

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI. NO 40

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1909

WHOLE NO. 1138.

Local Correspondence

SALEM.

Miss Therese Knip of Ypsilanti is visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Bussey for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thayer of Detroit spent Wednesday with relatives here.

Mrs. S. C. Wheeler was in South Lyon Tuesday.

Wednesday being James Bradley's fifty-fifth birthday, his wife invited about twenty old friends to spend the afternoon with him. A bountiful supper was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanbro favored the company with music and Daniel Smith presented Mr. Bradley with a handsome rocker in behalf of those present.

Miss Irma Lane entertained company from Detroit this week.

Married, at the home of the bride Wednesday at high noon, Miss Lena Bartlett and Mr. Harold Lovelace. Rev. Milo Sweet of Hudson performed the ceremony.

Mrs. Stark of Highland visited her daughter Mrs. Clayton Deake last week.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Berth Hamilton and Mr. Mackey of South Lyon next week, Wednesday.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Peck of the city visited his people here Friday and Saturday.

W. H. Smith and family of Waterford visited their relatives here Sunday.

Fred Lee has sold 80 acres of his farm on the west side of the road to Hugh Peters of Plymouth.

L. W. and Harry Wolfrom of Detroit and Riley Wolfrom and family of Farmington visited at David Wolfrom's Sunday.

Geo. Fisher moved to Stark on Monday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cimino on Sunday, all doing nicely.

Grover Peters and sister of Plymouth were up to see their new home Sunday.

A gentleman from the city last week purchased the farm of 50 acres south of the Center known as the Joe Minkley place, and will take possession at once.

Mrs. John Cort, Sr., visited Mrs. Baze and attended German church here Sunday.

We are sorry to learn of Rev. Ehms leaving Plymouth, but as he gets lighter work, we hope our loss will be his gain.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanchett and family took a pleasure trip to Wayne last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Norton spent a couple of days last week with her daughter Mrs. Klumph of Northville.

The Gleaners will give an ice cream social on Wm. Hirschlieb's lawn Tuesday evening, June 29th.

Mrs. Maude Tait and daughter spent last Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. Richards.

Wm. Herr has been suffering with tonsillitis, with Dr. Tupper of Sand Hill in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gottman of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer last Sunday.

Quite a crowd from this place attended the children's day exercises at East Nankin last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tait entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Houk and son last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley visited with Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Theuer and daughter Lizzie visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones of Wallaceville last Sunday.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Lela Klatt of this place visited her sister Mrs. John Houk of East Nankin last Wednesday.

Mrs. Paul Badelt of this place visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gottman of Beech last Friday.

Mrs. S. Cummings was in Plymouth on business last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright were in Wayne on business last Friday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Gottman of Detroit spent the first part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Badelt and family.

Mrs. Agnes Krumm of Plymouth visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wright and family Sunday.

Pain is Sometimes a Sneaking
Especially when it warns us of a serious disorder, such as neuralgia, colic, rheumatism, cuts, burns and bruises, **Bonne's Pain-Killing Oil** is the remedy that brings quick relief, and speedily cures these troubles. Get a trial bottle. Price 50c. Sold by John L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mr. and Mrs. Coarson and two little sons of Ann Arbor visited Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shearer over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridger and children attended the big circus at Detroit Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kingsley visited Mrs. Kingsley's sisters in Perrinsville, Sunday.

The Helping Hand met with Mrs. Drayton, Wednesday.

Mrs. Angus Heeney visited her sister at South Lyon Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Heeney and Mrs. Estella Dunlap of Whitmore Lake were down to attend the P. H. S.'s graduating exercises and visited at James Heeney's.

OBITUARY.

Ellis M. Hix, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hix, was born in Wayne county, Michigan, September 16th, 1879, and passed from this life, June 14th, 1909, at the age of 29 years, 8 months, and 28 days. Her entire life was spent on the farm, where she was born, except occasionally a few weeks spent with her sisters in Plymouth, or other friends. In her early childhood she received a fall, injuring her spine which left her an invalid for life, never having walked since five years of age. She bore her affliction with great patience, and though unable to walk, her willing hands were ever ready to do acts of kindness for her many friends. She was an earnest Christian and an active worker in the Tonquish Helping Hand Society of which she was a member for fourteen years. She leaves to mourn her loss a father, mother, two sisters, four brothers, ten nieces and nephews and a large circle of friends and relatives. -E.

Hots Hurt Horses Horribly.

Experiments made by Baron Henri d'Anchald, a French scientist, have resulted in proving that the well-meant practice of affixing straw hats to the heads of horses for the purpose of protecting them from the sun's heat not only fails to accomplish its purpose, but actually aggravates the suffering of the animals.

The experiments were made when the temperature of the atmosphere was 79 degrees in the shade. Bareheaded horses standing in the sun were found to have a temperature of 86 under the forelocks. When straw hats were put on them their temperature under the forelocks rose to 103. A horse moving in the sun had a temperature of 83. Under a straw hat the temperature rose to 91, and under cloth to 100.

The explanation is that the covering prevents the free movement of air and serves to accumulate heat.

The head covering for horses should be discarded, therefore, and relief should be given by frequent sponging of the head. -Albany Journal.

Michigan's Official Post Card.

Michigan now has an official post card and it is a card that all citizens of this state may well be proud of. At the left hand side of the card is a column of strength, at the base of which is a cluster of fruit and grain. From the cap of the column a red streamer bearing the words, "Michigan, 1897," reaches in graceful folds across the top and at the upper right hand corner is the state shield and coat of arms.

The legion on the card was composed by the state librarian, Mrs. Mary C. Spencer. It reads as follows:

"Here's to our lake-encircled state—
Our Michigan, so strong, so great,
Her mineral wealth, her waving grain,
Her homes where peace and plenty reign;
Greatest of states since states began,
We pledge to thee, our Michigan."

CARD OF THANKS.—Words cannot express our gratitude to our many friends who so kindly assisted us and spoke words of love and sympathy in our great sorrow. We also thank you for the beautiful floral offerings and the singers for the sweet music rendered.
MR. & MRS. JOHN HIX
and family.

Over 90 per cent. of Appendicitis Cases are caused by a congested condition of the bowels, commonly called constipation. Why not relieve yourself of this condition and the consequent danger of appendicitis by becoming a user of Dr. Henrick's Sugar Coated Vegetable Pills? The best known and most widely sold liver pills in the world. This is not a new remedy, but one that has stood the test of time, being over sixty years on the market. Sales always increasing, showing the immense good that they are doing. Price everywhere 25c per box. Ask for a free sample. Sold by John L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

GOING CAMPING

BE SURE AND TAKE
A JAR OF

CAMPHORATA

with you to keep off Mosquitos. Good for Sun Burns, Tan and Freckles, etc.

ONLY 25 CENTS,

and if you find that it is not good, return what you have and get your 25 cents back.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

SECURITY

ought first to be considered in the selection of a depository. This Bank offers the best of security to its depositors in the shape of \$600,000 of clean, unimpaired, quick assets and demands good and stable security from its borrowers. It invites your business on a conservative banking basis, whether large or small, and the special personal attention of its officers is given all matters intrusted to its care and attention.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

I HANDLE THE

BURT PORTLAND CEMENT

80,000 barrels being used in Detroit this year.

My Price on Good Cement is
the Lowest in Town.

Phone me your orders.

A. J. LAPHAM

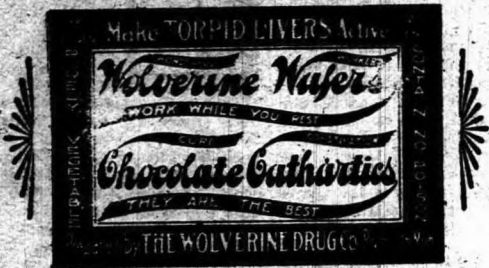
NEW MEAT MARKET

We wish to announce to the people Plymouth and vicinity that we have purchased the Meat business of Wm. Gayde and will continue the same at the old stand. We respectfully ask all the old patrons of the market to continue their patronage with us and cordially ask that the public generally will give us a share of their trade. We hope to merit the appreciation of all customers, both old and new.

Yours respectfully,

TODD BROS.

NORTH VILLAGE Phone 12



2 STRIKES!

3 BALLS!

AND THE BASES FULL!

GET IN THE GAME FOR A

"WEE-AH SUNDAE"

—AT—

THE WOLVERINE SODA BAR

Phone No. 5.

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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at "THE WOLVERINE." Phone No. 5, Office, 2 Rings Residence, 3 Rings

J. D. McLAREN CO.

P. M. ELEVATOR.

JUST RECEIVED

FULL LINE OF

Field and Garden Seeds

QUALITY THE BEST

PRICES THE LOWEST

Both Phones.

Plymouth Binder Twine

SAVES TIME AND GRAIN

Twine is a small item, but good twine saves a lot of expense in harvest time. Every time your machine is stopped the delay costs you money. Time in harvest season is always valuable, and sometimes extremely precious on account of the condition of weather or grain. Be sure you use the best twine, —PLYMOUTH TWINE. Then you will be safe from the annoyances, delays, expenses, which ordinary twine causes. Plymouth Twine works perfectly in every machine. More of it is made and used every year than any other kind, because it is known to be the best and has been for years. Binds more sheaves with less expense, no knots, no breaks, and is guaranteed full length and extra strength. Get Plymouth Twine from the local dealer. Look for the wheat-sheaf tag.

Conner Hdw. Co.,
PLYMOUTH

F. W. SAMSEN, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISING

Popularity of Moving Picture Shows Taken Advantage Of by Wide-Awake Manufacturer.

A novel method of presenting arguments in favor of his products has just been put into operation by a manufacturer in the middle west.

The services of a playwright and of actors and actresses were secured, says System, and a playlet was produced with all the dramatic force that has made the motion picture show so popular.

Both these records and the films were sent out to the company's representatives in the various cities, in turn lent by them for gratuitous use to the proprietors of the motion picture theaters, who were glad of the opportunity to save the money usually paid for rentals of such materials.

Thus the need of the company's product was emphasized and a unique but effective selling talk was delivered to the public, who paid for the privilege of hearing it.

Now to Grow Dollars.

Every worker in the ranks hopes for a competence that will make his old age comfortable and independent.

Take Your Umbrella with You.

To the visitor in Paris a hat is rather necessary in winter and a beedaker is desirable, but an umbrella is indispensable.

They Do So in New York.

In front of a large saloon in Sixth avenue a poor man pays rent for a flower stand.

Desires of Men of Science.

Men of science care less for the finding of their actual poles of the earth's axis than for the exploration of the ends and seas surrounding them.

NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Notes and Gossip Gathered in Lansing.

JUSTICE WOOS HIGH HONOR.

Robert M. Montgomery of State Supreme Court Announces Gubernatorial Candidacy for Republican Nomination.

Lansing.—Justice Robert M. Montgomery, of the state supreme court, a resident of Grand Rapids, announced that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor at the next primary election.

Monument to a Woman.

The first monument of its kind to a woman ever erected in the United States is the memorial drinking fountain and statue of Aunt Laura Haviland, which will be dedicated to that beloved Quaker lady on the occasion of the bi-annual home-comers' day celebration at Adrian, Thursday, June 24.

The site selected for the monument is just in front of the city hall in the center of the flat iron, where its appearance is very prepossessing. The entire work is of Westerly, R. I., granite and the height is nine feet, three inches.

