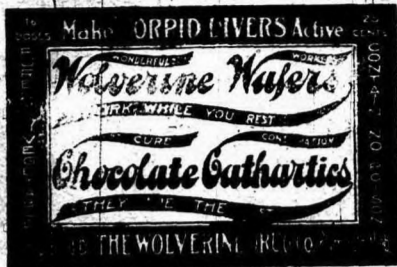


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXIII, NO 15

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30 1910

WHOLE NO. 1213.



DR. STEVENS' Horehound and Wild Cherry COUGH DROPS.

Try them for that "tickling" in the throat. They're a little the finest we've ever seen.

The price is 30c per pound in any quantity and WE give you a discount of 10 per cent. for cash. Don't forget that.

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

A Big Line of Novelties, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches AND MANY OTHER USEFUL ARTICLES

At our store next to D. U. R. Waiting Room.



To See Clearly and Easy

without squinting is to have your eyes properly fitted. We will give our best attention to every patient who must have his eyes examined. Our examination fee is \$1.00. With Prescription copy of full details, \$5.00. It is the best investment you can make.

Levon J. Fattal

JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST.

Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws

Improve Your Baking

KC Baking Powder will do it! Get a can. Try it for your favorite cake. If it doesn't raise better, more evenly, higher, —if it isn't daintier, more delicate in flavor, —we return your money. Everybody agrees KC has no equal.

KC BAKING POWDER

Pure, Wholesome, Economical.

James M. Co. Chicago

Local Correspondence

WEST PLYMOUTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rucker and Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Gates spent Christmas with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt. McLean of Detroit spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Webber.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray and little daughter spent Christmas with Mr. Murray's parents at Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Tiffin and little son of Detroit spent Christmas with Mr. Tiffin's father and sister.

F. L. Becker and Miss Mildred Becker were Detroit visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith entertained Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle of Plymouth and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray Saturday.

F. L. Becker's brother-in-law, John Street of Carleton, has been visiting him for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lucas entertained Mr. and Mrs. Will Cole of Salem Christmas.

Floyd and Charlie Lucas are spending the Christmas vacation with their aunt, Mrs. Will Cole at Salem.

Mrs. Stout and the O'Bryans spent Christmas with O. Wingard and family at Plymouth.

A bag of pecans direct from their native forests in Texas was among the presents that delighted the O'Bryan children.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer entertained Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer and Will Spencer of Livonia and James Heeney and family Christmas.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Beyer and daughter Huldah of Plymouth spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Shaw and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKinney and family of Elm spent Christmas with Wm. Schunk.

Mrs. Nellie Rhoda and son Guilford and Mrs. Annie Sherman have been spending a few days with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Mae Winchester of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stephenson of Wayne spent last week Thursday with A. Tait.

Mrs. F. Brown spent several days last week in Detroit. She was called in again Monday on account of the illness of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. Brown.

Mrs. Annie Sherman is ill at her daughter's in Detroit.

Peter Kubik, wife and daughter spent Sunday with her parents at Wayne.

W. Callahan, who has been out to Nebraska looking after his father's estate, returned home last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Smith entertained H. Kingsley and family of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. I. Smith and family, R. Smith and wife, D. McKinney and wife and C. Millard and wife for Christmas.

Miss Maizie Sherman has been on the sick list.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

C. E. McClumpha was drawn on circuit court jury for January and February term.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer and daughter Louise spent Sunday at H. A. Spicer's at Plymouth.

Ira Soper is home from Detroit and has decided to be a farmer another year.

J. W. Soper and wife spent Christmas in Detroit with their daughter Mrs. W. E. Legg.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Streng, a girl, on Christmas morning.

Philo Galpin and wife of Ann Arbor, John Shankland and family and Bert Galpin and family of Dixboro and Fred Hurm, wife and daughter of Cherry Hill ate Xmas dinner Monday at John Forshoe's.

You Must Have

Something in the way of a condition powder for your stock, and why use any other when you can buy can buy Harvell's for 25c per package, the standard for sixty years. Harvell's Condition Powders have established a world wide reputation as being the best on the market for horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and poultry. Absolutely no waste and full weight packages. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Beyer Pharmacy.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, and soon it will be 1911.

The German people had a large attendance at their church Saturday to the Christmas tree. Their program was well made up of songs, music and recitations. The little ones were all smiles over old Santa's gifts and all reported a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Peters were Plymouth callers Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Lee is able to ride out and is certainly coming out all right after such a serious time.

Mrs. Paul Helm went to Wayne Saturday to help care for her mother, who was quite sick with pneumonia.

Miss Emma Helm was home from the city over Sunday.

Vacation week now. O my, such times skating and sleigh-riding as our young people have!

NEWBURG.

The Christmas tree and entertainment given under the auspices of our day school was largely attended and enjoyed by old and young. Too much cannot be said in praise of the teacher in her training of the children for their various parts. Old Santa was the same jolly fellow as of yore, causing some of our young people to blush with the jokes he cracked at their expense. The children presented Miss Baker with a fine postcard album.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith entertained a company of relatives at dinner Monday.

Mrs. R. Barnes visited her daughter at Salem two days of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Mackinder and son Vern spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Tandy, living near Eloise.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chilson entertained a number of friends and relatives this week.

Mrs. Chas. Duryea and two sons are spending the holidays visiting friends in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Plymouth, also Warren Stevens and wife and Howard Stevens of Detroit, spent Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stevens.

Mrs. Wagner and son Dwight are visiting in Howell.

While Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bassett were crossing the car track at Newburg Monday afternoon, the runner caught in the track, overturning the cutter, frightening the horse and causing it to run away. Mrs. Bassett was quite seriously hurt. Two ribs were fractured, besides being badly bruised. She has the sympathy of her friends.

Bonnibell Bovee and brother of Detroit are spending the holidays with their grandmother, Mrs. Ann Farwell.

Mrs. C. E. Ryder and daughters, Fay and Beulah, called on Mrs. Merryless at Pike's Peak, also Mrs. John Bennett, Monday afternoon. Found Mrs. B. able to sit up.

We wish to thank the Mail for the very pretty Christmas remembrance.

Mr. and Mrs. James LeVan left for St. Petersburg, Florida, Tuesday of this week. They were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Hilliker, of Ann Arbor. They expect to remain until spring.

ELM.

The 500 club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pankow Christmas eve. A fine time is reported. A feature of the evening was Santa Claus, who made his appearance about midnight and made merry among the youngsters with his pranks and a basket full of presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lipstrow and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moss called on Mr. and Mrs. Will Gow Christmas.

There was a large crowd in attendance at the Christmas tree exercises at the school-house Friday night. After the exercises were over, the music started up at the mill and the light fantastic was skipped until an early hour in the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cort were Plymouth visitors last Saturday.

Shaw Bros. and the Detroit Creamery Co. have filled their ice houses with a fine supply of ice from the Woodruff pond.

Chas. Hirschlieb has been confined to the house about a week, Dr. Holcomb of Redford is in attendance.

Our Old Friends are the Best Because they have stood the test of time and are known to be reliable. Dr. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills have been used by three generations. They will cure liver complaint, sick headache, bowel troubles and colds. They purify the blood. Try them—five per box. Ask for a free sample. Sold by Pinckney Pharmacy and Beyer Pharmacy.

Got an Early Cold?

Then hustle and get a bottle of

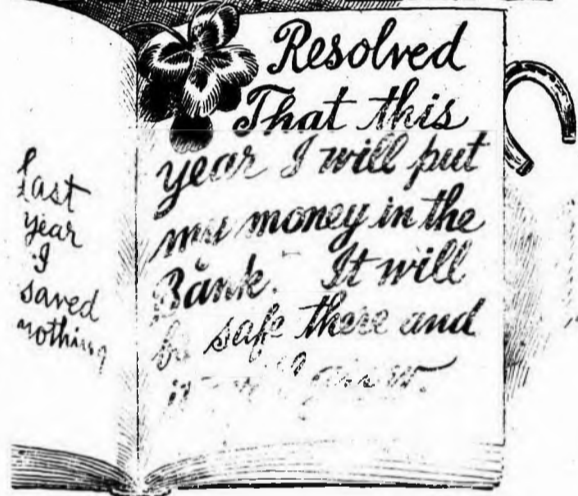
Moss-Pine Cough Balsam

Great Remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis and Throat Trouble,

ONLY 15 CENTS

Pinckney's Pharmacy

A NEW LEAF.

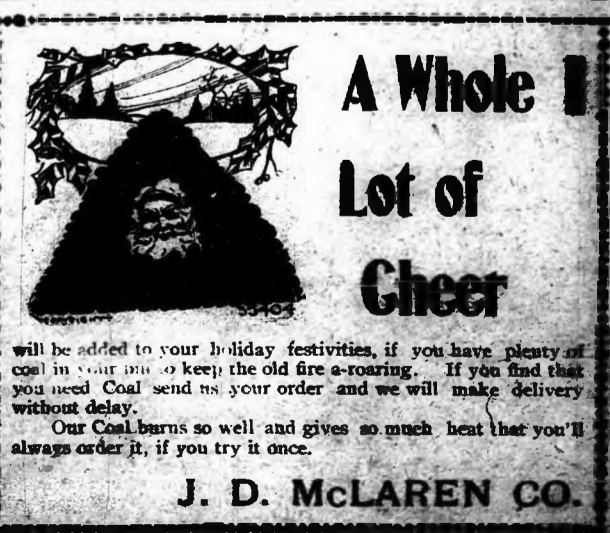


PETER COOPER, who when yet alive, gave \$630,000 to found Cooper Union in New York city, earned only \$25 a year for the first two years he was in that city. He was an apprentice to a coachmaker. He SAVED \$20 the first two years and put it in the bank. Make our bank your bank. We pay liberal interest consistent with safety—three per cent.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank



Free Delivery Both Phones
Orders Called for and Delivered.
TODD BROS.



THREE MILLIONS ARE STARVING

ACCORDING TO REPORTS RECEIVED THAT IS THE NUMBER AFFECTED BY FAMINE IN CHINA.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THEIR AID SAY THE CABLES.

Chinese Government and People Are Generously Contributing to Relief of Sufferers.

Private advices received in Washington state that the famine in China already reported in the news dispatches from Peking has so far affected 3,000,000 persons, and that \$1,000,000 is urgently needed for their aid.

Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, chairman of the committee on reference and counsel, representing the boards and societies of foreign missions in the United States and Canada, made public the following cable message from the inter-denominational committee of foreign missionaries in Shanghai:

"Famine to a great extent over northern part of Kiangsu and Anhui provinces. Three million people affected. Chinese government had people generously contributing relief. According to report of missionaries in the district affected, relief is insufficient. International committee organized in Shanghai proposes that missionaries co-operate with generous Chinese to raise funds and in distribution. A million dollars is needed. Help must be carried on until May. Please communicate this to missionary societies, church papers, and Christian Herald, urgently requesting contributions.

FERGUSON.

The combined population of the two provinces named in the cable is 27,650,549.

ASKS A TEST OF HEALING

Mrs. Stetson Starts a Revolt Against Leaders of Christian Church.

Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson openly declared herself the only proper person to head the Christian Science cult in succession to the late Mary Baker Eddy.

Moreover, Mrs. Stetson declared her interpretation of the late Mrs. Eddy's teachings the only correct interpretation extant and called on the followers of Mrs. Eddy to rally to her standard.

Mrs. Stetson also challenged the directors of the "mother church" in Boston to a test of power before the world, the result to determine the true and only successor to Mrs. Eddy. She says the directors are not only in gross error in their interpretations of "divine science," but are failing to banish any disease, either physical or spiritual. This is held to be equivalent to hurling charges of heresy and incompetency.

Barry Goes to the Metropolitan.

James V. Barry, former state insurance commissioner, is soon to be come assistant secretary of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. to replace F. A. Betts, former insurance commissioner of Connecticut, who resigned a month ago. Mr. Barry retired from the state position Nov. 15 to take charge of the bureau of publicity established in Detroit by the casualty companies, but retired from the position recently. His position with the Metropolitan company carries with it a salary of \$12,000 a year.

Fierce Battle With a Burglar.

Caught like a rat in a trap in an apartment in the basement of the residence of Edward H. Moreton, Detroit, Friday, Geo. White, a burglar, shot and probably fatally wounded. Patrolman Wm. B. McAlonan of the flying squadron.

Detective James Dowd, in charge of the squadron, fired a second later sending a bullet through the left lung of the burglar, who is also believed to be fatally wounded.

A terrific battle ensued between Detective Dowd and the wounded burglar.

Hemans Will Be R. R. Commissioner

Lawton T. Hemans has received the formal tender of a place on the railroad commission from Gov.-elect Osborn and, while he refuses to discuss the proposition at all, it is known that he will accept the offer of the new governor.

Toledo Has \$225,000 Fire.

Fire which followed an explosion of unknown origin destroyed the building occupied by the Toledo Biscuit Co. The loss is placed at \$225,000. The company, which is an independent concern, will rebuild at once.

Seamans from eight battleships grateful to John D. Rockefeller and Miss Helen Gould for kindness to them, sent Christmas gifts to both a sewer stand was sent to Mr. Rockefeller, and a fern dish to Miss Gould.

American workmen at Stinesville, Ind., who were on strike, attacked the house in which 16 Sicilians were quartered. The foreigners were so badly frightened that they refused to take the pieces of the strikers and left town.

A radical enlargement of the scope of the nursery stock bill by the house committee on agriculture is probable. The committee has already ordered a favorable report on the bill, which authorizes the secretary of agriculture to quarantine against any country or any part of a country where dangerous diseases of nursery stock exist.

STATE HAPPENINGS

Port Huron.—Word has been received here that William Glendenning, a former resident of this city, was killed by a train in South Bend, Ind.—Judge Tappan has granted Matilda La France a divorce from John La France, who is serving three years in the Detroit house of correction. Her husband's imprisonment was Mrs. La France's only ground for a decree.

Port Huron.—The city officials and employes to the number of about 75, who will retire when the commission form of government goes into effect on January 1, will gather at a farewell banquet the evening of December 29. The affair is being planned by the ways and means committee of the common council, which is legislated out of existence on New Year's day with other city officials.

Port Huron.—At the instigation of Deputy State Dairy and Food Commissioner Howe, who has been in Port Huron for a few days, Mel Spencer, a local milk dealer, has been arrested on a charge of watering the milk sold to his customers. Mr. Howe states a sample of Spencer's milk was 40 per cent water.

West Branch.—Morton Marvin was sentenced to from 7 to 20 years in Jackson prison by Judge Sharp, having been convicted of a charge of attempting to slay and rob Richard Lafever on the night of November 28. After the attack on the aged man Marvin fled to Birch Run, where he was arrested by Saginaw officers.

Owosso.—After his wife had taken a dose of poison away from him, John Dodder, a fireman employed by the Ann Arbor railroad, was locked up to keep him from harming himself or his family. His sanity will be investigated.

Owosso.—James Hatch, a former resident of this city, who recently moved out of the county, charges that "dry" Owosso is the "wettest" city in the state, and promises to furnish evidence to convict alleged violators of the local option law if the county officials will make complaint.

Owosso.—Senator-elect Rosenkrans of Corunna, has decided he has undertaken a hopeless task in trying to shift the cost of the state troops at Durand last summer. Shiawassee county, despite protests, will have to pay the entire \$6,000, which was expended by the calling out of the battalions to quell violence during the Grand Trunk strike.

Muskegon.—William Carroll, sixty-three, a pioneer of this county, was found dead, supposedly of heart disease, at his home in Cedar Creek township.

Petoskey.—Mrs. Rachel Oakley, seventy-three, one of the oldest pioneers of the county and the first teacher in the local schools, is dead at her home here. Four married daughters survive.

Hudson.—R. J. Mitchell, who was shot and instantly killed in a quarrel which resulted from a dispute over the Johnson-Jeffries fight, in a Pittsburg hotel, was a former Hudson boy, the son of a blacksmith in this city. He left Hudson some time ago.

St. Clair.—James Lightbody of this city, who was elected an alderman several months ago and who resigned a few days afterward, when he found that he was not a citizen of the United States, has been made a citizen in the circuit court at Port Huron.

Kalamazoo.—By the testimony of Joseph Maliano, an eleven-year-old Italian boy, Michael Mofres and Tony Bossi, accused slayers of Giuseppe Murrello, brought back from Kensington, Ill., by Kalamazoo officers, were positively identified as the men who had occupied a room at the Murrello home and left after the crime. The boy positively identified Rossi, the younger of the two suspects, as the man who had made him several toys while boarding at the home of the slain Italian.

Saginaw.—Frank A. Pinkerton, fifty-seven, for 35 years connected with the car service department of the Pere Marquette railroad, died in the Detroit sanitarium of Bright's disease.

Saginaw.—Luke S. Johnson, sixty-three, member of the state legislature from 1893 to 1895, and prominent in Casaville politics, is dead at his home there. He was a Civil war veteran, and past commander of the Casaville Masonic blue lodge, and leaves a widow and six children.

Lansing.—Ice cream manufacturers in session here declared that they pay higher express rates in Michigan than in any other state, and appointed a committee to appear before the state railway commission, February 15, when shippers will be given a hearing. It was declared that the ice cream business in the state has jumped 100 per cent in the past five years.

Port Huron.—Mrs. Ida Hayes of St. Clair, was awarded damages of \$4,500 against St. Clair for permanent injuries when she fell on defective sidewalk.

Atlanta.—Russell Conant has been freed by a jury of a charge of slaying David Edwards, a Hillman farmer. Conant was given an ovation when the verdict was announced. Mrs. John Pope, his employer, will be tried next month as an accessory, it being alleged that she urged him to fire the shot.

Kalamazoo.—C. O. Graeber of Valparaiso, Ind., and Miss Sigrid Johnson of South Boardman, Mich., were chosen representatives of Kalamazoo college in the state oratorical contest which takes place in Ypsilanti in March.

One From the Cashier.

The business customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with jingles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump."

Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside. "You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust 'hisselt'."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?" "I dunno."

"What did you tell him?" "Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banded de doab, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bond a'rist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a powerful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"

—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot and with the optimists agree that trouble's soon forgot.

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, despite misfortune's darts, what content springs of happiness lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams the passing years unfold, how soft and warm the lovelight beams when you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."

"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190.

Moxley—is that so?"

Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?"

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered Innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man.

"Eggs up, the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecile Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles' Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend. "John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, O'm deavin' th' creature. Every toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'I want to see the man who was run over.' 'No, hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

A Retraction.

"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man.

"That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase of the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overhead in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurments the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it's because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 6.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beauzis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of brain, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the infantile.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, payable in advance..... \$1.00
Six months..... .65
Three months..... .35

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Card of Thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line of 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, DECEMBER 30, 1910.

Glazier will not be Pardoned

Lansing dispatch: Those who expect Gov. Warner to release a number of convicts from the various Michigan penal institutions will be disappointed, according to the governor. Mr. Warner stated he was receiving applications by the score from the friends of persons confined in prisons in the state, asking for their release, but that few of the applications would be granted. When asked about Frank P. Glazier, the governor said: "I have in the past, and am still receiving applications from Mr. Glazier's friends asking for his release, but you can quote me as saying that I shall not release him."
Included among the list of prisoners who are to be released are a very few who have attracted state-wide attention. The actual number of pardons that will be issued by the governor is not definitely known, but it is safe to say he will release fewer than a dozen before he retires from the office he has held for the past six years.

Plans for 1911 State Fair

The Michigan state fair for 1911 will begin on Monday, Sept. 18, and continue for at least 10 days, perhaps two weeks. These dates will give the Michigan association a chance to provide an unusually high class fair, because of the fact that many other big exhibitions will precede the local attraction, thus giving Detroit an opportunity of getting the best exhibits shown at other places.
The question of arranging satisfactory dates for the different fairs of importance came up in a meeting of the American Association of Fairs in Chicago, from which John E. Hannon, secretary of the Michigan state fair, has returned.
Mr. Hannon said the sentiment in the meeting was strongly against the midway, and that this feature would be greatly curtailed, if not entirely done away with at the coming Detroit fair. In its place he hopes to provide attractions of a more elevated and wholesome character.
It is also the plan of the management to prevent beer or anything containing the slightest particle of alcohol on the grounds next year.

A Notable Victory.

