

PARROT & CO

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*,
The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

For a moment the click of the balls on the other tables was the only sound. Craig broke the tabbies by reaching for his glass of whisky, which he emptied. He tried to assume a nonchalant air, but his hand shook as he replaced the glass on the tabouret. It rolled off to the floor and tinkled into pieces.

"Nerves a bit rocky, eh?" Warrington laughed sardonically. "You're screeching in the wrong jungle, Parrot, old top," said Mallow, who as he did not believe in ghosts, was physically nor morally afraid of anything. "Though, you have my word for it that I'd like to see you lose every cent of your old fluke."

"Don't doubt it." "But," Mallow went on, "if you're wanting a little argument that doesn't require pencils or voices, why, you're on. You don't object to my friend Craig coming along?"

"On the contrary, he'll make a good witness of what happens." "The 'hit, boy!' Mallow paid the reckoning. "Now, then, come on. Three rickshaws!" he called.

The barren plot of ground back of the dock was deserted. Warrington jumped from his rickshaw and divested himself of his coat and flung his hat beside it. Gleefully as a boy Mallow did likewise. Warrington then bade the coolies to move back to the road.

"Rounds?" inquired Mallow. "You filthy scoundrel, you know very well there won't be any rules to this game. Don't you think I know you?" Warrington rolled up his sleeves and was pleased to note the dull color of Mallow's face. He wanted to rouse the brute in the man, then he would have him at his mercy. "I swore four years ago that I'd make you pay for that night."

"You scum!" roared Mallow, "you'll never be a whole man when they carry you away from here." "Wait and see."

On the way to the dock Warrington had mapped out his campaign. Fair play from either of these men was not to be entertained for a moment. One was naturally a brute and the other was a coward. They would not hesitate at any means to defeat him. And he knew what defeat would mean at their hands—disfigurement, probably.

"Will you take a shilling for your fifty quid?" jeered Craig. He was going to enjoy this, for he had not the least doubt as to the outcome. Mallow was without superior in a rough and tumble fight.

Warrington did not reply. He walked cautiously toward Mallow. This maneuver brought Craig within reach. It was not a fair blow, but Warrington delivered it without the least compunction. It struck Craig squarely on the jaw. Lightly as a cat Warrington jumped back. Craig's knees doubled under him and he toppled forward on his face.

"Now, Mallow, you and I alone, with no one to jump on my back when I'm looking elsewhere!" Mallow, appreciating the trick, swore foully, and rushed. Warrington jabbed with his left and sidestepped. One thing he must do and that was to keep Mallow, from getting into close quarters. The cobra grower was more than his match in the knowledge of those oriental devices that usually cripple a man for life. He must wear him down scientifically; he must depend upon his ring generalship. In his youth Warrington had been a skillful boxer. He could now back this skill with rugged health and a blow that had a hundred and eighty pounds behind it.

From ordinary rage Mallow fell into a frenzy, and frenzy never won a ring battle. Time after time he endeavored to grapple, but always that left stopped him. Warrington played for his face, and to each jab he added a taunt. "That for the little Singapore!" "Count that one for Wheedon's broken knees!" "And wouldn't San admire that? Remember her? The little Japanese girl whose thumbs you broke?" "Here's one for me!" It was not dignified, but Warrington stubbornly refused to look back upon this day either with shame or regret. Jab-jab, cut and slash, went the left. There was no more mercy in the mind of him who might be found in the sleek feltness who stalked the jungles north. Doggedly Mallow fought on, hoping for his chance. He tried every trick he knew, but he could only get so near. The ring was as wide as the world; there were no corners to make grappling a possibility.

Some of his desperate blows got through. The bezel of his ring lid opened Warrington's forehead. He was brave enough, but he began to realize that this was not the same man he had turned out into the night four years ago. And the pain and ignominy he had forced upon others was now being returned to him. Warrington would have prolonged the battle had he not seen Craig getting dizzily to his feet. It was time to end it. He feinted swiftly. Mallow, expecting a body blow, dropped his guard. Warrington, as he struck, felt the bones in his hand crack. Mallow went over upon his back, fairly lifted off his feet. He was tough; an ordinary man would have died.

"I believe that squares accounts," said Warrington, speaking to Craig. "If you hear of me in America, in Europe, anywhere, keep away from the places where I'm likely to go. Tell him," with an indifferent jerk of his head toward the insensible Mallow, "tell him that I give him that fifty pounds with the greatest good pleasure. Sorry I can't wait."

He trotted back to his rickshaw, wiped the blood from his nose, put on his hat and coat, and ordered the re-

spectful coolies to hurry back to town. He never saw Mallow or Craig again. The battle itself became a hazy incident. In life affairs of this order generally have abrupt endings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two Letters.

And all that day Elsa had been waiting patiently to hear sounds of Warrington in the next room. Never could she recall such long, weary hours. Time and again she changed a piece of ribbon, a bit of lace, and twice she changed her dress, all for the purpose of making the hours pass more quickly. Whenever Martha approached Elsa told her that she wanted nothing, that she was headachy, and wanted to be left alone. Discreetly Martha vanished.

To prevent the possibility of missing him, Elsa had engaged the room boy to loiter about downstairs and to report to her the moment Warrington arrived. The boy came pattering up at a quarter to six. "He come. He downside. I go. he come topside?"

"No. That will be all." The following ten minutes tested her patience to the utmost. Presently she heard the banging of a trunk lid. He was there. What was she going to say to him? The trembling that struck at her knees was wholly a new sensation. Presently the tremor died away, but it left her weak. She stepped toward his door and knocked gently on the jamb.

She heard something click as it struck the floor. (It was Warrington's cutty, which he had carried for seven years, now in smithereens.) She saw a hand, raw knuckled and bleeding slightly, catch at the curtain and swing it back upon its rings. "Miss Chetwood?" he said.

"Yes. . . . Oh, you've been hurt!" she exclaimed, noting the gash upon his forehead. A strip of tissue paper (in lieu of court plaster) lay soaking upon that wound—a trick learned in the old days when razors grew dull overnight.

"Hurt? Oh, I ran against something when I wasn't looking," he explained lamely. Then he added eagerly: "I



He Remained Dumb.

did not know that you were on this gallery. First time I've put up at a hotel in years." It did not serve. "You have been fighting? Your hand?"

He looked at the hand dumbly. How keen her eyes were. "Was it . . . Mallow? Did you whip him?"

"I . . . imitating her tone and hesitance. It was the wisest thing he could have done, for it relaxed the nerves of both of them. Elsa smiled, smiled and forgot the substance of all her rehearsals, forgot the letter of credit, warm with the heat of her heart. "I am a pagan," she confessed.

"And I am a barbarian. I ought to be horribly ashamed of myself." "But you are not?"

For a moment their eyes drew. Here were like dark whirlpools, and he felt himself drifting helplessly, irresistibly. He dropped his hands upon the railing and gripped; the illusion of fighting a current was almost real to him. Every fiber in his body coiled out against the struggle.

"No, not in the least," he said, looking toward the sunset. "Fighting is my business, and I'm only a rickshawer at best."

"Rather, aren't you Paul Ellison, brother, twin brother, of the man I said I was going home to marry?" How far away her voice seemed! The throbbing in his forehead and the dull ache over his heart, where some of the sledge-hammer blows had gone home, he no longer felt. "Don't deny it. It would be useless. Knowing your brother as I do, who could doubt it?" He remained dumb. "I couldn't understand, just simply couldn't. They never told me; in all the years I have known them, in all the years I have partly made their home my own, there was nothing. Not a trinket. Once I saw a camera picture. I know now why Arthur matched it from my hand. It was you. You were heading over an engineer's tripod. Even now I should have doubted, had I not recalled what you said one day on board, that you had built bridges. Arthur couldn't build anything stronger than an artist's easel. You are Paul Ellison."

"Why?" "Because I wanted to be no more than an incident in your life, just Parrot & Co."

"Parrot & Co.!" It was like a caress; but he was too dull to sense it, and she was unconscious of the infection. The burning sunshine gave to his hair and beard the gleaming of ruddy gold. Her imagination, full of unsuspected poetry at this moment, clothed him in the metals of a viking. There were other whirlpools besides those in her eyes, but Elsa did not sense the drifting as he had done. It was insidious.

"An incident," she repeated. "Could I be more?" with sudden fierceness. "Could I be any more in any woman's life? I take myself for what I am, but the world will always take me for what I have done. Yes, I am Paul Ellison, forgotten, I hope, by all those who knew me. Why did you seek me that night? Why did you come into my life to make bitterness become despair?" The blackest kind of despair. Elsa Chetwood, Elsa!

Well, the consul is right. I am a strong man. I can go out of your life, at least physically. I can say that I love you, and I can add to that good-by!"

He wheeled abruptly and went quickly down the gallery, bareheaded, without any destination in his mind, with only one thought, to leave her before he lost the last shreds of his self-control.

It was then that Elsa knew her heart. She had spoken truly. She was a pagan—for, had he turned and held out his hands, she would have gone to him, gone with him, anywhere in the world, lawfully or unlawfully.

Elsa sang. When Martha came to help her dress for dinner she still sang. It was a wordless song, a melody that finds every human heart contains and which finds expression but once. Elsa loved.

Doubt, that arch-enemy of love and faith and hope, doubt had spread its dark pinions and flown away into yesterday. She felt the zest and exhilaration of a bird just given its freedom. Once she slipped from Martha's cunning hands and ran out upon the gallery.

"Elsa, your waist!" Elsa laughed and held out her bare arms to the faded sky where, but a little while since, the sun had burned a pathway down the world. All in an hour, one small trifling space of time, this wonderful, magical thing had happened. He loved her. There had been hunger for her in his voice, in his blue eyes. Presently she was going to make him feel very sorry that he had not taken her in his arms, then and there.

"Elsa, what in mercy's name possesses you?" "I am mad, Martha, mad as a March hare, whatever that is!" She loved. "People will think so. If they happen to come along and see that waist. Please come instantly and let me finish hooking it. You act like you did when you were ten. You never would stand still!"

"Yes, and I remember how you used to yank my pistols. I haven't really forgiven you yet." "I believe it's going home that's the matter with you. Well, I for one shall be glad to leave this horrid country, Chinamen everywhere, in your room, at your table, under your feet. And in the streets, Chinamen and Malays and Hindus, and I don't know what other outlandish races and tribes. Why, what's all this?" cried Martha, bending to the floor.

Elsa ran back to the room. She gave a little gasp when she saw what it was that Martha was holding out for her inspection. It was Warrington's letter of credit. She had totally forgotten its existence. Martha could not help seeing it. Elsa explained frankly what it was and how it had come into her possession. Martha was horrified.

"Elsa, they might have entered your room; and your jewels lying about everywhere! How could you be so careless?" "But they didn't. I'll return this to Mr. Warrington in the morning; perhaps tonight, if I see him at dinner."

"He was in the next room, and we never knew it!" The final hook snapped in place. "Well, Wednesday our boat leaves," as if this put a period to all further discussion a neat Mr. Parrot & Co. Nothing very serious could happen between that time and now.

"Wednesday night," Elsa began to sing again, but not so joyously. The petty things of everyday life were lifting their heads once more, and of necessity she must recognize them. She sat at the consul general's table, informally. There was gay incoherent chatter, an exchange of recollections and comparisons of cities and countries they had visited at separate times; but neither she nor he mentioned the chief subject of their thoughts. She retained because of a strange yet natural shyness of a woman who has found herself; and he, because from his angle of vision it was best that Warrington should pass out of her life as suddenly and mysteriously as he had entered it. Had he spoken frankly he would have saved Elsa many a bitter headache, many a weary day.