Burrows Hoped to Aid McMillan.

Senator Burrows of Michigan at Washington has received reports from the state within the last few days to the effect that he has not been particularly active in behalf of Neal McMillan of Kent county, for the last 12 years United States consul at Savaria, Canada, who was removed by the state department and another man appointed in his place.

State Pharmacists at Detroit.

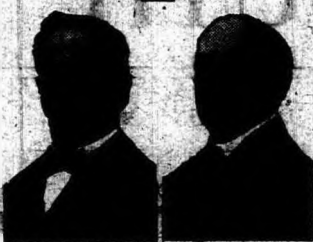
The Michigan State Pharmaceutical Traveler's association held a three-day convention in Detroit. The pharmacists by a united front have accomplished several reforms in their trade and secured some advantageous legislation.

State Can Transfer Land.

Land Commissioner Russell in the opinion the state can easily transfer to the government the land owned by Maj. Gen. Grant near the Soo for a big maneuver ground. He says it would undoubtedly take action by the legislature to give a clear title, but in the meantime the public domain commissioners could withdraw the land from sale, and so it is of little or no value provide for transferring it to the government.

MICHIGAN'S HALL OF FAME

A SOLONIC QUARTET.



Senator Wald. Senator Smith, Houghton.



Senator Foster. Rep. Johnson, Mecosta County.

Swap Wives as Popular Pastime.

Trading wives is a pastime said to have been indulged in by Lansing township citizens. Not entirely satisfied with his matrimonial ventures, and looking upon the wife of an acquaintance with envious eyes, one young farmer is said to have made a proposal to "swap" wives.

While probing a charge of horse stealing recently, a miniature grand jury was conducted in Justice Crowley's court at East Lansing at the suggestion of Sheriff Cline.

Other unusual acts by Lansing township citizens are said to have been divulged, and when the sheriff's force completes its probe, some interesting developments are expected.

Can Buy Ohio Coal Cheaper.

Michigan coal can not be mined and sold at the point where it is produced as cheaply as coal of equal quality can be delivered in competition which has been mined away out in West Virginia and Ohio and shipped in by freight.

It is regarded as doubtful if any coal will meet the high test imposed by the water board, which is that one pound of coal shall evaporate ten pounds of water, and for every pound of loss a penalty of one per cent. is provided in the contract.

May Have to Go Higher.

It begins to look as if the state of Michigan might have to go to the United States supreme court to get Milton J. Daly back to the state to stand trial on the indictments returned against him by the Jackson county grand jury for complicity in the state prison frauds.

In the state criminal court at Chicago, where Daly has brought habeas corpus proceedings to prevent his being taken back on extradition papers granted by Gov. Deneen, Judge McKewen held that not only did he have the power to review the governor's action, but that he also had the power to determine the sufficiency of the indictments against Daly, and furthermore that he had the power to go further and say that from the facts contained in the present indictments no new valid indictments could be issued.

Get Telephone Figures.

Under authority granted by the state board of auditors the state tax commission is enlarging its force for the purpose of determining the value of the telephone properties of this state eligible to taxation by the ad valorem system, under the new law.

M. A. Porter of Northville has been engaged as an expert and others will be hired to appraise the value of the telephone properties. This work must be completed by next December in order that the tentative assessment may be made. The commission will use the valuation made by Prof. C. O. and Adams in 1908, and revised in 1907 as a basis for the work and for the purpose of comparison.

Bank Gets Hold's Place.

The convention of high court foresters came to an end at Flint with a business session and trip about the city. Harbor Smith will get the 1916 meeting. Guy Frank of Flint was selected high treasurer to succeed Nell E. Reid of Mt. Clemens. Other officers elected are as follows: H. N. Rogers, Port Sanilac, H. C. R. A. O. Stevenson, Port Huron, P. H. C. R. James, Calverton, Port Austin, H. V. C. R. Elmer E. Stockwell, Port Huron, H. S.; Dr. J. V. Frasier, Lapeer, H. P.; Jesse A. Ripley, Talc, H. C.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, returned from a trip to Europe.

Surveyor Clarkson, in the hope of stopping wholesale smuggling at New York, will appoint 100 additional special watchmen.

Wireless apparatus on merchant vessels is blamed for interruption to government messages between Seattle and Nome, Alaska.

Two men were killed and four injured, three seriously, by an explosion of powder at the MacBeth Fuse works at Pompton Lakes, N. J.

Ferdinand Tilley, a farmer, was shot and killed by his son Emil at his home near Benton Harbor, Mich., during a family quarrel. The son was arrested.

With the arrival in New York soon of J. P. Morgan and other financiers it is expected in Washington that negotiations for the organization of a pan-American bank soon will begin.

Articles of incorporation were filed in Los Angeles for a \$30,000,000 gas and electric company, which is designed to control all the gas and lighting plants in southern California.

Representative Young of Michigan has introduced a bill in the house at Washington providing that preliminary or interlocutory injunctions shall be issued by the federal court after a hearing.

Alleging liabilities of \$1,000,000, a petition in bankruptcy was filed in New York by creditors against the Leeds & Catlin Company, phonograph dealers, which has offices in Chicago and other cities.

Attorneys for 52 Nebraska banks have filed suit in the federal court in Lincoln, asking an injunction against the enforcement of the new bank-deposit guaranty law. The lawyers contend the act is confiscatory.

Charles Scheers, a chauffeur, who a year ago while speeding near Morris-town, Pa., ran down two men, one of whom, Patrick McLaughlin, died from his injuries, was sentenced in court to one year's imprisonment and \$50 fine.

The first expedition ever sent out by the National Geological Society of Washington, to study the big glaciers of Alaska, will sail from Seattle on the steamship Portland. It is headed by Prof. Starr of Cornell and Prof. Mathew of the University of Wisconsin.

Caleb J. Camp, who celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday on June 12 last, and who was at one time president of the Hartford & Connecticut Western railroad, which is now the Central New York, New Haven & Hartford Company, died at his home in Winsted, Conn.

Pearl Paska, the 18-year-old Hungarian girl who was charged with the murder of John Lucas near Trenton, N. J., several weeks ago, in the Mercer county court pleaded guilty to manslaughter. She was sentenced by Judge Reed to three years in the state prison.

SWORDFISH KILLS WHALE.

Passengers and Crew on Steamer Esparta Witness Desperate Fight of Sea Monsters.

Boston, June 22.—A fight between monsters of the ocean was witnessed off the Nantucket South Shoals lightship by the passengers and members of the crew of the steamer Esparta, which arrived here from Port Limon, Costa Rica. The combatants were a whale and great fish believed to have been a swordfish. The former was vanquished.

The whale was the only one of the fighters visible. It lashed its tail violently, churning the water into a mass of foam, attacking its adversary fish with jaws. Finally, however, the whale was seen to throw its massive bulk clear of the water and then sink from sight. The waters for a considerable distance were red with blood.

Pioneer American Brewer Dead. Sacramento, Cal., June 22.—Albert Ziegel of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the pioneer brewers of America, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Herman Gran of this city, aged 91.

THE MARKETS.

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

STATE HAPPENINGS

Cassopolis.—Stephen H. Pangburn, 60 years old, a produce merchant, was arrested, charged with the murder of his wife, from whom he had been separated for some time. It is alleged that after he had made fruitless efforts to effect a reconciliation Pangburn visited his wife at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Leon Criswell, and shot Mrs. Pangburn four times in the head and body, killing her instantly. The police found him lying unajured beside his wife's body.

Kalamazoo.—Whirled about a line shaft, going at a rapid rate of speed, at the Bryant paper mills, Walter Hoogacker received injuries from which it is not believed he will recover. Hoogacker was in the act of putting a belt on a pulley when he was caught in the pulley. His left arm was broken and the right hip badly crushed and broken. Internal injuries were also sustained, and it is the latter which are likely to cause death.

Grand Rapids.—Speaker Collu Campbell, who as a house member in 1907, pushed the binder twine plant bill through, says the trust must do more than cut the price of twine in this state as the state plant can sell twine anywhere in the nation. Representative Galbraith, bitterly opposed to the binder twine plant, fought to have the market restricted to the state line.

Grand Rapids.—Frank Brandel of the Toledo Brewing Company proposes to start a saloon in which only beer, tea, coffee and milk will be sold, whiskey and highly intoxicating liquors being barred. Brandel asked the council for a license and in his application binds himself to sell only the drinks named. Mayor Ellis believes such a saloon would work for temperance.

Dowagiac.—While at work in a field on his farm, John Wood heard a shot and turned around just in time to see his 14-year-old son Harold fall dead. Harold and a companion of his own age, Beryl Adams, had been hunting woodchucks and were returning home when the Adams boy's shotgun was accidentally discharged, how he is unable to tell.

Grand Rapids.—While trolling in Grand river below the Soldiers' home, Carl Schultz hooked the body of Jacob Ulrich, who had been missing. When Ulrich disappeared he had about \$30 and as but six cents was found on his body, the theory of murder was first advanced. Coroner Leroy, who made an examination is inclined to discount this theory.

Holland.—Hendrik Iffohan, a typical Hollander, probably holds the record for longevity of service in the line of a single occupation. He has followed the cobbler's trade for 54 consecutive years and during that time has repaired thousands of pairs of shoes. Notwithstanding his advanced age of 67 years he is still able to tap five pairs of shoes a day.

Houghton.—Seven months after election Charles O'Rourke was declared elected sheriff of Ontonagon county over Henry McFarlane. O'Rourke won out in the first count, but the count was so close that McFarlane carried it to the courts. A recount gave O'Rourke the job by 17 votes.

Ann Arbor.—Examination in all departments are practically over and, except for seniors, this town was about deserted by the 1909 students. Already there are some new faces about the campus, the advance guard of summer school students.

Marshall.—Roger Miver, a Convict township farmer, is the first Calhoun man to be arrested in Calhoun county on the charge of cruelty to animals. He was accused of driving a lame horse. A jury took 20 seconds to find him not guilty.

Canton.—Arthur Hewes, whose mind has been a blank for a week and who appeared at the mayor's office asking who he was and where he came from, after disappearing mysteriously from Hillsdale, Mich., was returned to his home.

Brighton.—Arrested by Deputy Fish Warren Arthur Bohm of Ypsilanti on the charge of illegally netting fish in Island lake, James Griffin and Charles Stanfield were tried before a jury in the justice court at Howell and acquitted.

Helding.—Arthur Connor lighted a match to see how much oil there was in the oil tank of F. H. Hudson, a local grocer. An explosion followed and Hudson's stock, valued at \$2,500, was destroyed by fire. Connor was severely burned on the face and hands.

Grand Rapids.—The ministry and laity of the Swedish Baptist churches of the lower peninsula assembled here in their annual convention. Thirty delegates are present. The session closed with services by Muskegon members.

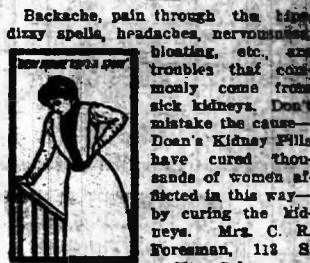
Hastings.—Philip H. Schantz, aged 31 years, one of the oldest settlers of Barry county, died at the home of his son, Edwin Schantz, in Nashville. He was the father of Representative W. H. Schantz.

