



GOLDFISH WERE LOST AT SEA

Monkey Reached in a Glass Globe and Fed Them to Much-Pleased Dog.

Lightly loaded, the Oriental liner Rygia, Captain Meyer, from Hongkong, was buffeted about forty-eight hours by a violent gale two days after she had left Yokohama.

The Chinese boatwain is mourning over the loss of a fine assortment of Japanese goldfish he was bringing to Portland. There were two thousand in the shipment when the steamer left Yokohama.

The glass globe in which the fish made their home stood near the cage of a large chimpanzee, another possession of the boatwain.

With dexterous movements of his long arms, the chimpanzee reached into the globe and brought out two handfuls of goldfish, which he threw down in front of the pup.

William Dean Howells, the American novelist, tells the following story on himself:

"I got into an argument one day with my wife on the propriety of using a certain word in a sentence. My wife maintained there was no right in favor of my usage, and I held that there was. So, to end the matter, I took the Century Dictionary and looked it up.

"Ah," I said, "here it is, with just the usage I employed," and I read the justifying quotation aloud.

"Again I studied the printed page. 'Why, it says Howells.'"

"Oh," answered my wife with a triumph of scorn, "he's no authority."

Japan's Paper Industry. Next to cotton spinning, the production of paper is Japan's greatest industry.

The country produces over \$18,000,000 worth of paper annually. The justly famous hand-made Japanese paper is produced largely by farmers, in the intervals of their regular work.

Christmas Punch. The late Ida Lewis, keeper of the Lime Rock Light at Newport, saved many sailors from drowning, and saved many, too, from drunkenness.

"It will get you into trouble," she said. "These strong Christmas punches always do. A fine young sailor—but he's filling a drunkard's grave today—once offered me a glass of Christmas punch, saying:

"Drink it, ma'am. It's food and drink in one."

"Yes," said I, "and a night's lodging as well if you take enough of it."

Different Birds. Hilary K. Adair, the western detective, was congratulated by a Duluth reporter on the arrest of a notorious Christmas swindler.

"With his absurd Christmas lottery scheme," said Mr. Adair, "the man took in \$700 a day in money orders."

Blessed Are the Meek. Employer—See here! Do you think you know more about this business than I do? New Office Boy—No, sir! Honest! I ain't no magazine writer!—Pack.

MANCHU HEADS TO BE GIVEN PENSIONS

THE NEW REPUBLIC ALLOWS THE DEPOSED RULERS MILLIONS.

NEW GOVERNMENT GAINING STRENGTH STEADILY.

Leaders Believe That the Country is Almost Unanimous in Favor of the Republican Movement.

The republican government is assuming a very strong position and now considers that the future of China is entirely in its hands.

The cabinet formed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen announced the terms it will offer to the Manchus on their submission.

The good faith of the republicans is shown by the fact that the Manchus in the southern provinces are now being supported and clothed by the revolutionaries, and any abuse of them is severely punished by the republican government.

Kalamazoo Wins Big Water Suit. After being out 10 hours, a jury in the circuit court in Kalamazoo returned a verdict of \$15,842.76 in favor of the city against the Standard Paper Co.

The trial has lasted 15 days. The suit followed an investigation made by the city council in an effort to ascertain a waste of water pumped by the city water works, and it was alleged that the paper company had been using the water from the city mains in the manufacture of paper.

Demand Lower Telephone Rates. Officials of the Michigan State Telephone company from Chicago, Detroit, Saginaw and Bay City conferred and met the local board of commissioners and representatives of the Saginaw board of trade, in Bay City, to discuss the request of the local board for a reduction of the telephone rates.

Naval Commanders Election Illegal. The state naval board has ordered the holding of a new election of a commander of the Menominee naval battalion, to succeed Capt. H. S. Goodlett, resigned, and to which office Capt. Grant Stephenson, of Wells, was elected.

Power Company Seeks Right to Operate. Acting upon the advice of the state railroad commission, Secretary of State Martindale refused to accept the article of incorporation of the Peninsular Power Co., of Wisconsin and that corporation has secured an order from the supreme court, directing the secretary of state to show cause why the article should not be accepted.

Osborn Names Good Roads Delegation. Gov. Osborn has named the following delegates to the National Good Roads convention of the American Automobile association, to be held at Washington, Jan. 16 and 17: A. F. Peck, Detroit; E. A. Skae, Detroit; F. C. Warnhuis, Grand Rapids; Edwin S. George, Detroit; W. W. Todd, Jackson; E. F. Cleveland, Adrian; Townsend A. Ely, Lansing.

The committee appointed by the Michigan Federation of Labor to investigate the new employers' liability bill, reported, to that body, in session in Battle Creek as favoring the bill in its present form.

The Jackson county board of supervisors has passed a resolution directing the sheriff and prosecuting attorney not to spend any more money on the old prison grand jury cases and to collect from the state money already due for those previously tried.

Maple River Farmers' club has petitioned the government to investigate the hay and bean "trust" that, agriculturists claim, exists in this state.

Recommendations that a change be made in the constitution of Massachusetts to give to the legislature broad powers for the taxation of incomes, and that after such a constitutional amendment has been adopted, "we develop the income tax and give up attempting to enforce the general property tax, so far as it relates to the taxation of intangible personal property," are embodied in the annual report of Tax Commissioner William D. Trefrey.

ADMIRAL EVANS DEAD.

Victim of Acute Indigestion—Three Hours' Illness Ends Fatally.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, familiarly known to the American people as "Fighting Bob" Evans, died at his home after an illness of less than three hours. An attack of acute indigestion which came on after he had eaten his luncheon was the cause of death.

With Admiral Evans at the time of his death were his wife and daughter, Mrs. Harold Sewall. Another daughter, the wife of Capt. C. C. Marsh, of the United States navy, is on her way to Washington from Norfolk. His son, Frank Taylor Evans, is a lieutenant in the navy attached to the United States steamer Mohican, now stationed at Olongapo in the Philippines.

LATE WIRE BULLETINS.

The price of platinum has risen to \$730 per pound, the highest quotation on record.

The hanging of Fidalis by the Russians continues. Three Fidalis were hanged in Tabriz, Persia, and their bodies displayed on the gallows.

Comptroller of the Currency Murray announces in an official statement that he is strongly urging all national banks to elect directors who live in the immediate vicinity of the institutions.

The United States submarine boat F-3 was launched from a Seattle shipyard, where three other craft of the same class are to be constructed. Extraordinary secrecy has been maintained.

The discharge of one hundred temporary employees of the census office, Washington, and an addition of an hour to the working day of all other employees, was announced by Director Durand.

During 1911 the total number of vessels arriving at the port of New York, according to the books of the government at the large office, was 9,119, of which 6,642 were steamers and 3,077 sailing vessels.

"We've got the money; give us the convention," is the message that will be carried to the meeting of the Democratic national committee in Washington next week by the bipartisan convention committee of Chicago.

Papers are filed with the secretary of state dissolving the Seaboard company, which was incorporated in New Jersey in 1905 for the purpose of dealing in railroad rolling stock. The company had an authorized capital of \$72,000,000.

The flagship Connecticut of the Atlantic fleet hereafter will be independent of any division, instead of being a part of the first division. This change, together with several others in the fleet organization, was made public at the navy department.

Secretary of the Interior Fisher authorized the reclamation service to negotiate for the purchase of the privately owned Franklin canal, for which \$120,000 is asked, to provide for irrigating lands in the vicinity of El Paso under the Rio Grande project.

California is in a state of panic over the prospect of the appearance on the Pacific coast of the dreaded Mediterranean fly, an insect pest which already has made its way from Australia to the Hawaiian islands and is rapidly destroying the fruit orchards there.

The first extended biographical record ever printed by a professional department of Yale has just been published by the Yale law school, in the form of a large volume of 1,065 pages. The record gives biographies of law students and degree graduates between the years 1824 and 1899.

Many telegrams of condolence and sympathy from distinguished persons, among them President Taft, Chief Justice White and all the associate justices of the United States supreme court were received by Justice William R. Day at his home in Canton, O., after the death of Mrs. Day.

Young women residing in the dormitory of Charles City college in Charles City, Ia., had a narrow escape early Saturday when the building was destroyed by fire. Practically nothing was saved from the buildings, the young women being forced to flee in their night clothing. The loss is covered by insurance.

The main building, boiler house and storage house of the Industrial Cotton Oil company, with 10,000 tons of seed and other products, burned in Houston, Tex. The loss is estimated to be between \$500,000 and \$750,000. The origin of the fire has not been determined. The plant employed 250 men. The plant was partially insured.

Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, received word that he had been appointed commander of the Order of Leopold II. by the government of Belgium. The decoration is in recognition of the educator's views of the condition of affairs in the Congo Free State published in 1908 and for the exhibit at Brussels of his Congo anthropological collections, for which he got the grand prize.

It cost a proprietor of a skating rink at Prescott, Ark., just \$100 to deny admittance to army officers in khaki uniform last month. The attorney general has informed the war department that the district attorney at Tucson prosecuted this man and upon his plea of guilty the fine was imposed. A similar case which occurred at Tombstone, Ariz., is about to be prosecuted.

All the machinists at the Norfolk navy yard who walked out after refusing to sign cards under which it was charged the Taylor system was being enforced at this naval station, returned to work when the cards were withdrawn.

Gov. West, of Oregon, will reprieve all condemned murderers until Dec. 13, 1912, which will be after the election of the state determine at the polls whether the majority approves capital punishment. The governor, who opposes such penalty, will submit an amendment to the present law at the November election and urge that the death penalty be abolished.

RICHESON CONFESSES SENTENCED TO DIE

FORMER PREACHER IN JAIL IN BOSTON ADMITS HIS GUILT AS POISONER OF MISS LINNELL.

HOPES TO ESCAPE DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Prosecutor Declares He Has No Idea of Allowing Him to Dodge Trial for Crime of His Cruel Deeds.

Clarence Valentine Thompson Richeson, former Baptist preacher, in jail in Boston, confessed giving poison to Miss Avis Linnell, of Hyannisport, causing her death on the night of October 14, 1911. The confession was made public by Richeson's lawyers.

The confession was phrased and penned by Richeson. It gives no details. It states no motive for the crime. It is an admission of guilt and an allegation of remorse, a revelation of fear of the electric chair, desire to escape it, and an appeal for life in prison walls. It closes with expressions calculated to indicate religious sentiment and feeling in the man who heartlessly poisoned the young choir singer whom he had wronged whose condition threatened revelations which might jeopardize his proposed marriage to a young and wealthy society woman.

Moses Grant Edmonds, father of Violet Edmonds, to whom Richeson was engaged, opened his purse for Richeson's defense. Richeson's aged father came on from Virginia. Douglas Richeson, a brother, came from Chicago. Members of Immanuel Baptist church, Cambridge, of which Richeson was pastor when arrested, prayed for Richeson and refused for some time to accept his resignation, even when urged to do so by Richeson himself. All these repeatedly publicly affirmed the belief in his innocence. They are stunned by his confession of bloodguiltiness.

GUILTY; SENTENCED TO DIE MAY 19. A plea of guilty of murder in the first degree was made by Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson in the superior court in Boston, and he was sentenced by Judge Sanderson to death by electrocution some time during the week of May 19, 1912.

Richeson had pleaded not guilty when arraigned after his indictment on the charge of poisoning Avis Linnell, of Hyannis, Mass., his sweetheart, but following a written confession he retracted that plea and made a formal plea of guilty.

It is understood a petition may be made to Gov. Foss and the executive council of the state to commute the death sentence to imprisonment for life.

New York Has \$10,000,000 Fire.

At least \$10,000,000 loss and possibly as high as \$15,000,000 was caused by a fire in New York that destroyed the nine-story building of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Four persons are known to be dead and three others are missing, believed to be buried in the ruins of the historic marble structure that made up the entire block between Nassau, Pine and Cedar streets and Broadway. One of the dead is Deputy Fire Chief Walsh, who was trapped on the fourth floor.

Between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000 worth of securities are in the vaults under the building, but are supposed to be safe.

According to an officer of the Equitable, the great safety deposit vaults in the building contained securities aggregating between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000. The vaults are believed to be intact.

Larger Deficit Faces Treasury.

The dying year 1911 is bequeathing the federal government a materially increased deficit as compared with the close of 1910, to be wiped out, if possible, during the remaining half of the current fiscal year. The general fund, representing the available resources of the treasury, showed a big growth, on the other hand, due to the sale of \$50,000,000 in Panama canal bonds during the year. The principal causes of the increased deficit was a falling off of probably \$10,000,000 in customs receipts and an increase of about \$7,000,000 in the cost of the navy during the last half year, as compared with the same period in 1910.

End of 1911 Brings Relief in Wall St.

Relief rather than regret is felt in Wall street at the passing of the year 1911. It has been a year of decided unsettlement in both finance and business. Activity in almost every line has been repressed. Trading on the stock exchange dwindled. At no time, however, were there threats of widespread disaster. The condition was one of dull suspense rather than of actual retrogression. Business was sound but the characteristic American vim was lacking.

A white marble bust of Vice-President James S. Sherman has reached the capitol and will be immediately put in place in a niche close to the main entrance of the senate.

The Michigan Funeral Directors and Embalmers' association held a meeting at the Hotel Dresden, Flint, and fixed the date for the annual meeting in Flint next year. It will be held Aug. 14, 15 and 16.

Dangers of the streets of New York are thrown into strong relief in the annual report of the highways protective society, showing that street accidents resulted in the killing of 42 persons and the serious injury of 2,004 in 1911. During 1910, there were 376 killed and 930 seriously injured. In 1911 60 chauffeurs ran away and escaped detection after killing pedestrians according to the report.

U. S. TROOPS HELD READY

Fifteenth Infantry, in Manila, Can Be Sent to China on Moment's Notice.

The Fifteenth Infantry regiment, which is stationed at Fort McKinley, Manila, where it arrived December 5, is being held in readiness to proceed to China.

