

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL. I. NO. 16.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 187

WHOLE NO. 16

## PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Pines Block, on South Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as  
Second Class Mail Matter.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

"When a man toils upward with his load,  
His speed is not increased;  
But when he strides the downward road,  
Then everything is greased."

—Now swear off!

—The days are again lengthening.

—After this week date your letters 1888!

—J. M. Venoy, of Wayne, was in town Saturday.

—James Woodard, of Detroit, Christ-massed here.

—Chas. Burch, of Detroit, spent his Christmas here.

—Will Varney and Orrie Hubbard were in town Monday evening.

—Miss Anna Scotten, student at Albion college, is home for the holidays.

—J. R. Corson has something to say to you at the bottom of the last page.

—One Saline man has shipped over 70,000 pounds of live poultry this season.

—To-morrow is the last day in which to pay your taxes and save the percentage.

—Holly Advertiser: Mrs. Whipple, of Plymouth, is visiting Mrs. Starkweather.

—Miss Carrie Cady, of Canton, left Friday, for a few days visit at Williamston with relatives.

—Harry Wills, the veteran blacksmith, comes out with a quarter column ad. this week. Look it over.

—W. F. Parmeter, of Northville, and Julia F. Crickmore, of Orchard Lake, were married on the 21st.

—Mrs. C. M. Duntley who has been visiting with her eldest daughter, at Flint, for several weeks past is home again.

—Christmas was a beautiful day and the only thing lacking to make it real enjoyable was sufficient snow for sleighing.

—Irving Durfee, who has been teaching school near Fort Wayne, Ind., has been home for a week. He returns to-morrow.

—The heirs of the R. B. Stewart estate, of Canton, have a notice elsewhere in this issue asking creditors, if there are any, to present their claims.

—Remember ladies you will stand a better chance after this week. Next week is the beginning of leap year and you can be the aggressive party.

—Gideon Moore was in town Tuesday looking over our hardware stores for an axe. He seems to have gone out of the corn cutter business and is now handling axes again.

—Mrs. George Scott, of near Northville, daughter of Mrs. M. E. Scotten, of this place, left last week Thursday for Chester Minn., to join her husband who has been there for some time.

—The lady assistant at the office of the Northville Record received a beautiful bouquet the other morning—a head of cabbage. The same was duly appreciated and thanks returned.

—An exchange says that a farmer who refused seventy cents per bushel for his wheat, fed it to his hogs and found that it netted him seventy-six cents, with pork at four dollars per hundred.

—Lou O'Rourke, the barber, who has been at work for Geo. Vandecar for some time past, left on Monday, for Detroit. A young man by the name of C. E. Olmstead took his place here the next day.

—W. B. VanVliet had a couple of locals in our columns last Friday stating that he had a couple of buffalo robes for sale. Monday evening he informed us that he had already had five or six calls for them.

You should look through Agricultural hall, of Polley, Wherry & Co., on Main street, Plymouth, and learn the low prices of wagons, buggies, sleighs and cutters, before purchasing. It is to your interest to do so.

—Miss Cora Beam, who has been teaching school near Northville, returned home Saturday evening, having finished her contract. We learn that she has given excellent satisfaction during the several months that she has taught there. District boards in search of a teacher we think would do well to correspond with Miss Beam.

—Manufacturers of early spring chickens are already getting to work filling their incubators.

—Miss Della Shattuck, of Eaton, Colorado, daughter of D. C. Shattuck, dropped in on her parents Thursday evening, just as they were preparing to retire. She will make an extended visit, returning some time in February.

—They tell us that the new road cart gotten up by Marvin Berdan, and for which he has made application for a patent, is the slickest thing of the kind in the market, and there will undoubtedly be a lot of them manufactured here.

—The following were installed as officers of Plymouth Rock Lodge, F. & A. M., for the ensuing year: P. C. Whitbeck, W. M.; J. M. Collier, S. W.; W. H. Depue, J. W.; C. A. Pinckney, Treas.; J. O. Eddy, Sec.; C. L. Wilcox, S. D.; Wm. Bradner, J. D.; Net Brown, T.

