

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXX, No. 10

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1913

WHOLE No. 1312

You are always prepared for company if there is an




Edison Phonograph
IN YOUR HOME

The magnificent tone of the unbreakable Edison Blue Amberol Records places the Edison on a plane above all other talking machines as an entertainer. To hear Edison Records is to hear great artists and clever performers at their best.

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THE REXALL STORE

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Be prepared for Sickness: Have some money in the Bank. Start it now.



WHO GETS THE MONEY YOU EARN?

When SICKNESS, calamity all sorts of unlooked-for things over-take us, we must be prepared for them. If you were taken suddenly ill, and it might be several weeks before your recovery, would it not be a comfortable feeling to know that you had no worries about money. Poverty is a disease, when you are old, that is as painful as a physical disease. Prepare now for the DECEMBER of your life; start a bank account.

Do YOUR banking with US.
We pay three per cent interest.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK

A lady, couldn't think for her life,
What would be nice, "for Hubble from Wife."

THE she came to
our Store
Where we have nice things galore,
And bought him a fine Pocket Knife.

Ladies, Take It From Us—
NOTHING WOULD PLEASE HIM BETTER.
HE'D STAY HOME NIGHTS AND WHITTLE!

We've seen him glance longingly in our Cutlery Case several times and think we knew just the style that would suit him.

It Would Make a Handsome Birthday Present.

CONNER HARDWARE CO., Ltd.

I. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
SERVES OVER 1000 STORES
Baltimore, Md. Local 10.

Mrs. Hiram Murray Dies Suddenly

Mrs. Hiram Murray, a highly esteemed lady of Canton township was found dead in her bed, at home six miles south-east of this village last Sunday morning. Mrs. Murray, who was 68 years of age has been an invalid for the past three years, and has been very poorly for the past month. On the morning of her death her husband talked with her after he arose and she seemed as well as usual. He left the house for a short time and on his return he found her dead. Mrs. Murray had resided in Canton township for about forty years. She leaves besides her husband, one daughter, Mrs. S. W. Spicer.

The funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. Moon of Dixboro, conducting the services. The interment was in the Kinyon cemetery.

Farmers' Institutes
Successful Meetings Held at Salem and Cherry Hill

The Farmers' Institute held at the town hall at Salem Monday was largely attended at both the evening and afternoon sessions. A fine literary and musical program had been prepared by the program committee and each and every number was greatly enjoyed. A. R. Potts was the state speaker and gave two interesting talks on progressive farming and the raising of corn and cattle. A representative of the State Normal was present and gave a splendid address on consolidating of rural schools.

The institute held at Guinn's hall Cherry Hill Tuesday was well attended, and a good program given. A. R. Potts was the state speaker.

Another Veteran Passes Away

William Gage, a veteran of the Civil war, died suddenly at his home on Mill street, Tuesday at the age of 70 years. Mr. Gage has been in poor health for some time. Heart trouble was the immediate cause of death. Mr. Gage moved to Plymouth from Gagetown, Mich., about two years ago. He was a member of Eddy Post, G. A. R. He leaves a wife, three daughters and one son. The funeral will be held from the home, this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. B. F. Farber officiating.

Possibilities of Parcel Post

Parcels post will not affect, to any appreciable extent, the business of villagers where the majority of the merchants are liberal and persistent advertisers. Newspapers published in such towns will not accept the advertising of the mail order houses, nor would it be profitable for the mail order concerns to use much space in such papers, for the trading public would prefer to "trade at home" when they saw that the home merchants were up to date and advertised their wares. There are villagers, though, where the business men (or, more properly speaking, the men in business), do not appreciate the possibilities of advertising, looking upon such expenditure as an expense when in reality it is an investment. Newspapers in towns of that sort, unless they can convert the home merchants, will sooner or later either have to give up the struggle or accept the advertising of the city dealers, whose wares will from that time onward come, steadily increasing in quantity and frequency, by parcels post.

According to the report of the Bank Commissioner the deposits in the banks of the State have increased \$23,000,000 during the last year. The total deposits in 441 banks and five trust companies is \$319,311,710.

The End of the World.
Should it come tomorrow would find people suffering pain to a more or less serious degree. Those, however, who use **RENNE'S PAIN-KILLING MAGIC OIL** get relief quickly and suffer less. Taken internally it will cure colic, cholera, sprains and dislocations. Dose: 25 to 50 drops in water, tea, or milk. It is an all-around remedy for internal ailments. Price 25 cts. Sold by druggists, and Beyer's Pharmacy.

Amputation is Followed by Death

Both feet and legs crushed in a railroad accident early Wednesday morning, necessitating immediate amputation, Charles Millsbaugh, aged 34, 267 Clippert avenue, River Rouge, died that afternoon at Solvay hospital, as a result.

Millsbaugh was a brakeman for the Michigan Central railroad, and is thought to have left his train, coming in from Toledo at the yards in River Rouge to go to his home, not far distant, being run down by a switch engine. He is survived by a widow and two children.

Mr. Millsbaugh was a former resident of Plymouth and was a brother of H. E. Millsbaugh who was formally in the undertaking and furniture business here.

G. A. R. Boys Surprise Comrade

An interesting company assembled at the home of comrade John Stewart, W. Ann Arbor street, Plymouth, last Thursday evening, Feb. 6th. To brother Stewart the affair was a complete surprise, his good wife having without his knowledge invited in the Eddy Post of the G. A. R. to help celebrate his sixty-ninth birthday.

When brother Stewart returned from his work on the evening stated he found the parlor dark and silent, but when the light was turned on he stood face to face with a company of his comrades. All sat down to a bountiful supper after which war stories were the order of the evening. Twelve of the Post were able to be present. Some one suggested that a census of the ages of those present be taken, and the following interesting data was produced: Those present were comrades, E. H. Partridge, Dr. Abram Pelham, O. P. Showers, Davis Wildey, Wm. Smitherman, J. C. Peterhans, John Stewart, Willard Roe, Henry Robinson, A. D. Stevens, M. S. Weed, Asa Joy. The aggregate ages of this company of twelve veterans is 874 years. The average age being 72 years and 10 months. The aggregate years of service 35 years and 3 months. The shortest term of service by any one man was 1 year and 4 months; the longest 4 years and 8 months, being the term served by comrade E. H. Partridge. If these twelve men had lived not all together, but one after another, one being born when the other died, the first man would have been born in the year 1039, just 27 years before the Conquest of England, (1066) by William A. Normandy.—B

Death of Mrs. Thomas Smith

Mrs. Thomas Smith died at Ann Arbor hospital last Saturday afternoon, three days after undergoing an operation at that institution. Mrs. Smith was a lady highly esteemed by all who knew her and her death came as a great shock to her relatives and friends.

Sarah Daisy Monte was born May 17, 1862 at Clio, Mich. She came to Plymouth about five years ago, where she married Thomas Smith Jan. 12, 1909. She had been a member of the M. E. church at Clio before coming to Plymouth. Besides the husband and young child of twenty months, she leaves a father, mother, two sisters and a brother to mourn their loss.

The funeral services were held from the Baptist church, Monday afternoon, Feb. 10th. The pastor, Rev. W. W. DonAutels officiating. There were many beautiful floral offerings from relatives and friends. The burial took place at Riverside.

Former Resident Dead

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pettigill were called to Bad Axe, Mich., last Saturday on account of the death of the latter's uncle, Edgar H. Crosby, which occurred the morning before at the home of his daughter in that village. Mr. Crosby was 69 years of age and at one time was a resident of Plymouth. He also lived in Canton and Salem townships. Mr. Crosby was one of the most prominent citizens of Bad Axe and Huron county, having been president of the village, president of the Huron County Fair and the Lakeside Summer Resort Association. The funeral was held Sunday.

Local News

Mrs. Theron Smith of South Lyon, was calling on friends in town last Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Andress of Ann Arbor, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. L. B. Samsen last Friday.

E. H. Langworthy, the Wayne implement dealer has a change of address this week to which we call the attention of our readers.

Parcels post is taking with the people, as is evidenced by the fact that six million packages were carried the first week of its establishment.

Carl Heide entertained the Bachelors Club at a chicken dinner at his home last evening. It is needless to say that the members of the club thoroughly enjoyed the amiable repast that was served under the direction of Mrs. Heide. After the dinner, the members were pleasantly passed with cards.

In and Around Plymouth

The Pinckney hotel has been sold to Detroit parties who expect to open it to the public soon.

Milford will soon have an up-to-date machine shop and garage. Detroit parties will operate it.

The Jeffersonian Democratic club, of Pontiac, will hold a banquet some time the fore part of March.

Royal Oak has a new bank. It is the First Commercial State Bank with a capital stock of \$25,000.

The National Food Products Co. are now manufacturing sugar of milk at their Brighton factory.

The Presbyterians of Howell, have \$30,000 pledged toward their new church which is to cost \$40,000.

South Lyon expects to have a band in the near future. A meeting was held one evening last week to organize.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Milford Fair Association held recently a ten per cent. dividend was declared.

The People's State Bank, of Belleville, Mich., capitalization \$20,000, has been approved by the state banking commissioner.

About thirty enterprising citizens of Saline, have formed an association called the "Civic League", to promote the welfare of that town.

The Rochester co-operative creamery has been losing money and the stockholders have authorized the officers to dispose of the plant and sell the site.

Mrs. Henrietta J. VanUum, formerly owner of the hotel at Wixom, has brought suit by summons in the circuit court against Louis Seigle and George D. Spencer, who are the present owners of the hotel. She claims that when she sold the hotel the purchasers agreed to take about \$1,500 worth of fixtures which she says they refuse to buy. —Press Gazette.

Farmers in the vicinity of Byron, Shiawassee county, have lost \$25,000 through a strange disease that has killed 3,000 hogs in two months. Large numbers are dying daily. Many farmers have lost their entire herds within a few days. The animals show no symptoms of the disease but fall over dead in the pens. One farmer recently found 10 of his herd dead in the morning. The rest of his herd of 30 died within two days. Experts have been unable to check the disease.

The announcement is made from Washington that Oakland county is assured of the services of its farm expert by the first of July, Congressman Smith having taken up the matter with the department of agriculture. The organization of the local bureau is expected to begin the latter part of this month, when Dr. Eben Mumford, who has charge of the extension work in Michigan, will be in Pontiac for an address at the round-up institute.

Harness

Are you interested in a harness with a world wide reputation? Every harness owner should be, and we believe you are. We carry the well known **STUDEBAKER HARNESSES** that has the name Studenaker stamped on the trace of every harness, which is a guarantee of good material and workmanship of itself. However, we do not stop here, we absolutely guarantee every harness to be just what we claim them to be or we will make them good, and when it comes to price you cannot do better elsewhere; and our stock is extensive and consists of **Medium, Light and Heavy, Single and Double Harnesses**. Now don't fail to give us a call before you buy that harness and look over it will interest you and you will be paid for your time, besides having a fine assortment to choose from.

E. H. Langworthy
The Implement Dealer and Assessor
Home phone 243 11, 22, 23.

Why Have That Cough When We Have The

..CURE..

Try Val Dona Cherry Cough Prescription
25c., 50c. and \$1.00

—OR—

A. D. S. White Pine Expectorant
25c. and 50c.

Each guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

Pinckney's Pharmacy
THE VAL DONA STORE
Open Every Night

REMEMBER

Anything in Sheet Metal we make; Gasoline Tanks, Smoke Pipe, Special Size Cookie Pans to fit your oven, etc.

I am ready to do that plumbing now, or repair that leaky faucet which annoys you so much.

Have your work done by one who makes the above a specialty.

H. E. NEWHOUSE
Phone, Store 287-2 Rings. House 3 Rings.

TIME TO ACT

Don't wait too long before checking that cough. Don't be too willing to delay about trying

Our Cough Cure

You have the cough and we have the cure. We don't want your cough, but you want our cure, and we want you to have it.

Try It
JONES, THE DRUGGIST
THE HOME OF PURE DRUGS
Phone 234. Open Every Night.