It was brought up to war strength on its arrival, in preparation for eventualities.

The army stands ready to meet any demands on it within reason, and the officers in Washington are wondering why the word does not come from Peking, knowing that other powers have been dispatching troops into the interior of China along the lines of the railroad from Peking to the sea.

Wellington R. Burt Gives \$6,000 to Fair.

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, has made public a donation of \$6,000 to the Eastern Michigan Fair association, contingent on the association securing \$30,000 by March 1. The directors have started an active campaign to secure the necessary funds, selling stock to citizens.

Coldest in Thirteen Years at the Sea

With the mercury down to 26 degrees below zero the cold record for 13 years was broken at Sault Ste. Marie. On February 10, 1899, the record of 37 below zero was made.

Sir William Rann Kennedy, lord justice on appeal of London, Eng., recently president of the International Law association, will deliver the annual address before the American Bar association at its annual meeting to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 27, 28 and 29.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

DETROIT—Cattle—Best steers and heifers, \$6.00 to choice butcher steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. \$5.25 to \$5.75; light to good butcher steers and heifers, 700 to 900 lbs. \$4.50 to \$5.00; mixed cows, \$3.00 to \$3.75; cullers, \$2.50 to \$3.00; common bulls, \$3.75 to \$4.25; good shippers' bulls, \$4.25 to \$4.75; common feeders, \$3.00 to \$4.00; mixed weaners, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light stockers, \$3.25 to \$4.00.

Veal Calves—Market steady; best grades, \$9.00 to \$9.50; others, \$8.00. Milch cows and springers, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Sheep and lambs—Market steady; best lambs, \$5.00 to \$6.75; fair to good lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light to common lambs, \$3.50 to \$4.00; fair to good butcher sheep, \$3.50 to \$4.00; culls and common, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Hogs—Market steady; light to good butchers, \$6.00 to \$6.50; pigs, \$5.75 to \$5.90; light porkers, \$6.00 to \$6.50; stags, one-third off.

GRAIN, ETC.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 1 car at \$1.12; May opened with an advance of 1/8c to \$1.01 1/2, advanced to \$1.01 1/2, declined to \$1.01 1/2, and closed at \$1.01 1/2. July opened at 95 1/2c and advanced to 96 1/2c. No. 1 white, 54 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 1 car at \$1.02.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 62 1/2c; No. 4, 1 car at 60c; No. 3 yellow, 63 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 64 1/2c. Oats—Standard, 50 1/2c bid; No. 2 white, 50c; standard on track, 51c. Rye—Cash No. 2, 86c bid. Beans—Immediate prompt and January shipment, \$2.22; February, \$2.22; May, \$2.45.

Government—Prime spot and March, \$1.75; sample, 3 bags at \$1.50 to \$1.75. Flour—In jobbing lots, 100-lb. sacks, \$2.25; course meal, \$2.25; cracked corn, \$2.25; coarse meal and cracked corn, \$2.25; corn and oat chop, \$2.25 per ton.

FARM PRODUCE.

Trading in farm stuff is active and the general tone steady to firm. The cold weather is causing an increase in demand in the leading lines of produce. Butter is dull owing to the high price. Chickens are in active demand and a lively trade is going on in dressed owing to the favorable weather for handling that line of goods. Prices are higher and the market is quoted firm. Potatoes are firm and in good demand. Sugars declined 1/8c.

Apples—Baldwin, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Greening, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Spy, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Ben Davis, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Snow, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bushel. Cabbage—2 1/2 to 2 3/4 per lb. Hickory Nuts—Shellbark, 2 1/2 to 3c per lb.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 8c; choice, \$8.00 per lb. Honey—Choice to fancy comb, 16 to 18c; amber, 14 to 15c per lb. Dressed Hogs—Light, 7c; medium, 6 1/2c; heavy, 6c per cwt.

Potatoes—Car lot, 50c per bu. in bulk and 5c in sacks per bu. Dressed Poultry—Chickens, 13 to 14c; hens, 11 to 12c; ducks, 10 to 11c; geese, 14 to 15c; turkeys, 18 to 19c per lb. Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 12 to 13c; No. 2 chickens, 10c; hens, 10c; No. 2 hens, 9c; turkeys, 16 to 17c; geese, 11 to 12c; ducks, 14c; young ducks, 15c per lb. Cheese—Michigan, old 15 1/4 to 16c; September, 15 1/4 to 16c; York State, September, 16 to 17c; Limburger, 14 to 15c; domestic Swiss, 17 to 20c; imported Swiss, 20 to 22c; brick cream, 15 to 16c per lb.

VEGETABLES.

Brussels sprouts, 25c per qt.; beets, 70c per bu; carrots, 80c per bu; cauliflower, \$2.75 per doz; celery, 30 to 40c per doz; eggplant, \$1.75 to \$2.25 per doz; garlic, 10c per lb; green beans, \$2 per box; green peppers, \$1.25 per bu; leaf lettuce, \$1.50 to \$2 per hamper; mint, 30c per doz; parsley, 20 to 25c per doz; parsnips, 90c per doz; radishes, 30c per doz; rutabagas, 40c per bu; Hubbard squash, \$1.50 per lb; turnips, 40c per bu; vegetable oysters, 40c per doz; watercress, 35c per doz.

Charging violations of the Sherman anti-trust laws, the Peoples Tobacco Co., of New Orleans, instituted civil action in the United States district court against the American Tobacco Co. for damages and penalties provided by the anti-trust law in the sum of \$531,199.08.

The dominion government is supporting the suggestion of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway that King George be invited to open Canada's new trans-continental railway in 1914. Every effort will be made to have his majesty tour the dominion on that occasion.

BLADDER TROUBLE CAUSES TERRIBLE PAINS.

After taking a trial bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which you forwarded to me, I purchased some from a local drug store and after using three dollar bottles I can truthfully say that I was cured of all the terrible pains I had in my back, side and head, caused by bladder trouble. I had the worst kind of kidney trouble and suffered so that I could not even stay in bed with the pain. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root made me feel just like a new person and I am glad to recommend it to anyone suffering as I did.

Very truly yours, MISS MARY ARDNER, 507 Washington St. Defiance, Ohio. Sworn to before me and in my presence subscribed by the said Miss Mary Ardner, this 16th day of July, 1909.

F. L. RAY, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent, and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

PUBLIC FUNDS AID THE WORK

Gratifying Sign That the People Are Awake to Value of Fight Against Tuberculosis.

Compared with the expenditures for tuberculosis work in 1910, those of the past year are practically the same in the aggregate, but they are almost double those of 1909. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in its third annual statement, points out, however, what it considers more significant than the aggregate expenditures, namely, that the percentage of money spent from public funds is greater in 1911 than ever before, being 66.2 per cent of the total. In 1909 only 53.5 per cent of the total expenditures was from public funds, and in 1910 it had increased to 62.6 per cent. In 1921 over \$6,000,000 of the \$14,500,000 spent was from federal, state, municipal or county funds. Since the chief work of the anti-tuberculosis associations is to urge the public authorities to provide for tuberculosis patients, and thus to assume the responsibility for stamping out this disease, the increased percentage of public money is regarded as a very favorable sign of progress.

Appropriations of over \$10,000,000 for tuberculosis work in 1912 have already been made by state legislatures and municipal and county bodies. This sum about \$4,700,000 is from state appropriations, and about \$5,700,000 for county and municipal purposes. In addition to these sums, the federal government spends about \$1,000,000 every year supporting its several special tuberculosis sanatoria.

Cornered.

Lord Gullford tells a story of a young lady's resources at a bazaar. Business was in full swing when a young man strolled around the various stalls, with no intention of purchasing anything. As he passed a large, beautifully decorated stall the young lady seller detained him. "Won't you buy a cigarette holder, sir?" she asked. "No, thank you, I don't smoke," was the curt reply. "Or a pen writer worked with my own hands?" "I don't write." "Then do have this nice box of chocolates." "I don't eat sweets." The young lady's patience was exhausted. "Sir," she said grimly, "will you buy this box of soap?" The young man paid up.

A silly man is easily convinced that he possesses more wisdom in one day than the late Mr. Solomon did in all his years.

The Promise Of a Good Breakfast

is fulfilled if you start the meal with

Post Toasties

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of toasted corn—ready to serve direct from the package with cream and sugar

Please Particular People

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

**SERIAL STORY**

**THE GIRL from HIS TOWN**

By MARIE VAN VORST  
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER

Copyright, 1916, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Dan Blair, the 22-year-old son of the fifty-million-dollar copper king of Blairtown, Mont., is a guest at the English home of Lady Galorey. Dan's father had been courteous to Lord Galorey during his visit to the United States and the courtesy is now being returned to the young man. The youth has an ideal girl in his mind. He meets Lily, Duchess of Breakwater, a beautiful widow, who is attracted by his immense fortune and takes a liking to her. When Dan was a boy, a girl sang a solo at a church, and he had never forgotten her. The Galoreys, Lily and Dan attend a London theater where one Letty Lane is the star. Dan recognizes her as the girl from his town, and going behind the scenes introduces himself and who remembers him. He learns that Prince Poniatowsky is suitor and escort to Letty. Lord Galorey and a friend named Ruggles determine to protect the westerner from Lily and other fortune hunters. Young Blair goes to see Lily; he can talk of nothing but Letty and this angers the Duchess. The westerner finds Letty ill from hard work but she recovers.

**CHAPTER X.—Continued.**

Dan altered his indolent pose and sat forward. "But I am thinking of getting married," he said.

"I hope it's to the right girl, Dan."

And with young assurance Blair answered: "It will be if I marry her. I know what I want all right."

"I hope she knows what she wants, Dan."

"How do you mean?"

"You or your money. You have the fairest hand, my boy."

Blair flushed. "I'll get to hate the whole thing," he said ferociously. "It means me everywhere—bonds—stocks—figures—dividends—coupons—deeds—it's too much!" he said suddenly, with resentment. "It's too much for me. Why, sometimes I feel a hundred years old, and like a hunk of gold."

Ruggles, in answer to this, said: "Why, that reminds me of what a man remarked about your father once. It was the same English chap your father bought the claim of. Speaking of Blair, he said to me: 'You know there's all kinds of metal bars, and when you cut into them some is bullion and some's coated with aluminum, and there's others that when you cut down, cut a clean yellow all along the line.' If, as you say, you feel like a hunk of metal, it ain't bad if it is that kind."

"It's got to stop coming in between me and the woman I marry, all right, though." Dan did not pursue his subject further, for his feelings about the duchess were too unreal to give him the sincere heartiness with which he would have liked to answer Ruggles.

He went over to the window, and with his hands in his pockets, stood looking out at the fog. Ruggles, at the table, opened the cover of the book of "Mandalay" and took out the four checks made out to Lady Galorey and which he had forgotten. He hurriedly thrust them into his pocket.

"Come away, Dannie," he said cheerfully. "let's do something wild. I feel up to do most anything with this miserable fog down on me. If it had any nerve it would take some form or shape, so a man could choke it back."

Ruggles blew his nose violently.

"There's nothing to do," said Dan in a bored tone.

"Why don't you see who your telegram is from?" Ruggles asked. It proved to be a suggestion from Gordon Galorey that Dan should meet him at five o'clock at the club.

"What will you do, Rug?"

"Sleep," said the Westerner serenely. "I'm nearly as happy in London as I am in Philadelphia. It's four o'clock now and I can't sleep more than four hours anyway. Let's have a real wild time, Dannie."

Dan looked at him doubtfully, but Ruggles' eyes were keen.

"What kind of a time do you mean?"

"Let's ask the Gaiety girl for dinner—for supper after the theater."

"Letty Lane? She wouldn't go."

"Why not?"

"She is awfully delicate; it is all she can do to keep her contracts."

He knows that, Ruggles thought. "Let's ask her and see." He went over to the table and drew out the paper. "Come on and write and ask her to go out with us to supper."

"See here, Rug, what's this for?"

"What's strange in it? She is from our state, and if you don't hustle and ask her I am going to ask her all alone."

Dan was puzzled as he sat down to the table, reflecting that it was perfectly possible that old Ruggles had fallen a prey to the charms of an actress. She wouldn't come, of course. He wrote a formal invitation without thinking very much of what he said or how, folded and addressed his note.

"What did you say?" Ruggles asked eagerly.

"Why, that two boys from home wanted to give her a supper."

"Well," said Ruggles. "If the answer comes while you are at the club I'll open it and give the orders. Think she'll come?"

"I do not," responded Dan rather brutally. "She's got others to take her out to supper, you bet your life."

"Well, there's none of them as rich as you are, I reckon, Dan."

And the boy turned on him violently.

"See here, Josh, if you speak to me again of my money, when there's a woman in the question—"

He did not finish his threat, but snatched up his coat and hat and gloves and went out of the door, slamming it after him.

Mr. Ruggles' profound and happy snore was cut short by the page boy, who fetched in a note, with the Savoy stamping on the back. Ruggles opened it not without emotion.

"Dear boy," it ran, "I haven't yet thanked you for the primroses; they were perfectly sweet. There is not one of them in any of my rooms, and I'll tell you why tonight. I am crazy to accept for supper—here she has evidently struck out her intended refusal, and closed with, 'I'm coming, but don't come after me at the Gaiety, please. I'll meet you at the Carlton after the theater. Who's the other boy? L. L.'"

The "other boy" read the note with much difficulty, for it was badly written. "He'll have to stop sending her

Ruggles, to whom she seemed to want to address her conversation.

"I'm simply crazy over these flowers."

The older man showed his pleasure. "My choice again! Waked up myself and chose the bunch, blame me again; ditto dinner; mine from start to finish—hope you'll like it. I would have added some Montana peas and some chocolate soda water, only I thought you might not understand the joke."