Warrington was absent, and so were his enemies. If there was any truth in reincarnation Elsa was confident that in the splendid days of Rome she had beaten her pink palms in applause of the gladiators. Pagan; she was all of that; for she knew that she could have looked upon Mallow's face with more than ordinary interest. Nevermore would her cheeks burn at the recollection of the man's look.

In her room, later, she wrote two letters. The one to Arthur covered several pages; the other consisted of a single line. She went down to the office, mailed Arthur's letter and left the note in Warrington's key box. It was not an intentionally cruel letter she had written to the man in America; but if she had striven toward that effect she could not have achieved it more successfully. She cried out against the way he had treated his brother, the false pride that had hid his all knowledge of him from her. Where were the charity and mercy of which he had so often preached? Pages of burning reproaches which seared the soul of the man who read them. She did not confuse the state of

her heart. It was not necessary. The arraignment of the one, and the defense of the other were sufficiently illuminating.

Soundly the happy sleep. She did not hear the removal of Warrington's luggage at midnight, for it was stealthily done. Neither did she hear the fretful mutter of the bird as his master disturbed his slumbers. Nothing warned her that he intended to spend the night on board; that, having paid his bill early in the evening, her note might have lain in the key box until the crack of doom, so far as he was likely to know of its existence. No angel of pity whispered to her. Awake! No dream magic people tell about drew for her the picture of the man she loved, pacing up and down the cramped deck of the packet boat, fighting a battle compared to which that of the afternoon was play. Elsa slept on, dreamless.

When she awoke in the morning she ran to the mirror—all this fresh beauty she was going to give to him, without condition, without reservation, absolutely. She dressed quickly, singing lowly. Fate makes us the happiest when she is about to crush us. Usually she had her breakfast served in the room, but this morning

she was determined to go downstairs. She was excited; she brimmed with exuberance; she wanted Romance to begin at once.

"Good morning," she greeted the consul general, who was breakfasting alone.

"Well, you're an early bird!" he replied. By the way, our romantic Parrot & Co. have gone."

"Gone?" Elsa stared at him. "Yes. Sailed for Saigon at dawn, and I am rather glad to see him go. I was afraid he might interest you too much. Good heavens, Elsa, what is the matter?"

"No, no! Don't touch me. I'm not the fainting kind. Did you know last night that he was going?" "Yes."

"I shall never forgive you. Never, never! You know and did not tell me. Do you know who Paul Ellison is? He is the brother of the man at home. You knew he was stealing away and did not tell me."

She could not have made the truth any plainer to him. He sat back in his chair, stunned, voiceless. "I am going to my room," she said. "Do not follow. Please act as if nothing had happened."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOOTHED THE CRYING CHILD

Escaping Convict Proved to Mother That She Need Have No Fear in His Presence.

Tenderly petting a young and crying baby which he had picked up from his crib, escaped convict Peter Tosti succeeded in convincing Mrs. Charles Kelley of San Rafael, Cal., after he had gained entrance to her home, that he would not harm her and her two children.

Tosti told Mrs. Kelley that all he wanted was something to eat and a change of wearing apparel for his prison stripes.

Mrs. Kelley was awakened by the crying of her two babies, who had been disturbed by the convict. As she awoke she saw Tosti pick up the younger one and soothingly begin to rock it. He kept this up until the child fell asleep. Noticing that Mrs. Kelley was awake, Tosti addressed her, saying:

"Don't be afraid. I am fond of children and I would not harm two like these—or their mother."

After this he kept up a running fire of conversation, and as soon as he had forged in the kitchen for some victuals he left, apologizing for his intrusion. With Tosti went Mrs. Kelley's husband's overcoat.

Tosti had served only two years of a ten-year sentence for grand larceny committed in Merced county when he escaped from San Quentin.

Dyeing War Horses. Ever since the war broke out experiments have been made with a view to dyeing the coats of white horses, but simple as it may seem to the uninitiated a satisfactory result has not yet been obtained. Numerous inventors came forward with vaunted dyes, but after the preliminary tests only one liquid seemed to resist the rain satisfactorily. A battery of 24 white horses was consequently treated, and sent out on duty in all weathers. When they returned after a week or ten days all the beasts were of a beautiful bottle green, and are expected to retain that hue for some time to come.

Convincing Argument. Timid Lady (about to buy a ticket for New York)—And is the boat that sails on Thursday perfectly safe? Agent (gravely)—Madam, I can assure you that in all the time this ship has been in service, and that is now a number of years, not once has she gone to the bottom.

SOME OF THE OLD "TIPPLES"

Early Housekeepers Had Many Recipes That Have Been Handed Down to Posterity.

Whether there will be a revival during the next few years of the domestic art of making wine is a matter of pure conjecture, but it is interesting to recall that formerly many common things that grow around us were utilized by thrifty housewives in the preparation of "tipples" that were more or less mild or more or less potent. Generally the wine-making possibilities of these things are little thought of now, and in most homes, even in country homes, wine-making processes have been forgotten.

Reference has recently been made to the making of dandelion wine, a sweet and potent wine prepared with the aid of the golden flowers of the dandelion. Elderberry wine and elderflower wine were made in most of the rural homes in the Potomac country a generation or so ago. Blackberries were gathered industriously by the children for conversion into jam and wine or cordial, and raspberries were especially sought after that wine could be made from them. It is probable that in the minds of elderly persons today there is preserved a better memory of raspberry vinegar than of raspberry wine, for it was popularly believed that raspberry vinegar was superior to that made from apples.

In cherry time the fruit was treasured because it could be preserved or converted into a familiar tippie called "cherry bounce," a drink which at certain stages of its "aging" or development was exhilarating and intoxicating.

The flavor of gooseberry wine was known and esteemed by most of the grandmothers and grandfathers of present Washingtonians.

On all the old farms there was a little distillery, though on some farms it was not so little, just as there was an iced house and a smokehouse, where the peaches and apples and grapes could be distilled into fruit brandy.

Cider-making was a ceremony, and in the late fall when frost had pinched and somewhat shriveled the persimmons a strange potato called persimmon beer was made.

Parsnip wine was made by British housewives before emigration to America set in, and the art of making this wine was brought over by the early immigrants. There was also in colonial times in America a drink which was called peppermint wine, or peppermint liqueur.

LETTUCE FOR THE TABLE

Much Depends on Its Proper Preparation and Arrangement When It Is Served.

When lettuce comes from the market, clean in cold water and look it over carefully to see that all dirt and insects are removed. Place on a piece of dampened cheesecloth, then roll up and put on the ice, when it will be ready for use and will often stay fresh for a week. Some persons complain of sleepiness after eating lettuce. This is due to the lactucin in lettuce, which the milky juice contains. This juice may be removed by cutting from the lettuce the lower end of the heads or stalks and then standing the lettuce in cold water for several hours before using. Keep the head intact when you wish to quiet the nerves or to induce sleep.

The following is a pretty lettuce relish for luncheon or dinner and may be served in a small cut glass dish: Line the dish with lettuce leaves upon which place either ripe or green olives and tiny red tomatoes. Chill with cracked ice. The olives and tomatoes may be taken with the fingers at any time during the meal.

Hot-Water Platter. Those who have to solve the problem of cold dining rooms, especially at breakfast time, will find greater comfort in the use of the hot-water platter. Boiling water is turned into the tank under the platter and the top screwed on. Then the nickel cover is placed over the food, which keeps hot and in perfect order for at least thirty minutes. The original outlay seems a little large, as the medium-sized outfit costs about nine dollars, but with careful use it will repay one in the comfort of hot meals. There is also the round hot-water plate which is excellent for the breakfast tray or invalid's use.

Shells for Lemon Pie. Try my way of making the shell for the lemon pie, and I think that you will be pleased. First I should not put in the baking powder. Turn your deep pie plate upside down, put your crust over what should be the bottom of the tin, pat it so that it fits close. Then turn edges, pick and bake. It will turn out perfect and bake better not having so much bottom heat, because it is raised from the oven floor.—Exchange.

Tomato Squares. Mix two cupfuls tomato, four cloves, two slices onion, two peppercorns, half teaspoonful salt and one-quarter teaspoonful paprika. Cook ten minutes, press through a sieve. Melt three tablespoonfuls butter, add one-quarter cupful cornstarch and strained tomato mixture, boil ten minutes. Cool slightly, add one egg, pour into buttered pans, chill, cut in squares, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Serve.

Purse of Baked Beans. Put two cupfuls of baked beans into a saucepan, add small pieces of pork; you have it, cover with two quarts hot water, season with pepper and salt and add one-half onion. If you do not need the pork add one tablespoonful butter, boil until the beans are very soft, then press through a sieve and serve.

Cantaloupe Frappe. Three parts of cantaloupe pulp, two cupfuls sugar, the juice of two lemons or one-half cupful lemon juice and pass through a very fine sieve. Freeze as usual. Serve from glass cups or from the chilled rim of the melon, sliced into a basket.

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She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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The Government this year is taking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. The climate is beautiful and agricultural facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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Where Soap is of No Use.

Lapland folk never speak of the origin of the term philatelist, which is used by devotees of the hobby in preference to the phrase "stamp collector." The collection of stamps was at first rather in the nature of a schoolboy pastime, and it was left to France to initiate the scientific study of postage stamps as distinguished from their accumulation. A Frenchman, M. Herpin, coined the words "philatelic" and "philatelist," on the basis of two Greek words, and philatelist means, literally, "he who is fond of that which is tax free," the presence of a postage stamp on a letter indicating that the postal dues have been paid in advance. Philatelist is not a beautiful word, but it has at least the merit of being more euphonious than "timbrol-ogist," which was also suggested at the time.

Desperately. "There is evidently something wrong with your car," said the middle-aged man, "but I don't know just what it is."

"Don't let that bother you," answered the owner of the car, who had received about all the gratis advice he could stand. "I prefer to find out what is wrong with it myself, even if I have to turn a somersault into a ditch to get the information."

Did you ever get so lonesome that you wanted to howl like a dog?

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THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN
L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager

Sunday-schools Observe Children's Day

Children's Day was observed in the Baptist church last Sunday evening by the rendering of the cantata, "The Carnival of Flowers," a pleasing musical production given by the younger members of the Sunday-school. The recitations and singing reflected much painstaking on the part of those who had the drilling in charge, and the floral decorations gave added charm to the occasion. Pastor Bell in well chosen remarks told that the funds raised by these services in the various churches went for the support of chapel cars of the denomination, of which there are a half dozen or more, veritable churches on wheels, which the railroads in various parts of the country carry without cost to the denomination; in many instances building sidings for these cars, while gospel work is carried on among the employees, and in new communities, resulting in the establishment of churches in otherwise unchurched localities. A generous offering attested the appreciation of the large audience, which filled the auditorium.

Children's Day was observed in the First Presbyterian church here last Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Every seat was taken and great interest was manifested in the songs and recitations by the little ones. The music by the choir was greatly enjoyed and also the solo by Miss Hilda Smye. Rev. B. F. Farber told a short, but interesting story to the little ones and Supt. of the Sunday-school C. H. Rauch read a brief history of the origin of Children's Day. The church was decorated with field daisies and presented a very attractive appearance. H. E. Green did the decorating.

FOR RENT—Dwelling house at corner Mill and Hardenberg streets. Inquire of Frank Loomis.