Harness

Are you interested in a harness with a world wide reputation? Every harness owner should be, and we believe you are. We carry the well known **STUDEBAKER HARNESSES** that has the name Studenaker stamped on the trace of every harness, which is a guarantee of good material and workmanship of itself. However, we do not stop here, we absolutely guarantee every harness to be just what we claim them to be or we will make them good, and when it comes to price you cannot do better elsewhere; and our stock is extensive and consists of **Medium, Light and Heavy, Single and Double Harnesses**. Now don't fail to give us a call before you buy that harness and look over it will interest you and you will be paid for your time, besides having a fine assortment to choose from.

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BILLY THE KID

THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE BAD-MEN OF THE WEST

By Frank J. Arkins



HOWLING mob of fortune-hunters crowded into Silver City, New Mexico, in the seventies. The uncovering of mineral wealth was beset with great danger. The Apaches were on the war-path. It was hazardous to travel in the country without an escort, but the magnet of wealth in the mines drew men to the scene notwithstanding. In the citizenship of the community there were rough men, for the early days were typical of those of other mining communities isolated in the mountains and distant from civilization.

In that community there lived a boy of seven-teen years of age, respected and loved by all. He was known as Billy the Kid among the young men and considered a useful youth by the old. He was gentle and kind. His face was delicately molded, his eyes were blue, his hands small and fine. He was a graceful, self-reliant, but not a coward. He was an honorable career.

William H. Bonney, an employe of the local store and was considered a most accomplished clerk. The graft community was beset with horror and dunned with violence one afternoon when the news spread that Bonney had hacked a horse to death with a butcher-knife and was feeding the life on the back of a stolen horse.

The murder was particularly atrocious. It was the result of an altercation in which young Bonney was accused. Prior to this the boy had been questioned. In an instant he was surrounded by a mob, within a few minutes he had been murdered, and in seeking a murderer he had been followed by a mob of men following a macadam road.

At the sight of a revolver he compelled the mob to dismount and he seized the murderer at the various ranches along his way. He was a man of great determination wherever he went.

He followed the Rimber river toward Deming, and was followed by a posse from Silver City. Closely followed he escaped eastward over the Oregon mountains, when it was thought he was headed for Texas.

could see the light of murder dancing in the fellow's eyes.

The Kid rode forward, compelling the officer to do likewise, and, according to the story told, shot all three men. The deputy spurred his pony, the Kid after him. They exchanged shots, and the officer escaped with a few wounds.

From that time on it was dangerous for the Kid to enter a community. He raided north through Lincoln county, which was larger than many eastern states. There was not a line of railway or telegraph in it, and no telephones. It was easy to get away.

At that time there was rivalry between the different outfits. The country was filled with bad men, and they were about evenly divided among the cowmen. Cattle stealing was a common thing. The Kid became involved in a number of rows, and he took sides. His reputation as a "killer" grew.

Undoubtedly a number of these men were killed as a result of trouble among themselves, and the killing laid to the door of the Kid. It was easy. He could not deny it. No one would have believed him if he had. Besides, the more murders credited to him, the greater the fear in which he would be held.

Thus it was that it finally became impossible to get any one to accept the position of sheriff of Lincoln county, for it was only a question of time when he would run across the youthful demon. The Kid knew that he had terrorized the country. He knew that the instant he let down his guard he would be killed. His safety lay in continuing.



Then, one day, even those hard characters who professed to be his friends were amazed by the report that for some trivial incident he had killed a member of his own band. The outlaws were now as anxious to end his career as were the law-abiding people of the village. His friends commenced to murmur. The Kid was now reported in a dozen places at the same time, and these stories he turned to his advantage by appearing at irregular, though frequent, intervals in widely separated cow camps for more than a hundred and fifty miles north and south of the Pecos river.

Pat Garrett, a lanky Alabamian, who had helped organize the Texas Rangers and had assisted in driving the bad men out of Texas to the first water west of the Staked Plains, was invited by the cattlemen to locate in New Mexico. They wanted him to restore order. The only way that could be done was either to arrest or to kill the Kid.

Garrett's record in Texas as a man-hunter and bad man tamer was known all over the southwest. In addition to being quick with a gun, he was absolutely without fear.

He was elected without opposition and took hold with an iron hand. He was an organizer, and men flocked to his standard. They felt, instinctively, that at last a man had arrived who could cope with the situation.

The Capture of the Kid.

In November, 1880, Garrett came upon the Kid suddenly and captured him, with several others, after killing one man.

Word had reached Garrett that the Kid and his gang of three were located in an old house a short distance from Sumner.

"We had better make plans to get him," said one of the deputies.

"The plan is to get there before he gets away. I'll tell you what to do on the way."

The way led down a sage-covered "draw," with several bends made by sand dunes around which the road curved for a distance of about five miles. Before he reached the last bend he pulled up his horse, and waiting for his deputies to come up to him, and then, in the even voice for which he was noted, said:

"I am going to ride ahead. All attention will be centered on me. That will give you a chance to surround the house. I am going to take my time and walk my horse. They may get me, but if they do I want you to make certain that you get him."

The deputies withdrew to right and left, advancing under cover of the sand hills in an ever-widening circle until they had surrounded the house. Then Garrett rode forward. From his position he could see his deputies, who had dismounted, advancing cautiously through the sagebrush. He permitted his horse to walk slowly, as though utterly unconscious of the presence of the gang. At the door he called loudly.

Some one appeared at the window and, firing a shot at the sheriff, dodged back. It was done in an instant, but in that fraction of a second the man who had fired dropped dead in his tracks. Garrett had dismounted and with his deputies poured a fusillade of bullets through the sides of the thinly boarded shack. A white handkerchief at the window indicated the surrender of Billy the Kid and his gang.

"You Give Me a Six-Gun, Pat!"

When Garrett reached the railroad with his prisoner he was menaced by a crowd that sought to lynch the Kid.

"It looks as though they are going to get me, Pat," the Kid remarked.

It was an ugly crowd, bent on dealing to the boy the fate he was certain to meet sooner or later.

"Not if I can help it, Billy. You are under my care, and I intend to protect you."

"You give me a six-gun, Pat, and stand aside a few moments, and I will clean out the whole crowd. You'll see them stampee the minute you give me a gun."

"You could help—if you played square."

"I'd have to, old man. I'm in the tightest place I ever was in my life. They'll get us both, if you try it alone. They may get me, anyway. But you are up against it, if you try to defend me alone."

"I'll trust you once, Billy; but understand, no backsliding. I'll drop you if you try it."

The crowd grew more restless. The demand for the life of the Kid became more intense.

CHANGED HER MIND

Lover of a Vivivector Is at Last Taught the Lesson of Love.

By HARVEY PRENTICE.

Hamlin sat beside the bed, watching the house surgeon as he examined the little patient. Three hours before the boy had been brought to St. Mark's hospital, his little body arched like a bow. Nobody had believed a cure to be possible at that stage—until they sent for Hamlin.

Hamlin was looking at the boy, who now lay quietly sleeping. The desperately large injection of the serum had saved him, dragged him back from the jaws of death. Twelve days previously, on the Fourth of July, the child had injured his hand while setting off firecrackers. Tetanus had developed, and but for Hamlin's serum, a fatal termination would have occurred. Now recovery was assured.

"This must be the hundredth life you've saved, doctor," said the house surgeon.

But Hamlin did not answer, for the words had only deepened the bitterness in his soul. What were those hundred lives saved for the one life lost to him?

It was nearly six years since Miriam Gray had broken their engagement. It had occurred so quickly, with such dramatic swiftness, that he had not even felt the pang till she was gone out of his life irrevocably. Their engagement had been a dream of happiness. During the four short weeks that it lasted Hamlin's soul had seemed as though winged; his work was consecrated now. It had been formerly a vague desire to benefit humanity; now it was for Miriam.

She knew he was a doctor, attached to the Institute, but she did not know the nature of his duties. He had told her when three weeks remained before their wedding day. He had told her eagerly, enthusiastically, of his specific researches into the cause and cure of tetanus. There was a serum, he said, but it was, in the main, unsatisfactory. He had im-

proved on it; soon it was to be given to the world and humanity would bless his name. That, the fruition of his years of toil, he dedicated to her.

"But, dearest, how does one know that these sera will prove efficacious?" Miriam asked. "Does it not mean the death of many poor people who trust to the hospital doctors?"

"O, no," he answered, patting her cheek and smiling. "We try it on the dog—literally."

"You are—a vivivector?" she gasped.

"I am," he answered, with proud obtuseness. "Why—of course I am! What is the painless death of a few animals compared with the lives of human beings?"

"I won't argue it with you," she burst out, passionately. "But I will never marry a man who tortures animals. You must choose between your tortures and me."

And all his remonstrances failed to change her. She would hear no reason, listen to no appeal. Her mind was obstinately fixed. Either Hamlin must give up his life work or her. And then he knew that his decision was already made—because, to him, duty meant more than anything in the world. So he had left her.

He had never seen her again. But he had heard of her marriage the following year. Her sister Evelyn had told him, meeting him by chance in the street.

"The mother has been outside the ward for fifteen minutes, doctor," said the house surgeon. "Shall I let her come in for one moment? She has her feelings under control. She's a fine woman, that Mrs. Keith."

Keith! That was the name. It had slipped out of his mind, with many bitter memories, but he remembered it now. Miriam had married Abel Keith, a quiet, oldish man; this must be her child, then. It was the faint resemblance to her that had started his thoughts along their old, well-worn channel.

"Wait, Meron," said Hamlin, rising abruptly. "Tell her she can come in in a moment. I don't want to meet her, I know her once. I want to get out of this."

He rose up hastily and passed out



A Quiet, Elderly Man Was in Front of Him.

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through the door at the opposite end of the ward, while the house surgeon looked after him in wonder, scenting a tragedy. But Hamlin hastened down the stairs, heedless of the impassable he gave. What an irony, that he should have been the means of saving her child—Miriam's child!

Yet the next morning he found a letter upon his table which set the blood hurrying through his veins. Too well he knew that writing. He opened it slowly, fighting down the impulse to fling it into the fire unread.

"Dear Dr. Hamlin," it began. "I want to see you, to thank you for saving Ronald's life. Will you forget and forgive everything that has passed? I cannot rest until I have your forgiveness. Now all my views have changed."

MIRIAM.

The house of the Keiths was opposite the park—four miles away from the dingy, old-fashioned quarter in which St. Mark's was set. Hamlin had not been near the place for years. Yet that afternoon, being free, he did tramp into the park, and, so tramping through the cool groves that eased the oppression of that fiery July day, he found his footsteps inevitably treading toward the place which had been forbidden him.

And at last, toward the cool of the afternoon, he found himself seated upon a bench facing the Keith mansion, dreaming vain dreams. He remembered that spot well; there Miriam and he had sat together when slon, dreaming vain dreams.

He had been dreaming for half an hour when he was suddenly recalled to himself. A quiet, elderly man was standing in front of him. The face seemed familiar. The man stretched out his hand.

"Are you not Dr. Hamlin, sir?" he asked. "Yes, I was sure I knew your face. My name is Abel Keith. Surely you remember me?"

"Indeed I do, Mr. Keith," said Hamlin, springing to his feet courteously. So this was Miriam's husband. He could well imagine how the disparity in tastes and years must have weighed on her.

"Miriam sent you a letter yesterday," said Mr. Keith, taking a place beside him. "We hoped that you would call. My wife and her sister will be passing this way in a few moments on their return from the hospital; they always walk through the park. Now you must stay and meet them—indeed you must, doctor. I cannot, of myself, thank you sufficiently for having given us back our child. It is our only one," he added wistfully.

"I can't," Hamlin stammered. "I have an engagement. I—"

"Now, my dear fellow," answered the other, smiling, "pray don't be so foolish. I know all about that misunderstanding of yours with Miriam, and I don't say I regret it now, for it gave me a wife. But old friends must not be unforgetting. Stay a while, doctor!"

Hamlin looked at him in disgust. The old dotard! Did he, then, know nothing, immersed as he was in his books—did he know nothing of the intensity of his love for Miriam, that he should seek thus to revive it?

Mr. Keith was prattling beside him, telling of a hundred little things that harrowed Hamlin's heart. He would not that Miriam had not changed in the least, he said.