Miss Lane beamed on him. Although he was unconscious of it, she was not fully at ease; he was not the kind of man she had expected to see. Accustomed to young fellows like the boy and their mad devotion, accustomed to men with whom she could be herself, the big, bluff, middle-aged gentleman with his painfully correct tie, his ruffled iron-gray hair, and his deference to her, though an unusual diversion, was a little embarrassing.

"Oh, I know your dinner is ripping. Mr. Ruggles, I'm on a diet of milk and eggs myself, and I expect your order didn't take in those." But at his fallen countenance she hurried to say "Oh, I wouldn't have told you that if I hadn't been intending to break through."

And with childlike anticipation she clapped her hands and said: "We're going to have lots of fun. Just think, they don't know what that means here in London. They say 'beaps of sport, you know.'" She imitated the accent maliciously. "It's just we Americans



"But I Am Thinking of Getting Married."

flowers and going every night to the theater unless he wants a row with the duchess," he said dryly. And with a certain interest in his role, Ruggles rang for the head waiter, and with the man's help ordered his first midnight supper for an actress.

**CHAPTER XI.**

**Ruggles Gives a Dinner.**

The bright tide of worldly London flows after and around midnight into the various restaurants and supper rooms, and as well through the corridors and halls of the Carlton. At one of the small tables bearing a great expensive bunch of orchids and soft ferns, Josh Ruggles, in a new evening dress, sat waiting for his party. Dan had dined with Lord Galorey, and the two men had gone out together afterward, and Ruggles had not seen the boy to give him Letty Lane's note.

"Got it with you?" Blair asked when he came in, and Ruggles responded that he didn't carry love letters around in his dress clothes.

They could tell by the interest in the room when the actress was coming, and both men rose as Letty Lane floated in at flood tide with a crowd of last arrivals.

She was not dressed this evening with the intention that her dark simplicity of attire should be conspicuous. The cloak which Dan took from her shed the perfume of orris and revealed the woman in a blaze of sparkling paillettes. She seemed made out of sparkle, and her blond head, from which a bright ornament shook, was the most brilliant thing about her, though her dress from hem to throat glistened with discs of gold like moonshine on a starry sea. The actress' look of surprise when she saw Ruggles indicated that she had not expected a boy of his age.

"The other boy?" she asked. "Well, this is the nicest supper party ever! And you are awfully good to invite me."

Ruggles patted his shirt front and adjusted his cravat.

"My idea," he told her. "All the blame on me, Miss Lane. Charge it up to me! Dan here had cold feet from the first. He said you wouldn't come."

She laughed deliciously.

"He did? Hasn't much faith, has he?"

Miss Lane drew her long gloves off, touched the orchids with her little hands, on which the ever present rings flashed, and went on talking to

who know what 'lots of fun' is, isn't it?"

Near her Dan Blair's young eyes were drinking in the spectacle of delicate beauty beautifully gowned, of soft skin, glorious hair, and he gazed like a child at a pantomime. Under his breath he exclaimed now, with effusion, "You bet your life we are going to have lots of fun!" And turning to him, Miss Lane said:

"Six chocolate sodas running?"

"Oh, don't," he begged, "not that kind of jag."

She shook with laughter.

"Are you from Blairtown, Mr. Ruggles? I don't think I ever saw you there."

And the Westerner returned: "Well, from what Dan tells me, you're not much of a fixture yourself, Miss Lane. You were just about born and then kidnapped."

Her gay expression faded. And she repeated his word, "Kidnaped?" That's a good word for it, Mr. Ruggles."

She picked up between her fingers a strand of the green fern, and looked at its delicate tracery as it lay on the palm of her hand.

"I sang one day after a missionary sermon in the Presbyterian Church." She interrupted herself with a short laugh. "But I guess you're not thinking of writing my biography, are you?"

And it was Dan's voice that urged her. "Say, do go on. I was there that day with my father, and you sang simply out of sight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Syrian Peasant Superstition.**

A law suit for libel brought by an apothecary in Pollau, in Syria, against a young peasant reveals an extraordinary superstition prevalent among the country people. The beliefs that apothecaries and doctors have, the right to kill at least one man and one woman every year in order to make medicines out of their bodies.

An accidental movement of the apothecary at Pollau, Herr Koberman, when giving medicine to a boy named Putz led the latter to believe he was going to be killed. He ran away but got such a fright that he fell ill. The inhabitants believed his story and boycotted the apothecary who was at length compelled to prosecute. Putz was sentenced to four years' imprisonment, but his parents, who had spread the story, were acquitted on the ground that they had acted in good faith.

**NEWS OF MICHIGAN**

**Grand Rapids.**—The home of George Blyth was destroyed by fire and the family driven into the street thinly clad. They suffered terribly from the exposure. A two-year-old child was nearly suffocated before being rescued by the firemen.

**Port Huron.**—Judge Tappan has confirmed the bill of exceptions in the case of Luigi Caruso and Ignacio De Martino, the two Detroit Italians now serving sentences for horse-stealing. The case is being taken up by the supreme court on error by the defendants' attorneys.

**Saginaw.**—W. R. Burt has made public a donation of \$6,000 to the Eastern Michigan Fair association, contingent on the association securing \$20,000 by March 1. The directors have started an active campaign to secure the necessary funds, selling stock to citizens.

**Marquette.**—Larn Bernard, supervisor of Humboldt township, died here as a result of exposure in frigid weather on the night of Jan. 1. He wandered away from home while ill and while the temperature was 16 degrees below zero and was not found until the next morning. He was badly frozen.

**Bay City.**—Vina Behrmann, on trial on a charge of having murdered her husband, is insane, the defense claimed. For the prosecution two small boys testified that they were passing the Behrmann home, heard the shooting and looking up at the window, saw a woman with a revolver in her hands.

**Jackson.**—Smallpox has broken out in several sections of the city, but the local health authorities are using every precaution to prevent a spread of the disease, and now have the situation under control. Eighteen cases of a mild type have been reported and promptly quarantined.

**Petoskey.**—Though apparently in perfect health, William Unferdros arose and said: "I believe I will die. Better call a doctor." Retiring, he died in a few minutes. He was eighty-eight years old, and had suffered from erysipelas. He lived with his son, August Unferdros, and was a pioneer settler of Emmet county.

**Ypsilanti.**—Mrs. L. Smith, an aged colored woman, and a young granddaughter, were found at her home destitute and freezing by one of the city's letter carriers. There was not a thing in the house to eat and no fuel to make a fire to keep warm. The woman and child have been cared for by the city poor authorities.

**Alpena.**—That death was the result of his own negligence was the coroner's verdict in the case of James Sullivan, who was killed by a D. & M. log train, near the railroad bridge, in this city. On his way to supper Sullivan walked down the track. He was quite deaf and was run down by a flat car loaded with logs. He was sixty-seven years old.

**Saginaw.**—From 1889 until the close of the last year the records in the county clerk's office show that there were \$19 divorce cases pending. Saginaw county ranks high in comparison with others in the state, Wayne having but 200 more. The figures show a yearly gain. For 1911, 231 bills were filed, 170 being commenced by the wife. Ninety-two cases were heard and not in one instance were any contested.

**Mt. Clemens.**—Adrift on an ice floe in Lake St. Clair for nearly four hours, William Kuhfoll and Michael Smith were rescued by a party of men who were cutting ice. The two men were miles from the shore and nearly dead from exposure. Kuhfoll and Smith, who live near New Baltimore, started out in quest of fish in Tuckey bay. They chopped holes in the ice and placed their lines when a heavy west wind came up and drove the ice from the bay into the lake.

**Ypsilanti.**—Elmer Davis, a farm hand, was burned to death and Edward Ward narrowly escaped the same fate in rescuing his wife and children, when Ward's home, two miles east of this city, was destroyed by fire. The charred body of Davis was found in the ruins. Ward had been in the city on a shopping trip and on his return home found the house in flames. Rushing into the burning house and upstairs through the flames and smoke, Ward aroused his sleeping wife and children, and covering them with quilts and blankets succeeded in piloting them out of the house in safety, although he suffered severe burns on the head and arms in the act.

**Pontiac.**—The supervisors refused the electors of Oakland county permission to say whether they wish to adopt the county roads system. The vote was 16 to 12, with two members absent. This is the second time the supervisors have denied the electors permission to say what they want. The committee who went over the petitions asking a resubmission of the local option proposition reported sufficient signatures and a resubmission of a vote at the April election was adopted without comment.

**NOTED CAREER ENDS**

**John Bigelow, a Famous Diplomatist and Author.**

Fame Won as Editor and Representative of America in France During Civil War—His Life's Span 94 Years.

New York.—John Bigelow, Sr., diplomatist and author, died at his home in this city, aged ninety-four years.

Mr. Bigelow, sometimes termed the "first gentleman of New York," was almost the last connecting link between the great men of the first half of the nineteenth century and the present day. Born at Malden, Ulster county, N. Y., in 1817, of a well-known family, he was prominently associated with the great men and the determining movements of the country during his entire life.

In 1849, at the invitation of William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Bigelow became an editor of the New York Evening Post, in which position he continued until 1860. Under his editorship the paper came to a great influence.

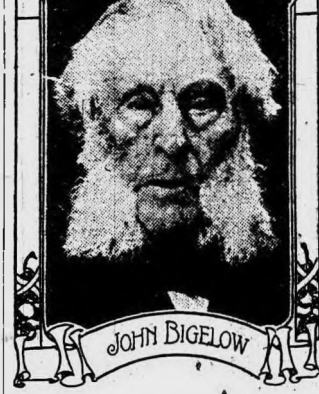
Sainte Beuve's critical letters were published under his supervision. Walt Whitman was a reporter and later a war correspondent under Mr. Bigelow. Artemus Ward worked for the paper at the time; and it was at this period that "Bret Harte" was remarkably regular at the office on pay days.

Mr. Bigelow's series of articles on the effects of slavery in the West Indies worked up some of the feeling which made Lincoln's election possible in 1860, and at the emancipator's urging the editor went as minister to France during the troublous times of the civil war.

In France Mr. Bigelow succeeded to much the same power and position that Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson had held more than 50 years previously.

It was at this time that Mr. Bigelow discovered Franklin's "Autobiography," of which he edited the authoritative edition. Later a "Life of Benjamin Franklin" was written and edited.

Mr. Bigelow was appointed an executor of the estate of Samuel J. Tilden, and in addition to his ordinary



JOHN BIGELOW

duties as an executor he undertook those of the literary administrator. Tilden's "Writings" were published and later a "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" was written.

During all this time a constant stream of magazine articles, pamphlets and books were coming from the ambassador-editor. His literary activities were frequently interrupted by other political appointments and honorary positions given him, but since 1867 his main thought was given to his writings.

His "Life of William Cullen Bryant," with whom he was associated so many years, was published in 1893, and in 1908, at the age of ninety-one years, his greatest work "Retrospections of an Active Life" was published in three volumes. Bigelow's "retrospections" covered more than half of the life of the nation.

To the very last Mr. Bigelow kept a clear head and an active mind for all the problems of the nation, "writing with the ease and the elegance of the older school and with an accuracy all his own on every subject that interests him."

Two sons of the aged author, Major John Bigelow, Jr., of the United States army, and Poultney Bigelow, the writer, have attained distinction in their respective fields. Mr. Bigelow was a trustee of the New York public library, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and a member of many learned and honorary societies in this country and abroad.

**Pastor Is Some Farmer.**

Sandusky, O.—Not satisfied with the good work he is doing in saving souls, Rev. C. H. Schoepfle, of Birmingham, has set out to show the farmers of this neighborhood that his duties are not so arduous but that they give him time to work a few wonders in agriculture.

Considerable rivalry has been excited among the farmers of this neighborhood in ability to grow prodigies in the various agricultural products. It was started early this fall when Frank Kuhl produced some enormous ears of corn. Others sprang from time to time to claim recognition, but Rev. Mr. Schoepfle holds the time. The secret of his plan was to light when he drove to town with two enormous carrots, which tipped the scales at six and three quarters pounds.

**He Knew the Worm.**

A country girl was home from college for the Christmas holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation, she laid it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't it perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

**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. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.

Blessed is the season which engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love!—Hamilton Wright Mable.

**Stop the Pain.**

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 5c and 10c by druggists. For free sample, write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

**Womanlike.**

Crawford—How did your wife come to buy you all those suspenders?

Crabsaw—I think she wanted the pretty boxes they came in.—Judge.

One way to discount a woman's argument is to agree with her.

**Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago.** They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

**Contrary Human Nature.**

People seem to find it easier to be kind than to be genuinely appreciative of a kindness done them.

You will sneeze, perhaps feel chilly. You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

Nothing pleases some people more than the opportunity to spread bad news about their neighbors.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**

Your druggist will send you a box of PAIN EXPELLER. It is a LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Force a man to eat his own words and he will soon lose his appetite.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

"Lost—A golden hour, set to 60 diamond minutes. There is no reward, for it is gone forever."—Becher.

And sometimes the girl's father forbids a young man the house, when it wasn't the house he wanted.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

If you can't marry the one you love, try to love the one you marry.

**Your Liver Is Clogged Up**

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Warranted*

**The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity**

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A steady and certain opportunity awaits you in Western Canada. You can secure a free home on a 60-acre farm at a reasonable price.

**Now's the Time**

Don't wait until you are old, when land will be hard to get. The profits secured from the abundant crops of wheat, oats and barley, as well as cattle raising, are so large that you can afford to pay a price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 89 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Free 60-acre and pre-emptions of 160 acres, \$100 an acre. Fine climate, good crops, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; good water and timber; easy communication.

For sample "Last Best West" circulars as to suitable locations and low settlers' rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent, E. V. Schuch, 178 Michigan St., Detroit, or C. A. Lewis, Saginaw, Mich. Please write to the agent nearest you.

**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. DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY. 15 CENTS PER BOTTLE. 75 CENTS PER DOZEN. ALL DRUGGISTS.