I have an extra good nine-room house on Trumbull avenue in the city of Detroit that I wish to exchange for a neat little home from \$2,500 to \$3,000, in Northville or Plymouth. My house is in a good location, a very good place to keep roomers, or could be easily made a two-family flat. Answer to box 437, Plymouth, Mich.

A CARD—We desire to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness during our late bereavement. Especially do we wish to thank those who sent the beautiful flowers.

Fred Kohnitz
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Soothes the hair, makes it grow and gives a new healthy growth of soft, silky, glossy and lustrous hair. It is clean, contains no harmful chemicals, has a pleasant odor and will not soil the clothing or pillow.
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Local News

Picture show at opera house tonight. Roy Fisher is home from the Saginaw seminary for the summer vacation.

Miss Grace Campbell of Detroit, has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation at home.

Mrs. Walter Wingard and son of Wayne, are visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. Fisher.

The Woman's Missionary Circle of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. S. E. Campbell, June 30.

Mrs. Viola Weigert and family have moved into the rooms in the Tighe block, recently vacated by A. C. Arner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sillifant and baby of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gates over Sunday and the first of the week.

Several of the Camp Fire girls have gone to Walled Lake for a two weeks' outing. Miss Helen Nichols has gone with them as chaperone.

25 ladies' suits good standard styles formerly priced from \$15 to \$25 to close out at only \$5 for choice, Saturday and as long as they last at Riggs'.

Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Campbell and daughter Grace, motored to Paw Paw last week, where they visited Mrs. Campbell's brother and family over Sunday.

The examination of Jason Martin, charged with violating the liquor law was heard before Justice Campbell, Wednesday afternoon and adjourned to Wednesday, June 30th.

The first free band concert and moving picture show which was given by the merchants last Saturday night was a great success. The music and pictures were excellent and there was a very large crowd on the street all the evening. Marshal Springer and his assistants did fine work in handling the big crowd on the congested thoroughfare, and there were no accidents or anything to mar the pleasure of the evening. Don't forget that there will be another free entertainment Saturday evening, June 26th, and you have a cordial invitation to come and hear the music and see the pictures.

Phillipo Leone, who has been employed on the P. M. section here was arrested last Sunday morning by Marshal Springer just as he was about to leave town with a sack containing 150 pounds of brass stolen from a car at the P. M. roundhouse. When Leone saw the officer coming he started to run and refused to halt at the officer's command, whereupon he fired a shot after the fugitive, who surrendered mighty quick. Monday morning the prisoner was taken before Justice Loomis where he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to spend 90 days in the Detroit House of Correction and pay a fine of \$50 and \$7 costs.

NEWBURG

Don't forget the Sunday-school picnic Saturday, on the Plymouth Road.

The Ladies' Aid society will hold a picnic on July 6th, at the Newburg school house.

The church has been moved to Newburg corners this week.

Mrs. W. R. LeVan and Mrs. C. E. Ryder motored to Saginaw last Saturday to visit Mrs. Gay Castlane. They returned home Wednesday.

Miss Edith Pickett went to Ypsilanti Tuesday to see her niece, Miss Estier Pickett graduate from the Normal College.

Mrs. Emma Hackin of Detroit, visited Mrs. Pickett the forepart of the week. Sunlight Arbor of Cleaners of Newburg, are making arrangements for a big basket picnic on August 7th. More particulars will be given later. There will be a meeting of Sunlight Arbor at the home of Clara Coverdill, Thursday, July 1st.

FRAIN'S LAKE

Mrs. Morris Galpin entertains the Dixboro Ladies Aid today at her home in Dixboro. The entertaining committee is Mesdames Lyke, Leslie, Bush, Quackenbush and Ferguson.

The Misses Freeman and Fishbeck, and Masters Lyke and Freeman attended the King's Herald at Miss Nowlin's on the town line Saturday.

Ed. Lyke and family spent Sunday with his brother at Macon.

Chas. Freeman entertained relatives from Ypsilanti Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lidke and son Raymond motored to Denton Sunday and called on relatives.

Dan Naary is improving slowly.

A quiet wedding occurred at the home of Mrs. Wm. Gale Saturday evening, when her sister, Nellie, was united in marriage to Paul Herman of Albion, Rev. E. L. Moon of Dixboro, performing the ceremony.

Mrs. William Gale has returned home accompanied by her little sister, age 14, who expects to make her future home with her.

OBITUARY

Frederick Kohnitz was born in Danzig, Germany, on the 15th of February, 1848. Here he was baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran faith. In the year 1868 he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Salzer. This union was blessed with five children, 2 daughters having preceded their parents into eternity. About the year 1870 he left the old Fatherland, coming to the United States, of which he became a citizen, residing at first in Detroit. About fifteen years of his life was spent in that city. About 30 years ago the deceased moved his family to this neighborhood where the remainder of his life was spent at farming. In the year 1880 his beloved wife was called from this side, so that now there is one son, Fred Kohnitz of Plymouth, and two daughters, Mrs. Frank Arms of Jackson, and Mrs. Frank Creech of Ypsilanti, and seven grandchildren left to mourn his departure.

The deceased was one of the founders of the Lutheran church in Wayne, and although in present years the circumstances of his life kept him away from the Lord's services, yet he never forgot that alone through the merits of his Saviour could he enter eternal life. On his death-bed he confessed his sins and partook of the true body and blood of his Saviour for the assurance of the forgiveness of his sins. He passed away early Wednesday morning, at the age of 70 years and 4 months. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon from his late residence on the Town line road and the Lutheran church. Interment in Riverside cemetery, Rev. O. Peters of Wayne, officiating.

Mrs. Lawrence Lyon of Detroit, visited at O. D. Peck's last Monday.

Mrs. Plato Hough is visiting her brother and family at Howell this week.

Mrs. R. Shingleton and daughter, Madeline, are visiting her grandparents at Orind.

While engaged in painting James Todd's new house in north village Monday afternoon, John Murray lost his balance and fell fifteen feet, striking the veranda. He sustained a compound fracture of the right ankle. He was taken to his home and Dr. Patterson called, who made the injured man as comfortable as possible.

"I Don't Feel Good"
That's what a lot of people tell us. Usually their bowels only need cleaning.
Rexall Orderlies
will do the trick and make you feel fine. We know this positively. Take one tonight. Sold only by us, 10 cents.
Bayer Pharmacy.

Former Plymouth Girl Weds

The following article regarding the wedding of Miss Eva Adams, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Adams, former residents of Plymouth, will be of interest to the many friends of the family here.

Eva Bryant, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank B. Adams of Northampton, Mass., was united in marriage to Thomas Dalgleish Macmillan of Glasgow, Scotland, in the Edwards Congregational church of Northampton, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, June 24. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Irving Maurer, minister of the Edwards church, assisted by Rev. Claris Edwin Silcox, minister of the United Congregational church at Newport, Rhode Island. Miss Marion Damon was organist.

The attending couple was Miss Gertrude F. Whitcomb of Dorchester, and Carroll Parker Adams, brother of the bride. The flower girl was little Anna Parsons of Southampton, a cousin of the bride, and another cousin, Albert Henry Bryant of White Plains, New York, acted as ring-bearer. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

The ceremony was preceded by a short program of music, during which Miss Whitcomb and Miss Damon played an arrangement of the "M'Appari" from "Martha" for violin and organ, and Carroll Adams sang "Yesterday and Today" by Spross. The wedding party entered the church to the strains of the Bridal March from "Lucia," and the Mendelssohn march was played at the conclusion of the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan left immediately after the ceremony for a short wedding trip, after which they will spend some time in Northampton. At the beginning of the next school year their home will be in Harrisburg, Pa., where Mr. Macmillan is Master of English in a private school for boys.

Mr. Macmillan was graduated from Yale in the class of 1906, after which he was Professor of English in the government college at Nagasaki, Japan, returning to this country last year for graduate work at Harvard University. Mrs. Macmillan was graduated from Smith college in the class of 1915.

Prominent Livonia Citizen Passes Away

Samuel Johnson, for many years one of Livonia township's most prominent and highly respected citizens, passed away at the home of his niece, Mrs. Pitt N. Everett, last Friday morning at three o'clock. Mr. Johnson had been in failing health for some time, but was not confined to his bed until about a week before his death. Mr. Johnson was a man greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was a veteran of the civil war and had held various offices of honor and trust in the township where he had lived for so many years.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lancaster county, Pa., November 11, 1830, and came to Michigan in 1854. He was married to Sarah Jane McClure September 28, 1854, and returned to Pennsylvania, where he remained for two years, and then returned to Michigan and settled in Livonia township, where he has since resided. On November 29, 1900 his wife died, since which time he has made his home with his niece, Mrs. Pitt N. Everett. Deceased is survived by two brothers and two sisters, Garner Johnson of Chester county, Pa., who was at his bedside when he passed away; James Johnson of Livingston county, Pa.; Mrs. Edwin Ambler of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. Daniel Kelly of Saltzburg, Pa. He also leaves a number of other relatives and many friends.

The funeral services were held from the Union church at Livonia, Sunday afternoon. Rev. Pieter of Northville, officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Local News

Geo. Burr is clerking at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Miss Isabell Hanford is visiting at East Lansing.

Mrs. Wm. Travis has been visiting relatives at Base Lake this week.

J. T. Reeder and daughter, Margaret, of Houghton, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Scotten of Northville, were callers on Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bradner last Friday.

H. E. Newhouse has built an addition on the rear of the building he recently purchased of O. F. Beyer in north village. He will use this room for a workshop.

Mrs. Wm. Wakeley and two children spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer, Sunday. Mr. Wakeley and Mr. and Mrs. Adams and son of Detroit, were guests there.

Last Wednesday afternoon the members of the Foreign and Home Missionary societies of the Methodist church held their annual meeting at the pleasant farm home of Mrs. H. A. Spicer east of town. About twenty ladies were present and a picnic supper was enjoyed.

Miss Imogene Smith, who has been teaching the Wilcox school in Livonia district, No. 3, for the past ten months, closed her school last Friday by giving a picnic on the school grounds to the pupils and parents. About 75 were in attendance and the day was a pleasant one for all. In the afternoon the pupils of the lower grades were given their promotion cards and the eighth grade pupils received their diplomas. The members of the school presented their teacher with several nice gifts. Miss Smith has been very successful during her school work this year, and with the past year the school has been placed on the Standard list. The school board regret that they cannot retain her services another year, but she expects to enter Albion college next fall.

If You are troubled with indigestion, gas and a distressed feeling after eating take a **Rexall Digestion Tablet**. Relief after each meal and you will sleep peacefully. Sold only by us. Bayer Pharmacy.

CHURCH NEWS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

First Church of Christ, Scientist, corner Main and Dodge streets. Sunday morning service 10:30. Subject, Is the Universe, including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force? Sunday-school at 11:30 a.m. Wednesday evening testimonial service, 7:10. Reading Room in rear of church open daily, except Sunday, from 2 to 4 p.m. Everyone welcome. A lending library of Christian Science literature is maintained.

LUTHERAN

There will be no services in this church Sunday, June 27, on account of the Synod session at Riga, Michigan. The next service will be held on July 4th, in the evening, in the German language.

It will be interesting to learn that Rev. C. Strasen of Bay City, the present superintendent of the Children's Friend Society of Michigan, one of the most energetic societies in care of orphans in the state, has accepted the call to our parish. It may be a month or more yet before he can close up the business of the society and deliver it over to his successor, but we hope to have him here with us about the last of July or the first part of August.

