

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXII, NO 46

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1910

WHOLE NO. 1196

Local Correspondence

NEWBURG.

The Gleaner social held on Mr. Carson's lawn last Tuesday evening was quite a success.

Mr. Brusky, living a mile south of Newburg, had the misfortune to lose his house by fire about half past six Tuesday night. Everything was burned with the exception of a few articles. There was very little insurance on the property.

Oat harvest is about completed and threshing will soon be the order of the day.

Chas. Ryder and family spent Sabbath with Nat. Ryder, south of Plymouth, Miss Fay remaining with Gladys for a few days.

The L. A. S. will hold their regular meeting with Mrs. W. R. LeVan Friday, Aug. 12. A picnic supper will be served. Every one cordially invited.

The L. A. S. will be pleased to have every one save their old papers and magazines for them. They expect to ship them this fall.

The regular preaching service will be held Sunday afternoon at the usual hour. All the children come and help make our Sunday-school the success it ought to be.

Mrs. Beckholt of Detroit is taking care of her daughter, Mrs. James Joy and the new arrival.

It was reported here that Ernest Johnson of Detroit had both legs cut-off in an accident which occurred in the Michigan Central switch-yards Monday of this week. Later report is that he was so badly crushed that the limbs might have to be amputated. He is the youngest son of Mrs. D. Johnson of Stark. She left for the city Monday night to be with him at the Detroit Sanitarium, where he now lies in a critical condition.

Several little people were invited in to help Master Calvin Stevens celebrate his fourth birthday Tuesday afternoon of this week. All had a fine time.

Mr. Henry Thompson is quite ill with typhoid fever at this writing.

The two Mrs. Bennetts of Wayne visited at Albert Stevens' Monday of this week.

Mrs. Hoisington and daughter Hattie entertained Mrs. Hoffman and daughter Hazel, also a daughter from New York city and Mrs. I. Gunsolly, Wednesday of this week.

Seemed to Give Him a New Stomach
"I suffered intensely after eating and no medicine or treatment I tried seemed to do any good," writes H. M. Young, Editor of the Sun, Lake View, Ohio. "The first few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gave me surprising relief and the second bottle seemed to give me a new stomach and perfectly good health." For sale by all dealers.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

James Gates erected a new silo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lenox of Flint spent Wednesday at James Gates'.

Mrs. Norville Ayers and sister, Miss Mabel Spicer spent a few days at S. W. Spicer's this week.

Filo Forshee had an operation in Detroit for adenoids Monday and is getting along nicely.

The L. A. S. met at the home of Mrs. Ida Burrell Thursday.

LIVONIA CENTER.

This burg received the sad news Tuesday of the accident to John Johnson, formerly a resident of this town. Sympathy is with our neighbors in this, their sad trouble. [To acquaint The Mail's readers with all facts, our correspondent should have given a full account of the accident, where and how it happened.—Ed.]

Palmer Chilson's people are entertaining Mr. Noak's family from the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bentley of Colorado are visiting at the former's home for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Colby visited at Harvey Millard's last Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Kingsley is visiting at Joe McEachran's for a couple of weeks.

News is scarce, everybody is busy with oat harvest.

It's a Crime

To neglect your health and there is a severe penalty attached when you allow constipation, biliousness or any liver or bowel trouble to run on. It is poisoning your entire system, and may lead to a serious disease. Take Dr. Herriek's Sugar-coated Pills and get absolutely well. The sure cure for any and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Price 25c per box. Ask for a free sample. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Beyer's Pharmacy.

WEST PLYMOUTH.

George McCumber is remodeling the barn on his farm converting it into a commodious structure.

F. L. Becker had the misfortune to lose a valuable yearling colt last week.

The Grange delivered a carload of coal this week to Patrons and friends.

Friends from Texas write of meeting a man who owns a modest little farm of eighty six thousand acres in that state.

It is fenced and cross fenced. Money grows down there for the owner purchased this tract for 23c per acre a few years ago, and now it is valued at \$16 per acre. The fencing cost the tidy little sum of one hundred thousand dollars, but in consequence of the fences the farm is managed with the aid of only three or four helpers.

Thousands of cattle are sold off from this tract every year.

Miss Hazel Schoch's birthday was Aug. 1. Some thirty three of her friends remembered it and sent her a shower of post cards.

F. L. Becker is seeking relief for his rheumatism from a Detroit specialist, and goes each week for treatment.

James Lucas accompanied his grandsons, Floyd and Charlie, to Wayne Saturday where they remained for a visit at their father's in Romulus township.

Festus Lucas of Detroit and Emory Shook and family of Northville township spent Sunday at James Lucas'.

Evidence of the severity of Monday night's storm is seen on every hand. Limbs were torn from the trees, and fences overturned, and pears, plums and apples strewn the ground. Norman Miller sustained by far the worst damage in West Plymouth. He had a fine barn struck with the lightning, and burned to the ground. It contained four hundred bushels of last year's oats, this year's wheat crop and his hay. He was fortunate inasmuch that he lost no live stock, and that he nor his man were injured though both were in the barn when it was struck. Nevertheless Mr. Miller has sustained a severe loss and he has the sympathy of the entire community.

The infant son of F. L. Becker has been very sick.

Mrs. Will Cole of Salem is spending a few days this week with her mother, Mrs. James Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Heeney were Ann Arbor visitors Saturday.

Miss Helen Smith visited relatives near Ypsilanti Monday and Tuesday.

Misses Fay Spencer and Gladys Gladys Heeney spent a few days last week with their grandmother, Mrs. James Spencer in Livonia.

Mrs. Thomas Spencer spent Sunday with Mr. James Heeney.

What is Most Necessary to Happiness?

Many of us will thoughtlessly answer, money, but health is far more necessary. Money will not cure rheumatism, sprains, cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, sores and such troubles, but Renne's Pain-Killing Oil will. Renne's known to fail. Try it. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Beyer's Pharmacy.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitcher are entertaining company this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, who have been visiting Mrs. Cummings, have returned to their home at Flint.

Mrs. McKee and son Robert were Wayne callers Saturday.

Mrs. Wright and daughter Clara were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gottman of Detroit visited at Mr. Badelt's last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Marke was a Detroit visitor last Tuesday.

Cuts and bruises may be healed in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. It is an antiseptic and causes such injuries to heal without maturation. This liniment also relieves soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

The Horseman

Likes a fine animal. You get the horse and Harvell's Condition Powders will do the rest. It is the best condition powder on the market. Absolutely no waste and every ingredient is medicinal. Used by all the leading eastern racing stables. You should try them and see for yourself. Price 25c per package. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Beyer's Pharmacy.

J. A. Carr and son, Lansing, Mich., writes: "We have used Harvell's Condition Powders on our livery horses for about three years and have always found them superior to all others. We have found that livery horses are subject to great abuse and Harvell's Condition Powders always bring back the appetite and puts them on their pins."

Pinckney's Pharmacy

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

Hot Water Bags,

Fountain Syringes

and Rubber Goods of all Kinds

AT PRICES THAT ARE RIGHT.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

..More than Mere Safety for You..

Men who deposit their money with this bank get privileges in return: interest on deposits, collection of checks, opportunity to get loans, buy drafts, the benefits of our bookkeeping and many other advantages.

The bank provides the most convenient, least expensive and most generally used medium of exchange ever devised—the private check.

Bookkeeping expense is free to every customer.

THE

Plymouth United Savings Bank

The butcher boy says

WE WANT TO MEAT YOU



We are MEATING most of the people of this old town. Our friends say we meet all competition and usually go them one better when it comes to giving our patrons the very best there is in the market. We've been in the market business a long time and know how to please. Let us MEAT you to-day.

Free Delivery Both Phones

Orders Called for and Delivered.

TODD BROS.

THE ..

.. Finest Groceries

at the Least Prices, Quality Considered

We also have a large and complete

LINE OF CROCKERY

AT THE RIGHT PRICES.

GAYDE BROS.

JUST TRY IT

THAT'S ALL WE ASK.

Take home with you a gallon of

"FLY-AWAY,"

Spray your cows at night and morning, it will take only a minute or two, and if the flies don't go away, and stay away, don't pay for it. Isn't that fair? You milk product will improve 100 per cent in both quality and quantity. It costs but 75c per gallon and is most economical, because it "goes farther" than any similar preparation made. Just try it.

We have also the best spraying apparatus that has ever been invented. It will last a life time. There's simply no wear-out to it, and we offer you one of these FREE with a 5-gallon order for "FLY-AWAY." Just try it.

THE WOLVERINE DRUG CO.

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

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Central Meat Market

.....FOR YOUR.....

BEEF, PORK & VEAL

Lamb & Chicken for Sunday

BARTLETT & RATTENBURY

BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY



Like Burning Money

Is the only way we can put it when you're buying coal that doesn't give results, but goes up in smoke.

We can now supply you with

GOALLETTES

Car just unloaded. Try them and be convinced.

Best Grade of Anthracite Always on Hand

"CAST IRON SPLINT" & MASSILLON

LEAD ALL SOFT COALS.

J. D. McLAREN CO.

Vacation Trip on a Freight Steamer

1400 miles along the scenic highway of the lakes. Finest fresh water cruise in the world. Round trip, \$25.00, which includes meals and berth, and allows passengers to remain aboard the ship while in port, if they so desire. For reservations or information apply

MRS. E. L. RIGGS, Plymouth, Mich.

STREAM WAS MINER'S LARA

Old Man Draw On It Daily for the Scanty Sum That Satisfied His Needs.

There is always a time on a trip to know when to go home, and that time is immediately after the highwater notch of enjoyment has been passed.

Even our homing, though, was to have its delights. We ran across an old prospector, who was shoveling gravel into his fast-running sluice.

Later we learned that this aged miner worked only when he needed money, and that then he would go out and turn a few more barrow loads of the dried stream's bed into the running sluice until he had a new supply of the golden revenue.

Traveling Trees.

In connection with a recent demand of German nurserymen for seeds of the Montana larch, to be planted in Germany, the curious fact is brought out that white pine seedlings are to be imported from Germany to be planted in the province of Ontario, Canada.

The Professor Confused.

It was told of a distinguished professor of history that, in an address before a woman's club on "Obscure Heroes of the French Revolution," he had reached the point where one of them, nobly resolved to essay the rescue of a friend doomed to the guillotine, sought a parting interview with his sweetheart before making the almost hopeless attempt.

The "Fact" of a Map.

"Our map shows our politics," said a Helsingfors university professor to Harry de Windt. He pointed to a map of Finland and explained: "You see, she snaps her fingers at Sweden and kicks Russia in the eye."

Good Enough for Her.

Ethiophile (aghast)—I beg your pardon, madam, but that book your little girl is playing with is an old and exceedingly rare first edition.

Up to Date.

Next—That last boy of yours is very bright, isn't he?

NEWS OF MICHIGAN

Houghton.—At the annual conference of the Ishpeming district of the Swedish-Lutheran church, to be held at Iron Mountain early in August, Rev. N. J. Forsberg of Red Jacket, president of the conference, will tender his resignation from his charge.

Port Huron.—Word has just been received in St. Clair to the effect that Ward Huse, who was killed at Billings, Mont., met his death by being shot by an angry debtor.

Holland.—Rev. George H. Dubbink, aged forty-three years, professor of didactic and polemic theology at the Western Theology seminary here, died at his summer home in Overseal.

Plainwell.—Joseph Hicks park will be greatly improved this year as the result of a purchase of the residence of Dr. F. E. Woolsey by Mrs. Helen D. Hicks, who originally gave the park to Plainwell as a memorial to her husband, for years a banker here.

Saginaw.—Rev. Howard R. Chapman, for many years pastor of the Michigan Avenue Baptist church of this city, has been called to Lincoln, (Neb.) First Baptist church.

Saginaw.—Preliminary arrangements are being made for the annual gathering of the probate judges, which takes place in Saginaw September 13 and 14. It is expected that between 50 and 60 will attend the association's meeting.

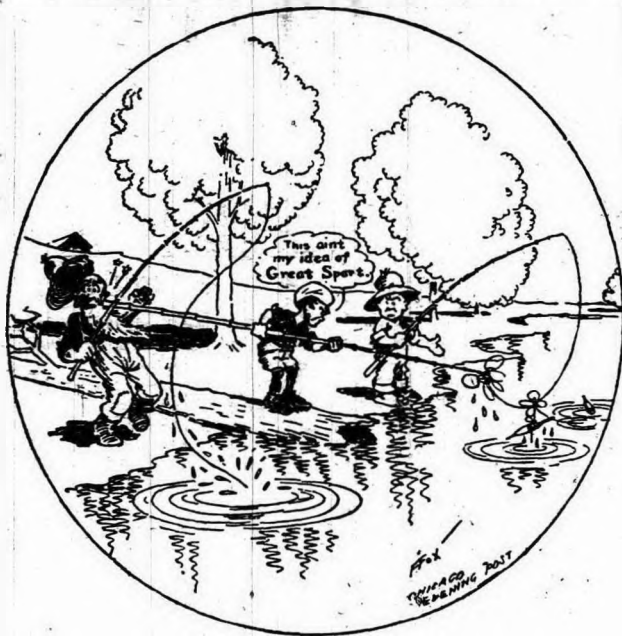
Saginaw.—Charles H. Newell, a resident of this city for 30 years, is dead. Mr. Newell was one of the youngest who served through the Civil war, entering the army at the age of 11 1/2 years as bugler.

Mason.—Albert Rose, editor of the Ingham County News, was knocked down and severely bruised by a boy who was riding a bicycle on the sidewalk. The boy rode away before he was identified.

Adrian.—William K. Bixby, a prosperous railroad man of St. Louis whose boyhood home was in Adrian, has made the city of Adrian a gift of \$25,000 to be used in erecting a city hospital.

Kalamazoo.—Samuel Hall, a negro, who claims he is one hundred years old and that he spent most of his life in slavery, has been admitted to the poorhouse. Hall has been a resident of Kalamazoo for many years.

PERCIVAL'S VISIT TO UNCLE SI'S FARM



ARREST DR. CRIPPEN

ALLEGED WIFE SLAYER AND HIS STENOGRAPHER ARE IN CUSTODY.

TAKEN ON BOARD MONTROSE

Suspect Turns Deathly Pale While Female Companion Collapses When Arrested by Officers Disguised as Pilots—Taken to Quebec.

Quebec, Aug. 2.—Dr. Harvey Hawley Crippen, who, with his companion, Miss Ethel Clare Leneve, was arrested on board the steamer Montrose by the provincial police at Father Point, Que., trembling and on the verge of a collapse, with his voice so weak it scarcely could be heard by Magistrate Angers, announced in court that he would not make a fight against extradition to London.

This statement followed his formal arraignment in court on the charge of slaying "an unknown woman" the police believe to be his missing wife, Belle Elmore, the American actress.