Ann Arbor.—The research station and the biological camp of the university are an assured thing this summer. Prof. Reighard is already on his way to Camp Bogardus on Lake Douglas. Only 14 students will be allowed to go.

Cadillac.—After being in the water three hours on the bottom of their overturned boat in the middle of Lake Mitchell, James Hogg, Jack Perry and Joe Phillips were rescued by a fishing party. The young men were about to change seats in their boat to prepare for a few hours fishing when the boat capsized.

WOMEN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY

Many Mysterious Aches and Pains Are Easily Cured.



Backache, pain through the legs, dizzy spells, headaches, nervousness, bloating, etc., are troubles that commonly come from sick kidneys. Don't mistake the cause—Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women afflicted in this way—by curing the kidneys. Mrs. C. R. Foreman, 113 S. Eighth St., Canon City, Colo., says: "Three years I suffered with rheumatism, dropsy and kidney complaint, and became utterly helpless. I found relief after using two or three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and kept on until cured. Doan's Kidney Pills have been a blessing to me."

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

WERE BOTH OF MIXED BLOOD

Points of Resemblance Between Englishman and Cowboy, as the Latter Understood It.

"The countless de Pourtales was a New York Lorillard," said a New York tobaccoist. "So on both sides, of course, she has blue blood. Yet she is without false pride."

"At a recent tobacco men's convention a director told me of a remark the countess made in Biarritz to an arrogant Englishman."

"This fellow boasted of his ancestry. The countess said that sort of talk wouldn't be understood in the wild west. She said an Englishman said to a Texas cowboy once:

"I have Tudor blood in my veins on the maternal side and through my father's family I am a Plantaganet."

"Is that so?" said the cowboy, brightening with keen interest. "My blood's a little mixed, too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Come and liquor up!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NERVE.



"Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?" "You cannot; she's engaged."

"That's all right; I'm the fellow she's engaged to."

See Extinction of Tuberculosis. Dr. William Osier says: "Whether tuberculosis will be finally eradicated is even an open question. It is a foe that is very deeply entrenched in the human race. Very hard-it will be to eradicate completely, but when we think of what has been done in one generation, how the mortality in many places has been reduced more than 50 per cent.—indeed, in some places 100 per cent.—it is a battle of hope, and so long as we are fighting with hope, the victory is in sight."

The Novel Type. In a late magazine story a perfectly lovely girl is described as follows: "She was very small and dark, and very active, with hair like the color of eight o'clock—daylight and darkness and lamplight all snared up together, and lips like all crude scarlet, and eyes as absurdly big and round as a child's good-by kiss."

How do you like it? Would a girl who answered that description be worth shucks in everyday experiences?—Atchison Globe.

WON'T MIX

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin."

"My home cares were very heavy, for besides a large family of my own, I have also to look out for my aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household business, and come what might, I must bear them, and this meant many hours of frantic work when I realized that my health was breaking down."

"I read an article in the paper about some one with troubles just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food and acting on the suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right way."

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an amazingly short space of time I was myself again. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason" Trial will prove. Read the "Reason" Little Book. "The Road to Well-Being" is free.

Even send the above letter? I can't see anything in them that is time. I can't see anything in them that is time. I can't see anything in them that is time. I can't see anything in them that is time.

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By HOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

(Copyright, 1924, Holt-Rinehart & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

At 12 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stornford, who appeared his first time. The girl, who was given a birth as a midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, because she was the daughter of a nobleman who had been a prisoner of war in the East Indies. Vernon, who was a captain in the army, met Arabella in the East Indies. He was attracted by her beauty and her noble bearing. He was about to propose to her when she was married to a man named Vernon. Arabella was a prisoner of war in the East Indies. She was captured by the French. She was married to a man named Vernon. She was a prisoner of war in the East Indies. She was captured by the French. She was married to a man named Vernon.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This made me hope that Sir Peter would not be present, for I thought our chances of getting off would materially improve if he were not on the spot.

The play was to be over at half-past ten, and it may be imagined that we had plenty to do until then. We engaged four of the best pairs of nags in the town. We arranged to pay the postboys according to the time they took us over the border, and we felt in ourselves the strength of Titans, to overcome whatever resistance might be offered. Of course we counted on the surprise, and we determined that the best disposition to make of Lady Hawkshaw was for Giles Vernon to appear suddenly, when the people were coming out, place Lady Hawkshaw in her coach, and then make that bold dash, for love and beauty, which we had determined upon. Our postboys, who were not new to the perils of elopements, grinned at the prospect, and were instructed to remain near Lady Hawkshaw's coach and impede it as much as possible, so that it might be the last to reach the door of the theater.

Our arrangements were complete by eight o'clock, and from that hour until ten we employed ourselves in disposing of a good supper at the tavern. We were in a gale of rapture then. It seemed to us both as if we were in that happy and exultant mood, when the enemy is within gun-shot and the ship is cleared for action; and we only awaited the signal for victory. We had some punch, but both Giles and myself knew enough to be exceedingly careful in attacking it.

"Dick, my lad," cried Giles, banging me in the back, "this day is the anniversary of the day we whipped the Indomitable and the Xantippe!" and so it was. "So we shall capture the Indomitable, in the Lady Arabella, and my lovely disabed the Xantippe—ha! ha!—in my Lady Hawkshaw."

"This I thought a very fine joke indeed, and we drank to it."

"Dick," began Giles again, wiping his mouth after the punch, "I never thought I could be constant to any woman, as I have been to Arabella. By heaven, the whole sex is so seductive that it was the last one I saw I loved the best. But since I knew that witch of a girl, St. Anthony himself could not be more impervious to female charms than your humble servant," which was true enough. "And as for Overton—that psalm-singing de'il—defy him. Give me but a week, and he shall see Arabella hanging upon me so fondly! Let him have her 250,000; 'tis so much dirt and dross to me. And she may be Lady Vernon yet. Do you know that old rascalion Sir Thomas Vernon's estate is in this part of the country? Though nearer York than Scarborough. On our return from our honeymoon I have a great mind to take my Arabella to Vernon Court and show her what may one day be hers."

"So he raved and roared out matches like—"

"In a whisper," said I, "I'll freely roll, down no pleasure to my soul. Let Richard's health rouse freely move; For Bacchus in the friend of love— And he that will this toast sleep, I'll down upon the dead man let him lie—"

"And I took up the chorus and bawled it out, for I too, looked for no more crosses in this life, having Daphne for my wife."

"By the time passed until ten o'clock; and at ten o'clock we called forth."

"It was a bright night in early December. The cold high blue heavens were dotted with pale stars; the moon was twinkling with joy."

we scarce felt the ground under our feet.

The two post-chaises awaited us on the highway, the postboys full of confidence; the horses, the best in the town, were eager to be off. We jumped together in one, and were whirled into the town, and were at the door of the playhouse almost before we knew it.

One of our postillions speedily found the coach which had brought Lady Hawkshaw there, and, in pursuance of his instructions, got the coachman off his box to drink in a neighboring tavern, while one of our postboys stood watch over the horses. Giles and I remained in the chaise until it was time for us to make our descent.

At half-past ten the play was over, and then began that hurry and commotion of the dispersion of a crowd in the darkness. We heard loud shouts for Lady Hawkshaw's coach, but the coachman did not make his appearance. There were many officers and ladies from the garrison, and a number of equipages; but soon they were driving off, while half a dozen men at once were shouting for Lady Hawkshaw's coach. At last my lady herself came out of the entrance, followed by Arabella and Daphne, and at that moment Giles slipped out of the chaise, and appeared before Lady Hawkshaw as if he had risen from the earth. I, too, was on the ground, but out of sight.

"Pray, my lady," said he, in his most gallant manner, and hat in hand, "allow me to show you to your coach."

"Mr. Vernon!" cried Lady Hawkshaw, in surprise. "I thought you were in London. How came you to Scarborough?"

"By chaise, madam," he replied, politely; "and I hope to see the young ladies before I leave" (the hypocrite!). "Is Sir Peter with you, madam?"

"No, he is not," replied Lady Hawkshaw, her wrath rising at the idea. "Had he been with me my coach would have been awaiting me." And then turning to Arabella and Daphne, who were behind her, she said, sternly:

"Arabella and Daphne, this does not happen again. Sir Peter comes with us to the play, after this."

I caught sight, from a corner behind the chaise, of my dear Daphne, at that moment. She stopped sudden-

ly, and turned pale and then rosy, and glanced wildly about her. She knew I was not far off.

How Arabella received Giles' sudden appearance I never knew, as I could not see her. But in another moment he had placed Lady Hawkshaw, with the utmost obsequiousness, in the coach; then folding up the steps like magic, he slammed the door, and shouting to the coachman, "Drive on!" the coach rattled off, and the next moment his arm was around Arabella and mine was around Daphne, and they were swept off their feet; and in less time than it takes to tell it, each of us was with the idol of his heart, whirling off toward Gretna Green, as fast as four horses to a light chaise could take us.

Now, what think you, were Daphne's first words to me?

"Unhand me, Mr. Glyn, or I'll scream for assistance!"

"My dearest one!" I exclaimed, "you are now mine. By to-morrow morning we shall be over the border, and you will be my wife."

"An elopement! Gracious heaven! I never thought of such a thing!" she replied.

I might have answered that she had not only thought of such a thing, but talked of it. I refrained, however, knowing a woman's tongue to be capricious in its utterances, and, instead, assured her that my passion was such I could no longer bear the thought of existing without her.

"And do you mean to marry me, sir, without my guardian's consent?" she asked, with much violence.

"Do, indeed, my angel, and I thought it well agreed between us."

This was an unfortunate speech, and she again threatened to scream for assistance, but presently remarked that as there was none to come to her assistance, she would retract. And then, having done what propriety required, she began to relent a little, and at last lay in my arms, asking me, with tears, "If I would promise her never to love another, and I told her, with great sincerity, that I never would, provided I got out of that alive."

Deep in our own happiness—for at last the dear girl admitting that she was happy to be mine—we yet thought of Giles and Arabella, and I would have got out of the chaise at each of the three stages; where we made a rapid change of horses, except that Daphne would not let me—afraid, she said, but I should be recognized and



"Rather Would I Die Than Marry Him."

get into trouble. She afterward told me it was because she feared we might be stopped. We did not forget the precaution, in our first halts, to pay the hostlers well to do some harm to any pursuing vehicles which might be after us; and our plan seemed to be prospering famously.

So all night we rattled furiously along, and at daybreak we crossed the border, notified by the hurraing of the postboys. It was a dank, dismal morning, the weather having changed during the night, and we saw that we had passed the other chaise in the darkness. It was some distance behind, and the horses seemed much spent. We continued on our way to the house of a blacksmith at Gretna Green, who, so our postboys told us, usually united runaway couples. We dashed up to his cottage—a humble place, surrounded by a willow hedge—and he, warned by approaching wheels, came out, half dressed, in the murky morning.

"Come to be married?" he cried. "Step out, then."

I assisted Daphne out of the chaise, and then, as we stood on the damp ground, in those squalid surroundings, looking at each other, the possible wrong I had done this innocent girl suddenly swept over me. And in her eyes, too, I read the first consciousness of having committed an impropriety. This dirty, unkempt blacksmith, the coarse, laughing postboys—this, a way to make the most solemn and spiritual of all engagements! I felt an uncomfortable sense of guilt and shame.

