

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXV., No. 42

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1913

WHOLE No. 1334

## Rexall Remedies

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Regular 23 cent fence	18c. per rod
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It will pay you to see us before buying your hard coal, we can save you money. Get our prices on Portland Cement, Barbed Wire, Feed, etc.

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## NEW CENTURY FLOUR

Don't forget to cut the Guarantee Label from every sack. When you have eight bring them in and we will show you a surprise.

R. G. Samsen Sole Agt.

## Memories of the Past

In This Paper Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

The Brighton market fair takes place October 2, 3, 4, 5.

Mrs. M. S. Miller left Wednesday night for Port Gibson, N. Y., for a visit among friends at her old home.

Charles Cortrite formerly a resident of this place arrived in town Monday after an absence of twenty-three years in California, to visit his father and numerous friends.

Fred Bennett is home from Liley to attend the fair.

Theron Harmon is happy in the possession of a new and very pretty silver-plated BB cornet.

A new meat market was opened up in the Wherry building this week. The parties we learn are from Detroit.

Gov. Luce spoke on the fair grounds yesterday, and said it was the largest crowd he had seen to a fair this year except Grand Rapids.

W. B. VanVleet, who has been working at Galesburg, Ill., for a few months past is home for a few days. He says they have the largest crop of corn in that region they have had for ten years.

Bert Bennett placed his electric bells, or gong, over the entrance at the Presbyterian dining hall on the fair grounds. It's elegance, peculiarity, and noise, made this booth the daisy of the day. Whir-r-r this way for hot dinner.

## The Millinery Openings

The season of the year has arrived when the feminine portion of Plymouth and vicinity are laying aside their summer headgear and donning the more seasonable and warmer head coverings; and Plymouth's two millinery stores are already in the field with handsome and up-to-date creations in the latest fall and winter styles. Both Giles & Bartholomew and Mrs. F. J. Touney announce their fall and winter openings for Tuesday and Wednesday, October 7th and 8th in this issue of the Mail, and no doubt these openings will attract many sight-seers and buyers to their show rooms which will be in gala attire for the occasion.

The showing of hats this fall include many new shapes and colorings, with the all black hats as popular as ever. Flowers, feathers, ribbons—all are used with startling effects. The hat materials include plush, velours, velvet, felt and beavers made up in many desirable and stylish shapes. Most of the hats are small, but Oh, my! the style is certainly in them. A new color shown this fall is the tete de negre, a dark shade of brown that is particularly attractive and pleasing and then there is the Tango, which is terra cotta, peacock, Corbeau and Saxe blues. The soft, sloppy rims in dress hats are in evidence, also soft crowns are noticeable in many hats. Well, it is safe to say that there will be no occasion to go out of Plymouth to get the correct idea of what is up to the top-notch in millinery.

### Two Strong Points.

Two strong points of the amendment to the nuisance law made by the legislature last winter are that the property owner alone is responsible to the health department for the abatement of a nuisance, and if the property owner refuses to pay the expense incurred in abating a nuisance, the same shall be charged against the property. In event that the nuisance is caused by a tenant or person other than the property owner for the expense incurred in the abatement of the nuisance.

Mrs. Alice Hutton of Pontiac, visited at Frank Rambo's this week.

Mrs. Geo. Starkweather, who has been seriously ill in a Kalamazoo hospital, is slowly convalescing. Mrs. Louis Hillmer and Mrs. Edward Tighe, who were called to Kalamazoo last week on account of her illness have returned home.

### Mother of Eighteen Children

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the pride of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a beast without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 145 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in ten years. I refer to my case in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers. Adv.

## An Esteemed Citizen's Demise

For many years the village of Plymouth has not sustained such a shock as came Monday of this week when it was announced that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Samuel O. Hudd, had died of apoplexy. Apparently in his usual health, Mr. Hudd attended worship at the Methodist Episcopal church last Sunday morning, and at the close of the service, greeting friends and visitors alike, spoke his usual cheerful, witty words to pastor and people. He then taught his Sunday-school class, a duty of which he was particularly fond, and went home to dine and to rest. He slept about one hour during the afternoon, and at six o'clock stood before the young people of the Epworth League and directed the service of song and prayer, and made a short address of peculiar sympathy and spiritual persuasiveness. At the close of this address, declaring himself to be slightly indisposed, he sat down. A few minutes later he was conveyed to his home in an automobile. The last words he uttered were spoken in the church, for while on the way home he lapsed into insensibility and never regained consciousness. Local medical aid was promptly summoned and rendered efficient service, counsel was brought from Detroit as speedily as automobile could carry, and a brother-in-law, a physician in Bay City, arrived on Monday morning, but all to no avail, and his death occurred Monday noon, about seventeen hours after he was first stricken.

The loss of this good man will be intensely felt in all circles of Plymouth's life. In his church he was active in every form of endeavor. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees, and a cordial and kindly helper in all the work of the church among people young and old. Among his business associates he was very popular. For some years he has held the position of secretary-treasurer and sales manager of the Markham Air Ride Company of Plymouth. Among both employees and officers of the company he was held in marked esteem both for his executive ability and for the everywhere evident traits of sterling christian character. Mr. Hudd constantly felt that he owed a duty to every soul with whom he came into community relations. As a neighbor, as a councillor of youth, as a member of a christian church, as a business man taking his place in the keen competitive world, everywhere by act and word and manner he led his associates to think about and aspire after life's wily and desirable attainments. Many young men and women, children when they first became acquainted with Mr. Hudd, have already reached responsible places in life, having been safeguarded in the shadow of this good friend's personality.

An epitome of Mr. Hudd's career would include the following data: He was born Feb. 17th, 1855, in Elkton, Columbiana county, Ohio. He was educated in the Kensington public schools, and in Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio. He came to Michigan in 1886 and was first engaged in office work with the Michigan Central railway at Pinconning. Later he came to Saginaw, and continued with the Michigan Central, until he entered the service of the First National Bank, and later still the office of a lumber and manufacturing firm, and in 1899 came to Plymouth. Mr. Hudd's religious awakening occurred at a camp meeting in Ohio at the age of seventeen; he immediately joined a church, and continued in multiplied forms of religious activity until the moment of the stroke that resulted in his death.

Mr. Hudd was married Dec. 18, 1889 to Miss Adelaide Tillotson of Saginaw. His home life has been ideally happy and beautiful. He leaves to carry sweet memories of his career, his wife and one son, Leslie, now a young man attending Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio. He is also survived by two brothers, H. Hudd of Cleveland, Ohio, and A. Hudd of Kensington, Ohio; and four sisters, Mrs. James Gallaher, Mrs. J. G. Arthur and Mrs. S. J. Williams of Alliance, Ohio, and Mrs. Lee Hawkins of Salem, Ohio.

A community's wealth and other marks of distinction do not consist alone in factories, farms, schools and business and professional endeavor, but in the number of splendid characters it possesses. Plymouth feels poorer today by the removal from our midst of this fine personality, Mr. S. O. Hudd, but for community feels the richer that for fourteen years he has walked among us and talked to us; and we remember that the influence of good men linger long

after their bodily forms have vanished and we are comforted.

The funeral was held from the Methodist church Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. Joseph Dutton officiating, and was very largely attended. The remains were taken to the church one hour previous to the services and laid in state, during which time many citizens came and took a farewell look upon the face of a man whom all honored and respected. The floral offerings were lavish and beautiful in the extreme, bearing loving messages and highest testimonials of love and respect from friends and business associates. As a mark of respect all business places in the village were closed during the funeral services. The interment took place in Riverside cemetery.

## In and Around Plymouth

The Milford fair is on this week and many of our citizens are taking in the sights there.

Pontiac is already talking of a centennial celebration in 1918. The first entries of land in the township were made in 1817 or 1818.

A great revival is in progress at Howell in which four protestant churches have combined their forces. One hundred and fifty conversions have resulted.

Local papers say that the state tax commission boosted every piece of property in Orion and Oxford villages and townships thirty to fifty per cent.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Baptist convention is to be held at Pontiac, beginning October 21 and closing October 23. Five hundred delegates are expected.

Memory day will be observed throughout the state on September 30, as designated by the legislature. On that day the graves of loved ones will be decorated and cemeteries cared for.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Council to provide a few waste paper receptacles to place at some of the street corners. People would double take the hint to use them and thereby aid to work of keeping the street tidy and free from the litter of paper. Very many towns do.

Mrs. A. C. Root, a highly esteemed lady of Superior township, died at her home on the Ann Arbor road about eight miles west of Plymouth last Saturday at the age of 68 years. The funeral was held from her late home Tuesday afternoon. Interment in Gray's cemetery.

The next regular meeting of the Plymouth Grange will be held Thursday, October 2nd. The main feature of the program for that day will be "Morals and Ethics in the Public Schools," by Prof. W. N. Isbell. All members of the order are requested to be present, especially those having children. No one can afford to miss this rare opportunity.

Hill Brothers' peach orchard, northwest of town has been a sight for several weeks past. Their 16 acres of fine trees have been full of beautiful fruit. Many of the trees were so heavily laden that they were split apart at the body and the limbs covered with fruit rested on the ground. The boys will sell about 1,800 bushels of the peaches nearly all in Detroit markets. They are mostly Albertas and Kalamazoo. Besides the peaches and other fruits the boys will have about a thousand barrels of apples to market.—Northville Record.

## A Family Reunion

The remaining members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Murray were entertained recently at the old home in Canton, where many of them were born. It was a fine day and all enjoyed it very much. There were present Wm. Murray of Salem, Andrew J. Murray of Ypsilanti, Hiram Murray of Canton, Minerva McEwen of Detroit, Elizabeth M. Safford of Plymouth, and many others. It was a memorable occasion.

## APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT

Charles D. Shattuck, who has had charge of the freight department of the Glendale & Eagle Rock Railway for the past six months, was appointed superintendent of the line by the manager, J. W. M. Burton. The promotion came last week and Mr. Shattuck is receiving the congratulations of his many friends. He is an experienced railroad man from the east.—Glendale, Cal., Press. Mr. Shattuck is an old Plymouth boy and his many friends here will be pleased to learn of his success.

Despondency is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For Sale by all dealers.—Adv.

## We Will Cut The Price

On every 25c. Bottle of Val Dona Winter Toilet Cream to

19 Cents

On Wednesday, October 1

And also give you 5000 votes with every bottle

Val Dona Winter Toilet Cream softens and whitens the skin and is especially fine for chapped face and hands. If you once try it, you will never be without it. The extra votes and cut price are for Wednesday, October 1st only, so buying for this date, you not only help to boost your favorite contestants standing in the Piano Contest, but you can save money as well. Don't forget the date.

## Pinckney's Pharmacy

THE VAL DONA STORE

ALWAYS OPEN FREE DELIVERY



We sell it.

CONNER HARDWARE CO., Ltd.

## Saturday Only, Sept. 27

We will sell all Box Stationery in our window at

15 Cents Per Box

Our paper and stationery supplies are enough to furnish you plenty of inspiration for pleasant thought and make you glad to buy and use them.

A fine assortment of Perfumes and Toilet Requisites for the fair sex.

## J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.

THE HOME OF PURE DRUGS

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## 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



# MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH  
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. BAROCS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, sends a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. "Brick" Hamlin, a man of the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace at the close of the war and that he is now a prospector. He suspects one Captain LeVeure of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieutenant Hamlin start to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees who he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskin, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over the LeVeure. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeVeure forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeVeure to force him to clear his name. After he overheard Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot, Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be the daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Supply. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body and Hamlin takes Wesson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed the stage and taken the major's money. He suspects Dupont. Conner, a soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered near the post. Hamlin is a blizzard while heading for the Cimarron.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

They plunged into it, plowing a way through the drifts, the reluctant horses dragging back at first, and drifting before the fierce sweep of the wind, in spite of every effort at guidance. It was an awful journey, every step torture, but Hamlin bent to it, clinging firmly to the bit of his animal, his other arm protecting his eyes from the sting of the wind. Behind, Wesson wielded a quirt, careless whether its lash struck the horse's flank or Carroll. And across a thousand miles of snow-covered plain, the storm howled down upon them in redoubled fury, blinding their eyes, making them stagger helplessly before its blasts.

They were still moving, now like snails, when the pale sickly dawn came, revealing inch by inch the dead desolation, stretching white and ghastrly in a slowly widening circle. The exhausted, struggling men, more nearly dead than alive from their ceaseless toil, had to break the film of ice from their eyes to perceive their surroundings. Even then they saw nothing but the bare, snow-draped plain, the air full of swirling flakes. There was nothing to guide them, no mark of identification; merely lone barrenness in the midst of which they wandered, dragging their half-frozen



They Were Still Moving, Now Like Snails.

horses. The dead body of Wade had stiffened into grotesque shape, head and feet dangling, shrouded in clinging snow. Carroll had fallen forward across his saddle pommel, too weak to sit erect, but held by the taut blanket, and gripping his horse's ice-covered mane. Wesson was ahead now, doggedly crunching a path with his feet, and Hamlin staggered along behind.

Suddenly some amorphous insect in the numberless trails of the snow told him of a change in their surroundings. He felt rather than saw the difference. They had crossed the sand belt, and the contour of the prairie was rising. That the Cimarron was near. Even

as the conviction took shape, the ghostly outline of a small elevation loomed through the murk. He stared at it scarce believing, imagining a delusion, and then sent his cracked voice back in a shout on the wind.

"We're there, 'Brick!' My God, led. here's the Cimarron!"

He wheeled about, shading his eyes with his hand, and made the words carry through the storm.

"Do you hear? We're within a half mile of the river. Sir Carroll up! Beat the life later him! There's shelter and fire comin'!"

As though startled by some electric shock, Hamlin sprang forward, his limbs strengthening in response to fresh hope, plowed through the snow to Carroll's side, and shook and slapped the fellow into semi-consciousness.

"We're at the river, George!" he cried, jerking up the dangling head. "Wake up, man! Wake up! Do you hear? We'll have a fire in ten minutes!"

