attorney Sims and his assistant, James H. Wilkerson, and their associates that the basis of the charge that 18 cents per 100 pounds was the lawful rate on oil from Whiting, Ind., to St. Louis, had not been proved, the court served notice upon the government that the case would fall through unless that fact was proved.

The question probably will be decided this afternoon.

John H. Van Dyke Dead.
Milwaukee, Mar. 10.—Former President John H. Van Dyke of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, died last night after a short illness. He was one of the leading lawyers of the state and a counsel for the company after he retired as president in 1874.

Shoots Wife as a Burglar.
Mattoon, Ill., Mar. 9.—Mistaking his wife of four months for a burglar when she returned to their bedroom, where she had left him asleep for a few minutes, Roy Matthews, a young farmer, living one mile south of here, shot and mortally wounded her.

"Constitutional Dry" Victors.
Des Moines, Ia., Mar. 10.—Advocates of constitutional prohibition won a decided victory in the house yesterday when the motion to re-commit the resolution was defeated by a majority of 20 votes.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a turn-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TROUBLES OF JUNGLE DENTIST.



Dentist—I wonder does he really want that tooth pulled, or is he scheming for a breakfast?

Why There Was a Funeral.
"That looks like a newly made grave—that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveler from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al. "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"
"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, sayin' a tow-headed little girl had come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed somehow. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that it was a tow-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wasn't nothin' to do but hold the funeral the next day but one."

Less Majests.
A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser," in the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the Kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the schools, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

Truthful Beasts.
There had been a lovers' quarrel and it was his first visit in two weeks. "I guess you know there was a difference between your sister and myself?" he ventured, trying to pump the little sister.

"Yes, indeed," responded the latter without hesitation.
"Well—er—do you think Clara will make up when she comes down?"
Little Bessie leaned over near and whispered:
"She ought to, Mr. Bilkins. She is upstairs making up now."

CONGENIAL WORK
And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery. "Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc. "After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and know how good it was simply to live. "As to my work—well, the joy over the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it! That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A copy will appear from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of common sense.

Paint Keeps the Home Bright

A little paint here, a touch of enamel there, a brushful of varnish yonder--everyone can see a dozen such opportunities for brightening and beautifying the home. Perhaps it's the outside of the house that needs protection from the ravages of the weather; perhaps it's a chair, or dresser, the floor or woodwork that has become worn and shabby, or perhaps it's the family carriage, the farm wagon or the lawn swing that has ceased to be a source of pride. But no matter what it is that has become marred and unsightly from age and wear, there's an Acme Quality paint, enamel, stain or varnish that will exactly fit the need. We are agents in this vicinity for

ACME QUALITY PAINTS AND FINISHES

—the most scientifically prepared, the most satisfactory in appearance and wear, made in the largest paint and varnish plant in the world. Simply tell us what you want to do, ask for the proper Acme Quality goods for that purpose and you are sure to get the best that can be made.

The Acme Quality Text-Book on Paints & Finishes tells what Acme Quality Paint, Enamel, Stain or Varnish

to use, how much will be required and how it should be put on. It not only enables you to tell your painter or decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for **you** to re-finish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert—the jobs that a painter would not bother with. Ask us for a copy.

It's Free.

GAYDE BROTHERS,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.



Our Motto is to Please

WITH A FULL LINE OF

**Fresh & Salted Meats
and Poultry.**

A child will be treated the same as an adult. I will appreciate the trade of all future customers.

Our Lard is Home Rendered, and Sausage will be Home Made.

BARNEY TUCK



**Mo-Ka
COFFEE**

Maintains its high standard of quality despite the advance in the price of green coffee.

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CHEERING REMINISCENCE OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

Story That Lifted Gloom from the Brows of Overburdened Business Men—Retrospection as a Cure for the Blues.

Ever stop to think of your boyhood days? Nothing like it to drive away the blues.

The other day a group of business men, whose cares are not the lightest, were seated about a restaurant table, grabbing a hurried lunch. Every man of them was grouchy. Just then the door opened, and another, just as busy, as far as results go, but never acting as though he had a care on earth, came in.

He sat down and everyone turned with a half-scowl.

They were feeling blue, and did not want anyone to convince them that some of it was imaginary.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I raced the old man's driving mare against time?" asked the cheery individual.

No one spoke.

"Well, I did," he said. "The old man and the mother had gone away on a visit. Dad had a mare which he was proud of, and no one touched it. Used to watch the hired man when he hitched her up, like a hawk. Well, on the day that they went away, I got restless. I had a pony, but it wasn't fast enough. So what did I do but get that mare out and put her into a sulky."

The other men were listening now. "Put her into a sulky when the hired man was away, and down I goes to a stretch of road near the railroad track. Say, but I hit up a pace, hanging onto the lines for dear life.

"When I got home I had half the boys in the neighborhood running across the fields to meet me, and we put her in the barn. I got busy and wiped her off, and the hired man never tumbled.

"Next day, by agreement, I got her out, and half the town, the boy part of it, was there. I drove her down the stretch the proudest mortal in the universe, and the other boys looking on.

"Next day was Saturday. The folks were coming home Wednesday and I was getting down fine as a driver, and the mare was falling off a little in flesh, but the hired man wasn't wise.

"Saturday who should come around but the son of a man down the line who had another driving mare. Father and he had always quarreled about the eggs, but he was going down the road

side by side, each one seeing that he wasn't beat, they never came together. Result was that kid and I matched the horses for a race on Tuesday.

"I went home and rubbed that mare down, going over her legs like regular jockeys and wipers do, and never said a word to the hired man. On Monday I took the mare out for the last warming up heat, and all the boys in town were there. The other kid was afraid to take out his horse except for the race.

"We went down to the head of the stretch, and as I turned to go along came that railroad train. The mare went down the road, scared, and I was perched upon the seat hanging on. A wire fence on the side of the road kept the mare from bolting.

"It looked like a spill for me, but I hung on like grim death.

"Near the place where the road turned away from the track it ran close and as we neared that I turned toward the cars, expecting to crash into the end of the train."

He stopped.

Every man sat up.

"How did you ever get out of the hospital, if you went into the train?" asked one.

"I didn't," said the cheery one, "but say, dad and mother were riding in the last coach and looking right at me!"

"Tanned your hide, I reckon," said a quiet listener.

"Well, did he?" said the cheery one. "But he made me drive that race. Said he couldn't afford to have the other man think he would allow his boy to be bluffed."

"And I won by a neck."

The party broke up.

Every man of them was smiling and things looked brighter, like the sun had come from out under a cloud.

Unappreciated Sympathy.

The soda-fountain clerk was engaged in vigorously shaking up a chocolate and egg, says a writer in the Bellman, when suddenly the glass broke in his hands, and the ensuing deluge made him look like a human éclair. The horrified customer leaned over the counter and tried to be sympathetic. Not knowing exactly what to say, he finally blurted out, consolingly:

"Oh-er-too bad! Did the glass break?"

Dripping from head to foot, the clerk looked at him witheringly.

"Did the glass break?" he repeated.

"Did the glass break?" And then with freezing sarcasm, "Oh, no, not at all! You just happened to stop in while I was taking my morning shower."

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