It was only momentary. The more depressed she, the more should I support, and therefore I called out cheerfully: "I take this woman to be my wedded wife," and such other words as I recalled of the marriage service—and I said it so heartily and promised so devoutly, removing my hat when I made my vows, that it heartened up Daphne—and her response, so full of faith and love, gave a kind of boldness to it all. We were two rash and foolish young people—but we loved each other truly, and we made our vows solemnly, determined to keep them. Perhaps that counts for more, in the eyes of God, than all else; at least, we realized the sacredness of our vows.

Scarcely was the brief ceremony over—for ceremony we made it—when the chaise containing Arabella and Giles drew up. And the sight I saw I can never forget.

Arabella's face was quite pale, but her eyes were blazing. There were some drops of blood upon her cheek—they came from her wrists, which Giles held firmly. The door of the chaise being opened, she stepped out willingly, disdaining the assistance Giles offered her. His face, too, was very pale, and he looked and moved like a man in a nightmare. The blacksmith grinned broadly; he thought his gains were to be increased—for I had not forgotten to pay him handsomely.

Giles seized her hand. "Arabella," he cried, desperately, "surely you do not now mean to throw me over?"

For answer, she gave him a glance of ineffable hatred.

"This man," she said, turning to me, "you friend, your intimate—I blush for you—has dragged me here. Rather would I die than marry him. Look!"

She held up her wrists, and they showed marks of violence.

"'Twas to keep her from jumping out of the chaise," said Giles, wildly. "She would have had me leave her at midnight, on the highway—alone and unprotected. Dearest Arabella," he cried, turning to her, and trying to clasp her, "will you not listen to my prayer? How can you scorn such love as mine?" And he was near going down on his knees to her, in the mud—but I held him up. I confess that the most painful thing of all this painful business was Giles Vernon's complete surrender of his manhood, under the influence of his wild passion. He, an officer in his majesty's sea service, a man who had snuff powder and knew what it was to look Death in the eye and advance upon him, who would have answered with his life for his courage, was ready to grovel in the earth like a madman for the favor of a woman. Nothing was it to him that low-born creatures like the postboys and the blacksmith beheld him with contempt and disgust; nothing to him that a woman like Daphne, and that I, a brother of her, witnessed his degradation. He seemed to have parted with the last remnant of self-respect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

Fate of Unhappy Man Who Aroused Ire of Young Mother.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by bringing such a howling brat into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a brat," retorted the mother, with natural indignation. "And, if I'm any judge, it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you."

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby, see the ugly man?" pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him.

"See the monkey-pony, gorilla man, what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the horridest face?" Baby, hush, or the ugly monkey man will—"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.

Award of Self-Defeat.

The more we deny ourselves the more the gods supply our wants.—Herodotus.

NEWS FROM THE METROPOLIS

Career of Bogus Count is Unmasked



NEW YORK.—The wooing of Miss Isabella Garwood, the wealthy New York spinster, by "Count Bettini di Moise," which has met a sudden halt in Paris owing to diplomatic intervention, has brought to light the amazing career of the wooer. This gallant of 40, who sought the hand of Miss Garwood, and incidentally the settlement upon himself of an income of \$40,000 a year, has failed to qualify in the marriage stakes in which he was making such a fine running for several various reasons.

First, he has a wife living.

Secondly, he is not an Italian count.

Thirdly, he is not even an Italian.

Fourthly, he is not even a di Moise.

Fifthly, he has not even the right to the name Bettini.

He began by being born in an obscure Dalmatian village, the son of a humble though respectable family named Moses.

Young Moses was sent to the University of Padua to study medicine. His dearest chum was once Giovanni B. Bettini.

When young Bettini died, and after Dr. Moses had practiced a bit in the Balkans, he came to this city and began practicing medicine under the name of Dr. Giovanni Bettini. In fact, he exhibited a diploma from the University of Padua in the name of Giovanni B. Bettini.

Now it happened that this same diploma had been buried with its owner, and when his parents learned

from friends in this country that a brilliant young physician named Dr. Giovanni V. Bettini was practicing and had a diploma in that name, his relatives wondered if a miracle had been wrought. To relieve their anxiety on this score the body of young Bettini was disinterred. When the coffin was opened the body was that of Bettini. However, the diploma was missing.

It was a rather pleasant yarn, and Dr. Moses did not long after retain the name of Dr. Bettini.

He had met in the Balkans a Count and Countess di Moise and made love to the countess. He was a man of singular attraction at that time and the countess loved him. The count died and relatives sent for the countess to come to this city. She was here when Dr. Moses came over, and they discovered that their love for each other was even stronger than before the death of the count.

They lived together and when Dr. Moses became uncomfortable under the name of Bettini he solved the annoyance by taking the name of his friend, the countess. That's how he became the Count di Moise. Still clinging to the name Bettini, he tacked that in front and thereafter continued to be known as Bettini di Moise, with "count" for a handle when he thought it safe to employ it.

Just what the fate of the real Countess di Moise was after that is veiled in mystery. She disappeared from view to be replaced by a slim, blonde "countess," an American girl. She was Miss Hattie Burchell, sister of Thomas H. Burchell, a wealthy merchant of 500 Broadway.

The American woman is living in New York, and her son, calling himself Count di Moise, is a student at Columbia university.

Pat Sheedy, Noted Sport and Art Expert



PAT SHEEDY, America's most famous sport, one-time gambler king and in later years art sharp, is close to death. Fatty degeneration of the heart is what is taking the noted sporting man out of the game, but even now, with one foot in the grave, he is gambling with death with the same old coolness and aplomb that marked the hustler days when he flitted with chance in every quarter of the globe. The doctors say his death may be expected at any time without a moment's warning.

America has never seen the equal of Pat Sheedy as a nifty gambler for high stakes and as a man who knew all about the game that any human was not a welcome visitor at the gaming places, for when he sat down

at a table it was almost an even bet whether he would remain there until he owned the house or drove the proprietor to the woods. He has owned gambling establishments in practically every capital of Europe.

In his later years—he is now 59 in years and 90 in physical condition and in experience—Sheedy turned to art. His gallery occupied most of his house here and included many of the most striking works of noted painters, especially the French, Dutch and Belgian artists. His recovery of the celebrated Gainsborough painting after it had been cut from its frame in a London gallery and carried half way round the world by the thief, is well remembered.

Again in 1906 Sheedy learned that the Moorish bandit, Raisuli, was in possession of a noted panel by Correggio. He went to Zeenat, the bandit's own village, and finally dickered to a price, returning to Paris with the masterpiece.

For a couple of years Sheedy has been living quietly in New York, no longer very wealthy, but in no immediate danger of want.

"Heckling" Popular Summer Diversion



"HECKLING" promises to become one of New York's popular summer diversions. A month ago heckling was unknown. Now it is in a fair way to supersede Marathon races in general favor. Briefly, the new sport somewhat resembles bull baiting, and is a popular form of the fine art of cross-examination. The object of the game is to put query after query to the heckled one and then to deny the truth of his answers. The result does not count.

The new pastime was introduced by District Attorney Jerome, who allowed himself to be heckled by 1,700 persons recently, when at a public meeting they fired every conceivable question at him, from those dealing with his personal habits to those having to do

with his conduct of office and his beliefs as to the future life. For the first time on record a public officer gave a public accounting of his stewardship, and though the accounting may not have amounted to much, as one of the 1,700 hecklers insisted that Mr. Jerome was not telling the truth during the whole evening, persons interested in political reforms hope that this unique accounting marks the dawn of an era of real political responsibility to the people.

Unfortunately, however, heckling has wrought dire results in other fields. Only two days after Mr. Jerome introduced the pastime a man brought suit for divorce on the ground that his wife heckled him, specifying that she had asked him an average of 431 foolish questions every day for a month. Likewise a policeman resigned from his place, a busy Broadway corner, giving as his reason that the crowds in search of information heckled him to an unbearable extent. So at present it seems to be a question whether this city will benefit from the new diversion.

Mrs. Sage Gives Away \$25,000 a Day



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE is giving away the fortune that her husband amassed through years of toil and parsimony, at the rate of \$25,000 a day, and has already succeeded in getting away with \$25,000,000, but she is still far behind Andrew Carnegie in the matter of munificent donations to the public. Mr. Carnegie has invested \$61,595,853 in public libraries alone, having built 1,539 of them in this country and abroad.

Mrs. Sage has been more catholic in her beneficence, her charities taking a wide range. Though she has given

the public far less than has Mr. Carnegie, it is because she got started so much later. It took Mr. Sage 50 years to accumulate his fortune of \$65,000,000, and if his widow continues to give it away at the rate she has for the last three years, all will be gone in five years more. Statisticians have figured out that Mr. Sage's estate represented \$3,500 a day for the active years of the financier's life.

When Mrs. Sage, after the death of her husband, set about distributing her wealth the causes of education and religion and the amelioration of human misery appealed most strongly to her. To educational institutions she has recently given nearly \$6,000,000, to religious work something like \$2,500,000, to the Sage Foundation \$10,000,000, while the remainder has gone to works of semi-religious and educational character.

ACCENT ON THE "PUS."



Teacher—Now, Jimmy Green, can you tell me what an octopus is?
Jimmy Green—Yes, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.

A Rich Error.
"Printer's errors are always funny," said Gen. P. P. Parker of the Arizona G. A. R., "and I'll never forget one that was made over a Memorial day sermon some years ago in Phoenix. 'The Monday morning report of this sermon began: 'The Rev. Dr. John Blank greeted the pulpit on the occasion'—and so on. 'Graced,' of course, is what was meant."

A Resourceful Mind.
What would happen if a comet should manage to hit this whirling sphere of ours? asked the imaginative man.
"I don't know," answered Mr. Fanson, "but I'd be in favor of offering it an engagement on our home team."

A Reflection.
"To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."
The older girl smiled oddly.
"When you were out of the room, perhaps?" she hazarded.

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No, Not Nervous.
"They say he has degenerated into a panhandling bum."
"That's true. He is now nothing but a nervy wreck."

Or, They Should.
Shakespeare: Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.

Buy a Watch Only of a Retail Jeweler

For he can properly adjust it to your individual requirements so it will keep perfect time under all conditions. Never buy a watch by mail, for no matter how good you think it is—it will never be accurate unless it is adjusted for the one who carries it.

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All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line or fraction thereof for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1909.

Something About the Wonderful Show to be Given at Toledo.

Do you know what the last ten years have done for our regular army? Have you any idea of the methods that have been evolved in it since the beginning of the Spanish War? Do you realize that while it is a small organization, taking our great population into account, it has no superior, man for man, gun for gun, equipment for equipment, in all the world? And above all, do you know what sort of men constitute this military force of ours?

If you do not, you should not fail to see the model encampment at Toledo, July 5th to 10th, during which time nearly 5,000 regular army soldiers, especially chosen by the War Department will give a series of truly remarkable performances, that will not only be more interesting and entertaining than any great outdoor show ever seen in America before, but will be full of interest for thinking men and women who want to know the type of men this country would depend upon, should war be necessary.

The decade that has just passed should furnish much food for thought in this particular. We think of our country as the most peaceable unit in the great family of nations, and yet our soldiers, in the few years just referred to, have been under fire in Cuba, Puerto Rico, New Mexico, the Philippines and even in far-away China.