"I won't deny," continued the scholar, "that when Miriam told me she had changed her views and repented having broken the engagement between you—I won't deny that I did have hopes that things might be adjusted."

Now Hamlin was sure that he was dreaming. The old man babbled on. "I'm going to tell you about my little romance, my boy—for you are a boy in years, compared with me, and I feel that I have you to thank for having given me the most charming wife in the world. You know I was engaged to Miriam, but I always felt she didn't love me. And I offered her her freedom three times, but she refused to accept it. And so things went on until the very day before our marriage. And then—I was elected."

"You what, sir?" exclaimed the other.

"I was elected," Hamlin said, scarce. Rejected her. Yes, my boy, I was absent in Europe a year, and when I came back Miriam saw things the same way that I did. And you know I always had been Evelyn whom I really loved. She is older and our tastes are more alike. So that is how I came to marry Evelyn."

"You married—Evelyn?" said Hamlin, choking.

"Indeed I did, and very happily, too," answered the old scholar. "Don't you think Ronald looks like her a little? Why, what ails you, my boy? The heat must be too much for you. Dear me—let's come into the house. Why, here are the ladies! Evelyn, dear, you remember Hamlin. Miriam! Eh? Why, you seem to remember each other very well!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

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"This must be the hundredth life you've saved, doctor," said the house surgeon.

But Hamlin did not answer, for the words had only deepened the bitterness in his soul. What were those hundred lives saved for the one life lost to him?

It was nearly six years since Miriam Gray had broken their engagement. It had occurred so quickly, with such dramatic swiftness, that he had not even felt the pang till she was gone out of his life irrevocably. Their engagement had been a dream of happiness. During the four short weeks that it lasted Hamlin's soul had seemed as though winged; his work was consecrated now. It had been formerly a vague desire to benefit humanity; now it was for Miriam.

She knew he was a doctor, attached to the Institute, but she did not know the nature of his duties. He had told her when three weeks remained before their wedding day. He had told her eagerly, enthusiastically, of his specific researches into the cause and cure of tetanus. There was a serum, he said, but it was, in the main, unsatisfactory. He had im-

proved on it; soon it was to be given to the world and humanity would bless his name. That, the fruition of his years of toil, he dedicated to her.

"But, dearest, how does one know that these sera will prove efficacious?" Miriam asked. "Does it not mean the death of many poor people who trust to the hospital doctors?"

"O, no," he answered, patting her cheek and smiling. "We try it on the dog—literally."

"You are—a vivivector?" she gasped.

"I am," he answered, with proud obtuseness. "Why—of course I am! What is the painless death of a few animals compared with the lives of human beings?"

"I won't argue it with you," she burst out, passionately. "But I will never marry a man who tortures animals. You must choose between your tortures and me."

And all his remonstrances failed to change her. She would hear no reason, listen to no appeal. Her mind was obstinately fixed. Either Hamlin must give up his life work or her. And then he knew that his decision was already made—because, to him, duty meant more than anything in the world. So he had left her.

He had never seen her again. But he had heard of her marriage the following year. Her sister Evelyn had told him, meeting him by chance in the street.

"The mother has been outside the ward for fifteen minutes, doctor," said the house surgeon. "Shall I let her come in for one moment? She has her feelings under control. She's a fine woman, that Mrs. Keith."

Keith! That was the name. It had slipped out of his mind, with many bitter memories, but he remembered it now. Miriam had married Abel Keith, a quiet, oldish man; this must be her child, then. It was the faint resemblance to her that had started his thoughts along their old, well-worn channel.

"Wait, Meron," said Hamlin, rising abruptly. "Tell her she can come in in a moment. I don't want to meet her, I know her once. I want to get out of this."

He rose up hastily and passed out

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are the best for constipation, or indigestion or catarrh. They cause the liver into activity, by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start the bowels into action, and in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, and corrects constipation. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood, instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

TORTURED BY UGLY ITCHING ERUPTION

Doctor Recommended Resinol. Half of a 50c Jar Cured It.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5, 1912.—"My little daughter was taken with a very small spot on the back of her hand. It grew larger and caused her more trouble. When she would scratch it, it would bleed and get very ugly looking, so I doctored it myself for about a year, and at last it broke out on both knees, and when she would go to bed she would scratch, and was so tortured and annoyed so from the itching, that I took her to our doctor, who recommended Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Improved with first application

"I sent for samples and after the first application the itching and inflammation was improved, and I kept it up night and morning, and by the time the medicine was gone she complained very little, so I got a fifty cent jar, and before that was half gone the trouble had entirely disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. Maude Schmechel, 2727 Presbury Street.

Nothing we can say of Resinol equals what others, such as Mrs. Schmechel, say of it. If you are suffering from itching, burning skin troubles, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, chapped nose and hands, ulcers, boils, stabber sores, or piles, it will cost you nothing to try Resinol Ointment and Soap. Just send to Dept. of Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md., for a free sample of each. Sold by all druggists or by parcel post.

Occasional Visitor.

A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of scream, had just announced with decision that she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta," faltered the timid visitor, "it seems to me that I saw a few in the dining-room."

"Oh, those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the neighbors' flies. They will come in occasionally. But I was saying, we never have any of our own."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much for Him.

The elevator passed the homely man's floor.

"Here, boy," he cried, "let me out on the sixth. I thought you knew that was my floor."

"Excuse me, sah," returned the boy, stopping the elevator and returning to the sixth floor, "I ought to know your face, sah, but do trouble as I have to remember so many of 'em, an' you's am so complicated, sah."

We've Done Our Share.

Woody—is there any money in writing for the magazine?

Scribbles—Sure! the postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

Sometimes They Are Stolen.

"After all, you ought to buy 'an auto."

"Buy one, child? That would be difficult. But I might try to get one."—Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).

Shivery Mornings

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

Post Toasties

These crisp flavoury bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February and taste the delicate maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk or fruit is surpassingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"



SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Copyright 1912, Western Newspaper Union

SYNOPSIS

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a swimmer, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a club and determine to do the bidding of one of their number each day for two days. A legislative assembly opposing woman suffrage, which is convened to meet at the city hall, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with Miss Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she considers a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape. The mayor returns to the hotel, finds the sheriff waiting for him, and takes refuge in the room of Ben Winters. He plans to get possession of the incriminating bill. With Ben's aid the mayor goes to investigate an Indian meeting. They are caught in a thunder storm. Returning late, he has rather a stormy interview with "Judge" Vining, who seeks to find out who returned to the hotel with him. Thursday was Mayor Bedight's day of abstinence upon Margaret Farnsworth. She deceives him into a cabin in the woods, and he is made a prisoner by the game warden. He is later released by one of the girls. He turns the tables on the game warden and makes that gentleman and his party prisoners. After breakfast he goes on the lake with Molly McConnell.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Your diplomacy is admirable," he congratulated, passing her the coffee pot.

Lunch over, Bedight packed the cooking outfit and replaced it in the boat. The sky was smoky in the west, smoky with heat that generated a strange restlessness among the quivering trees, while the air was surcharged with a portentous quietude that presaged a clash of elemental fury. A black cloud stood upon the rim of the lake and caused a look of concern in Bedight's eyes. A glance to Miss McConnell's direction showed the girl absorbed in her work. The mayor picked up a magazine and stretched himself upon the sward beneath a huge yellow birch. He was attracted from his story a half hour later by a shadow across the sun. Hurriedly springing to his feet, he scanned the sky. A mass of black with livid green patches and scurrying fore-runners of white froth lay like a monstrous curtain across the west, through which shot veins of gold like roots of mammoth trees. A deep rumble, bass in its intonation, rolled across the sky, warning the creatures of the earth that soon their master would be abroad in the land to wreck and destroy.

The woman, too, aware of the danger, sat gazing apprehensively at the disturbed sky.

"Oh, Mr. Bedight," she cried, with the veriest trifle of anxiety in her voice, "we must be going. The sky looks like a storm."

The mayor came over to Miss McConnell and, standing beside her, gazed analytically into the west.

"I think we will be safer here," he advised, quietly. "The storm will break before we can reach the inn."

"But we cannot stay in this ruined inn. It leaks and the doors are gone," objected Miss McConnell. "Come on, let's be off."

The man hesitated.

"Don't you think it wiser to remain here until the storm is over? We are a long ways from Squirrel Inn," counseled the mayor.

"But the wind will kick up the lakes until we can't get across for hours," cried the woman nervously.

"Sometimes," said Bedight, looking squarely at her, "a man is not as dangerous after dark as a wind storm by day."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss McConnell. "Where's your sporting blood. Let's make a try for it."

The mayor turned and walked down to the boat. The girl followed and got aboard. He rolled up the sleeves of his light shirt and took the oars. As he did so, a drop of rain fell into the boat.

"Really, Miss McConnell," he protested, "this is unwise. You will not only get a good wetting but there is grave danger of—"

"I am neither sugar nor a coward," she said curtly. "Go ahead."

Bedight fell to his oars but his inspection of the sky over the girl's head as he forced him and in their center, occupying the front of the great stage of the sky, hung a balloonlike mass of twisting matter. Bedight looked at the girl apprehensively, as she sat in the stern of the boat, taking the splashing drops of rain like a Spartan.

"Miss McConnell, we are going to have a bad storm presently. Don't you think it would be better to go back? Look at the sky behind you."

She turned her head. As she turned, a

tion of surprise broke from her lips. "If you think best, Mr. Bedight, I am afraid I have been foolishly—but I'm still satisfied to go on if you are," proudly.

A terrific clap of thunder directly overhead, coupled with a roar in the west, caused Bedight to hesitate. Instead of turning the boat, he headed for the shore. Behind them the storm was rushing with ten league wings and the waves leaped into an action that set the boat tossing like a speck upon a boiling pot. The day became as dark as night, save for the lightning flashes.

In a moment the storm broke. Amid the crash of rending trees, the demoniac shriekings of the wind, the terror of the lightning, the boat sped onward along the shore, one oar gone, the other useless in such a sea.

In the main channel no craft could have lived, but along the shore down which the two raced before the wind, the shell flew on the wings of the tempest.

White but brave, frightened but in full control of her nerves, the girl clung to the boat. Straight toward the narrow neck of Goose lake, the craft bore like a wind-whipped ice-boat under a gale.

The mayor gritted his teeth. Once outside the smaller lake the course of the craft would be directly across the larger body of water.

He studied the girl opposite. Did she realize the danger?

"Mr. Bedight," she spoke reprofully, with an effort at bravery. "If I were to go through into Sylvan lake I—I'm sorry I didn't take your advice. It won't help much now to know that I've repented of my decision—but I—"

The mayor interrupted, shouting against the wind:

"I think we'll avoid it, and surely this must pass quickly."

Her answer was lost in the musketry and deluge that followed. The boat, half filled with water, lurched perilously, rolled like a cedar log and turned turtle!

Bedight felt himself carried forward with terrible speed and deposited upon the shore. He shook the water from his eyes. Beside him on the sand lay the girl, and a rod down the shore the boat hung upon the shingle.

She opened her eyes to the sound of his voice and the pressure of his hand upon her heart. Coughing, she sat up on the beach and rubbed the sand from her face and hands. Her clothes hung closely upon her, showing the outlines of her body. The rain still fell in torrents and ran down their necks in tiny rivulets.

"Oh!" she gasped, when her senses marshaled themselves from the bewilderment. "I've lost my sketch!"

"The mayor laughed.

"If you had been a trifle less fortunate you might not be worrying about that now—although I'm willing to admit you'd make a swell mermaid."

The storm was raging off in the east, the wind where they stood had ceased cracking its lungs, but a heavy sea was running on the lake and both oars were gone. Bedight looked about for shelter. Mounting the shore's bluff, he saw, off to the north, a hut still standing, evidently some fisherman's shanty. He beckoned the girl, who came up laughing.

"If I look as funny as you do with your clothes all sticking to you, the little birds will be in paroxysms tomorrow!" laughed the bedraggled woman, saucily, gazing brazenly at the man.

"Well," replied Bedight, returning the stare, "your hair is down, your shirtwaist is out at the back, your skirt is showing your limbs and your shoes squish when you walk. Otherwise you are dressed for one of Mine Host's summer feasts or evening hops—that is, dress appropriate for Squirrel Inn when there are no men to ensnare and all dancing parties are feminine."