Midnight of December 31st, 1910, will be welcomed by no one more gratefully than by the Great Five officers of the Ladies of the Modern Maccabees.
This is because the ordeal, which this order of women has been passing through for months, will not be at an end until the dawn of the New Year draws the curtain over the trials and tribulations of the past. New Year's day for them will be truly a new year of sunshine and happiness.
Since this intelligent organization of women bravely faced the task last June of readjusting its rates of insurance, the officers have labored day and night to make plain to their 68,000 members in Michigan, the self-evident fact that adequate rates should be adopted for the future. They had to combat the fallacious argument that "the society had grown big and paid every dollar of its \$5,000,000 obligation as it came due for the past five years and therefore could continue to do so in the future." It was difficult to make members understand that rates of insurance in the past were inadequate. Added to this misconception, certain other societies did not hesitate to foment and even increase this trouble. The spirit of true fraternalism was lacking. Anything to disrupt the order—the oldest in America of its kind—was resorted to in an effort to accomplish the design. Dissension from within, attacks from without, was the continual report.
How all these conditions were finally straightened out is a matter of history. The obstacles were overcome, however. It is now known for a certainty that the L. O. T. M. M. will begin the New Year with a very large proportion of its old members on the membership roll, which will insure the permanency of the order; with a lot of "dead timber" removed and a large cash surplus on hand to guarantee the payment of all obligations.
When the New Year comes around, the officers and members of this society may well congratulate themselves on the successful accomplishment of a task that would stagger the utmost efforts of even man himself.—The Gateway, Detroit.

Try a want ad. and get results.

CHURCH NEWS.

LUTHERAN.
Rev. O. Peters, Pastor.
Services New Years eve at 7 standard in German. Services Sunday evening at 7 in English. Every one welcome.
Mrs. Geo. Wilske presented the church with a set of candle-holders and they wish to thank her for the same.

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

PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. B. F. Farber, Pastor.
We are to have the pleasure Sunday of welcoming to his old church and pulpit the Rev. Hugh N. Ronald. We are confident that his friends will be glad to avail themselves of the privilege of hearing Mr. Ronald. Services will be held as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Sermon by Mr. Ronald. Sunday-school at 11:15. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Mr. Ronald will preach. The prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Mr. Arthur Stevens will have charge of this service.
A hearty invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

METHODIST
Rev. E. King, Pastor.
New Years Sunday will be appropriately observed Morning service at 10 a. m., with preaching by the pastor. Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Evening song and preaching service at 7 o'clock.

The Christmas exercises by the Sunday-school last Friday evening were a great success. A cantata entitled "A Genuine Santa Claus," was rendered. The children took their parts and sang finely. A very large number of Christmas gifts was distributed from a prettily decorated tree. Quite a number attending were unable to secure even standing room.

At the Newburg Sunday-school tree a fine program was given by the young people and all the children were remembered with gifts.

The Tomquish Sunday-school closed their Sunday-school year with exercises and a tree Christmas eve. After a good program the presents were distributed from a pretty arch made of evergreen for the occasion. The Sunday-school has paid for all the material for the shells which had to be bought but six dollars. All other obligations are met and the school will be opened the first Sunday in April.

BAPTIST
Rev. W. W. DeWalt, Pastor.
Our services next Sunday will be at the usual hours. The pastor will preach at ten in the morning and seven in the evening upon themes appropriate to the beginning of the New Year. The Sunday-school meets at 11:30 A. M. and the B. Y. P. U. at 6:00 P. M.
Our Christmas exercises last Friday evening were enjoyed by a full house. The program of music and recitations was excellent. Instead of a tree we had a Christmas Ferris Wheel, twelve feet in diameter and eight cars. It was lighted with twenty-four candles, so arranged on star candlesticks, that when the wheel turned around, the effect was beautiful. When the lights in the church were turned off for a moment, the wheel received the applause of the congregation. The presents filled the cars and some with eyes wide open looked down upon the children and wondered who would have them.

The Ladies' Aid is planning great things for their meeting next week. It is their election of officers for the year to come. It is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the society. Mrs. E. L. Beals has prepared a short history of the twenty-five years continuous work and will read it at this meeting. The meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. S. L. Bennett, 19 Oak street, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 4, 1911.

W. C. T. U.
The new programs for 1911 are in circulation and the next regular meeting will be Thursday, Jan. 12. The leaders are Mrs. Ida Bennett and Mrs. Ada Root. In response to the roll call ideas will be given upon how to increase attendance. There will be extracts from Washington letters and other interesting matters to be discussed. Let us resolve to attend just as many of the meetings the coming year as possible.
—Supt. Press.

It is Bargain Day
When you buy Renne's Pain-Killing Oil, for it is just exactly as represented. The sure cure for neuralgia, headache, rheumatism and sprains. When injured apply Renne's Pain-Killing Oil, it is an antiseptic and will prevent blood poisoning. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.
F. L. Manning, Jackson, Mich., writes: "This is to certify that I have been a constant user of Renne's Pain-Killing Oil in my family for the past 20 years, and would no more think of being without it at all times in the house than I would without food. I know that by having it at hand to apply at once, we have saved much suffering and doctor bills. Get it—keep it handy at all times, study at all times, study the directions closely follow them and you will never regret it. Sold by Pinckney's Pharmacy and Beyer's Pharmacy."

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sherman spent Christmas at Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dean visited friends in Detroit this week.

Mrs. Ed. Smith and two daughters spent a few days in Wayne this week.

Mrs. Bohanan of Dutton, Ont., spent Sunday and Monday at Dr. Patterson's. Merchants report a most gratifying Christmas trade—some the biggest ever.

Mrs. P. H. Yorton and Myrtle are spending the week in Holly and Newark.

Miss Martha Travis of Milford and LeVerne Royer of Toledo are guests at Dr. Travis'.

Mrs. Norval W. Ayere, Jr. is spending the week at the home of her father, H. A. Spioer.

See the line of Linen Lunch Cloths, Dresser Scarfs, Stand Covers, Napkins, etc. at Rauch's.

Fred Ekliif and family will remove to Detroit next Tuesday and will reside at 256 Holcomb Ave.

The Degree of Honor gave a dance last night in Penniman hall, a good crowd being present.

Mrs. E. R. Knapp of Saginaw visited her brother, Chas. Merritt and family a few days this week.

Nelson Pooler and wife of Ypsilanti spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Wyman Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McArthur of Detroit spent the Christmas holidays, with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. E. Torre.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer celebrated Christmas with their children and grandchildren in the good old fashioned way, having a Christmas tree and Santa Claus.

The Sunday-school class of Mrs. P. W. Voorhies gave a mix-up social at her home Wednesday evening. Proceeds about \$8.00. A fine time was had by the young folks.

Linen Table Cloths with Napkins to match, just the thing for wedding presents, at Rauch's.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Sockow, living about six miles west of the village, died Tuesday at the advanced age of 91 years. The funeral was held Thursday, the remains being buried in Livonia Center cemetery.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Travis had a family gathering at their home on Monday. Guests were present from Milford, Farmington, Pontiac, Ann Arbor, Jackson and Toledo to the number of 22.

Clyde Truesdell and Miss Ethel Hannon both of Canton were married in Detroit Saturday afternoon by Rev. Thomas Gregg. The young couple will make their home on the farm of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Truesdell.

An informal meeting of the directors and a few stockholders of the J. D. McLaren Co. was held at the office of the company Monday afternoon. After the meeting the head of the firm invited the company to his home where a fine banquet was served.

Misses Dora and Vera Townsend gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Lelia Murray Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Glympse on Bowery street. Miss Murray received a number of useful and pretty presents and all who attended enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Everybody should be interested in the elocutionary contest for a silver medal, rendered by a class of young ladies of our High School, to come off Friday evening, Jan. 6, in the M. E. church. Good music will be interspersed with the speaking. Mrs. Butler herself will give one or more selections. Admission 15 cts.

The State primary school fund is shy \$347,136.13, because of the failure of corporations taxed under the ad valorem system, to pay the amount assessed against them. Auditor-General Fuller says that of this amount \$59,828.75 is interest. Of the total amount, however all except \$44,000 is tied up in litigation, of which \$225,000 is the tax assessed against telephone and telegraph companies, which they have refused to pay.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized at high noon, Dec. 25th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Steele, 824 Brush Boulevard, Detroit, the contracting parties being two of Plymouth's well known and popular residents—Mrs. Eliza A. Steele and Mr. David D. Allen. Only the immediate families were present at the ceremony. The couple left on the evening train for a western trip and will be at home to their many friends at their residence on North Main street after Jan. 10th.

Isaac M. Colvin, step-father of Harry C. Robinson, died at the latter's home Wednesday night at 10 o'clock. He has made his home here since the death of his wife, which occurred a year ago last October, being in feeble health most of the time. He was born in Novi Oct. 2, 1829. Some twenty years ago he retired from active business life, being formerly a shoe merchant on Woodward avenue, Detroit, and was at one time connected with a Cincinnati wholesale tobacco house. The funeral will occur this afternoon at one o'clock from Mr. Robinson's home.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

Happy New Year

We have many articles left from our large Christmas Sale that would prove most acceptable New Years presents. Come and see what price we have put on these goods. You will be surprised.
We thank you kindly for your patronage during the past year.

SCHRADER BROS.,
Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors

Suicide of an Aged Veteran

Crawford Farwell, a well-known old soldier, aged 71 years, living with Chas. Forshee, south and west of the village, hung himself in his employer's barn on Tuesday morning, while in a despondent mood. He left the breakfast for the barn and when Mr. Forshee followed about an hour later he found him suspended from a beam. He had used a tie-stray. Mr. Forshee cut him down and attempted to restore life, but was not successful. Dr. Campbell went out in the capacity of coroner, but there was no need for an inquest.
Undertaker Schrader brought the body to his morgue and the funeral was held Wednesday afternoon from the Newburg church, Rev. King conducting services. He leaves an aged mother, brother and other relatives and friends.

STARK.

Mrs. Harry Austin and children are spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rattenbury.
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gunsolly and little daughter Gwendolyn of Plymouth and Mr. Banowski of Detroit spent Xmas at Rosclawn farm.
Ed. Maynard spent Christmas at Plymouth. Mildred remained.
Harmon Kingsley and wife and C. F. Millard and wife spent Christmas at Keb Smith's in Perinville.
Mrs. John Krumm and daughters were guests of John Krumm, Jr., last Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coats spent Xmas at G. W. Dean's.
Lewis Krumm and family ate Christmas dinner at John Dethloff's.
Hubert Bros. are cutting wood in Krumm's woods.
Charley Johnson is working in Detroit. Mr. Gould, who has been working in Detroit for a few weeks, is at home again.
Mrs. Sarah Hoisington is spending the week at the Gunsolly's, caring for the house while Mr. and Mrs. G. are visiting relatives at Otter Lake.
Mrs. Abner Austin spent Tuesday at John Rattenbury's.
Some from here took in the Christmas tree at Newburgh and the children did their part finely. It gave great credit to the teacher and showed the hard work she had done.
Mr. and Mrs. George Kuhn entertained company from Farmington Xmas.
Mrs. George Bullard and children of South Lyon spent last Saturday with Mrs. Geo. Taylor.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.
Pay Your Taxes.
Jay Burr, treasurer of Plymouth township, will be at Ralph Samsen's store every Friday and at H. B. Joliffe's store in lower village, every Thursday for collection of taxes.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion.
FOR SALE—Rose and single comb Black Minorca Roosters. Phone 134 green. Harry Willis.
FOR SALE—Well established coal and ice business. Mrs. E. Matson, Northville, Mich.
FOR SALE—My residence on Main street; also a gasoline stove. Apply at house. Fred Ekliif.
THE MARKETS
Wheat, Fed, \$.88; white \$.87
Hay, \$10.00 to \$12.50 No. 1 Timothy.
Oats, 30c
Rye, 75c
Beans, basis \$1.85
Potatoes, 30c
Butter, 31c
Eggs, 32c.