—South Lyon has suffered from another fire. At about midnight on Sunday the South Lyon roller mill burned to the ground. The loss was about \$20,000, with \$10,000 to 12,000 insurance. The fire, like several others that have occurred there within the past few weeks, is supposed to have been incendiary.

—We have received a copy of the New Smyrna Breeze, a weekly paper printed at New Smyrna Volusia county, Florida, of the date of last Saturday. In perusing it we learn that H. S. Allyn, formerly of Newburg, just east of here, has purchased it and made his bow as editor and proprietor last week. The Breeze is a very creditable looking sheet, eight months old.

—A. N. Brown, who is in the employ of Walker & Stellwagen, near Stockbridge, was home Christmas. He tells us that they are doing a rushing lumber business there. He further says that Walker, whom we know to be a hustler, has scoured the country and bought all the standing timber that was for sale in that section. Another mill was about to start there, was the cause of his hustling.

—The Belleville Enterprise: "Elijah and Bert Darling, while deepening Swan Creek, last week, unearthed bones supposed to be those of a mastodon. One-half of the under jaw, with teeth, weighed forty pounds, while one rib measured 3½ feet; the shoulder blade is three feet four inches long and one foot ten inches wide; one of the teeth in the jaw is eight inches lengthwise and four inches across. The enamel on the teeth was perfect.

—Christmas day was well opened in the Presbyterian church. There was a large congregation present, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the day and its services. The pastor preached a sermon appropriate to the day and its observances, from the text, Romans vi 23, "The gift of God." A full choir rendered finely a number of Christmas anthems, a credit to their musical ability as well as to their thoughtfulness. The evening service and sermon from Isa. ix 6: "The Prince of Peace," was also well attended and appreciated.

—Some one at Northville seems to have a mania for driving other people's horses. The other evening some one took a horse and carriage belonging to G. P. Benton, from the front of one of the stores and kept it till midnight, when it was turned loose in the street. The horse traveled around for some time and then went home, without injury to the horse or carriage. The party very thoughtfully left a whisky bottle and some tobacco in the buggy. It might be well for parties tying their horses in that town to keep a good lookout for such tricksters.

(More local on fourth page.)

## GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

CONTINUE TO

### DO BETTER BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE!

Than Any Other Concern Knows How To Do.

### SEE THEIR HOLIDAY STOCK.

### GET THEIR PRICES.

### JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

: AT THE :  
**RED FRONT!**

**DISHES LEFT!**

That we are selling at the following prices:

Six Inch Plates, - 70 cts.  
Seven " - 75 cts.  
Vegetable Dishes, - 80 cts.  
Individual Butters, 25 cts.  
Tumblers, - - - 30 cts.

**All Best Ware!**

**FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!**

Why will you have poor bread? Thence discord in the family? When, by using the

Celebrated Mayflower Brand of Flour,

You can ALWAYS have GOOD bread, and a contented household. For Sale by

**HOUGH, -:-**

F. & P. M. Elevator, - PLYMOUTH.

Also, Graham, Buckwheat, &c., &c.

Leave your orders and have it delivered at your door, L. C. HOUGH.

**C. A. FRISBEE,**

Dealer in

Lumber, Lath, :

: Shingles, :

: and Coal.

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth.

**\$500 REWARD!**

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid indigestion, constipation or coliciveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give relief. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, &c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 382 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## HO, FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A GRAND AGGREGATION OF EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.

No such an assortment as we have just put on sale was ever before offered in Plymouth. We have something new and elegant in

### Rose Mina Glassware and Moss Faime Vases.

We have an endless variety of small goods that it would be impossible to name.

### Beautiful Tea and Dinner Sets!

Library Hanging Lamps, Plush Albums, Gent's Plush and Fur Caps, Etc., Toboggans, 18 cents to \$1.25 each. Come and visit us. We have a Veritable Fair.