PRESBYTERIAN

Services will be held on next Sunday, June 27th. Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor. Theme: "Pharisee and the Publican." Sunday-school at the close of the morning service. In the evening at 7 o'clock we unite in the union service held in the Baptist church. The pastor of this church preaches the sermon. Theme: "The Measure of a Man." Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The public is most cordially invited to attend these services.

METHODIST

Rev. Joseph Dutton, Pastor. 10 a.m. Public worship. 11:15 a.m. Sunday-school. 6 p.m. Union services at Baptist church.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL MISSION.

B. Midworth, Missions. Sunday June 27—Divine service at 10 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon. Subject, "Slippery Places on Life's Pathway." Young people are especially invited.

BAPTIST


Rev. Archibald I. Bell, Pastor. Phone MW. Morning worship 10 o'clock. Theme of sermon, "Heaven. Where located with a description of the Place also the Inhabitants." 11:15 Sunday-school. B. Y. F. U. at 6 p.m., with bible study on John, 1st chapter, 13 to 37 verses. Evening worship at 7 o'clock. This will be a union service at this church with Rev. Farber as preacher. Mid-week prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

BIBLE STUDENTS.

Services June 27 as follows: 2 p.m. public lecture by T. T. Ryde of Detroit, on the "Eternal City." Following this the usual Berean lesson for Sunday. Topic, "Elias must first come before the great and dreadful day of the Lord." As the message of Elias (Christ in the flesh, head and body) turned the hearts of the world to a Christlike or childlike condition? If so, well. If not, shall we not have to endure the curse (the greatest of trouble) the world has ever known, see Malachi 4, 5, 6. Wednesday evening meeting as usual.

A CARD—We desire to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation for the many acts of kindness of neighbors and friends during the illness and death of Mrs. A. P. Clark. Especially do we desire to thank those who sent the floral offerings.
THE RELATIVES.

Just Taste Our Butter!



Honest butter, sweet, pure and wholesome, is one of your most important table necessities.

Try ours and see if it doesn't beat anything you ever had before.

The quality seldom varies. Taste it. Ask the price.

GAYDE BROS.
North Village
Phone 53

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
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

FARM LANDS WANTED!

List your farms with me, as I have buyers in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Ohio. Office over Pool Room in Sherman building on Main Street.

CHARLES HEFNER
Phone 248 F-3
Plymouth Mich.

The Garland Gas Range
gives Satisfaction all Around



Everybody's Happy in the Home that Boasts a Garland Gas Range

Daddy smiles at the size of his gas bill—Mother likes to cook on a stove that guarantees a perfect oven—And all the children grow fat and happy "cause everything tastes so good."


IT'S ECONOMICAL—COOKS PERFECTLY—IS EASY TO CLEAN AND LASTS A LONG LONG TIME.

Just come in and we'll tell you why.

The Conner Hardware Co.
SEE OUR SPECIAL WINDOW DISPLAY

ANNOUNCEMENT

1 9 1 6



1 9 1 6

VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

for the season of 1916 will be six-cylinder cars exclusively. Buick sixes have demonstrated their superiority in tests and in actual service.

The advent of the fourteenth season in Buick car manufacture finds the **Buick Valve-in-head Motor** at a new high level of achievement and efficiency.

In the working out of motor car problems the great and enduring need is **Power. Buick Motor Cars** provide this greatest of all luxuries, luxury of **Power.** The principal of valve in head motor construction will stand supreme as long as gas motors continue to exist in their present form. The advance models for the season of 1916 are now ready. We especially urge and invite you to see, and take a ride in the new

Buick Light Six---\$985

The car you have been looking for, but better than you have dreamed of seeing. A car of high power and light weight. A unit power plant valve in the head **Buick** motor, 45 horse power, 115 inch wheel base, cantilever side springs, gravity vacuum gasoline feed, Delco electric lighting and starting system. A car of beautiful design and finish. Unquestionably the greatest motor car value today, yourself alone the judge.

We will not urge anyone to buy this car. We do urge you to see it, to ride in it, and treat yourself to that sensation of smoothness and constant power, combined with easy riding. To know and understand just what you are getting for your money.

Telephone for a time appointment for us to show you this beautiful new car. It is for your enlightenment and benefit, and involves no obligation.

BENTLEY BROS., ELM
Redford 'Phone 29J-3.

Ohio Valley Hay Loaders

These loaders have given the best of satisfaction, due to the simplicity of construction, as the drive is direct on both sides and the mechanism is so arranged as to give an even, steady motion to the rake bars, should it be necessary to turn in either direction. The bars have long continuous motion and loads the hay very gently, but firmly, and will not crumble or break dry hay. The loader is easily handled in the field and may be coupled to or from the wagon without the load. The material used in this loader is carefully selected, being light, yet strong, so as to withstand years of wear and tear and all kinds of ground. We are making a special price now on this Loader at

\$50.00

OPPOSITE PARK

D. L. DEY

TELEPHONE 336.

This is the place to buy Ice Cream, Candy and Post Cards

We Are Now Prepared to Seat 100 Persons at One Time and Give Prompt Service.

Special for Sunday—Strawberry and Caramel Ice Cream.

SAME OLD PLACE. SAME OLD PRICE.

Murray's Ice Cream Store

Penniman Ave., Plymouth.



You Don't Have to Be a Lumber Expert to See That Our Stock is Good.

Our entire stock this spring has been selected with the greatest care. We wanted every load large or small that left our yard and sheds this year to give entire satisfaction. This isn't an easy ambition to satisfy, but we believe we have the stock that will do it. We have very little stock left over so practically everything is bright and new. You can easily see the quality yourself—it sticks out everywhere. Of course we have different grades so you can get the very best stock, or cheaper stock, just as you want or need. Our prices on your bill will look good to you and the quality of the stock will please you, we are sure.

Plymouth Coal & Lumber Co.

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

NOTICE!

A CAR LOAD OF

New Milch Cows And Springers

will be sold at auction in the rear of Chas. Kandt's hotel, Dearborn, on

Saturday p. m., June 26

These cows will be sold rain or shine and regardless of the price.

The usual time will be given of from 3 to 6 months to suit the buyer, interest at 6%, payable at Dearborn bank.

WALLACE & BLOCK

Cattle Buyers and Drivers, Wallaceburg, Mich.

R. W. SHINGLETON'S TAILOR SHOP

with a MODERN DRY CLEANING PLANT operated in connection.

A business which owes its successful growth to Work of Merit and Satisfied Customers.

PHONE NO. 237-F2

REAL ESTATE

Save a little money each month. It is the little things that count. The man who cannot save from 25 to 30 cents a day is the only man unable to buy real estate.

Look at this elegant house on Blunk Ave., that can be bought for \$3500. It has 9 rooms and a bath, good plumbing, a furnace, electric lights, and finished throughout in a No. 1 style. A nice lot of small fruits, berries and grapes. Three and a half blocks to the car line. A large corner lot, fire hydrant and street light in front of the house. This property is located in a neighborhood that is growing rapidly and where values are gradually increasing.

It is important to save but it is just as important to place your savings where they will work for you.

R. R. PARROTT

62 Church St. Phone 339-W
Plymouth, Mich.

Dr. Peck has purchased a new Ford touring car.

Great bargains in men's and boys suits at Riggs' Saturday.

Gus Gates is erecting a fine new barn on his farm west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow were over Sunday guests of relatives in Detroit.

Miss Iva Harshberger of Canton, is staying with Mrs. Gus Gates for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Watson returned home Sunday, after several days' visit in Detroit.

You can paper and paint that room very cheaply now if you call at Rockwell Pharmacy.

Herbert Pelham of Iron Mountain, has been the guest of his father and sisters the past week.

Miss Camilla Glass of Elm, and Clyde Ford of Detroit, were guests at M. M. Willett's Sunday.

Miss Beattie Hood left the first of the week for Bay View, where she will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dibble and daughter Dorothy, were guests of friends at Pontiac last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rathburn and Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Whitbeck visited friends in Detroit last Sunday.

We have the original Wolverine Wafers, 25c a box. We recommend them as a laxative. Rockwell Pharmacy.

Mrs. Fred Williams and granddaughter Doris were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gutekunst in Detroit Wednesday.

Floyd Remington and Mrs. Loretta Nichols of Detroit, spent the week-end with the latter's mother, Mrs. H. H. Passage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Terry has gone to Detroit for a few weeks' stay with her daughters, Mrs. James Smith and Mrs. John Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams and granddaughter Doris, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Daggett at Ypsilanti Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burrows and little daughter of Detroit, have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Burrows this week.

Mrs. E. K. Simonds, who had been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilcox, for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cook entertained the members of the bridge club and their husbands at their pleasant farm home west of town last Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson attended the graduating exercises of the Ypsilanti High school last Friday evening. The latter's niece, Miss Avis Rice, was one of the graduates.

On Saturday, Mrs. Annie Henderson and Mrs. James Barlow will give an ice cream social on their lawn, corner of Wing and Deer streets. The proceeds are to be given to St. John's Episcopal Mission. Everybody come.

The Misses Ethel Smitherman and Bertha Beals went to Ann Arbor last Sunday, where they attended the Baccalaureate sermon for the U. of M. graduates. The service was held in Hill's auditorium.

Paul W. Voorhies of Detroit, Edwin Corwin of Princeton University, New Jersey; George Bentley of Elm, Miss Ada Stafford and Mr. and Mrs. Evered Jolliffe of this village attended a reunion of the class of 1890 of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor Wednesday.

R. O. Mimmsack has commenced the work of remodeling his tenant house on Church street. A new wall is being placed under the building. A stucco finish will be used on the outside of the house, and when all completed it will be a fine improvement for Church street.

A reunion of a few former teachers and friends is being held at Mrs. F. F. Bennett's home today. The gathering is an annual affair and is an enjoyable meeting for all. The following guests are present: Miss Mary Howe of Agricultural college, Lansing; Mrs. Arthur Briggs, Mrs. James McNabb and Mrs. Frank Burrows, Detroit; Mrs. Harry Miller, Miss Anna Smith and Miss Rose Hawthorne of this place.

Announcement is made by the Detroit United Lines that the interurban waiting room in Detroit will be changed on July 1st to the company's new general office building at Bates street and Jefferson avenue, just one block east of Woodward avenue. The waiting room will be on the ground floor with entrance on Jefferson and main exit on Bates street. All interurban cars, except those of the Shore Line Division of the Rapid Railway, will leave by way of Bates street. The Shore Line cars will leave from the Jefferson avenue side.

The waiting room is considerably more conveniently arranged than the present one, and particular attention is being paid for the comfort of ladies. One of novel features will be a ladies' rest room

He Removed the Danger Signal

"I suffered a long time with a very weak back," writes Fred Smith, 325 Main St., Green Bay, Wis. "A few boxes of Foley Kidney Pills completely relieved me of all soreness and pain in the back, and now I am as strong and well as ever." "One cannot help becoming nervous and feeling tired and worn out when the kidneys fail to filter and throw out of the system the poisonous waste matter that causes kidney troubles and bladder ailments. Backache is one of Nature's danger signals that the kidneys are clogged up and inactive. It is often followed by rheumatism, annoying bladder or urinary disorders, puffy swellings under the eyes, swollen ankles and painful joints. Foley Kidney Pills get right at the source of trouble. They invigorate the kidneys to healthy action and when the kidneys properly perform their functions the poisonous waste matter is eliminated from the system."