After Christmas
SALE of HATS
Just two Prices for any Hat in my Store.
One Lot at \$1.98
One Lot at98
Children's Hats, untrimmed50
NELL B. McLAREN

YOU CAN
Save One-Half
on your electric light bill by using
Tungston Lamps
25 Watts \$.70
40 "90
60 " 1.10
Conner Hardware Co., Ltd.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office hours—Until 9 A. M. to 10:30 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.
C. G. DRAPER
JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST...
Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses. Prices Reasonable. Give us a trial. Office opposite D. U. R. Waiting Room. Plymouth, Mich.

TRY MAIL LINERS

Probate Notice.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the 30th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. Present, Henry S. Hubert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Hannah Willett deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.
It is ordered, That the eighth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
HENRY S. HUBERT, Judge of Probate.
ERWIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the 30th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.
Present, Henry S. Hubert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Frank C. Powell, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of James Powell, praying that administration of said estate be granted to Paul W. Vorkles or some other suitable person.
It is ordered, That the fourth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
HENRY S. HUBERT, Judge of Probate.
ERWIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

A Happy New Year to All

Begin the year right by buying where you can get the most and the best for your money. Watch our window this coming year, it will save you money. We ask you to look our stock over and get our prices. Come in and get acquainted with us.

CENTRAL GROCERY,

R. G. SAMSEN

Phone 13, 2r

Free Delivery

SOLVAY COKE,

Furnace and Chestnut Sizes

Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

Local News

Geo. C. Peterhans is on the sick list. Claude Robinson of Detroit was home for Christmas.

Carl Stever visited his sister in Pontiac last week. Wayne and Vivian Daggett are visiting in Detroit this week.

L. L. Mott was home from Emlenton, Pa., for Christmas.

Fred Beyer and wife spent Christmas with their son in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hillmer of Detroit visited relatives here Sunday.

A. Merrill of Grand Rapids called on D. C. Wingard Wednesday.

Chas. Olds and wife Karl Hillmer and wife spent Christmas in Detroit.

Roscoe Reest of Toledo is spending the holidays with relatives here.

Mrs. Vina Joy of Detroit is visiting relatives here for a couple of weeks.

Gladys Fures of Detroit is visiting her cousin Ernest Henderson, this week.

Miss May Wolgast of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Stever, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stewart spent Christmas with their daughter in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burrows spent Xmas with their son Frank and wife in Detroit.

Max Hillmer of Lansing spent Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hillmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Braden of Wayne spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cruts and daughter Olive visited Rev. and Mrs. E. King for Christmas.

Edna Fisher played the Christmas music in the German church at Wayne Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webb and daughter of South Lyon called on friends here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lang and children are spending the holidays with relatives in Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Moon of Dearborn spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Travis and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hubbard of Pontiac spent Xmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huger.

Mrs. W. C. Hull and family of Lansing and Geo. McGill of Detroit spent Christmas at Thomas McGill's.

Miss Nellie Huger while coasting down Mill Tuesday slipped and fell, maiming her right wrist badly.

Harry Gelston and Miss Elizabeth Burdige of Ann Arbor were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hudd Wednesday.

Mrs. Silas Sly and Mrs. H. S. Shattuck entertained Tuesday both afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. Shattuck.

The merchants of Ohio are inaugurating the system of selling exclusively by weight instead of measure. Might be a good thing for Michigan merchants to adopt also.

Dr. and Mrs. Urnston and Dr. and Mrs. Ruggles and Masters Frank and Robert Ruggles of Bay City were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hudd over Christmas.

Mrs. Ernest Hurd of Detroit and Mrs. Harrison Otsaver of South Lyon visited Mrs. Ralph Samsen Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Clara Wolf of Detroit spent Christmas with her sister Mrs. Wm. Gayde and Mrs. Gayde returned with her to spend a few days in Detroit.

Miss Julia Cutlipp of Saginaw and Carl Ebert of this place were married here Sunday. They will reside in Saginaw after spending the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Andrews of Mt. Morris have rented the old Conner house and expect to move to Plymouth soon. Mr. Andrews is employed as foreman on section No. 17.

Whenever a package of merchandise from a foreign country in a sealed condition is received at the postoffice, the seal has to be broken by the one to whom it is addressed, and then the package is forwarded to Detroit to see if any duty is due upon it.

According to a recent decision of the courts, a man who wants to go faster than his neighbor who is ahead of him on the road, has a right to pass. If he is prevented by the other and an accident happens because of the latter's interference, the obstructionist is responsible for the damage.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is urging railroads to use steel mail cars only, and gives notice that payment for carrying the mails will be made only when the department is satisfied that care of safe construction and proper sanitary appointments are provided.

Steel cars would safeguard all who risk their lives in travel, and especially the railroad postal clerks, whose subjection to the risks of travel is continuous.

Miss Martha Krumm was home from Detroit for Xmas.

Fraser Smith, wife and family spent Xmas in Northville.

Miss Verne Rowley spent the first of the week in Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Nowland spent Christmas in Detroit.

Fred Wilson of Detroit was a guest at H. B. Jolliffe's Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shafer spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Mrs. L. E. Nichols of Detroit spent Sunday at H. H. Passage's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Clark Sackett, last Friday, a 10½ lb. girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit.

Rev. and Mrs. Caster and Florence are visiting in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane and children were Belleville visitors over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Draper and children spent Christmas in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mason and son of Pontiac spent Xmas at Dr. Grainger's.

Mrs. H. S. Huffman left Wednesday for New York city to visit her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark of Bad Axe visited at W. T. Pettingill's last Friday.

Prof. Isbell and family spent Christmas with his mother in Ann Arbor.

H. M. Pelham and daughter Ora of Iron Mountain are visiting at Dr. Pelham's.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Riggs and children of Pontiac spent Xmas at E. L. Riggs's.

Mr. and Mrs. Brant Werner and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pettingill spent Xmas in Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Safford and Ada spent Xmas with Dr. Safford and family in Detroit.

Rev. B. F. Farber is spending a couple of weeks with his parents near Thorntown, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Daggett and daughters spent Christmas with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy McMurry of Wayne spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Brant Werner.

Mr. and Mrs. Will VanVleet and children of Charlotte are visiting relatives here this week.

John J. McLaren and Mrs. Nell McLaren were over Christmas visitors with relatives in Saginaw.

John Patterson is prepared to make hot-bed sash and plant boxes for growers who desire them.

Rev. Hugh Ronald of Thorntown, Ind., former pastor here, will preach in the Presbyterian church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Farnan and daughter Margaret of Detroit visited at Geo. Hunter's Saturday and Sunday.

Raymond Brown of Greenville spent Christmas with relatives here. Mr. and Mrs. Brown returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Kelley of Detroit and Miss Helen Robinson of Ypsilanti spent Christmas at W. A. Robinson's.

Misses Esther and Gwineth Pickett of Ypsilanti spent the first of the week at Fraser Smith's and Mrs. Amos Pickett's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogers of Winnipeg, Canada, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Mimmack and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gentz of Saginaw and Mr. and Mrs. Monte Wood were Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gentz.

There is no reason why the girls in the Home Telephone office should not be "awfully" sweet for a while, at least. They received 27 pounds of candy for Christmas.

We have received the regular annual calendar for 1911 of the Michigan Agriculture College and like all its predecessors it is "a thing of beauty." Our most cordial thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Galpin and family of Dixboro, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Larned and family of Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanVleet and family of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bussey of Detroit spent Xmas at Linus Galpin's.

A number of the residents of Plymouth are in the habit of dumping the ashes from their fires in the middle of the street. This is violation of an ordinance and the parties are liable to be fined. There are also some who are very derelict about cleaning snow off their sidewalks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Peck and Virginia of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Kimmel and Mrs. Johnson of Findlay, Ohio, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wilcox at the residence of Mrs. H. A. Nichols. Saturday evening a Christmas tree and mirrorscope entertainment was enjoyed by all. During the evening a Postal-Telegraph was sent to Mrs. Nichols in California, thanking her for her hospitality and wishing her a Merry Christmas, to which an answer was received Monday morning, saying that she was pleased to be able to contribute in any way to the happiness of her relatives and friends, assuring them that Mrs. A. W. Chaffee and herself were well and enjoying themselves.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, aches of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

We extend to you our heartiest wishes for a prosperous, Happy New Year.

BROWN & PETTINGILL

TEA, COFFEE and FANCY GROCERIES OUR SPECIALTIES

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery



Well Surrounded

with fine Groceries and Fresh Fruits is dear old Santa. He, like the thrifty housewife, realizes that this is the place to buy reliable Groceries and Table Luxuries. Let us help you prepare that good old annual Xmas feast, and we assure you complete satisfaction or money refunded.

XMAS SHOPPING

is a pleasure when you have a good variety of things to pick from. That is just the reason we feel confident of pleasing you, for it matters not whether it is for male or female you will find articles that will give satisfaction to

HIM or HER

Silk and knit Mufflers, Fancy Auto Scarfs, fine Handkerchiefs, Suspensers, combination sets of Aprons, Sweaters, Gloves, Belts, Jabots, Fancy Back and Side Combs, Dutch Collars and Pins, Handkerchiefs and Handkerchiefs, Way and Bradley Knit Mufflers, Hosiery, 6 pair guaranteed 6 mos. Hole-proof Hosiery, 6 pr, guaranteed 6 mos. \$2.00.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

Both phones. Free Delivery.

GALE'S.

Big Cut Rate Sale ON TOYS

Books, Games, etc., all going at cost or less. We will sell \$1.25 Shooflys at 80c. 85c Shooflys at 45c. 1.50 Rocking-horses 1.10. 1.25 Sewing machines, 75c. 75c Sewing Machines, 50c. Boys' and girls' 25c Books at 20c. A 50c Shooting Gallery for 35c. Small Toys at cost.

Just Received a New Stock of Lamps

Hand Lamps, Standard Oil Lamps, Parlor Lamps, Night Lamps, etc. Headquarters for fresh Groceries at lowest price. Drugs and Medicines, Wall Paper, Baskets, etc.