### H. DOHMSTREICH & CO







"WILL PAPA COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?"

BY FRANK  
Miss suggested I am a reading of Bert Arnold's poem, "Papa's Boy."  
Will Papa come to-night, mamma,  
I'm tired of waiting so;  
My feet are numb by the chimney side,  
Full of long, long, long, long,  
When I ran to peep within door,  
B. the morning's early light.  
Oh! I see it now; but say, mamma,  
Will Papa come to-night?  
Will Papa come to-night, mamma!  
I see the snow on the hill;  
The ice must be three inches thick  
Down on the meadow hill.  
I heard you say to him last night  
That I was sick in bed;  
Faintly mean to hear, mamma,  
And some medicine, you said.  
Oh, I don't want to drink, mamma,  
I should be so full of grief;  
I could tell the boys and girls at school  
What Papa had done for me;  
I'd give them love and lend them books,  
And make their life so glad;  
For God, you say, takes back his gifts  
When the boys are bad.  
And won't you let me go, mamma,  
Up to my room to-day;  
And carry something warm and nice  
To poor old Widow Gray?  
I'll leave the basket near the door,  
Just inside the garden gate.  
Will Papa come to-night, mamma?  
It seems so long to wait.  
An angel came last night, mamma;  
Oh, I saw him in my sleep!  
His dress was white as snow, I thought,  
But say, mamma, what makes you weep?  
In his hands he held a little shroud;  
Yes, a shroud, and nothing more,  
And a little coffin, made for me,  
Was standing on the floor.  
And it seemed so very strange, indeed,  
To pad such gifts, instead  
Of all the boys I want so much,  
My story books and sled.  
While I wondered what it meant,  
You came, with tearful eyes,  
And said: "They go first we love best;  
God call them, my boy!"  
But I thought it all a dream, mamma,  
And now I know it must be true;  
But, mamma, I've been so bad a boy  
That Papa stays away from you;  
I don't know what mamma you'll do  
When I am laid to rest.  
You'll have no little Willie's head  
To fold upon your breast.  
Will Papa come to-night, mamma!  
Lay your head against my cheek,  
And raise my head a little more;  
It's so hard for me to speak.  
You needn't cry my skates and sled,  
For I cannot go and slide;  
Before to-morrow's sun is up,  
I'll be on the other side.  
I shall not want the skates, mamma,  
Nor my little trundle bed;  
Give them both to Tommy Smith,  
Who hit me on the head.  
He used to hide my books away,  
And tear my pictures, too;  
Please tell him now that I forgive him, ma,  
As then I tried to do.  
Will Papa come to-night, mamma,  
And see me in my room?  
I don't think Papa heard me ask  
For just another look.  
I know I've been a naughty boy  
And made you too much care;  
I know that you'll not lay it up, ma,  
When I am over there.  
There's one thing more—my pretty pets,  
My robin and my dove—  
I give them to you and Papa dear,  
And teach them how to love.  
And there's my rake and little hoe—  
You'll find them both nicely laid, ma,  
Away up on the garret floor.  
The place where last I played.  
I know, dear mamma, you will keep  
The summer flowers green,  
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—  
Only a rose or two, I mean.  
When I'm asleep I'll sleep so sweet  
Where you and Robin in the morn, ma,  
Can come and sing to me.  
Hark! Papa's come to-night, mamma,  
But his eyes, they are so wild;  
Come kiss your Willie, Papa dear,  
Come kiss your dying child.  
If I—how did it seem, how dark—  
Come and kiss me, I cannot see;  
O, Papa's come to-night, mamma,  
And God has come for me.

An Episode.