The War Department is anxious that the public shall realize how thoroughly modern our army has become. For that reason the big Military Tournament at Toledo has been sanctioned, and it is safe to say that this part of the United States will probably never have an opportunity to see again, in this compact form, what life in our army means today. Realizing again the great importance of the Tournament as a military spectacle, the railroads entering Toledo have arranged low excursion rates for each day.

Value of Telephone Property.

With over 250 companies in the state whose gross earnings exceed \$500 a year and which will have to be assessed under the ad valorem system, the state tax commission has a task on their hands. This work must be completed by December 1.

The state board of auditors have authorized the employment of extra clerks and expert telephone men to ascertain the value of the telephone properties. M. A. Porter, of Northville, is one of the first telephone experts to be engaged and others will be secured.

The commission has very little data to work from and the task promises to be an enormous one to complete in the required time. The companies have until November 1, according to the new law, in which to file their reports for the fiscal year ending June 30. In the meantime the properties will be inventoried in readiness for completing the figures during November, a tentative assessment made in December, and the final figures prepared by January 15.

Justice Montgomery for Governor.

After having received urgent requests from all over the State, Justice R. M. Montgomery has consented to enter the race for the governorship in 1910. In his letter to the public, the Justice says he will not make a personal campaign for the nomination and that he will not become the candidate of any faction, class or interest. In conclusion he says: "If nominated and elected, I shall enter upon the discharge of the duties of the office unhampered by promises, free to carry out my own views of the demands of the position, and with no ambition except to give the people of the state as creditable service as I am capable of rendering and with a settled purpose of making my administration notable, if at all, for its business-like character, and of contributing to the extent of my ability in placing the state of Michigan upon that high plane which its resources and history entitle it to occupy."

The following will be the corps of teachers for the year 1909-10:

- Supt.—W. N. Isbell.
- Principal—Florence Newell.
- Assistant—Edith Hanford.
- Assistant—Helen Hanson.
- 5th Grade—Bertha Hanson.
- 7th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- 8th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- 9th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- 10th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- 11th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- 12th Grade—Helen Hildy.
- Kindergarten—Helen Hildy.
- Music—Pearl Joffe.

CHURCH NEWS.

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

BAPTIST.
Rev. C. T. Jack, Pastor.
Regular services next Lord's day. Morning service 10:30. Sunday-school 11:45. Children's day program at Livonia Center next Sunday at 2:00. Evening services 7:30. The pastor will preach both morning and evening. Mid-week service Thursday night at 7:30. You are invited to all services.

UNIVERSALIST.
Rev. F. W. Miller, Pastor.
Next Sunday services as usual at 10:00 a. m. Sermon by the pastor; will be appropriate to children's Sunday. Sunday-school at 11:15 a. m. At 7:00 p. m. a concert will be given by the choir and assistance. This will be the last evening service until after vacation.

METHODIST.
Rev. E. Kink, Pastor.
Next Sunday morning service at 10 a. m. Miss Blackburn of Detroit will speak, and the occasion will be observed as Home Missionary Thank offering Sunday.

Sunday-school at 11:30. Epworth League at 6 p. m. led by Geo. W. Richwine. Evening song and preaching service 7 p. m.

LUTHERAN.
Rev. G. D. Ehnis, Pastor.
Sunday-school at 10:00 a. m. There will be no services next Sunday as Mr. Ehnis will preach his farewell sermon at Wayne. The following Sunday he will preach his farewell sermon here at 10:00 a. m., and at Livonia at 2:00 p. m. Rev. Ehnis has been pastor of these three churches for 15 years. He has now received a call from Monroe Mich., and has asked for his release from these churches and the same was granted him.

PREBYTERIAN.
Rev. E. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday, June 27, Home Mission Day. 10:00, Morning worship. Home Mission address by the pastor. Subject, "The Great West." After the address, the annual offering for Home Missions in money and pledges will be received. Two years ago we gave to this cause \$34; last year \$50; this year the pastor and session suggest that \$75 be the mark aimed at. 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Young People's service. Leader Carlos Sherman. 7:00, Evening gospel service. Last evening service as a congregation this season. Beginning Sunday, July 4, and continuing through July and August, there will be union Sunday evening services. You are most cordially invited to all the above services.

Reunion and Banquet.

Some hundred persons attended the annual reunion and banquet of the Plymouth high school alumni association last Friday evening. The business meeting of the association was held in the high school room, the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: President, John McLaren; vice president, George Lee; secretary-treasurer, Hazel Conner.

The banquet was served in the parlors of the Presbyterian church with the following menu:

- Radishes
- Olives
- Creamed Potatoes
- Rolls and Butter
- Fruit Jelly
- Salad
- Salted Waters
- Ice Cream
- Cake
- Coffee

Following the banquet, the guests were entertained with a literary program, Theron Harmon, '99, acting as toastmaster. Miss Ada Safford, '95, President of the Association, gave the welcoming address. "Prospects," was the subject of Mrs. Emma Durfee Mills, '89. Rev. J. E. Mealley responded to the toast, "To the Goddess, Chance," and Harry VanSickle, '96, took for his subject "Before the Bar." Lulu Byrd responded for the "Class of '09." Rev. Howard Goldie addressed the company on the toast—"To Life, a Fairy Tale," the evening's program closing with a melange, entitled "Slams" by Robert Joffe, '05.

The entire program was greatly enjoyed by all, each speaker receiving a round of applause.

A government inspector came along a week or two ago and found an empty gin-kag in Fred Burch's cellar upon which the canceling of the revenue stamps had been neglected. Last Thursday Mr. Burch was invited to come down to the collector's office in Detroit and explain, which he lost no time doing next day. Other places were also visited by the inspector, but everything found O. K.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fogarty of Tonquish died June 19th, aged nearly a year. The service was held on Monday afternoon and burial in the Tonquish cemetery. A large number of neighbors and friends were present and there was an abundance of floral tokens. Rev. E. King conducted the service.

Yesterday's Detroit News: Clarence E. Gittins, who has just been graduated from the Detroit College of Law, has resigned his position as principal of the Lyon school in district No. 5, Wyoming and Meldrum avenues, Hamtramck township, and as a token of appreciation of his work the teachers, pupils, school trustees and residents generally contributed to give him a handsome office chair at the closing exercises at the school yesterday.

If you Would Be
A successful farmer, horseman and stock raiser, you should use Harvell's Condition Powders, the oldest and most reliable on the market. Used with great success by all the leading stock raisers of this country. Acts as a tonic, increasing digestion and circulation, thereby increasing the appetite and the growing powers. For sale everywhere at 25c per package. Not at all expensive and after a trial you will say a paying investment. For sale by John L. Gale and Beyer's Pharmacy.

Articles of Incorporation of the Detroit Casualty Company.

We the undersigned, desiring to become incorporated under the Provisions of Act 187, Public Acts of Michigan, 1897, entitled, "An Act to Revise the Laws PROVIDING for the Incorporation of Co-operative and Mutual Benefit Associations and to Define the Powers and Duties and Regulate the Transaction of the Business of all Such Corporations and Associations Doing Business Within This State," and desiring to make, execute and adopt the following Articles of Association, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.
The names of the persons associating hereunder in the first instance, and their respective places of abode are as follows: Arthur John Farmer, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan; Alfred McGraw, 43 Hague Ave., Detroit, Michigan; Bruce Woolley, Pleasant Michigan; William A. Wood, 115 Winder St., Detroit, Michigan; Guy B. Cady, 111 Farmer St., Detroit, Michigan; F. D. McCormick, 125 Taylor Ave., Detroit, Michigan; Wm. H. Blair, 125 E. Blaine Ave., Detroit, Michigan; John M. Ermerine, Forest Apartments, Detroit, Michigan.

ARTICLE II.
(a) The name assumed by this Association, and by which it is to be known in law is "Detroit Casualty Company."
(b) The place where its principal office for the transaction of business is located in the city of Detroit, Michigan.
(c) The period for which this Association is incorporated is fixed at thirty (30) years from the date hereof.

ARTICLE III.
(a) This corporation is organized with the object of securing together persons of sound bodily health and good moral character, for the purpose of giving mutual aid to its members and their beneficiaries, and of raising a fund for the benefit of its members and their beneficiaries in the following manner:
(b) To provide indemnity for disability from accidental bodily injuries, sickness or death; to provide medical attendance in cases of injury or sickness; to provide assistance to its members and their beneficiaries in any other manner not inconsistent with the Act under which this Association is incorporated, and the Acts amendatory thereof, and supplemental thereto, and the expense of management and prosecution of the business of the Company.
(c) The membership of the Company shall be divided into ten different classes, as follows: Classes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, respectively, and such division shall constitute a classification of the members and their beneficiaries, and the amount of assessment or premiums charged therefor, which said classification, schedules of indemnity, assessments or premiums shall be adopted from time to time by the Board of Trustees, provided that each Certificate of Membership shall specify amount of indemnity according to occupancy.

ARTICLE IV.
(a) The further purpose of the Company is to collect from its members fees and assessments or premium calls payable monthly, semi-annually or annually in advance, to provide indemnities for its members and their beneficiaries in the event of their disability from accident or sickness, benefits for accidental death, medical attendance in cases of sickness and accidental assistance to its members and their beneficiaries in special cases of distress, and in any other manner not inconsistent with the Act under which this Company is incorporated and the Acts amendatory thereof, and supplemental thereto, and the expense of management and prosecution of the business of the Company.
(b) If at any time the proceeds from the regular assessments or premium calls shall be insufficient to meet all obligations of the Company, the Board of Trustees may levy a special assessment, or premium call upon the members to meet such liability.
(c) The proceeds from fees, assessments or premium calls shall be divided into three funds, to-wit: the "Operating Fund," "Indemnity Fund" and "Reserve or Emergency Fund."
OPERATING FUND: Fifty per cent of the gross assessments or premium calls received by the Company from its members in addition to Membership Fees, shall constitute the Operating Fund, and so much thereof, as may be necessary, shall be used to defray the operating expenses of the Company.
INDEMNITY FUND: Forty per cent of the gross assessments or premium calls received by the Company from its members shall constitute the Indemnity Fund, which fund shall be drawn upon for the payment of all indemnities, according to its certificate of membership, under the certificate of membership issued by the Company, together with any expense incident thereto.
RESERVE OR EMERGENCY FUND: The balance, or ten per cent of the gross assessments or premium calls received by the Company from its members shall constitute the Reserve or Emergency Fund, which fund shall be drawn upon to cover any deficiency that may arise in either of the other funds.

ARTICLE V.
(a) The corporation shall be managed by a Board of Five Trustees, to be chosen by and from the members of the Company, at an annual meeting each year, and the Board of Trustees shall have full control of the management of the affairs of the business of the Company, with power to make all rules and regulations for the government of the Company and its members within the scope of its Articles of Association.
(b) The Board of Trustees shall elect from among their number a President, Vice President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, whose duties and powers shall be fixed and prescribed by the by-laws of the Company.
(c) The annual meeting of the Association shall be held at the office in Detroit, Michigan, on the first Monday in June of each year, at an hour to be fixed by the Secretary.