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE

Central Meat Market

GET IN LINE WITH A FINE

Roast Beef, Pork or Chicken

FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER.

Mince Meat, Sauerkraut, Oysters,

the Best to be Had for the Money.

BARTLETT & RATTENBURY

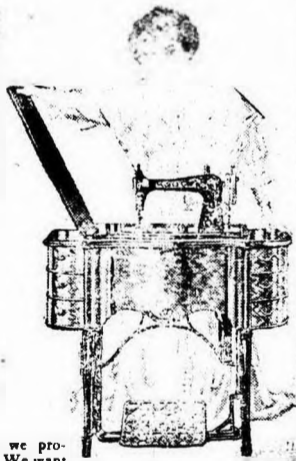
BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY

30 Days Trial in your Home

Our enthusiasm concerning The FREE Sewing Machine is so great that we are absolutely certain that if you once have it in your own home you will never think of owning any other—that if you once find out the convenience of its scores of 20th Century improvements then the time for you to think of possessing any sewing machine but

The FREE



will have gone forever. For that reason we propose that you try The Free for 30 days. We want you to keep it in your home—to sew on it—to test it in any way you choose—to compare it with any sewing machine you know of and then make your decision. Unless you are fully satisfied—more than satisfied—send it back to us—it will not cost you a cent—we will refund all you have paid on it.

We know that such an actual test for 30 days will show you that all other sewing machines are thirty years behind the times, ugly and full of out of date imperfections. Side by side with its beautiful French Leg design, the old style machine will look like a relic of the Revolutionary War.

To make it still easier for you to find all this out, we will sell you The FREE on your own terms and on payments as low as

\$1.00 A Week

The price of the machine we do not dare to publish because it is so low that you would think we exaggerated when we tell you in the same breath that it is the Lightest Running Sewing Machine in the World. The Most Perfect Stitching Machine in the World. The Fastest Sewing Machine in the World. The Most durable Sewing Machine in the World.

That it has all the good points ever known to sewing machines, that it has eliminated all the bad points and that it has a score of special improvements besides.

In order to learn of the remarkably low price, we want you to come to the store and first allow us to show you its many points of superiority.

Come Tomorrow and See The FREE and take it home for a trial

C. G. DRAPER

The Mail only \$1 a year.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Celebrating New Year's Day



In France Grand-parents Sit In State to Receive the Children



New Year Callers



The 'Old Year' Passing Out and New Coming In

IT HAS not been so many years ago that even young people cannot remember when New Year's day brought hosts of warm friends to exchange greetings and good wishes for the coming twelve months. Just why the custom of ladies receiving and men calling has fallen into disuse is a long story and not a very pleasant one.

Hostesses offered wine, eggnog and all sorts of drinks to soften the asperity of out of doors, to their men guests; a different sort partaken of at each house soon set brains in a whirl and manners suffered. The hospitality was abused; gentle ladies, outraged by having to receive men so far under the influence of liquor that names even were forgotten.

So, of course, the matter rectified itself, as all such things will after a while. Women ceased to keep "open house" when men ceased to appreciate the honor shown by their reception in warm, softly lighted rooms by a bevy of fair women, daintily gowned and happy to extend greetings for the New Year.

But I have noted that in many cases the old-time custom is reviving; charming women are again welcoming their men friends, but not with a variety of intoxicating liquors to steal away ideas of propriety. It is not every man that can "look upon the wine when it is red" and partake of just enough. Better, then, to offer nothing stronger than hot coffee, or to those whom one knows well the foaming glass of well-made eggnog, that will not leave remorse along with a splitting headache the next morning.

This may not mean what it does bring, but where possible "let the dead past bury its dead," and grieve not over the mistakes of 1910. If they can be rectified, let them be so; if not, waste no vain regrets over what cannot be helped, but determine that exactly such mistakes shall not happen again.

Because what is experience for if not to teach? Harsh and seemingly without any feeling of pity, experience is indeed the "school for fools," and yet we do not learn. Like the inventive mind of the active child who does all sorts of things, nobody on earth ever thought of as possible, we mortals are forever forgetting lessons that may have been burned into our souls by this not-to-be-escaped teacher, and going into troubles anew, quite as bad, even if different.

By the time we learn it is time to die, usually, but we are fortunate to learn at all. It requires all the clearness of brain, all the activity of mind, all the fortitude of endurance to enable us to steer clear of the pitfalls of life anyway, and if we have not learned the lesson of caution by and through experience, how can we hope to escape these pitfalls again?

It is not in the making of good resolutions, but the determination to do the right thing, that our best course lies for this new year, that brings again the chance. If we can escape consequences, let us accept them without murmur; they are never so hard in the enduring as in the dreading.

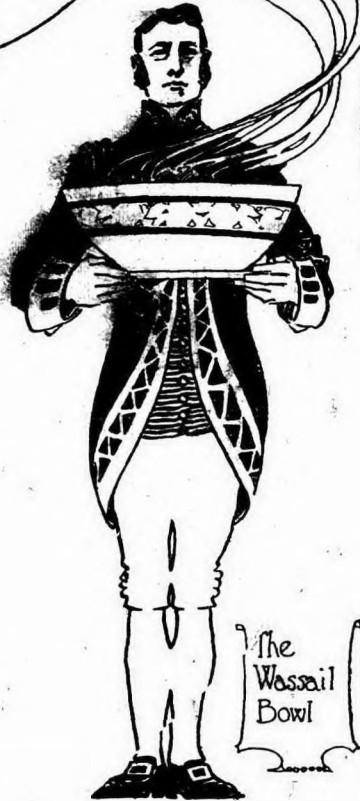
And, first of all, let us all decide, deep down in the inmost recesses of our hearts, that our own failings are quite as great as those of our fellow-creatures. This in itself is so very worth while. To say, "I would not do so and so" is to mean that you know nothing about it; you do not know what you would do if you were situated as was the perpetrator of the very thing you are condemning.

Make allowances for temperament, for environment, for ancestry, for lack of education along the lines that perhaps you have been fortunate in traversing. Say to yourself, "Perhaps I should have done much worse." Then you will have reached the heights of understanding of the frailties of human nature and be prepared to make the new year better for yourself and all with whom you have associated. It is for this Christ was born and the calendar of years begun within the week after "the Holy Babe" came.

Where a hostess is quite sure of the congeniality of her guests, she can plan nothing more agreeable than the "watch party" for New Year's eve.

First, of course, there can be cards or dancing or music, or all three, with other attractive methods of entertaining, but as the hour of midnight draws near all assemble in one room. This should have two doors, and a big clock in full view. When the first stroke of the twelve sounds one of the doors is opened to admit "the old year," a feeble old man, who passes through the room with bows to right and left, disappearing through the rear door as the last stroke sounds.

Then appears a lovely boy, with beaming countenance and happy mein. He bears a quiver within which are arranged small gifts for each present, wrapped and tied to represent arrows; one of these he presents to each guest as he passes in turn before them. When he has distributed to all he disappears, but turns at the door to blow a light kiss to the assembled company. The windows are then thrown open, letting in the cold, fresh air, with the whistles of the horns heard in the distance. Refreshment



The Wassail Bowl

be served before the midnight hour, but the "wassail bowl" is left for the last, and the hostess leads the way to a room where it may be enjoyed.

There should be a table in the middle of the floor and an open fire adds greatly to the proper preparing and serving. Apples are roasted to go in the big bowl that should be ready upon the table, and glasses or cups that may be retained as souvenirs by guests are all made ready.

The genuine "wassail" is prepared as follows, according to a recipe that is centuries old: Boil half an ounce each cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and four cloves, cardamom and coriander seeds in a couple of tumblerfuls of water; add to this half a gallon best ale and a quart of sherry wine, with sugar to taste; a pound or two will be needed. Heat again, but do not boil. Have the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six beaten and put them first into the bowl; then slowly add the heated mixture, stirring slowly all the while; leave the other half of the liquor where it will come to a boil and add; lastly put in a dozen or as many as wished of fine apples that have been cored, filled with sugar and roasted.

The boiling of spices may be done beforehand, the ale and wine ready, the eggs beaten and the apples roasted when a hostess ushers her guests into the room to partake.

The Japanese, quaint, resourceful, quiet Oriental that they are, understand beauty better than we; they do not furnish rooms with all sorts of things to keep in order, with heavy curtains to keep out the fresh air and velvet-covered chairs to catch dust from every source.

So the hostess who is planning a "Japanese tea" will find it one of the easiest as well as most effective ways of entertaining. Cherry blossoms, the "flower of Japan," are to be had in paper, so perfect in form and color as to be mistaken for the real; cups and saucers for the everlasting tea, the favored drink of the little, nice Japanese woman, cost just what one cares to pay for them; some for a few cents are quite as pretty and characteristic as others worth several dollars the dozen.

And then the fans, and the parasols, and the chrysanthemums; the dainty confections and the pretty kimonos, with the big bow tied directly in the middle of the back—all these are distinctive and easily encompassed by the hostess of moderate means.

Every library has a list of books from which many customs of the Japanese may be collected. Jinrikishas, the queer small carriages in which natives and the ubiquitous tourist are carried to and fro, with the strong, if small, brown men as horses, may be provided for the amusement of guests. In these, if carriers can be obtained, short journeys from one room to another may be made, each room a province of the empire of Japan with decorations adapted.

Everywhere possible Japanese lanterns may hang; the favors may be Japanese, such as vases, fans, tiny parasols, etc. Fan-tair, a game played with cards, supposed to have originated in Japan, may prove interesting to guests. Not more than six should sit at one table for this game. No. 1 lays down a seven, or if there happens to be none in his hand he puts up a chip; these chips cost but little in celluloid, and each player may have so many counted out in the beginning of the game.

On one side of the seven is to be laid a six of the same suit; on the other side an eight.

A player who cannot build on one of these two must pay in a chip. Pretty trifles, Japanese character, should be the prizes.

Japanese sweets can be had at any first-class grocery, and remember that tea served by the Japanese is made in each cup, and the cups are very tiny. They are lovely souvenirs. As Christmas is the holiest of all days, the first day of January may be considered as emblematic of the happiest.

So it is that in some countries, notably France, the day is observed differently; all the younger members of families pay their respects to the older ones; grandparents sit in state to receive the children, and each of the latter, down to the tiniest babe, carries either bonbons or flowers to the revered elder ones.

It is such a pretty fashion; one the American mother might well adopt, in this land where old people are usually snubbed and rebuked if they venture to express an opinion, so conceited are the youth of today.