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—  
F. W. SAMSEN

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One Year, payable in advance.....\$1.00  
Six months......75  
Three months......50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Business Cards 35.00 per year  
Resolutions of Respect \$1.00  
Card of Thanks 25 cents  
All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line or fraction thereof for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known upon application. Where no time is specified, all notices are for one insertion and will be inserted unless otherwise discontinued.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1912

## Ross Crane: Cartoonist

The fourth number of the Citizens' Entertainment Course will be held in the Opera House Thursday evening, January 18th, at 8 o'clock. The entertainment is to be provided by Ross Crane, Cartoonist, Clay-Modeler and Entertainer. Mr. Crane comes with the best of recommendations and is considered one of the very best cartoonists in the country. Formerly, he was with a metropolitan newspaper and his success in that field is understood when one sees him on the lecture platform. His drawings consist of portraits, caricatures, illustrations of character, landscapes and transformation scenes. Mr. Crane is a clay-modeler, also. He mixes clay with his hands and throwing it upon an easel molds the form of a man, the types of nationalities and the features of well-known characters. He is a competent entertainer, as well. Seated at the piano he indulges in a number of burlesques, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime. Mr. Crane and his "company" will give us a pleasant evening. His "company" is composed of canvases and crayons, modeling-board and clay, and the piano—to say nothing of the piano stool.

## Golden Wedding Anniversary

Seldom is it granted to a couple to enjoy fifty years of wedded life. Occasionally, we read of a golden wedding anniversary, but, rarely is it our privilege to know those who have enjoyed so long a period of married life. And yet, this joy has been granted to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bennett of Plymouth. This highly respected and much beloved couple command the esteem of a large circle of friends and they rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. Bennett in the consummation of such a long and happy term as husband and wife.

On Monday afternoon and evening their home was open to receive the best wishes and felicitations of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wilcox and Messrs. Fred and Bert Bennett received the guests and introduced them to the bride and groom of fifty years ago. Mrs. Fred Bennett and Mrs. Bert Bennett presided at the table where light refreshments were served by Misses Madeleine Bennett and Louise Wilcox. The home was tastefully decorated and there was the spirit of wedding bells ringing everywhere. None were younger in spirit, if not in point of years, than those who were living, in retrospect, fifty years of wedded life. Time rests lightly upon this popular couple and there is every reason to believe that there are many years of married life to follow. They have the best wishes of all that this may be the case.

Mr. and Mrs. West of Detroit, Mrs. Brown and Miss Bowen of Lansing, and Mrs. G. W. Buell of Chicago, Ill., were out-of-town guests.

## Michigan's Chief Need

Fred Press—Here are three arguments in favor of a commissioner of agriculture for Michigan, taken from the census figures of the United States. The percentage of improved farm lands to the entire land area of these five states is as follows: Illinois, 78.2; Iowa, 82.9; Indiana, 78.4; Michigan, 34.9; Wisconsin, 33.7.

The average value of farm lands per acre in the same states is as follows: Illinois, \$96.02; Iowa, \$82.58; Indiana, \$62.36; Michigan \$32.43; Wisconsin, \$43.

The percentage of farm lands represented by mortgages of the same states is as follows: Illinois, 3; Iowa, 5.5; Indiana, 3; Michigan, 7; Wisconsin, 10.3.

Grant that some of the states have superior natural advantages over our own, the disparity between Michigan and Illinois, Indiana and Iowa is much greater than it should be in all these matters. Michigan and Illinois, Indiana and Iowa is much greater than it should be in all these matters. Michigan needs aggressive and progressive guidance in her agricultural development, and a commissioner of agriculture would be the official to meet that need.

### The Penalty of Sin.

To neglect your health is a sin against nature and frequently the penalty is severe, particularly when the trouble starts in the liver and bowels. It is the straight road to Bright's disease. The best course is to take a dose of Dr. Herick's Sugar-coated Pills whenever you feel dull, bilious, constipated or uncomfortable. It will clean you out, restore appetite and cheerfulness. Price 25 cents. Sold by Pickney's Pharmacy and Beyer Pharmacy.

## CHURCH NEWS

**EPISCOPAL.**  
Service will be held in the above church at 2:15 on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Medworth, curate in charge of the mission, will preach. Mrs. Baxter of Detroit who was not with us last Sunday will come over next Sunday and give us a short address on church work and organization. All are welcome to attend.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**  
First Church of Christ, Scientist, holds services at church edifice, corner Main and Dodge streets, Sunday morning at 10:10. Subject, "God." Sunday-school at 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7:10. Every one is welcome.

Free reading-room in rear of church. Entrance on Dodge street. Open daily except Sundays from 1 to 3 p. m.

**LUTHERAN.**  
Rev. O. Peters, Pastor.  
Sunday, January 14th, services in the morning at 9:30 standard. Sunday-school at 11 o'clock. All children are cordially invited. The ladies' aid will meet in the church after service. All are welcome.

The ladies' aid presented the congregation with a beautiful rostrum chair and a beautiful altar cloth for Christmas.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
Rev. H. F. Farber, Pastor.  
Services will be held in this church on Sunday, January 14th, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor. Theme, "The Escape from the Commonplace." Sunday-school at 11:15 o'clock. Presbyterian Guild at 6 o'clock. Subject, "How to win young people to Christ." Leader, Mr. F. M. Sheffield. Evening service at 7 o'clock. The pastor will preach. Theme, "Cain and Abel—Diversity of Spirit."

Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Subject, "Christ's Last Conflict with the Pharisees." Matt. 22: 15-23:39. A cordial invitation is extended to attend these services.

**BAPTIST.**  
Rev. W. W. DesAutels, Pastor.  
The services at our church next Sunday will be at the usual hours morning and evening, with sermons by the pastor. Sunday-school at 11:15. B. Y. P. U. at 6:00.

The monthly business meeting of the B. Y. P. U., postponed from last Tuesday on account of the weather, will be held Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th. At this meeting will be the annual election of officers and a large attendance of the members is desired.

The Woman's Baptist Mission Circle will meet with Mrs. Janette Huston next Wednesday afternoon.

There will be a missionary Baptist Sunday-school social tomorrow afternoon from 2 to 4 in the Baptist church parlors.

The Ladies Aid of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. S. L. Bennett next Friday to complete the year's arrangements and dispose of the quilts, pillows, etc., left from their bazaar.

**METHODIST.**  
Rev. E. J. Warren, Pastor.  
Sunday, January 14, our services will be as follows: Morning worship, 10 o'clock. Subject, "The Apostle's Glorying." Sunday-school at 11:30. Evening worship, 7 o'clock. Subject, "What it Costs to Be a Christian," this being the second of the series on "Profit and Loss." The Epworth League devotional meeting will be held at 6 p. m., and Mr. S. O. Hudd will be the leader.

The regular mid-week service will be held as usual on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Friday afternoon and evening, January 19, there will be held in this church an Epworth League group meeting, representing the Leagues of Dearborn, Wayne, Northville, and Farmington. Prominent speakers from Detroit and other places will be present. The young people of the entire community are urged to attend this convention. Especially are the young people of our sister societies invited to meet with us.

## Don't Pay the Policy Fee

State Insurance Commissioner Palmer has given out an interview, which is appearing in the papers, relative to the practice of certain fire insurance agents, in which he is quoted as saying: Information has reached the insurance department that local fire insurance agents, in certain communities are still inflicting a policy fee. The department desires again to call attention to this question and to request all holders of fire insurance policies to refuse absolutely to pay any survey, inspection or policy fee which may appear upon their policies, as none of them are legalized by the statutes of the state.

### Painful.

Rheumatism is very painful and exhausting, especially in the chronic stage. To get quick relief when the pain comes on, Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil is the thing needed. It is a clean and pleasant but very penetrating remedy that cures the pain as soon as it reaches the seat of trouble. It is effective also in cramps in the bowels, dysentery, sick stomach, cholera morbus. Price 25 cents. Sold by Pickney's Pharmacy and Beyer Pharmacy.

## Events of the Year.

The almanacs and calendars for 1912 are at hand and the former contains much interesting information and data. In the first place the year 1912 is a leap year and New Year's day falls on Monday.

There will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon, one of each being visible in Michigan. On April 12 a partial eclipse of the moon occurs and on October 15 a total eclipse of the sun, both invisible here. On April 17 a central eclipse of the sun will occur, visible here from sunrise to 7 a. m. On September 25 a partial eclipse of the moon will occur, visible here about 5 a. m.

Spring will begin on March 21, summer on June 21, autumn on September 23 and winter on December 21.

The feast of the Epiphany falls on Saturday, January 6, and Ash Wednesday on February 21, or the first day of Lent, St. Patrick's day falls on Sunday, March 17, Palm Sunday on March 31, Good Friday on April 5, and Easter Sunday on April 7. Ascension day will be Thursday, May 16, and Pentecost Sunday May 26, and Trinity Sunday June 2. On Thursday February 29, Leap Year day, the persons who were born on the 29th day of the second month will have an opportunity to celebrate their birthday for the first time in four years.

Saturday, January 27, will be enrollment day, and Monday, April 1, the spring election will take place. This is the earliest possible for the spring election. The general election will fall on Tuesday, November 5.

Lincoln's birthday will fall on Monday, February 12, and St. Valentine's day on Wednesday, February 14, while Friday, February 2, will be "ground hog" day, and Thursday, February 22, George Washington's birthday.

Memorial day will come on Thursday, May 30. The nation will celebrate the Fourth on Thursday, July 4, and Emancipation day on Thursday, August 1. Monday, September 2, will be Labor day.

Columbus day will fall on Saturday, October 12, and Thanksgiving day on Thursday, November 28. Christmas will come on Wednesday, December 25. During the year Friday, the 13th, will occur twice, in September and December.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It always the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all dealers.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The high school has been spending a great deal of time on drilling for the play this week.

Miss Pauline Cook visited the 7th grade last week.

The 7th grade has been making some very pretty Japanese prints.

The remaining volumes of the "Photographic History of the Civil War" have been received.

The 6th grade gave an excellent musical and oratorical program in chapel Monday.

High school visitors this week were Helen Durfee and Bertha Shattuck.

Don't forget to attend the "County Fair" Friday evening and see the wild man, fat boy, snake charmer, etc.

Because of the shortness of time for preparation, section I of the Literary Society has postponed their program until next meeting. Another parliamentary drill was given in its place.

Miss Beers of Cincinnati is drilling the H. S. people for their play.

## Get Your Money Back.

If this Medicine Does Not Satisfactorily Benefit You.

Practicing physicians making a specialty of stomach troubles are really responsible for the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made. We have simply profited by the experience of experts.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be an excellent remedy for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time helps to bring about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets did to insure healthy appetite, aid digestion and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at our store—The Rexall Store. Beyer Pharmacy.

The Hotel Plymouth buffet will serve dinner from 11:30 to 1 o'clock, and will consist of meat and potatoes, one kind of vegetable, bread and butter, tea or coffee and piece of pie, for 25c.

## OBITUARY

Cornelia Eliza Fairman, an old and steered resident of Plymouth died at her home January 3rd, 1912, after a brief illness from pneumonia.

She was born in Phelps, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1832, being the second daughter of James and Eliza Westfall, who, with their family came to Michigan, settling in the town of Plymouth in the year of 1850. In the year 1857 she was united in marriage to Francis W. Fairman. She is survived by one son and three daughters, Harry Edward Fairman and Mrs. Edward Simpson of Los Angeles, Cal., Lillian B. Fairman of Plymouth and Mrs. Emory Townsend of Saginaw.

The whole cycle of life had been completed, filled with both eventful and peaceful years. Gifted with a rare quality of intellect and heart, she was ever ready to meet the events of life with ability and hopefulness. A love for the simple and beautiful and a faith in the Divine guidance was an inspiration to her throughout life's journey, and was peculiarly sweet and trusting in the declining years.

The funeral took place Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. B. F. Farber officiating. The familiar hymns, "Abide with Me" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," were sung by Miss Carrie Stevens and Mrs. Meinhardt, while the pall-bearers were chosen from among the old friends and neighbors. Many beautiful flowers were sent as tokens of loving remembrance and the body was laid away in the old family cemetery.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

## PRETTY PLACE CARDS

PRESSED FLOWERS MAKE EFFECTIVE DECORATION.

At This Season Particularly Nothing Can Be More Appropriate—Some Good Ideas That May Be Employed.

The place card is one of the factors in luncheons and birthday parties with which we must reckon these days. The drawn varieties are always attractive, but in the season of flowers there is excellent opportunity to use the forms that nature has already colored for you. Why not make pressed flowers do the work of decorating place cards? It is an excellent idea, so easy that a little boy or girl can enjoy the work. The results



Speak for themselves in the suggestions before you.

The fuchsia is a colorful flower in its pretty red and purple shadings. It presses easily and can be curved in a graceful line while wet. Paste it on a long card and add the name in a little frame at the bottom.

Always is the daisy, in either white or yellow, a decorative flower. It is pressed, with a few leaves on the stem, and pasted on a card. The name can be placed anywhere. The holder will be delighted, you may be sure.

Tiny flowers are lovely when pressed and placed separately around the edge of a round card. A few of



the leaves should be mixed in also. Forget-me-nots, asters, yellow violets, lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley are easily made to contribute to your work.

It is well to carry out the same idea in decoration that you have used for the cards. A bunch of flowers at each place to match is a pretty idea. A huge bowl of flowers in the center of the table gives a delightful completeness to the decorative scheme.

But the use of pressed flowers is unusual and so easy that you simply must do it the very next chance you have!

Live in the Present.  
It is common to overlook what is here, by keeping the eye fixed on something remote; in the same manner, present opportunities are neglected, and attainable good slighted by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages.

## Getting Started

Genevieve is always in a hurry. The only possible thing that, according to her friends, could prevent her from hurrying would be a state of general paralysis.