The man made a desperate effort, bracing his hands on the horse's neck and staring at his tormentor with dull, unseeing eyes.

"Ob, go to hell!" he muttered, and went down again.

Hamlin struck him twice, his chilled hand tingling to the blow, but the inert figure never moved.

"No use, Sam. We've got to get on, and show him out. Get up there, you poor!"

The ghostly shape of the hill was to their right, and they circled its base almost waist-deep in drift. This brought the wind directly into their faces, and the horses balked, dragging back and compelling both men to beat them into submission. Wesson was jerking at the bit, his back turned so that he could see nothing ahead, but Hamlin, lashing the rear animal with his quirt, still faced the mound, a mere dim shadow through the mists of snow. He saw the flash of yellow flame that leaped from its summit, heard the sharp report of a gun, and saw Wesson crumple up, and go down, still clinging to his horse's rein. It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the single living man left scarcely realized what had happened. Yet dazed as he was, some swift impulse flung him, headlong, into the snow behind his pony, and even as he fell, his numb fingers gripped for the revolver at his hip. The hidden marksman shot twice, evidently discerning only dim outlines at which to aim; the red of discharge cut the gloom like a knife. One ball hurled past Hamlin's head; the other found billet in Wade's horse, and the stricken creature toppled over, bearing its dead burden with him. The Sergeant ripped off his glove, found the trigger with his half-frozen fingers, and fired twice. Then, with an oath, he leaped madly to his feet, and dashed straight at the silent hill.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### Unseen Danger.

Once he paused, blinded by the snow, flung up his arm, and fired, imagining he saw the dim shape of a man on the ridge summit. There was no return shot, no visible movement. Reckless, mad with rage, he sprang up the wind-swept side, and reached the crest. It was deserted, except for tracks already nearly obliterated by the fierce wind. Helpless, baffled, the Sergeant stared about him into the driving flakes, his ungloved, stiffening hand gripping the cold butt of his Colt, ready for any emergency. Nothing but vacancy and silence encompassed him. At his feet the snow was still untrampled; he could see where the man had knelt to fire; where he had run down the opposite side of the hill. There had been only one—a white man from the imprint—and he had fled south, vanishing in the smother.

It required an effort for the Sergeant to recover, to realize his true position, and the meaning of this mysterious attack. He was no longer numb with cold or staggering from weakness. The excitement had sent the hot blood pulsing through his veins; had brought back to his heart the fighting instinct. Every desire urged him forward, clamoring for revenge, but the aroused sense of a plainman held him motionless, staring about, listening for any sound. Behind him, down there in the hollow, were huddled the horses of his escort, scarcely distinguishable from where he stood. If he should venture farther off, he might never be able

to find a way back again. Even in the faint light of dawn he could see nothing distinctly a dozen yards distant. And Wesson had the compass. This was the thought which brought him tramping back through the drifts—Wesson! Wade was dead, Carroll little better, but the scout might have been only slightly wounded. He waded through the snow to where the man lay, face downward, his face still gripping the rein. Before Hamlin turned him over, he saw the jagged wound and knew death had been instantaneous. He stared down at the white face, already powdered with snow; then glared about into the murky distances, revolver ready for action, every nerve throbbing. God! If he ever met the murderer! Then he swore, and he buried his eyes on the neck of the nearest horse, and his body shook with half-suppressed sobs. The whole horror of it gripped him in that instant, broke his iron will, and left him weak as a child.

But the mood did not last. Little by little he gained control, stood up again in the snow, and began to think. He was a man, and must do a man's work. With an oath he forced himself to act; reloaded his revolver, thrust it back into the holster at his hip, and, with one parting glance at poor Sam, plowed across through the drifts to Carroll. He realized now his duty, the thing he must strive to accomplish. Wade and Wesson were gone; no human effort could aid them, but Carroll lived, and might be saved. And it was for him alone now to serve Molly. The sudden comprehension of all this stung like the lash of a whip, transformed him again into a fighter, a soldier of the sort who refuses to acknowledge defeat. His eyes darkened, his lips pressed together in a straight line.

Carroll lay helpless, inert, his head hanging down against the neck of his horse. The Sergeant jerked him erect, roughly beating him into consciousness; nor did he deist until the fellow's eyes opened in a dull stare.

"I'll pound the life out of you unless you brace up, George," he muttered. "That's right—get mad if you want to. It will do you no good. Wait until I get that quirt; that will set your blood moving. No! Wake up! Die, nothing! See here, man, there's the river just ahead."

He picked up his glove, undid the reins from Wesson's stiffened fingers, and urged the horses forward. Carroll lurched drunkenly in the saddle, yet retained sufficient life to cling to the pommel, and thus the outfit plunged blindly forward into the storm, leaving the dead men where they lay.

There was nothing else to do. Hamlin's heart choked him as he plodded his way past, but he had no strength to lift those heavy bodies. Every ounce of power must be conserved for the preservation of life. Little as he could see through the snow blasts there was but one means of passage, that along the narrow rift between the ridges. The snow lay deep here, but they foundered ahead, barely able to surmount the drifts, until suddenly they emerged upon an open space, sheltered somewhat by the low hills and swept clean by the wind. Directly beneath, down a wide cleft in the bank, dimly visible, appeared the welcome waters of the Cimarron. The stream was but partly frozen over, the dark current flowing in odd contrast between the banks of ice and snow.

The Sergeant halted, examining his surroundings cautiously, expecting every instant to be fired upon by some unseen foe. The violence of the storm prevented his seeing beyond a few yards, and the whirling snow crystals blinded him as he faced the fury of the wind sweeping down the valley. Nothing met his gaze; no sound reached his ears; about him was desolation, unbroken whiteness. Apparently they were alone in all that intense dreariness of snow. The solemn loneliness of it—the dark, silently flowing river, the dun sky, the wide, white expanse of plain, the mad violence of the storm beating against him—brought to him a feeling of helplessness. He was a mere atom, struggling alone against Nature's wild mood. Then the feeling clutched him that he was not alone; that from somewhere amid those barren wastes hostile eyes watched, skulking murderers sought his life. For there was no sign of any presence. He could not stand there and die, nor permit Carroll to freeze in his saddle. Foot by foot, feeling his passage, he advanced down the gully, fairly dragging his own horse after him. Behind, held by the straining lariet, lurched the others, the soldier swaying on the back of the last swearing and laughing in delirium, clutching at snowflakes with his hands. At the end of the ravine, under shelter of the bank, Hamlin tramped back the snow, herding the animals close, so as to gain the warmth of their bodies. Here they were well protected from the cruel lash of the wind and the shower of snow which blew over them and drifted higher and higher in the open space beyond. Working feverishly, the blood again circulating freely through his veins, the Sergeant hastily dragged blankets from the pack, and spread them on the ground, depositing Carroll upon them. Then he sat about vigorously rubbing the sol-

diers' exposed flesh with snow. The smart of it, together with the roughness of handling, aroused the latter from lethargy, but Hamlin, ignoring his resentment, gripped the fellow with hands of iron, never ceasing his violent ministrations until his swearing ended in silence. Then he wrapped him tightly in the blankets and stood himself erect, glowing from the exercise. Carroll glared up at him angrily out of red-rimmed eyes.

"I'll get you for that, you big boob!" he shouted, striving to release his arms from the clinging blankets. "You wait! I'll get you!"

"Hush up, George, and go to sleep," the other retorted, poking the shapeless body with his foot, his thoughts already elsewhere. "Don't be a fool. I'll get a fire if I can, and something hot into you. Within an hour you'll be a man again. Now see here—stop that! Do you hear? You lie still right where you are, Carroll, until I come back, or I'll kick your ribs in!" He bent down menacingly, scowling into the upturned face. "Will you mind, or shall I have to hand you one?"

Carroll shrank back like a whipped child, his lips muttering something indistinguishable. The sergeant, satisfied, turned and floundered through the drifts to the bank of the stream.

He buried his eyes on the neck of the Nearest Horse.

He was alert and fearful, yet determined. No matter what danger of discovery might threaten, he must build a fire to save Carroll's life. The raging storm was not over with; there was no apparent cessation of violence in the blasts of the icy wind, and the snow swept about him in blinding sheets. It would continue all day, all another night, perhaps, and they could never live through without food and warmth. He realized the risk fully, his gloved hand gripping the butt of his revolver, as he stared up and down the snow-draped bluffs. He wished he had picked up Wesson's rifle. Who was it that had shot them up, anyhow. The very mystery added to the dread. Could it have been Dupont? There was no other conception possible, yet it seemed like a miracle that they could have kept so close on the fellow's trail all night long through the storm. Yet who else would open fire at night? Who else, indeed, would be in this God-forsaken country? And whoever it was, where had he gone? How had he disappeared so suddenly and completely? He could not be far away, that was a certainty. No plainman would attempt to ford that icy stream, nor desert the shelter of these bluffs in face of the storm. It would be suicidal. And if Dupont and his Indians were close at hand, Miss McDonald would be with them. He had had no time in that to reason this out before, but now the swift realization of the close proximity of the girl came to him like an electric shock. Whatever the immediate danger he must thaw out Carroll, and thus be free himself.

He could look back to where the weary horses huddled beneath the bank, grouped about the man so helplessly swaddled in blankets on the ground. They were dim, pitiable objects, barely discernible through the flying sleet, yet Hamlin was quick to perceive the advantage of their position—the overhanging bluff was complete protection from any attack except along the open bank of the river. Two armed men could defend the spot against odds. And below, a hundred yards away, perhaps, it was hard to judge through that smother—the bare limbs of several stunted cottonwoods waved dimly against the gray sky. Hesitating, his eyes searching the barrenness above to where the stream bent northward and disappeared, he turned at last and tramped down, ward along the edge of the stream. Across stretched the level, white prairie, beaten and obscured by the storm, while to his left rose the steep, bare bluff, swept clear by the wind, revealing its ugliness through the haze of snow. Not in all the expanse was there visible a moving object nor track of any kind. He was alone, in the midst of indescribable desolation—a cold, dead, dreary landscape.

### BISHOP'S POINT WELL MADE

Rebuke to Which It is Hard to See How the Curate Could Make an Answer.

Bishop Olliphant of Llandaff had a well-to-do young man as curate who had rather sporting instincts. He kept his own horses and always drove tandem. The bishop disapproved, and decided to administer a rebuke on a favorable opportunity. Both the bishop and the curate, each driving in his own way, met near the historic Cow and Snuffers. The bishop, of course, was driving two abreast, and the curate tandem, as usual.

"I really must protest," said the bishop, "at your driving about in such a manner."

"Well, my lord," said the curate, "you are driving two horses, and no am I. What is the difference?"

After a few moments' reflection Bishop Olliphant replied:

"If, when you are at prayers at the cathedral, the congregation placed their hands in the same position as you have placed your horses what would become of the dignity and solemnity of the service?"—London Mail.

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

Had His Goat, Evidently.

A Springfield man, replying to his wife's petition for divorce, says: "Defendant states that the plaintiff is much better qualified than the defendant to carry her part in nagging contests; that she commands a better and more extensive vocabulary than the defendant, and simply overwhelmed him with her complaints and reproaches, and she was so master of her feelings that she could readily pass from storm to sunshine, from abuse to tears, from harsh language to tenderness, and from nagging plaintiff could upon the appearance of a third person so readily become all smiles and suavity that her sudden and complete changes of moods completely bewildered defendant."—Kansas City Star.

Quiet English Parish.

The tiny parish of Clannaborough, North Devon, England, a little village, has a population of only 42, so that baptisms, marriages and burials are not very frequent. The other week the first marriage ceremony for 15 years took place, but even then the couple were not parishioners, the bride coming from St. Austell, the bridegroom, whose home is at Exmouth, being the rector's brother-in-law.

Their Two Industries.

Vacational (at seaport town)—What do you do here in summer? Native—Loaf and fish. V.—And in the winter? N.—We cut out the fishin'.

In the Stilly Night.

Country Innkeeper—Did you hear the fight out in front about one o'clock this mornin'?

New Yorker (wearily)—Yes. It put me to sleep!—Puck.

Poverty of Idea.

Madeline—Why, Mrs. Benaway, are you back? Mrs. Benaway—Yes, dear; are you?—Judge.

Few men are prominent enough to claim that they were misquoted.

Marked Similarity.

"If 12 persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit in exactly the same order around the table," didactically stated the professor, "it would take them 13,000,000 years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have eaten more than 474,000,000 dinners, before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves."

"Yes," sneered Uncle Peppa. "That would be nearly as many ways as a small boy rearranges himself during a long sermon."—Judge.

Had a Chance Now.

While he was playing on a certain Scottish course, a politician remarked to his caddy: "By the way, the last time I was here I played with Tom McGregor. He's grand player!"

"Aye," said the caddy, "but you could beat McGregor now." The politician, knowing what a fine player McGregor had shown himself, was immensely pleased at what he deemed the caddy's compliment to his own improved play. "Do you think so?" he exclaimed. "Aye," came the slow reply, "McGregor's dead!"

A Distinction.

Mrs. Outerdown—Isn't there a Mrs. Skinner in this village who keeps boarders? Hi Hubbel—She takes boarders, ma'am; but she don't keep 'em. Puck.

Distinction.

"Who is that military-looking chap?" "That, sir, is the hero of a rumored war."—Puck.

### THE LESS A MAN AMOUNTS TO THE LARGER HE SHOWS UP IN A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH.

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

It is something difficult to forget the mean things we know about ourselves.

As Good As It Looks and Better

Rouge Rex shoes have proved their worth to thousands.

This one is especially worthy of your consideration, if you are looking for a shoe that is suited to the season.

No. 408 is 22 inches high, with full ball toe, coarse, and full vamp under the toe cap, giving double wear at that point.

The soles are of three thicknesses of sole leather, the outside being of water-proof stock of extra wearing quality.

Everything about this shoe is solid leather, and it is put together with long service in view.

Ask your dealer for these shoes. If he does not handle them, send for our free Rouge Rex Book, and we will give you the name of our nearest agent.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY  
Hide or Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers  
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

For DISTEMPER

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Remarkable.