"You're horrid!" she scowled. "What are we going to do?"

"There's a but over there. If there's

any part of it that will burn, we will preserve the remainder and use it as a Garden of Eden supplied by a kind providence."

The woman hesitated. The Garden of Eden stuff in the morning was not then so pregnant with possibilities. Bedight set off ahead, apparently oblivious to her doubts.

Miss McConnell's face was clouded. What she was there to do? There were on the opposite side of the turbulent lake from the hut, with no shelter, a

finished, call from the door. I will be on the beach. Do not be afraid. I will not be out of hearing."

"Thank you," she replied, and there was a more cheerful intonation in her voice.

Bedight sat upon a log and watched the white caps whip themselves along the shore. The sky was clear and the moon came out from its nest behind the wood and glowed like a ball of crimson ochre. For an hour he sat thus, when he heard a step upon the gravel behind him.

"The coffee is ready, Mr. Bedight. If you are as hungry as I, we shall do ample justice to saleratus biscuits and coffee."

"They sat down by the light of an oil lamp that contained two inches of kerosene.

"If Pauline could only see us now!" laughed Miss McConnell, or Mine Host—"but it's good, anyhow, if you're hungry enough!"

"Add to all your other charms," said Bedight, lightly, "the quality of being a good cook!"

The girl's face grew serious again. Bedight noted the varying shades, but paid no outward heed. The rough fare and the abominable coffee were palatable and both felt better after eating.

They sat quietly after the meal, the oil burning lower and lower in the lamp. Outside a wolf barked and in the margin of the wood a night bird flew by with a raucous cry.

"And now," said the mayor, jovially, "it is the curfew hour in Eden. The last one in bed won't have to blow out the light, for it is going out of its own accord."

He arose and, taking off his coat, rolled it into a pillow.

"Lie down here and rest a while," he said, gently.

"Please, Mr. Bedight," replied the girl, her face flushed and her eyes turned away.

"The mayor arose and stood before her.

"Miss McConnell," he spoke quietly, reassuringly, "I had a mother once. She was sweet and pure—and she died." The mayor's voice broke for the moment. "She—she taught me to respect womanhood. She taught me to be open and simple and sincere. The situation in which we find ourselves is trying only as we make it so. Let us be sensible and direct. There is the bunk. Lie down and sleep, if you can. I shall stretch out upon the floor and try it myself. You need have no fear that—"

"Forgive me," she cried, laying her hands upon his. "I have no fear—nothing but explicit trust and confidence."

"Which is the time, usually," he said, with the old ring in his voice, "and the spirit goes home!"

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF MICHIGAN

Saginaw.—The Michigan Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers closed their convention and elected the following officers: President, J. J. McDonald, Grosse Pointe; vice-president, H. H. Geer, Cadillac; secretary-treasurer, E. L. Keyser, Pontiac. A committee was appointed to confer with State Dairy and Food Commissioner J. W. Helme on the butter fat standard. This committee comprises A. E. Easter of Detroit, J. F. Kelly of Grand Rapids and E. L. Keyser of Pontiac.

Lansing.—Resolutions asking amendments to the compensation law for drainage engineers and for the appointment by the governor of a commission to draft a revised law were passed at the closing sessions of the convention of the Michigan Association of County Drain Commissioners. Officers were chosen as follows: President, Louis F. Green, St. Johns; vice-president, D. C. Thompson, Matteawan; secretary-treasurer, Jesse W. Hickett, Caladonia.

Paw Paw.—When fire destroyed the residence of Dr. A. G. Six of Lawrence, nine miles west of here, the doctor's wife and his daughter, Dorothy, ten years old, lost their lives. Mrs. Six's body was recovered, but Mrs. Six was extinct. The daughter was rescued alive, but died in a short time. The doctor was absent in the country, having been called out during the night.

Battle Creek.—Five speakers of note will orate during the Bull Moose convention to be held here February 19. Attorney Walter F. Brown of Toledo, O., is the latest added to the list that already contains the name of ex-Congressman Landis of Indiana, James R. Garfield of Ohio and Governor Stubbs of Kansas are expected to be here.

Lapeer.—At the Lapeer county Democratic convention the following delegates were elected to the state convention: John P. Eggleston, John Conley, James Hughes, Charles Rood, Frank Glyshaw, P. F. Heenan, L. H. Peck, Robert Milliken, Stephen Slater, Benjamin F. Loder, John Loughnaue, George W. Carpenter and John W. Scully.

Saginaw.—As a result of a good roads meeting here, at which 100 delegates, a permanent organization was effected to boom the project of a state highway running from the southern limits of the state to the Straits of Mackinac, along the prime meridian. The Allwede bill was given the unanimous endorsement of the members and a committee was appointed to appear when the matter is placed before the state session.

Kalamazoo.—It was decided to call a meeting of commercial clubs and business men's organizations in this part of the state soon to consider an exhibit for the Panama exposition in San Francisco, Cal. The committee appointed by the legislature will be present and a move will be started to have Michigan erect a state building.

Marshall.—Robert Noonan, forty-eight years old, died suddenly of apoplexy, caused by bursting a blood vessel when he blew his nose. He had been assistant to Frank B. Snyder, undertaker, for 19 years. He was a member of uniform rank and Marshall tent, of the Maccabees. He leaves his widow and one daughter.

Menominee.—The village of Harris, Menominee county, was threatened when fire of unknown origin destroyed the Hotel Harris, owned by the Menominee River Brewing company, and a blacksmith shop and storehouse owned by Michael Harris, former Michigan legislator. The loss is \$6,000.

Ypsilanti.—Hiram Ring, sixty-five years old, was found frozen to death on the road near Dexter. He was driving a team of horses belonging to Arthur Garity. The team was wandering along the road without a driver. Ring had been a resident of this city for a number of years. His widow and several children survive.

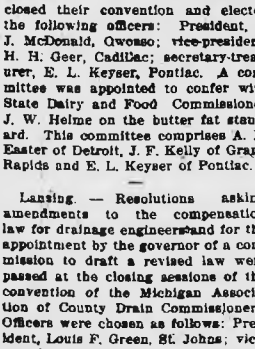
Hastings.—Barry county school teachers concluded their institute by adopting a resolution opposing the uniform textbook law.

Flint.—Word has been received from General Secretary Percival of the Michigan Retail Grocers' and General Merchants' association that the state convention will be held here February 25, 26 and 27. Space for the pure food show to be held in the Masonic temple in connection with the convention has all been sold.

St. Louis.—I. Fink & Son, Junk Dealers, lost their office building and apparatus by fire, caused by a gas stove. The loss is estimated at \$2,000.

NEWS OF MICHIGAN

THOUGHTFUL RUTH.



Ruth—Yes; I got papa to buy a vacuum cleaner for mother.

Maud—How thoughtful!

Ruth—Yes, Mother is a little stiffened up with rheumatism, you know, and I used to feel so sorry to see her trying to use the broom that I always left home on sweeping day.

As to the Wedding Garb, Colonel Watterston occasionally turns his attention from dressing down candidates to dressing up inquiring correspondents. Listen to this advice from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"There are two reasons for being married in a dress suit, young man. It's fashionable and it's your last chance to get a dress suit."

This can be considered good advice, founded on observation and experience, even if it is a little pessimistic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, flaked, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet-and-gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Compromise. Senator Fletcher of Jacksonville, apropos of the recent peace conference in London, said:

"Such conferences usually end in a compromise, and the people concerned depart homeward with 'sour smiles.'"

"A compromise, you know, has been accurately described as an agreement whereby both parties get what they don't want."

The Kind. "This head work of yours is something of a tax, isn't it?"

"Yes, something of a poll-tax."

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

When a merchant "assigns" he generally assigns the wrong reason for it.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue only. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Art may be long, but it's different with most artists.

COLT DISTRICT

Don't let this man... have a more classic... the Old Fogey. "It's classic enough," replied the Grouch. "Why don't they make it more adhesive?"

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Make the Liver Do its Duty

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

Carter's Little Liver Pills

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. FOLEY

Pettit's Eye Salve

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

If you feel "hot" or "stung" in the eyes, or if you have a "gritty" feeling, or if you have a "burning" or "itching" sensation, or if you have a "redness" or "swelling" of the eyes, or if you have a "discharge" of tears, or if you have a "dimness" or "blurring" of the vision, or if you have a "pain" or "ache" in the eyes, or if you have a "sore" or "raw" feeling in the eyes, or if you have a "stinging" or "burning" sensation in the eyes, or if you have a "tearing" or "weeping" of the eyes, or if you have a "redness" or "swelling" of the eyes, or if you have a "discharge" of tears, or if you have a "dimness" or "blurring" of the vision, or if you have a "pain" or "ache" in the eyes, or if you have a "sore" or "raw" feeling in the eyes, or if you have a "stinging" or "burning" sensation in the eyes, or if you have a "tearing" or "weeping" of the eyes, or if you have a "redness" or "swelling" of the eyes, or if you have a "discharge" of tears, or if you have a "dimness" or "blurring" of 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RAILROADS CHANGE TIME

On account of the change in train service on the P. M. we had to make a change in our Bread. We are now handling the famous Greissel Bread Co's.

Butternut Bread

AND

Mother's Bread

in large and small sizes.

We will also have their

Salt Rising Bread

any morning if ordered before 4:30 p. m. the day before, as also the following:

Large and Small Rye, Small Graham, Large and Small French and Cream Breads, Cinnamon Rolls, Plain Rolls and Fried Cakes.

Try an order and if not satisfied—your money back.

CENTRAL GROCERY,

R. G. SAMSEN

Phone 13, 2r

Free Delivery

FREE!

Beautiful, Cups, Saucers and Plates

Realizing how quick the thrifty house-wife is to pick up "something for nothing" we are going to make you the best proposition you have ever been offered in the "bargain line." WITH EVERY POUND OF

Heart's Desire Tea

we will give up absolutely Free, your choice of

Cup and Saucer or Dinner Plate

The price of the Tea is 50c. per pound

Better yet, if you will buy six pounds, we will not only give you Six Cups and Saucers or Six Plates, but will make you the remarkable price of 44c. per pound.

This tea is guaranteed to be one of the best 50c. teas on the market, and if it does not satisfy your tea appetite and do all that the name implies, bring it back and we will refund the money. The cups are of extra good quality, gold trimmed, latest designs and shapes. Come in and see them.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

BOTH PHONES

Absolute Security.

A safe-breaker can open your store or house safe. A fire can destroy it and its contents—valuable papers, bonds, notes, insurance, etc.

Rent a Safe Deposit Box and all such papers will be secure.

We have them as low as \$1 per year.

We pay 4% interest on Savings and Time Deposits.

This means 25% more income to you than it does if it is not worth while?

Ypsilanti Savings Bank,

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

Central Meat Market

Call Central Meat Market,
phone 23, for

Choice Meats,

Smoked Meats of all Kinds,

Home Made Bologna and Sausages.

FRANK RAMBO, Manager

FREE DELIVERY

Local News

Plenty of auction sales.

How about this for real winter?

E. K. Bennett visited his daughter at Monroe last Sunday.

Mrs. Carl Heide visited relatives in Ann Arbor last Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Steel at Detroit, a girl, Friday, Feb. 7.

Mrs. Lee Meldrum and son Oliver visited her sister at Inkster last week.

Don Safford went to Chicago Ill., last Saturday, returning home Tuesday.

The Bonafide Mfg. Co. sold a Studebaker "35" touring car Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Taylor entertained the five hundred club at their home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. James McKeever is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George McLaren at Olivet.

Laurence Johnson attended the Republican state convention held at Lansing, Tuesday, as a delegate from Plymouth township.

A chicken-pie dinner will be given by the 4th division of the Ladies Aid Society at the M. E. church, Feb. 19th, at six o'clock. Price 25c.

The next important event in the village will occur on Monday, March 10th, at which time the annual village election will take place. The caucuses will be held the last of this month.

The Quintette club will give another of their popular dancing parties at Penniman hall, Friday evening, Feb. 21. Stone's orchestra of Detroit, will furnish the music.