One of the contributory causes to her normal state of being in a hurry is that she does not make up her mind until the last possible minute. That was why it was not until her husband had pushed back his chair from the breakfast table that she suddenly exclaimed: "I think we'll go down to Springfield, Ill., to Cousin Nettie's wedding today, after all. The train leaves at 11 o'clock and we'll get in with plenty of time to rest and dress. For the wedding is not till eight o'clock."

"All right," said her husband. "You'd better drive down in the electric and pick me up at the office. I'll have a boy from the office get the car at the station and take it home."

Genevieve started from the house with plenty of time and with three suit cases blocking up all the interior of the electric that she did not occupy herself. To be sure, she had a few errands, such as stopping at the milliner's for her latest hat, getting a bracelet at the jeweler's and picking out some flowers to wear that night, but she knew that she could do these errands in a hurry. When she arrived at her husband's office he was just able to see the tip of her nose above the luggage and the boxes beneath which she was apparently buried.

"Drive on!" he ordered. "I'll take a street car. Why didn't you bring along a truck to carry all that stuff?"

Genevieve engineered her car through the perilous way to the railroad station and there waited for her husband. As the big clock pointed to one minute past train time he came rushing up, red and breathless. His street car had been blocked. They had, indeed, missed the train.

It was a sad ride home. Genevieve's husband had to go along to drive the car, in consequence of Genevieve's being dissolved in tears over the fiasco. Her grief seemed to be equally divided between sorrow at missing the wedding and woe over not being able to show off her new evening gown. When she grew tired of telling her husband that it was his fault, he told her that it was hers, until she grew rested and could resume the theme.

By the time Genevieve reached home she had revived somewhat. Rushing to the telephone, she called up three railroad offices, sent two telegrams and got Springfield on the long distance phone. Then, just as her husband reached his office, she phoned him.

"There's a train on a different road going at 2:30," she informed him. "I've phoned for tickets to be ready and have made all arrangements. All you've got to do is—"

"I won't!" her husband interrupted in the loud determined tone that men use when they are mortally afraid they are going to give in. "I wouldn't go through all that agony and fuss again for—"

"And I'll meet you right by the big gate," Genevieve ended as calmly as though he had not spoken.

"But—" yelled her husband.

"And if we miss the wedding we'll be there in time for the reception," added Genevieve, sweetly. "Goodby, dear. At 2:15, remember!"

"But—" roared her husband as she hung up the receiver.

Genevieve's husband was there on time, and so was Genevieve, with the three suit cases, the hat, the flowers and triumph at really getting off after all. Even her husband melted under her cheerfulness.

After they had rolled along for an hour he admitted that a little rest and change from the office was a good thing and that he really should enjoy the wedding and seeing all the relatives. Then Genevieve got out some cards and they played pounce. Then they read a story and had dinner. The train was due at 7:45. Genevieve said. Strange to say, it was on time. They rushed out of the car with all their hand luggage and ran for a cab.

"We can make the house in ten minutes and get dressed in twenty," Genevieve said. "We—my goodness, Arthur, what's happened to the place? Why—why—"

She grabbed a passing native. "Isn't this Springfield?" she shrieked. "Yessum," he said, in surprise. "Springfield it is. Springfield, Ind."

### Possibly Regretted Enthusiasm.

An enthusiastic member of the anti-tobacco party was a guest at a dinner at a house on the upper West side recently, where he allowed a course to go untouched while he spoke of the "tobacco nuisance," concluding by saying that he hoped that all the men present would agree, if they could do no more, to refrain from smoking in public places and in the presence of women. In telling of the incident the host said: "We all agreed without further argument, and our friend seemed to be elated over his victory until he learned that there was only one smoker in the house and that was my daughter, whose husband is going to learn in order to keep her company."—New York Tribune.

## Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.  
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the 28th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Gottlieb Bolger, deceased.  
William Bolger, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to the court his final account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.  
It is Ordered, That the 30th day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.  
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published 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. HULBERT,  
Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.]  
Albert W. Flint, Register.

## Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.  
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the 28th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Isaac A. Colvin, deceased.  
George L. Robinson and Harry C. Robinson, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court their final administration account and filed therewith their petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned in accordance with the provisions of said last will.  
It is Ordered, That the sixth day of February, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.  
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.  
HENRY S. HULBERT,  
Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.]  
Albert W. Flint, Register.

## Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Achah S. Bronson, deceased. By the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of E. N. Passage, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the 6th day of February, A. D. 1912, and on Saturday, the 10th day of April, A. D. 1912, at 2 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 6th day of December, A. D. 1911, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims for examination and allowance.  
Dated Dec. 6, 1911.  
ALBERT GAYDE,  
O. F. BEYER,  
Commissioners.

## Detroit United Lines

Plymouth Time-Table  
EAST BOUND.

Leave Detroit via Wayne 5:50 a. m. and every hour 15:30 p. m.; also 9:45 p. m. and 11:35 p. m. changing at Wayne.

## NORTH BOUND.

Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:03 a. m., 7:00 a. m. and every hour to 7:10 p. m., 9:10 p. m., 10:38 p. m. and 12:38 a. m.  
Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:48 a. m. (from Michigan car barn); also 6:30 a. m. and every hour to 5:30 p. m., 7 p. m., 8 p. m., 9 p. m. and 11 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.  
Leave Wayne for Plymouth 5:35 a. m., 6:30 a. m. and every hour to 7:10 p. m., 9:10 p. m.; also 10:10 p. m. and 12:10 a. m.  
Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

R. E. COOPER, M. D. C. M.,

## Physician & Surgeon,

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

## DR. S. E. CAMPBELL

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

Hours—3 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.

## MISS B. M. RUSSELL,

OF DETROIT.

Teacher of Voice, Italian Method

Studio at Mrs. M. H. Ladd's.  
Days, Fridays. Voice Trials Gratis

## MISS BERTHA BEALS,

Plano Teacher

Studio, No. 8 Mill Street.

## FRANK STEPHENS,

Planist & Teacher

In Plymouth on Saturdays. Address  
Michigan Conservatory Music, Detroit

## Ladies! Save Money and Keep in

Style by Reading McCall's

Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in style and color. Price—more than 15 cents. Send for the latest Catalogue. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make up your own home, with your own hands, clothes for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—more than 15 cents. Send for the latest Catalogue. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

We Will Give You Free Patterns for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Price Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 229 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# Give a Guess

WE WANT YOU TO TRY OUR

## Gillett Brand Olives

Our window is full of Gillett Brand Olives and if you guess the right number of bottles we will give you Free

Two Bottles of Queen Olives

Next closest guess.

One Bottle of Queen Olives

It costs nothing to guess on the bottles, so come in.

Look at the Window

CENTRAL GROCERY,

R. G. SAMSEN

Phone 13, 2r

Free Delivery

## Local News

### GIVE A GUESS.

John Lundy of Detroit was in town yesterday.

J. Unger is sick with pneumonia at C. E. Kershaw's.

C. G. Curtiss is confined to the house with bronchitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe visited last week in Detroit.

Miss Grace Campbell visited in Ann Arbor over Sunday.

S. J. Winters of Detroit is visiting relatives here this week.

Grant Vancouver of Detroit visited here Saturday and Sunday.

Try your luck at the Central Grocery.

Miss Abbie Bates of Saginaw visited at Dr. Campbell's Saturday.

Mrs. Kate Mott of Holly is visiting her brother, Rev. E. E. Caster.

Mrs. Paul Ebert has gone to Tucson, Arizona, to be with her husband.

Miss Grace Culver of Detroit spent Sunday with Miss Alice Safford.

Mrs. H. M. Jackson of Detroit is visiting her mother, Mrs. Springstein.

Mrs. Mary Briggs of Hudson visited friends here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. J. B. Henderson and Miss Winnifred Jolliffe visited friends in Detroit Monday.

Miss Madeleine Bennett returned to Monroe Thursday after a three weeks' vacation.

Try it twice or more at the Central Grocery.

The Bridger boys, Claude and George have gone to Detroit to continue in the barber business.

R. W. Shingleton has moved his tailoring business to E. R. Daggett's store, north end.

Rev. Caster is wearing a black eye that he obtained in a scrap with the snow shovel Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cole were called to Detroit Sunday night on account of the illness of their grandchild.

Ellis Griffith have started a general repair shop in the building between Patterson's shop and Main street.

Shops on the walks of vacant property should be cleaned off by the street commissioner and charged to the property.

Read our ad and get in the game. Costs you nothing. Central Grocery.

We have received the annual calendar of the Michigan Agricultural College and it is fully up to its standard of beauty and art.

There will be a hop in the K. P. hall Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, to which the public is cordially invited. Good music will be furnished.

Look at our window and count those in sight and guess at the rest. Central Grocery.

All you can read about in the Detroit papers now is about the street car ordinance or franchise and that subject will occupy the front pages from now until January 23rd when the vote to adopt or reject takes place.

The "Happy Go Lucky" pedro club met at the home of Albert and Chloe Powell last Saturday evening. Mrs. Charlie Roberts and Ben Tyler carried away the first prizes and Mrs. Cub Forshee and Frank Brems the second, Mrs. Ben Tyler and Hervey Packard the "bobies." Everyone reported a fine time.

The week has been one of bitter cold and the end appears to be not yet. Tuesday the worst storm prevailed, the wind blowing a gale and sending clouds of snow swirling in the air. It was a good day to be inside. The thermometer has registered from one to six degrees below every morning and not going up above 6 to 8.

Claude, a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Farley of Newburg, died at Harper hospital Wednesday, whither he had been taken only a few days before suffering from a complication of diseases. This is the second son Mr. and Mrs. Farley have lost within the year and they have the sympathy of their many friends in their bereavement.

Bert Robinson has a large staff of men to work putting up ice which is the finest production we have had in Plymouth for years. Beautiful, clear, solid twelve inch spring water ice from the Chapell pond. Mr. Chapell is to be congratulated for the enterprise he has shown in giving to Plymouth a convenient place to get first class ice. All we need now is a good large storage, where all can be supplied from for summer use.

Much of the machinery and several engines of the Plymouth Motor Co. were sold at the receiver's sale last Monday. The sale will be continued tomorrow, notice of which appears elsewhere. There will be enough cash realized to pay all claims, but the stockholders will receive little or nothing for the \$9,000 invested. Many of these were young men who can ill afford to stand the loss. The failure of the concern will also act as a deterrent when other enterprises endeavor to locate or start up in Plymouth, and in this respect the matter is certainly deplorable.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all dealers.

Mrs. H. O. Hanford is seriously sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Krentel at E. Lansing.

Mrs. L. B. Samsen and daughter Ruth of Milan, Ohio, are at the parent-home for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Maxwell of New York are visiting their daughter and family, Mrs. Geo. Britoher.

There was a big wreck on the Wabash yesterday and Wabash and C. H. & D. trains came through by way of Plymouth.

Mr. N. W. Breining's mother and sister, Mrs. L. Breining and Maud Breining of Detroit visited him this week.

Misses Ethel Smitherman and Vivian Daggett spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Robinson in Detroit.

Perry Gittin, son of Geo. Gittin, was taken to the hospital in Detroit for an operation for appendicitis, Tuesday. He is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Jane Beal, age 76 years, died at the home of her sister in Detroit, Monday morning. Her body was brought here for burial Wednesday.

J. D. McLaren is contemplating an automobile trip to California in company with a brother from Chelsea, the start to be made about April 1st.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brown, formerly of this place, now of Detroit, were shocked and greatly grieved by the news of the sudden death of their little daughter, Laura Gertrude, aged six months and sixteen days. The little one was sick only a few hours, being taken with acute pneumonia. Their physician was called immediately, and did all that could be done, but to no avail, and she passed on to her Heavenly home on the morning of January 8th. A bright, beautiful child, endearing herself in her infancy to all who knew her, it seemed that she was needed here, but the One who gave knoweth of all these things, and we must trust His wisdom. The funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cole in Plymouth, on January 10th, Rev. E. J. Warren officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have the heartfelt sympathy of their friends and the community in their time of sorrow.—B.

A CARD.—We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends, the ladies of the New Idea Club, and others for their kindly services, loving sympathy and beautiful floral offerings during our sorrow. Also Rev. E. J. Warren for his tender and comforting message.

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS BROWN,  
MR. AND MRS. NELSON COLE,  
AND FAMILY

When buying a cough medicine for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.

Receiver's Sale Continued.

The Receiver's Sale of the Plymouth Motor Co.'s equipment will be continued Saturday, January 13th, at 1 o'clock p. m. The stock yet on hand consists of Engines, Shafting, Pulleys, 2 50-gal. Oil Tanks, 1 100-gal. Gasoline Tank and House, 1 12x14x7 ft. Wall Tent as good as new, and many other small tools, fixtures and articles too numerous to mention. Terms, cash.

H. J. FISHER, Receiver.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE OR RENT.—House at 67 N. Mill street. Enquire of Mrs. E. C. Lauffer, Phone 34.

FOR SALE—My <sup>new</sup> foredoor touring car, driven 2138 miles. E. O. Huston.

FOR SALE CHEAP—1 hard coal burner, 1 cook stove, burning coal or wood, 1 wood heater and 1 gasoline stove. Mrs. E. C. Lauffer, 'phone 34.

WANTED—100 cords of stove wood cut. Apply, Kincaid, Stark.

TO RENT—House on Bowery st. Enquire of E. P. Lombard.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A Peninsular furnace in good condition. Enquire at the Plymouth United Savings Bank.

FOR SALE—Well seasoned 16 to 18 inch stove wood, \$2 per cord. 'Phone 920 IS 1L IS.

FOR SALE. Plymouth Rock and Rose Comb Rhode Island Red cockerels; also a pen of Indian Runner ducks. E. J. Burr, Route 6, Plymouth.

WANTED—Sewing to do, Grace Dicks, Phone 915, IS 1L 2S or call at 31 Main street.