ARTICLE VI.
Members shall be accepted between the ages of 18 and 65, inclusive. Membership can be acquired only upon the written application accepted by a majority of the members of the Company, and provided for under the Certificate of Incorporation, issued to each member.
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we the parties associating ourselves together, for the purpose aforesaid, have hereunto set our hands and signatures, and have caused the same to be signed by the Secretary, on this 15th day of June, A. D. 1909.

ALFRED MCGRAW,
ARTHUR JOHN FARMER,
BRUCE WOOLEY,
WILLIAM A. WOOD,
GUY B. CADY,
F. D. MCCORMICK,
WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
JOHN M. ERMERINE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
On this 15th day of June, A. D. 1909, before me, a Notary Public, in and for said county, personally appeared the above named persons, who being duly sworn, depose and say that they are the parties associating themselves together, for the purpose aforesaid, and that they executed the same freely, and for the intent and purpose therein expressed, and that they are not under any legal disability.

GEORGE E. BEARD, JR.
Notary Public in and for the County of Wayne, Michigan.
My Commission expires March 26th, 1911.

TRY MAIL LINERS

IT IS HERE!

The hot weather we told you last week was coming has arrived, and if you are in need of

Muslin or Jersey Ribbed Underwear

do not pass us by; for we have just what you want.

Children's Dresses, Aprons & Rompers

Ladies' & Misses' Jumper Suits.

SHIRT WAISTS.

Don't miss looking over our line of Muslin and Linen Tailored Waists of the latest styles. We have a few Short Sleeve Waists that we are closing out at HALF PRICE.

See our Gingham Petticoats—only 50c.

Just What the Adjusto Does

Adjusto Corsets are easily adjusted to the form by the wearer without removing the Corset—it is only necessary to tighten the bands after the corset is fitted.

Adjusto Corsets fit the upper back perfectly, supporting it comfortably, preventing any unsightly bulging of flesh. The top of corset is completely concealed, even when worn with gowns of light material, a feature of especial value to stout women.

Adjusto Corsets promote proper breathing and freedom from pressure at the bust, supporting it comfortably, and give a smooth, round appearance. No detail for health has been omitted.



Kayser
Patent
Finger-Tipped
Silk Gloves—50c up

Every pair contains a guarantee. Kayser's are made of pure silk in a weave that wears like iron. They have the patent tip, the guarantee; and the fit is perfection. Ours have "Kayser" in the hem.

Remember that every pair of Kayser Gloves contains a Guarantee. That is because they are made from Kayser's own fabric from the very cocoon. We know that a Kayser Glove must prove satisfactory, so we are willing to take the risk.

Price 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

All our Best Prints, 6c per yd.
A Good Apron Gingham, 7c yd.
A Good Unbleached Factory, 5c yd.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

In this line, we are much stronger than ever before. Summer Wool Underwear \$1.00. Balbriggan Underwear 25c and 50c. We especially call your attention to our Negligee Shirts—50c and \$1.00. We handle the best 50c Overall and Work Shirt made—The Peninsular.

J. R. RAUCH & SON

HAMMOCKS

JUST RECEIVED A NEW LINE OF THE LATEST STYLES. COME IN AND SEE THEM. JUST RIGHT.

Go-Carts and Baby Carriages

MANY STYLES. ALL PRICES

LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY ELSEWHERE

SCHRADER BROS.

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



If you have defective vision or are troubled with headaches, call and have your eyes tested free of all charge.

Glasses Properly Fitted to All Cases

Clocks Needing Repairs Called for and Delivered.

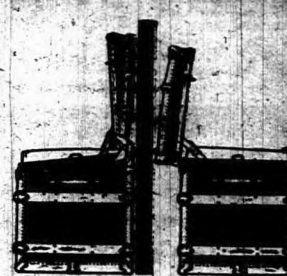
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Telephone 220 Jeweler and Optician

Rent Receipt Books

15c.

Get them at The Mail Office



OUR WALL TRUNK. OLD STYLE TRUNK

How nice it opens close to the wall—no trouble with Wall Trunks.

If you want a Suit Case or Trunk call on us.



Price \$3.

Best Women

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. In a session of the Probate Court for the said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the fourth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. Present Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Luther Lyon, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Lyon praying that administration of said estate be granted to her or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the seventh day of July next, at two o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks prior to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate

[A true copy.] EDWARD E. PALMER, Probate Clerk.

Penney's Liveful

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited.

When in need of a Big ring up City Phone No. 9.

CZAR PENNEY

Try The Mail was column.

Gilding the Gold Brick

By JOHN IRVING DAY

A Purse-Fattening Adventure of Members of the High Rollers Club in the Realms of High and Low Finance.

(Copyright, 1930, by W. G. Chapman in United States and Great Britain.)

ENTRY to the High Rollers' club was the most desired of all things other than unlimited wealth in the sporting world of the middle west. No millionaires' club was more difficult of entrance and in its own peculiar way the High Rollers' was every bit as exclusive as the Carlton of London. The High Rollers' club had no charter as a regularly organized institution neither did it boast a palatial Bedford stone building as its home. Its meetings were in "Old Bill" Powley's bachelor home in a semi-select section of Chicago. The honorary title of colonel had been given Powley by his acquaintances. The title was one of the very few things that ever had been given Powley. He had won most of his other possessions by hard battles and taking chances.

Col. Powley, with all his presence of a gentleman, could scarcely have put up at or become a member of the Union League club. For that matter no one of the captains of finance on the roster of the Union League would have been welcome into the High Rollers'. The only bankers Col. Powley ever had been on intimate terms with were the ones who sat behind a green-covered table and dealt cards from a silver box.

Outside on the street the wind was driving up from the lake and whirling the snow around corners, blinding with its fury the few pedestrians that were forced to be abroad. It was about as hard a night as ever comes to the city by the big lake and inside the High Rollers' club there were not enough members to make up a bridge game. Those present had made vain attempts to round up a player to fill out with a hand when a cab stopped in front of the door. The passenger dismissed the vehicle and let himself into the house with a latch key, proving that he was a member in good standing, for none other had such means of entrance.

"Well, if it isn't Doc Floyd! Where have you been for the past week?" was the greeting of the new comer. Col. Powley did not join in the boisterous greeting but gazed over the tops of his gold-rimmed spectacles at the man who had just entered and who was this one prime favorite of others. He waited while the clean-cut person who might have been either 30 or 40 years old, so far as looks went, crossed the room to shake his hand.

"Sit down and tell us about yourself," commanded the colonel when the Jap servant had relieved Floyd from his ulster, leaving him immaculate of presence, white-fronted and evening-clothed, a man who would have been noted in any evening function as one who belonged with the best.

"Oh, I've been out in one of the tank towns playing a week stand with the courts," remarked Floyd by way of explanation when he had seated himself in front of the wide-open fireplace.

"It can't be that you've been in any trouble, yourself," cut in the colonel. The older man had first admired Floyd and then grown to hold him in affectionate regard, because though he had fought his way from boyhood and wrested a competence from the world by the power of his brain, never had he been in the clutches of the law. Such a thing was considered vulgar in the circles of the High Rollers'.

"No, it was Jack Cleland," explained Floyd. "He went out on a little deal on his own hook and got caught before he had a chance to turn it. He found a rich butcher who liked to play cards and never had heard of the old game of giving the sucker the best of it. Some one tipped off the game and the town marshal got Cleland before he even got the butcher's bank roll. I had to do a lot of talking and use all of my persuasive powers with that country state's attorney before I got Jack loose, but I finally landed him. He's promised to be good now and not go out again on his own hook."

"You're certainly 'Old Dr. Fixer,' all right enough," remarked the youngest member of the party and the one who had greeted Floyd so enthusiastically on his arrival. "If ever I get into any trouble, I'll send for you first thing, unless it happens to be trouble with my sweetheart, and then I'd be afraid that you might fix it for yourself."

"No danger in that," laughed Floyd. "I'm afraid I'm too confirmed a bachelor to fall for any particular line of feminine charms now."

"Oh, you'll fall, all right," returned the first speaker. "I wouldn't be surprised to hear of it coming off at any time."

"Huh! Gals!" snorted Col. Powley. "Better let 'em alone. I've just been reading in the afternoon paper, here, where a smart Wall Street broker from New York got his fingers in a smart game in one of the Michigan avenue hotels. She played the best and innocent widow act and got a

\$8,000 and then threatened to write a letter to the broker's wife if he made a squeal. Who would ever think a smart New Yorker would fall for such a game! Still, her game was about as new as any of them I've heard of recently. It seems there's a regular gang of handsome Casale Chadwicks roping in rich visitors to this city and then levying blackmail on them. The blackmail part I can't stand for, and I hope they all get caught, but the woman that worked that phony mortgage off on a Wall Street man ought to be admitted to the woman's auxiliary of the High Rollers, if there was such a thing, which thank God there ain't."

"The woman didn't work any new game either," broke in Alderman Mahanty, a member of the party who had sat quietly listening to the conversation. "It hasn't been three months since a real estate man and a pillar of respectability in business confessed to selling \$2,000,000 worth of phony mortgages. I wish somebody would

people of the north. Peter Slicer, eminent, Melong citizen of Cumberland and deacon of the M. E. church, south, was waxing fat with the boom that had come to his town.

It was not as a banker, but as mine host of the Slicer hotel, that Peter shone. The hostelry was his pride and he affected to welcome coming and speed parting guests with a flavor of the true southern gentleman. He could afford to be affable to these same guests for they paid him good rates for his hospitality.

Thus it was that Peter Slicer in person welcomed Mr. F. Strothers Floyd, known to his intimates as "Dr. Fixer," when that eminent practitioner alighted from the hotel bus.

The day following his arrival Floyd became a further hero in the eyes of the bell boys and also made known his generous qualities by coming to the rescue of a small barnstorming theatrical company that had become wrecked in Cumberland.

"We are billed in Augusta to-mor-

Floyd began to regret his interference, but could not back out. Not that he was a woman hater, but he seldom sought the company of women. In this case he was charmed with the sensible talk of a pretty girl of 20, too well bred to rail at misfortune and also loth to accept aid from a stranger. His offer, however, was put in such a well meant, well bred, kindly way that there could not have been other than acceptance. The troupe got away to Augusta, and two days later he was reading a letter from George Frisbee which had inclosed a money order for the sum lent him. He was gazing at a little postscript at the bottom of the sheet, signed "Nellie Frisbee," when voices in argument disturbed him from his reverie.

"No sir, I have never allowed anything of the kind in my hotel, and I will not let you have an apartment for such a purpose, even at double rates," the hotel proprietor was exclaiming.

Floyd was the only occupant other than the hotel man and the stranger to whom he had been talking, and he never even raised his eyes as the latter left the room.

"What do you think that fellow wanted?" burst out the indignant Slicer to Floyd when the stranger was out of hearing.

"Don't know, I'm sure. What was it?"

"Why, he wants an apartment to open up a faro bank game in and I won't have it."

"Ha, Ha! And why so particular?" laughed Floyd. "I've seen some pretty big poker and bridge games here. What's the difference, if he runs a square game and keeps it quiet? For my part, I'd like to buy a few stacks

"Dear Floyd: I've just got back from the placer mine and brought the bricks with me. The property is a sure winner and will make us rich. I'm sending your share in one brick which is pure and worth \$2,500. I could have sent the money instead, but don't suppose you need it and thought you would like to see the real yellow stuff. Yours, Bob."