For Sale at Rockwell's Pharmacy

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE—Pensman block. Inquire of D. M. Berdan. 29-44

FOR SALE—A brown rubber-tired baby carriage in good condition; also a white baby sleigh. Inquire at Robinson's livery barn. It

FOR SALE—Good 5 passenger automobile at a bargain in good shape, with extra tires. 30 horse power. Phone 86-F2. P. O. box 548. Plymouth, Mich.

Fish plant for sale at H. W. Murray's.

LOST—Left side curtain for Ford roadster between Plymouth and my home 1 mile east, finder please notify H. C. Hager.

FOR SALE—One good house with large lot, on Stewart street, avenue, cheap at \$2500; a fine one on Penniman avenue at \$3000; one on Main street at \$4500; a few good building lots for sale, prices and terms are right, house and lot on Blunk street at \$2,300, and house and lot on south Main street at \$1,100. E. N. Passage. 46-ft

FOR RENT—A dwelling house. Inquire of Fred Gottschalk, north village.

FOR SALE—Nine-room house, bath, lights, steam heat, price \$3300. Geo. C. Gale, 66 Harvey street. Phone 339M. 16-ft

FOR SALE—Six-room cottage, bath, lights, pantry, two clothes closets and large lot. Would accept automobile in part payment. Address Lock Box 621, Plymouth, Michigan.

FOR SALE—Cherries, at W. J. Beyer's.

FOR SALE—200 acres between Plymouth and Ypsilanti, known as the Hanford homestead. 29w3.

FOR SALE—2 desirable lots, fine location. Inquire at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen. Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate, and the major of the estate of Ann Pattemill-Clark, deceased.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the twenty-eighth day of July next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said Probate Court, be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

EDWARD COMMAND, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy] Albert W. Flint, Register.

Commissioner's Notice.

IN the matter of the estate of Conrad Huber, 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 office of E. N. Passage in the city of Plymouth, Mich., on Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and the four months from the 18th day of June, A. D. 1915, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated June 16th, 1915.

E. N. PASSAGE ALBERT GAULD Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

IN the matter of the estate of William Bates, 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 office of E. N. Passage in the city of Plymouth, Mich., on Monday, the 28th day of July, A. D. 1915, and on Saturday, the 30th day of July, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and the four months from the 28th day of May, A. D. 1915, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated May 23, 1915.

E. N. PASSAGE ALBERT GAULD Commissioners.

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IN the matter of the estate of William Bates, 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 office of E. N. Passage in the city of Plymouth, Mich., on Monday, the 28th day of July, A. D. 1915, and on Saturday, the 30th day of July, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and the four months from the 28th day of May, A. D. 1915, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated May 23, 1915.

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E. N. PASSAGE ALBERT GAULD Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

IN the matter of the estate of William Bates, 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 office of E. N. Passage in the city of Plymouth, Mich., on Monday, the 28th day of July, A. D. 1915, and on Saturday, the 30th day of July, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and the four months from the 28th day of May, A. D. 1915, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated May 23, 1915.

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GALE'S FIREWORKS

Go to Gale's and see the large stock of

Firecrackers for 1c, 5c, 10c pkg.	Snake Nests, 10c per box
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Sky Rockets, 1c, 3c, 5c, 10c each	Assorted Fireworks, 5c each
Pin Wheels, 1c, 5c, 10c each	Assorted Fireworks, 10c each
Balloons, 10c, 15c, 20c each	Red and Green "Fire"

In the 5c and 10c assortment will be found Colored Star Mines, Meteor Mines, Golden Spray Mines, Colored Star Batteries, Pink Shower Batteries, Floral Shells, Vesuvius Fountains, Golden Showers, etc., etc.

For Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds Go to Gales. For high grade Groceries Go to Gale's.

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GIFTS—The opportunity of a Jewelry Store to demonstrate its usefulness—for it so happens that some of the most appreciated gifts found at a wedding come from a Jewelry Store. We have made a special endeavor to select such gifts that are especially adapted for bridal remembrances, comprising

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Eyes Fitted—Best and latest equipped optical office. Eyes fitted without dope or drugs. Latest styles of Lenses and Mountings. Prices Reasonable.

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If you care to enjoy utmost satisfaction in buying meats you will interest your orders to us. Call and leave your order for a Roast, Steak or whatever you may want.

Try our Home-made Sausage. It is fine. Try our Pure Home-rendered Lard and you will use no other.

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Local News

Read the ads this week. You will find it pays.

Saturday special, 3 men's good work shirts \$1 at Riggs'.

Try a "banana split" only 10c, at Pinckney's Soda Fountain.

Frank Rambo and family visited relatives at Pontiac last Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Briggs has gone to Detroit for a few weeks' stay with friends.

Miss Vera Hengsterfer of Ann Arbor, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Carl Heide.

The Gold Dust Twins will be at the Rockwell Pharmacy Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Shafer visited relatives in Detroit over Sunday and the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Reebbs are visiting relatives at Battle Creek and other places.

Mrs. Mary Chaffee has moved here from Pontiac and will reside on Harvey street.

Mrs. Burton Masters of Ypsilanti, was an over Sunday guest at E. C. Leach's.

Mrs. W. E. Harris and two sons are spending a few weeks with relatives at Carleton.

Mrs. J. W. Blickenstaff and little daughter are visiting her parents at Lake Odessa.

The Walaismuba Camp Fire girls left Tuesday for a two weeks' camp at Walled Lake.

Miss Uma Willett of Ann Arbor, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Willett, over Sunday.

Miss Mildred Trubey of Ann Arbor, visited Miss Vena Willett over Sunday and the first of the week.

Mrs. Eugene Hodge of New York City, was a guest at the home of Mrs. Frank Hodge last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gove of Milan, Ohio, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Samson Monday and Tuesday.

Louis Gottschalk of Detroit, was a Plymouth visitor last week and attended the graduating exercises here.

About 50 ladies' dress skirts priced from \$6 to \$8, your choice at \$3.98 at Riggs Saturday and all next week.

Mrs. Arthur Briggs of Detroit, and Miss Mary Howe of Lansing, are week-end visitors with Miss Rose Hawthorne.

Mrs. G. A. VanEpps of Pontiac, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Holloway, the latter part of last week.

Miss Mabel Spicer has returned home for the summer vacation from Youngstown, Ohio, where she has been teaching the past year.

Mrs. E. E. Caster and daughter Florence left last week for a several weeks' visit with the former's daughter and family at Westchester, Pa.

Carl Stever and Miss Marian Stein of Detroit, also Howard Tyler and Miss Mae Wolcott of Highland Park, visited at Albert Stever's, Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Davis, teacher in the Lansing schools, will spend her summer vacation in Plymouth with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis.

Mrs. Arch Collins returned to her home in north village last Friday after spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. S. C. Heech at Benton Harbor.

Roxall

Dyspepsia Tablets

Will Relieve Your Indigestion

Roxall Pharmacy

C. G. DRAPER

JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST

Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses. Prices Reasonable. Give us a trial. Office opposite R. U. E. Waiting Room, Plymouth, Mich.

Try a Limer in the Mail. They Bring Results.

BERTHA F. BEALS,

Teacher of Piano

Studio, 8 Mill Street. Phone 106

Mrs. John Patterson

Music Teacher

54 Penniman Avenue

IN THE CITIES

Chicagoan Who Always Goes to Church Barefoot

CHICAGO.—It has become quite an event to the residents of Bealey court when Frank Schmall attends church of a Sunday morning. Children pause on the sidewalk to watch him go by and the gossip of the court run to their windows with as much interest as if a parade were passing.

In reality Schmall resembles a cross between a G. A. R. procession and a Russian dancer. His chest is covered from shoulder padding to waistband with medals, and Schmall's ten twinkling toes—not always twinkling—sprawl on the cement walks as he hurries along with athletic stride.

It is Schmall's theory that shoes are as much out of place to the churchman as slippers are in a Hindu temple. The medals he bestows upon himself, and neighbors have noticed that a new one would appear particularly after an extremely cold and inclement Sunday.

But Schmall's barefooted philosophy ran amuck when he tried to compel the eight little Schmallis to follow in his footsteps and save the family's Sunday shoe bills.

Mrs. Verona Schmall, who does not care how often her husband frosts his feet or awards himself a medal if his passion leads that way, objected strenuously to the children being sent barefooted to church. If she yielded on this point she did not know but she might be the next whose footwear would be forbidden.

"You know I don't mind his bare feet so much now that I've got used to them," she said, "nor do the medals worry me any more. He believes the medals are a sign he's a good church member. But he seems to think the children—small ones and all—should do the same thing and in all kinds of weather. They'll catch their death of colds and besides if they take up this medal business the medal bills will be enormous.

"As it is, he doesn't give me and the girls enough to wear. He treats as all like dogs on week days, and I'm just about sick as a result of his carryings on."

So, Mrs. Schmall complained to the superintendent of the social service department of the county court and Frank was persuaded to be reasonable.

Alfalfa Solves the Weed Problem for Wichita

WICHITA, KAN.—When, a year ago, Wichita officials found that weeds were going to take possession of a vacant plot as well as neglected city lots, a plan was evolved by which it could be averted. A man was engaged to prepare the lots for alfalfa at a cost of 50 cents to the owner, to plow, harrow and keep mowed the crops, and the weeds were obliterated in every instance. Many Wichita lots that otherwise would have been rank with unwelcome verdure, were turned into a profitable small hay meadow. The fifty cents that the city collected from the land owners was given to the man who prepared the land and he was well recompensed. The alfalfa thus raised was utilized in many ways by the owners and it made itself more than pay for its raising. Weeds were unknown in Wichita last year where the owners of property bargained with the alfalfa man. And there was the fragrant odor from the growing alfalfa.

This year, while Wichita city officials named no official alfalfa sower, the man who last year did the work has put in many alfalfa crops of small size and the weeds have been choked off as a result. The first cutting gave Wichita the odor of a great big hay field. It is estimated that more than two thousand tons of alfalfa were cut from the numerous small plots in Wichita and as the price is high it represented a goodly sum. In many cases men who raise home-grown alfalfa feed the crop to the cow or horses and chickens. Hundreds of small transfer men who have a horse and a cow have found growing alfalfa on a small scale very profitable.

Teaching New Boys the Language of Wall Street

NEW YORK.—Going to work in Wall street these days is just like going to school again for a hundred or so of the latest additions to the army of clerks and runners in the various brokerage houses on "the street." Wall street speaks a language all its own. That fact made no trouble a year ago, for then everyone had been on the job long enough to know that when a hoarse-voiced, wild-eyed lunatic yelled "How's Mop?" all he wanted to know was the latest ticket quotation on the stock of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

But when the war came many Wall street employees found themselves out of jobs, and found work elsewhere. Then the exchange reopened, and the brokers hastily employed new boys as runners and clerks. There was no trouble in finding them, but when the broker asked after the condition of "Mop" they were likely to bring back a report that "it was dry as sticks, and that fool porter wasn't around at all."

And when the broker's partner wanted to know "where's Katy now?" more than one of the newly enlisted boys was heard to answer "hanged if I know," instead of giving the proper stock quotation on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas stock.

To overcome the difficulty new employees have been required to report an hour earlier than is customary and go through a course of instruction at the hands of some one of the older employees who was held over during the hard times period.