The Occidental can learn nothing more worth while from the Oriental than the reverence with which old people are treated in those so-called "heathen" countries.

Where the Latin races are so much in evidence, as in some of the southern states, this custom holds, and the French Babes are taken to visit "grand pere et grand mere" with all possible ceremony. Flowers, either bouquets or growing in small pots, are greatly favored as gifts to these dear old people, who, having tasted of the best life offers, are surely passing down hill, with memories sad and sweet as their companions.

Among pretty growing plants the dwarf peach trees in full blossom are lovely; after the fruit blossoms are gone tiny leaves appear and the little trees will live a long while with care.

Only in time of their blossoming are these especially pretty, and florists manage to have them ready at this season of the year as gifts.

Where fresh flowers are so expensive, as in most northern climes, a single handsome blossom suffices, and in its stead a box of bonbons may be the gift. But the baby bears it in its rosy hands, and presents it with courtesy and delight to the aged ones. Is it not a beautiful custom? And may not all the mothers and fathers—of little ones see that the dear old ones who may not, probably will not, be with them another year, adopt it with true understanding of how much, how very much, it means to the old to be remembered?

I have heard a dear woman say that among her recollections the most satisfying is the one wherein she gave an aged aunt a cup and saucer on a New Year's day. By the next the dear, patient aunt was not with her.

DYING

Silent and slow—silent and slow,
Over the hills in the glistening snow,
The old year goes to his final rest;
The moon looks down with a pitying eye,
The wind sweeps past with a quivering sigh,
And moans in the leafless tree tops nigh
Like a wandering soul distressed.

Feeble and frail, feeble and frail,
Swayed and bent by the northern gale,
Yet he falters not by the way;
His beard is white as the driven snow,
Off his forehead the scant locks glow,
Ah, me! and it was not long ago
He was young and blithe and gay.

Now let him rest, now let him rest,
The snow for a blanket to cover his breast,
And the winds to murmur a dirge,
We'll never forget him though brief was his stay,
He brought us much sunshine to brighten the way,
And taught us that all things must soon pass away
And into eternity merge.

ADMITTED HIS ERROR

One of the neatest parliamentary apologies was that of an irate member of the house, who described another as "not having even the manners of a pig." At the cry of "Withdraw" he did so "I withdraw and apologize and beg to say that the honorable member has the manners of a pig"—London Chronicle.

GETS A BROKEN ARM IN POOL BALL DUEL

ATMOSPHERE FOR A FEW MINUTES IS FILLED WITH FLYING IVORY.

A shining pool ball, thrown with the accuracy of Mathewson "putting one over," put an end to a fight in a Pittsburgh pool room the other night. The will-aimed shot broke the right forearm of Julius Rosenberg, aged 23, of 1034 Vickroy street, and landed William Kelsky, aged 18, of 707 Wylie avenue, in the Center Avenue police station. Detectives Dillon and Morgan wire the arresting officers.

The pool ball that placed Rosenberg hors de combat was not the only one that left the table in the billiard hall. For a few minutes the air was crowded with them and the manager of the place spent nearly an hour searching for a "fifteen ball" after the fight was over. It was finally recovered from a cuspidor into which it had tumbled during the argument.



Duel With Pool Balls

A person seemed to know what was the scrap. Rosenberg and Kelsky, who were believed to be rivals, were watching a game of pool when one hit the other. Who struck the first blow nobody seemed to know, but they didn't want to see who scored. All the pool balls available were seized by the combatants, and, piling several tables between them, they opened fire. From the street the crowd gazed in through a window at the unique battle. According to witnesses, neither fighter scored until Kelsky, who is said to have some reputation as a diamond star, threw an incurve which caught Rosenberg in the right forearm. Rosenberg took the hurt, and the crowd followed the detectives back to the pool room and helped the manager gather up the balls.

KNOCKS OFF GIRL'S BIG HAT

Offending Headgear Obstructed Nebraskan's View of the Stage and He Lands on the "Lid."

Omaha.—Judge Bryce Crawford of the Omaha police court has suddenly jumped into popularity by reason of one of his decisions. Harry Buckley, a young man about town, was at one of the theaters and occupied a seat directly behind a young woman, who wore a hat that carried a brim fully two feet wide, hiding the stage from Buckley and the persons to his right and left. Leaning over, Buckley said: "Will you please remove your hat, so that I can see the play?"

The girl answered back that she had "paid for seeing the show and didn't propose to be insulted."

Instead of calling an usher, Buckley struck the hat and sent it spinning.



Off Went for "Lid."

Several feet away Buckley was placed under arrest, charged with disturbing the peace.

When the case came to trial Judge Crawford held that if there was any disturbance it was caused by the owner of the hat and that her big "lid" was out of place in the theater. Buckley was discharged.

Pig "Kidnap" Bear Cubs

Selins Grove, Pa.—When John Welles, a farmer of Summit Village, near here, entered his barnyard in the morning he was surprised to discover that his prize sow had adopted two bear cubs. Near by was the mother bear, apparently indifferent over the fact that the cubs had forsaken her.

The Quickest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You \$2.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for \$2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

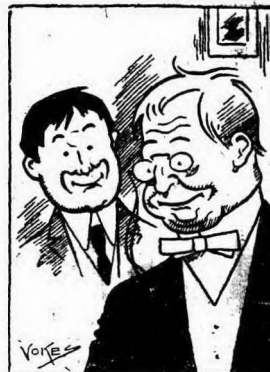
Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 3 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualic acid and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 284 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THE EXPLANATION



The Professor—You are better fed than taught.

The Stout Student—I reckon you're right. You teach me, but I feed myself.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s, psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pailful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. "My sister wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

A Dodger.
"Fine weather we've been having."
"Yes, but we'll pay for this fine weather, later on."
"I won't. I'm going to Florida for the winter."

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 Have Always Bought.

The big fences are not always around the best fruit trees.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, kills the pain, cures wind colic, etc.

The man who talks about himself is exceedingly interesting—to the talker.

Celebrating New Year's Day



In France Grandparents Sit In State to Receive the Children

IT HAS not been so many years ago that even young people cannot remember when New Year's day brought hosts of warm friends to exchange greetings and good wishes for the coming twelve months. Just why the custom of ladies receiving and men calling has fallen into disuse is a long story and not a very pleasant one.

Hostesses offered wine, cognac and all sorts of drinks to soften the asperity of out of doors, to their men guests; a different sort partaken of at each house soon left brains in a whirl and manners suffered. The hospitality was abused; gentle ladies, outraged by having to receive men so far under the influence of liquor that names even were forgotten.

So, of course, the matter rectified itself, as all such things will after a while. Women ceased to keep "open house" when men ceased to appreciate the honor shown by their reception in warm, softly lighted rooms by a bevy of fair women, daintily gowned and happy to extend greetings for the New Year.

But I have noted that in many cases the old-time custom is reviving; charming women are again welcoming their men friends, but not with a variety of intoxicating liquors to steal away ideas of propriety. It is not every man that can "look upon the wine when it is red" and partake of just enough. Better, then, to offer nothing stronger than hot coffee, or to those whom one knows well the foaming glass of well-made cognac, that will not leave remorse along with a splitting headache the next morning.

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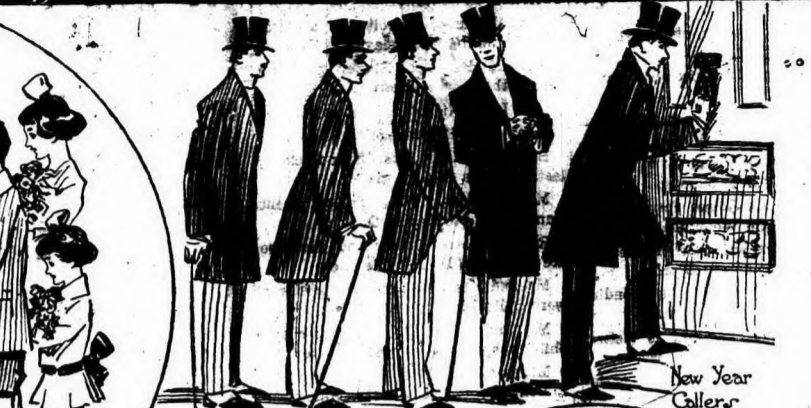
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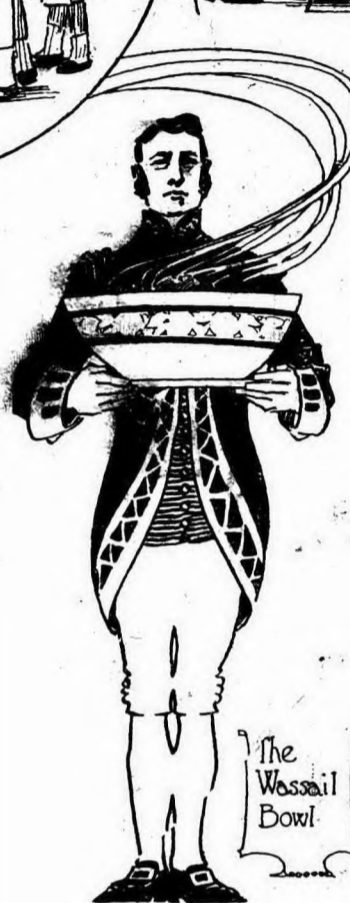
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The Wassail Bowl

be served before the midnight hour, but the "wassail bowl" is left for the last, and the hostess leads the way to a room where it may be enjoyed.

There should be a table in the middle of the floor and an open fire adds greatly to the proper preparing and serving. Apples are roasted to go in the big bowl that should be ready upon the table, and glasses or cups that may be retained as souvenirs by guests are all made ready.

The genuine "wassail" is prepared as follows, according to a recipe that is centuries old: Boil half an ounce each cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and four cloves, cardamom and coriander seeds in a couple of tumbertulfs of water; add to this half a gallon best ale and a quart of sherry wine, with sugar to taste; a pound or two will be needed. Heat again, but do not boil. Have the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six beaten and put them first into the bowl; then slowly add the heated mixture, stirring slowly all the while; leave the other half of the liquor where it will come to a boil and add; lastly put in a dozen or so, as many as wished of fine apples that have been cored, filled with sugar and roasted.

The boiling of spices may be done beforehand, the ale and wine ready, the eggs beaten and the apples roasted when a hostess ushers her guests into the room to partake.

The Japanese, quaint, resourceful, quiet Orientals that they are, understand beauty better than we; they do not furnish rooms with all sorts of things to keep in order, with heavy curtains to keep out the fresh air and velvet-covered chairs to catch dust from every source.