A new set of by-laws has been adopted by the Plymouth fire department and approved by the council. Every member of the department will be furnished a copy of the new by-laws when they are ready for distribution.

M. A. Jones arrived home last Saturday morning from his first week's trip as state drug inspector. Mr. Jones will cover the eastern half of the state. He is now working in Detroit where he has three hundred drug stores to call on.

H. E. Goette of Orion, has charge of M. A. Jones' drug store while the latter is away attending to his duties as state drug inspector. Mr. Goette was formerly in the drug business at Orion for many years and is an experienced pharmacist.

Twenty-one employees of the Daisy factory gave A. N. Wynion a surprise party at the home of Wm. Felt last Friday evening. Refreshments were served and it is needless to say that the gentlemen present enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

The statement of the Plymouth United Savings Bank appears in this issue of the Mail. The totals show a material increase over that of the last statement published. Plymouth people should be proud of the local banking institution, it is a credit to the town and the men who are at the head of it.

An alarm of fire was sounded Tuesday afternoon about 2 o'clock, when the roof of the house on the old Charles Allen farm at the edge of town in north village was discovered to be on fire. The blaze was extinguished, before the arrival of the fire department and very little damage was done. It is thought that sparks from a chimney caused the fire.

In a letter to H. B. Jolliffe, E. N. Passage says northwestern Canada is a fine country and there are fine people there, (for Canadians) but too cold for him, from 20 to 40 degrees below zero for three weeks at a time. Mr. Passage is now in Seattle, Wash., but expects to return to Calgary, Canada, to finish up his business there before returning home.

One of the most fetching scenes in "Golden Gulch," in its new form is the appearance of the three children in the fourth act, Timmy, Denny and Micky, Thelma Williams, Keith Pitcher and Marion Smith. Bedelia gives them a good scrubbing and sends them off to bed. To have witnessed "Golden Gulch" without the fourth act is like reading only the first half of a book. Most of the old favorites are in the cast. Cal. Whipple will do a clever specialty.

If there is one thing that arouses our animosity quicker than anything else it is to see a horse stand shivering nearly all day long, tied to a cold iron hitch rack, swept by wintry blasts, and unblanketed, while its owner is basking in the radiating warmth of some nearby store. The man who will not give his horse humane care does not deserve to own a horse. At this season of year there are entirely too many instances of this neglect of dumb beasts. The authorities should not hesitate to arrest any man who leaves his horse stand for hours, unblanketed, in the winter's cold.

Salt Rising Bread at Central Grocery

Let's for the Reason

If you keep chickens and consider it an unprofitable pastime, look for the reason. In most cases you will find your chickens are in poor condition, with dull plumage. Try HARVELL'S CHICKEN POWDER and see the difference. It contains the vitamins and other essential elements of the food and is more important, larger, because it is the food of eggs. Price 25c. per package. Sold by Jones, the Druggist, and Boyer's Pharmacy.—Adv.

Jury Out in Stevens Case.

The trial of Chas. Stevens, charged with robbing the late Miss Barber, was begun in the circuit court before Judge Hosmer last Tuesday. The jury went out at 12 o'clock Thursday noon, but at the hour of going to press at 7 o'clock last night no further news had been received.

Henry Wright has had electric lights installed in his house.

Wm. Hirschlieb has sold his farm to Geo. Crane, Chas. Decker making the sale.

D. A. Jolliffe & Son have a change of ad. that will interest the housewife this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Creger of Detroit, were here Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Thomas Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Arms of Milford, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson from Tuesday until Thursday.

The Bachelor Club have presented Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gayde with a beautiful clock for their new nuptials.

Don Safford left yesterday morning for Dallas, Texas, where he will assume a responsible position with the Overland Automobile Co.

A CARD—I wish to extend to friends my many thanks for their words of cheer and tokens of sympathy during my late bereavement. GEO. CURTIS.

A CARD—I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the Foresters, employees of the Daisy factory, friends and neighbors and to the choir, who were so kind to me during my recent bereavement. THOS. SMITH.

Salt Rising Bread at Central Grocery

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An Irish Scream

In the 4th Act of

"Golden Gulch"

"Keep out of the Suds"

The laughing hit of the show—

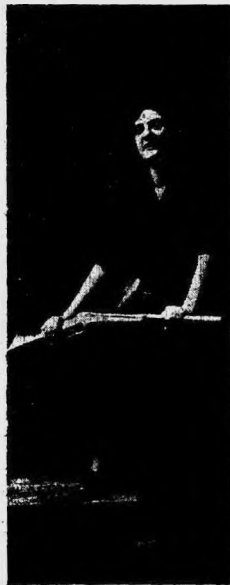
Timmy, Denny and Micky

Specialty by Calvin Whipple

Prices, 25c. and 35c.

Seats Now at Jones' Drug Store

Friday, Feb. 14



Miss Ada Pitcher as "Joy"

The big success of the early fall will be presented with a new act added, in which the pretty and romantic story of this girl of the hills is made complete.

VAL DONA
PRESCRIPTIONS
ONE FOR EACH
AILMENT
WILL MAKE YOU WELL AND
KEEP YOU WELL
PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE—House, barn and 5 acres of land, one mile north of Plymouth on electric car line. Enquire of Fred Widmaier, phone 284 J.

FOR SALE—Farm of 60 acres on Plymouth road, four miles east of Plymouth. Enquire of John Oldenburg.

FOR SALE—Chunk wood \$2.00, and split wood \$2.25. L. J. Truesdell, phone 250 1L2S.

FOR SALE—50 good laying Rhode Island Red pullets. Enquire of Nick Promenchenkel, 120 Mill st.

FOR SALE—Three houses and lots, one acre of land with house and barn; also 65-acre farm. Geo. C. Gale, phone 188, Plymouth.

FOR SALE—Part of the Widmaier farm on town line, for particulars apply Box 108, Northville.

FOR SALE—A small farm of six acres with house, barn and hen house. Orchard and plenty of small fruit, etc. Enquire of George Brink, phone 221, Plymouth.

FOR SALE—125 acre farm 16 miles from Detroit on Plymouth good road. 30 acres garden land, 15 acres timber, rest general farming, small orchard, good buildings, 100 ton silo, near school and electric line, half mile to shipping point, spring water supplies house and barn. If not sold before Chase. Mining's auction, will be offered for sale or rent at that time. Geo. Smitherman, Northville.

FOR RENT—House on E. Ann Arbor st. Enquire of J. O. Eddy.

FOR SALE—Two 1912 Ford Roadsters and two 1912 Ford Touring Cars. These cars are all in excellent shape, with a lot of extra equipment, and if interested see us at once. These are bargains.
Bonafide Manufacturing Co.,
Plymouth, Mich.

THE MARKETS

Wheat, red, \$1.00.
Wheat, white, \$1.00.
Corn, No. 1, \$1.00.
Oats, \$1.00.
Rye, \$1.00.
Clover, \$1.00.
Hay, \$1.00.

GALE'S Valentines

Valentines from 1c. up Valentine Post Cards, Lace Valentines, Drop Valentines, Art Valentines, Comic Valentines. We have a new stock, cheap and pretty.

Royal Cocoa, 1 pound cans 25c., 1/2 pound cans 15c.

We also have Lowney's, Baker's, VanHouten's Cocoa in stock.

Postum Cereal in 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum, 50c. a package.

We have a large Florida Orange at 40c. a dozen.

Figs and Dates, 10c. per pound.

Olives, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c. per bottle.

Stuffed Olives, 10c., 15c. per bottle.

Prementos, Paprika, etc.

We are having an extra large sale on Chase & Sanborn Seal Brand Tea put up in 1/2 pound package, net weight, 25c.

We have fine and coarse Chick Feed, Oyster Shell, etc. Also ground Corn and Oats in 100 pound bags.

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE

THE HOME of Quality Groceries
Twenty-One GOOD Appetizing Meals EACH WEEK

Consisting of Quality Groceries,

Our kind, would make a weak man strong!

Try

PLYMOUTH MAIL

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

HUNT FOR TREASURE IN PERU

That Gold in Extraordinary Value is There Seems Improbable to Eradicate.

In Mr. Bryce's chapter on "Cuzco and the Land of the Incas" in his new book on South America, he discusses some of the great ruins left by the ancient races.

These beliefs in long subterranean passages occur everywhere in the world. It was perhaps still believed in Oxford that there is such a passage at the top of the wall, where it opens to the temple of the sun.

Two Ideas of Music. There are two ways of regarding music, says a writer. "You may regard it as an entertainment, in which case you will applaud. Or you may regard it as a sacrament—and be silent."

To Provide Courting Room. Courting couples have a hard time in New York. Many of them are obliged to make appointments on street corners and in quest of a place to visit to go to questionable public dance halls.

The Electric Globe. To the layman nothing may seem more right than the crust of the earth, but men of science tell us that it is a globe of molten metal.

With Many Issues. The new issue that publisher I recommend to you.

It is the duty of every citizen to be informed of the news of the day.

NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

REP. WILCOX HOPES TO SECURE A \$200,000 PRISON IN ONTAGON COUNTY.

ALSO TO TRANSFER SOME OF THE INMATES AT LAPEER HOME TO MARQUETTE PRISON.

There Will Be a Warm Time Over Congressional Districts—What Will Happen to the Salt Inspector's Office?

(By Gurd M. Hayes.)

Representative Wilcox, of Ontonagon county, hopes through the aid of a concurrent resolution to secure the appointment of a commission to investigate the feasibility of erecting a new \$200,000 prison in Ontonagon county where the convicts may be employed by the state in the mining of copper.

It is Rep. Wilcox's idea that it would be a good proposition to transfer some of the inmates at the Lapeer home for the feeble minded and epileptic to Marquette prison, and erect a new prison in Ontonagon county to care for the convicts who would work the mines.

According to the Ontonagon representative, who is himself a miner, the copper mines in Ontonagon county have never been a paying investment, but he believes the state could succeed where private parties have failed.

This year's budget is destined to be the largest in many sessions if all the appropriation bills now before the legislature receive favorable consideration.

Statistics gathered from all the appropriation bills introduced in the house and senate thus far show the total amount of these measures to be more than \$100,000 above the total amount of the budget two years ago.

The total amount recommended at the end of last session was \$9,831,561.81. And this figure was cut by former Governor Osborn until the total was \$9,101,763.39.

Democracy of Ingham county are planning for a big time when the annual banquet of the Lewis Cass club is held at the Masonic temple Thursday night.

Among the speakers will be Governor Ferris, Senator James Murtha, of Detroit, Lawton T. Hemans, of the state railroad commission, Alfred Lacking, of Detroit, Congressman-elect Samuel W. Beal, of Ann Arbor, and Edmund Shields, of Howell, chairman of the state central committee.

Whether or not the senate will confirm the appointment of A. C. Graham, of Cadillac, as state salt inspector is a much mooted question.

MEXICAN CAPITOL SCENE OF BATTLE

FOR SEVEN HOURS SLAUGHTER ONLY A DRAWN BATTLE IS THE RESULTANT.

UNITED STATES TROOPS AND WARSHIPS READY TO GO.

The Mexican Revolt is in Full Swing, and the Conditions Are Becoming Still More Serious.

Mexico City was the stage Tuesday of one of the most remarkable battles ever fought in which 1,000 soldiers, federals and rebels, and non-combatants were killed and hundreds of others wounded.

After seven hours of fighting during which the federal forces sought to dislodge General Felix Diaz and his men from the city arsenal the federals retired. The net result of the carnage was a draw.

Tuesday at midnight a conference relative to the critical situation developing in Mexico was called at the White House.

By unanimous vote the senate passed the Scott resolution providing for submitting to the people a proposed amendment which will open the way for establishing a fireman's pension of relief fund.

Senator Walters, of Traverse City, has introduced a resolution in the senate which will allow for the submission to the legislature of pending legislation to the supreme court for its approval as to its constitutionality and validity of form.

When the senate's proposal for a stenographic report of the legislative proceedings came over to the house it was tabled by a vote of 59 to 29.

Although slightly amended the house has reported out the Jerome bill for reapportionment of congressional districts.

The attitude of the government is still strong against intervention, and it was determined to take no step at this time which would commit us to such a policy, and to take only the reasonable precautions to meet an emergency which it is earthily hoped and believed will not arise.