Slicer folded the letter and gave it to the elevator boy to give to Floyd on his next trip up to the rooms, and then decided that he would deliver it back into the hands of its owner himself. When he reached the room Floyd was just passing \$1,000 in bills over to the dealer behind the table for which he received in return two stacks of canary colored checks. He seemed too preoccupied to thank the hotel man for bringing the letter, as he shoved it carelessly back into his pocket and went on playing. Fascinated by the play, as men will become when watching it, Slicer stood behind Floyd and saw him lose steadily. Every few moments the player would call for a drink which he gulped down hurriedly. Slicer stood by the table for an hour, in which time Floyd managed to drop \$3,000.

"That's all the ready money I've got," he muttered, flushed with excitement. "Let me have another thousand and I'll give you a check for it."

"Sorry, Mr. Floyd, but we can't take any paper," was the polite but firm reply of the dealer.

"Then, you'll cash my check for a thousand, won't you, Slicer?"

"Why, Mr. Floyd, you know—that's not just regular," stammered the hotel man. "I don't think you ought to lose any more just now."

"Lose nothing!" spluttered Floyd with all the fever of gambling showing in the flush on his face, as he followed Slicer from the room, and down the elevator. "See here, then; if you won't cash my check, get that package you put away in the safe for me and bring it into your private office."

The covering was taken from a large, dull yellow brick of metal which was laid upon the table in Slicer's private office while a bell boy fetched a file and small augur which were demanded by Floyd. When these were brought he filed a small particle from all edges of the block and then asked Slicer to take the augur and bore through any part of it.

"Get your small scales and weigh it and see if it don't weigh up \$2,500 worth, and then if you think I'm trying the gold brick bunco on you, take the stuff you've bored out over to the jeweler and have it tested. I've got to have money to get even with that faro bank and you can have the chunk for \$1,500. I'm not known at your one-horse bank here and they wouldn't take a chance of buying gold dollars from me at 50 cents apiece. You can get rid of it for what it's worth and make a good profit of nearly a 100 per cent. Now, hurry on to the jewelry store and then go get me the money at the bank and get back as quick as you can so I can get even with that game."

The finely ground metal was poured into an envelope, and a sudden gleam came into the eyes of Peter Slicer as he thought he detected a sleight of hand toying with the envelop.

"We'll just put this brick here in the safe until I get back," said the cautious hotel man. "You can wait here in the office until I return."

Instead of the jeweler's, Slicer headed for the court house as soon as he left the office and succeeded in finding the sheriff of the county. "What do you think!" he exploded to that official. "There's a chap over at my hotel trying to work the old gold brick game on me! Why, I've been on to that game since I was a boy. I want you to arrest him. I'm going to show one of these swindlers up and put him in the penitentiary, where he belongs!"

"Wait a minute, now," cautioned the sheriff. "You say he is going to sell you \$2,500 in gold for \$1,500. We must get him dead to rights. You go on to your bank and get the currency and then I'll wait outside your office door and see you pay it over. We'll have a clear case against him then."

Ten minutes later Floyd was just placing a roll of bills in his pocket when a voice demanded that he throw up his hands and submit to a search. "And you needn't make any bluff, young feller; we've got you all right," declared the sheriff.

Two nights following his arrest Floyd drove up to the High Rollers' club in a cab. Dismissing the driver, he let himself in with his latch key. Col. Powley and the alderman were both present, having received a telegram that Floyd would meet them. Floyd entered the room and without waiting to pass the time of day laid a certified check for \$5,000, bearing the signature of Peter Slicer, in the hands of the alderman.

"I guess you lose, alderman, and I'm ready for that dinner as soon as you can get a quorum together. Cleland is down at the hotel and will tell you how I worked it in a new way. He dealt a few hands in the game for me."

"How did I do it? It was easy. I picked out the best lawyer in a little Georgia town and then picked up the wisest citizen there and sold him a gold brick. Of course he had me arrested. The trouble was that the brick was the real genuine article and my lawyer and his own convinced him that it would be cheaper for him to pay me \$5,000 and my attorney's fees as well as throw in my hotel accommodation than to fight a \$25,000 suit for false arrest."

"I didn't know how he'd work it, but I know he'd make good," broke in Col. Powley, as he shook Floyd's hand.

WHY HE LIKED TIGHT SHOES

Little Remark That Threw Great Light on the Home Conditions of Amos Dore.

"We always wondered a little how Amos Dore and his wife got along—really." "Aunt Em" Macomber said, frankly. "Some in the neighborhood said they'd never overheard a single loud or cross word on either side, but Lije Daniels always stuck to it that Amos was as mis'able at home as a man could be."

"He never spoke right out till Amos died and Mrs. Dore went back up-country to her folks. Then he let out."

"What?" queried Aunt Em's visitor. "Well, Amos worked logging alongside of Lije every winter, and summers they kayed together most all ways, and it seems," said Aunt Em, impressively, "that Amos complained of his shoes hurting him about all the time. Finally Lije asked why he wore tight shoes."

"Why don't you get a pair big enough?" says Lije, one day.

"Well, I'll tell you," Amos says. "When I wear tight shoes I forget all my other troubles."—Youth's Companion.

NEVER DONE.



Slimkins—I hope you didn't mind my putting that little matter of \$5 in the hands of the bill collector yesterday?

Podger—Not at all; I borrowed a dollar from him.

Youngster's Fellow Feeling.

A small boy, about five years old, was taken to an entertainment by his mother the other evening. It was 10:30 o'clock when they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed. "George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you." "Why, mamma?" he asked. "You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them." "Aw mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

Her Decision and His.

An earnest stage aspirant dramatically announced to the manager that unless she could obtain an engagement she would kill herself. To quiet the lady the manager agreed to hear her recite.

He listened for a few minutes. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed her a revolver.—Lippincott's.

The Rebound.

"Every time we were alone before we were married you used to take advantage of the fact to tell me what you thought of me."

"And now every time we are not alone you tell me what you think of me."—Houston Post.

Wildness.

"Your boy was just a little—er—wild when he was at college wasn't he?"

"O, yes; he generally was a little wild at first. Couldn't get 'em over the plate, you know. But he always steadied down before the game was over."

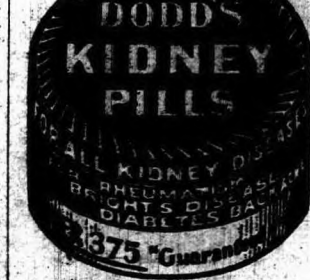
Not the Fly Season.

"Well, Johnny, having any luck? What do you fish with, worms or flies?"

"Worms, o' courst. It ain't warm enough for flies to come around yet."

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

Your country manufactured 25,000 pianos.



Interesting Facts

The only effective and reliable remedy known for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Catarrh, Headache, Biliousness and all disorders of the bowels is

DR. D. JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

For several generations they have been a household necessity for relieving and curing complaints of this kind. They are safe and sure in every instance. As a laxative, purgative and cathartic they are unequalled.

Sold by druggists everywhere in 25c and 10c boxes.



"YOU CAN HAVE THE CHUNK FOR \$1,500."

spring a new game. I'd like to see one.

"What's the use of new ones," growled Col. Powley, "when there's always a sucker ready to bite at the old bait? Every funny sheet in America has had pictures and funny paragraphs about the gold brick men for the last dozen years, and still I'll bet Doc Floyd can go out and land a good and wise citizen with the old game and be back here in the club inside of two weeks' time."

"You're dreaming; wake up and take a drink," was the half-contemptuous retort of the alderman. "He'd get pinched the first roll out of the box. Why, the jack rabbits out on the plains are wise to gold bricks."

"That may be, but if Doc says he'll do it and is willing to take a chance, I'll bet you \$5,000 on the side that he lands the \$5,000 he goes after, and that if he gets arrested he'll get free of that, too."

"You're on!" snapped back the alderman. "Five thousand and a dinner for the club that he can't raise \$5,000 with a gold brick. How about it, Doc?"

"Whatever the boss says, I'm game for," was the easy reply of Floyd. "I warn you, though, that I won't use the old stage settings with the suspicious Indian partner, dressed in war paint and a big gun, or the busy government assayer. I claim a little originality. Go and see your sister and tell her it would be foolish to stand on the side in a case of this kind. You can repay me as well as you could the standard, you know."

row night, and if we can only reach there I'm certain we'll pull out and I can send you the money for our board." Floyd had overheard the youthful manager of the players pleading to the hotel manager.

"I'm sorry, but business is business," had been the reply. "If you can't pay we shall have to hold your trunks."

Floyd had met young Frisbee, the manager of the show, when the hotel man had introduced them on the previous day. He had heard from the boy that they had been playing in hard luck for two weeks and had expected to pull out in Cumberland.

"Buck up, young fellow," was the salutation of Floyd when he followed and overtook the boy manager outside the hotel office. "I just happened to hear part of your talk with his nob. How much do you need for the get-away stakes? I'm willing to loan it to you."

The face of the youngster was suddenly lit up with a smile but in another instant was replaced with the old look of gloom, as he replied: "You are very kind, but I'm sure my sister would not allow me to take money from a stranger. She's the star of the company and it's really her show."

"Nonsense!" returned Floyd. "You can't need but a small sum, and I'd be glad to let you have it. You don't know but what I've been up against it myself. Go and see your sister and tell her it would be foolish to stand on the side in a case of this kind. You can repay me as well as you could the standard, you know."

"I'll ask her, but you must come with me," was the reply.

HIS CHANCE TO BE A MAN

Pickert pulled his mouth hat still further down over his eyes, and looked steadily at the store as he shuffled past. But in that glance he had seen all that he needed to finish his report. He had walked this way before.

The Captain was a strict man, and if a report did not please him, Pickert well knew that he was not the one to show any leniency in his dealings with the offender. But he was confident that his report this time would not fail to please his superior.

It was not infrequently that Pickert wished that he could leave it all. The desire to be honest again would almost master him at times, but when he had about made up his mind, the thought would come to him that there was no other place for him in life.

Who would give employment to a man wearing such rags as he was obliged to wear, and on whose face the deeds of the last two years had not failed to leave their marks?

No, it was no use to try to be decent once more. He got enough from the spoils to keep body and soul together, and though that was about all, it was better than not being able to have even a crust and shelter.

The Captain dressed well—almost elegantly. He did not take an active part in the affairs which his men carried on in the night. He only superintended the business—it was by far the safer way—yet to him fell the maximum share of the ill-gotten gains.

Once Pickert had been honored and respected, but that was before he had left his home for the west. Not finding the gold which had lured him there, he had drifted back to an eastern city, and had fallen in with bad company, and eventually, not having a cent left, he had joined the Captain's band.

Since that time he had tried to thrust all thoughts of his old home from his mind, but despite his efforts it was impossible.

Pickert hated the small, dingy room under the eaves which he was obliged to call home, and to-day he dreaded more than ever to return to it. Just now he could not help thinking of the home of his boyhood days and his mother who had loved and trusted him. He had left her with the assurance that some day he would return with gold enough to give her everything that heart could wish.

And how well he remembered her answer: "Never mind the gold, Jim. All I ask is that my boy shall be a good and an honest man." And he had told her that he would be all that she wished. And now—

Pickert's rough hand stole up to his eyes, and he murmured something under his breath.