Frost—Sometimes one runs across his friends in the most unexpected places.

Snow—True. Yesterday I found Agnes at home.

An Echo.

Susie (age six)—And when we grow up we'll be married, won't we, Bobbie?

Bobby (sadly)—No, Susie. I can't marry into your family. Your papa has weak eyes and your auntie has spasms.

She Knew.

Bookkeeper—If I asked the boss to raise my salary, what do you think he would say?

Stenographer—Mr. Penner, I am a lady—I never even think such things!

Not What She Expected.

Ferdie—You are not like most of the other girls I know.

Sylvia (very softly)—No?

Ferdie—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!—Puck.

Contradictory Pleasures.

"What do you think his wife considered his giving her a square deal?" "What?" "Talking her on a round of amusements."

The ideal traveling companion—one who wears the same size collar as you do.

The great principle of brotherhood is not by equality, nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving.—Ruskin.

### NOT QUITE PROPER TRIBUTE

Elizabeth's illustrious father spotted the effect of Praline Battered on "Dear Jefferson."

Jefferson was upon strolling through the corridor of a hotel in Turin, Italy, when a very handsome man came upon him and, addressing him as "Dear Jefferson," said: "I am glad to see you, my dear Jefferson. I hope you are well."

### SEEK YOU EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY

—I looked fully as old as Jefferson—and I have always looked forward to your visit to this place." Presently Jefferson interrupted the stream of praise to say: "I thank you very much. You are very kind." If the incident had only ended here! But the Turin Herald continued: "I saw you, everywhere in this town people are glad to see old Joe Whitcomb, and there was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jefferson said: 'I thank you very much. I am glad to see you, my dear Jefferson. I hope you are well.'"

### VAN WINKLE. YOU MUST MEET MR. THOMPSON; HE PLAYS JOE WHITCOMB

The effusive plainman passed long enough to collect his wits, and then said cheerfully: "Oh, yes. So you are the old fellow who played Rip Van Winkle? Well, you've good, too."—Mary Shaw in the Century.

### RELICS OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Relics of Captain Cook, the great English navigator, have been discovered at St. Petersburg. The relics were given to the governor of Krasnodar, Honolulu, by Captain Cook's party after the death of Cook. These relics were sent by the governor to St. Petersburg, where they remained until two or three years ago, when the boxes containing them were opened, but no one knew where the captain's lucky professor in St. Petersburg university, who had been at Honolulu, recognized them. The relics are very choice, although there is nothing new amongst them except a hair-leather helmet, which is a rare curiosity.

# The Food Route To Steady Health

Many people are kept ill because they do not know how to select food that their own particular bodies will take up and build upon.

What will answer for one will not do for another.

If one is ailing it is safe to change food entirely and go on a plain, simple diet, say:

- Some fruit
  - Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream
  - Soft-boiled eggs
  - Crisp Toast
  - A Cup of Postum
- no more.

Man! But a diet like that makes one feel good after a few days' use.

The most perfectly made food for human use is

# Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in plain.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.







THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSON
L. B. SAMSON, Editor and Manager
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Single Copy 5 Cts.
One Year, payable in advance \$1.00

Statement of Ownership, management, Etc.

Of the Plymouth Mail, published weekly at Plymouth, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.
Editor, L. B. Samson, Plymouth—Business Manager, L. B. Samson, Plymouth.

Synopsis of Fish and Game Law.

Synopsis of important general game and fish laws of Michigan.

GAME ANIMALS
Deer—Open season from November 10 to November 30, inclusive. Unlawful for any person to kill more than two.

Rabbits—Open season from September 1 to March 1, inclusive.

Squirrels—Unlawful to hunt fox, black or gray until 1915.

FUR BEARING ANIMALS
Otter, fisher, martin, fox, mink, raccoon and skunk—Unlawful to take, trap or kill from April 1 to October 31 inclusive.

Minkrat—Unlawful to take, trap or kill from April 15 to October 31, inclusive.

GAME BIRDS
Quail—Unlawful to kill until 1917.

Prairie chicken—Unlawful to kill or capture at any time.

Partridge and spruce hen—Open season from October 1 to November 30, inclusive. Unlawful to take more than six in one day. Unlawful to take more than 50 in one calendar year. Unlawful to have in possession more than 15 in all at one time.

WATERFOWL
Ducks, snipe, plover, shore birds, song rails—Open season from September 1 to December 31, inclusive.

Unlawful to take in one day more than 25 ducks; 6 plovers; snipe and other shore birds, 16. Unlawful to hunt from sunset to sunrise.

FISH
Small-mouthed and big-mouthed black bass—Unlawful to take more than 10 in any one day or have in possession more than 10 at any one time. Unlawful to take less than 10 inches in length. Unlawful to take in any manner in any of the waters from February 1 to June 15, inclusive. Unlawful to sell. Unlawful to ship out of state.

FROGS
Unlawful to kill or take in any manner, except for fish bait, any species of edible frogs, from November 1 to June 1.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

Notary Public: GEORGE C. GALE

PHONE 188 PLYMOUTH

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. In a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the seventh day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Mary A. Smith, deceased.

That F. W. Smith, administrator of said estate, having returned to this court his final account thereof, and filed the same with this court, and that the same are correct and true, and that the same are approved and allowed.

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

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 25th day of September, 1913.

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

Chas. C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. In a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the seventh day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Frank Oliver, deceased.

That Paul W. Voorhies, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed the same with this court, and that the same are correct and true, and that the same are approved and allowed.

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

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Chas. C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

MEMORY MUST BE TRAINED

Recollection of Events Said to Be Always Strongest When Notes Are Not Kept.

Lord Beaconsfield's recipe for a good memory was simple—Never take a note. That is a somewhat doubtful rule; it has to be balanced by the truth in Jowett's warning, "A man should make a compact with his memory not to remember everything. Great memories, like that of Sir William Hamilton, are apt to disable judgment." But there is no doubt that sheer memory flourishes best where notetaking is impossible. As an instance, Mr. Dudley Kidd tells how he saw a council of Kaffir chiefs discussing a legal case. A precedent of 60 or 70 years ago came up, and the old men, who had been children at that time, reconstructed it to the minutest detail, even to the exact colors of the various cattle concerned, with perfect unanimity.

Your remark that memory is largely a matter of sympathy is no doubt true, writes a correspondent. It explains suggestively our pleasant experiences more easily than our troubles. I once visited a village where I found the oldest inhabitant, a frail old man, who regaled me for an hour with quaint and comical reminiscences of his youth. With each fresh anecdote his rosy laugh broke out. It appeared as though his life had been one long comedy. "Did you never have any troubles?" I asked. "Who, yes, to be sure," said the patriarch, "but I've forgotten all they, 'cept there was anything funny about 'em."

Some Historic Hailstorms.

The hailstones that have been falling in various parts of England have been compared in size with marbles, pigeons' eggs, etc. But no claim to record magnitude is made for any of these. It would be difficult to determine what the record is. There are numerous pretty well authenticated cases of hailstones weighing half a pound and more, but claims far beyond that are made. Stones of six or eight pounds were said to have fallen at Namur in 1719. The missionary, Father Hise, records the fall in Tartary, in 1847, of a block of ice as big as a millstone, which took three days to melt. In May, 1802, a Hungarian village reported a 1,100-pound block, requiring eight men to move it, and in Tippeco's time one as big as an elephant was said to have fallen near Seringapatam.

Strength of Jet of Water.

A factory in Grenoble, France, utilizes the water of a reservoir situated in the mountains at a height of 200 yards. The water reaches the factory through a vertical tube of the same length, with a diameter of considerably less than an inch, the jet being used to move a turbine. Experiments have showed that the strongest jet cannot cut the jet with the best-tempered sword; and in some instances the blade has been broken into fragments without deflecting a drop of water, and with as much violence as a pane of glass may be shattered by a blow from an iron bar. It has been calculated that a jet of water a small fraction of an inch in thickness, moving with sufficient velocity, could not be cut by a rifle bullet.

Supreme Repartee.

A good story is told of W. J. Fox, a free trade colleague of John Bright. Fox was a clever debater and unexcelled in repartee. His chief becker was a local baker, who once had the misfortune to be fined by the magistrates for selling short weight bread. Fox also had the misfortune to separate from his wife. On one occasion, after he had delivered an address to his constituents, the baker got up and said: "Mr. Fox, there is just one question I should like to ask you. What has become of your wife?" "Sir," replied Fox, "she has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

When You Are Doubled Up

With cramps, cholera morbus, rheumatism or plury, you need a bottle of RENNE'S PAIN-KILLING M.G.C. OIL. It gives relief. It is a powerful pain-killer. Eases rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and all internal and external aches and pains. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by J. W. Bickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy.—Adv.

Subscribe for the Mail now.

Local Notes.

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

Mrs. Wm. Neil of Davisburg, visited at Willard Roe's Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Hannan is visiting friends in Flint, Jackson and Canton.

James Bartlett of Jackson, visited Mrs. Sarah Bartlett last Sunday.

Miss Frankie Austin of Wayne, is visiting at Ed. Smith's this week.

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

Dr. Caster and family of Highland Park, visited at Rev. E. E. Caster's last Sunday.

Lee Jewell and wife of Detroit, visited at the latter's father's, Mr. Jackson over Sunday.

Jack Murphy and Frank Jones of Wayne, were calling on friends here Tuesday.

Fred Chlosett of Bay City, visited Mrs. Peter Gayde and family last week Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe visited friends at Belleville from last Saturday until Monday.

C. H. Bennett has been at home for the past week taking a vacation from his work in Detroit.

Miss Berna Hager has returned home after spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Gus Gates.

Mrs. Dan Smith and family are moving into their house on Mill street, recently purchased of Mrs. Chas. Allen.

Mrs. Adele Strauburg Hyde of Detroit, will reopen her school of dancing here this coming winter. Particulars later.

Miss Camilla Ladd left yesterday for Laidlaw, Oregon, where she has a position as teacher in the public schools.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gill and daughter Frances of Ann Arbor, were guests at Wyman Bartlett's the latter part of last week.

At the Grange fair there is a booth containing needle work, a fine bed quilt, canned fruit and jelly which is offered for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gorham of Britton, and Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Smith of Detroit, visited at Elmer Wagoner's last Sunday.

Fletcher and Morris Campbell leave tomorrow (Saturday) for Ann Arbor where they will attend college the coming year.

Mrs. Fred Lehman and son Earl returned home last Sunday after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Fred Rooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Austin of Wayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Creighton of Mt. Clemens, visited at Ed. Smith's over Sunday.

J. R. Rauch & Son have again secured the agency for the Hudson car, and last week delivered to Mrs. W. O. Allen a Hudson "Six," equipped with all the latest accessories.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gates entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sillifant, Miss Berna Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and daughter last Sunday. The latter motoring from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lenhart, Mr. and Mrs. Clois, Miss Clara Wolf and Miss Hettie Schober of Detroit, and Mrs. Von Nostitz of Toledo, were over Sunday guests at Wm. Gayde's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Markham left last Saturday for their home in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Hudd's attack of illness was wired Mr. Markham by E. S. Roe, vice president of the Markham Air Rifle Co., and reached him at Ogden, Utah. A return wire was received by Mr. Roe that Mr. Markham would not return here immediately and further instructed him to take full management of the factory.

Last Tuesday afternoon twenty-six Lady Macabees went to Northville where they were joyously entertained at Mrs. James Heoney's pleasant home. A pot-luck supper was served. The ladies remained over in the evening and attended the Northville lodge. After a short business session, a fine literary program was given and light refreshments were served. All returned home declaring it one of the pleasantest occasions of the year.

Those from out of town who were here to attend the funeral of S. O. Hedd were: Mr. and Mrs. Smith Salmon, Cleveland; Mrs. Sidney Arnold and daughter Harriet, Mrs. Clinton Smith and Clifford Hudd of Saginaw; Mrs. Lou Goodfellow, W. O. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Markham of Detroit; Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Ruggles, Dr. and Mrs. P. R. Urston and Mrs. Levi Tillotson of Bay City; Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hill of Howell; Dr. William Blair, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Seyler and daughter Genevieve of Ann Arbor.

Why Not Be Allowed to Sleep? A patent has been granted a New Yorker for a burglar alarm that awakens a person by spraying him with water as he lies asleep in bed.

Some Measures of Love Important. It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.—Buckley.

CHURCH NEWS

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

METHODIST. Rev. Joseph Dutton, Pastor. Public worship at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. The pastor preaching at both Services. Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. To all of these services strangers and visitors are cordially invited. The First Quarterly Conference will be held at the Methodist church on Friday evening at 7:30. The social occasion announced for that evening has been postponed.

LUTHERAN. Rev. J. J. Roekle, Pastor. English services Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Rev. O. F. Peters of Wayne, will have charge of the service. Rev. J. J. Roekle will preach in Monroe next Sunday. Sunday-school at 11 o'clock. All are welcome. The trustees held their quarterly meeting at the parsonage last Wednesday evening.

PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. B. F. Farber, Pastor. On this, Friday, evening, Sept. 26th, the Presbyterian Guild will give a "Pie Eat" in the parlors of the church. The young people are invited to come and enjoy a pleasant evening. Services on Sunday, Sept. 28th as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed at this service. Brief sermon by the pastor. Sunday-school at 11:15 o'clock. Presbyterian Guild at 6 o'clock. At this service the speaker will be Miss Amelia Frost, who has worked among the Indians of this country for 25 years. Her subject, "My Mission Work among the North Dakota Indians." Evening service at 7 o'clock. The pastor preaches. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Next Sunday, October 6th, will be rally day in church, Sunday-school and Young People's Society. Interesting programs at each. Plan to attend. To all these services the public is welcome.

BIBLE STUDENTS. Services as usual at 2 p. m. Subject, "Our Lord's Return: Its object, the restitution of all things. If I go away I will come again," John 14:3, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, whom the heavens must retain until the time of restitution of all things," Acts 3:20, 21.