Hearing Continued Fifteen Days. Crippen's hearing, at the suggestion of Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard, was continued 15 days, and at the expiration of that time, unless he decides to fight extradition, he will be sent back to England.

Miss Leneve was to have been arraigned with the American, but her custodians reported to the court that she was too ill to appear.

The authorities are confident that the woman will give no more trouble than Crippen promises to.

Crippen and Girl Arrested. Chief McCarthy of the Quebec provincial police, assisted by Chief Denis of the Dominion police, put Doctor Crippen under arrest on the deck of the Montrose at Father Point after he had been identified by Inspector Dew.

Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard, with Chief McCarthy and ex-Chief Denis of the Canadian provincial police, all three disguised as pilots, went off to the steamship in a lifeboat rowed by four sailors.

The supposed pilots walked along until they passed where Crippen and his paramour were with Doctor Stuart. An inspector Dew got a good look at Crippen and Miss Leneve as they gave the preconcerted signal and the constables made the arrest and brought the couple down to their own stateroom, where they are now confined with Inspector Dew.

WOMAN HELD IN DEATH CASE

That Former Judge Was Drugged and Robbed in Theory at Parkersburg, W. Va.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Aug. 2.—Developments of a startling nature are promised as a result of two arrests and two other impending apprehensions of suspects in connection with the mysterious supposed murder of former Judge James A. Watson, whose body was found last Friday.

KING AND QUEEN FLEE FROM SPAIN TO ENGLAND

Couple Take Sudden Departure Owing to Enmity Displayed by Clericals for Her Majesty.

San Sebastian, Spain, Aug. 2.—King Alfonso and Queen Victoria have fled the country. The young king, dismayed at the bitter enmity shown towards his queen by the clericals, suddenly left with her for England.

The royal couple will stop in Paris on their way to England and have a conference with President Fallieres. Much significance is attached to this, as France has done to the church what Spain, in a lesser degree, now is attempting.

When he has established Victoria safely at the court of King George, the king will return to Spain, it is said, going direct to Madrid. There he will take full charge of the tangled situation growing out of the government's defiance of the church.

He will have to face an agitation for a Carlist uprising. The unrest among Catholics in his own country, thousands of whom are considering taking up arms to fight for the church.

An uncompromising attitude of the Vatican. With Catholics at Rome expressing hopes that Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender, may raise the standard of revolt and that the Catholics of the Biscayan provinces will rise in insurrection, and with the socialists of Spain threatening disorder, the impartial, which has been unfriendly to Premier Canalejas, ranges itself on the side of the government in the pending conflict with the Vatican.

FIFTEEN HURT AT COLUMBUS

Despite Troops Cars Are Stoned and Passengers Injured—Senator Dick in Command.

Columbus, O., Aug. 1.—Even though the city of Columbus is under guard of four thousand members of the Ohio National Guard, the 300 striking street railway conductors and motormen continue to cause trouble for the Columbus Railway and Light company.

Cars were stoned and the non-union conductors and motormen were threatened. It is estimated that fully fifteen persons were more or less badly injured, most of them being citizens who were riding on the cars when the attacks were made.

Gen. Charles Dick, who is the senior senator from Ohio, has formally taken command of the troops.

WATSON FEARS FOR LIFE

Twice Populist Presidential Candidate Calls on His Friends for Armed Protection.

Thomson, Ga., Aug. 1.—Thomas Watson, twice Populist candidate for president, imagines his life is threatened by Congressman Hardwick, and calls on his friends to protect him.

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Ban on Bleaching Flour

Washington, Aug. 2.—Millers must stop bleaching flour pending adjudication by the higher courts or stand criminal prosecution for each shipment made in interstate commerce, according to a decision reached here at a conference between officials of the department of agriculture and justice.

GRAND TRUNK STRIKE IS ENDED

WAGE SCALE PREVIOUSLY OFFERED ACCEPTED; PROMISE OF MORE IN 1912.

FORMER EMPLOYEES TO BE PUT BACK TO WORK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Settlement Brought About by Efforts of Canadian Officials; Strikers Express Satisfaction.

The strike of conductors, trainmen and yardmen which began on the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont systems on July 18, was officially called off.

Under the terms of the agreement signed by President Hays, for the railroads, and all the union officials, the men will receive, dating back to May 1 of this year, an advance of approximately 18 per cent, and beginning January 1, 1912, a rate of wages slightly below the eastern association schedule, for which they struck, but an advance in many instances of over 30 per cent.

Much credit for the successful outcome of the peace negotiations is given to W. L. Mackenzie King, Canadian minister of labor, who has persisted in his efforts to bring the men together despite discouraging setbacks.

The agreement follows: "The company will put back as soon as possible the men other than those who have been or may be found guilty of acts of violence or disorderly conduct, the understanding being that there is to be no coercion or intimidation towards the new men."

The company will put into effect from May 1, 1910, the rates named in the schedule of rates dated July 18, 1910, those rates to be embodied in the present schedule now in effect on this line, it being understood that those rates shall in no instance affect a reduction in any existing rate.

Put in C. P. R. Rates of Pay. "The company will on January 1, 1912, make effective in train and yard service on the Grand Trunk railway the rates of pay and the rules contained in the schedule of agreement on that date in effect on the lines of the Canadian Pacific railway east of Fort William."

In the case of the Central Vermont the same settlement applies, with the exception that the standardization to be applied on January 1, 1912, is to be that of the Rutland railway, a road in the same territory, and not that of the Canadian Pacific, which will only apply to the Grand Trunk system.

The news of the ending of the Grand Trunk strike was received with considerable satisfaction by the strike leaders in Detroit. The men were instructed to report to work at once, and some of them did so. From now on the trains will be in charge of the regular crews, and already the strike breakers are being dropped, more or less quietly.

"The strike has been settled on a basis satisfactory to the officers in charge of the organization," said E. P. Curtis, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. "The back pay on the difference in the old and the new scale, dating from May 1, will amount to a considerable sum. However, if I had my way, there would have been no compromise. We could have won all we wanted."

Grace Whitney Sinks; Two Dead.

Run down by the steamer Ogdensburg, about three miles below Bar Point light, the wooden barge Grace Whitney was sunk in nearly 30 feet of water. Mrs. Heath, wife of Capt. Ross Heath, Marine City, master of the barge, and Frederick Heath, their little 9-year-old son, went to their death in Lake Erie.

Michael Lynch, 308 Macomb street, Detroit, and Horace Heath, Marine City, late of the Whitney, and father of Capt. Heath, were aroused from sleep by the crash. They leaped into the lake and narrowly escaped with their lives. Members of the Whitney's crew place responsibility for the accident on the steamer Ogdensburg.

Ask State to Set Rates.

Following agitation over the electric lighting and power rates in Saginaw and as the result of the Eastern Michigan Power Co. taking over the Bartlett Illuminating Co. and the installation of the former's rates, in many instances higher than the old company's, the common council decided to ask the state railway commission to investigate and establish an equitable schedule of rates for this city. The mayor and city attorney were instructed to appeal to the commission at once and work or preparing the appeal was commenced today and it will be forwarded to the commission as soon as possible.

Railroad Have Own Tax Boards.

One of the greatest surprises ever encountered by the officials at Lansing was when it was made known to the state tax commission that the various railroads of the state have formed a "tax commission" of their own.

It appears that for some time the railroads have been quietly working on the scheme, have perfected their plans, and already have a force of men working throughout the state verifying the sales of general properties and comparing them with the tax assessments.

The special bond election for a high school building, at Monroe, carried by a vote of 192 against 143. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds were authorized. The school trustees have a fund of \$50,000 in addition to the amount authorized by the election.

"The state of Michigan does not owe a cent outside of the regular running expenses for the month, such as salaries, etc., and more than that, the state is not only out of debt, but is in the million-dollar class, having a cash surplus on hand of \$2,304,000." Such was the statement made by Auditor-General Fuller.

SPARKS FROM LIVE WIRES

The Carolina & Northwestern railway shops at Chester, S. C., were burned, loss, \$100,000.

J. D. B. Wise, a farmer living near Longmont, Col., claims the record "harvest" of grasshoppers. He garnered 125 bushels in three days' work.

A negro who was caught as he approached the young daughter of John Wade in Cairo, Ga., was hanged and his body was riddled with bullets by a mob.

Louis Restelli of Quincy, Mass., who shot down five persons, two of whom died, succeeded in eluding the searchers who hunted him all night, and is still at large.

Louise Renally, ten years old, of Chicago, was burned to death at Freeport, Ill., when her uncle, whom she was visiting, tried to fill a lighted lamp with kerosene.

John Junkin was hanged at Des Moines for the murder of Clara Rosen. As he went to the scaffold, he reminded the sheriff that a medical university was to have his body.

Nine young women and six girls were drowned in the Lake of Traun, near Munich, by the capsizing of a barge in a storm. Four of their companions were saved by fishermen.

Reuben Todd of Drybrook, Ulster county, N. Y., better known as Rip Van Winkle to photographers and artists the country over, is dead. He was found drowned in Dry Brook stream.

Wreckers ditched a Delaware & Hudson passenger train, containing nearly four hundred persons, 13 miles north of Schenectady, N. Y. Frederick Schermerhorn, fireman, was severely hurt.

Dr. Harrison Gabel, a physician of Centerville, Ind., was shot and fatally wounded. George Dunlap, a Civil war veteran, who is said to have suffered from illusions, is charged with the shooting.

Lulu and Jesse Metz have been arrested as suspects in an inquiry into the mysterious death of former Judge A. Watson of Parkersburg, W. Va., who is supposed to have been drugged and murdered by robbers.

Moving pictures of prize fights, naugings, or other scenes calculated to influence the morals of youth are prohibited in a law passed by the lower house of the Texas legislature in extraordinary session at Austin.

Following the arrival of two members of the Rusk Mound McKinley expedition at Seward, Alaska, it was reported that the American Geological society's expedition under Prof. Herschel Parker also failed and has turned back.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has an unique public official in its "commissioner of weeds," who completed his first three months in office this week, presenting a report which showed that in 230 streets the weeds were offensively in evidence.

WRECKERS DITCH A TRAIN

Passengers Escape, But Fireman May Lose His Life as Result of the Derailment.

Schenectady, N. Y., Aug. 2.—A Delaware & Hudson passenger train containing between 300 and 400 persons was ditched about 12 miles north of this city by wreckers.

With the exception of the fireman, Frederick Schermerhorn of this city, who is believed to have been fatally hurt, no one was dangerously injured.

SLAYS HUSBAND AND SELF

Denver Woman Reads of Murder and Suicide and Duplicates the Crime.

Denver, Col., Aug. 2.—Insane, it is believed, as the result of brooding over descriptions of a murder and suicide which took place in Denver eight days ago, Mrs. Mabel Eveland shot and killed her husband, Joseph A. Eveland, as he lay in bed and then killed herself. The Evelands came to Denver from Oids, Ia.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including LIVE STOCK, FLOUR, CORN, BUTTER, EGGS, and CATTLE in New York, Chicago, and Kansas City.

SERIAL STORY

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrated by Eugene G. Ketcher

(Copyright 1928 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER I

The Two Oaths.

On an afternoon in the early summer of 1856 Capt. Nathaniel Plum, master and owner of the sloop Typhoon, was engaged in nothing more important than the smoking of an enormous pipe. Clouds of strongly odored smoke, tinted with the lights of the setting sun, had risen above his head in unremitting volutes for the last half hour. There was infinite contentment in his face, notwithstanding the fact that he had been meditating on a subject that was not altogether pleasant. But Captain Plum was, in a way, a philosopher, though one would not have guessed this fact from his appearance. He was, in the first place, a young man, not more than eight or nine and twenty, and his strong, rather thin face, tanned by exposure to the sea, was just now lighted up by eyes that shone with an unbounded good humor which any instant might take the form of laughter.

At the present time Captain Plum's vision was confined to one direction, which carried his gaze out over Lake Michigan. Earlier in the day he had been able to discern the hazy outline of the Michigan wilderness 20 miles to the eastward. Straight ahead, shooting up rugged and sharp in the red light of the day's end, were two islands. Between these, three miles away, the sloop Typhoon was strongly silhouetted in the fading glow. Beyond the islands and the sloop there were no other objects for Captain Plum's eyes to rest upon. So far as he could see there was no other sail. At his back he was shut in by a dense growth of trees and creeping vines, and unless a small boat edged close in around the end of Beaver Island his place of concealment must remain undiscovered. At least this seemed an assured fact to Captain Plum.

In the security of his position he began to whistle softly as he beat the bowl of his pipe on his boot heel to empty it of ashes. Then he drew a long-barreled revolver from under a coat that he had thrown aside and examined it carefully to see that the powder and ball were in solid and that none of the caps was missing. From the same place he brought forth a belt, buckled it round his waist, shoved the revolver into his holster, and dragging the coat to him, fished out a letter from an inside pocket. It was a dirty, much-worn letter. Perhaps he had read it a score of times. He read it again now, and then, refilling his pipe, settled back against the rock that formed a rest for his shoulders and turned his eyes in the direction of the sloop.

The last rim of the sun had fallen below the Michigan wilderness and in the rapidly increasing gloom the sloop was becoming indistinguishable. Captain Plum looked at his watch. He must still wait a little longer before setting out upon the adventure that had brought him to this isolated spot. He rested his head against the rock, and thought. He had been thinking for hours. Back in the thicket he heard the prowling of some small animal. There came the sleepy chirp of a bird and the rustling of tired wings settling for the night. A strange stillness hovered about him, and with it there came over him a loneliness that was chilling, a loneliness that made him homesick. It was a new and unpleasant sensation to Captain Plum. He could not remember just when he had experienced it before; that is, if he dated the present from two weeks ago tonight. It was then that the letter had been handed to him in Chicago, and it had been a weight upon his soul and a prick to his conscience ever since. Once or twice he had made up his mind to destroy it, but each time he had repented at the last moment. In a sudden revulsion at his weakness he pulled himself together, crumpled the dirty missive into a ball and sang it out upon the white rim of beach.

At this action there came a quick movement in the dense wall of verdure behind him. Notably the tangle of vines separated and a head thrust itself out in time to see the bit of paper fall short of the water's edge. Then the head shot back as swiftly and as silently as a serpent's. Perhaps Captain Plum heard the glistening chuckle that followed the movement. If so he thought it only some night bird in the brush.