So the hostess who is planning a "Japanese tea" will find it one of the easiest as well as most effective ways of entertaining. Cherry blossoms, the "flower of Japan," are to be had in paper, so perfect in form and color as to be mistaken for the real; cups and saucers for the everlasting tea, the favored drink of the little, nice Japanese woman, cost just what one cares to pay for them; some for a few cents are quite as pretty and characteristic as others worth several dollars the dozen.

And then the fans, and the parasols, and the chrysanthemums; the dainty confections and the pretty kimonos, with the big bow tied directly in the middle of the back—all these are distinctive and easily encompassed by the hostess of moderate means.

Every library has a list of books from which many customs of the Japanese may be collected. Jimikishas, the queer small carriages in which natives and the ubiquitous tourist are carried to and fro, with the strong, if small, brown men as horses, may be provided for the amusement of guests. In these, if carriers can be obtained, short journeys from one room to another may be made, each room a province of the empire of Japan with decorations adapted.

Everywhere possible Japanese lanterns may hang; the favors may be Japanese, such as vases, fans, tiny parasols, etc. Fan-tan, a game played with cards, supposed to have originated in Japan, may prove interesting to guests. Not more than six should sit at one table for this game. No. 1 lays down a seven, or if there happens to be none in his hand he puts up a chip; these chips cost but little in celluloid, and each player may have so many counted out in the beginning of the game.

On one side of the seven is to be laid a six of the same suit; on the other side an eight.



The Old Year Passing Out and New Coming In

A player who cannot build on one of these two must pay in a chip. Pretty trifles, Japanese character, should be the prizes.

Japanese sweets can be had at any first-class grocery, and remember that tea served by the Japanese is made in each cup, and the cups are very tiny. They are lovely souvenirs.

As Christmas is the holiest of all days, the first day of January may be considered as emblematic of the happiest.

So it is that in some countries, notably France, the day is observed differently; all the younger members of families pay their respects to the older ones; grandparents sit in state to receive the children, and each of the latter, down to the tiniest babe, carries either bonbons or flowers to the revered elder ones.

It is such a pretty fashion; one the American mother might well adopt, in this land where old people are usually snubbed and rebuked if they venture to express an opinion, so conceited are the youth of today.

The Occidental can learn nothing more worth while from the Oriental than the reverence with which old people are treated in those so-called "heathen" countries.

Where the Latin races are so much in evidence, as in some of the southern states, this custom holds, and the French Babes are taken to visit "grand pere et grand mere" with all possible ceremony. Flowers, either bouquets or growing in small pots, are greatly favored as gifts to these dear old people, who, having tasted of the best life offers, are surely passing down hill, with memories sad and sweet as their companions.

Among pretty growing plants the dwarf peach trees in full blossom are lovely; after the fruit blossoms are gone tiny leaves appear and the little trees will live a long while with care.

Only in time of their blossoming are these especially pretty and florists manage to have them ready at this season of the year as gifts.

Where fresh flowers are so expensive, as in most northern climates, a single handsome blossom suffices, and in its stead a box of bonbons may be the gift. But the baby bears it in its rosy hands, and presents it with courtesy and delight to the aged ones. Is it not a beautiful custom? And may not all the mothers and fathers-of little ones see that the dear old ones who may not, probably will not, be with them another year, adopt it with true understanding of how much, how very much, it means to the old to be remembered?

I have heard a dear woman say that among her recollections the most satisfying is the one wherein she gave an aged aunt a cup and saucer on a New Year's day. By the next the dear, patient aunt was not with her.

DYING

Silent and slow—silent and slow,
Over the hills in the glistening snow,
The old year goes to his final rest;
The moon looks down with a pitying eye,
The wind sweeps past with a quivering sigh,
And moans in the leafless tree tops nigh
Like a wandering soul distressed.

Feeble and frail, feeble and frail,
Swayed and bent by the northern gale,
Yet he falters not by the way;
His beard is white as the driven snow,
Off his forehead the scant locks blow,
Ah, me! and it was not long ago
He was young and blithe and gay.

Now let him rest, now let him rest,
The snow for a blanket to cover his breast,
And the winds to murmur a dirge,
We'll never forget him though brief was his stay,
He brought us much sunshine to brighten the way,
And taught us that all things must soon pass away
And into eternity merge.

ADMITTED HIS ERROR.

One of the neatest parliamentary apologies was that of an irate member of the house, who described another as "not having even the manners of a pig." At the cry of "Withdraw" he did so. "I withdraw and apologize and beg to say that the honorable member has the manners of a pig."—London Chronicle.

GETS A BROKEN ARM IN POOL BALL DUEL

ATMOSPHERE FOR A FEW MINUTES IS FILLED WITH FLYING IVORY.

A shining pool ball, thrown with the accuracy of Mathewson "putting one over," put an end to a fight in a Pittsburgh pool room the other night. The well-aimed shot broke the right forearm of Julius Rosenberg, aged 23, of 1034 Vickroy street, and landed William Kelsky, aged 18, of 707 Wylie avenue, in the Center Avenue police station. Detectives Dillon and Morgan wire the arresting officers.

The pool ball that placed Rosenberg hors de combat was not the only one that left the table in the billiard hall. For a few minutes the air was crowded with them and the manager of the place spent nearly an hour searching for a "fifteen ball" after the fight was over. It was finally recovered from a cuspidor into which it had calomed during the argument.



Duel With Pool Balls

A person seemed to know what was the scrap, Rosenberg and Kelsky, who were believed to be friends, were watching a game of pool when one hit the other. Who struck the first blow nobody seemed to know, and they didn't want to see who scored next. All the pool balls available were seized by the combatants, and piling general tables between them, the opened fire. From the street the crowd gazed in through a window at the antique battle. According to witnesses, neither fighter scored until Kelsky, who is said to have some reputation as a diamond star, threw an intricate which caught Rosenberg in the right forearm. Rosenberg took the court, and the crowd followed the detectives back to the pool room and helped the manager gather up the balls.

KNOCKS OFF GIRL'S BIG HAT

Offending Headgear Obstructed Nebraskan's View of the Stage and He Lands on the "Lid."

Onaha.—Judge Bryce Crawford of the Omaha police court has suddenly jumped into popularity by reason of one of his decisions. Harry Buckley, a young man about town, was at one of the theaters and occupied a seat directly behind a young woman, who wore a hat that carried a brim fully two feet wide, hiding the stage from Buckley and the persons to his right and left. Leaning over, Buckley said: "Will you please remove your hat, so that I can see the play?"

The girl answered back that she had "paid for seeing the show and didn't propose to be insulted."

Instead of calling an usher, Buckley struck the hat and sent it spinning.



Off Went for "Lid."

several feet away. Buckley was placed under arrest, charged with disturbing the peace.

When the case came to trial Judge Crawford held that if there was any disturbance it was caused by the owner of the hat and that her big "lid" was out of place in the theater. Buckley was discharged.

Pig "Kidnap" Bear Cubs.

Selma Grove, Pa.—When John Welles, a farmer of Summit Village, near here, entered his barnyard in the morning he was surprised to discover that his prize sow had adopted two bear cubs. Near by was the mother bear, apparently indifferent over the fact that the cubs had forsaken her.

The Quickest, Surest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You \$2.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for \$2.50. Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

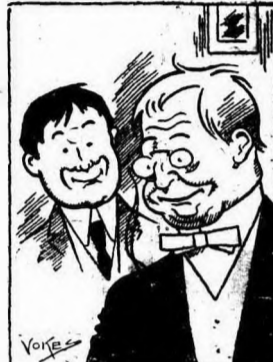
Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 3 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualcol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 24 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THE EXPLANATION.



The Professor—You are better fed than taught.
The Stout Student—I reckon you're right. You teach me, but I feed myself.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pailful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. "My sister wouldn't give up," said, "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

A Dodger.

"Fine weather we've been having." "Yes, but we'll pay for this fine weather later on." "I won't. I'm going to Florida for the winter."

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 J. C. Watson In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The big fences are not always around the best fruit trees.

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

The man who talks about himself is exceedingly interesting—to the talker.

AND GO AHEAD SLOWLY.



VOKE

Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance. Student—What is that? Philosopher—When you are sure you are right, you should suspect that you are wrong.

Household Hints.

By taking one hobbie skirt and sewing up one end of it a very pretty ragbag may be made in which to put the others.

The angels are more likely to be counting beads of perspiration than drops of tears.

COLDS Cured in One Day



"I regard my cold cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."

As a rule a few doses of Muroyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. These little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any drugstore.

If you need Medical Advice write to Muroyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail absolutely free. Address Prof. Muroyon, 53d and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Perfect Passenger Service
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Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Breath—Have No Appetite
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
will get you right in a few days.
They do their duty.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
Genuine with Signature
Beardswood

SMOKE A Stadium CIGAR AND BE HAPPY

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your Druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. WINTHROP & LYMAN CO. L.M., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Keep Fit

Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using

BECHAN'S PILLS

SERIAL STORY

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Margus G. Kettner

(Copyright 1918 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon councillor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Price's cabin Nat sees the fringed face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to demand settlement of the King Strang, for the looting of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang professes indignation when he hears Nat's promise and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Nell, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arbor Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Nell's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and Winsome, daughter of Arbor Croche, and are heartened by Nat's discovery that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him that his ship has been seized by the Mormons. She begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Price raving mad. Recovering, he tells Nat that Strang is doomed, that armed men are on the island, and that Marion has been captured. Nat is summoned to the castle by Strang. Nat kills Arbor Croche, and after a desperate fight with the king, leaves him for dead. The advancing host from the mainland descends on St. James. Nat and Nat take a part in the battle and the latter is wounded. Strang, whom Nat thought he had killed, orders him thrown into a dungeon. He finds Nell in a fellow-prisoner. They overhear the Mormon jury deciding their fate. A bribed jailer brings the prisoners word of Winsome and Marion. Bound and gagged, the two men are taken out to sea in a boat.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

After a time a dark rim loomed slowly up out of the sea. It was land, half a mile or so away. Nathaniel sat up with fresh interest, and as they drew a larer Jeekum rose to his feet and gazed long and steadily in both directions along the coast. When he returned to his seat the boat's course was changed. A few minutes later the boy grated upon sand. Still voiceless as spectators the guards leaped ashore, and Nell roused himself to follow them, climbing over the gull-wale like a sick man. Nathaniel was close at his heels. With a growing sense of horror he saw two ghostly shapes thrusting themselves out of the beach a dozen paces away. He looked beyond them. As far as he could see there was sand—nothing but sand, as white as paper, scintillating in a billion flashing needle-points in the starlight. Instinctively he guessed what the stakes were for, and walked toward them with the blood turning cold in his veins. Nell was before him and stopped at the first stake, making no effort to lift his eyes as Nathaniel strode past him. At the second, a dozen feet beyond, Nathaniel's two guards halted, and placed him with his back to the post. Two minutes later, bound hand and foot to the stake, he shifted his head so that he could look at his companion.