The following is the number of votes given the contestants in the big piano contest which is being conducted by Pinckney's Pharmacy, for the week ending Wednesday, September 24. The standing of contestants will be published in the Mail each week during the contest:

Table with 2 columns of contestant numbers and names, and 2 columns of vote counts. Includes names like No. 1-1355450, No. 78-1294480, etc.

Suppers for Family Jars.

A bride, upon opening a package reserved for her wedding day, was surprised to find a dozen of more corals of various sizes fastened by ribbon to a large cork. Attached to this was a card which was written: "Supper for the Family Jars." Later the suppers were found to be those when the first disagreement arose the discussion as to the size of the cork had led to the "jar" caused a momentary quarrel that the trouble was soon forgotten.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Mail.

Millinery Display Tuesday & Wednesday, October 7-8. We have a very attractive line of this season's latest and most approved styles of Ladies' and Children's Hats. which we would be pleased to show our friends and patrons. Giles & Bartholomew, Plymouth, Mich.

\$2,150 IN PRIZES. We are giving away with Trading Books at the time of purchase the following number of votes: 5000 Votes given with every \$1.00 Trading Book, 15000 Votes given with every \$2.00 Trading Book, 50000 Votes given with every \$5.00 Trading Book. These Trading Books are good for one year from date of purchase. NOMINATION BLANK (GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES). I Herby Nominate Name Address Present at Store or Mail. \$2,150 IN PRIZES FREE. Cut this out and present it at PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY, Plymouth, Mich. and it will be exchanged for 100 VOTES FREE. Good until Tuesday, Sept. 30 (one week). Another way to get votes is by subscribing or renewing your subscription to THE PLYMOUTH MAIL. THIS CONTEST CLOSSES DECEMBER 31st. PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Johnston Corn Binder. When we say the Johnston Corn Binder is without a peer, we say it because every farmer that has ever used a Johnston Corn Binder testifies to its merited superiority over all other Corn Binders. It has many features which help to make this statement true. The one-piece main frame is of steel and exceptionally wide. The pole is attached inside the main wheel. The weight is evenly divided between the wheel and the operator on one side and the elevator and main wheel. The weight is evenly divided between the wheel and the operator on one side and the elevator and main wheel. The weight is evenly divided between the wheel and the operator on one side and the elevator and main wheel. E. H. Langworthy, The Implement Dealer and Auctioneer, WAYNE, MICH. Bell Phone 36 2L 2S.

Probate Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. In a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the seventh day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Frank Oliver, deceased. That Paul W. Voorhies, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed the same with this court, and that the same are correct and true, and that the same are approved and allowed. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to the date of hearing in the Plymouth Mail newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. Given under my hand and seal of office, this 25th day of September, 1913. HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate. Chas. C. Chadwick, Probate Clerk.

C.G. DRAPER JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST. Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses. Prices Reasonable. Give me a trial. Office opposite D. U. E. Walking Room Plymouth, Mich. Geo. E. Humphries Plumbing and Sheet Metal Work After-October 1st. 178 Main St. Plymouth, Mich.

We Sell at Right Prices Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Fencing, Sandee, Asphalt, Asbestos Roofing, Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile. Our Coal Wagons. Traverse the High-ways and By-Ways of Plymouth. No street too good, no alley or lane too poor for us to navigate! We get there with the BEST OF COAL. Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co., CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager.

Central Meat Market. Call Central Meat Market, phone 23, for Choice Meats, Smoked Meats of all Kinds, Home Made Bologna and Sausages. Try them and you won't eat any other. FRANK RAMBO, Manager. FREE DELIVERY.



# Headquarters —FOR— CHEESE

You need not go to Detroit for your cheese. We have the following brands and will be glad to get what you want that is not in our stock:

- Rosemary Peanut Cheese (a new one)
- McLaren's Imperial Cheese
- McLaren's Deviled Cheese
- McLaren's Nippy Cheese
- Jersey Pimento Cheese
- Philadelphia Cream Cheese
- Neufchatel Cheese
- Swiss Wheel Cheese
- Jersey Full Cream Cheese
- Allgates Style Limburger Cheese

For your dinner and lunch don't forget we have the cheese.

**CENTRAL GROCERY,**  
R. G. SAMSEN

Phone 13, 2r Free Delivery

## 25 Pounds of H. & E. Sugar for \$1.29

with \$1.50 order of any other goods in our store. Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings and Groceries.

Buy where you can get the best values.  
Compare our Quality and Prices.

**R. W. SHINGLETON**

NORTH VILLAGE

# GALE'S.

Just Received and Coming

—New Stock of—

## China and Glassware

New goods in White Dishes, Cups and Saucers, Plates, Vegetable Dishes, Bread and Butter Plates, Soup Dishes, etc.

Cut Glass Tumblers and Pitchers.  
Something new in Vases, Jardinières, Tea Pots, etc.  
For Good Groceries go to Gale's.  
For Wall Paper go to Gale's.  
For Field Seed go to Gale's.

I am agent for the Ben Franklin Underwriters and the German Fire Insurance Co., of Pittsburg, Pa.

Phone 16

**JOHN L. GALE**

## Local News

Attend the Grange school fair.  
Patronize the Indian booth at the Grange fair.

Miss Drake spent Sunday at her home in Windsor.  
Mrs. Brown is visiting relatives at Caro, Mich.

Wyman Bartlett has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mrs. Henry Steinmetz is visiting her sister in Howell this week.

Miss Marian Harris of Jackson, visited Mrs. A. Hubbell last week.

Miss Helen Ward was the guest of friends at Mason over Sunday.

Several from here attended a dancing party at Eloise last Friday night.

Miss Jennie McKay of Detroit, visited Mrs. Robert Warner over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Everett are visiting relatives at Fairgrove this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams and son Claude visited friends in Ypsilanti last Sunday.

Mrs. M. B. Bushnell of Chicago, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green this week.

Don't fail to see the large collection of curios at the Grange fair today and tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Rentrow of Davison, spent last week with W. J. Griffith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Showers of Wayne, were visitors at C. J. Bunyee's last Sunday.

John Patterson broke ground this week for Brant Warner's new house on Harvey street.

Mrs. Andrew Taylor, Sr., who has been ill for some time, has gone to Ann Arbor hospital.

Don't forget that there will be a sale of baked goods at the Grange fair tomorrow (Saturday). Sale commences at 2 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Riggs of Lapeer, have been the guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Spencer Showers and daughter Irene of Alpena, were guests at C. J. Bunyee's last Monday.

Monroe Brigham, formerly of this place and well known here is seriously ill at his home in Northville.

Mrs. Ira Blake of Cleveland, Ohio, spent a few days last week as the guest of her brother, W. J. Griffith.

Mrs. M. Schmidt of Wayne, and Mrs. Percy of Detroit, were guests of Mrs. J. B. Pettigill last Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Chappel of Toledo, Ohio, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. William McClumpha, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Markham have returned to their home in Hollywood, Cal., after a short visit with friends here.

Mrs. John Mealey of Port Huron, formerly of this place, visited her brother, Edward Tighe and family last week.

Wm. Weither and family have moved into the Greenlaw house on Church street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Penoyer of Homer, Mich., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bovee the latter part of last week and over Sunday.

Miss Helet R. Hull left Thursday, after a week's visit with her aunt, Miss McGill, for Wellesley college, Wellesley, Mass., where she teaches. Miss Hull spent the summer teaching at the University of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loomis have opened up a lunch room on Main street in the store recently vacated by Pelis Freydl. Plymouth has long felt the need of such a place and we bespeak for them a successful business career.

Great reduction of express rates is ordered to take effect all over the country on October 15. The experiment with parcel post has been so satisfactory that it is also to be extended in the interest of a cheaper living. These provisions in both branches of public service will be appreciated by the public.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes H. E. Gohman, Galesburg, Pa. This is not an all-typical case. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Mrs. Bessie Smith visited friends in Detroit over Sunday.

The Grange school fair at the Grange hall is on today and tomorrow. Don't miss it.

Mrs. A. D. Macham of Adrian, visited her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Bartholomew this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burch have moved into H. H. Passage's tenant house on Maple avenue.

Mrs. Mary Blanchard has returned to her home in Jackson after a few days visit with Mrs. A. Hubbell.

Adolf Melow has moved his family from J. O. Eddy's house on East Ann Arbor street to north village.

Mr. and Mrs. John LeMunion have returned to their home in Gagetown after a ten days visit with friends here.

Mrs. Elizabeth Terry returned home with them and will visit friends in Saginaw and Silverwood before her return.

Miss Blanche Olsaver of Rushton, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. G. Samsen the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Wood have moved into part of the Coleman house on Penniman avenue recently vacated by Mr. Corbett and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert J. Bradner of Los Angeles, Cal., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bradner over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Bradner were enroute to Pittsburg, New York City and other eastern points after which they will return here for a few days visit.

An alarm of fire was sounded last Friday evening about 7 o'clock when fire was discovered around the chimney on the house occupied by Willis Parks on Maple avenue. The fire department responded promptly but their service was not needed. Not much damage was done.

A CARD—Fred Wagenschutz, chairman of the entertainment committee on behalf of the Plymouth Fire Department, wishes to thank the citizens for their liberal patronage of the picture show and vaudeville entertainment Wednesday evening.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Notice is hereby given that Tornado policies Nos. 31401 to 31425 inclusive, of the National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., requiring for their validity the countersignature of a duly authorized and licensed agent, have been lost. Since these policies have not been regularly countersigned, issued or accounted for, nor any premiums received thereunder, they will be valueless and void in the hands of whomsoever they may fall and any claim thereunder would be illegal and fraudulent. If found they should be returned to the Western office of the company at 175 West Jackson Bld., Chicago, Ill. No claim of any nature purporting to be based upon them will be recognized by the company. The public will please take notice accordingly.

National Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., By Fred S. James, General Agent.

AVOID THE BRONCHIAL COUGHS OF EARLY FALL

The changeable weather of early fall brings on bronchitis and a hard cough that is wearing on the system, and seems to tear open the bronchial tubes and mucus lining of the throat. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. For it will soothe and heal the inflamed mucus lining, relieve the cough quickly, and help to expel the cold. It contains no opiates. Get the genuine in the yellow package, and refuse substitutes. J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.—Adv.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE—One Garland base burner coal stove and one cabinet gas-oline stove. M. S. Miller.

FOR SALE—The old Wiske home-stead, corner Mill and Spring streets. Nov. 15.

FOR SALE—A house and lot at 22 Harvey street. Enquire of Eli Nowland.

FOR SALE—House on Ann Arbor street. In down, balance easy. Enquire of J. E. Nash.

FOR SALE—One of the best dairy farms in Michigan. One hundred and eighty acres at South Lyon. House ten minutes walk from station. Good buildings, land, fruit and water. Good terms. For appointment and further particulars address H. Wallace, owner, 35 Virginia Park, Detroit.

FOR RENT—A house at No. 33 Ann Arbor street. Enquire of Sheldon Gale. Phone 905-21 and 25. 21 41.

FOR SALE—A house and lot on Mill St. Enquire of Ormel King.

STOLEN—A bicycle lamp from the Methodist church shed. Reward offered. John R. Jones.

FOR SALE—A house and lot on Mill St. Enquire of Ormel King.

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## STOP RUBBING

—USE—

# SANI-FLUSH

The "Rubless", "Scrubless" cleaner. Absolutely the finest thing you can have in your home. Just put it on the surface you wish to have cleaned and let it remain a short while. It will disinfect, deodorize and clean basins, bowls, sinks and all kinds of metal and porcelain receptacles.

In Tin Boxes 25c. Box

Sold Only By

**D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON**

BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

## An Invitation to Save Money

The Peoples Legal Stamp sign is an invitation for you to save money whenever you see it displayed you can make up your mind that the merchant is willing to give his customers something extra for their money. That "something" is hard CASH. You can easily fill a book with Peoples Legal Stamps—and then it will be redeemed for \$2.00 in money or \$2.50 in merchandise. What kind of goods can you get for the book? Any kind you want; just pick them out at the store where you received some of your stamps. Instead of counting out \$2.50 you hand your stamp book to the clerk. That's all.

These Coupons Good for 10. Stamps Each

We will give 10 Extra Peoples Legal Trading Stamps for this coupon on a purchase of a pound of Tea or Coffee.

**Todd Brothers**

**HAZEL K. CONNER**

Mezzo Soprano—  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio, 55 Penniman Ave.

**MISS BERTHA BEALS,**

**Piano Teacher**

Studio, No. 8 Mill Street.

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Office Hours 9 to 12, 2 to 4.  
41 Harvey St.  
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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Music Teacher  
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R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
OFFICE OVER SAUCH'S STORE  
Bell Phone 38; Local 20.

**Dr. A. E. PATTERSON**  
Office and residence, Main street,  
next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 1 p. m. and after  
Telephone 8. Plymouth, Mich.

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DENTIST

Office and Residence 136 Main Street,  
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Phone No. 97.

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The favor of your presence is requested at our

Fall and Winter

Millinery

Opening

Tuesday and Wednesday

October 7 and 8

A Free Fitting of the LaTonia Corset will be given on Opening Days.

**Mrs. F. J. Fousey**

North Side Phone 113



# FERTILIZER

Homestead and Horseshoe Brands

Darling Sure Winner

Prices that are Right.

Headquarters for all kinds of FEED. Try the Ground Cookies for pig feed.

Milwaukee Corn Binders

Champion Potato Diggers

None Better

Come and enquire our prices on all kinds of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Meats, Hardware, Fence, Etc.

If it is cheap elsewhere, it is cheaper at

**BENTLEY BROS.**

Both Phones ELM, MICH.

Here they are for Saturday and all next week

After taking inventory and cleaning up the store we find a lot of odd pieces which have become slightly shiffl worn or damaged and we will close them out at less than cost.

**SEE OUR BARGAIN WINDOW**

\$40 Camera for \$25.

\$5.00 Camera 4x5 for \$3.50

\$5 Camera 3 1/4 x 3 1/4 for \$1.00

\$3 Toilet Cases for \$2.00

25c. Books for 10c.

25 assorted Postcards for 5c.

25c Mouth Organs 10c.