Herzog Ott, an Escondido farmer, narrowly escaped death when his wagon was struck by a Michigan Central train near Alton.

AT SOUTH POLE

Depredations of Animal Had Terrorized Women and Children in Tennessee.

Wild Dog is Shut in a Hollow Tree

There was a Short, Brisk Fight.

Parties hearing the dog howl and bark thought it was a panther or wolf that had been run to the high ground by last spring's floods.

Challis, it appears, had walked into the country while visiting here and came across a rooster that he admired.

Challis, in a desperate effort to rid himself of the bird, sought the assistance of Stoney's and the transfer was completed despite the fact that the rooster strenuously objected.

Idaho Farmer, After 17 Years' Pursuit, Finally Succeeds in Slaying Big Bruin.

Idaho Falls, Idaho.—R. L. Scott, a farmer living near here, has succeeded in killing a bear that he has been pursuing for seventeen years.

Getting Off Easy. New York.—When Herbert Hengel, confessed thief, said he stole a cow to keep his wife warm, Justice McInerney, Salmon and Stearns (Gambler) gave him money and got him a job.

THE MARKETS. DETROIT—Cattle—Best steers \$7.00; 7.75; steers and heifers, 1.00 to 1.200 lb.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red \$1.12; May opened at \$1.16 and declined to \$1.15 3/4.

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HOLIDAYING IN THE WINTER

AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT BY WESTERN CANADIANS IN WINTER SEASON.

An unusually large number of Western Canada people are leaving or preparing to leave to spend the winter in California.

The above item of news was clipped from a Western Canada paper early in December. In the same paper were items of news conveying the intelligence that hundreds of Western Canadians were also taking a trip abroad, spending the Christmas season "at home," as they yet term the old land.

Then there are those, too, who on their wheat farms have made excellent money that they can afford to take a holiday, and what better winter holidaying ground could they have than California?

Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs took great pride in their young son, Jakey. Father was determined to make him a great business man, a veritable captain of industry.

PAWNEED. Carllise, Pa.—William H. Stoney, retired dealer in second-hand goods, was nearly startled off his feet when Robert "Hallie," a Wilkesbarre attorney and a former Dickinson college student, walked into his store and asked if he might borrow money on a live rooster.

Challis, it appears, had walked into the country while visiting here and came across a rooster that he admired.

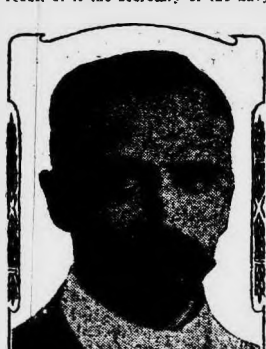
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There was a Short, Brisk Fight.



FRANCISCO I. MADERO

ordered two more battleships to Mexico and the secretary of war ordered two transports at Newport News to be put in readiness for troops.

The following formal statement was issued at the White House after the conference:

"After the conference here between the three secretaries of state, war and navy, it was not thought that the news from the City of Mexico required any action of an affirmative character further than to order two more battleships to Vera Cruz.

"The war department is to hold itself in readiness but no affirmative action was directed to be taken by the secretary of war except to put the transports at Newport News in commission.



Teddy—Where's that watch your father gave you? Billy—"Uncle" has it now.

A motor stopped in front of the photographer's, and a woman looking none of the artificial accessories deemed necessary to "look," entered the studio.

"Not one of those pictures looks anything like me," the woman insisted.

The photographer tried in every way to pacify her, but finding this an impossibility, lost control of his temper: "Madam!" he exclaimed, "did you read my sign?"

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?
Simple Prescription Said to Work
Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable remedy for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your drug store get one ounce of Toris compound (the original) one-half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Order on having the genuine Toris Compound in the original, one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

Surely a Good Cook.
Mrs. Champ Clark was engaging a new cook. The applicant, a nice-looking woman, made a fine impression on Mrs. Clark. After the usual preliminary questions, the speaker's wife asked:
"Can you really cook?"
"Can I cook?" exclaimed the applicant. "I should say I can cook!"
"But are you a good cook?"
"Am I a good cook?" echoed the woman. "I go to mass every morning."—The Sunday Magazine.

This Will Interest Mothers.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children's Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Teething Disorders, and all the ailments of the throat and chest. They break the mucus and soothe the throat. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers of 25 years. All Druggists. The Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, La. Roy, N. Y. Adv.

When you have a lawsuit to lose you can afford to hire a cheap lawyer.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

As a sticker a porous plaster hasn't anything on a bad habit.

Only One "BROOK QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the name on the wrapper. It is the only one that does not give you a headache. The best cure for kleptomania may be arrested cure.

Backache is a Warning

Thousands suffer hideously unaware—not knowing that the backache, headache, and dull, nervous, dizzy, all three conditions are often signs of kidney weakness alone. Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give just the needed proof. Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
WATERBURY, MASS. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly. Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for the stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work with the liniment. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work with the liniment. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work with the liniment.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Price 25c.
Sloan's Liniment is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the joints, muscles, and nerves. It is so pleasant to use that it is suitable for use in all cases. It is so pleasant to use that it is suitable for use in all cases. It is so pleasant to use that it is suitable for use in all cases.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Riding in Hearse Is All Right If You Are Dead



NEW YORK.—Riley knew just what it meant—the sober pace of the horses, the almost noiseless rumble of the rubber-tired wheels, the swishing of the black curtains against the windows and the other sure signs of a hearse outbound. All these things were known to Riley from years of service as stableman in an undertaking establishment. But when Riley realized about 6:00 a. m., after stretching out his arms cautiously and listening to the rumble of the wheels, that he was in the position of the "gentleman deceased," he let drive with a No. 10 with all his might. It hit the rear doors of the hearse square. Glass flew in a shower as the doors burst open. Riley threw himself into the street. Samuel Kerstein, the driver, dropped the reins and leaped from his perch. Persons at Avenue C and Sixth street heard the crashing of glass and

saw Riley's black-clad form pick itself up and dash off at the top speed of a pair of nimble legs. One woman fainted and two peddlers deserted their push carts and fled, terrified. As Riley in his flight dashed past the line of four carriages following the hearse a driver shouted: "It's Jim Riley, none other." Riley pulled up out of breath, when he had found refuge in the Willmet street stables. "Is this me? Am I alive?" he gasped to a stableman. "It's you, Riley, but your face has gone all chalky. What's the matter?" Riley pinched himself to feel if it hurt. Being assured, he explained: "Maybe I was a bit groggy when I came in at four o'clock this morning. Looking for a place for forty winks, I see the hearse open and looking snug and warm. So I crawl inside and go sound asleep after closing the doors. The next thing I know I'm on my way to the cemetery. "At first I didn't know whether I was dreaming or it was the real thing. I thought if I could kick a hole in kindom come I'd know I was dreaming; so I let drive. I was so scared I remember dropping into the street, but I kept on running and here I am." The hearse had been ordered out at 6:00 a. m. to attend an early funeral.

Boy Wanted Someone to Help Him Say Prayers

CHICAGO.—There was great excitement at one of the big downtown hotels the other night. The blonde switchboard operator had just confided to the hat boy that "she should worry." But the cause of her prospective unrest was never disclosed, for at that moment the buzzer began to make sounds like Dr. Watts' "busy little bee."



"Hello! Hello!" she answered. "Say—don't jiggle the receiver like that. What? You want the proprietor. For 501, quick!" "For heaven's sake," said the operator, appealing to the hat boy, "see if you can find Mr. Drake. A party up in 501 is being murdered. I guess." The boy hastily rushed for Tracy Drake's office. "Hello. Yes? Yes? Hello? You want a heliboy or a chambermaid? All right. They're coming up." At the command of "Front!" from the desk clerk the captain of the bells saluted. "Something awful's happening up in 501. Let me know the worst as soon as you get there." By this time an awed group of chambermaids stood trembling outside the door, fearing to open it and reveal the gruesome mystery. Down the hall came a procession of heliboy, followed at a distance by the house detective and Proprietor Drake. From within all was silent. It was an ominous silence.

"Had we better knock or force the door open?" asked some one in a bated whisper. Then one of the boys was shoved forward. The door was opened, and the excited crowd followed in timorously, prepared for anything. On a chair near the telephone stood an eight-year-old boy in his pajamas, the receiver to his ear. "I thought you were never coming," he burst out. "Didn't you hear no ring?" "Now that we're here," said Mr. Drake, his voice still unsteady after the "turn" he had had, "what can we do for you? Is—is it ice water—or what?" "I'm Willie Jackson," explained the small boy. "My papa went down stairs to talk business. My mamma is in Cincinnati, and I want somebody to say my prayers to, as I want to go to sleep." A chambermaid cheerfully volunteered to serve in the capacity of "mother."

Steals Stove to Save Himself From Freezing

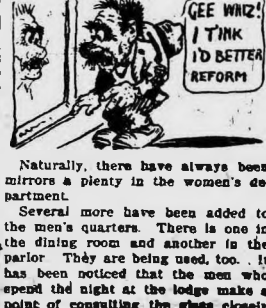


SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day. He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—there was no stove in the place. That sort of treatment didn't melt any icicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

Janitors would laugh at him, he reflected, if he asked for a stove. He had no money to buy one, which left only one course—he would appropriate a furnace, a heater, a range, even a chafing dish if that were all he could find—but he was bound to get something. He peeped in front of a furniture store and considered. He would next have to steal some coal and some wood—he could borrow the matches maybe. And if he were "plached" he should worry, for there were plenty of nice warm stoves in the brickwell. So like his namesake, "Tom, Tom," the Piper's Son, he stole a stove, and "away he run." The stove weighed 85 pounds, and it kept growing heavier all the time, so Mason was not surprised when Max Matrotsky, proprietor of the store, caught him, and called the police. The next morning he was arraigned in court and was sent to the brickwell in lieu of the payment of a fine of \$5 and costs. Thus do dreams come true.

Mirrors Have a Bracing Effect on Wanderers

CLEVELAND, O.—Comes now a new wrinkle in psychological experiments, at least the application of it is new to Cleveland. Down at the Wayfarers' Lodge, 144 West 10th street, mirrors are being used as an active corrective influence. Credit for the idea is due to a "drifter" who spent several nights there some months ago. He was an old man, who said he was "paying the piper" for a mispent life. The superintendent discovered him before the glass in the men's dormitory, thoughtfully surveying his somewhat bleared countenance. "There ought to be a lot of these things around here, bo," said the old man. "It's a feller a lot of things about himself that he wouldn't listen to from anybody else. It is the kind of advice you cannot get away from. If it comes to you kind of late—things you do and shouldn't have done—don't always show right away."

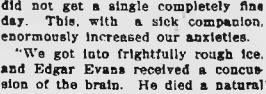


Naturally, there have always been mirrors a plenty in the women's department. Several more have been added to the dining room and another in the parlor. They are being used, too. It has been noticed that the men who spend the night at the lodge make a point of consulting the glass closely before reporting for breakfast, and more often than not straighten their shoulders a bit, put up their heads a little higher and generally try to look unlike "down-and-outers."

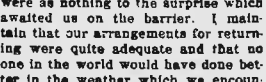
DYING MESSAGE FROM CAPT. SCOTT FOUND ON CORPSE

London, Feb. 10.—Among records found on Captain Scott was the following, written at the time he realized his mission must end in disaster. It is his last message to the world, completed while the pangs of hunger and suffering from cold were slowly but surely killing him and his companions. "The causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization but to misfortune in all the risks which had to be undertaken. "One, the loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of staff transported to be narrow. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83 degrees south, stopped us. The soft snow in the lower reaches of the glacier again reduced the pace. "We fought these untoward events with will and conquered, but it ate into our reserve provisions. Every detail of our food supplies, clothing and depots made on the interior ice sheet and on that long stretch of 700 miles to the pole and back worked out to perfection. "The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. "Seanan Edgar Evans was thought to be the strongest man of the party, and Beardmore glacier is not difficult in fine weather. But on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This, with a sick companion, enormously increased our anxieties. "We got into frightfully rough ice, and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced. "But all these facts enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have done better in the weather which we encountered at this time of the year. "On the summit in latitude 85 degrees to 86 degrees we had minus 20 to minus 20. On the barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, 10,000 feet lower, we had minus 30. On the barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, we had minus 30 in the day and minus 27 at night pretty regularly, with a continuous head wind during our day marches. "These circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. "I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which had fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure the final supplies. "Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. "We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale blowing about us; we are weak. "Writing is difficult. "For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. "We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. "But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for. "Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. "These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for. (Signed) R. SCOTT. "March 25, 1913."