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Detroit Has a Divorce Case in Sign Language

DETROIT, MICH.—Working his fingers and facial expressions almost unceasingly, Muirville P. Wilson, a deaf mute, told Judge Mandell how his wife, who also is a mute, scolded and otherwise abused him. The story was told through a deaf interpreter, and at its conclusion, Judge Mandell signed, remarked, "We all have troubles of our own," and signed a decree of divorce.

Another witness, also a deaf-mute, told of things coming under his observation, and none of his testimony was objected to as being merely hearsay. Clerk Thomas Fraser administered the oath in his loudest tones to the deaf interpreter, who in turn worded it on his fingers to the witnesses. Asked to give his address, the complainant rapidly spelled and gestured something with his right hand. The interpreter, with a quizzical look on his face, turned to the judge and remarked, "Fanny, but I never heard of that street," and the judge smiled and said he did not, either.

At one time the complainant seemed to be telling a long story, and Attorney Loree, fearing that the patience of the court would be exhausted, walked up close to the interpreter and thundered, "Don't lead that witness into any long-winded conversations," and the court smiled again.

When the witness told how his wife threw a bottle at his head every-body ducked.

Curious Western Freight Train

One of the most curious-looking freight trains to be found any place in the world makes a regular semi-weekly trip between Williston and Boncarrill, N. D., a distance of 35 miles. It consists of a 40-horse power gasoline tractor and a string of a half-dozen grain wagons, and bears the name of the "Western Limited." Twice each week during the summer months the slow-moving caravan strikes out across the prairie loaded with supplies and various kinds of freight billed for Boncarrill, which is a trading point for a large number of farmers. Williston is the nearest railroad point, so during the harvest season, when freight is heavy, the schedule of the "Limited" is increased to five or six trips a week in order to transport wheat and flax to the railroad.—Popular Mechanics.

Bears Made Trouble

General Superintendent of Line in Mexico Found Himself in Considerable of a Dilemma.

For weeks the only rail outlet from Mexico City has been a narrow gauge line running by way of the city of Toluca, about fifty miles distant. Recently the military authorities at Mexico City appointed a new general superintendent for this division. When this official made his first inspection trip over the road he found three locomotives on a siding between Toluca and the capital.

Rolling stock of all kinds being greatly needed for bringing in supplies to a starving population, the new division superintendent gave orders to have these locomotives put into commission. Trainmen who attempted to carry out the orders were met by several stern individuals who told them at the point of rifles that the engines must not be moved.

"These engines," said the leader of the armed band, "belong to Senorita"—naming a popular young woman of the district. "They were presented to her last week by the general of our brigade. He has detailed us here to watch them. Without her permission the locomotives cannot be moved from here."

The young woman not appearing on the scene, the puzzled superintendent finally gave up the attempt.

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The "Western Limited," a Prairie Freight Train Which Makes Regular Trips Between Two Small North Dakota Towns.

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The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Works Herself Up Over a Trivial Care Only to Find She Was in the Wrong

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"That's the way to cook spinach," approved Warren, holding up a whole leaf on his fork. "Loathe it mashed into a green, slimy pulp."

"Yes, she does cook this better than Nora."

"Huh, she's forgotten more about cooking than Nora ever knew," as he again carved into the lamb. "How about some jelly with this?"

Helen touched the bell.

"Emma," as the girl appeared, "you may bring in that grape jelly."

In a few moments she came in with a gleaming, quivering mold.

"Why, you've opened a fresh glass! I meant the one we had last night!"

"There wasn't more'n a spoonful left, ma'am."

"That's the second time she's done that," declared Helen in low-voiced indignation when the door swung to after her. "Why, we hardly touched that jelly last night!"

"If she likes sweets, so much the better. That means a monacolic taste, and she'll let the wine alone."

"But the grapefruit—she has half a grapefruit every morning, just the same as we have. Three always lasted us for three mornings—now I have to get three every other day."

"Oh, well," shrugged Warren, "as long as she does her work—guess we can afford to give her what she wants to eat."

"Of course," flushing, "you know I always want the girl to have good, nourishing—"

Here Emma came in for the salad bowl, and Helen began talking hurriedly about something else.

She had engaged this girl through an agency the day after they landed—just a week ago. In that time Emma had cleaned the whole apartment, washed the woodwork and oiled the floors. She was both fast and capable; yet she had an assertive air that Helen found very irritating.

No other girl had ever expected grapefruit every morning, and as this was something Helen did not like to speak of, it rankled all the more.

Though she did not bring it up again, Helen keenly resented Warren's attitude, for it made her seem penurious about the girl's food. She knew that she was much more generous with her maid than were most women. Her own mother was not half so lenient, and Carrie locked up everything.

It was after eight when Emma, having finished her dishes, appeared at the library door.

"Mrs. Curtis, do you mind if I go out for a little while?"

Helen looked up from her sewing with a brief, "very well."

"Where's that draft coming from?" demanded Warren a little later, scowling over his paper at the windows.

"No, they're all down in here—it must be from the dining room. Wait, dear, I'll see."

It was the kitchen window that was up, and the pantry door open. Turning on the light, Helen put down the window, and then glanced around. Everything had been left in spotless order. Emma had washed out all the tea towels, and even put a fresh hand towel on the roller.

Helen looked into the ice box. It was clean and sweet-smelling. And the girl was certainly saving. There was the bit of spinach left from dinner and a spoonful of mashed potatoes. But where was the jelly?

With increasing indignation, Helen searched through the ice box and pantry. She had noticed particularly that over half the glass had been left.

And they had so little jelly, only what was left over from last year, for they had been away all fall and it was now too late for any fruit.

Dragging forward the step ladder chair, Helen climbed up to the jelly shelf. There were only nine glasses of currant and fourteen of grape. If the girl was so inordinately fond of jelly, might she not occasionally open a glass for herself?

Over the refrigerator was a glass-door cupboard that could be locked. In a flash Helen decided that was the place for the jelly.

Even those high shelves had been freshly washed and lined with paper, but just now this evidence of Emma's industry failed to impress her.

"Hello, what in blazes are you doing up there?" Warren, his hands in his pockets, stood at the pantry door, staring at her.

"I'm putting this jelly where I can lock it up," steadying herself on the step ladder. "There wasn't a spoonful left of that glass we had at dinner. It's outrageous! I never heard of a girl having the presumption to eat jelly like that!"

"Look out, there—you'll fall! I'd rather pay for a few glasses of jelly than a doctor's bill for a broken leg."

"There!" as Helen locked the door and climbed down. "Now do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to order one grapefruit a day!"

"Well, if you don't want the girl to have grapefruit—I'd rather tell her than do a thing like that. Jove, you can be mighty small."

"Warren, I'm not small!" passionately. "That's what you always say because you know it hurts me. Do you think your mother or Carrie would furnish three-fourths grapefruit to any maid? You know they're more strict in such things than I ever could be! You always said I was too good to Nora—that I let her run over me."

"So you did. But now that you've got a girl worth six of her—you're sore about what she eats. You've got no sense of proportion, that's the trouble with you. You get hipped on one idea, and you can't see anything else. What's the matter—pinch your finger?"

Exasperated, Helen had turned back the step ladder with a resentful jerk and had caught her finger at the most painful part of the nail. Brushing by Warren, she ran to the bathroom, where she bathed the bruised nail in witch hazel and nursed her aggrieved sense of injury.

It was after ten. Too hurt and indignant to go back to the library, she turned on her bath and began broodingly to undress.

Why did Warren always try to make her feel small and mercenary? She was furious with herself, furious with him, and above all furious with Emma for being the indirect cause of it all.

She was in bed, her arm over her eyes to shade them from the light, when Warren came in.

"Still sulking?" One of his shoes dropped heavily.

Helen did not answer, and her lace-trimmed sleeve shaded her face.

When he had taken his bath, he threw up the windows and turned off the lights. Still Helen lay motionless; she had not stirred.

"Thinking about that grapefruit she's going to eat tomorrow?" jeeringly, as he got into bed.

Helen could have shrieked. Instead she bit her lips, and angry tears wet the sleeve of her nightdress. Warren gave his pillow a punch, settled it under his head, drew the bedclothes around his shoulders and was soon dozing off.

But for Helen, who had worked herself up to a state of feverish brooding, sleep was impossible. It had been an unhappy and humiliating evening—and it was all Emma's fault. Her resentment against the girl deepened every moment.

What was that? Raising herself on her elbow, Helen listened tensely. A faint, scratching sound! It was Pussy Purr-Mew—shut up somewhere.

Hurriedly Helen got up and began a shivering search. The hall closet, the closet in her dressing room, her bureau drawers—for Pussy Purr-Mew had a troublesome habit of creeping anywhere that was left open. Again the scratching—it was from the dining room.

Helen darted straight to the china closet. When she opened the door a fur-ruffled kitten leaped out from the lower shelf. As she stooped to smooth the rumpled table cloth, Helen saw something on the shelf above that made her gasp.

It was the grape jelly—just as Emma had taken it from the table at dinner! So she had not touched it! She had sensed Helen's displeasure at there being none left from the night before, and had purposely not even taken it out to the kitchen.

Unheeding the cold, Helen, in only her thin nightdress, for a long time crouched under the floor, while Pussy Purr-Mew, grateful for her release, purred exuberantly but unnoticed against her.

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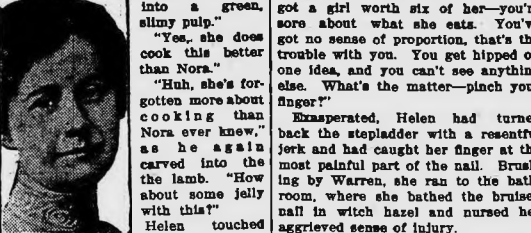
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"Eh, what's that?" muttered Warren, half aroused by the sudden chill as Helen cuddled against him for warmth.

"Dear, I—I was wrong about that jelly. Emma hadn't touched it—it was in the china closet. And I—I unlocked the rest and put it back."

But apparently Warren was too drowsy to grasp the full purport of this, for his only comment was the mumbled, meaningless phrase, "Well, what-do-you-know-about-that?"



Emma, as the girl appeared, "you may bring in that grape jelly."

In a few moments she came in with a gleaming, quivering mold.

"Why, you've opened a fresh glass! I meant the one we had last night!"

"There wasn't more'n a spoonful left, ma'am."

"That's the second time she's done that," declared Helen in low-voiced indignation when the door swung to after her. "Why, we hardly touched that jelly last night!"

"If she likes sweets, so much the better. That means a monacolic taste, and she'll let the wine alone."

"But the grapefruit—she has half a grapefruit every morning, just the same as we have. Three always lasted us for three mornings—now I have to get three every other day."

"Oh, well," shrugged Warren, "as long as she does her work—guess we can afford to give her what she wants to eat."

"Of course," flushing, "you know I always want the girl to have good, nourishing—"

Here Emma came in for the salad bowl, and Helen began talking hurriedly about something else.

She had engaged this girl through an agency the day after they landed—just a week ago. In that time Emma had cleaned the whole apartment, washed the woodwork and oiled the floors. She was both fast and capable; yet she had an assertive air that Helen found very irritating.

No other girl had ever expected grapefruit every morning, and as this was something Helen did not like to speak of, it rankled all the more.

Though she did not bring it up again, Helen keenly resented Warren's attitude, for it made her seem penurious about the girl's food. She knew that she was much more generous with her maid than were most women. Her own mother was not half so lenient, and Carrie locked up everything.

It was after eight when Emma, having finished her dishes, appeared at the library door.

"Mrs. Curtis, do you mind if I go out for a little while?"