50c. Mouth Organs 25c.

25c. Shaving Mirrors 10c.

Several uncalled for repaired watches left over one year at about cost of repairs. Several repaired clocks.

Open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Evening's.

**C. G. DRAPER**  
Jeweler and Optician

Phone 247 148 Main st.



# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Chicago "Owls" Blink at First Broadway Car



Chicago—Chicago's first Broadway car ran through the loop district the other night, through the La Salle street tunnel, up Clark street, and out Broadway. It was the first evidence of the city's 567 varieties of new street names.

The car, with no sign save the unvarnished "Broadway" displayed, swung around the loop at the alcoholic hour of 11:30, just when the most people wanted a car.

"Ray, now, where'd that come from?" demanded one night owl of another on the curb, as No. 219 trundled by. "I've waited here all my life, I didn't know we had a Broadway, let alone a car like it."

Heaven could tell him.

Dwain Randolph's crowd rumbled the "Broadway" apparition, and drew up to front of the Lamb's cafe just as two chorus girls emerged.

"Ain't this luck, Lili!" exclaimed one as they peered their hobbles just high enough to allow them to reach the step. "The way I remembered it we'd have to beat it two blocks to a car, or have one right at the door. Call

us at One Hundred and Nineteenth street, conductor."

Serene in their belief that they were headed for home, they settled down for a talk.

"Will this car take me to Evanston avenue?" inquired a precise individual as he held back his nickel and eyed the conductor suspiciously.

"Yes, sir."

"But how can a car take me where I want to go when it runs on a street I never heard of? And I've lived on Evanston avenue many years."

All the way out the precise gentleman debated with himself where that car would land him.

But there were many voyagers who did not trust themselves to the piratical-looking craft flying such strange colors.

"Say! Where does that thing go?" asked one of these from the curb.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Evanston avenue."

"Come along—this car'll take you."

"Not me. Only got one nickel, and no strange car don't get that."

And the cautious one sheered off until he could find a car with a familiar sign.

Many, thinking they recognized something familiar about the car or crew or both, came out into the street, looked doubtfully at the unfamiliar "Broadway," and, looking like victims of misplaced confidence, stepped back to the curb to wait for the genuine blown-in-the-bottle Evanston car. Nothing less would satisfy them.

## Retired? Not So That Anybody Could Notice It

CINCINNATI, O.—Not long ago an aged man presented himself at the "new account" window of a local bank and asked to have his semi-annual interest entered in his passbook. Recognizing him at once, the teller on duty asked: "Are you still retired?"

"I reckon I am, as far as ever I was," replied the depositor, smiling grimly.

The little joke dates back a year or two to the day when the account was opened. Accompanied by his wife on some occasion, the aged farmer from Ohio's cabin had tendered the teller a roll of banknotes counting up in the thousands.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk, glancing at the bank's practice of keeping each bit of information on file.

"Eighty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

"Farmer, retired," repeated the teller and began to write it so.

"Retired, nothing!" protested the octogenarian. "If you call working 200 acres of land being retired, then I suppose I'm retired."

The teller made suitable apologies. As it was to be a joint account, the



wife also was questioned as to her age.

"Do I have to tell?" she asked.

"No, not unless you wish."

"Well, ladies are a little bashful about telling their age after they pass thirty."

"Aw, tell the man how old you are, Hannah." The husband seemed disgusted with coyness.

"Well," the old lady made confession reluctantly. "I ain't so old as the old man is, but I'm eighty-four."

"And I suppose you are retired too?" said the smiling teller.

"That may be your name for it, but what with the cooking and the butter work and the milking and the house and all, I manage to keep kind of busy."

## Cleveland Firemen and Police in Fly-Trap Race



CLEVELAND, O.—A desire to excel in the manufacture of fly-traps is responsible for "bad blood" between the police and the firemen at the intersection of the Eleventh and Fifth streets, near Euclid, and the firemen at Euclid house No. 18, next door.

Burgess Cregan, the Thomas Alva Edison of the force, wearied of "shooting flies from his face, or pursuing them with a swatter," designed and built a gigantic fly-trap. This was placed near the front door, as the transformation of the stable into a garage had eliminated the box fly from that region. The flies began to buzz around.

Charles Trump, the Maroon of the firemen, chanced to see the police trap and went back to the station with an

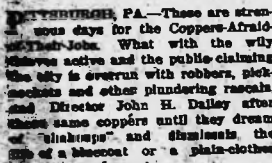
idea. The firemen contributed to a fund to build the largest and most lethal fly-trap in existence. It was installed near the stable, wherein the firemen had an immeasurable advantage over the police in the matter of flies.

Then, all confidence, Trump challenged Cregan to a fly-catching contest between their respective traps. Because the firemen had the advantage of the stable, Trump gave Cregan a handicap of 100 flies.

For days firemen and policemen watched their traps earnestly. Wagers were made on the result and interest grew to a fever heat. Each side accused the other of catching flies by hand and "stuffing" the traps. But, strangely enough, the police trap continued to attract more flies.

An approximate gave Cregan a lead of possibly 2,000 flies and the fire fighters were in despair. A terrible disappointment awaited the police on Monday. With the break of dawn, Cregan went out to inspect his trap. He saw in a roost call. The flies were gone and a nervous bat was alone in the cage!

## Whispered Tip to Cop Wakes Up City Employes



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—These are strange days for the Copper-Brained men of the city. What with the city in a fever with robbers, pickpockets and other plundering rascals, and Director John H. Dalley after these same copper until they dream of "blinks" and "blinks" the city is not pleasant.

The other afternoon Lieutenant of Police Charles Paulmier and a couple of "bubs" were polishing their buttons in Magistrate Fred Gottstein's backroom at the North Side police station, while the magistrate told funny stories and drew cartoons on a pad that don't seem to be in use.

"I've waited an hour for this Broadway car," said the sergeant in charge that "two suspicious" men were standing in an office of Arch Street, near the High School in Lancaster.

"The old man," said the sergeant, "has been waiting for the 'broadway' car for an hour. They look

the suspects sure enough. Both, however, were reclining on the sidewalk comfortably resting against a brick house, fast asleep in the broiling sun.

When yanked to their feet by the scowling limbs of the law, the darkey rubbed their eyes and gazed in wonderment at the blue coats.

"Whatcha you arrest 'em for, boss?" they asked of Paulmier. "We ain't blinks nothin' but waitin' yach for a garbage wagon 't come 'long. We ain't city employes, we is. We jes—"

"Bout here!" shouted Lieutenant Paulmier to the "subs." "Forward, straight back to the cooler, you!"

"We've been fooled again."

# LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

## STATE GEOLOGIST ALLEN HAS COMPLETED APPRAISAL OF IRON MINES.

### COST OF AVERAGE LIFE LOST IN ACCIDENTS.

Figures of Board Show That to Kill a Michigan Workman Costs in Final Analysis More Than \$7,000.00.

[By Gurd M. Haysa.]

Lansing, Mich.—State Geologist R. C. Allen has completed for the state tax commission the appraisal of the iron mines of the state for 1913. The figures for Gogebic, Iron and Dickinson counties have been fixed definitely, but the assessment of the Marquette county iron mines, is, as yet, only tentative. Since the first of the year State Geologist Allen has been engaged in this work for the state tax commission and the appraisal is regarded as the best and most accurate that has ever been made. Two years ago the legislature appropriated \$40,000 for the purpose of securing an appraisal of all mining properties in Michigan and Prof. Finley completed the enormous task in ten weeks. However, his figures were questioned by the commission and were little used and the money spent has been regarded as one of the legislature's poor investments.

It is expected that the appraisal made by R. C. Allen will play a prominent part in the next session of the legislature in the event that an attempt is again made to pass a tonnage tax bill. These figures show conclusively that some of the larger and more profitable mines would pay less to the state under a specific tax of ten cents per ton, which was the figure named in the last tonnage tax bill introduced in the legislature, than they are now paying on an ad valorem basis, which some of the smaller and less productive mines would be practically forced out of business.

In 1911 the valuation of the iron mines of Michigan was \$85,587,325, while the valuation for 1913 is \$82,707,256. In other words there is a decrease in 1913 of 3.33 per cent from the valuation of two years ago. In order to understand why the mines show a decrease in valuation for this year it is necessary to know the methods used in the appraisal of the mines. Each mine has furnished the tax commission a sworn statement of the itemized costs and receipts for each property during a period covering the five years preceding January 1, 1913. From this information there has been figured the profits, or in many cases losses, per ton of ore mined from each property. Royalties are in all cases figured as profits. The value of a ton of ore in the ground in each particular property is thus obtained with great precision. The total tonnage of ore shown up in each property is then figured by State Geologist Allen and there is added to this, in most cases, a certain tonnage designated as prospective or profitable ore. This figure of total reserves is then divided by the average shipment made by the property during the past five years and the quotient is taken as the prospective life of the mine.

In obtaining the actual present value of the mine the total ore reserves are multiplied by the value of a ton of ore in the ground and this figure is then multiplied by the present worth of a dollar to be paid in equal installments during a period of years equal to the productive life of the mine, figuring interest at six per cent. In some rare cases has been found necessary to vary the method of appraisal, but on the whole this plan has been followed wherever possible.

In some classes of property, such as those having ore bodies which have been developed by drilling but which have not been mined, it is not possible to obtain from the records of operating experience the various factors on which the appraisal is based. The factor of tonnage may be obtained with a very reasonable degree of accuracy in most cases, but the remaining factors are assumed by the appraiser. These assumptions are based on the operating experience of the active mines.

From the statistics prepared by State Geologist Allen it is shown that the amount of ore in the ground has increased during the past two years by about 20,000,000 tons, notwithstanding the fact that the state has shipped during that period approximately the same amount. In other words there is more ore found and developed each year than there is shipped. The question arises as to why it is that 139,000,000 tons of ore in the ground are worth less in 1913 than 169,000,000 tons were worth in 1911. The explanation is that the value of a ton of ore in the ground depends on ore prices and the relation of these to the cost of mining and transportation.

During the five year period preceding the 1911 appraisal the mines made profits of about \$54,000,000, while during the five year period preceding the appraisal of 1913 the total profits dropped to approximately \$47,500,000. This shows a falling off in the earnings of 12.3 per cent. State Geologist

Allen says the decrease in profits is due mainly to the low price of ore in 1913 and the decreased shipments of 1911, but he points out that while the profits of the business of iron mining decreased 12.3 per cent the increase in the appraisal valuation is only 3.33 per cent. Allen says that this decrease is not larger is due to the rapid development of the mines in Iron county during the past two years.

The tonnage of ore in Iron county has doubled in the past two years and this is reflected in the increase in the valuation of this county of more than 39 per cent. There have been some important developments in Gogebic county also, but in the other counties the tonnage has not been increased by new developments. Only one new property has been developed in Marquette county and it is doubtful if this property contains sufficient ore to make a mine, according to the state geologist's observations.

In 1910 the iron mines of Michigan paid the state \$999,308 in taxes, while in 1913 the iron industry turned into the coffers of the state, \$1,379,551. The total effect has been an increase of about 37 per cent in total taxes paid by the mining properties. Another interesting comparison is afforded by the ratio of taxes to operating profits. During the period of 1906-1910, preceding the first valuation of mines by the tax commission, the ratio of taxes to operating profits was 6.52 per cent. During the period 1903-1912 this ratio was 10.98 per cent, and this result is the average of three years of low valuations by local boards and two years of full valuation by the state tax commission.

These figures of valuation do not include the value of ore in stock or buildings in mine locations that are not a part of the mine plant. Neither do they include the value of other mineral lands. Ore in stock is assessed as personal property at its cash value, 0.6 cents, which is in the neighborhood of an average of \$2.50 per ton. This figure per ton is obtained by subtracting from the Lake Erie ore prices merely transportation, commissions and loading charges. All buildings not a part of the actual mine plant are appraised separately. The value of mineral land, about 84,000 acres, in 1913 will be in the neighborhood of \$760,000. This represents face value. The value of the land itself is not included but is assessed separately.

Therefore, State Geologist Allen says that if the valuation of the mineral lands, ore in stock and buildings on mining locations were added the figures of valuation for 1913 would be increased by several million dollars. The additional value added for buildings other than those included in the mining plant may be judged in a way by the fact that the assessment of mining property in the city of Negaunee alone includes the value of 600 separate buildings not assessed as a part of the mine. These buildings have not heretofore been assessed by local authorities, but all such property has been placed on mine rolls by the tax commission. The total value of this additional property has not been figured to date, but Allen says it will increase the total valuation of mining properties by several million dollars.

The Michigan compensation act places upon human life a value which is something more than theoretical. Under this act 73 fatalities during the closing quarter of the industrial accident board's first fiscal year cost Michigan industry \$168,304. Never before has it been possible to obtain even an estimate of the cost of fatal accidents to Michigan employers. It has generally been understood that it was considerable, but even when referred to cold figures, there can remain no doubt, according to the members of the commission, that this tax is too great to be borne without making an effort to remedy conditions which are responsible for it.

The average human life which was sacrificed during the months of June, July and August cost \$2,305.53. In addition to this direct charge which is registered against the employer primarily and ultimately comes out of the consumer, there is the loss to the community which is estimated at \$5,000. It will be seen, therefore, that it costs in the final analysis \$7,305.53 to kill a Michigan workman. It must also become evident that fatal accidents are a luxury which no successful Michigan industry can afford to cultivate.

The mining industry was the heaviest contributor to the list of killed during the past quarter. Seventeen fatalities in the iron, copper and coal mines of Michigan cost the operators \$41,523 which would have paid the average wages of 2,528 mine workers for a period of one week, or which would have been sufficient to continue the wages of those seventeen men had they lived and remained in active production for a period of 150 weeks or practically three years.

Fifteen fatal accidents cost the electric and steam roads of Michigan during the three months covered \$39,081 or \$2,738.50 per accident. In view of the present interest in the rate of wages paid in the upper peninsula mines, it is interesting to note that the average miner's dependents receive as compensation \$2,442.53, while the dependents of the average railroad man receive \$2,738.50; dependents of those engaged in the electrical industry \$2,540.57; dependents of paper mill workers \$1,751.53; dependents of employees in building trades \$2,194.43; of employees of lumber industry \$2,194.96; and of 19 miscellaneous employees \$2,102.67.