"Heigh-ho!" he exclaimed, with some return of his old cheer. "It's about time we were starting!" He jumped to his feet and began brushing the dust off his clothes. When he had done, walked out upon the

rim of beach and stretched himself again with bones cracked. Again the hidden head shot forth from its concealment. A sudden turn and Captain Plum would certainly have been startled. For it was a weird object, this spying head: its face dead-white against the dense green of the verdure, with shocks of long white hair hanging down on each side, framing between them a pair of eyes that gleamed from cavernous sockets, like black glowing beads. There was unmistakable fear, a tense anxiety in those glittering eyes as Captain Plum walked toward the paper, but when he paused and stretched himself, the sole of his boot carelessly trampling the discarded letter, the head disappeared again and there came another satisfied bird-like chuckle from the gloom of the thicket.

Captain Plum now put on his coat, buttoned it close to conceal the weapons in his belt, and walked along the narrow water-run that crept like a white ribbon between the lake and the island wilderness. No sooner had he disappeared than the bushes and vines behind the rock were torn asunder and a man wormed his way through them. For an instant he paused, listening for returning footsteps, and then with startling agility darted to the beach and seized the crumpled letter.

The person who for the greater part of the afternoon had been spying upon Captain Plum from the security of the thicket was to all appearances a very small and a very old man, though there was something about him that seemed to belie a first guess at his age. His face was emaciated; his hair was white and hung in straggling masses on his shoulders; his hooked nose bore apparently the infallible stamp of extreme age. Yet there was a strange and uncanny strength and quickness in his movements. There was no stoop to his shoulders. His head was set squarely. His eyes were as keen as steel. It would have been impossible to have told whether he was fifty or seventy. Eagerly he smoothed out the abused missive and evidently suc-



It Was a Dirty, Much-Worn Letter.

ceeded even in the falling light in deciphering much of it, for the glimmer of a smile flashed over his thin features as he thrust the paper into his pocket.

Without a moment's hesitation he set out on the trail of Captain Plum. A quarter of a mile down the path he overtook the object of his pursuit. "Ah, how do you do, sir?" he greeted as the younger man turned about upon hearing his approach. "A mighty fast pace you're setting for an old man, sir!" He broke into a laugh that was not altogether unpleasant, and boldly held out a hand. "We've been expecting you, but—not in this way. I hope there's nothing wrong?"

Captain Plum had accepted the proffered hand. Its coldness and the singular appearance of the old man who had come like an apparition chilled him. In a moment, however, it occurred to him that he was a victim of mistaken identity. As far as he knew there was no one on Beaver Island who was expecting him. To the best of his knowledge he was a fool for being there. His crew aboard the sloop had agreed upon that point with extreme vehemence and to a man had attempted to dissuade him from the mad project upon which he was launching himself among the Mormons in their island stronghold. All this came to him while the little old man was looking up into his face, chuckling, and shaking his hand as if he were one of the most important and most greatly to be desired personages in the world.

"Hope there's nothing wrong, Cap'n?" he repeated. "Right as a trivet here, dad," replied the young man, dropping the cold hand that still persisted in clinging to his own. "But I guess you've got the wrong party. Who's expecting me?"

The old man's face wrinkled itself in a grimace and one gleaming eye opened and closed in an understanding wink. "Ho, ho, ho!—of course you're not expected. Anyway, you're not expected to be expected! Cautious—a born general!—mighty clever thing to do. Strong should appreciate it." The old man gave vent to his own appreciation in a series of inimitable chuckles. "Is that your sloop out there?" he inquired interestedly.

Something in the strangeness of the situation began to interest Captain Plum. He had planned a little adventure of his own, but here was one that promised to develop into something more exciting. He nodded his head.

"That's her." "Splendid cargo," went on the old man. "Splendid cargo, eh?" "Pretty fair." "Powder in good shape, eh?"

"Dry as tinder." "And balls—lots of balls, and a few guns, eh?" "Yes, we have a few guns," said Captain Plum. The old man noted the emphasis, but the darkness that had fast settled about them hid the added meaning that passed in a curious look over the other's face.

"Odd way to come in, though—very odd!" continued the old man, gurgling and shaking as if the thought of it occasioned him great merriment. "Very cautious. Level business head. Want to know that things are on the square, eh?"

"That's it!" exclaimed Captain Plum, catching at the proffered straw. Inwardly he was wondering when his feet would touch bottom. Thus far he had succeeded in getting but a single grip on the situation. Somebody was expected at Beaver Island with powder and balls and guns. Well, he had a certain quantity of these materials aboard his sloop, and if he could make an agreeable bargain—

The old man interrupted the plan that was slowly forming itself in Captain Plum's gossamer brain. "It's the price, eh?" He laughed shrewdly. "You want to see the color of the gold before you lay the goods. I'll show it to you. I'll pay you the whole sum tonight. Then you'll take the stuff where I tell you to. Eh? Isn't that so?" He darted ahead of Captain Plum with a quick alert movement. "Will you please follow me, sir?"

For an instant Captain Plum's impulse was to hold back. In that instant it suddenly occurred to him that he was lending himself to a rank imposition. At the same time he was filled with a desire to go deeper into the adventure, and his blood thrilled with the thought of what it might hold for him.

"Are you coming, sir?" The little old man had stopped a dozen paces away and turned expectantly.

"I tell you again that you've got the wrong man, dad!" "Will you follow me, sir?" "Well, if you'll have it so—damned if I won't!" cried Captain Plum. He felt that he had relieved his conscience, anyway. If things should develop badly for him during the next few hours no one could say that he had led. So he followed light-heartedly after the old man, his eyes and ears alert, and his right hand, by force of habit, reaching under his coat to the butt of his pistol. His guide said not another word until they had traveled for half an hour along a twisting path and stood at last on the bald summit of a knoll from which they could look down upon a number of lights twinkling dimly a quarter of a mile away. One of these lights gleamed above all the others, like a beacon set among fireflies.

"That's St. James," said the old man. His voice had changed. It was low and soft, as though he feared to speak above a whisper. "St. James!"

The young man at his side gazed down silently upon the scattered lights, his heart throbbing in a sudden tumult of excitement. He had set out that day with the idea of resting his eyes on St. James. In its silent mystery the town now lay at his feet.

"And that light—" spoke the old man. He pointed a trembling arm toward the glare that shone more powerfully than the others. "That light marks the sacred home of the king!" His voice had again changed. A metallic hardness came into it, his words were vibrant with a strange excitement which he strove hard to conceal. It was still light enough for Captain Plum to see that the old man's black, beady eyes were startlingly alive with newly aroused emotion.

"You mean—" "Strange!" He started rapidly down the knoll and there floated back to Captain Plum the soft notes of his meaningless chuckle. A dozen rods farther on his mysterious guide turned into a by-path which led them to another knoll, capped by a good-sized building made of logs. There sounded the grating of a key in a lock, the shooting of a bolt, and a door opened to admit them.

"You will pardon me if I don't light up," apologized the old man as he led the way in. "A candle will be sufficient. You know there must be privacy in these matters—always. Eh? Isn't that so?"

Captain Plum followed without reply. He guessed that the cabin was made up of one large room, and that at the present time, at least, it possessed no other occupant than the singular creature who had guided him to it.

"It is just as well, on this particular night, that no light is seen at the window," continued the old man as he rummaged about a table for a match and a candle. "I have a little corner back here that a candle will brighten up nicely and no one in the world will know it. Ho, ho, ho!—how nice it is to have a quiet little corner sometimes! Eh, Captain Plum?"

At the sound of his name Captain Plum started as though an unexpected hand had suddenly been laid upon him. So he was expected, after all, and his name was known! For a moment his surprise robbed him of the power of speech. The little old man had lighted his candle, and grinning back over his shoulder, passed through a narrow cut in the wall that could hardly be called a door and planted his light on a table that stood in the center of a small room, or closet, not more than five feet square. Then he coolly pulled Captain Plum's old letter from his pocket and smoothed it out in the dim light.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)" "Tong" appears to be the Chinese word for "black hand."

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Scandal Wrecks Romance of the Zoo



NEW YORK.—The fowl house of the Central park zoo was scandalized one day recently when some sharp eyed tatters noticed the simultaneous disappearance of Clara, one of the young wild gray geese recently given to the zoo, and Brigham Young, the little Black Spanish game rooster whose wild ways have deprived him of the competence of the best classes in the fowl house.

It came out that Brigham Young and Clara were out in the park together. Chief Keeper Snyder, who went on their trail as soon as he heard about their disappearance, got wind of them near the alligator pool. A black wing feather by the eagle cages also showed that B. Young had been there. He had lost the feather trying to converse with a South American condor.

Then he went on up the path, walking in a manner that said that he thought himself a pretty fine fellow. The little wild gray goose seemed to be extremely proud of him.

It was about here that the little gray goose felt such a thrill of freedom and life that she quacked in her coarse, uncultured voice, and abruptly left the earth for a flight in the air.

Chicago Woman Maid for Her Hostess



ST. LOUIS.—While a score of invitations were on their way from Mrs. James Howe's beautiful Swiss chalet in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, to attend a five hundred club party and luncheon recently, Mrs. Howe's serving maid announced her resignation, to take effect immediately.

The dire news reached the hostess as she was dressing to receive her guests. "What's the matter?" called Mrs. C. Gregory Fleckenstein, Mrs. Howe's guest, from the room where she was putting on her white lingerie gown. Mrs. Howe told her. Mrs. Fleckenstein, whose home is in Chicago, was to be the guest of honor at the club party. But this had not been announced. Nor was she acquainted with those whom she was to meet.

"Let me be serving maid," she said promptly. "I think I can do almost as well as a real one. Where is my costume?" She hurried downstairs and returned in a dainty white

Stevenson's Grandson Finds Treasure



SAN FRANCISCO.—When little Louis Osborne, the eight-year-old son of Lloyd Osborne, novelist and stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, armed himself with his midget shovel and went out on a sand hill near his home here to dig a few days ago he had visions of finding treasure. This is not an unusual thing for the lad, for he has not heard his father's illustrious stepfather talked about without getting some spirit of adventure of the author of "Treasure Island" fixed in his mind.

So while Louis dug he hummed "Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho! Yo! and a Bottle of Rum."

Praises Traits of His Dog in Rhyme

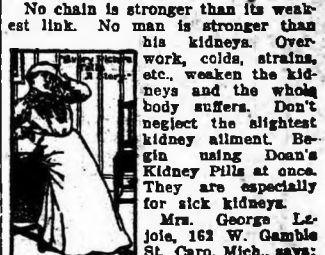


CHICAGO.—The muse of poetry was invoked recently by Isadore Herman on behalf of his dog Rover, who had gotten into trouble through carelessly inserting his teeth in the leg of little Israel Stern, son of Eli Stern, a neighbor.

Stern, on behalf of little Israel, filed suit in the municipal court against Herman, asking \$1,000 damages for the punctures which Rover inflicted on his son's leg. Herman, in response to Stern's complaint, came back with the following petition to the court:

"Defendant denies that said dog is or was of a savage disposition or a vicious temper, not even in dog days, but, on the contrary, defendant avers that said Rover has always borne a good reputation among his neighbors, pals and associates in the community in which he resides for being a peace-

WRAK KIDNEY WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.



No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys. Mrs. George Lejola, 163 W. Gamble St., Caro, Mich., says: "I had lost in health until I was a mere shadow of my former self and too weak to stand more than a few minutes at a time. My rest was broken and my nervous system shattered. Had Doan's Kidney Pills not come to my attention, I firmly believe I would be in my grave. They cured me after doctors had failed."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBurg Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



SHOULD HAVE BEEN BUSY. Old Lady—What are you crying about, my little man? Kid—Nothin'. Old Lady—Nothin? Kid—Yes. Me teacher ast me what I was doin' an' I told her nothin', and she said I pught a been doin' sumthin'—an' give me a lickin'.

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old.

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kierman, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

Merely a Prevaricator. A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers. "No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

Wife and Country. Paul D. Cravath, the noted New York lawyer said at a luncheon at the Lawyers' club: "Vacation time is here, and already that dreadful song about the wife gone to the country is being resurrected. But a variant to the song was furnished by a conversation I heard the other night. "Hello, Smith, said one man to another. 'I'm glad to see you back at the club again, old fellow. Wife off to the country, eh?' "No," growled Smith. 'She's got back!'"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Buy Always Bought.

The Ready Theorist. "You see," explained the scientist, "house flies are dangerous because they carry germs on their feet." "Ah!" exclaimed the ready theorist; "then the remedy is simple. All you need to do is to make them wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in."

A woman's idea of an intelligent man is one who can tell whether or not her hat is on straight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the stomach, loosens the bowels, and cures all kinds of colic.

No other man appreciates a helping hand like a man in trouble.

Murder Without Malice. The dean of the Suffolk School of Law, Boston, sends us the following gem from a freshman examination paper: "Where murder is committed without malice aforethought it is a case of manslaughter."—The Green Bag.

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, payable in advance.....\$1 00
Six months.....50
Three months.....25

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, 25 cents per year
Resolutions of Respect, \$1 00
Card of Thanks, 25 cents.
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, AUGUST 5, 1910.

United Action Necessary to Secure New Depot

The executive committee of the Plymouth Improvement Association held a session a week or two ago—yes, they did—and appointed a committee of three, consisting of J. D. McLaren, S. O. Hudd and F. W. Beals, to confer with P. M. railroad authorities relative to the removal or non-removal of the old depot building and also to induce them if possible to put up a new building in place of the present old ramshackle.

Mr. Beals visited President Cotter in his office at Detroit, a day or two ago and the gentleman informed him that he had as yet received no reports of any kind on the matter in hand and that it was very unlikely any changes would be made in Plymouth this year. From another source it was intimated that the passenger business of Plymouth was an immaterial consideration, but that the officials were anxious to take care of the people who were compelled to change cars here for other points.

But public sentiment accomplishes a great deal, and we are very much pleased that the Improvement Association has taken the matter up. The village council should also become a factor in the matter, as well as the people of the village generally. Plymouth needs a new depot, in keeping with the progress of the rest of the village, and we believe a united effort by the people will accomplish something. It's worth trying for, anyhow, and the preliminaries should be started now.

And while matters are going along in this direction, the board of health should get busy and compel the railroad people to place the present building with its contiguous closets in a sanitary condition at once. It's in an abominable state and a menace to public health. No further delay should be allowed.

Walk to Cemetery Wanted

At the regular session of the council Tuesday evening, the matter of building a sidewalk from Main street to the cemetery was informally considered. While the members of the council believe the walk is very much needed, they wish to go slow in the matter on account of the expense involved. Considerable "filling in" will have to be done, but Mr. Gilman Beals says he will donate all the dirt needed. Most of the distance is outside the corporation and if a walk is built the entire expense of this section will have to be borne by the village. The members of the council think the township board could reasonably assist in the matter, and an effort will be made to have them do this.