TRICK-TO-BREAK-A-MATCH; THEN RESTORE IT.



TRICK-TO-MAKE-14 COINS INCREASE TO 20.



TRICK-TO-TURN-CONTENTS-OF-A-GLASS-FROM-AN-INKY-FLUID-TO-CLEAR-WATER.

THREE SIMPLE TRICKS FOR THE BOY MAGICIAN.

To be successful in the art of conjuring, even to a small degree, a boy must acquire the quality of patience, for only by so doing will he be able to master those little movements of the hands necessary to deceive the eyes of an audience. Very often the simplest magical tricks are the most baffling, and as they usually require but little apparatus and are thus quickly prepared, they are always popular among boys. But when a trick is of a simple nature, its success is generally largely due to the cleverness with which it is performed; therefore, it should be practiced repeatedly before being exhibited, until every step is thoroughly memorized and it can be gone through gracefully without a single blunder. Three excellent tricks are described below.

To Make 14 Coins Increase to 20.
In this trick 14 coins (nickels and pennies will do) are dropped into a plate, each being counted as dropped; then in order to impress the number of the coins upon the minds of the audience they are picked up one by one, counted, and dropped into a second plate, and a member of the audience is invited to count them over for a third time, placing them back in the first plate. With everybody satisfied that there are but 14 coins, the magician declares that the coins have increased to the number of 20. To prove his statement he requests one of the audience to bring his hat to the table, and after pouring the plate of coins into the hat, asks that they be counted. To the surprise of all, the owner of the hat actually finds 20 coins as stated.

This is the secret of the trick. On the bottom of the first plate there is a small pocket that contains the extra coins. The plate used should be an old one, because the rim upon the bottom must be cut to form an opening to the pocket. The cutting should be done with a metal file and a piece of the rim about one inch in length should be removed. (Fig. 1.) Out of a piece of thick cardboard cut a disk to fit inside of the rim; then from the center of this remove a strip one inch wide (the width of the opening cut out of the rim), and glue the two remaining pieces to the bottom of the plate, as shown in Fig. 2, with the space between left for the pocket. A white piece of paper of as nearly the color of the china as possible should next be fitted inside of the rim and be pasted to the pieces of cardboard, to form the bottom of the pocket. Fig. 3 shows a sectional view of the plate and pocket.

Of course the coins must be slipped into the pocket beforehand, and during the performance of the trick the

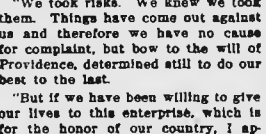


plate must be held with the open end of the pocket either level or tipped up, until it is time to turn the coins into the hat. It is well to roll up your coat sleeves before doing this trick so no one will suspect that the coins have dropped out of them.

To Break a Match; Then Restore It.
This trick is not only a good one for a show, but is a splendid one to do at a party. In full view of the audience, a match is placed in the center of a handkerchief, the handkerchief is rolled up, and some one is requested to take hold of it and see that the match is there. Upon acknowledging that it is, he is told to break it, and he does as directed. He declares that he felt the match break, and all those within a reasonable distance have heard it snap. The magician then strikes out the

handkerchief, and to the amazement of all, instead of a broken match the whole match drops to the floor. A previous preparation of the handkerchief is necessary for the trick. The handkerchief should be a common one with a wide border. Open one hem at one end, as shown in Fig. 4, and slip one or more matches through the opening and along the hem, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 5. Now then, in performing the trick, after the match is placed in the center of the handkerchief the method of rolling it is very important, it being necessary to conceal the center match in the portion of the handkerchief nearest the performer, and to bring one of the matches in the hem into position for the member of the audience to break. This trick, of course, can be repeated as many times as you have unbroken matches in the hem, but it is not a wise plan to have more than three at the most, because it is difficult to keep track of them and prevent the breaking of the wrong match.

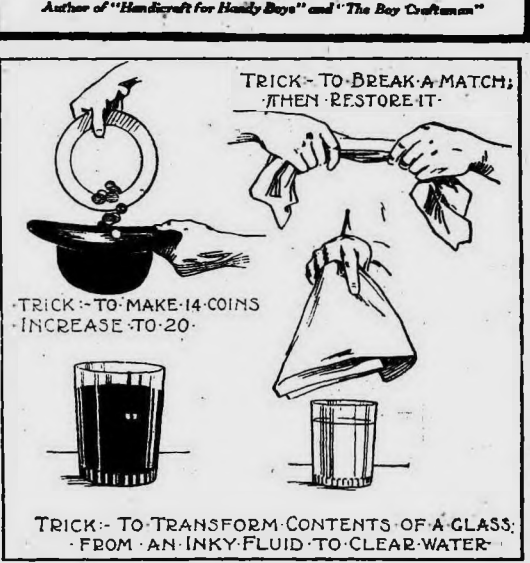
To Transform Contents of a Glass.
After demonstrating to the audience that a drinking glass upon the table before them contains an inky fluid, by dipping pieces of white cardboard into it and showing their blackened surfaces upon withdrawing them, the boy magician declares that he will proceed to convert the liquid into water that is as clear as crystal. Whereupon, he throws a napkin or cloth over it with his wand, and removes the cloth, exposing to view a tumbler of clear water. This is poured out into a saucer to demonstrate its clearness.

Besides the glass tumbler, a piece of black rubber large enough to fit around the inside is required. To the top edge of this, upon the side farthest from the audience, a piece of fine white silk thread should be fastened, brought up over the side of the tumbler, and tied to a small chip of wood. Of course the glass is filled with clear water to the height of the top edge of the strip of rubber, and the pieces of cardboard that are dipped into the water are white upon one side and black halfway up on the other side. Then, when dipped into the tumbler, they are turned around black side to the audience before being withdrawn. When the napkin is lifted from the tumbler, the chip on the end of the silk cord is picked up with it and the piece of black rubber removed from the tumbler, concealed beneath the napkin. (Copyright, 1912, by A. Neely Hall.)

An Interrupted Message.
"In working a certain Kansas town," said the drummer for a Chicago millinery house, "I formed the acquaintance of an angel in a retail store. It was no flirtation on my part. It was head over heels in love. I had to go to another village twelve miles away, and while there I stepped into a grocery to telephone to my love and assure her that I was still faithful. There was no booth and all could hear what was said. I had just got my messages started when I was taken by the back of the neck and run outdoors and thrown on the platform. The man was a farmer, and I was getting ready to go for him when the grocer seized me by the arm and whispered: "Don't raise no fuss! It's simply a curious coincidence." "But he assaulted me!" "I know, but you can't help coincidences." "Blasphemy! your coincidence! What is it?" "Why, the man who gave you the bump happens to be the father of your angel over at Soddtown!"

Critique Women in Civics.
In a recent "woman's number" of the American City the statement is made that many women confound philanthropy with civics, and seek to remedy existing evils without looking into the cause. They would alternate, suffering, but spend little thought on removing the condition that produces it. In that regard, however, they are not greatly different from the men in regard to the subject.

BOYS' HANDICRAFT
By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "Handicraft for Healthy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"



WOMAN SICK FOURTEEN YEARS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularity. The pain in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had some awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirit and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Serravallo's Tonic. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me. "If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. BADEL WILKINS, 425 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from natural vegetable ingredients, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

BUT SHE DID NOT VISIT HIM
Little Chance That Voice-Culture Student Attempted to Frisk Old Gentleman's Friend.

Patiently the old gentleman had been sitting through the ordeal of hearing the voice-culture student in the hall bedroom below practicing with a zeal which left no room for criticism, but with a talent by no means so kindly described.

Finally, he crept down the stairs and rapped at the door of the young woman's room.

"I can't come in," he said in response to an invitation, "but I simply came to tell you of a friend of mine who would, I know, be willing to pay almost any amount of money to hear you sing."

Overwhelmed with joy the young woman begged the kind old gentleman to write his friend's name and address on a piece of paper.

When he had gone upstairs she looked at the slip of paper which he had handed back to her inscribed and neatly folded. It read: "John W. Jones, Asylum for the Deaf."

Know It All.
An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port-Prince, Haiti. One day, when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of black Haitians began to stir, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Alles—you sons of guns—alles!" Then turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I ever learned their language."

Credit and Confidence.
First Bank Official—I just loaned Bulger \$50,000 on his business.
Second Ditto—Is his business good enough to warrant it?
Bulger—He showed that he was employing over fourteen hundred children.—Life.

A DIFFERENCE.
It Paid This Man to Change Food.

"What is called 'good living' eventually brought me to such condition that the reverse of good health," writes a N. Y. merchant.

"Improper eating told on me till my stomach became so weak that food nauseated me, even the lightest and simplest lunch, and I was much depressed after a night of uneasy slumber, nothing me for business."

"This condition was disappearing as I could find no way to improve it. Then I saw the advertisement of Grape-Nuts food, and decided to try it, and became delighted with the result."

"For the past three years I have used Grape-Nuts and nothing else for my breakfast and for lunch before retiring. It speedily set my stomach right and I congratulate myself that I have regained my health. There is no greater comfort for a tired man than a lunch of Grape-Nuts. It induces restful sleep, and an awakening in the morning with a feeling of buoyant courage and hopefulness."

"Grape-Nuts has been a boon to my whole family. It has made of our 15-year-old boy, who used to be unable to digest much of anything, a robust, healthy, little fellow weighing 55 pounds. Making probably one of a host of grateful ones, I have given my grateful thanks to Grape-Nuts."—The Boston Herald.

"Why, the man who gave you the bump happens to be the father of your angel over at Soddtown!"

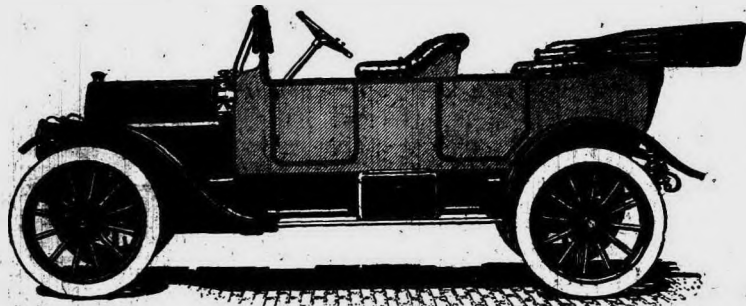
His Mistake.
"Do you think there is money to be made out of the chicken business?" "Some men have made fortunes out of it." "Well, I never had any luck." "You tried to make money in the chicken business."

Mild Answer.
"Will that average brute of yours be boy?" asked the old lady. "Yes, ma'am; he's a good one." "You mean he's a good one?" "Yes, ma'am; he's a good one." "Will that average brute of yours be boy?" asked the old lady.

Studebaker

"25"

More, We Believe Than \$885.00
Has Ever Bought Before--



Five passenger, four cylinders, long stroke, 3 1/2 inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 102 inch wheelbase.

With 3 1/2 inch GOODRICH TIRES. Electric horn. Ventilating windshield. Full set of tools. \$885
Stewart & Clark Speedometer. Prest-o-lite tank. Demountable rims. Tire repair kit.
Acetylene gas primer. Silk mohair top. Robe rail. Tire holders. Tool box.
Studebaker Jiffy Curtains. Rich upholstery, ample cushions. Extra rim.

Why We Believe the '25' To Be Extraordinary Value

Because of the way it is built. Because nothing that bears the name of Studebaker is built any better. It's not so large and it's not so superbly finished as some other Studebakers. But it's just as good inside—just as good in the things that make good going.

Is The '25' Motor As Good As The '35' Motor?