# THAW DECISION NEXT MONDAY

## GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE HEARS ARGUMENTS ON EXTRADITION.

### JEROME TELLS WHY NEW YORK WANTS SLAYER.

Mother and Brother of Noted Madman With Him at Hearing Before Felker in Fight for Freedom.

Concord, N. H.—Governor Samuel D. Felker will not decide whether to send Harry K. Thaw back to Matteawan, or to give him his liberty in New Hampshire, until next Monday.

That was the upshot of Tuesday's hearing, delivered a few minutes after the Senate Chamber of the statehouse and told New Hampshire's governor why New York state has been willing to spend money and time to get Thaw back.

Harry Thaw, accompanied by United States Marshal Nute and Sheriff Drew walked from the Engle hotel to the statehouse steps between a solid mass of curious people, moving picture photographers, newspaper carriers and general hangers-on. He was followed by his counsel, seven strong.

His mother and brother, Josiah, who had already entered, sat directly behind him. Mrs. Thaw and her son exchanged words from time to time, but at no period did Josiah and Harry exchange a word or glance.

Governor Felker's decision was postponed until Monday on request of Thaw's counsel, who said that they wanted until that time to file their briefs. Meantime Thaw will be kept at the Eagle hotel in the custody of United States Marshal Nute. Mrs. Thaw will stay with him.

Colorado Miners on Strike

Trinidad, Col.—Several thousand miners in the southern coal fields of District 15, Colorado, United Mine Workers of America, Tuesday entered upon a strike which has for its chief purpose the recognition of the union.

At the beginning of the strike the operators take a positive stand that there will be no compromise with the miners on the demand of the union recognition. The other demands of the miners—for their own check weighing, man, privileges to live where they please, trade where they please, and employ such doctors as they please—are not receiving much discussion either from operators or from miners.

Explosion Kills Four Men.

Philadelphia—Four workmen killed and one injured by an explosion in the gelatine mixing house of the Dupont powder works at Gibbstown, N. J., near here. The four men killed were simply obliterated. According to workmen the largest part of any of the four found was a hand.

Only four men were employed in the gelatine building. Officials of the company said that no one will ever know what caused the explosion. The shock was felt throughout southern New Jersey, Philadelphia and other places between here and Chester, Pa.

Fatal Wreck Near New York.

Three persons were killed and 20 injured early Monday in a head-on crash of two Long Island railroad electric trains at College Point, L. I. Of the injured one will die.

Most of the injured were mill employes on their way to work.

The crash occurred on a curve not far from the station. The trains, running 40 miles an hour, rounded the curve from opposite directions almost simultaneously, and the crash was inevitable. The steel cars buckled but did not telescope. This fact doubtless saved many lives.

Pardoned After Many Years.

Columbus, O.—After spending practically all of his life since he attained to manhood, inside the penitentiary walls, John Taborn, the oldest convict in the Ohio penitentiary, was pardoned by Governor Cox. Taborn had been a prisoner for 43 years. He was convicted of murder in Delaware county in 1870 and sentenced to life imprisonment. He is now 66 years of age.

The horse sheds at the Deckerville fair grounds caught fire Monday morning and were almost entirely destroyed. Two valuable race horses were burned to death.

F. T. Palmer, a pioneer and cousin of the late Senator Palmer, of Detroit, died at St. Clair. He was born in Ohio in 1832, and came to St. Clair in 1847. Mr. Palmer held several city and county offices. Surviving him are three daughters.

One thousand lots in the outskirts of Muskegon Heights, owned by the state prior to last June, have been sold to an Indianapolis company, and there now is no more state-owned land within the limits of that city.

Prof. Thomas C. Treadwell, of the department of oratory at the University of Michigan, has received the subject for the Michigan-Chicago-Norwichers triangular debate this fall. He is "Resolved, that the state should establish a schedule of minimum wages for unskilled labor, constitutionally amended."

# MARKETS

## Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

### Detroit Stock Markets.

Cattle: Receipts, 998; market steady. Best steers and heifers, \$2.25@2.85; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.50@7.85; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7@7.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7@7.50; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6@6.75; choice fat cows, \$6@6.25; good fat cows, \$5.50@5.75; common cows, \$4.50@5.25; canners, \$3@4.25; choice heavy bulls, \$6@6.65; fair to good bologna bulls, \$5.50@5.75; stock bulls, \$5@5.25; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7@7.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50@7; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$5.50@6; stock heifers, \$5@5.50; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$6@8.5; common milkers, \$4@5.0.

Veal calves—Receipts, 224; best grades strong; heavy and grass grades \$1 lower; best, \$11@12.50; heavy, \$7@9; grass, \$5@6.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,325; market steady; best lambs, \$7; fair to good lambs, \$6.25@6.75; light to common lambs, \$5@5.75; yearlings, \$5@5.50; fair to good sheep, \$3.75@4.25; culls and common, \$2.50@3.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,225; market very dull at following quotations: None sold until late in afternoon. Light to good butchers, \$8.75@9; pigs, \$3@3.25; mixed, \$8.50@9; heavy, \$8.50@8.75.

BUFFALO—Cattle: Receipts, 165 cars; market 10@15c higher; best 1,350 to 1,500-lb steers, \$8.75@9.10; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, \$8.50@8.75; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, \$8.25@8.60; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.50@7.85; choice handy steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$8.25@8.75; fair to good steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$7.25@7.75; grassy, 800 to 1,000-lb steers, \$7@7.50; best cows, \$6.75@7.25; butcher cows, \$5.75@6.50; cutters, \$4.50@5; trimmers, \$3.75@4.25; best heifers, \$7.50@8.25; medium butcher heifers, \$6.50@7.25; stock heifers, \$5@5.25; best feeding steers, \$7@7.25; fair to good steers, \$6.25@6.50; common light stockers, \$5.50@6; best butcher bulls, \$5.75@7.25; best bologna bulls, \$5.50@6; stock bulls, \$5@5.50; best milkers and springers, \$7@8.00; common to good springers, \$5@6.00.

Hogs: Receipts, 90 cars; market 5@10c higher; heavy, \$9@9.25; mixed, \$9.40@9.55; yorkers, \$9.45@9.55; pigs, \$8@8.40; roughs, \$8@8.25; hogs, \$6.50@7.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 30 cars; market active; top lambs, \$7.65@7.75; culls to fair, \$6@7.50; yearlings, \$5.50@6; wethers, \$5@6.25; ewes, \$4@4.75.

Calves, \$5@12.

### Detroit Grain Markets.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 94 1/2c; September opened without change at 94 1/2c; advanced to 96c and declined to 94 1/2c; December opened at 97 3/4c, lost 1/2c, recovered to 98c and closed at 97 3/4c; May opened at \$1.03, gained 1/4c and declined to \$1.03; No. 1 white, 94 1/2c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 76 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 1 car at 77 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 77c.

Oats—Standard, 44 1/2c; No. 3 white, 44c; No. 4 white, 43c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 69 1/2c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$1.80; October, \$1.85.

Clovers—October, \$7.10; December, 50 bags at \$7.20; March, \$7.30; sample, 15 bags at \$6.75, 24 at \$6.50, 12 at \$6; October alkali, \$10.25; sample alkali, 18 bags at \$9.50, 12 at \$8.75.

Timothy—Prime spot, 40 bags at \$2.60.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, \$3.

Barley—By sample, 1 car at \$1.50 per cwt.

Hay—Carlots, track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, \$16@16.50; standard, \$15@15.50; No. 2, \$14@14.50; light mixed, \$15@15.50; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@14; rye straw, \$18@9; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Feed—in 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$25; coarse middlings, \$27; fine middlings, \$29; cracked corn, \$33; coarse corn-meal, \$31; corn and oat chop, \$27.50 per ton.

### Detroit General Markets.

Plums—\$1.80@1.75 per bu.

Pears—Clapp's Favorite, 75@81; Bartlett, \$1.25@1.50 per bu.

Apples—Michigan, 50c@41 per bu; No. 1, \$2.75@2 per bbl; No. 2, \$1.50@2 per bbl.

Green Corn—10@12c per doz.

Cabbage—\$2@2.25; per bbl.

Potatoes—\$2@2.25 per sack of 2 1/2 bushels.

Tomatoes—Home-grown, 90c per bushel.

Onions—New southern, \$1 per bu.

Spanish, \$1.40 per crate.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 14@15c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.

Melons—Arizona Rocky Ford, \$7@2.25 per case; Osage, \$3@3.25; per bbl and \$1.80 per bu; watermelons, 35@40c each.

Livestock—Broilers, 16c; best, 15 1/2c; No. 2 best, 11@12c; old roosters, 10@11c; turkeys, 17@18c; geese, 10@11c; ducks, 14@15c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan, \$13 1/4@14c; New York, \$12 1/2@13c; brick cream, 17@17 1/2c; Danbury, 14@15c; imported Swiss, \$12 1/2@13c; block Swiss, 13 1/2@14c; log horns, 17@17 1/2c per lb.

# MICHIGAN NEWS TERSELY TOLD

Pontiac—Mrs. Mary Ann Mason, a patient at the Pontiac State hospital for 35 years, is dead. The body was taken to her old home at Farmington.

Kalamazoo.—An announcement was made that the St. Joseph parish will, in the immediate future, build a new \$10,000 church. The church was organized a few years ago by Monsignor F. A. O'Brien and has grown rapidly.

Bay City.—Health Officer Keho found five children—the oldest ten and the youngest five—alone in the home of Robert Young, Young works in Detroit, and his wife went to join him two days ago. The children had been left to shift for themselves.

Cadillac.—Aviator Carlson of Cadillac came near ending his flying days at the Northern district fair here. On his second flight he came down at such a sharp angle in his monoplane that the propeller struck the ground. Carlson was thrown violently to the ground.

Kalamazoo.—Sherman Cummings, sixty-four years old, a resident of Kalamazoo county all his life, was killed by a Michigan Central train in front of his home. Cummings was for 25 years supervisor of the poor and served many years on the board of supervisors.

Pontiac.—Oakland's first county Y. M. C. A. group has been formed under the new system of county work. Hikes, fall play festivals and field days are on the list of sports for the young men of the villages in this county where associations are maintained.

Port Huron.—Every canine in Port Huron is to be killed unless it is muzzled, according to an edict of the police department just issued. This was prompted by activities of a pet dog owned by an Indianapolis man, and left here a few days ago. It went mad and bit several dogs and cats.

Jackson.—Charged with selling sausage, which was adulterated with sulphurous acid or similar chemicals, William F. Boosong, Fred Webster and Gottlieb Molenkopf, three Jackson butchers, were arrested. The complaints were made by James E. Heiber, state dairy and food inspector.

Niles.—An audit of the records of the board of public works of this city recently completed by experts at an expense of \$3,000, has been given to the public, and it discloses the fact that during the eight years' incumbency of Superintendent H. W. Fagan, the only discrepancy was a single item of less than \$10.

Niles.—William Wyeoff, sixty years old, biggame hunter on the Niles Central at Hilo, Michigan, dropped dead in his car at the Niles station while eating his lunch. His home is in Jackson, where the body was taken. Wyeoff had been in the employ of the Michigan Central for 40 years and for 26 years had made the daily run to and from Niles.

Calumet.—While on picket duty at the Isle Royale mine in the copper miners' strike some Randolph Harvey, a private of Company A, Kalamazoo, was shot from ambush and seriously wounded. The bullet penetrated the soldier's right arm and entered his body, lodging against a rib. It is not believed the wound will result fatally. A general alarm was sounded and soldiers and deputies scoured the woods, but found no trace of the would-be assassin. The shooting is believed to have been done by a strike sympathizer.

Muskegon.—Attacked by a bull and forced to take refuge in a tree, which later caught fire from burning brush, was the thrilling experience of R. T. Lane, an English township farmer living near here. Lane managed to beat out the fire in the tree. His eyebrows were burned off and his clothing was scorched. He climbed 60 feet into the tree before he was able to check the flames that spread through the branches. The bull stayed in the neighborhood and Lane was unable to escape for several hours. Finally a line of fire forced the bull away from the tree and Lane was able to descend. He fled through the hot embers of the brush fire.

Grand Rapids.—At the second session of the Michigan United Brethren conference seven pastors received fields as follows: Rev. C. C. Rutledge, Burton; Rev. M. H. Gardner, Berrien; Rev. W. D. Stratton, Caldonia; Rev. W. I. Pritchard, Oak Grove; Rev. E. P. Richards, Soda; Rev. F. T. Inman, Waterloo, and Rev. E. F. Brant, Buchanan. Five men were not ordained ministers were licensed to preach. They are: Wallace A. Scoll, Lake Odessa; Charles H. Ott, Detroit; Andrew H. Frank, Branchcraft; Lathrop Hegarty, Grand Rapids; A. Glenn Sherr, Grand Rapids. The following pastors were appointed to charges: Rev. B. W. Shuckura, to Ontario; Rev. G. G. Langdon to Berrien, C. H. Gillen to Soda, Rev. W. E. Pritchard to Oak Grove, Rev. J. E. Bordiner to Waterloo and Rev. E. H. Hayes to Ogden.

Lansing.—For the first time in the history of the state the total acreage of Michigan has been officially and authoritatively determined. Surveys, which have not been completed by Land Commissioner Curtis, show the size of Michigan at 36,570,714 acres. This is exclusive of a military reserve on Mackinac Island. The state geologist says that the state geologist will now be able to refer accurately to the exact number of acres in any county and township.

Grand Rapids.—George A. Tamm, typhoid patient, died at the Grand Rapids Hospital. He had been in the hospital for several weeks.



# WISE BILLY

by Edward B. Clark

**W**ISE BILLY," they called him up Bowmanville way. He was called this in derision, for Wise Billy was witless. There were some of the Bowmanville people who wouldn't have it that Billy was entirely witless, and it was in the expression of this belief these people showed that they were to be classed with the wiser ones.