So far as can be learned, there is no opposition by any one to the building of the walk and the council might go on with the matter without fear of incurring the displeasure of the taxpayers. The improvement is needed—has been needed for many years. There is money in the treasury and why should it not be used for this purpose? It's none to soon to begin now, if a walk is to be built this fall. Let the council authorize the improvement.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

During a terrific electric storm Monday evening, the barn on the farm of Norman Miller, four miles west of town, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, together with the contents. Mr. Miller and his hired man were in the barn at the time and say the fire seemed to break out all over immediately after the crash. Both men were somewhat stunned, but went to work to get out the cattle and horses, which they succeeded in doing. However, some 300 bushels of wheat, as many of oats, 60 tons of hay and many farm tools and machinery were destroyed, involving a total loss of about \$3,000, on which there was an insurance of \$700.

The fire was a hot one and as the barns were situated near the house, it was feared that would burn, too, and preparations were made to move out the furniture. But it was found unnecessary, good work by neighbors preventing the fire from doing further damage.

A large sile was blown down by the strong wind which prevailed just a few minutes before the barn was struck.

Have you tried our liner ads?

O. F. Stevens Found Dead.

The Elkhart (Ind.) Review of July 27th contains the following account of the death of O. F. Stevens, of Detroit. Mr. Stevens was a brother of Arthur Stevens and brother-in-law of E. S. Cook of Plymouth. The funeral of the deceased occurred last Saturday afternoon at his home in Detroit, relatives from here being in attendance. Mr. Stevens was a resident of Plymouth many years ago.

O. F. Stevens, a Detroit traveling salesman, died of apoplexy while alone in his room at the Depot hotel some time after 3 o'clock this morning. Mr. Stevens, who was 62 years of age and traveled for the Cleveland Burial Case Co., was well known in Elkhart, as he had been coming here every five weeks for twenty-eight years.

W. W. Guyer, proprietor of the hotel, on going to the unfortunate man's room a little after six o'clock found him lying dead on the floor, after the night clerk had visited his room and surmised that Mr. Stevens had merely selected the floor as a cool place for sleeping.

A feature that injects mystery into the death is the fact that the deceased had remained out until 2 a. m., after taking supper at the hotel dining room. All Elkhartans who were acquainted with him declare him to be a man of exceptionally good habits, and Mr. Guyer says that Mr. Stevens, who had made the hotel his headquarters for twenty-five years, had always made it a practice to return to the hotel before midnight.

Mr. Stevens arrived in the city yesterday afternoon and sold a bill of goods to C. Walley and Son, undertakers, with whom he had been acquainted personally ever since he began traveling for the casket firm. After making the sale, Mr. Stevens bade Mr. Walley good-by, and stated that he would be back in the morning if he failed to put in his appearance after supper.

He went from the undertaking parlors to the hotel, took supper and left shortly after six o'clock. He held a short conversation with Mr. Guyer, telling him that the extreme heat seemed to be affecting him quite seriously and that he wasn't feeling very well as a result. He had been a sufferer from heart trouble for several years according to reports.

After leaving the hotel nothing was seen of Mr. Stevens until he put in an appearance at about 2 a. m. The night clerk stated that he went up to his room, remained about ten minutes and again came down stairs and went out on the street. He returned to the hotel at about 3 o'clock and went to his room.

The night clerk went up to call him at 6 a. m. and found him lying on the floor. Thinking that he had chosen to sleep there he thought but little of the affair. Mr. Guyer arrived shortly after and when a woman employe came down and reported that the man was ill, he went up to the room and found him dead.

He had evidently been sitting in a chair and fell over on the floor when he was stricken, alighting on one side, where he remained. Mr. Guyer summoned a physician and later in the morning Coroner Stauffer was called.

The deceased is survived by a wife and one son living in Detroit.

W. C. T. U.

The meeting next week Thursday, Aug. 11, will be in charge of Mrs. Mabel Penney and Mrs. Maud Bennett. The subject will be Fresh Air Missions and the Life and Work of Lady Henry Somerset. It may be that our President will be with us at that meeting.

The mayor of Des Moines, Ia., refused to give an address of welcome to a recent liquor dealers' gathering in that city. In the old days it used to be the W. C. T. U. that was refused an official welcome. Times have changed.

Let us never forget that the World's W. C. T. U. with its hundreds of thousands of members is made up of all the local unions of which ours is one.

Supt. Press.

Deputy Sheriff Springer was called to Monroe yesterday to assist in the identification of a negro, who is suspected of killing Sheriff Dull of Monroe county. The Sheriff attempted to arrest a negro for robbery, when the black man pulled a gun and fired three shots at the sheriff, fatally wounding him. Large posses of citizens of Monroe and vicinity immediately started out on a search for the murderer, and two suspects have been placed under arrest. Identification seems difficult.

A gentleman was before the council Tuesday evening with a proposition to place name signs at all street corners and to number all houses, the work to be done for \$100. The members think the proposition very reasonable and may accept it at the next meeting. It would look very civilized, no doubt. But street signs are most needed.

Mrs. Edwin Heywood suddenly becoming dizzy Monday evening, fell against the fence at her home, the force of the fall breaking the bones of her left arm and otherwise bruising her severely. Drs. Cooper and Peck are attending her, but give very little hope for her recovery from the shock on account of her age.

Plymouth Progress

CHURCH NEWS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

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

METHODIST.

Rev. E. King, Pastor. Regular morning service at 10 a. m. Preaching by the pastor. Sunday-school at 11:30. You are invited to the services.

Fourth quarterly conference next Tuesday evening at 7:30 at the parsonage. Dr. Allen will conduct it.

PRESBYTERIAN.

On Monday evening next, Aug. 8th, will be held in the church parlors a congregational meeting for the purpose of extending a call to Rev. B. F. Farber of Germantown, Pa. Let every member be present.

Sunday-school services next Sunday morning at the usual hour.

LUTHERAN.

Rev. O. Peters, Pastor. Services Sunday morning at 9:30 standard time. Sunday-school at 11 standard.

The ladies' aid meeting for July will be held after the morning services. All members are requested to be present as there is some important business to transact.

Live Stock at the State Fair

There is perhaps no branch of the great Michigan state fair in which the music of all the departments is more in harmony, each humming merrily those little ditties of enterprise set to the tune of certain success, than in the live stock department.

For some years the management has been aiming to unify this department more fully, looking toward a larger and more complete and satisfactory exhibit. Their efforts seem about to materialize. Never in the history of the state fair has such enthusiasm been displayed by exhibitors and department heads. Every live stock superintendent has been selected with an idea of exact fitness for his position and President Postal seems to have made no mistake in his selections.

A careful, systematic canvass is being made by this department to secure an exhibit, every animal of which will be worth a prize. The general superintendent is determined that no unworthy animal shall find a place in the barns this year. Many new improvements are being made which will add to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of both visitor and exhibitor and increase the utility of the department.

Four new barns are now being erected, one for sheep, one for swine, and two for horses, which, when completed, it is believed, will provide for all desirable entries.

Each live stock superintendent will be provided with a separate office conveniently located to his department and will be required to keep his office open and ready for business from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. each day of the fair. Improvements will be made in the barns now in use that will surely be appreciated.

We have the promise of the largest and best horse exhibits ever held in the middle west and lovers of both harness and draft horses will find enjoyment here. We have promise of some of the very best show cattle herds that are in existence and we want you to come and see them. The high price of both sheep and swine have stimulated interest in this branch of the live stock industry to an almost unprecedented degree. At the Michigan state fair the finest specimens of the several breeds will be found as some of the most noted herds and flocks of the United States will be here. All in the live stock show of 1910 Michigan state fair is sure to go down in history as one of the bright spots of the century's efforts. Don't miss us, for you will regret it if you do.

According to an opinion rendered by the supreme court last week Thursday, a township is held responsible when an accident occurs on a bridge improperly protected by railings. The supreme court also holds that the owner of a traction engine may be held responsible when fires originate from a threshing machine.

Upon the advice of the Prosecuting Attorney's office the case against Oren Smith, charged by Mrs. Julie Stewart with threatening her life, was dismissed by Justice Valentine. The matter grew out of differences between the two parties with respect to a lease of the Stewart farm.

A balloon to which was attached a basket containing two persons passed over the village Tuesday about noon, and attracted some attention from persons who noticed its flight. The ascension was made at Jackson and the balloon came down in a farm yard near Mt. Clemens.

An ordinary case of diarrhoea can, as a rule, be cured by a single dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This remedy has no superior for bowel complaints. For sale by all dealers.

Coming, Monday, Aug. 8

In Tent South of the Plymouth House, One Week.

Sharpsteen Concert and Comedy Co.



A man of Mystery is among you. He has more surprises for you than any man ever in your town before.

Go and see for yourself. A surprise every night. Don't miss it.

Money is no object. I stand the expense. Have also a refined,

clean entertainment, catering to Ladies and gentlemen.

TWO HOURS OF SOLID FUN.

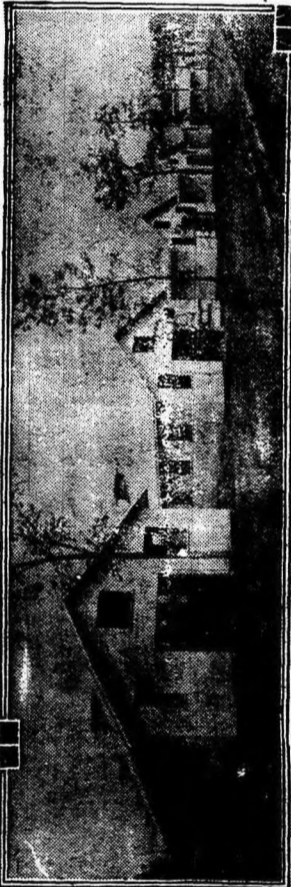


Admission Monday Night is Free to All

Entire Week, Commencing August 8th

SPEED BARN AT FAIR

New barns are being built this year, in addition to this equipment.



A PRIZE WINNER.

The cattle and sheep section of the State Fair, Sept. 19-24th, will be very strong this year. Two new barns are building.



The Masonic lodges of Michigan have undertaken a campaign to build a new home for the aged members, to cost about \$200,000, to replace the one burned at Grand Rapids. Provision for the care of widows and orphans will be considered. The place at which the new home will be located has not yet been decided upon.



Come and have your Eyes properly examined to a pair of

Kryptok Bifocals

They afford the most comfort over all others. Also the TORIC-LENSE, which will increase the ray of light and comfort the field of vision. Do not wait any longer to have your eyes examined. We will do that FREE of charge and will tell you just what you need best for your eyes. Come and see us now.

Complete Line of Jewelry of all Kinds.

Also Automobile Glasses. Prices Reasonable.

LEVON J. FATTAL,

Next door D. U. R. Waiting Room. OPTOMETRIST

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

Pere Marquette

—ON—

Sund'y, Aug. 7

—TO—

DETROIT

Train will leave Plymouth at 11:15 a. m. Returning leave Detroit at 6:15 p. m.

ROUND-TRIP FARE

25c.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE

Pere Marquette

ON

Sunday, Aug. 14

TO

GREENVILLE

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. Returning, leave Greenville at 6:00 p. m.

To ISLAND LAKE.....\$0.35
To LANSING.....1.00
To GRAND LEDGE.....1.25
To IONIA.....1.50
To BELDING-GREENVILLE...1.75

TRY MAIL LINERS



Thos. F. Farrell

FOR

COUNTY CLERK.

Vote for his renomination at the primaries Sept. 6.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office hours—Until 9 A. M. to 2;
after 7 P. M.

OFFICE OVER RAUCH'S STORE
Bell Phone 36; Local 20.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL

Office and Residence, Ann Arbor St.
first house west of Main street.

Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Independent Phone No. 45.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street,
next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after
Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

Detroit United Lines

Plymouth Time Table

EAST BOUND.

For Detroit via Wayne 5:40 a. m. and every hour to 7:30 p. m.; also 9:45 p. m. changing at Wayne To Wayne only 11:30.

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:05 a. m. (Sun days excepted); 7:10 a. m. and every hour to 9:30 p. m.; also 10:45 p. m. and 12:25 a. m. Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:45 a. m. (from Michigan car barn); also 6:30 a. m. and every hour to 7:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m. changing cars at Wayne. Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:30 a. m. and every hour to 8:30 p. m.; also 10:10 p. m. and 12 midnight. Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

Robinson's Livery

Sutton Street

G. A. GITTINS & CO.

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Free Delivery. Phone No. 13

Every article guaranteed or money refunded.

Get your Fruits and Vegetables where they are always fresh.

FRUITS VEGETABLES

Oranges, 35c and 50c doz.
Bananas, 20c doz.
Peaches, 10c basket.
Water Melons, 40c each.
Berries (prices subject to change)

Celery, 10c bunch.
String Beans.
Onions.
Beets.
Potatoes 25c pk.

Grape Juice, cool and refreshing, 15c, 25c, 45c bot.

Always get your Coffee here. The Kar-a-Van arrives fresh every week, from 18c to 35c lb.

A BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 25c.

Ask about it.

Threshing Coal

Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,
CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

Local News

H. A. Roe of Flint spent Sunday in Plymouth.

Mrs. L. C. Hough has a new Maxwell automobile.

Van Sweet was a Sunday visitor at Dr. Campbell's.

Oro Brown is home from Detroit with a sprained ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Markham were in town Saturday.

Miss Iva Sockow spent Sunday with her parents in Superior.

Milton Moore of Chicago visited at E. C. Hough's this week.

Harry Brown and Miss Lelia Murray spent Sunday near Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Edgar Wood is helping in J. R. Rauch's store during his sale.

Miss Inez Cole of Fowlerville spent Sunday with Mrs. J. R. Rauch.

Mrs. Minerva Wilson of Detroit is visiting friends here this week.

C. C. Allen and family have moved into their new home on Mill street.

Mrs. Fannie Mott visited her daughter in Detroit a few days this week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Travis are spending a couple of weeks at Base Lake.

Raymond P. Buck of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Eugene Campbell.

Eugene Riggs and son Howard of Pontiac spent Sunday at E. L. Riggs'.

Miss Florence Calkins of Grand Rapids visited at Harry Shattuck's this week.

Miss Irma McKaskill of Bay City was a week end visitor at Dr. S. E. Campbell's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson are camping at Walled Lake for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. E. Kinney left Wednesday for Detroit and Findlay, Ohio, to visit her niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wright of Beech visited Mr. and Mrs. Will Sockow Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ableson of Lansing were in town a couple of days this week.

Geo. Delker of Detroit and Mrs. Earl Finkbeiner of Dayton, Ohio, were in town Tuesday.

Asa Joy received word Tuesday of the death of his brother, Warren Joy, of Portland, Ore.

W. T. Riggs of Reed City was in town Monday on his way home from New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown of Detroit visited the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cole Sunday.

Mrs. Herbert Finton and little daughter of Ypsilanti spent last Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hillmer.

Rev. and Mrs. E. King return today (Friday) from Ontario where they have been spending their vacation.