THE MARKETS

Wheat, red, \$ .87; white \$ .89.  
Hay, \$17.00 to \$18.00 No. 1 Timothy.  
Oats, 45c.  
Rye, 85c.  
Beans, basis \$2.00  
Potatoes, 85c  
Butter, 32c.  
Eggs, 28c.

A Good Horseman

Likes a fine animal and a fine horse should be well cared for. In the stables where the best horses are kept you will nearly always find a package of Harvell's Condition Powder. It is a purely medicinal powder, not a food, and its effect on live stock is to purify the blood, regulate the bowels, improve the spirits and make the coat smooth and glossy. Price 25 cts. per package. Sold by Pinckney Pharmacy and Beyer Pharmacy.

Try a want ad. and get results.

# GALE'S.

We will Sell all Toys and Wagons at Cost.

Alger Books for Boys at 20c.

Meade Books for Girls 20c.

The latest Novels that sell for \$1.20 at \$1.00.

A \$2.00 Bible for \$1.25.

A 2.50 Bible for 1.50.

Just received new stock of Birthday Postal Cards at 1c and 2 for 5c. Best thing out.

People who have Masonic Building stock are requested to call at store and get checks for dividend.

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE



## Canned Goods

In great variety and all of a superior quality. Our prices will interest you.

Our Groceries will build you up! Their absolute purity insures their wholesomeness. We cater to a class of customers who want things right and appreciate our efforts to satisfy in all particulars.

Home Made Grape Juice from L. B. Charter ..... 35c qt

Sugar Butter, maple flavor ..... 25c

Broken Taffy, per lb ..... 5c

Fancy Prunes ..... 14c, 16c and 18c

Fancy Apricots ..... 20c

Fancy Peaches ..... 15c

B. & P. Coffee Comprador Tea

## Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

## Appropriate Wedding Gifts

You probably remember two or three girls who promised to "be a sister to you" and who are to be married soon. Remember to remember them now with a wedding gift of

Cut Glass, Silver or China.

We have a wide range of desirable articles to choose from—some as low as \$3.00, others \$10.00, and still others at in between prices. Call and look over our line.

## C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

Phone 247 148 Main st.

## Electric Lamps

We have just placed in stock a supply of

## Tungsten & Carbon Lamps

Tungsten—25 and 40 watts  
Carbon—16 watts

Come and see us when you want electric lamps.

Yes. We are Still Selling the Best Groceries.

## GAYDE BROS.

## Schroeder's - Market

—FOR—

Beef, Pork,

Veal and Lamb

Orders Taken for Ground Bone.

Phone 105

Free Delivery

GIVE US A CALL.

## Central Meat Market

Call Central Meat Market,  
phone 23, for

## Choice Meats,

Smoked Meats of all Kinds,

Fresh Fish and Oysters.

Home Made Bologna and Sausages.

Try them and you won't eat any other.

FRANK RAMBO, Manager

BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY

# OLD BLUE DOG'S MEDICINE

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

**F**ORT MYER is in Virginia on a bluff overlooking the Potomac river and the Capital City of the country. The fort always is garrisoned by some picked troops of Uncle Sam's army. Gen. Leonard Wood, the ranking officer of the service on the active list and chief of the general staff, lives at Fort Myer. Other officers of high rank have quarters there, and many an old plainsman trooper who in the old days fought the Indians, and who later fought the Filipinos, finds in the Virginia post an ideal garrison in which to round out his service.

The old soldiers at Fort Myer are a great story tellers as are the old sailors of wooden ship days who meet together occasionally at Annapolis. Stories of army life are not told alone in the enlisted men's barracks. In the officers' clubs one occasionally gets a story of the frontier days. Neither officers nor enlisted men are given to talking of their own experience, but if a tale of courage or of hardship well endured concerns another, the soldier is not slow to speak. Here is a story as told by an old officer of regulars, who is just about to leave the active service for the camp of the retired list. He called his story "Old Blue Dog's Medicine" and it ran like this:

"Ralph Burnham, government contractor doctor, joined the cantonment on the Platte river the first of July. Burnham was an ambitious young fellow, who knew his profession and he thought it was a good experience for him to go out where the Kiowas and



JIM'S BODY WAS WRAPPED IN AN OLD GARRISON FLAG

Comanches were kicking up a row, there to do a little surgery for the soldiers.

"A contract doctor's pay was \$1,500 a year, and Burnham concluded that he and a certain young woman down east could live comfortably enough on that amount until he chose to quit Uncle Sam's service and pick up a practice worth \$15,000 a year or thereabouts. Burnham was sanguine.

"The new doctor recruit reached the cantonment about 9 o'clock in the morning. Outside the troops' quarters was a big Kiowa encampment. Burnham had never seen an Indian before, barring a few broken-spirited Oneidas on a New York reservation. He hadn't been in camp an hour before an Indian sneaked in and asked for the surgeon. It happened that the regular army surgeon had gone shooting for the morning, and the Kiowa buck was turned over to Burnham. He had sneaked into the camp, because he did not want his fellow braves to know that he was a messenger after the doctor. The Kiowas believed implicitly in their own 'medicine man,' and especially in one, an ugly-faced old chap named Blue Dog.

"Burnham was told half in signs and half in words that a Kiowa buck was sick. He went along with the Indian until they reached the edge of the reds' camp. There the Kiowa pointed out a tepee as the place where the sick man lay, and then disappeared. Burnham went to the lodge and entered. He was met with growls and a frightful odor. On the ground lay a Kiowa warrior unconscious, and round him was dancing and chanting the most hideous-looking creature that Burnham had ever looked on.

"The dancer was old Blue Dog. In addition to the dancing he was burning some sort of Indian incense, which was worse than asafetida. He was trying to drive the devil of sickness out of the prostrate warrior.

"Burnham saw in an instant that the buck on the ground was suffering from epilepsy. He swung his medicine case round and began to take out some vials. Old Blue Dog gave a yell, and three bucks entered and told the doctor in pretty tough English that he couldn't try his medicine till Blue Dog got through. Blue Dog got through in ten minutes. The dancing had exhausted him, and his unconscious patient had not as much as trembled an eyelid.

"Then Burnham went at him. He had the buck on his feet inside of five minutes, and with the stimulation of the brandy that the doctor had given liberally the Kiowa acted as though he had never seen a sick day in his life.

"Blue Dog looked amazed, but he told his fellows that it was his own medicine that had brought the buck around, but that it was a little slow in acting, that was all.

"Three weeks after this Burnham was routed out of bed one night by a pounding on the window frame of his long shack. He rose and found old Blue Dog without. Blue Dog had a pretty fair smattering of English.

"'Little one sick,' he said. 'Come, same tepee.' Burnham followed the old medicine man, who disappeared just as the other Kiowa had done before reaching the lodge. The doctor found a child of Blue Dog suffering from a fever, tossing and moaning in delirium. Blue Dog came in. 'People mustn't know,' he said, 'or they'd kill me.'

"Burnham tended the child surreptitiously for



KIOWA MEDICINE MAN MAKE DEAD ALIVE

a week. She recovered, and the next day Burnham found at his door as handsome a blanket as ever a Navajo made. Blue Dog gave the blanket.

"That was the summer that the Kiowas and the Comanches went out and raided western Kansas, and Nebraska. It was one of the worst years for the settlers and the troops known to Indian warfare. Things had been quiet about the cantonment on the Platte till late in August. The garrison was ignorant that the Indians were thinking of mischief. Burnham had received word from the east that the young woman who was to be Mrs. Burnham, Helen Truxton by name, was, in response to his earnest letters, to come to the cantonment on the Platte and let the chaplain have something to do in the marrying line. Helen Truxton was an orphan and school teacher. At her lover's solicitation she left civilization behind and started for the Platte. The stage in which she was to make the last part of the journey never reached the cantonment.

"The Kiowas jumped from their Platte encampment the night before and went on the warpath. Old Blue Dog went with them, somewhat to the amazement of the soldiers. He had always been fairly friendly to the whites. Well, there were fights and skirmishes, and finally the Kiowas were pretty thoroughly smashed. The stage in which Helen Truxton had been a passenger to the Platte was found. The driver and four men passengers were dead and scalped. There was no trace of the girl.

"Those who know something of Indian warfare and savage methods can imagine the feeling that was in Ralph Burnham's heart. Four weeks had gone by and all hope of rescuing Miss Truxton alive had been given over. One morning, Blue Dog, with his wives and children, showed up on the site of the old Kiowa encampment. There he pitched his tepee. The old fellow told the commanding officer that he had been forced to go out and that he had come back to his friends, the whites, as soon as he could. The colonel knew something of Blue Dog and believed him.

"At noon that same day the old medicine man went to Burnham's quarters. 'Your medicine is strong,' he said. 'I show you mine is stronger. You raise up Kiowa brave who was dead. You cure sick papoose, but I have stronger medicine than that. You come see.' Burnham went along with the old fellow, not realizing what he was driving at. He reached the tepee, which was a big double affair, with the skins falling like a curtain and dividing it into two parts. Blue Dog squatted on the ground and began burning incense and chanting. Then he drew circles and danced in them. Finally he let out a terrific shriek, and, raising his arm, he said to Burnham: 'Kiowa medicine man make dead alive.'

"Blue Dog jumped backward, and in an instant the curtain of skins fell, and Burnham, with a staggered mind and blurring eyes, knew that Helen Truxton was in the tepee beyond surrounded by the wives of Blue Dog.

"Safe and unharmed she was, and saved by Blue Dog. Blue Dog turned to Burnham. There was a curious expression in his eye. It was as much like a twinkle as could find a place in the eye of an Indian. 'My medicine,' he said, 'raise dead, but it do more wonder than that, for palefaces and some Indians say no cure for this, but I find it,' and the chief drew in the dirt a heart broken through its center."

A sergeant with the sleeve of his blouse well covered with enlistment stripes told the other day this tale of the service:

"What's that you say?" said Sergeant Toole, as he sat down at the barracks table around which were seated a dozen comrades. "You say there never was any good in a deserter? Well, you've missed it by just one, and have made a 'four' instead of a bull's-eye. Didn't you ever hear tell of Jim Benson of I Troop of the Twelfth? Jim was a deserter, so Washington people said, but Jim loved the flag.

"What made him desert? Well, what should make an old soldier desert but a woman?"

"Jim was in the service twenty-five years before he struck his flag to a petticoat. Like all those fellows, when he got his he was hit so bad that

none of your surgeons who are up in matters of sentiment could probe and get out the bullet, or perhaps I'd better say arrow, for that's the kind of ammunition the little chap who shot Jim uses. You see Jim was high onto fifty when he got his sights fixed and held on to this 'pretty creature' with blonde hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. It's always the way with the old fellows when they get stuck on something young. It goes hard with them. You see the girl has heard how it was that Jim had always been steady, had never seen the inside of the 'mill' except as a member of the guard, and, moreover, how he had \$4,000 drawing 4 per cent with the paymaster and was sure of going out as a first sergeant in five years with forty plunks a month.

"Jim always went into a fight to win, and he got onto the track of that girl and hung to it just as he did to the Kid's trail down in the Apache country when I Troop was chasing that red devil through the Arizona hell. The girl led Jim on for a while coquettish like, just to make sure of him, I guess. I don't suppose she ever cared a rap for him.

"Well, finally we all thought that Jim had corralled her all right. It was given out that the Twelfth's chaplain was going to have a job of tying the two up. None of the boys congratulated Jim too hearty, because most of them had sized the affair up right, and wouldn't have it that the girl was good enough for Jim Benson. She might be all right for a rookie, but not for an old one who had seen more campaigns than the girl had years. I ought to have told you before that this particular petticoat was visiting at the post. She came from down Iowa way somewhere.

"One night she gave it out that she was going home, and that Jim must go down there for the splicing. She cleared out, and in a few days after the old fellow gets a furlough and clears out, too, following the trail, as we heard after, way down to Iowa. Now, you must just get hold of this fact. Jim was kind of a pious chap, but he loved the flag better than any Bible that was ever printed, but for a short time that girl was above the flag. Jim was just crazy for her. The story is that she wouldn't come back and wouldn't marry him unless he quit the army then and there. Jim tried to quit through the regular red tape channels, but they wouldn't have it down in Washington.

"Jim Benson, veteran, medal of honor man, fighter in a hundred fights, lover of his flag and country, and as good a soldier as ever wore quartermaster's shoes, deserted, and deserted for a petticoat. I forgot to say that Jim got his wad of money from the paymaster before his leave was up.

"There was another deserter 'side of a month after Jim quit the colors. This time a woman did the deserting, though a fellow helped her to do it, and along with the woman and the fellow went Jim's money.

"Jim's heart was clean broke. He got in communication with his old capt'n' somehow, and he tried to work the thing through the department for Jim, but there'd been a heap of desertions about that time, and despite Jim's medal and his twenty-five years with nary a 'blind' nor a day in the 'mill' against him, the honorable secretary of war said that if Jim was caught he must take his medicine.

"It was rumored around old Fort Johnson that Jim had been seen on the edge of the woods looking at the old place and seeming kind of wild like. One night one of the old quartermaster shacks got on fire. It was just before target practice season and the building had a dozen big boxes of ammunition in it. There was a pretty stiff wind blowing and it looked as if the barracks and a lot of other things would go. If that stuff had exploded the other buildings would have gone sure. The fire was fairly eating around those boxes and the fellows fought shy of it.

"All at once, while the crowd was bearing back, somebody jumped clean through the line and plump into the fire. He grabbed a box and threw it out clear of the blaze, and then another and another, though the flames were burning his clothes and going up wreathlike about his head.

"When he had done the business clean and good, the man jumped out of the flames and ran to the woods. Well I guess you know who it was. It was Jim Benson. We found him the next day in the thicket, but the curious part of the matter was that Jim's body was wrapped in an old garrison flag that had been pinned about him by the last effort of those poor burn hands. Jim thought, you see, that deserting though he was, if he did this that they might bury him with the flag.