Wise Billy had been hit on the head when he was nothing more than a toddler and it was the blow that set his mind groping for things that it could never fully grasp. Bowmanville, while it is a part of a great city, has green fields and great forests yet untouched by the ax of nature's tyrant. Billy roamed the fields and threaded the forests. Like Little Hiawatha he learned of the birds and the squirrels their secrets. They were playmates that never made sport of his mental shortcomings. He loved them and they loved him. The streams beyond the little stream which farther on in its course becomes the Chicago river, were the haunts of bobolinks. It was there that the Italian bird catchers hired by the big city dealers were in the habit of setting their traps to catch rollicking Robert of Lincoln that he might be cooped up in a 7 by 8 cage to pine away a few brief summer months for the supposed pleasure of someone whose ideas of liberty did not include bird and beast.

One afternoon the Italians set their traps all over the meadow with a captive bird in the lower compartment. The men went to a hedge by the roadside to watch results. They saw a boy start off a green jump across the meadow. His feet were winged. Before the trappers could realize what was up the lower door of the first trap in line was open, a bobolink was freed and the trap itself was a crushed mass of wire and sticks. They tried, but they could not catch this grey-brown of a lad. He liberated twelve birds and smashed twelve traps, and then shot into the budding woods. It was Wise Billy who had done this turn for his bobolink friends.

Wise Billy's father and mother sent him to school. The teachers did not want to receive him, but he was quiet and he showed shortly that impression could be made upon his disordered mind. He knew more about the pictures than he did about the words, but in the course of a year or two he wrote sentences disjointedly. It was poetry that Wise Billy loved, especially the poetry in which the words sang of birds and trees and flowers. It was an inspiration to hear Billy repeat Bryant's "Bobolink" and the "Lines to a Waterfowl." There was a place in his heart seemed to speak to some little sound section of his muddled mind.

Wise Billy reported at the school one morning that he was going to be a poet. He stood at his desk and made the announcement out loud. The pupils laughed and laughed. The teacher tried to look kindly, but there was a bit of merriment in her face. "I'll bring some verses and show you," cried Billy. He was keenly alive to ridicule, witless though he was.

Wise Billy had found a friend. He was a man who tramped the field with a round box in which he put leaves and flowers and with an opera glass through which he stared at birds. Billy had come across the stranger near the river's edge just west of the budding wood. The man was picking marsh marigolds. Billy told him he would show him where there were some prettier ones if the man would promise not to pick them. The stranger seemed struck by this appeal from the boy with halting tongue and vacant



eye. "You're a second edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson, my boy," said he a little quizzically.

"They're pretty by the water," said Billy, "and the wind whispers to them and they tell me what the wind says."

"You're a poet," said the man with the box. "I wouldn't pick your flowers now were they the real gold they seem to be, but I'm after birds, too."

"Bang 'em and put 'em in a box?"

"No, just look at them."

"I'll show you lots," said Billy.

The man came to the meadows often after this and met Billy. The lad knew where the lark perch, where the vireo placed its paper-lined home and where the oriole swung its cradle. He showed all his treasures to the man who was willing to look and to spare. One day Billy brought some papers to his botanical-orthological acquaintance. "They're poems," he said. "Like what the man with the grey beard wrote about bobolinks and like what the man Shakespeare something said about the yellow swamp flowers."

Billy's naturalist friend took the manuscript. Rhythm there was none; the spelling would make a lexicographer weep, but there was poetry. The boy said in essence that the marigold didn't die because he thought of it all the year through, and thinking of things "makes 'em live."

One of Billy's schoolmates had trapped a shore lark. The bird sings as it soars, and in that respect is like unto the lark that "at heaven's gate sings." Billy had fought a good fight for the trapped lark when the trapper was talking it homeward, but a crowd of schoolmates who re-

garded the larks as fair prey made numbers carry the day.

One day Billy and the stroller "Bird" were tramping the meadow that edges the Bowmanville road that runs along and crosses the rustic bridge over the north branch of the river. They heard shouts and turning saw that a building facing the road was on fire. It was a frame structure with the two upper stories occupied by families. It was on the ledge of the front window of the upper apartment that the caged lark which Billy had tried to save had been imprisoned for several days. The man and boy started for the scene of the fire. The building was a furnace. "Everybody's out," called a man in the crowd that had gathered.

Billy, the witness, looked up. He saw the lark in the cage. The stairway was burning. He eluded a detaining hand and dashed into the entrance and up the stairs. A man jumped after him, but it was too late. He was driven back. In less than a minute the people with staring eyes saw the boy appear at the front upper window. His form was framed with smoke and flame. They saw him fairly tear apart the cage that held the lark. In an instant the bird was free and went soaring heavenward singing.

There was a crash: a door had given way. A little later a crowd had gathered round the dead body of a boy. The school teacher and Billy's naturalist companion were looking down on the face that the flames had left untouched.

"He wanted to be a poet," said the teacher. "Wanted to be?" said the trapper of the fields. "Wanted to be?" His whole life was a poem and his death was a song."

## ANGLER HOOKS MAN WHO IS DROWNING

### Amateur Fisherman Had Narrow Escape From Death in Lake Pontchartrain.

New Orleans, La.—William Klein, an upholsterer, of No. 1514 Euterpe street, an amateur angler, experienced a narrow escape from death just as he had finished preparations for a day's sport in fishing off the northeastern bridge over Lake Pontchartrain, about 500 feet from North Shore.

The presence of mind of John Landry, a negro living at No. 119 North Liberty street, saved Mr. Klein from drowning. Landry cast a line and hooked Mr. Klein as the latter was sinking.

Mr. Klein, accompanied by his son, arrived at North Shore about 7 a. m. and began walking the "long bridge." When about 500 feet from the shore the crowd gathered on a small platform to permit an incoming local train to pass. Mr. Klein carried his fishing pole strapped across his shoulder.



The Hook Caught.

This was hit by the tender of the incoming train.

The upholsterer was thrown in the lake on the Mandeville side of the bridge, landing in the water somewhat dazed. A swift tide running at the time carried Mr. Klein under the bridge and out into the lake.

Ropes were thrown to him, but he was helpless and was rapidly floating from the bridge.

John Landry, the negro fisherman, threw his fishing line in the direction of Mr. Klein, fortunately striking him on the leg. The hook caught and the almost lifeless body was brought up and held at the surface.

Several men who witnessed the sensational rescue climbed down posts and fastened a rope to the fisherman's body. He was held there until a small fishing craft was brought to Mr. Klein's side and later he was taken ashore.

It was not until some time after his son and several of the amateur fishermen worked on the prostrate form that the man was revived.

Mr. Klein suffered pain as a result of the fish hook which caught in his leg when Landry threw the lucky line. The hook was deeply imbedded in the fleshy part of the leg and had to be cut out.

## BIG RATTLER CHARMS CHILD

### Little Girl Wriggled and Squealed Like Snake Until the Reptile Was Killed.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Charmed by a big rattlesnake three feet long with nine rattles, Helen, the three-year-old daughter of Andrew Lahey of Amenia, near here, who was snatched from the reptile by her mother the other day, has caused much astonishment to the residents of that section by her strange actions. The little child wriggled and squealed about like a snake and it was not until the reptile was put to death by the father of the child that the little girl stopped squirming and returned to her normal condition. She was not bitten by the snake. For several days the mother of the little girl noticed that the youngster played around a stone door step in front of the house and disliked being taken away from the spot. Finally the mother noticed the baby playing in the same place and talking to some one. Creeping up behind the baby Mrs. Lahey was astonished to find that her little girl was bent over talking to an object under the step. Securing an iron bar Mrs. Lahey lifted the stone to ascertain the attraction of the baby and much to her horror she discovered a huge rattler coiled up under the step. Snatching the child and screaming for help Mrs. Lahey attracted the attention of her husband and he killed the snake. Immediately after the reptile was put to death the little girl recovered her normal condition.

Was It the Heat? Paris.—Police officers found a victim wrapped in a blanket sleeping on a Seine quay told him to "move on" but apologized when he showed his card and explained he could not sleep in his flat.

## HADN'T TOLD ANY UNTRUTH

### Colored Witness Simply Stated a Fact, Though It Was Not the Information Desired.

In St. Louis a stout colored woman, apparently about forty years old, was called as a witness in an assault case before a police judge. She said: "I am eighty-four and I live down near the river, and this is what I saw when the fight took place."

She then gave her account of the assault.

On cross-examination the attorney for the defense asked her when and where she was born, and she replied: "Right here in St. Louis, in July, '72."

"Then," cried the lawyer in a triumphant tone, "what do you mean by saying that you are eighty-four?"

"Oh," replied the old lady, "that ain't my age; that is my bust measurement."

## PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep.

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

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

## Pithy Postscript.

A striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript occurred in the case of a young lady who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

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

"Eternal punishment" may be the price of being too poor to buy a divorce.

The fit pleasures of youth become myths in after years.

## WOMAN FEELS 10 YEARS YOUNGER

### Since Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Louisville, Ky.—"I take great pleasure in writing to inform you of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was weak, nervous, and could get nothing but sleep. Now I can go ahead with my work daily and ten years younger than before I started taking your medicine. I will advise any woman to consult with you before going to a doctor."—Mrs. Emma Walker, 229 Bank St., Louisville, Ky.



Another Sufferer Relieved. Romayor, Texas.—"I suffered terribly with a displacement and bladder trouble. I was in misery all the time and could not walk any distance. I thought I never could be cured, but my mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did.

"I am cured of the displacement and the bladder trouble is relieved. I think the Compound is the finest medicine on earth for suffering women."—Mrs. Viola Jasper, Romayor, Texas.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultant) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

## Don't Put Off

seeking relief from the illness caused by defective action of the organs of digestion. Most serious ailments get their start in troubles of the stomach, liver, bowels—troubles quickly, safely, surely relieved by

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c. 50c.

## DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Obtainable at any drugstore for 10c. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., 114, MADISON, N.Y.

## BLACKS OPTICIANS

ESTD. 1890. 115 WOODWARD AVENUE.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY. (Used in France and other countries.)

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. THE BEST REMEDY FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A perfect preparation of natural hair oil.

Readers desiring to be advertised in its columns should insist upon having their ads. refused all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO. 25-1913.

## BARN SWALLOW, CHIMNEY SWEEP AND KING BIRD

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

When the King bird arrives in the early spring with his bride from the south, he guards her most jealously, and fights most pugnaciously all others of his kind who come near.

Noted for his fighting nature, the King bird is entitled to his royal name, and is also called the tyrant Flycatcher, and from his epicurean love of insects, he is known again as the Bee Martin, although far removed from the Martin family, being really one of the Flycatchers.

He possesses no noble qualities, as without provocation he often allows "his angry passions" to rise, and makes bold and aggressive attacks on the crow, and often chases away from his field the less offensive small birds. Very like the Indians of the western plains, the King bird never likes to meet a foe in open warfare, preferring to swoop down upon some offending neighbor, giving him a

parts are grayish slate color; on his head is a concealed orange red crest. The under parts are white, washed with gray on the breast. The tail is black, tipped with white. The nest is built at the end of a branch of some low tree, several feet from the ground, and is a compact structure, composed of leaves, string, weeds, grass, fine rootlets, bark and hair. The number of eggs are generally five, and they are creamy white, spotted with dark brown and purple gray.

I suppose that every boy who reads this paper has seen the Barn Swallow, but how many have seen the bird at work building her nest? Some day if you hide away inside the barn, and keep very quiet, you can witness this very interesting performance.

One day last summer I was out on a farm, and in the barn I heard a great chattering and chirping, and discovered the Barn Swallow were building. As the male of most bird families does not assist his mate in this work, I concluded that it was "he" who was doing the chattering, while the little housewife carried the mud and straw of which the walls of the house were built. Most of the time he was inside the half-finished nest giving advice, while she worked.

There were three nests under way, and they were round in form and the mud and straw were firmly and smoothly plastered together, and the inside of a finished one was lined with soft feathers from the chicken yard.

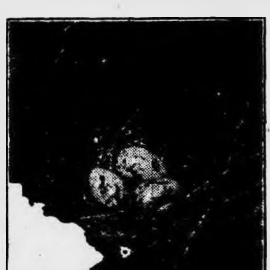
These birds are very graceful, and they go about in colonies, flying low over the meadows and fields while on the lookout for the insects on which they feed.

The male and the female Barn Swallow are marked alike. The upper parts are steel blue throat, upper breast and forehead are chestnut rufous in color, and the under parts are washed with the same, shading to a buff. The tail is very slender, and deeply forked. The female is slightly smaller than the male, and her coloring is paler. She raises two broods of young in a season, from the four to six eggs at a sitting, which are white with spots of purplish brown.

The Chimney Swift is more commonly called "The Chimney Swallow."

whereas it is no swallow at all, being more nearly related to the humming birds than to the swallows.

These birds congregate about my home in small flocks, and in early morning and late afternoon may be seen rapidly sailing over the house-tops, where they build their nests in unused chimneys. Their nests are composed of twigs glued together with



The Splashed and Sprawled Eggs of the Purple Grackle.

a gummy secretion of the birds' salivary glands.

When the Swift flies, his movements are more suggestive of the bat

than those of a bird, as he darts hither and thither, and it is often perplexing, at dusk, to distinguish the two.

These odd birds cling to the sides of the chimney, and to rough places, assisted by their spine-like tails, and are never seen to alight on the ground, because they would be unable to arise again, on account of their long wings and short feet. Their song consists of a rolling twitter, which is quite pleasant to hear.

The Chimney Swift is about an inch shorter than the English Sparrow, but its long wings make it appear larger. The male and female are marked alike, being of a deep, sooty gray. The tail is even, and has very elastic and sharply pointed quills, beyond which the wings extend an inch and a half. The feet have exceedingly sharp claws.

In country houses, during the summer, I have heard the roar, like distant thunder, of a flock of these birds rising from one of the large chimneys, in the early morning.