Mrs. Charles Riggs is camping at Walled Lake for a couple of weeks with her sister and family from Detroit.

Albert Gates, rural mail carrier on Route 4 is taking his vacation and Miss Lettie Anderson is taking his place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Platt and daughter of Grand Rapids are visiting Mrs. Helen J. Miller and Mrs. Ella King.

Will Arthur and wife and Allie and Fred Warner and Nick Promenachenke and wife are camping at Walled Lake.

Mrs. E. R. Daggett and daughter, Mrs. Robt. Shingleton are visiting points in the east for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Homer E. Safford and children of Detroit, who have been visiting at R. C. Safford's, returned home Monday.

Dr. E. E. Caster left Thursday for New York city and will meet his daughter, who is visiting in Philadelphia.

Miss Clara Patterson is taking a vacation from her duties in the postoffice and Mrs. I. N. Dickerson is filling her place.

Helen Roe returned Monday from a two weeks' visit in Detroit. Ralph Norton, her cousin, accompanied her home.

Mrs. W. O. Allen, Miss Minnie Heide and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Burgess have gone to Walled Lake to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burrows of Detroit and Miss Mabel Wallace of New York city spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burrows.

Miss Lucile Lincoln, the talented young singer from Detroit, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peterhans, this week.

The remains of Mrs. Emily Jane Whipple were brought here Saturday night from Owasco and buried Sunday in Riverside cemetery.

Mrs. Jane Conner, Miss Mary Conner and Miss Wheeler returned home Monday from Walled Lake, where they had been the past two weeks.

J. M. Robertson (of the firm of Robertson-Cull-Gordon wholesale lace and fancy dry goods merchants of Toronto, Canada) with his wife, visited his sister, Mrs. Frank Beale, this week.

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

Lafayette Dean has returned from a month's trip in the East.

Morris J. Smith is visiting his son John at Wixom this week.

Mrs. Moody of Flint visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peterhans this week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Quackenbush, Aug. 3rd, a ten pound girl.

Mrs. R. E. Rogers of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. Peck.

Felix Freydl and family are camping at Walled Lake for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies returned home Monday night from her European trip.

Miss Helen Howlett of Ypsilanti is visiting her cousin, Miss Leone Shattuck.

Miss Amelia Peterhans of Cleveland visited her brothers, J. C. and Geo. C., here this week.

Mrs. S. M. Gilchrist of Yale visited at M. A. Rowe's on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Special meeting of the Methodist ladies' aid at close of morning service Sunday, Aug. 8th.

Miss Blanche Eagin of Youngstown, Ohio, was the guest of Miss Mabel Spicer over Sunday.

Mrs. E. H. Lincoln and daughter of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peterhans, this week.

Frank Tousey and family returned Monday from White Lake, where they had been camping the past week.

Thomas Thompson, west of town, threshed 700 bushels of No. 1 wheat from 18 acres of land. Who can beat this?

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sheldon and son Millard of Cheboygan are spending part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller.

Evered Jolliffe, Robert Jolliffe and Orson Polley left Tuesday for a trip to Cleveland, Buffalo and Toronto, to be gone about a week.

Miss Grace Lundy underwent an operation on her throat last Sunday morning, Dr. Henry doing the work, assisted by Dr. Turner, both of Northville.

Yesterday was Gladys Felt's birthday and she was pleasantly reminded of the fact by some of her young friends, who spent a few hours of the afternoon at her home.

Mrs. E. C. Leach and Madeline Bennett returned home Sunday night from a ten days' trip to Walled Lake.

E. K. Bennett, who has been spending a month there, returned with them.

A silo on the Bert Stuart farm was blown down during the terrific wind storm last Monday evening. Much damage was done in this vicinity to shade and fruit trees and growing crops.

Leave orders for Peony roots before Aug. 15th. Cora L. Pelham, phone 103.

NOTICE.—The council has extended the collection of general and paving taxes until Sept. 1st. Water tax must be paid by Aug. 10th, or water will be shut off. C. H. RATHBURN, Treas.

A well known Des Moines woman after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

What makes a more suitable present than a subscription to the "Youth's Companion?" A weekly—\$1.75 a year. FRANK W. BEALS, Special Representative, Plymouth, Michigan

Auction Sale. The undersigned will sell at public auction on the premises on South Main street, Plymouth, on Saturday, Aug. 6, at 1 o'clock p. m., household goods of all kinds and some farm implements.—Almost new cook stove, New Process gasoline stove, good cornsheller, cultivator, grindstone, good phaeton, etc. Terms cash. JAMES BOYD, Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

THE MARKETS

Wheat, red, \$.95; white \$.95
Hay, \$10.00 to \$12.00 No. 1 Timothy.
Oats, 35c.
Rye, 65c.
Beans, basis \$2.00
Potatoes,
Butter, 25c.
Eggs, 18c.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion.

FOR SALE—The W. F. Markham homestead property, located at the corner of N. Main and Welsh streets. P. W. VOORHIES.

FOR SALE—Two top buggies. Call at Lovenda Green's.

Lost.—A gold hat-pin engraved with letter O, in north end of town, or on the road from the west via Phoenix mill. Will finder please leave at Mail office or Gayde Bros. and get reward.

FOR SALE.—Good base burner stove, used but two seasons. Reason for selling—going to put in furnace. CHAS. MATHER.

FOR SALE.—Coal stove, been used one season only. Enquire H. W. Baker

FOR SALE CHEAP—A house and lot on Deer st. Also house, barn and two lots on Forest ave., all in good repair. Enquire Mrs. Rose Johnston, 742 15th st., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE.—Grand, upright piano, mahogany case, in good condition. HARRY EVANS.

FOR SALE.—House and lot on Harvey street. Enquire Fred Hubbard.

Try The Mail want column.



Good Tea and Coffee

JUST ARRIVED,

New Crop Comprador Tea, 50c.

The choicest early Spring Leaf, from the finest districts of Japan, and its careful preparation preserves its flavor and its delicacy throughout the season. Once tried, always used.

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery



A SELF-MADE GROCERY MAN

must be pretty well made up to meet and please the demands of the grocery public. His success is due to the utmost pains-taking in caring for the little favors of his customers. That is why we are being recognized as the "People's Grocers," for the minute details of the public are well taken care of.

SUMMER GROCERIES

Butter, Cheese, Roast Beef, Corned Beef, Potted Ham, Salmon, Sardines, Canned Goods, Breakfast Cereals, Cookies, etc., are stocking our shelves to overflowing and all of the highest quality and lowest prices. Just make out a list of hot weather groceries and hand it us for prompt delivery and be convinced.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Every Day.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

Both 'phones. Free Delivery.

GALE'S.



We Deliver all Orders

For green or dry groceries as promptly as we promise. No matter whether your purchase be little or large, you can count on getting it when we say you will.

THE GOOD THINGS TO EAT

You can buy here will never lose zest because of long waiting for them. All possible promptness is our rule.

Buy a Bottle of San-Jak for Kidney and Stomach Trouble

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE

SEE THE NEW GASOLINE WINDMILL

It's different and better than a windmill for pumping in lots of way—forgetting entirely its other uses. It's ready for instant use when you get it. Five common nuts make all connections to your pump.

31 Strokes a Minute

Each one exerting a straight-up-and-down lift of half a ton. This is strong enough to pull water out of any well that a standard pump will handle. You need no cement foundations, no tower, no special platform, no pump-jack, no belts or pulleys, no special fixings of any kind. All you need is the gasoline, and that you can buy. You can't buy wind for your windmills.

R. G. SAMSEN,

Agent, Plymouth.

KODAKS

Take a Kodak with You

Make the most of Every Outing by keeping a Kodak record of your trip.

Kodaks..... \$5.00 to \$111.00
Brownies..... 1.00 to \$12.00

G. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

Maxwell Automobiles

GOODRICH, M. & W. AND AJAX TIRES.

Automobile Accessories

AUTOMOBILE AND TIRE REPAIRING BY E. DURANT AT

Conner Hdw. Co., Ltd.

A Trip to PAULO AFFONSO FALLS in Brazil

By H. W. FURNISS



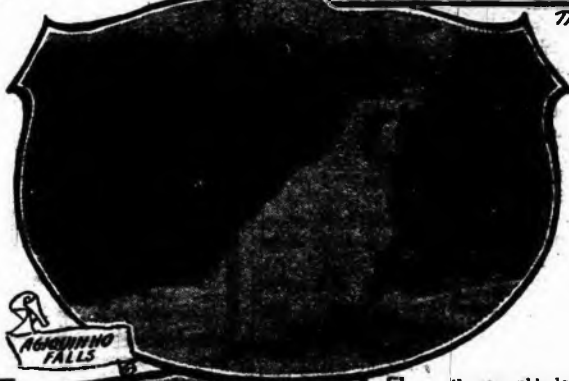
THE QUAY AT PENEDO

FEW tourists ever have more than a glance of a very small section of Brazil, as they travel by large steamers which only touch at the more important coast cities and they accept, without question, the volunteered advice of resident fellow-countrymen who have never traveled in the interior of the country. These speak as if from personal knowledge, though in reality falsely, of the difficulties, if not danger, to such travel.

Though there is individuality in all cities, more striking in some than in others, yet after all, as a result of civilization, there is so marked a similarity that one soon tires of most foreign cities. This monotony seldom extends to travel in the interior of a country, at least not in Brazil, which abounds in enchanting scenery, remarkable plants, flowers and animals, and marvelous works of nature, giving to the traveler a new sensation at every turn. Such is the effect of a trip to the Paulo Affonso falls.

To reach Paulo Affonso falls it is necessary to take a coastwise vessel from Pernambuco or Bahia to Penedo, about 30 miles up the wonderful San Francisco river, which is navigable, except for a short distance on both sides of the falls, for over 1,000 miles into Brazil, and is full of interest from mouth to source.

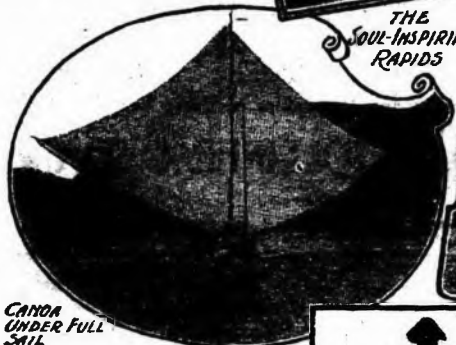
Penedo is the second largest city in the state



AGUINHOS FALLS



THE SOUL-INSPIRING RAPIDS



CANOA UNDER FULL SAIL



COYBOY OF THE PAULO AFFONSO DISTRICT



PIRANHAS Looking toward Paulo Affonso

of Alagoas. Almost opposite Penedo is the ancient town of Villa-Nova in the state of Sergipe. The town is said to have once been an important place, but now chiefly consists of tumble-down houses. A large rice-hulling factory is, however, located here, also large cotton-seed and castor-oil factories and a cotton gin. The products of these factories are shipped to nearby towns.

From Penedo to Piranhas, the head of navigation of the lower San Francisco, or that part of the river below the falls district, one has choice of making the trip either by small double-decked light-draft stern-wheel steamer, which makes a round trip once a week, or by a locally built native sailboat called "canoa."

Canoa is Portuguese (the language of Brazil) for canoe, which it resembles in outline, but differs therefrom in having in the forward third a peculiarly shaped palm-leaf-thatched cabin with dove-cot-like windows painted a dark color, contrasting with the other woodwork. Other than a shelf-like affair running around on a level with the windows and used either as seat or bunk, an occasional warrants, the cabin has no furnishings. The rest of the boat, except an area over the rudder on which stands the helmsman, and the small space occupied by a built-in box filled with sand, on which the cooking is done, is utilized as cargo space and is sufficient to carry from 10 to 20 horses or oxen, packed crosswise like sardines.

The size and character of the boat does not appeal to our idea of a canoe. Such a boat, with its crew of two men, can be chartered at a reasonable figure, while frequently a passage can be arranged for at a reduction on steamer rates.

Whether to take steamer or canoa is difficult to advise; that would depend upon the temperament of the traveler, the company and the circumstances. In the various trips of the writer, steamer or canoa has been used, in accord with mood or necessity. As to time, one method is about as quick as the other, each consuming two days in going the 150 miles and like time in returning. The steamer remains at Piranhas but one day, so that, unless it is desired to consume a week in the neighborhood of the falls, the canoa offers the truly quick return to Penedo. On the steamer meals are procurable, while on the canoa provisions must be supplied by the voyager or arranged for with the captain. In either case it is wise to take some prepared food, as the cooks make chiefly native dishes, which require an educated palate for appreciation. Whether by steamer or canoa, unless mosquito proof, one must of necessity have a mosquito bar; a hammock or camp bed is a wise provision. In the daytime mosquitoes are not troublesome, but with the setting of the sun, when the boats usually tie up for the night, they become excessively annoying.

Voyage by canoa is both romantic and thrilling. Every day, commencing at ten o'clock, off Penedo, a stiff breeze arises and blows upstream with such force that the canoa, with their large sails spread, resembling at a distance huge hats, seem to fly upstream, frequently with such speed as to overtake and pass the steamer, which has left some time before. The river is practically straight, and the farther up one goes the more

and Gararu, in the state of Sergipe, and S. Braz, Traipu and Pao d'Assucar, in the state of Alagoas. All of these places are of sufficient interest to warrant short stops. They are the river ports of large sections in which cotton, beans, corn, rice and cattle are raised in large quantities. Rice is chiefly raised along the river itself and in ponds formed adjacent thereto when the river is in freshet.

Pao d'Assucar is so called because of a large hill on the river front which resembles a sugar loaf, but, unfortunately for the town, it acts as a barrier to the wind and causes the sand to be thrown up in such quantities that the portion of the town adjacent thereto has to be periodically excavated.

Piranhas is a picturesque village built in terraces around the curve of a practically barren hill. At this point one hears much of the "piranhas," or scissor fish, a terror along the whole San Francisco river, though said to be in greater numbers here than elsewhere. This fish has a peculiar shaped head with serrated teeth bent backward. It is of carnivorous propensities, frequently attacking and biting pieces of animals which go down to the river to drink. Even men are said to have been victims to it.

From Piranhas there is a railroad to Jatoba, 71 miles distant, where navigation for the upper San Francisco is resumed. A little more than half way to Jatoba is the Falls Station, a desolate place with only a closed station house surrounded by a thicket, travel to the falls being too light to warrant even a caretaker. It is best, therefore, to stop at Pedras, a small village reached just before the station. Here guides, horses and food can be procured for the rest of the journey, which will take from two to three hours' riding.