As he was passing a small church in the most disreputable part of the city—near his home—he was arrested by the sound of singing. Just now was a great revival season, and noon services were being held in most of the churches.

A feeling which he could not throw off impelled him to enter, and he spoke into a seat by the door. He was too wicked to be here, he muttered to himself—in a minute he would be moving on—but he would wait until they had finished singing.

His eyes grew moist as he listened to the hymn. How many times in his boyhood he had heard his mother sing "The Ninety and Nine." Then he had been good and honorable. What would she say if she could see him now? It would break her heart.

The tears fell now upon the ragged coat, and at that moment Pickert registered a vow in his heart. "I'll be a man again—it's not too late."

Then swiftly the thought came, "What will the Captain say if you back out?"

Then as quickly the answer. "It won't make no difference what he says—or what he does. I'm tired of doing wrong."

He started to leave the church, but he stopped suddenly, petrified with amazement. The Captain stood by the door. When he had recovered himself he walked up to him.

"I'm through doing your dirty work," he whispered hoarsely in his ear. "You can do what you want to do—I don't care—I'm through with this miserable kind of a life."

"Let us walk along together a little ways," was all the Captain said.

Pickert was astounded. What had happened? All the Captain's bravado was gone and his black eyes had softened.

"I watched you go in—I wanted to see what you was up to," the Captain said, after a while, "and followed. I ain't been inside a church before for years. You heard that hymn, Pickert. She used to sing it when I was a boy—my mother, I mean, and it made me think of—when I was different. But I've been too long now in this business to turn over a new leaf, but it's not too late for you to begin now. You shall have a chance. Here's enough tin to take you out west. When you get there go to work, and start over again."

He had put his hand into his pocket, and as he finished speaking he thrust something into Pickert's hand. Before the latter had a chance to say a word, the Captain turned on his heel and walked away.

For the first time in two years Pickert raised his head and looked upward. "Thank God for this chance to begin again," he murmured, reverently. "I'll get to the place that I promised my mother I'd be."

And this time Pickert kept his word.

Sparling Store Changes Hands

Carton-Sparling-English Co. retire from business at 155-157 Woodward Ave.,
The Business has been purchased by Willard E. Partridge and Business Associates

When an old, established retail house changes ownership in Detroit it's a matter of concern to the hundreds of thousands of men and women who constitute the buying public in this community. But when the Sparling store, which for fifty years has occupied the same location at 155-157 Woodward Avenue, becomes the property of men who have long been identified with the largest and most progressive interests in Detroit, or Michigan, there are very few people hereabouts who will not feel more than ordinary interest in the matter.

The deal has been made; the new owners have definite plans for the future—plans which will result in the best store of the kind that Detroit has ever had. But first of all the stocks now on hand must be closed out—a clean sweep is imperative—no old goods are to be in the store when it is reopened at a later date with everything new—new merchandise, new fixtures, new departments, new methods, NEW NAME.

Thursday Morning we Began a Great Going-out-of-Business Sale

We've given you our reasons for this sale—good, logical reasons why the Carton-Sparling-English Co. stocks must be disposed of. Now come and see for yourself that everything has been marked down.

Every Dollars' Worth of Goods in the Store Will Be Sold at a Sacrifice—Positively No Exceptions.

We doubt if there ever has been a sale in Detroit that has offered such liberal savings to its customers. We know that prices in a great many cases are lower than the same goods could be bought regularly at wholesale.

WHAT A CHANCE FOR WOMEN TO MAKE THEIR MONEY GO FAR on whatever they can use, now or later, in the way of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, White Goods, Linens, Domestic, Hosiery, Knit Underwear, Gloves, Ribbons, Veilings, Neckwear, Notions, Leather Goods, Jewelry, Trimmings, Laces and Embroideries, Art Linens, Corsets, Muslin Underwear, Aprons, Petticoats, Children's Dresses, Women's Cloth Suits and Coats, Wash Suits and Skirts, Silk Costumes, Shirt Waists, Millinery, Draperies, Lace Curtains, etc.

No prices are quoted in this announcement simply because it would take more than our entire newspaper space to print the complete list. Hundreds of different lines—thousands of items—and every one cut in price for this sale. Bargain surprises at every turn—the most seasonable and desirable goods marked lower than you would expect to buy them under any circumstances.

Women living anywhere in Michigan within trading distance, will find it well worth while to attend this sale; even on moderate purchases they will save enough to pay what the shopping trip may cost.

CARTEN-SPARLING-ENGLISH CO., 155-157 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, CARTEN-SPARLING-ENGLISH CO.

A LITTLE SPECULATION

By GEORGE APPLETON

(Copyright, by J. R. Lippincott Co.)

Two men drove into the yard of Farmer Spence and offered to pay for the privilege of painting this sign on the barn:

BLUFF'S BITTERS WILL CURE QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY, THE WORST CASE OF DYSPEPSIA. SEEN ALL QUACK STUFF, THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE ON EARTH. CURES ALL NEVER FAILS.

The farmer was ready to go to market, and was in haste to depart. He told the painters that they must consent his wife; if she were willing, they could paint the sign, and he drove away. The farmer supposed that his wife was in the house, but she had gone to her daughter's home—a short distance away across the fields.

The sign-painters, finding no one in the house, put up their ladders and began to make black letters on the board side of the long, white barn. Probably they had had experience. If the farmer's wife were willing; so much time were gained; if she were not willing, and the sign were up when she appeared, they must arbitrate.

Mrs. Spence, looking from the window of her daughter's house, saw the painters at work. Calling to her son-in-law and Major, the farm dog that had accompanied her, she hastened to interview the painters. The black daubers had planned, evidently, to paint the sign in sections to save time and labor. When Mrs. Spence arrived, she read:

BLUFF'S BITTERS THE WORST QUACK STUFF ON EARTH.

"What's goin' on here?" demanded Mrs. Spence.

"Putting up a sign."

"I see ye! Who give ye leave?"

"Man we met in the front yard just as he was driving off."

"Don't b'lieve he said ye could do it 'bout sakin' me! No such thing!"

Mrs. Spence now discovered the import of the sign on the barn and bent nearly double as she laughed. "Went on earth! Wal, ef that ain't ther livin' truth! We hed some of 'that stuff, an' it near killed us. I was 'traid for 'tween inter ther field ther rest on 't, fer ther chickens might git it. I just bustled it!"

"When we paint the rest of it it'll be an ornament to the barn."

"Don't talk! Not another dab."

"Of course we expect to pay—"

"Not another dab."

"We'll blot it out, then," said the boss painter, who saw that it was useless to argue, and he raised a ladder and started to get a pot of paint.

"Frank," said Mrs. Spence, sharp as a file, to her son-in-law, "take down that ladder an' drag it off. Here, Major! Stand Guard! We'll see who's runnin' this 'ere barn! Ye won't put no more blackin' on ther barn, an' ye won't take none off! Ye can go 'erbout yer business!"

"But, ma'am, we can't leave it that way."

"Ye'll hevter! What ye gott'er say 'bout our barn! What's on it b'longs ter us! Ef ye covered it with diamond stuns 't would be our barn, includin' ther dimes. Ye can—"

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't ye 'ma'am me! I don't see why we'd orter provide a barn for ye to tell ther truth on, but then 'ere letters'll look better'n er black number, an' I kinder like ter hev ther neighbors know 'bout that 'ere black 'n stuff."

"We'll paint over with white—"

"Ye can't! 'T won't be dry till ter-morrow."

"We'll rub out paint over white, and give you two dollars."
"Git off'n ther place!"
"Give you five dollars."
"Be er-movin'."
"Give you ten dollars."
"Frank, ye harness ther colt an' go fer ther sheriff! I'll see—"
"Give you fifteen dollars."
"Hurry, Frank."
"Give you twenty dollars."
"Frank, ye tell ther sheriff ter bring his deputy! Sech men's these be's likely ter be upstreprous."
"Give you twenty-five dollars."
"Wa—! let's see ther money!"

Immense Pile of Steel Shapes.
At Bayonne, N. J., there is what is said to be the largest pile of steel shapes which has ever been got together in this country. The pile weighs about sixty thousand pounds and is estimated to be worth \$2,500,000. The stack of metal is 800 feet long, 35 feet high and 85 feet wide. It was manufactured at Phoenixville, Pa., and is designed for the construction of the Manhattan bridge across the East river at New York. It required 16,000 flat cars to transport it to Bayonne, where it was run over a spur of the New Jersey Central railroad to the yards. The steel has all been painted red and treated with a thick coating of lead and oil to prevent its being injured by the elements. Some of it has been exposed to the weather for a year and shows no bad effects. Already the lower pieces, weighing 64 tons each, have been taken away for erection and it is said that the pile will have entirely disappeared within two months.

Must Be Healthy Village.
Residing in Bradwell, Derbyshire, England, there are over sixty septuagenarians; 12 octogenarians, and one—a fine, active old 90-year-old.

PAPERS MANY CENTURIES OLD
Explorer's Interesting Find in the Ruins of an Ancient City in Western China.

Dr. M. Aurel Stein, in a lecture before the Royal Asiatic society, described his recent explorations in western China and eastern Turkestan. He said that in the sandy desert northeast of Khotan the first ruin cleared was a relatively small dwelling covered with three or four feet of sand. In one room he came across specimens after specimen of ancient records and correspondence in the Italian language, and script, probably left behind 1,700 years ago as waste paper by an official.

In another place he found seven feet below the surface curious sweepings of all sorts—rags of silk, cotton and embroidery, fragments of bone, lacquerware and a dozen small tablets inscribed in Chinese characters of an exquisite penmanship. These tablets were apparently forwarding notes of consignments. He further discovered a small heap of corn in perfect preservation and the mummified bodies of two mice.

While clearing the refuse from a group of ruins he made a particularly rich haul of ancient documents. The documents, some of them three feet long, suggested that a great official had lived there. A rectangular document proved to have the seal of the envelope unbroken. Inside were closely packed layers of papers—agreements which had been kept sealed so that in case of need their validity might be established.

No Change.
"I think it's wrong for a married man to gamble."
"It's worse than wrong. It's idiotic. His wife gives him six if he loses, and condemns if he wins."

Putting it Differently.
The Post—I am at a loss to know whether I owe what I am to my education or my family.
The Friend—Don't know what it is to know.

The Don's Opinion.
Fashion is as inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is, perhaps, the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago, when Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede tight breeches and top boots. Just about that period a don of Trinity met an undergraduate, arrayed in all the splendor of the new fashion. "Young man," said the don, severely, "you will come to no good. You wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.

Qualified.
The great magazine editor sneered. "What right have you," he asked, "to think you'll ever make a poet?"
"Well, sir," the youth said timidly, "I've been fasting man in a side show for the last two seasons."

A Dawning Suspicion.
"Why do you never take the young lady anywhere?"
"She won't go out with me. Says she can't leave mamma."
"She's very thoughtful of mamma."
"Either that, or I'm the wrong chap."

Unreliable Indications.
"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on his postcards he sends home."

Requisites.
"People who claim to be epicures often eat strange and undercooked food."
"Yes; in order to be a real epicure you've got to have not only good taste but a strong stomach."



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Probate Notice.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the fourth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Corneille J. Blount, deceased.
An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.
It is Ordered, That the seventh day of July next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for proving said instruments.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in The Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate
(A true copy.)
ERWIN K. PALMER, Probate Clerk.

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