The Swift lays from four to six pure white eggs.

Point of View.

The Post—How gracefully Mrs. Jones sweeps out a parlor.

The Housekeeper—Yes, but does she take the dirt out of the corners?



Boys and girls may be saved for the agricultural districts by teaching them to love the country and to look upon farming as a noble and profitable occupation.



Cat Bird's Nest.

peck in the back of the head, and then our King bird turns like a flash to his resting place.

The King bird is about eight and a half inches in length. His upper



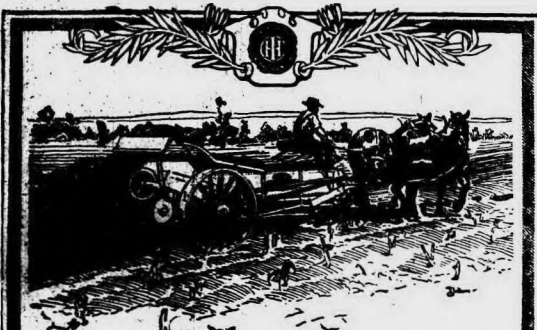


## Fall Painting Economy

1. The wood is thoroughly dry.  
*Summer's sun has removed all moisture.*
2. Paint penetrates deeper into dry wood.  
*The deeper it goes the better it holds.*
3. Fall weather is warm, dry and dependable.  
*Little danger of cold, damp, rainy days which endanger the durability of the paint.*
4. Wet weather decays and destroys unprotected surfaces.  
*Lack of paint means unsightly and less valuable property.*
5. Fall painting keeps out winter moisture.  
*The greatest enemy to the life and beauty of all structures.*

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

## Gayde Brothers, Plymouth



### Best-Hated of Farm Tasks

IN the spreaderless farm the thought of the great heaps of manure piling up constantly in barn yards, stables, and stalls, is a gloomy one. Those piles mean much disagreeable and hard work. It must all be loaded on high wagons. It must be raked off in piles in the fields. Then every forkful must be shaken apart and spread.

Compare that old-fashioned method with the I H C spreader box. You pitch the manure into the spreader box, only waist high, drive out and—the machine does all the rest. And it spreads evenly and far less wastefully.

### I H C Manure Spreaders

are farm necessities. The man who uses one will get the price of it back in increased crops before its newness has worn off.

Every detail and feature counts. They do best work always and stand every strain for years. They are made in all styles and sizes, for small farms and large, low and high machines, frames of braced and trussed steel. Uphill or down, or on the level, the apron drive assures even spreading, and the covering of corners is assured by rear axle differentials. In all styles the rear axle is placed so that it carries near three-fourths of the load. This, with the wide-rimmed wheels with Z-shaped logs, makes for plenty of tractive power. Winding of the beater is prevented by large diameter and the beater teeth are long, strong and chisel pointed.

The I H C spreader lines will interest you. See them at the local dealer's. Get catalogues from him, or write us.

International Harvester Company of America  
Chicago, Ill.

## the ADS

### NEWBURG.

Quite a number were out Sunday to welcome Rev. Dutton back for another year.

Mrs. Mary Ambler of Northville, inspected the W. R. C. last Saturday. A dinner was served to twenty people. All had a fine time.

The remains of Horace Wight, a former resident of this place and highly respected by all, were buried in Newburg cemetery Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Amerhein feel very proud over the arrival of another little son, born Sept. 18th.

Wm. Tolles attended the National encampment at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Harry Bassett of Jackson, is caring for his father who is somewhat improved.

Monday visitors at Mark Joy's were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schaum, Floyd Ostrander and family and Mr. and Mrs. James McNabb of Detroit.

Mrs. Mark Joy and children spent the week visiting friends at Fenton.

Mrs. Minnie Hilliker spent two days last week at the parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Wagoner spent last Sunday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Paddock in Plymouth.

Mrs. James LeVan and Mrs. M. A. Armstrong motored to the city Monday with Mrs. W. O. Allen of Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and daughter Lillian, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stevens and daughter Belda of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Manny Blunk and Mr. Bryant of Plymouth, were guests at the Stevens home last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ryder attended the State fair last Thursday. Mrs. R. remained over night at C. D. Paddock's. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. LeVan motored to the city Tuesday, also visited Mrs. Eli Kline.

### LIVONIA CENTER.

The many friends of Wm. Smith of Waterford, will be sorry to learn of his bad case of blood poisoning in his hand, caused by having it injured on a rusty nail.

The cemetery society met with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cort Tuesday and a very pleasant afternoon was passed by the ladies, some twenty being in attendance.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Woodruff of Detroit, a daughter, Sept. 13th. Mrs. Woodruff was formerly Miss Anna Cort.

Mrs. Ellen Martin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rual Lambert and attended the cemetery meeting Tuesday.

Mrs. Dora Base and son John visited at Wm. Smith's Tuesday.

C. F. Smith's people entertained company from the city Sunday.

Mrs. John Stringer was in the city Wednesday.

Horace Kingsley is doing carpenter work for Frank Peck's people.

Wm. Garbohy's people entertained company fair week.

Mrs. Rual Lambert and sister, Mrs. Martin were Detroit visitors last week and took in the fair a couple of days.

### WORSE THAN MARKET PLACE

Irreverence in St. Paul's Cathedral Centuries Ago Seems Now Almost Unbelievable.

The solemn ceremonies in St. Paul's cathedral contrast curiously with the indecorum of bygone times, says the London Chronicle. Even on the occasion of great men's funerals it was difficult to secure reverence. So bad did the behavior of the people become that at the end of the fourteenth century Bishop Braybrooke held out a threat of the greater excommunication because "in our cathedral not only men but women also, not on common days alone, but especially on festivals, expose their wares as if it were a public market, and buy and sell without reverence for the holy place. Others play at ball or other unseemly games, both within and without the church, breaking the beautiful and costly painted windows, to the amusement of the spectators." Up to 1661 this desecration must have been going on, for we find that the fire which destroyed the spire in that year was attributed to divine anger. Colliers with their sacks of coal and butchers' boys with their loads of meat made the interior of the church a short-cut to customers. The nave and aisles were like a public highway. "What swearing is there," said an old poet, "what shouldering, what jostling, what jarring, what biting of thumbs to begot quarrels." Even the choir boys during divine service would make a dash into the body of the church to collect fines for the wearing of spurs.

### DETROIT Business University

65 West Grand River Avenue, located in new premises and giving the most modern courses of training for business appointments invites you to write for a copy of its new calendar. Address, E. R. Shaw, President, Detroit, Mich.

### Detroit United Lines Plymouth Time Table

Effective May 27, 1913  
EAST BOUND  
For Detroit via Wayne 8:30 a.m. and every hour to 7:30 p.m.; also 9:44 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. changing at Wayne.

NORTH BOUND  
Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:30 a.m. and every hour to 1:00 p.m.; also 9:44 p.m. and 10:44 p.m.  
Leave Detroit for Plymouth 8:30 a.m. and every hour to 5:30 p.m.; 7:30 p.m.; also 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.  
Leave Wayne for Plymouth 8:44 a.m. and every hour to 5:44 p.m.; 8:44 p.m.; also 10:44 p.m. and 12 midnight.  
Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.

### Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Wilhelmina Wilksa deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Carl Beldie, in the village of Plymouth in said county, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1913, and on Friday the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing or disallowing and then paying or refusing to pay any and all claims and demands from the estate of said deceased. A. D. 1913, and also to receive and adjust all claims and demands against said estate for or on behalf of said deceased. Dated this 25th day of September, 1913. ALBERT HENDERSON, GAYDE BROTHERS, Commissioners.

### PERRINSVILLE.

The Gleaners will give a shadow social at the home of Edward Holmes next Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, for the benefit of Mrs. Wm. Parmalee. Everybody welcome.

By way of improving the town Wm. Cooper has put in a new iron pump and built a new platform and painted it red.

The K. O. T. M. will give a dancing party at their hall at Bell Branch, next Thursday evening, Oct. 2. All are invited.

Leon Meldrum and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Meldrum attended the funeral of Mr. H. White of Cady's Corners, Monday.

Mrs. John Beyer attended the funeral of Mrs. A. C. Hoot, west of Plymouth, Tuesday.

Mrs. James Freckleton is again placed on the sick list.

Miss McLutin of Greenfield, is nursing Mrs. Wm. Parmalee.

### Profits in Poultry

People who make money out of chickens, ducks and other fowls speak highly of the conditioning and fattening qualities of HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDER. It makes your chickens thrive, keeps away disease and increases the yield of eggs. The successful poultry raisers nearly all use it. Price 25 cents per package. Sold by J. W. Bickenshaft & Co. and Beyers Pharmacy.—Advt.

### STARK.

Mildred Maynard is spending the week in Detroit.

Mrs. Alford Bell entertained company from Milford last week.

Mr. Woods is erecting some new coal sheds at Stark. He is a wide-awake business man.

Mrs. John Oldenburg is on the sick list.

We were very sorry to hear of the untimely death of Mr. Hudd of Plymouth. Our sympathy is with his wife and son.

Roy Coleman and Hazel and Inice Kingsley spent Tuesday evening at Rose Lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coats spent three days in Detroit last week and also attended the State fair.

Mrs. James Keath and son of Otter Lake, spent three days last week at Rose Lawn with her aunt and family, Mrs. Hoisington.

We are soon to lose Mr. and Mrs. Harlow for which we are very sorry.

Mrs. Chas. Millard is able to be around again.

We are glad to note that Harmon Kingsley is able to be out again after his severe sickness.

Mrs. George Griffen and son Glen go to Toledo Thursday to spend the rest of the week visiting Mrs. Griffen's people. They will also attend the Adrian fair and return home Sunday.

### Caught a Bad Cold.

"Last winter my son caught a bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan, of Tipton, Iowa. "We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

### WEST PLYMOUTH.

Miss Florence Webber McLean of Detroit, is visiting at home for a few days.

Helen Smith visited Mrs. Lewis Brown in Detroit Friday and Saturday and also attended the fair.

James Whalen, Miss Essie Stephenson, James Brough and wife of Detroit, were Sunday visitors at George Innis'.

Walter Gale's two children have the whooping cough.

Richard Whitmore is working in Detroit at the carpenter trade. He has a fine position and is working for one of the large contractors.

Mrs. Emory Shook has been quite sick for the past week.

Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan is entertaining Miss Louise Rodgers of Adrian.

Alfred Stephenson of Chicago, who has been visiting his sister, Mr. Geo. Innis the past week, left to visit relatives in Canada and Cleveland, Ohio, on his way home.

Mrs. Wallace Becker, Sr. of Fenton, Mich., is visiting her son F. L. Becker.

Miss Nina Becker returned home Monday from her summer's stay at Walloon Lake. One of her friends, Miss Mary Small of Detroit, accompanied her.

T. Dewitt Packard has been up around Dexter buying cattle.

Mrs. Inez Packard is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Packard for the present.

### FRAIN'S LAKE

Charles Freeman and family spent Sunday at Cherry Hill.

Mrs. Wm. Tait and Mrs. Iva Whitaker called at Wm. Lyte's Tuesday.

Ed. Lyte and family spent Sunday at Northville.

Mrs. William Gale entertained her father and mother Sunday.

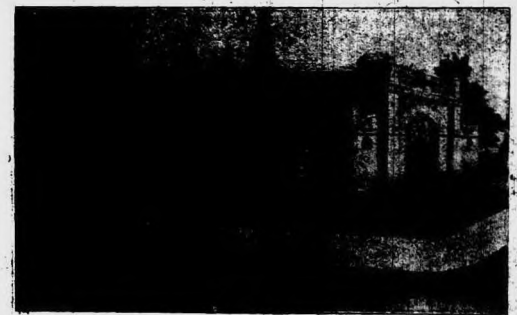
Edward Spobler is moving his family to Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Edna McLaughlin of Ann Arbor, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Gale.

Mrs. Fred Hambrick of Wayne, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Jackson.

# MAUSOLEUM

## "The Better Way"



We wish to call your attention to the fact that a Grand Compartment Mausoleum will be erected in Riverside Cemetery in the near future, and we invite you to investigate this modern and better way of disposing of the departed loved ones. A beautiful site has already been secured in Riverside Cemetery upon which this building will be erected. We are now presenting "The Better Way" to the public for consideration. The plan is meeting with universal favor and we are ready to receive subscriptions for burial places. Choice for location of apartments or crypts will be made in the order in which the subscriptions are given, therefore you should not delay in giving this matter your early and careful attention. Remember this building will be built of the best of material. The entire exterior of the building will be constructed of stone and the interior of marble with marble floors. As you enter the building you will pass through copper doors and enter the lobby, with a room on either side with marble floors large enough for funeral services, giving a chapel effect, which will be used for anyone any time the trustees see fit.

## TEN REASONS

Why you should own apartments in the Compartment Mausoleum of your community.

1. Because it is in keeping with the progress of the times.
2. A mausoleum is a beautiful resting place for loved ones, and is a sane, practical, up-to-date mode of interment.
3. It is a place where fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives can lie side by side through that long night of sleep not an arms length apart, each in a little room perfectly dry where neither water, nor damp nor mould entereth.
4. It being endowed in perpetuity, this place so sacred to you, will not be desecrated by alien hands as is too often the case in abandoned cemeteries.
5. The mausoleum will be endowed with a fund large enough to provide for perpetual maintenance, consequently there will be no assessments.
6. The mausoleum will be strongly constructed, each compartment hermetically sealed, making it as secure as the Pyramids of Egypt or the Pantheon of Rome.
7. Our mausoleums eliminate the horrors of the grave and the possibility of ghouls and the desecrating tables.
8. All such provisions should be made when you are in health, thus avoiding the piled up expense incident to death and burial.
9. The cost is much less than a lot, monument and other cemetery expenses, yet you have a monument in the mausoleum, which for dignity, durability and magnificence is unsurpassed.
10. It is a modern and "Better Way" and you cannot afford to let the opportunity go by to make such provisions.

If you desire to look into this matter in detail notify

## J. W. Flowers

at the Plymouth House and he will call upon you.