Helen looked up from her sewing with a brief, "very well."

"Where's that draft coming from?" demanded Warren a little later, scowling over his paper at the windows.

"No, they're all down in here—it must be from the dining room. Wait, dear, I'll see."

It was the kitchen window that was up, and the pantry door open. Turning on the light, Helen put down the window, and then glanced around. Everything had been left in spotless order. Emma had washed out all the tea towels, and even put a fresh hand towel on the roller.

Helen looked into the ice box. It was clean and sweet-smelling. And the girl was certainly saving. There was the bit of spinach left from dinner and a spoonful of mashed potatoes. But where was the jelly?

With increasing indignation, Helen searched through the ice box and pantry. She had noticed particularly that over half the glass had been left.

And they had so little jelly, only what was left over from last year, for they had been away all fall and it was now too late for any fruit.

Dragging forward the step ladder chair, Helen climbed up to the jelly shelf. There were only nine glasses of currant and fourteen of grape. If the girl was so inordinately fond of jelly, might she not occasionally open a glass for herself?

Over the refrigerator was a glass-door cupboard that could be locked. In a flash Helen decided that was the place for the jelly.

Even those high shelves had been freshly washed and lined with paper, but just now this evidence of Emma's industry failed to impress her.

"Hello, what in blazes are you doing up there?" Warren, his hands in his pockets, stood at the pantry door, staring at her.

"I'm putting this jelly where I can lock it up," steadying herself on the step ladder. "There wasn't a spoonful left of that glass we had at dinner. It's outrageous! I never heard of a girl having the presumption to eat jelly like that!"

"Look out, there—you'll fall! I'd rather pay for a few glasses of jelly than a doctor's bill for a broken leg."

"There!" as Helen locked the door and climbed down. "Now do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to order one grapefruit a day!"

"Well, if you don't want the girl to have grapefruit—I'd rather tell her than do a thing like that. Jove, you can be mighty small."

"Warren, I'm not small!" passionately. "That's what you always say because you know it hurts me. Do you think your mother or Carrie would furnish three-fourths grapefruit to any maid? You know they're more strict in such things than I ever could be! You always said I was too good to Nora—that I let her run over me."

"So you did. But now that you've got a girl worth six of her—you're sore about what she eats. You've got no sense of proportion, that's the trouble with you. You get hipped on one idea, and you can't see anything else. What's the matter—pinch your finger?"

Exasperated, Helen had turned back the step ladder with a resentful jerk and had caught her finger at the most painful part of the nail. Brushing by Warren, she ran to the bathroom, where she bathed the bruised nail in witch hazel and nursed her aggrieved sense of injury.

It was after ten. Too hurt and indignant to go back to the library, she turned on her bath and began broodingly to undress.

Why did Warren always try to make her feel small and mercenary? She was furious with herself, furious with him, and above all furious with Emma for being the indirect cause of it all.

She was in bed, her arm over her eyes to shade them from the light, when Warren came in.

"Still sulking?" One of his shoes dropped heavily.

Helen did not answer, and her lace-trimmed sleeve shaded her face.

When he had taken his bath, he threw up the windows and turned off the lights. Still Helen lay motionless; she had not stirred.

"Thinking about that grapefruit she's going to eat tomorrow?" jeeringly, as he got into bed.

Helen could have shrieked. Instead she bit her lips, and angry tears wet the sleeve of her nightdress. Warren gave his pillow a punch, settled it under his head, drew the bedclothes around his shoulders and was soon dozing off.

But for Helen, who had worked herself up to a state of feverish brooding, sleep was impossible. It had been an unhappy and humiliating evening—and it was all Emma's fault. Her resentment against the girl deepened every moment.

What was that? Raising herself on her elbow, Helen listened tensely. A faint, scratching sound! It was Pussy Purr-Mew—shut up somewhere.

Hurriedly Helen got up and began a shivering search. The hall closet, the closet in her dressing room, her bureau drawers—for Pussy Purr-Mew had a troublesome habit of creeping anywhere that was left open. Again the scratching—it was from the dining room.

Helen darted straight to the china closet. When she opened the door a fur-ruffled kitten leaped out from the lower shelf. As she stooped to smooth the rumpled table cloth, Helen saw something on the shelf above that made her gasp.

It was the grape jelly—just as Emma had taken it from the table at dinner! So she had not touched it! She had sensed Helen's displeasure at there being none left from the night before, and had purposely not even taken it out to the kitchen.

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Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly.

"Well, yes," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "Lester Poppendick was a fugitive from justice for nearly twenty years, but Nemesis, as the feller called it, overtook him at last. He came home to attend the funeral of a relative that he figured 'ad hedred him something in his will, and was promptly captured and married by the lady he had rescued from drowning just before he ran away."—Kansas City Star.

Success.

The Greeks had a foot race in which speed and endurance were not the only tests. Each man at the start was given a lighted torch, and the laurel wreath was for the one who came in first, "with his torch alight." Success in life is not merely reaching the goal, but more important still, in keeping the light of God burning in our hurray-ing souls.—Exchange.

Can't Keep an Upstart Down.

"You can't keep a good man down," quoted the wise guy.

"Not an upstart," added the simple wit.

GONE 52 YEARS, IS FOUND BLIND

Man, Sightless for Nine Years, Has Vision Restored by Operation.

OLD AGE BRINGS JOY

Three Sisters Discover Brother in Kansas Soldiers' Home Whose They Had Not Seen Since He Went to Civil War.

Chicago.—Way back in '63 a tall, broad-shouldered young man went to war. His name was Edward Lewey. In the ranks of the blue he fought through the Civil war. He left behind him three sisters

PAIGE

"The Standard of Value and Quality"

A NEW LIGHT SIX Every Inch a Paige \$1095

The latest addition to a distinguished line of cars—the new Paige Six "36" is a true Paige every inch of it—a car built to realize an ideal—a car that must not and cannot be judged from the standpoint of its astounding price alone.

The New Paige Six "36" Is Here

We realize that there are a vast number of people who do not require a large seven-passenger car. But all of these people want a "Six," for they know that this is the day of the "Six" in quality cars.

We might attempt to tell you about the performance of this remarkable power plant, but we much prefer to have you ride in the car and establish the facts for yourself.

Furthermore, they want a "roomy" car—a luxurious car—a "smart" car—an economical car. In a word, there is an enormous demand for just such a car as the new Paige Six "36."

Then, you will realize what true six-cylinder Flexibility and Power really mean. For the first time, perhaps, you will experience the indescribable sensation of riding in a car that is practically throttle controlled—a car that travels smoothly at a slow walking pace or the speed of the winds without changing from high gear.

Inside the car you will find a great, big, comfortable cushion and a broad driver's seat with upholstery of genuine leather which means ease and freedom from crowding all of the five passengers.

Low First Cost "Upkeep" Expense Best of all, this is a car that any man can afford to drive. The Six "36" weighs but 2600 pounds and is equipped with oversize 4-inch tires. With this car you can enjoy true six-cylinder motor comfort without the penalty of excessive "upkeep" expense.

Like the larger Six "46" you will find this car equipped with the world-famous Gray & Davis starting and lighting system.

Space will not permit us to name even one-half the surprisingly good features embodied in the latest Paige.

When you raise the hood of this car, you will see an accessible powerful six cylinder motor—Waukesha—which is a crowning achievement in motor construction.

Then—and only then—you will appreciate what a truly great achievement it represents. Then we predict, your first query will be—"How is it possible to build such a car for \$1095."

For further information write or 'phone

IRA WILSON

ELM, MICH. 'PHONE REDFORD 144 M-12

Osborne Hay Tools

The haying season will soon be upon you. Are you prepared for it? Are you going to need some haying machinery? If so, we can supply you with the best—the Osborne line of

Side Delivery Rakes Hay Loaders Mowers Binder Twine

OSBORNE STANDARD TWINE 9c lb.

Now is the time to buy your Binder Twine while the price is low. Give us your order now and save money.

We have a big line of Cultivators to select from.

Goldsmith & Fisher

Plymouth, Mich. North Village.

COAL!

We are now booking orders for next winter's coal. Get your orders in while prices are low. We not only handle the highest grades of coal, but can offer you the best of service.

Place your order with us.

J. D. McLaren Co.

TELEPHONE 91.

Steam and Hot Water Heating Round Oak Warm Air Furnaces

Geo. E. Humphries

Plumber and Tinner
Phone 275W Plymouth, Mich.

Eave Trough, Conductor Pipe, Tin, Copper and Sheet Metal Work.

General Blaksmithing, Repairing and Horseshoeing

Prompt Service, Work Guaranteed, Prices Reasonable.

GIVE US A CALL.

J. S. LORENZ & CO.,

Plymouth, Mich.
In Wells Shop on East Ann Arbor Street.

Beautiful Monuments

are often marred by ill shaped and poorly cut letters. Note the work we have created; or better still, visit our works and see the class of work we are turning out in this line.

All Raised Work

Every letter and figure raised, cut good and deep and square in on the best quality of granite obtainable. We have a reputation for doing good work, and we are bound to keep it. Restore pleasing your order, call on the house where quality prevails and get the best.

LYON GRANITE CO

Two Shops: Postoffice, Rear of Postoffice Steam Laundry, 'Phone 1231. Plymouth, Main street. 'Phone 214.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.
Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7 to 9 p. m., 58 Plymouth, Mich.

W. H. BETTEYS, M. D.

Office and residence 11 Mill Street, Sixth door south of Baptist church.
Hours—11 a. m. to 2 to 4 p. m., evenings and Sundays by appointment.
Telephone 25.

In And Around Plymouth

The Brighton Gun Club is the name of a new organization in that town. The valuation of the village of Wayne has increased to \$339,560, 143,000 more than in 1914.

The Brighton highway commission advises for bids for the building of three miles of trunk line highway. Indications point to a large raspberry crop this year, the loss from apparently not damaging the fruit to any extent.

H. H. Design of Brighton has sold his fine 200 acre farm east of that village on the Grand River road to Detroit parties. The price reported is \$17,000.

The village council at Carleton has had a large number of shade trees planted throughout the village which will help beautify the town as the years go by.

A special census recently taken gives Royal Oak a population of 2,490 and, including the communities which are regarded as a part of the village, a population of 2,910.

The work of installing the machinery in Wayne's new factory, the Wayne Steering Wheel and Bow factory is progressing rapidly and the plant will be in operation very shortly.

The Farmington Enterprise suggests that the purchase of an automobile for the speedier transportation of the village five apparatus "would not lessen in the least our feeling of security."

According to the Farmington Enterprise the contemplated new town hall for that village looks mythical. The bids are much higher than the committee had figured on spending.

The Foresters of Northville are planning for a big celebration to take place in that village on Wednesday, July 29, next. The plans include ball games at Athletic park in the forenoon and games and sports on Main street in the afternoon.

Aviator Williams and his assistant put on some thrilling aerial stunts at Long Lake near Fenton last week before a bunch of movie men from the University Film Company, an affiliate of the Michigan State Fair. It is said that Williams made a contract to give an aero show battle at the Michigan and also the Wisconsin state fair.

The Ford Motor Company of Detroit, built 46,510 cars in the month of April. Even at this rate dealers cannot get cars as rapidly as desired. Then August first will begin the task of rebating to the 415,000 Ford purchasers in accordance with the terms of the profit sharing announcement. Each of the 300,000 or more Ford purchasers will be mailed of course, an individual check, probably \$50. The postage alone on this huge mail means at least \$6,000.