"Did they do it? Yes, and gave him the reparation three rounds over the grave and the prayer that the old chaplain knew how to pray

## IT OVERLOOKS PUGET SOUND

Hermit Castle a Unique Building Erected Many Years Ago by an Eccentric Englishman.

Port Townsend, Wash.—On the summit of a high hill back of Port Townsend, the state's port of entry, and overlooking the town, stands a unique building, much resembling a castle. In the early days, when there were no neighboring residences, the structure often underwent searching scrutiny by eyes aboard ship peering through binoculars or field glass, as it does to this day, when some shap-visioned tourist picks it out as something distinct from the ordinary type of building.

The "castle," as the structure is called by the people of the town, was built many years ago, in boom times, by an eccentric Englishman, who through his habits and eccentricities was known as a hermit.

There are, perhaps, few building locations in the United States affording views as grand as the one where



The Hermit Castle.

this freak in architecture stands. It stands nearly 300 feet above sea level, immediately overlooking a beautiful little bay with numerous inlets, and beyond great stretches of America's fir-fringed and greatest inland waterway, Puget sound. In the distance are the green foothills, and beyond the majestic Olympic range, snow-capped the year 'round, and behind which old Sol sinks from sight amid a wealth of color month in and out.

After the old Englishman's death, the "castle" passed to the United States, acquired by purchase of land for use as a military reservation. The building is of brick, and is substantially built and well finished within.

## BIG ROCKY MOUNTAIN GORGE

Grand Canyon of the Arkansas River One of the Most Spectacular in the West.

Denver, Colo.—The Grand Canyon of the Arkansas is one of the most spectacular gorges in the Rocky mountains. It is ten miles long and the railroad—the Denver and Rio Grande—by a marvel of engineering skill has made it a thoroughfare to the west.

The narrowest part of the canyon is known as the Royal Gorge. The red granite and gneiss walls, sparkling with mica, tower aloft on either hand 2,627 feet; the sky is a thread, almost obliterated by the jagged ramparts, and the stars may be seen at midday.

At one point, the hanging bridge, the width is but ten yards, and the road-bed has been built out over the water. The river boils madly through; the engine sways now to the right, now to the left, dragging the train; the vista ahead, momentarily blocked, opens again; a way is always found.



Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

And ever there is the ruddy granite, in walls and in huge broken masses, and the green stream foaming against its boulders, and glimpses of side canyons wooded and mysterious.

Bands of mountain sheep are seen almost daily on the high cliffs as the trains climb the backbone of the continent.

## Lights on Baby Carts.

St. Paul.—Baby carriages in Minnesota must hereafter carry warning lights when used after dark—two white lights in front and a red one at the rear. It's all due to a mistake, a kind of "joker" that somehow got in the new law just passed by the legislature, but it "goes," according to an opinion rendered by Attorney General Simpson.

Children's velocipedes, wheelbarrows and kiddies' express wagons are also included in the provisions of the law, which really was intended only to help automobilists and motorcyclists, by compelling horse-drawn vehicles to carry lights. But the language was clumsily put; "the other users of wheeled vehicles."

## \$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pains in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say good-bye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the dependency? I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing the prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 25-2691 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, and I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

## Woman's Way.

"A woman's convention, eh? What do women know about enthusiasm? Now at the last national convention we men cheered our candidates for an hour."

"That's all right," said his wife. "We threw kisses at ours for sixty-seven minutes by the clock."

## PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

Uncle Sam's Representative. Senator John Sharp Williams tells of a negro lad in a southern town who was not the least zealous of Uncle Sam's servants. One day when the mail bag for that town was thrown from the train the pouch was caught up by this diminutive courier, who started off, as was his wont, on a brisk trot to the post office.

As he was rounding a corner of the station he encountered a larger boy, with the result that the little courier was upset. When the latter got up and readjusted himself he turned upon the other exclaiming:

"Look here! Yo' wants to be keeferful 'bout dis chile! When yo' jars me yo' jars de government of de United States. I carries de mail!"

Just the Thing. Howell—I'm very fond of travel. Powell—Come around some night and I'll let you walk the floor with baby.

When truth gets busy, fiction is apt to feel ashamed of itself.

**FREE**

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. It wants to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for constipation. Write to me for a free package of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a box. For free package address, Prof. Simpson, 23rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS**

USE **ASBORBINE JR.** LIGHTNING FOR IT

Corns, Bunions, Callous, Fungus, Thirst, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—cures a better cure. Has the blood through the part, relieving nature, building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Ask for it. It is the best. It is the best. It is the best. No doubt you remember my sending two bottles of your Asborbine Jr. for a bunion on my foot. It is the best. It is the best. It is the best. Also valuable for any swelling of painful affliction. Gout, Enlarged Glands, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Swellings, Eruptions, Ulcers, Piles, Itch and all small eruptions. Price 25 Cents. 2, N. 7, 110 Temple Street, New York, N. Y.

**PISO'S REMEDY**

FOR COLIC, SICK HEADACHE, INFLUENZA, BRUISES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM. Sold by Druggists.



# The Spangled Tunic

Mrs. Winslow and Lily Belle were just stepping into the automobile when the postman came along.

"That's from Maude!" cried Lily Belle, pouncing upon a blue envelope postmarked "Springview," and running a stickpin under the flap. "Now I'll know what we are all going to wear at the wedding."

She read in silence for a moment. Then she sat up suddenly and fixed her companion with two glittering eyes.

"Cousin Mattie Winslow," she gasped. "Will you listen to what Maude Washburne has the assurance to write me? Of course she begins with a lot of truck about her own dress, and then—listen: 'The attendants are to wear pink marquisette over pink satin. All the other girls, being married, will wear trains, but you, being the only unmarried girl, of course will wear a short dress—ankle length.' And so on, and so on. Now, what do you think of that?"

She paused to let the horror of the situation sink into the mind of her companion.

"Well, if they think for a single second that I'm going to do anything of the kind they are much mistaken," went on Lily Belle. "I won't go home for the old wedding, that's all. I'll write to mamma this very day not to let them order the stuff for my dress. Ankle length! Everybody else with a train and little Lily Belle trotting up the aisle in a short dress—humps!"

"Never mind; you just stay here with me until the wedding's over," said Cousin Mattie, soothingly. "How does it happen that they're all married but you?"

"Oh, it's a club we have. There are just seven of us and each one that has married has had the rest for attendants. The man I was going to walk up the aisle with is simply delightful—from Denver. It just makes me perfectly furious, Cousin Mattie."

"Well," purred Cousin Mattie, equably, "just trot around in the stores today and look at the pretty things and forget all about it for a while."

They had their luncheon and were making a tour of the shops when they saw the spangled tunic. Before a critical customer the saleswoman held it up—a lovely, shimmering thing, like a robe of cobwebs spangled with dewdrops.

"Only thirty-two fifty, marked down from forty," said the saleswoman. The customer turned away indifferently. "It isn't just what I wanted," she drawled. "I think I'll look somewhere else."

Lily Belle darted at the clerk as the other woman turned away. "Let me look at that, please," she cried, dragging Cousin Mattie toward the tunic. "Isn't that the sweetest thing you ever laid your eyes on?"

"Very pretty," agreed Cousin Mattie, surveying the tunic placidly. As Lily Belle gazed a half-formed thought in her brain crystallized into a sudden resolution.

"Cousin Mattie Winslow," she announced, impressively, "I'm going to buy that tunic if it takes the last cent I have, and I'm going to wear it at the wedding. They'll all be angry, but it serves them right. If I can't have a train at the bottom of my dress I'll have a tunic over the top, to make up."

If Cousin Mattie had any misgivings about the propriety of the arrangement, she was too well acquainted with her young relative to voice them, so the tunic was ordered and paid for.

Mrs. Winslow settled herself comfortably in an easy chair to read a letter. It was two days after the wedding, and the letter was postmarked "Springview" and addressed in Lily Belle's upright handwriting.

"Dear Cousin Mattie," she read, "I have only time to write you a line about the wedding because I'm going out in the car with Mr. Swift—the Denver man I told you about—but I want to thank you for helping me choose that tunic. It just made my dress and everybody said it was the prettiest gown that was ever seen in Springview. Nobody looked at Maude's dress to speak of, or any of the others. The girls were perfectly furious, but it served them right, for they never would have dared to decide the way they did about the trains if I had been here."

"Mamma began to make a little fuss about my wearing the tunic—thought it might not be in good taste—but when I told her that you thought it was all right she was satisfied. She has so much confidence in your judgment. Thank you again, dear Cousin Mattie, for suggesting it."

Cousin Mattie opened her eyes a little at the last sentence, then she smiled placidly.

"Oh, well, I'm willing to take the responsibility," she thought. "It will serve them right."

The Modern Way. Mrs. Gay—My husband and I have our house furnished entirely with wedding gifts.

Mrs. Day—Gracious! What a lot of presents!

Mrs. Gay—Yes; I have been married four times and my husband three.—Pack.

## SET PLAYER TO THINKING

Probably He Was Right in Considering the Game of Chess a Good Deal Like Life.

When a young man I was found of playing chess. One day as I was deliberating over a move in the middle of a game I suddenly asked myself whether an expert standing beside me could predict what that move would be. Not, I saw, unless I had a past history as a chess player with which he was familiar. If I were a beginner he could not tell whether I would advance a pawn three squares, or move a castle a knight, or expose my queen to capture.

All these, and a multitude of other possibilities would be open to me and therefore to his prediction. But if I had a knowledge of the game, these possibilities would be closed. And if I were an accomplished player, the expert at my elbow might whisper to his neighbor, "There is only one move he can make. He must attack his opponent's king with his black bishop."

As I then, without hearing the remark, proceeded to make that move, should I feel belittled to have the expert announce that it was foreknown? Should I feel that having supposed my act to be one of freedom, I had now been deprived of something precious and myself degraded into a mere thing? On the contrary, I should probably feel much flattered and congratulate myself on being, and being known to be, a player guided by law. Evidently, then, as personality enlarges, conduct becomes more predictable. That was the impressive lesson taught me by this striking case.—G. H. Palmer in "The Problem of Freedom."

## REMNANT OF THE ACADIANS

Small Group of Magdalen Islands Populated by Descendants of Those Unfortunate People.

Up in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the small group of Magdalen islands are populated by three or four thousand lineal descendants of the Acadians under Champlain and De Monts, who were driven out of New France, Nova Scotia, by the English.

Since the first settlement in 1763 generations of the same families have raised scanty crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high, conical hills which constitute a prominent feature of an insular landscape.

Year after year men have gone out on the waters of the gulf in search of the cod, mackerel and lobsters on which a livelihood depends. They are a simple, primitive people, these natives of the Magdalens, laboring all the while under circumstances that are most discouraging.

The archipelago contains 12 or 13 distinct islands, including several grim rocks which are not inhabited and never will be. But the remarkable feature about the physical formation of the whole group is the way in which one island is in some instances connected with another by a long stretch of sandy beach, enabling a person, if he desires to do so, to go for a score of miles or more along the most barren shore in the world, one that is uninhabited and unrelieved by vegetation of any kind, and the only animal life being the thousands of gulls, terns, gannets and other sea fowl which are extremely numerous in all this region.

## As to Adhesive Postage Stamps.

Rowland Hill had nothing to fear from enlightened officers of health foreboding that "stamp licking" would disseminate consumption, diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever. It is remarkable to recall with what enthusiasm the public took to stamp licking in 1840. The adhesive stamp seems to have been only an after-thought of the great postal reformer, whose original proposal covered only the sale of ready-stamped envelopes. Even when he admitted the adhesive stamp as an alternative, he thought it would be "reserved for exceptional cases." But, in spite of newspaper jeers at "bits of sticking plaster" for dabbling on the letters the public soon showed its mind. The stamped Mulready envelope proved a dead failure, while for weeks the supply of "sticking plaster" fell far below its demand.

## Streets With Long Names.

"Using the letters of the alphabet and numbers to designate streets is called here," says a Berlin letter, "the 'American style,' and the introduction of the system has many advocates, but apparently these have no voice in the matter, because the popular idiom—royal, heroic, religious, scientific or commercial—still has the first call. Many of the names are exasperatingly long, and when we think that the most impossible one has been discovered we always find another just a little bit worse. Recently we saw two letters addressed to Vienna—one to a person in Klosterneuburgstrasse, and the other to a correspondent in Mariaburgstrasse. How much time would be saved if these streets were numbered or lettered!"

## Proof Enough.

"The climate of heaven has been determined by two youthful philosophers," announced George Arliss, who is appearing in Dismal. "While passing along a muddy street the other morning I heard a little chap say to his sister: 'It don't ever rain in heaven, does it, May?'"

"In course it does, ye little chump!" the girl replied. "There's where it's all comin' from, ain't it?"

# Visiting Katherine

"What's the matter, George?" asked Bleeker when he and Wadley met at the same cafe table last Tuesday noon. "You look like the last run of shad. Have you been sick?"

"No, I've been up in the country," said Wadley. "You know Katherine Morgan's people have a cottage at Sunset lake. Well, Katherine invited me to pass the week-end there. She said it was a quiet, restful place, so I decided to break away from the business grind for two or three days, if I lost my job for it."

"You did right," declared Bleeker. "Everybody needs a change once in a while."

"Well, I had a change, all right," said Wadley, dismally.

"Didn't it agree with you? Was it dull?"

"Dull! I'll just tell you what Katherine, the adorable, the untiring, absolutely indestructible Katherine, arranged for my pleasure."

"It was 8:30 Friday evening when my train arrived. Katherine was at the station with a carriage full of young people, who welcomed me most warmly. We drove to the cottage, where supper was awaiting me. After I dispatched that and was looking longingly at one of the porch hammocks Katherine announced that we were all to go down the shore a half mile to a marshmallow roast."