The ride to the falls is best made very early in the morning, otherwise the heat is so intense that the trip would not be enjoyable. The road is frequently through dense thickets in which are found oncas (fox color), small wild cats, deer, peccary (cavoa aperea) a ratlike animal hunted by the natives, wild hog (dicotyles), several varieties of small monkeys and birds. Here parrots, paroquets, wild pigeons and doves occur in flocks. In the dry season snakes, particularly rattlesnakes, are seen in great numbers, doubtless due to the drying up of the short, stiff grass, which renders them more visible.

Paulo Affonso seems to have moods, its appearance markedly differing with the seasons, or, more properly speaking, with the volume of water in the river, which is dependent upon season. The writer has made the trip there at the three

principal stages of the river and notes that the cataract itself does not change much in form as a result of volume of water. However, when the river is in freshet additional cataracts are formed by the water passing through the ravines, which at other times are dry, and leaping over the high cliff direct into the lower whirlpool. The rapids, on the contrary, are materially changed by any deviation in the volume of water and, were they approachable when the river is high, they would doubtless be devoid of the great beauty which characterizes them at other periods.

The ideal time to visit the falls is just after the river has fallen sufficiently to allow one to cross the numerous rocky ravines through which, when the river is high, water is rushing, preventing a near approach to the true river bed and the falls. Soon after the freshet, which is from November to March, the grass springs up and the plants burst into bloom. Gaudy colors then predominate, from the deep yellow of the trumpet flower, the reds and blues of other plants, the beautiful pink flower of the "cebolilla brava," which, when eaten causes the death of so many animals, to the black seed pod of the "blackwood" bush and the exquisite white bloom of the "cereus" which pops open at night, exhaling its delicate but penetrating odor. After a few weeks the dry season sets in. The grass and ephemeral flowering plants are then scorched by the sun, leaving only a few hardy bushes and the cacti.

Consisting as it does of a succession of rapids ending in a fall, opinion differs as to which point about Paulo Affonso one should first visit. To the writer the most beautiful and awe-inspiring portion is the rapids. One in viewing them realizes the truth of the words of a noted traveler, that "if Niagara be the monarch of cataracts, Paulo Affonso is assuredly the king of rapids." Either as rapids or falls, it stands unique. It has none of the artificial surroundings of Niagara, neither parks, houses, nor work of man. Instead, it remains unadorned, as it has been for centuries, with its almost barren banks standing like walls and more resembling cast iron than, as they are in reality, rock painted black by the iron and manganese held in solution by the water when the river is in freshet.

Living near the falls are a few men who, knowing the most accessible footpaths to the various points of interest, will act as guides for a small fee. However, they are not obtrusive or insistent in proffering their services; on the contrary, one has to make inquiry to find them.

The falls are slightly crescentic in form. The main body of water rushes down the steep incline of the last rapids to the Mal da Cachoeira, where it hurls itself with great momentum against a steep black wall directly in front of it, rebounds, swirling, churning and foaming, only to be pushed over the abyss, at a right angle to its original course, by the dancing, foaming waters of the Angiquinho before the water can recover its natural appearance. The width of the river at this point is about 50 feet, and the depth of the water at the base of the falls is given as 86 feet. The river then rushes straight on for a few hundred feet, only to be hurled back by a rock wall 300 feet high, forming the lower whirlpool, from which it finally escapes at a right angle and passes for some miles through a narrow gorge.

The guide next leads one to the river above, where, hemmed in by low banks of black rock, it is broad and quiet, with nothing to suggest the turbulent waters just left. Continuing upstream, one sees numerous islands, mere rocks projecting like monuments from the water, and notes that already the water has commenced to hurry.

A short distance below the river makes its first leap of 30 feet. This is followed by the "Valvem de Cima" (upper come and go), a miniature whirlpool, where the water ebbs and flows at oft-repeated intervals. Farther on, the rock banks of the river approach each other and through clefts in the rock the river is compressed into five narrow branches, four of which immediately start their descent by tumbling 15 or 20 feet and, becoming a mass of seething foam, rushes down the steep incline with a fury that almost causes the earth to shake and with a roar that can be heard for miles, thus forming the soul-inspiring rapids.

According to the guide, the trip to Paulo Affonso would not be complete without a visit to what he styles the wonderful "Furna do Morcego" (bats' eye). To see this one is induced to climb, crawl, and, if not very careful, fall down the zigzag path leading to the edge of the lower whirlpool where, after literally scrambling over the rubbish thrown up by it, one is conducted to the large gaping entrance to the cave. The cave itself is disappointing. It is nothing more than a large opening in the bank, and is uninteresting unless one expects the great number of vampire bats which inhabit it. These are very troublesome to the cattle raisers in the vicinity.

From the mouth of the cave one has a good view of the whirlpool, but with thoughts of the difficult climb necessary to return it is doubtful if this side trip has been worth the trouble.

BOY DODGES DEATH FOR MANY DAYS

SOLE SURVIVOR OF ONE OF THE NICARAGUAN BUTCHERIES TELLS STORY.

WOUNDED BY LEADEN HAIL

Paul Mason a Young New Yorker and Estrada Soldier, Stars into Eternity Time After Time, But Finally Escapes.

New Orleans, La.—Sole survivor of what was one of the most bloody skirmishes in the recent Nicaraguan campaign, Paul Mason, a plucky New York boy, who was a lieutenant colonel on the staff of Gen. Luis Mena, arrived here on the steamship Imperator from Bluefields. Mason has had a most remarkable series of experiences since his enlistment in the Estrada cause about five months ago, but the most thrilling have been during the last 40 days. Wounded and captured by the enemy after having made a charge into the Madriz entrenchments in the face of a galling machine gun fire; escaping death at the hands of a Madriz colonel only to be sentenced to death by that officer after a drumhead court-martial; pardoned by the Madriz commanding general, and threatened with imprisonment in Managua; left for dead in a Madriz hospital camp and so reported to his friends in Bluefields, and finally captured by the forces of General Mena and carried to Bluefields for treatment, are a few of the things which he went through.

Young Mason, who is barely twenty-four years old, arrived here, en route to New York, a subscription having been taken up by Americans in Bluefields to send him to his home. His right leg is almost useless, he having been, as he expressed it, "ham-strung" by a machine gun bullet which passed through his thigh and caused partial paralysis. He was with the unfortunate Milwaukee boy, Rosenthal, who was killed by a stray bullet in the battle of San Augustin. Young Rosenthal was an adjutant to General Corral, and it was while he was retiring under orders from his chief that he was shot and killed. The charge in which the young New Yorker was shot and captured was said to be one of the most remarkable in the fighting around Bluefields.

"I haven't the slightest idea how I ever reached the trenches alive. I had been commanding a battery of machine guns at San Augustin when



Bestwick Replied With a Shot.

General Corral ordered me and my squad of 100 men to draw the fire of a detachment of Echavarría's men, who were in a trench up a little hill. Behind this trench were machine guns which swept the hillside. I started to lead the men and went on until I reached the trench. Only four of my fellows had come with me, and when we reached the trench I ordered them to lie down. Before they could do it, they were killed. I was left alone, and as I crouched to escape the fire, my machete was shot from my hand. When I saw I was alone, I started to retire, and as I did so was shot through the thigh. Then I tried to crawl back to my battery, but before I could do that I was captured.

"One of Madriz' colonels came up with his machete and wanted to finish me for being a middle-class gringo. Four of his soldiers compelled him to desist, threatening to shoot him if he killed me. They insisted that I be tried by court-martial. This was done, and I was notified that night I should be shot at daybreak. I owe my life to General Echavarría, the commander of the Madriz forces at Rama. He had seen the charge, and when he came up to where I was lying, he shook hands with me and told me that I would not be shot, but taken back to Managua.

"For 15 days I was with the wounded prisoners back of Rama, but finally 50 of Mena's men, the vanguard of his troops, began to chase Echavarría's rear. They thought that the force was much greater, so they fed, leaving the wounded, of which I was one. I was recaptured and taken to Mena's camp and sent thence to Bluefields for treatment. It was a month before I could walk. Then Madriz' army was demoralized and their supplies cut off.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating. Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Prices.

Genuine Author's Signature

As advised with more eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32-1910.

Clever Joke of Kind King.

King Edward's good nature was illustrated the other night by a London correspondent at the Press club in New York.

"The king," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly Lord Arthur, a big burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat. "Sir," said Lord Arthur to the king, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.'

"But the king's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"Oh, let him go," he said. "If he really were a bad egg, you know, he wouldn't poach."

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money— Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

Carrying His Audience With Him. Nobody was more witty or more bitter than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client— My lord—" "Go on, sir, go on!" said Lord Ellenborough, "as far as you have proceeded hitherto the court is entirely with you."

Know How To Keep Cool?

When Summer's sun and daily toil heat the blood to an uncomfortable degree, there is nothing so comforting and cooling as a glass of

Iced Postum

served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., L.A. Seattle, Wash.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me. I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from these distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letters as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

There should. Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I thank you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggage man sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice:

"There should here be some steps."

—St. Paul Dispatch.

He knew the kid. Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family in the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a brand new one with noffin on but talcum powder."—Red Hen.

Mathematical Request. Little Mary, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God," she petitioned at the close, "make seven times six forty-eight."

"Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother.

"Cause that the way I wrote it in 'amination in school today, and I want it to be right."—Lippincott's.

Taking Father's Job. "Why should you beg? You are both young and strong."

"That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Mezzendorfer Blaetter.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Battle Creek, Mich.

A Wedding Feast

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1926, by Associated Literary Press

Peter Winboro, actor and gentleman, tapped rather hesitantly upon the door of his next neighbor, Natalie Peyton. For three months they had been harbored in Mrs. Jones' severely respectable lodging house, Natalie in the ballroom front, Winboro in the bigger chamber adjoining. Since their first meeting he had given the girl a respectful salutation at each encounter. She had answered with a nod, a smile and murmured word; nothing more. But somehow his days had been the brighter for them. It had hardly gone beyond that. Once he had ventured to lay a magazine at her door; once, also, she had sewed up daintily an untimely and annoying rent for him. He had got it carelessly just as he was starting out, and already late, so the kindness had been as real as it was trivial.

He had meant to return it in the shape of a matinee ticket. But he had found out that Miss Peyton was at work every day—their encounters had been as she came in from the shop, and he went out to dine before the theater. The shop was a bedizened place on the avenue—Peter did not know it—where fine hand-sewn custom lingerie was made. But wages were not at all proportionate to prices, so when the slack season came and there was work only for the regulars, Natalie, new to the city last autumn, found herself idle, with no friends, faint prospects and a scant board of money.

Winboro had somehow sensed the situation—helped, perhaps, by hearing her move about her room in daylight. Her face, too, had a subtly terrified look, though she held herself straighter than ever, and smiled as brightly at him. "She's game—as game as she's good," he told himself upon a certain bright Sunday afternoon. "Hanged if I don't chuck the Blanton crush, and take her for a walk—and to dinner afterward."

Youth loves company the same as misery. Natalie, young and miser-



Tapped Rather Hesitantly Upon the Door.

able, went without demur, though she had been bred to the strictest social observances. Neither did she balk at the suggestion of dinner.

"It's a risk—I am truly frightfully hungry," she warned him, with a smile that was piteously brave.

It was memory of the smile that emboldened him, as they sat over their coffee in a quiet place, yet still far from cheap, to say, lightly touching her free hand: "Why don't you get out of all this? You don't in the least belong."

"How do you know I could get out of it?" Natalie parried.

Winboro smiled softly and flicked the ash from his cigar. Finding him silent the girl went on: "I haven't run away from adoring parents—only from a stepuncle and—well, Aunt Mary—and John—"

"I see," Winboro interrupted. "John—now, tell me all about him."

"I can't. There's nothing to tell—if there were—" Natalie cried, stopping short with a vivid blush that made Winboro smile again and shake his head.

"You'll never in the world make an actress," he said. "Those eyes of yours can tell only the truth. John is hasty—foolishly hasty. He wants to marry you out of hand. When you want to find the great adventure?"

"How do you know?" Natalie again demanded.

Winboro looked straight into her eyes, his own kindling. "I have been young—now I am—aging, if not old," he said. "Still, I have not forgotten the deliciousness of—folly. In your case—I wonder it is only folly, or some big hulking fellow six feet high, a regular football hero?"

"I—I—hate you. Take me home! At once!" Natalie said imperiously.

Winboro looked at her, his breath coming quicker. "I'm sorry you must hate me," he said. "So sorry you must hate me to a little more."

"Well!" Natalie breathed rather than said, settling back to place.

Winboro's face darkened. "You know about the Minotaur—the fabled monster that devoured yearly virgins in thousands?" he asked abruptly, then waiting for a reply he ran on: "The most of life in the fablo—only we mortals refuse to understand. So our yearly sacrifices mount up almost to millions—and some heartaches for every one of the victims, involuntary victims mostly—there's the real pity of it. How much money is there tonight betwixt you and starvation?"

"You have no right to ask—to speak to me so," Natalie cried, making to rise, though she trembled violently.

Winboro smiled grimly. "I could guess," he said. "Severe respectability is costly—and you have laid up—let me see—possibly two dollars weekly—"

"Whether or no I have, I shall not 'tar—anybody's charity,'" Natalie said rising, her head very high, her eyes lambent.

Winboro also rose. "No; you would starve as becomes a gentlewoman," he said. "But you shall not—I will see to that—whether or no you like it. I'm your fairy godfather."

They went home in silence, Winboro torn by conflicting impulses. He was indeed aging—he had next to no money, and but dim prospects in a most uncertain profession. The same delicate tastes that so hampered Natalie were also among his inheritances. They had hampered him too—made him squeamish and finical in many ways—especially over things that other men held good business. The girl beside him deserved infinitely more of Fate than he could promise any woman. He must dragon her, if needs be, back to the shelter and comfort of this half-confessed John—and pray that she might live happy ever after.

Yet—at her door, he kissed her, lightly upon the cheek, rushing away without a word. He hardly slept that night, but dawn brought heavy slumber. A light tap roused him from it around 11 o'clock, and Natalie's voice called:

"Come in! Quick! I want to show you something."

Half an hour later he stood staring open-eyed at cake, unmistakable country wedding cake, rich and sweet, and light as a feather, iced half an inch thick, in generous slices, in wedges, in half-loafs. Tarts likewise, and small fancifully ornamented cakes. Natalie beamed above the array, flourishing in her right hand wedding cards.

"John's," she explained succinctly. "Oh, I'm so glad. The best fellow in the world—but nothing else. If he had had a thimbleful of personality, I could never have said 'No.' All of them were so anxious to have us marry each other—indeed, Aunt Mary said she had raised me on purpose, so her best things would have the right care. But now—she's quite reconciled, and John happy as the day is long—"

"He was probably caught in the rebound," Winboro interrupted.