The Labadie-Ross Motion Picture Company is putting Kent lake on the map, temporarily, at least, and its picturesque shores are to furnish the scenery for moving picture films which are to be taken this summer. The lake is at present a scene of activity, at temporary sleeping quarters and dining quarters for the company are being erected. It is said that fifty people are on the ground already and the number will be quadrupled when the company gets down to business. The company includes artists and dramatists and big motion picture plays are in making. A pair of "bald-faced" ponies have been bought of Lloyd Lovewell of South Lyon, and sometime in the future you may recognize them in a picture play and know that the film was made down at Kent lake.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lyke and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Lyke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyke at Superior. Mrs. Harvey Nelson spent Sunday at the home of Harvey Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Casterline and family Sunday at the home of the latter's brother, Harmon Shroder and wife.

C. Bovee and C. Austin were in Ypsilanti last Saturday. Burton Rich has the whooping cough.

Mrs. Lavina Burnett of Holly, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Rich. A company of friends and relatives were entertained last Saturday at the home of Eugene Nelson. Among the guests were his brother, Elmer Nelson and wife of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bovee and family spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bovee at Plymouth.

The Ladies Aid Society met with Mrs. Roy Lyke last Wednesday.

Mrs. Mable Sherwood spent Tuesday with Roy Lyke.

Mrs. Effie Reawek and Mrs. O. Dix called on Mrs. Hearty Whitaker and Mrs. Fred Bird last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Gale and son were in Plymouth last Saturday night.

Mrs. Tena Bovee and daughter Muriel and Mrs. Louise Packard attended the Congregational Ladies tea at the home of Mrs. N. Brokaw last Saturday.

Mr. Wheelock and son and Frank Holts of Saline, motored to the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Henry Whitaker and spent the day.

Ledie Curtis was in Pontiac Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Ida Curtis spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Henry Whitaker. Mrs. Bovee, Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. W. Heaney called on Mrs. Nellie Bird Monday. Mrs. Bird is now able to sit up a little since her recent illness.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kubik, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kubik and daughter, Clark Theuer and Edna Holmes spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Theuer at Wallaceville.

Wm. Hirschlieb and Wm. Beyer were in Detroit Monday and Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sherwood and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Badelt spent Sunday with Chris Long and family.

The Gleasons will hold a special meeting Wednesday evening, June 30th, 7:30, to 9:30, and Mrs. John Snyder, Tuesday, June 22, a box.

The Gleasons are planning to give a picnic in the near future. Watch for the date later.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Smith, Howard Couzens, wife and child of Detroit, were over Sunday visitors at James Couzens'.

Only One Entirely Satisfactory. "I have tried various colic and diarrhea remedies, but the only one that has given me entire satisfaction, and cured me when I was affected in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I recommend it to my friends at all times," writes S. N. Galloway, Stewart, S. C. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

WEST PLYMOUTH.

District No. 7 held their annual Board meeting at the home of Mrs. C. F. Smith Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Wallace Becker, who has been spending the week with her son, F. L. Becker, returned to her home in Fenton, Tuesday afternoon. While Mrs. F. L. Becker was driving her to the depot, they collided with Burt Robinson's oil wagon. Both ladies were thrown from the buggy, Mrs. Wallace Becker breaking both arms near the wrists. She bravely continued her journey and did not leave them until she reached her own home. Mrs. F. L. Becker was badly bruised but sustained no serious injuries.

Mrs. John Butler, Louise and John Warren are visiting Mrs. R. L. Sackett in Detroit this week.

Mary and Francis Brown with their little nephew, George Allen Brown of Superior, spent Tuesday with Mrs. C. F. Smith and Helen.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Widmaier visited Henry Widmaier at Plymouth Sunday.

Mrs. Mildred Butler attended the reunion of the classes of 1914 at Walled Lake, Monday.

Mrs. Berenice Becker visited Miss Mary Powell Saturday and Sunday. They spent Saturday in Detroit and Sunday at Walled Lake where Mr. and Mrs. Ben Blunk, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jewell and Mr. and Mrs. Ford Becker had a cottage for the week.

Mrs. C. F. Smith and Helen, Mrs. D. F. Murray and Elizabeth and Robert Gibson drove to New Hudson Thursday morning. Mrs. Murray and Elizabeth remaining at their new home.

Mildred Butler, who is attending the Michigan State Normal College the past year, is at home for vacation.

The Helping Hand enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon at the meeting with Mrs. J. Smith Wednesday. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Mrs. J. Smith; Vice President—Ada Root; Secretary—Lillie Root; Treasurer—Neta Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fulford and family, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bille and son Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. John Stark of Inkster, and Mrs. Gardner Kent of Newburg, visited at G. F. Butler's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Neavre of Detroit, visited at Chas. Shearer's Sunday.

Mrs. Thayer attended the funeral of Mrs. Kennedy at New Boston Thursday.

Adolph Mellow has a fine large patch of peas just ready for the market.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Packard and son Cecil visited Mrs. Packard's mother, Mrs. Durie of Wayne, Sunday.

Robert Gibson is having a Waterloo milking machine installed. The masons have finished plastering the upstairs.

For an Impaired Appetite To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit, Mich., says: "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

LIVONIA CENTER.

The O. H. S. club was entertained at the home of Mrs. John Baze Friday afternoon. The afternoon was spent socially and with contests. In the annual contest Mrs. Wm. Carchow won the first prize and Mrs. Julius Landau was consoled. A delicious salad luncheon was served. The next meeting of the club will be held at the home of Mrs. Paul Lee.

The cemetery society served supper at the home of Mrs. Frank Peck Saturday and a large number was present to enjoy the elaborate meal and help the society financially. This society is doing a good work in beautifying and keeping up the cemetery and should be encouraged and patronized by the community in general.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Peck and Mrs. Delp and son motored from Jackson and spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peck.

A number of young people from this place enjoyed the picnic pictures at the Lyceum theater in Detroit last Saturday afternoon. The party was taken to and from the city by Harry Wolfe with his auto truck.

The community was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Fred Gilner. Mrs. Gilner was accompanying her son to the tuberculosis sanitarium last Friday morning, and after alighting from the car in Detroit, was struck by an automobile. She was picked up in an unconscious condition and remained that way until she came Saturday evening. The family has had a great deal of sickness in the past few years, and they have the sympathy of the community in this bereavement. The funeral was held at the German Lutheran church Wednesday, at 2 o'clock.

Saturday Specials

Large Ripe Bananas 10c and 15c dozen.

Nice Pineapples 10c each 1 dozen for \$1.10.

The New Fruit Store

Tony Vitale, Prop. Sherman Bldg. Main St.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

[OFFICIAL] Plymouth, Michigan, June 14, 1915. Special meeting of the common council of the village of Plymouth, Michigan, was called June 14, 1915.

Meeting was called to order by President pro tem George H. Robinson. Members present: Trustees Arthur V. Jones, John G. Lang, George H. Robinson, William Streng, Edward H. Tighe, Robert S. Todd. Absent: President Louis Hillmer.

Moved by Trustee A. V. Jones, seconded by Trustee J. G. Lang, that the plot of the Fairground subdivision be taken from the table and accepted. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Robinson, Streng, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee E. H. Tighe, seconded by Trustee Wm. Streng, that we change the school board thirty dollars for water consumed during the past three months and that a flat rate of fifty dollars per year be charged hereafter. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Robinson, Streng, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee R. S. Todd, seconded by Trustee J. G. Lang, that the bill of Harper hospital for \$20.75 be allowed and warrants be drawn upon the proper funds to pay same. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Streng, Robinson, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee R. S. Todd, seconded by Trustee A. V. Jones, that the Alter Motor Car company be allowed to lay four inch water main, connecting with the main on Farmer street, running north to the center of the two buildings owned by said company, the cost of same to be reimbursed to the Alter Motor Car Company on or before August 15, 1915. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Robinson, Streng, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee J. G. Lang, seconded by Trustee A. V. Jones, that the request for street lights on Farmer and Adams streets be referred to the electric light committee with power to act. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Streng, Robinson, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee J. G. Lang, seconded by Trustee R. S. Todd, that the following rates for electricity on commercial lines be established: 1 to 50 K. W. hours at 8c per K. W. hour; more than 50 K. W. hours at 5c per K. W. hour. Ayes: Jones, Lang, Streng, Robinson, Tighe, Todd. Carried.

Moved by Trustee R. S. Todd, seconded by Trustee Wm. Streng, that we adjourn. Carried.

C. A. HEARN, Village Clerk.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom and love has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved sister, Ann Fattengill Clark, and

WHEREAS, We realize that with her death Plymouth Grange has lost a beloved and faithful member, and the community has lost a citizen whose character and gentle manner will ever be missed; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in token of love and remembrance for our sister, our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of Plymouth Grange, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy sent to the Michigan Patron for publication.

MRS. ROSE TILLOTSON, Mrs. O. H. LOOMIS, O. H. LOOMIS, Committee.

Miss Gladys Felt visited her parents at Goguc Lake last week.

Invest in permanent roofing

Get Genasco, made of Nature's everlasting water-proofer—Trinidad Lake asphalt.

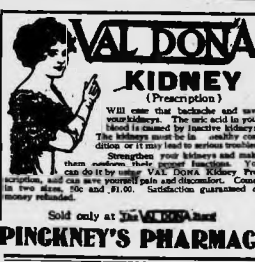
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is a sure and lasting protection against sun, rain, snow, heat and cold. It is wonderfully economical, too.

Come let us show you how attractive it is.

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Plymouth, Mich.



VAL DONA KIDNEY

(Prescription) Will cure that backache and nerve weakness. The acid in your blood is caused by inactive kidneys. The kidneys must be in healthy condition or it may lead to serious troubles. Strengthen your kidneys and make them do their duty. VAL DONA Kidney Prescription, and all are general sale and discount. Cost in two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

PINKNEY'S PHARMACY

Kingling Circus Is Announced

World's Greatest Shows and Spectacle "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" Now On Way.

Official information confirms the announcement that on Thursday, July 1, Kingling Brothers circus will give two performances in Adrian, Mich. Many new features have been added this year, the most notable of which is the spectacle "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba."

This colossal production is presented with a cast of 1,200 people, a ballet of 300 dancing girls, 750 horses, and a trainload of scenery, costumes and properties on the biggest stage in the world.

Following the spectacle, a circus program of unusual brilliancy will be presented, including an array of foreign and American acts new to the circus world. The menagerie containing 1,000 wild animals, 41 elephants, and a "baby zoo."

The circus is transported on 80 double length cars. Special arrangements have been made by the railroad to accommodate the crowds that will visit the circus from this city and the surrounding country.

Grange Notes The ladies of the Grange will entertain the men Wednesday evening, June 30, at 7:30 o'clock.

The 4th of July picnic will be held July 3rd at the home of Giefer Rose Tillotson. The degree team have charge of everything. Games will begin at 19 o'clock.

A business meeting of the Grange will be held July 1st. A good attendance is desired as there are several matters to be attended to.

Plymouth Grange will be well represented at the Pomona meeting with Willow and West Road Granges, June 26, if the weather is favorable.

Get Rid of Your Rheumatism Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do it if you apply Chamberlain's Liniment. W. A. Lockhard, Homer City, N. Y., writes, "Last winter I suffered from rheumatism with terrible pains in my arms and shoulders. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and the first application relieved me. By using one bottle of it I was entirely cured." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

Chas. Rathbun has purchased a new Ford automobile.