Yes, it is. Precisely the same design. Not so large of course. But ample power from the long stroke motor—3 1/2 inches. Just as clean-cut; just as modern; just as fine. Cylinders cast on bloc like the '35'. Valves all on one side; and enclosed. Crankcase split so that all motor bearings can be adjusted from hand-hole plates in crankcase base. And speaking of power! Fit it as often as you like, and in as hard a test as you like, against any in its class.

The Studebaker '25' represents the splendid evolution of the small but powerful and efficient car. We consider our present well-known car of lesser horse-power rating one of the most remarkable values ever produced, a very prince of small cars. Yet in the '25' we have gone even further. We have developed strength, speed power, into the stronger, swifter, more powerful '25'.

The '25' is a car of attractive lines and great comfort. In design, in careful manufacture, in quality of steels, the '25' is identically as good as the '35' and the 'Six'—nothing better can be built.

It has marvellous ability to go through any and all road conditions, yet always quietly, always comfortably.

This car has been built not alone for the buyer who delights in accessories but for the great American people who want an unflinching, handsome, enduring car at a price within everyone's reach. The '25' is in truth a Studebaker without a debatable point in engineering practice, or manufacturing methods, or staunchness of material, or finish, or size, or comfort, or operating qualities.

More, we believe than \$885 has ever bought before. Get at the steering wheel for twenty minutes and drive; and you will agree with us that the prince of small cars has become king of the popular priced domain.

No Slip-Shod Practice In Any Part of The '25'

The same laboratory, the same engineering staff, the same designing department, the same skilled supervision work with constant diligence on every car.

One Little Instance Of '25' Value

550 pounds of steel are used in the Studebaker '25'. And Studebaker steels are not market steels—but far above market steels. As in the '35' so in the '25'—special steels specially analyzed; and three or more special heating treatments for each and every steel part.

The '25' Is A Sturdy Car

Nothing superficial—either in principle or practice. Nothing flimsy. Studebaker thoroughness throughout. A car we are glad to send to every part of America and off to the ends of the earth, bearing the Studebaker nameplate.

Studebaker Cars sold exclusively in townships of Plymouth, Livonia, Nankin, Northville, Novi, Lyon, Milford, Commerce and Salem

THE BONAFIDE MFG. CO.

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

NOTICE:—W. J. Beyers controls the territory of Nankin and Livonia and is also our representative and salesman.

NOTICE!

We have a good supply of the following coal, viz:

Our regular W. Va. Lump, which has always been so popular.

Also Massilon Washed Nut for the range.

Pocahontas Egg for all purposes. As good a coal for general purposes as you will find in our Jackson Hill Lump, a good free burner with very little soot and smoke, at only a trifle higher price.

Besides the above mentioned, we have plenty of egg size Anthracite and Chestnut size Coke.

We can make you prompt delivery,

W. J. BAYERS, Sec. & Manager

At The New Meat Market

You Can Get the Choicest Cuts of

Fresh and Salt Meats

Try our Home-made Sausage. It is fine.

Try our Pure Home-rendered Lard and you will use no other.

PHONE US YOUR ORDERS.

STRENG BROS.

Local Phone

Free Delivery

Rent Receipt Books

Get them at The Mail Office

ELM.

The assault and battery suit of Theodore Burr preferred against Frank Gates, which came up for trial in the circuit court last week, was again adjourned indefinitely. Gates was tried at Plymouth last fall and drew a fine of \$25 or 60 days in the Detroit house of correction, but appealed his case to the circuit court.

There is some talk of building a creamery at this place.

James Noctor was a Plymouth visitor Thursday night.

A number from here attended the Progressive meeting at Redford Saturday night.

Joe Walsh has his greenhouse completed and equipped with a hot-water heater.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pankow entertained the 500 club Saturday night.

Bert McKinney visited relatives in Detroit Sunday.

Remember the high grade cattle sale of Fred Lee's Feb. 18.

Archie Blue of Detroit called on his mother Saturday night, returning on the late train.

Chas. Hirschlieb and Chas. Wolf from attended the National Progressive county convention in Detroit Monday night.

Albert Nass, one mile east of Perrinsville, has sold his farm of 46 acres to Mr. Casenow of Redford, consideration being \$3900.

Here is a message of hope and good cheer from Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va., who is the mother of eighteen children. Mrs. Martin was cured of stomach trouble and constipation by Chamberlain's Tablets after five years of suffering, and now recommends these tablets to the public. Sold by all dealers.—Adv't.

WEST PLYMOUTH.

Miss Erma Tiffin visited Miss Erah Johnson of Northville Sunday.

Will Smith is preparing for an all day sale of farm implements, stock, etc., to be held Wednesday, Feb. 26th, on the Chas. Coldren farm. Mr. Smith has purchased the Luther Bussey farm.

While working in the ice house last Saturday, Don Packard had the misfortune to catch his arm in the ice chute when the gasoline engine was running, bruising it quite badly. Fortunately the belt was thrown from the engine or a very serious accident might have resulted.

Mrs. Chas. Shearer was called to Greenville last week on account of the death of her cousin, Mrs. Routan.

Miss Hicks and Mr. and Mrs. Becker took dinner with their daughter in Plymouth Tuesday.

The school board of Dist. No. 7 have purchased a number of new library books and they were taken to the school house last week. With the new addition the district now has a fine school library.

Don Packard had a chilly bath in the ice pond Wednesday morning.

An Interesting Address

On Tuesday night a meeting of the Plymouth class of the International Bible Students Association was held, at which an address was delivered by B. H. Barton of Philadelphia, upon, "Degrees of Future Punishment."

Mr. Barton expressed the thought that it was a serious mistake to contradict the words of the Apostle Paul, when he said in Gal. 6:7, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Yet, if these words be so, then there are millions of worldly Christians who will have to reap some punishment hereafter, they are not fit for heaven, neither are they deserving of being lost.

He claimed that every soul missing heaven would not be eternally lost, but God had arranged His plans so wisely that only the thoroughly incorrigible would be finally lost. Others would receive correction in the next world for the remedying of the imperfections in their character, in this way reaping what they had sown.

However, such would not attain heaven at all, but when this earth is transformed into a paradise would spend eternity here. Mr. Barton believes Christian people have overlooked the final perfecting of our earth, and understands there will be both a heavenly and an earthly class in God's kingdom. Those whose hearts are so desperately out of harmony with God that no temporary punishment could ever reform them will be given the most severe degree of punishment, everlasting punishment.

The speaker claims to see a great difference between everlasting punishment and everlasting torture. No one has ever been wicked enough to deserve a eternity of misery, but the incorrigible will be ultimately destroyed in what the Bible calls "the second death," from which there will be no redemption.—B.

Do you know that more real danger lurks in a common cold than in any other of the minor ailments? The safe way is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a thoroughly reliable preparation, and rid yourself of the cold as quickly as possible. This remedy is for sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

TONQUISH.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rowe are enjoying a visit from their son Otis and family, who have recently returned from the West.

Fine weather for farmers' institutes this week.

Wm. Leavis returned to his home in Canada last Friday, after a short stay with his son-in-law, J. H. Fogarty.

The Hough school is closed on account of the illness of the teacher, Miss Passage. She was taken sick with tonsillitis at Mrs. Anderson's and her mother was called to care for her.

The Redmond children are also sick with tonsillitis.

The family of Frank Romus, living south of Newcomb's corners, are in destitute circumstances. An effort is being made to have the supervisor attend to the case. The neighbors have been taking in provisions. This is the family that lost everything when the Dono house burned last summer.

STARK.

There is no better medicine made for colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions, aids expectoration, and restores the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

STARK.

Mr. Sweeney spent Sunday at home. Mr. Woods was taken very sick last Tuesday. A doctor was called and his people sent for. His father is still here caring for him.

Mrs. W. H. Coats spent Monday and Tuesday in Detroit.

C. E. Maynard and daughter entertained company Saturday and Sunday from Webberville.

John Rattenbury and family spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Craft, of Newburg.

Mrs. Sweeney and son Edwin spent Monday in Detroit.

Any one having Stark items please call 901 long short long.

The ice house at Stark is being filled with a good grade of ice.

The Wolfson boys are installing a sawmill in Sock's woods this week.

James Kincaid has had 101 loads of gravel drawn and is preparing to build a large barn in the spring.

Old Mr. Huber is improving at Eloise and they talk of bringing him home.

Mr. Cochran has bought the little house just south of Swartz's corners, and moved his family out from Detroit, where they were never well.

The stewards of the M. E. church at Newburg will give a new English dinner next week.

Harry Grimms is on the sick list.

PERRINSVILLE.

The Perrinsville Gleaners will have a special meeting Saturday night, Feb'y 15. All members are requested to be present—degree work.

Miss Myrtle Chambers spent last Monday afternoon with Mrs. May Stevens at Newburg.

John Snyder lost a good cow one day last week.

E. C. Smith is cutting ice on the mill pond.

John Livingston of Detroit was here last Monday on business.

For a sprain you will find Chamberlain's Liniment excellent. It allays the pain, removes the soreness, and soon restores the parts to a healthy condition. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Z. Millard of the city were over Sunday visitors at Joe McEachran's.

Mrs. O. E. Chilson was called to Redford Saturday by the serious illness of her father. He is still in a precarious condition, with no hope of improvement.

There was quite a crowd out to the high class vanderbilt show at the town hall Saturday evening. Everybody enjoyed the dance and wished twice o'clock did not come so early.

Mrs. Will Cort visited her people at Gill Edge Tuesday.

Mrs. Emma Tuck and Miss Helen visited at Wm. Garbow's Sunday.

We are sorry to learn of E. C. Leach's poor health and his having to go to Chicago for treatment. We hope for good results.

San Jak is the greatest known Cure for Stomach trouble.

At Jones' Drug Store.

PIKE'S PEAK.

John Stephenson's and Erwin Wright visited J. Tait of Salem Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Avery and children of Eloise visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roach and family Sunday.

Miss Clara Wright has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hoteler, in Detroit the past week.

Mr. Wentlandt spent Monday and Tuesday in Detroit.

This is the season of the year when mothers feel very much concerned over the frequent colds contracted by their children, and have abundant reason to fear that an every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and paves the way for the more serious diseases that so often follow. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

AUCTION!

Sale of High Grade HOLSTEIN CATTLE

Frank J. Boyle, Auctioneer

Having decided to devote my attention to the breeding and raising of pure bred Holstein Friesian Cattle, we, the undersigned, will sell at public sale on the farm 1/2 mile east of Livonia Center, or 2 miles south and 1/2 mile east, 1/2 mile south of Base Line curve on U. S. R., or 1/2 mile north, 1/2 miles west of Elm, on P. M. R. R., on

Tuesday, February 18, '13

AT 12:30 O'CLOCK SHARP, RAIN OR SHINE

8 Cows sired by King of Detroit, No. 29863, H. F. H. B.
4 cows 5 yrs. old
1 cow 6 yrs. old
4 cows 4 yrs. old
9 cows sired by Stony Brook Paul de Kol, No. 50970, H. F. H. B.
6 cows 3 yrs. old
2 cows 2 yrs. old
1 heifer 1 yr. old
Some of these cows have calves, which will also be sold, and the balance will freshen soon.
1 Durham cow, 8 yrs. old, will freshen soon
1 Holstein cow, 8 yrs. old, fresh
1 red and white cow, 8 yrs. old, will be fresh the last of March
The above cows have all been bred to the bull, Beauty Pieterji De Kol Burke No. 9465, H. F. H. B., whose dam produced at 1 year and 11 months 265.5 lbs. of milk and 15.87 lbs. butter in 7 days. His sire is the noted Pieterji De Kol Burke
1 pure bred bull calf, sire Beauty Pieterji De Kol Burke No. 9465, H. F. H. B. dam King of Detroit, No. 29863, H. F. H. B.
1 pure bred bull calf, sire Beauty Pieterji De Kol Burke No. 9465, H. F. H. B. dam Johanna Queen Meadows 2nd, No. 37904, H. F. H. B.
1 heifer calf sired by the above named bull
1 bull calf, 7-8 blood, 3 weeks old

TERMS: Credit of 9 months will be given on bankable notes with interest at 6%. No property to be removed from premises until settled for.
CLYDE BENTLEY, CLERK
Fred H. Lee & Co.