Natalie laughed softly. "I don't know," she said. "What I do know is—Aunt Mary wanted to send for me, but the bride forbade. You ought to see the apologies; I mustn't be hurt, but must come home and stay always if I choose—and it's such a shame to send me so little, but there was no bigger box candy—and ever so much more."

"No wonder you are consoled," Winboro said, possessing himself, uninvited, of a specially tempting slice of cake.

Natalie shook her head at him, saying, "This puts off the starving by at least a week—and maybe I shall find work again—but it must be rough on you, you had such a fine scheme of philanthropy all ready to put in execution."

"No, it only makes possible the execution of a finer scheme," Winboro said composedly. "Only this time the beneficiary is myself."

"Indeed? Tell me about it," Natalie said, crunching a tart as she spoke.

Winboro drew a deep breath. "The wedding feast is spread, the bridegroom ready," he said. "Don't you think you might be persuaded to act as bride?"

Natalie's answer is immaterial. Suffice it, that within a week the May family at Hazlehill farm were astonished and delighted to receive the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Winboro.

Now It's Repeated.

"With my customary slowness it has taken me all this time to learn the fashionable medical terms for 1910," said the man who takes medicine.

"There is the word that is properly applied to a refilled prescription, for instance. When I first began to use drugs in large quantities, I called the word used when we get a bottle of medicine put up a second time. Later somebody concluded that renewed would sound better, so for two or three years we had our prescriptions renewed. But this year when we got our old bottles filled the prescription is repeated. I don't intend to be behindhand next year, and already I have commenced to study the dictionary to find out what word will most likely be favored next."

CRIPPEN CAPTURED, LENEVE GIRL ALSO

OFFICERS, GARBED AS PILOTS. BOARD SHIP AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE.

CRIPPEN, PACING DECK UTTERLY UNAWARE OF DANGER, UNTIL HE SEES INSPECTOR DEW.

As "J. Robinson and Son" They Had \$10 and Tickets for Detroit—Won't Fight Requisition.

After one of the most dramatic pursuits in criminal annals Dr. Hawley Crippen, formerly of Detroit, Coldwater and Ann Arbor, Mich., is in custody at Quebec with Ethel Leneve, his typist, who fled with him from London disguised as a boy, following the disappearance of Belle Elmore, his actress wife.

The arrest of the pair on the steamship Montrose at Father Point, Sunday, charged with "guilty knowledge of an abominable crime," closes a chase in which the most wonderful invention of modern days, the wireless telegraph, played the chief part.

The capture hammers home with vigor the fact that the wireless has become a deadly thing to the criminal who seeks an over-sea refuge, and that he is much safer ashore.

The steamer Montrose, upon which the fugitives were arrested while the vessel was still 160 miles from Quebec, arrived at her pier there at 1:35 o'clock Monday morning.

The prisoners were hastened through an enormous crowd to the provincial jail where they were placed in separate cells for the night. Here they got a few hours sleep, the best rest which either had had since they fled from London on July 8, shortly before detectives found in the cellar of the Crippen home the bits of human flesh which the authorities have tried to establish, once went to make up the body of Belle Elmore, Crippen's lawful wife.

Dr. Hawley H. Crippen announced in the provincial court Monday that he will not resist his return to England to stand trial for the killing of a woman believed by the police to be his missing wife, Belle Elmore, the American actress.

When Crippen and Miss Leneve were arrested on board the incoming steamship Montrose they were charged with identical crimes, the slaying and mutilation of an unknown woman.

Miss Ethel Clare Leneve, the typist who fled with Dr. Crippen, former Detroit, Ann Arbor and Coldwater, Mich., physician, in spite of pressure exercised upon her by the Quebec police, remains loyal to the alleged wife slayer.

Thus far, even in her moments of extreme shock and weakness, the police assert, Crippen's companion has remained loyal to him as far as her silence is loyalty and has said absolutely nothing about the crime or their relations.

JOHN G. CARLISLE DEAD.

Former Secretary of Treasury Expires in New York.

John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury under Cleveland, who had been critically ill for the past two days, died at his apartments in New York of heart failure, accompanied by edema of the lungs.

An intestinal complaint of long standing, which wore down his vitality, lay behind the technical fact of heart failure. He was attacked last spring by the same trouble, complicated by an ailment of the kidneys, and for a time hovered near death. But his remarkable vitality triumphed then, as it seemed it might even in the illness which ended Sunday night.

John Griffin Carlisle was born in Kenton county, Kentucky, Sept. 8, 1835. He was educated in the public schools, later studying law and was admitted to the bar. Always a consistent Democrat and interested in public affairs as a young man, he rose from the Kentucky house of representatives to the state senate, served as lieutenant-governor, and finally graduated into national affairs.

Lee Statue in Hall of Fame.

That the statue of General Robert E. Lee, in Confederate uniform, cannot be removed from Statuary hall at the capitol in deference to protests from grand army posts is the decision of Attorney-General Wickersham, approved by President Taft.

In addition to deciding the question on a purely legal basis, Mr. Wickersham argues the matter from an ethical point of view, declaring that Lee has come to be regarded as "typifying all that was best in the cause to which he gave and unarmoring acceptance of the complete overthrow of that cause." That the state of Virginia should designate him for a place in Statuary hall as one illustrious for distinguished military service, the attorney-general declares, is but natural and warranted under the reading of the law.

The wages of thousands of paper mill workers in New Hampshire, New York, Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts have been advanced an average of 5 per cent by the International Paper company.

The Beartooth national forest in Montana has been opposed to the grazing of 17,000 additional head of sheep. This action increases the original limit of 24,000 head and was taken in response to an appeal of the stockmen that the government throw open the reserve to their herds on account of the drought conditions.

After subsiding a fire in her after-hold, off the coast of Florida only to run into a mud-bank at the mouth of the Mississippi, the Southern Pacific steamer *Monius* has arrived at New Orleans. The *Monius* exhibited no evidence of any damage. She brought 68 passengers.

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the yield—Improve the quality—Enrich the soil. Every harvest proves it. Can you afford to risk your wheat? Be safe.

Armour's Fertilizers

grow the biggest crops. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works
Chicago

Weak? Tired? Run-down?

These conditions come from overwork, a weak stomach, overtaxed nerves or feeble blood. When you feel "all in"—hardly able to drag about, no energy, no ambition, easily exhausted and can't sleep—take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and note what a difference they make in your condition. The stomach is the first to feel the good effects. Food tastes good, the digestion is strengthened, bowels and bile work regularly, the blood is cleansed, and the nerves rested. The whole system responds to the tonic action of Beecham's Pills. Soon there is the buoyant feeling of returning health.

Fresh Strength and New Life

Bottle 10c. and 25c., with full directions.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—many have given up ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing lovelier in the world of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at hand, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

The Chew to Choose

is Tiger Fine Cut. It's so clean, pure and full-flavored.

Put up in air-tight packages—not exposed to the air. Then sold from a tin canister—not loose from an open pail.

No wonder

TIGER FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

is always so fresh and delicious. No wonder it is the most popular fine cut in the market. Try it and see why.

5 Cents

Weight guaranteed by the United States Government.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know CASCARETS' value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, just try CASCARETS once—you'll see.

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Put a

in your vacation outfit

DAISY FLY-KILLER

Put a

in your vacation outfit

Send postal for FREE Free Package of Factice. Better and more economical than liquid antiseptic FOR ALL TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath, clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically cleans mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and bactericidal power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PATENT TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

BIG AND LITTLE THINGS

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

(Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I don't have to get up with such slight," declared Alice Clark, frigidly, "even if I am only a 'lady-help!'"

Her companion muttered something between his teeth that sounded like, "Boah!" but made no movement to turn. Seated on a lower step, he knew just how the face above him was looking.

The sultriness of the closed house, where for a few days pending the completion of certain plumbing alterations she had been left sole occupant, had driven the girl to seek the comparative freshness circulating about the brownstone steps and there Jeff Rehn had found her when he arrived to explain his absence the previous evening.

"It takes a woman to make a pyramid out of a grain of dust," grumbled he.

"It's the accumulation of grains that makes it," corrected the other. "It's not the first time you have mortified me before my friends. I expected you right up to the last."

"I apologize, dear; I was finishing some old work."

"Leaving me to get home as best I could."

"It wasn't so late, and Grace was with you. Besides, you're not timid. Haven't you, for the best part of a week, lived alone in this great house?"

"My mental position, then, justifies your treating me in such cavalier fashion?"

"You know better!" Rehn's temper was rising. "The girl you showed by putting your shoulder to the wheel in your family's emergency won my respect in the first place."

Unfortunately the girl was beyond being mollified by soft speeches. Acc-



She Could Not Draw a Free Breath.

tions are the crucial test, and measured by the standard formed by recent association with her wealthy employer's family, with their social niceties and easy courtesy, essential or ornamental, plain, hard-working Jeff Rehn fell lamentably short.

"If you consider me so little now, how would it be after marriage?" was her protest.

"Name the day and I'll show you."

"It's no use, Jeff. I won't marry you. I've grown to crave those little attentions, those social obligations that are meaningless to you—and, anyway, I don't feel I can rely on you."

A dull, thick red burned the man's cheek. He rose.

"Did I ever fall you—when the thing was of consequence?"

His muscular hand trembled as it clenched upon the balustrade, and for a moment the girl's resolution wavered, but she drew coldly back.

"I'll say goodnight, as I must rise early. The plumbers finished today, so I'm joining the family in the Adirondacks tomorrow."

Rehn scarcely heard, intent on one point only. "You mean it—you won't marry me?"

"Just that, Jeff. But we can still be friends."

Stunned by her decision, yet too proud to show the depth of his wound, Rehn went heavily down the steps. He did not look back, even when he reached the corner. And with him departed the girl's anger. She shivered on entering the silent house. Closing the door, she stood motionless in the wide hall, the dim light from a solitary burner falling on her face, pale with self-questioning. What had she done? She had not seriously intended a final break.

Methodically she secured the boots before entering the elevator to ascend to her room on the fourth floor. The machinery was controlled by electricity, and she pressed the button several times before the switch caught. The car rose with a jerk, then more slowly passed the second floor. After which it crawled by inches until it stopped altogether and the lights went out. She pressed the button without effect. The car hung motionless. Only the repeated efforts did it occur to her that she was in a veritable trap. A rush of horror seized her.

Alone, she was suspended between two floors of what was believed to be an empty house. Had she not distinctly in-

formed the plumbers, and later, Jeff, that she was leaving early in the morning? Naturally, after their quarrel, the latter would not stop for a final goodbye. She might die in her narrow cell before any one would think to inquire about her. A cold sweat broke upon her. But, refusing to yield to fear, she pressed frantically upon the button. Soon recognizing the futility of her efforts, she screamed aloud, only to have her voice flung back upon her by the confining space.

Hours elapsed, but in the blackness of the shaft few sounds penetrated. Her throat grew raw, and, exhausted, she flung herself upon the seat that spanned the back of the car. Falling into an uneasy doze, she awoke with a horrible sensation of being smothered. She could not draw a free breath. Her head throbbled as if the temples must burst. The door locked mechanically between floors, and she could not move it. Casting around her the look of a trapped animal, she found a thin ray of light filtering down through the ornate roof of the car. In it were set several panes of colored glass. Could she break these suffocation need not be dreaded. Climbing onto the seat, she struck with clenched fist at the glass and a rush of purer air rewarding her, sank back. Day had risen and with renewed hope she screamed afresh. Surely her plight was desperate. The day of horror dragged on until darkness fell. Utterly worn in mind and body, sleep was impossible. The heat was almost unendurable, and she suffered maddeningly from thirst.

The second day passed as the first had done, and only when the third morning broke did she lack the spirit and strength to move. Huddled upon the floor, she lay, for the most part, passively accepting fate, though in the intervals of feverish delirium her parched lips continued to call on Jeff.

"Alice, Alice—" Her name pierced the darkness. But so frequently had she beaten with frenzied hope upon the unyielding walls of her prison, in answer to summonses born purely of fevered imagination, that she only moaned.

"Alice—" Again the cry, and this time clear enough to destroy the deadening lethargy and bring her to her feet.

"Jeff—dear, Jeff—I'm here—"

To the small window in the shaft Rehn had climbed from the neighboring roof, and now shouted encouragement. An officer was with him.

It seemed hours to the tortured girl before the car descended and she found herself lifted tenderly out by Jeff. When she had taken some nourishment and was sufficiently revived he took her in a cab to his mother's, who, putting her to bed, nursed her with devotion.

"Your coming was a miracle!" whispered Alice, her hand in Jeff's as he sat beside her sofa a few days later.

The truth, however, was more prosaic. On the second day succeeding their quarrel, Rehn had felt in some inexplicable manner that she was in trouble. That evening, endeavoring to walk off his uneasiness, he found himself opposite the house. On the top stood two milk bottles and Jeff, knowing Alice to be too conscientious a housekeeper to leave town without countermanding the milkman's order, jumped to the conclusion that she was still in the house. Again and again he returned to ring the bell, without effect, beyond bringing upon himself the suspicions of the two policemen. On stating his fears the officers declared them not sufficient warrant for breaking into a closed house and Rehn was compelled to return home unsatisfied. The following day his uneasiness doubled and on leaving the store he secured a special officer. Gaining admission to the adjoining house, through the caretaker, they mounted to the roof and so reached the small window opening upon the elevator well.

"You saved my life," was Alice's voice—husky with emotion—"and if you still desire anyone so foolish—"

Rehn, stooping, laid his cheek gently against hers. "Please God, I'll not fall you in the future, sweetheart, be the thing big or little."

Dutch Treat Ways.

They had sat side by side at the Dutch treat table. Presently he looked at her and said: "Come, cheer up. Be lively and entertaining. You haven't said a word for nearly ten minutes."

"I don't care," she broke out, "if I don't say a word for an hour. Why should I exert myself to entertain men who sit beside me at a Dutch treat dinner. I've been talking a plenty. You pay for your dinner and I pay for mine. I've got a right to be still if I want to. It would be very different if I were your guest, but I'm not. I'm my own."

The girl opposite her laughed as her companion got up and went out to think it over. "I'm afraid," she said, "that you've hurt his feelings, but you are perfectly right. Perfectly right. I feel that way myself a whole lot of times at these Dutch treat dinners."

In Business.

"Mrs. de Style has gone in for business."

"And how is she making out as a business woman?"

"Oh, having a delightful time. She is in her office informally from 1 to 3."

Accounts For.

"Yes," said Mrs. Decker, with an air of pride, "my neighbors came over in the Mayflower."

"Ah," rejoined the barboard, "and I suppose you are one of those of your Plymouth Rock kind?"

RIGHT TO CRITICIZE

IRRITABLE MAN NOT THE BUTTER-IN HE SEEMED.

However, the Passengers Were Ready to Squelch the Man Who Objected to Baby's Crying, but He Got Off the Car.