"If there's anything sicker sweet in the name of food that I particularly detest it's marshmallows, but, of course, I expressed my delight at the roast and away we went. After about ten pounds of marshmallows had been consumed and the beach fire was getting low Katherine suggested that we have a few lively games to warm ourselves. Although I was really too tired to move, I joined in the romps and tore back and forth across the beach like a schoolboy for a half hour or so."

"At 6:30 the next morning a rattle of my door woke me from a sound sleep. 'Aren't you going for a dip?' called Katherine, gayly. 'I take a swim every morning before breakfast.'"

"In about five minutes I joined Katherine on the pier. She dived into the water and I followed, my teeth chattering. She struck out across the bay. It was only by superhuman efforts that I managed to keep up with her. I had not been in swimming before this year, and I never was a strong swimmer. I proposed that we run home on the beach and Katherine bet me a box of candy that she could beat me. She won."

"After breakfast she challenged me to tennis. We played six sets before lunch. I was too tired to eat and I longed to stretch myself in a hammock, but Katherine said she was as hungry as a hired man, and she knew I must be starving, so I sat down at the table and was making a fairly good meal when Katherine told me to hurry, for she had arranged a four-course at golf with two friends of hers."

"It was 5 o'clock when we finished playing golf and Katherine said we should just have time for a swim before dinner. When I was dressing after the swim Katherine knocked at my door and told me to put on my dancing pumps, as we were going to a hop in the evening."

"We went to the hop. Katherine was as blooming as a rose. She introduced me to every girl there and I danced every dance on the program and six extras. I don't know how I managed to walk the mile back to the cottage without falling by the side of Katherine, who appeared to be doing a Marathon, so briskly did she walk."

"I hope you got a rest Sunday," said Bleeker, sympathetically.

"A rest! Katherine had planned a walk around the lake. It was just seven miles, and we got home in time for a 1 o'clock dinner. I was determined that I should sleep all the afternoon in a hammock. But it was not to be. Katherine asked me to row her to the far end of the lake to pick water lilies. We got into weeds where I could hardly move the boat an inch without breaking my back."

"In the evening Katherine had a crowd in for a Welsh rarebit and I was allowed to cut up four pounds of cheese. It was hard work. One of the girls came unescorted and Katherine and I rowed her home across the lake at midnight and walked a half-mile to her house and back."

"It didn't seem more than ten minutes after I got into bed when Katherine knocked on my door to see if I was ready for my morning swim. I answered brightly that I had already been in. Then I began throwing my things into my suitcase. At breakfast I inquired about the first train to town."

"But George," Katherine protested, "I thought you were going to stay over today. There's a lot of things I want you to do. We were going to play indoor baseball and—"

"I'm terribly sorry," I interrupted, "but it's imperative that I return to my office this morning."

"It was imperative. I knew that if I didn't regard the rest and quiet of my desk telephone immediately I should be a total wreck. I fled and Katherine's last words to me were an invitation to return for my vacation in September."

"Will you go?" asked Bleeker.

"Not unless I've been to a rest cure first."

## HE GOT THROUGH THE GATE

Resourceful Chicagoan Tampered With the Truth, but Made His Point, Just the Same.

"When all is said and done Chicago people can beat the world in resourcefulness," said an envious New Yorker. "An exile from that city wished to see his wife off on an eastern train that positively refuses admittance to the platform without a ticket. He accompanied his wife to the gate."

"Just wait around on the platform a few seconds," he said, "and I'll come through and help you arrange your luggage."

"You can't go through," said a guileless New York friend. "If you have anything to say you'd better say it now."

"That's all right," said the Chicago man. "I'll be there."

"Two minutes later he dashed up brandishing a baby's milk bottle in the face of the astonished gatekeeper."

"For heaven's sake, let me through," he said. "I put this in my pocket at the last minute and my wife has gone off and forgotten it. The baby will starve to death if she doesn't get it."

"The guileless New Yorker, who lacked sufficient wit to see his own wife and three small children off, gasped in sheer envy, while the childless Chicago man, using a milk bottle as a harmless weapon, fought his way through to the platform."

## FOUND STEAM PIPE USEFUL

One Man Discovered That Its Original Purpose Was by No Means All It Was Good For.

"There are some of the conveniences of the modern household," said a man who has nearly all the comforts of home, "that may be put to uses for which they never were intended, in several months of the year, at any rate. There is in my dining room a nicely gilded steam pipe that runs from floor to ceiling, and it is hot to the touch. Heat has many uses, and the heat that exudes from that steam pipe has served me in unexpected ways. I once tried to open an ink bottle the cork of which, made of glass, was so tightly wedged in that no amount of force I could apply seemed to dislodge it. I held the bottle to that steam pipe for a few minutes, and the problem of physics working finely, that cork came out in a jiffy. But, better than that, one afternoon while reading a newspaper I experienced a sudden attack of lumbago, and, as all the folk were out and I had no other means at hand, I removed my coat and waistcoat and sidled up to that steam pipe and glued my back to the hot cylinder, and the pain disappearing in a short while, I found the thing had all the beneficent virtues of a hot water bag."

## Cure for Discontent.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and to form a totally false notion of love. They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to ensnare the opposite sex before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love, or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury, ease, travel, society and fine clothes, and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation? This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere, and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Easy Way to Wash Windows.

"I have washed every window in my house myself, and all in one forenoon," said a young woman who is noted for knowing the easiest and quickest ways to do housework to a writer for the New York Sun. "And what's more, I did not use a drop of water. No slopping around with wet rags for me." "How do you manage it?" asked the friend. "Just this way," was the reply. "I buy a pint of denatured alcohol which will wash two dozen windows. Then I simply put a little on a cloth and rub the window briskly a moment. The dirt comes on in a twinkling and the windows are left clean and bright. It takes just one-half the time and is only one-quarter the work of the old soap and water way."

## Too Tall to Be a Soldier.

Nothing could illustrate better the changes in the art of war wrought by the evolution of weapons than the melancholy news that "Artilleryman Arceau of the Fourth Regiment at Rochelle has been discharged on account of his height."

In the old days Arceau's prodigious stature would have scared the enemy, and poets would have chanted the glories of the age which could produce such redoubtable champions. Now, however, smokeless powder has changed all that. Invulnerability is the first consideration on the field of battle nowadays, and an artilleryman of six feet nine might cause the discovery and massacre of a whole regiment.—Paris Figaro.

# The Rescue

"Isn't you goin' to have another piece of candy?" asked the girl who had not been long from the land of Dixie. Then she put her hand over her mouth and laughed gleefully through her fingers. "It nearly drives Sister Mattie crazy to have me say 'ain't' the way I do," she went on, "but somehow I don't reckon I ever will get over doin' it."

"Another thing that just about embarrasses Sister Mattie to death is the way I talk to strangers. I know nearly everybody in the apartment buildin' now and she don't know hardly any of 'em. Sister Mattie's lived up north so long she's just like northern people."

"Speakin' of talkin' to strangers, there's the sweetest lookin' young man lives in the apartment across the hall from us. I've been crazy to know him ever since I've been here, and I knew he was all ready to speak to me if I gave him the least little bit of chance, but I was so scared of Sister Mattie that I never dared to. Every time we'd meet in the hall, though, or in the elevator he'd kind o' look at me and I'd kind o' look at him."

"I reckon we'd 'a' gone on like that all summer if it hadn't been for the fire the other mornin'."

"Yes, indeed, my dear, we did have a perfectly terrible fire. It was about 2 o'clock in the mornin', such a scandalous time for anything to happen."

"The first I knew about it was when Sister Mattie came into my room and begun poundin' me. 'Get up! Get up!' she was sayin' when I opened my eyes. 'The house is on fire!'"

"I jumped up out of bed and begun foppin' round the room and screamin'. Still, I had enough presence of mind to go back after my black satin slippers when I got clear to the top of the stairs and Sister Mattie was tuggin' at my arm and tryin' to make me hurry down. Of course, the first thing I did was to get my best hat and put it on and then I put on my white shoes and my kimono, too, because Sister Mattie kep' worryin' me so about it, runnin' around behind me with it in her hand."

"Well, my dear, I give you my word, I was clear down on the street when I suddenly had the most awful feelin' I ever had in my life. I'd come off and left my hair! Now, could you ever believe it? My beautiful long switch that I paid \$2 an inch for!"

"I just knew I'd never in the world get money enough to get another one and I had the most awful vision of me goin' around the rest of my life with just the hair that grows on my head and I nearly fainted. For a minute I was so weak I couldn't move and then I simply tore back up the stairs. When I was about half way up I heard somebody gallopin' after me. What do you think? It was that lovely young man across the hall!"

"He come and get it for you, Miss Robinson," he said. "Wasn't it sweet of him to know what my name was?"

"I was just pantin' by that time, I was so out of breath, and bein' so kind o' crazy and excited, I just told him the truth. 'It's my hair,' I said. 'I'm afraid you wouldn't know where to find it.'"

"Well, for a minute I thought he'd die laughin', and it wasn't any laughin' matter, I thought, so I started on up again. He took hold of my arm, though, and said for me to go on down stairs, and he asked me where my hair was. By that time he'd got over laughin', so I told him it was on the dresser, and he went on up and I went down to the street."

"I didn't have any more than time to begin thinkin' how perfectly terrible I'd feel when he came back 'avin' that hair in his hand. I was thinkin' maybe it'd be better to have gone through life lookin' kind o' moth eaten than to face such a terrible situation, when he came down the stairs and came up to me and handed me my hair. What do you think? He'd stopped and wrapped it up in a piece of paper! Wasn't that the sweetest thing you ever heard of? My dear, could any girl have helped fallin' in love with him?"

"No, the fire didn't amount to a hill of beans. We all went back to our rooms in about half an hour, but Mr. Sheldon came over the next morning to ask how we were. Wasn't that sweet of him? And Sister Mattie found he knows some people that she knows and she asked him to come to dinner, and he's been over every day since."

"Sister Mattie's just as crazy about him as I am, but I never did tell her about the hair. I know she'd think it was perfectly scandalous."

## An "Appreciation."

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelo's."

"Oh, no," the young lady interrupted. "It wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."—Catholic News.

## REQUIRES CHANGE AND REST

Average Woman Unable to Be Happy Among Surroundings That Have Become Monotonous.

A certain woman, was restless. She was worn out, but it was not with physical work. Her husband was wiser, perhaps, than most husbands. He did not send her to the top of a mountain where she was the only inhabitant. He sent her to resort where there were many new people, with new personalities and new topics of interest. She needed contact with the world more than she needed a cool climate. Frequently men who brush elbows with a dozen persons each day do not appreciate the solitude of their wives. Sometimes when a man needs as a rest to get away from miscellaneous humanity, contact is just what is needed by his wife. Frequently even if she has enough feminine society she lacks the society of men. Perhaps her husband never really converses, or is able to converse, with her. A man hidden behind his newspaper at the breakfast table is not a creation of the comic paper; he is a too frequent fact. Too often his wife does not interest him because the sphere which is imposed upon her is too limited. Yet she may have been so confined to her own thoughts all day that she feels she will go crazy if she does not have some one to talk sincerely with, or some other human excitement. Birds often divide the care of the young, and when the female leaves the nest it is sometimes merely for change and rest. There are some who believe the French woman is more content than the average woman in other countries because she has a share in the family business. She is a partner, instead of a sort of upper servant.—Editorial in Collier's.

## WHY A MAN LIKES A DOG

Of Course There Are Other Reasons, but These Are the Ideas of the Suffragette Lady.

"Why does a man like a dog?" responded the suffragette lady, severely, and repeated. "Why does a man like a dog? Well, there are numerous reasons, though a dog is not a reasoning being. A dog will lick the hand that beats it; a dog will eat a crust and a bone and bless the giver; a dog thinks whatever a man does is right and proper; a dog has no rights that a man is bound to respect; a dog asks no embarrassing questions; a dog is always grateful, no matter for what; a dog does not ask the man to stay at home nights; a dog is satisfied to love the man whether the man loves the dog or not; a dog submits to any and all impositions without protest; a dog does not consider itself a man's equal; a dog lets a man have his own way; a dog doesn't want to vote; a dog is just as glad to see a man when he gets in at three o'clock in the morning, almost helpless, as if he hadn't gone out at all; a dog has no mother in sight, and a dog can't talk back—can't talk back, mind you, nor won't talk back. That is why a man likes a dog."

## Children on the Streets.

It has been proven beyond all possibility of contradiction that the greatest percentage of boys and girls who are brought before the courts for delinquency owe their waywardness to the education they have received on the streets at night. The school of the streets is a bad one in which to receive an education. It is one of the factors that must be carefully guarded. The remedy must be keeping the children off the streets at night or to make the streets fit places for children. It is almost impossible to do the latter. It is possible to do the former. The city streets are public property. Any one is entitled to walk the streets, provided they do not violate any statutory ordinance in doing so. The city authorities have no power to intervene. The moral character of the pedestal counts for nothing. The parent of the child has authority to keep the youngster at home and the wise parent will exercise this authority.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

## Charming Old Boy.

Probably nothing in the world is as wholesome as seeing an old man thinking himself young. Truly, a man is only as old as he thinks. Sometimes, though, this tendency amounts to almost a frenzy and becomes wholly irreconcilable and beyond all reason. A case in point is emphasized in a postal card received by the circulation department of this Famous Old Daily from an eighty-three-year-old subscriber down-state: "Dear Sir: Why can't you send me the sporting extra instead of this five o'clock regular?" We have a mind that this youngster will rock the boat, splash the ladies, and cut up all manners of kid didoes on the trip across the River Styx.—Buffalo News.

## One Old Thing.

Said the superstitious friend of the conservative bride who scowls at tremors in dress: "I do hope she will have good hair. I wonder if she wore anything else?" "Yes, the fashions," said the friend, whose motto is "Style or death."

## Claimed as Record Bridge.

Claim is made that the new span spanning the Red river at Waco, Tex., is the longest and largest reinforced concrete structure of the kind in the world. It is 2,571 feet over all.