Nell was similarly fastened, with his face turned partly toward him. There was no change in his attitude. His head hung weakly upon his chest, as if he had fainted. "What did it mean?" Suddenly every nerve in Nathaniel's body leaped into excited action. The guards were entering their boat! The last man was shoving it off—they were rowing away! His throbbing muscles seemed ready to burst their bonds. The boat became indistinct in the starry gloom—a mere shadow—and faded in the distance. The sound of oars became fainter and fainter. Then, after a little, there was wafted back to him from far out in the lake a man's voice—the wild snatch of a song. The Mormons were gone! They were not to be shot! They were not—

A voice spoke to him, startling him so that he would have cried out if it had not been for the cloth that gagged him. It was Nell, speaking coolly, laughingly. "How are you, Nat?" Nathaniel's staring eyes revealed his astonishment. He could see Nell laughing at him as though it was an unusually humorous joke in which they were playing a part. "Lord, but this is a funny mess!" he chuckled. "Here am I, able and willing to talk—and there you are, as dumb as a mummy, and looking for all the world as if you'd seen a ghost! What's the matter? Aren't you glad we're not going to be shot?" Nathaniel nodded. The other's voice became suddenly sober. "This is worse than the other, Nat. It's what we call the Straight Death. Unless something turns up between now and tomorrow morning, or a little later, we'll be as dead as though they

had filled us with bullets. Our only hope rests in the fact that I can use my lungs. That's why I didn't let them know when my gag became loose. I had the devil's own time keeping it from falling with my chin; pretty near broke my neck doing it. A little later, when we're sure Jeekum and his men are out of hearing, I'll begin calling for help. Perhaps some fisherman or hunter—"

He stopped, and a chill ran up Nathaniel's back as he listened to a weird howl that came from far behind them. It was a blood-curdling sound and his face turned a more ghastly pallor as he gazed inquiringly at Nell. His companion saw the terrible question in his face.

"Wolves," he said. "They're away back in the forest. They won't come down to us." For a moment he was silent, his eyes turned to the sea. Then he added: "Do you notice anything queer about the way you're bound to that stake, Nat?"

There was a thrilling emphasis in Nathaniel's answer. He nodded his head affirmatively, again and again. "Your hands are tied to the post very loosely, with a slack of say six inches," continued Nell with an appalling precision. "There is a rawhide thong about your neck, wet, and so tight that it chafes your skin when you move your head. But the very uncomfortable thing just at this moment is the way your feet are fastened. Isn't that so? Your legs are drawn back, so that you are half resting on your toes, and I'm pretty sure your knees are aching right now. Eh? Well, it won't be very long before your legs will give way under you and the slack about your wrists will keep you from helping yourself. Do you know what will happen then?"

He paused and Nathaniel stared at him, partly understanding, yet giving no sign. "You will hang upon the thong about your neck until you choke to death," finished Nell. "That's the 'Straight Death.' If the end doesn't come by morning the sun will finish the job. It will dry out the wet rawhide until it grips your throat like a hand. Poetically we call it the hand of Strang. Pleasant, isn't it?"

The grim definiteness with which he described the manner of their end added to those sensations which had already become acutely discomfoting

to Nathaniel. Had he possessed the use of his voice when the Mormons were leaving he would have called upon them to return and lengthen the thongs about his ankles by an inch or two. Now, with almost brutal frankness, Nell had explained to him the meaning of his strange posture. His knees began to ache. An occasional sharp pain shot up from them to his hips, and the thong about his neck, which at first he had used as a support for his chin, began to irritate him. At times he found himself resting upon it so heavily that it shortened his breath, and he was compelled to straighten himself, putting his whole weight on his twisted feet. It seemed an hour before Nell broke the terrible silence again. Perhaps it was ten minutes.



Joy Shone in Her Face.

"I'm going to begin," he said. "Listen. If you hear an answer nod your head." He drew a deep breath, turned his face as far as he could toward the shore, and shouted. "Help—help—help!" Again and again the thrilling words burst from his throat, and as their echoes floated back to them from the forest, like a thousand mocking voices, Nathaniel grew hot with the sweat of horror. If he could only have added his own voice to those cries, shrieked out the words with Nell—joined even unavailingly in this last fight for life, it would not have been so bad. But he was helpless. He watched the desperation grow in his companion's face as there came no response save the taunting echoes: even in the light of the stars he saw that face darken with its effort, the eyes fill with a mad light, and the throat strain against its choking thong. Gradually Nell's voice became weaker. When he stopped to rest and listen his panting breath came to Nathaniel like the hissing of steam. Soon the echoes failed to come back from the forest, and Nathaniel fought like a crazed man to free himself, jerking at the thongs that held him until his wrists were bleeding and the rawhide about his neck choked him.

"No use!" he heard Nell say. "Better take it easy for a while, Nat!" Marion's brother had turned toward him, his head thrown back against the stake, his face lifted to the sky. Nathaniel raised his own head, and found that he could breathe easier. For a long time his companion did not break the silence. Mentally he began counting off the seconds. It was past midnight—probably one o'clock. Dawn came at half past two, the sun rose

an hour later. Three hours to live! Nathaniel lowered his head, and the rawhide tightened perceptibly at the movement. Nell was watching him. His face shone as white as the starlit sand. His mouth was partly open. "I'm devilish sorry—for you—Nat—" he said.

His words came with painful slowness. There was a grating buskiness in his voice. "This damned rawhide—is pinching—my Adam's apple—"

He smiled. His white teeth gleamed, his eyes laughed, and with a heart bursting with grief Nathaniel looked away from him. He had seen courage, but never like this, and deep down in his soul he prayed—prayed that death might come to him first, so that he might not have to look upon the agonies of this other, whose end would be ghastly in its fearless resignation. His own suffering had become excruciating. Sharp pains darted like red-hot needles through his limbs, his back tortured him, and his head ached as though a knife had cloven the base of his skull. Still—he could breathe. By pressing his head against the post it was not difficult for him to fill his lungs with air. But the strength of his limbs was leaving him. He no longer felt any sensation in his cramped feet. His knees were numb.

A moaning, wordless cry broke through the cloth that gagged him. At the sound of that cry, faint, terrifying, with all the horror that might fill a human soul in its articulate note, a shudder of life passed into Nell's body. Weakly he flung himself back, stood poised for an instant against the stake, then fell again upon the deadly thong. Twice—three times he made the effort, and failed. And to Nathaniel, staring wild-eyed and silent now, the spectacle was one that seemed to blast the very soul within him and send his blood in rushing torrents of fire to his sickened brain. Nell was dying! A fourth time he struggled back. A fifth—and he held his ground. Even in that passing instant something like a flash of his buoyant smile flickered in his face and there came to Nathaniel's ears like a throttled whisper—his name.

"Nat—"

And no more.

The head fell forward again, and Nathaniel, turning his face away, saw something come up out of the shimmering sea, like a shadow before his blustering eyes, and as his own limbs went out from under him and he felt the strangling death at his throat there came from that shadow a cry that seemed to snap his very heart-strings—a piercing cry and (even in his half-consciousness he recognized it) a woman's cry! He flung himself back, and for a moment he saw Nell struggling, the last spark of life in him stirred by that same cry; and then across the white sand two figures flew madly toward them, and even as the hot film in his eyes grew thicker he knew that one of them was Marion and that the other was Winsome Croche.

His heart seemed to stop beating. He strove to pull himself together, but his head fell forward. Faintly, as on a battlefield, voices came to him, and when with a superhuman effort he straightened himself for an instant he saw that Nell was no longer at the stake but was stretched on the sand, and of the two figures beside him one suddenly sprang to her feet and ran to him. And then Marion's terror-filled face was close to his own, and Marion's lips were moaning his name, and Marion's hands were slashing at the thongs that bound him. When with a great sigh of joy he crumpled down upon the earth he knew that he was slipping off into oblivion with Marion's arms about his neck, and with her lips pressing to his the sweet elixir of her love.

Darkness enshrouded him but a few moments, when a dash of cool water brought him back into light. He felt himself lowered upon the sand and after a breath or two he twisted himself on his elbow and saw that Nell's white face was held on Winsome's breast and that Marion was running up from the shore with more water. For a space she knelt beside her brother, and then she hurried to him. Joy shone in her face. She fell upon her knees and drew his head in the hollow of her arm, crooning mad senseless words to him, and bathing his face with water, her eyes shining down upon him gloriously. Nathaniel reached up and touched her face, and she bowed her head until her hair smothered him in sweet gloom, and kissed him. He drew her lips to his own, and then she lowered him gently and stood up in the starlight, looking first at Nell and next down at him; and then she turned quickly back to the sea.

From down near the shore she called back some word, and with a shrill cry Winsome followed her. Nathaniel struggled to his elbow, to his knees—staggered to his feet. He saw the cloth drifting out into the night, and Winsome standing alone at the water-edge, her sobbing cries of entreaty, of terror, following it unanswered. He tottered down toward her, gaining new strength at each step, but when he reached her the boat was no longer to be seen and Winsome's face was whiter than the sands under her feet.

"She is gone—gone—" she moaned, stretching out her arms to him. "She is going—back to Strang!" And then, from far out in the white glory of the night, there came back to him the voice of the girl he loved: "Goodby—Goodby—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

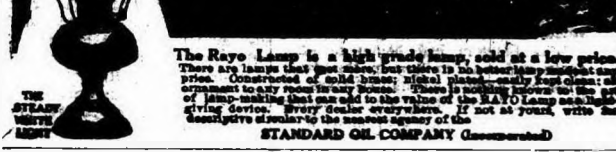
The Only Way. Her Brother—What is the best way to win a woman's love? His Sister—

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impair digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, soothes the nerves, and so gives health and strength to the whole body.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.



The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that give out an extraordinary amount of light for very little power. Constructed of solid brass, nickel plated, and equipped with an automatic safety device. There is nothing better on the market. The Rayo Lamp is a safe, reliable, and efficient device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at hand, write for literature free to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company.

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Mrs. J. (to the children)—Children, you may go over to grandma's and stay all day. (Aside)—I know my husband is a deacon in the church, but for all that he is as apt to hit his thumb with a hammer as any other man.

A Card. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. Your Druggist, My Druggist, Any Druggist in Michigan.

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Stop guessing! Try the best and most certain remedy for all painful ailments—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The way it relieves all soreness from sprains, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc., is wonderful.

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