The patient-looking mother seemed unable to do anything with the child. It hollered and yelled and carried on worse than a fan after a three-base hit by a member of the home team at the opening game.

Other passengers on the car fidgeted in their seats and looked greatly distressed, but said nothing, for the mother was apparently doing all she could to restore quiet.

The heavy chinned man right across the aisle from the woman seemed to be getting more and more annoyed by the racket—even more so than the rest of the people. After a time he was unable to restrain himself any longer.

"It seems to me," says he, turning to the woman, "that it's about time you were doing something to stop that baby's crying. I've sat here and put up with it just as long as I could, but I think it's up to you to see that there's a let up in it now pretty quick."

The patient mother cuddled the wailing youngster to her a trifle closer and gave the irritable male passenger a hurt look, but ventured no retort.

There was no cessation in the noise, but nearly everybody else in the car was in full sympathy with the woman now. Several able-bodied men turned around and glared at the square-chinned passenger who dared to speak his mind.

The latter, however, continued to express himself. "When a kid hollers like that," he opined, "there's some good reason for it. Children don't yell 'emselves hoarse because they've heard that their lungs need the exercise. If it hasn't been getting the right sort of food and feels crabbed and mean on that account, I hope you switch to some other kind of dope, that's all."

It is not improbable that two or three of the more muscular passengers would have spoken severely to the grouchy male complainant after the last outburst if he hadn't risen just then to get off the car. As he started toward the rear platform, the patient-looking little woman got up and followed him. When they had both reached the street, the man turned, took the child in his own arms—he still looking crabbed and it still reciting the lyrics to a war dance—and the trio went on up street.

The man was the child's father, and he had a perfect right to say whatever he wanted to about the manner of its bringing up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Vacuous Explanation.

Bishop Sanford Olmsted, at a dinner in Denver, said in the course of an argument:

"That explanation not only fails to explain, but it reveals the commentator's ignorance. Thus it reminds me of a talk in a smoking car."

"Two men in a smoking car wrangled over the working of the vacuum brake."

"The tubal inflation is what pulls up the train," declared the first.

"Rubbish! You're wrong," the other insisted. "It's the vent of the exhaust that does the business."

"The brakeman just then passed. The two men halted him. They laid their argument before him for discussion. The brakeman, at the end, laughed heartily and shook his head."

"Boys," he said, "you're wrong about the working of the vacuum brake. It's much simpler than you think. To stop the train we just turn the tap, and that fills the pipe with vacuum."

Chicken's Long Fast.

"Here is the story of the feat in the fasting line performed by a Grand Saline chicken. On Easter Sunday W. M. Loid placed a Rhode Island red and black Minorca chicken in his hen house along with other chickens. The next day these chickens were nowhere to be found, and it was believed they had strayed off or had met death. Twenty-eight days after the chickens were placed in the hen house they were found behind some neat boxes wedged tightly in a crack, where they had probably failed in an attempt to fly out of the house.

The Rhode Island red was dead, but the black Minorca was still alive, though very weak. After being cared for and fed it began to improve and is still alive with every prospect of becoming as spry as ever.—Grand Saline Journal.

Golf With an Expert.

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf course every Saturday afternoon.

On one occasion, when they were all "square" at the seventeenth and the loser at the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge.

"Run forward, liddle," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!"

"No, an'!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ya be, liddle! Ye canna move my growin' thing! That's the rule o' gowd!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

TURNING FROM IDOL WORSHIP

Indians of Nicaragua Rapidly Being Brought to a State of Christianity.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Zollhoper, Moravian church missionaries to the Indians in Nicaragua, are at the Grunewald. Mr. and Mrs. Zollhoper are from Germany, and have been located on the Mosquito coast of Central America for ten years. They are returning now from a year's vacation at their homes, and have heard nothing as to the trouble in Nicaragua.

"Our work in Nicaragua is confined to the native Indians," said Mr. Zollhoper recently, "and we have now about 6,000 of these former heathen worshippers under our control."

Mr. Zollhoper said that the basis of the Indian superstition was that there were two gods, one a male and one a female, but there was no joint control by these two.

"The male god," said he, "is called Wonalisa, which means in the native language 'our father.' This god, it is supposed to be a good deity, but the natives do not think much of his power to control their affairs. They seem to think that he lives very far off somewhere, they do not know, and that he pays very little attention to the affairs of man, but still they think that there is nothing vindictive about him."

"The other god is a female deity, and is named Yapti Misera, which means 'mother of the Indians.' This goddess is supposed to dwell in the Indian heaven, and to rule the spirits of the departed. Their idea of this heaven is like that of the Turkish or Mahammedan religion. They believe that there will be dancing and drinking, and all kinds of merrymaking there, and once a year they have a feast to this Yapti Misera, and this feast is characterized by all sorts of self-indulgence."

Mr. Zollhoper said that the native Indians were allowed to live very much as they pleased, and they were not affected by any changes of government. He said that they were becoming Christianized very rapidly, and that, once taken out of their own rude superstition or religion, they made very good people.—New Orleans Opune.

Checking the Compass at Sea.

The steel hull of a vessel is rendered magnetic during construction by the hammering of the metal, and every steel vessel has to have its compass corrected to counteract its own magnetic lines of force. The magnetic influence is further complicated by the load carried by the vessel. If this load is magnetic or capable of being magnetized. The ore-carrying vessels of the great lakes experience great difficulty on this account, and the United States hydrographic bureau is endeavoring to teach pilots and captains of vessels plying in this trade how to check their course by means of a perolus.

An instrument similar to the sun dial, being provided with a gnomon and a graduated arc on which a shadow of the gnomon is cast. The instrument is set in a north and south direction, as indicated by the compass, and then by noting the shadow on the graduated arc, it is possible to tell by comparison with tables, furnished by the government, just how far from the north and south position the gnomon really lies, thus showing the compass' error.

The Siamese Twins.

Siamese Twins was a name given to two children, Eng and Chang, born of Chinese parents in Siam, in 1811, having their bodies united by a band of flesh, stretching from the end of one breastbone to the same place on the opposite twin. The Siamese Twins were purchased by their mother at Meklong, and were brought to America in 1829 for exhibition purposes, and were afterwards taken to England. After realizing a competence exhibiting themselves in the various countries of Europe, the Siamese Twins settled down in the southern states, where they were married to sisters and had offspring. Ruined by the Civil war in America, the Siamese Twins again made a tour of Europe, and exhibited themselves again in London in 1869. They died January 17, 1874, the one surviving the other only two hours and a half, and then dying from the effect of the shock on a heart already weak.

New System of Jointing Lead Cables.

A new system of jointing lead cables has been developed in England. It consists in placing a thin ribbon of pure tin between the surfaces that are to be joined, and then heating them with a blow lamp. The surfaces in the presence of the tin melt at a lower temperature than normal, and thus they are soldered together. The tin ribbon is treated with a composition to prevent oxidation during heating. Another system of jointing consists in the application of a mold over the cable. A piece of tin ribbon is applied to the surfaces which are to be joined, and then molten lead is poured into the mold. The flow is so directed as not to burn through the lead sheathing of the cable.

A Repulsive Practias.

"Ever noticed it?" queried the party who propounds queries on the installment plan.

"Did I ever notice what?" asked the other, who did not even pretend to be a mind reader.

"That the person who finds fault invariably insists upon returning it to the owner," concluded he of the prolix.

A SQUARE DEAL

Osborn's Record, Life and Acts Bear the Light.

The Daily Herald-Leader, of Menominee, makes the following interesting comment on the gubernatorial situation:

Depending upon ignorance and prejudice, an effort is being made upon the part of those newspapers which are supporting Lieutenant Governor Kelley to injure the gubernatorial candidacy of Chase S. Osborn because of his residence, north of the Straits of Mackinac. The success of this move depends upon two things, first, popular ignorance of upper peninsula geography, and second, lack of acquaintance with Mr. Osborn and his record. Both these occasions for opposition to Osborn will have disappeared before this campaign is over.

Chippewa county, Chase Osborn's home, is an agricultural county. It has a larger acreage of arable soil than any county in the state save one. It is removed from the nearest mine by over two hundred miles. It is as reasonable to say that the people of Berrien county in southwestern Michigan would be governed by influences which directly affected the city of Detroit as to say that a resident of Chippewa county was governed by what affected conditions on the iron or copper ranges. Chippewa county is not only wholly an agricultural county, but its population is largely rural. There are two men engaged in agricultural pursuits to one engaged in any other line of business. There are more granges in Chippewa county than in many counties below the straits. So much for argument that mining influence controls in Chase Osborn's home.

As to Mr. Osborn personally, he owns not a dollar's interest in a mine in the state of Michigan and while if elected governor, he will insist upon square treatment for mining interests, he will insist upon this with no greater vigor than he will upon square treatment for the farmer in Clinton county, or the manufacturer in Detroit or Grand Rapids.

Now as to Mr. Osborn's record. The greatest and most significant fight ever made in Michigan for equal taxation was that led by the late Governor Hazen S. Pingree. It was because of Pingree's efforts that the system of specific taxation, so prolific of abuse, was given its quietus in Michigan and the ad valorem system put into general use. Where was Chase Osborn in that fight?

At that time Chase Osborn owned and published a newspaper, the Sun News. The News was the first paper in the state to come out for Hazen S. Pingree for governor. It announced his candidacy. Chase Osborn led the fight for Pingree in the upper peninsula. Chippewa county sent a representative to the legislature pledged to the Pingree taxation ideas. It was the bill introduced by Chippewa county's representative, William Chandler, that finally became a law, putting the fight for Pingree in the upper peninsula. Chippewa county sent a representative to the legislature pledged to the Pingree taxation ideas. It was the bill introduced by Chippewa county's representative, William Chandler, that finally became a law, putting the fight for Pingree in the upper peninsula. Chippewa county sent a representative to the legislature pledged to the Pingree taxation ideas. It was the bill introduced by Chippewa county's representative, William Chandler, that finally became a law, putting the fight for Pingree in the upper peninsula.

After Pingree became governor, he called Chase Osborn to Lansing as his railroad commissioner, thus giving him the best and most powerful place in his official family. As railroad commissioner, Chase Osborn served the state and his chief with courage and vigor. His administration of the office was such as to command Governor Pingree's warm and often-expressed approval.

Inasmuch as Chase Osborn will invade every county in the state before this campaign is done and inasmuch as his record is daily becoming more widely known, this campaign against him will fall of its purpose completely. For the people when they see and hear Osborn will instinctively recognize him for what he is, a man without sectional prejudice, a man who loves and practices square dealing and in whose hands the interests of the whole state and all the people will be safe and secure.

Sincerity Impresses.

One of the first steps made by Mr. Osborn on his campaign tour through the lower peninsula was at Presque Isle. H. H. Whitely, editor of the News makes the following comment on Mr. Osborn's visit:

Hon. Chase S. Osborn, candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, stepped unostentatiously from the train last Friday afternoon and in his short stay of two hours had won the united friendship and support of our community.

While his coming had been known only a day ahead and suitable arrangements for his reception were impossible on such short notice, nevertheless a considerable number greeted him and listened to a fine address on good citizenship. Mr. Osborn has that magnetic personality which enables him to gain the favor of his audience and carry them with him to the end.

He impresses everyone with his square toed sincerity. He does not mince matters. He defines his position on every question in such a way as leaves no doubt as to just where he stands. He does not endeavor to give an answer that will please both sides.

His brilliant intellectual talent and his literary and oratorical ability mark him at once as a gentleman who would give to the governor's chair an atmosphere of culture which would be most fitting. The office would be an honor to the man and the man would be an honor to the office.

SOME MAN, SOME DAY

May Make a Medicine for Brights Disease, Rheumatism, Stomach and Bladder Trouble the Equal of

SAN-JAK,

BUT NOT YET.

It is the Only Medicine which Enables You to Keep a Perfect Balance Between the Eliminations and Renewals of the Body.

Decay of the Body in Old Age is Un-natural.

Permanent wastes of the system can be avoided by taking SAN-JAK, making each day a birthday for the person who has a bottle of this great medicine on hand. Read and learn how to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lamé Back and Stomach Diseases.

When the products of exhaustion reach the brain and deplete the nerve centers, as in the case with old people, limiting their ability to think and act unless they have the power to exidize the acids that accumulate during sleep and eliminate them, they had better get a bottle of Dr. Burnham's San-Jak. I am 80 years old and have kept a bottle of this medicine in my house during the past year and take a dose quite often so I know it helps to give strength and activity.—D. O. Kelly, 311 Washburn Ave., Lansing.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, mistress of the Butler House, Lansing, Mich., says: "One year ago I was in very poor health, sick and weak, that much dreaded disease, Kidney trouble, called 'Bright's disease' by physicians. I have taken about one dozen bottles of San-Jak and have no symptoms of old troubles to any more. I give this letter for the benefit it may be to others."

Dr. Burnham: "Your inquiry as to my health in reply I have taken 6 bottles of your San-Jak and can honestly recommend it as the best medicine I ever found and the only one that cured me of diabetes. I am doing better work than I ever did and I am perfectly well."

J. F. Row 41 E. Main st. Battle Creek, says: "I wish to state that your San-Jak cured me of Bright's disease after the local doctors said I could not live."

E. S. Hough, ex-judge of probate of Laport county, says: "I bought a bottle of San-Jak of P. F. Showman, the druggist of Laport. I was 100 years old, with great distress of stomach and a drowsy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I clearly see the use of this letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. T. H. Custer, H. F. D. No. 2, Laport, says: "I wish to tell you how much good San-Jak has done me. I have had the rheumatism and liver trouble 17 years. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen so I could wear my shoes. I have taken one and one-half bottles of your San-Jak and all has gone down. The pain gradually left and the joints are getting more limber. I think 3 or 4 bottles of your San-Jak will cure me completely. Mere thanks in words is a feeble way of telling how grateful I feel for the benefit bestowed upon me by your medicine."

St. John's, Mich., March 12, '08. Mrs. John Fitz says: "I have been in very poor health for the past seven years and have since childhood been afflicted with backache. I have taken 4 bottles of San-Jak and have done me a wonderful good. I am now able to do light work and gaining in strength. I wish every lady in Michigan could have a bottle of this great medicine in the world for the fact that my case was hopeless and my physician said I could not be helped by medicine."

It restores the aged to health and youth. No remedy equal to San-Jak as a blood tonic. The tired feeling leaves you like magic.

We will give \$100 to any church or charitable institution if their testimonials are not genuine.

Have you Kidney Liver or Stomach Trouble?

Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicocele and Swollen Limbs?

Take Dr. Burnham's San-Jak

Sold in Plymouth by JOHN L. GAL

dealer in drugs and groceries, who will return the price of the bottle (\$1.00) if San-Jak does you good. Made by San-Jak Co., Illinois.