BY C. J. KEWITT  
"Every time I look at you," said Myri, severely, "I am reminded of that text of Scripture. 'There is no fool like an old fool.'"  
Now I don't in the least mind being called a fool, or even an old fool. Myri and I are neither of us spring chickens; but I do, and I always did, object to her habit of finding all her unpleasant speeches inside the Bible.  
The misquotation, not the assertion, touched my temper, and I answered with considerable indignation, that no such remarkable statement could be found between the covers of the Good Book.  
"If it isn't there it ought to be," persisted Myri, "for it is gospel truth as a way, and in your case I must say I am surprised at it."  
Here, a better, as good a boy as ever lived in love with a pretty respectable girl, and you won't give your consent to his marriage, won't see the young lady, won't listen to reason, and won't understand that you are driving him into desert and disobedience."  
"Desert and disobedience!" cried I, "I'd just be the to catch him at anything of the kind. When Peter arrives at a marriageable age I will pick out a wife for him myself, a woman with brains and money, not a giggling little shop girl."  
As I spoke I left the room, shutting the door vigorously; I do not mean to intimate that I slammed it only closed it impressively as one may say. I always do that at the end of an argument because it draws the sound of the human voice and one can go away with the comfortable assurance of having said the last word.  
Even this privilege, however, failed to restore my equanimity. I was worried and vexed about Peter. The boy was just like his mother, determined to have his own way in every trifle, and I knew well enough that if he had set his mind on a wife I should have to get him one; as for that huzzy in Atkinson's dry goods store she would not do at all; or any of her kind.  
I knew 'um, the streets are full of 'um, pert, saucy, minxes, all airs and graces, rhine stone and ribbons.  
Just as I had about made up my mind that I should have to send him to Australia or Van Diemen's Land or some other retreat where the young of the opposite sex lack the allurements of bosom pins and bustles, a little lady entered the car whose appearances exactly suited me.  
I don't often look at girls. Myri says it is scandalous at my time of life, but on Peter's account I broke through my usual reserve and examined her somewhat attentively.  
She wasn't exactly handsome, but clean and fresh looking, round and rosy, and neatly dressed in some sort of gray stuff, that made her look like a plump little pigeon.  
She did not put on airs, or wear jewelry; but she had the very sweetest voice in the world.  
I made sure of that, because she stepped on my tenderest corn, and off again with a lady-like apology.  
She hurt me terribly, but there is a good deal of the stuff in me, out of which martyrs are made, and when I saw how distressed she was, I hid my anguish and entered into conversation.  
I do not think Myri would have approved of the bright little smile she gave me at parting. I wasn't quite easy in my own mind until I recalled the fact that my wife regarded me as an old fool.  
That memory so hardened my heart that I returned the pretty salutation with a bow, which I flattered myself was not altogether paternal.  
Myri was cross at supper time, and Peter came to the table with a towel round his head; said it ached from overwork; I noticed he fed well notwithstanding.  
His mother seemed quite overcome, but begged him not to grow discouraged.  
"Boys," said she, "whose fathers disinherit them upon the slightest provocation, cannot too early make the acquaintance of poverty and suffering."  
"Boys who can't stand overwork should shun marriage as they would an ax handle," said I, and, finding no peace in the bosom of my own family, I left the house.  
It was Myri's fault entirely, that I was alone and unprotected upon the street, when I happened to meet my pretty little car acquaintance.  
She blushed and smiled modestly before she bowed, then, of course, I returned her salutation, and as she was alone, offered to escort her home.  
She accepted my offer with apparent pleasure, and I was glad to discover that she lived up town in a very aristocratic neighborhood.  
On Peter's account, I determined to follow up the acquaintance, and if all things proved satisfactory, to procure at once a suitable as well as a charming, daughter-in-law.  
Although I said nothing regarding my plans to the lady herself, she seemed perfectly willing to further them in every possible way.  
It was really surprising to see how often we happened to meet: on the street, in the horse-cars, even at places of amusement.  
This was particularly pleasant, because Myri absolutely refused to accompany me anywhere. She even stayed at home from church, rather than walk two squares beside me.  
Indeed, my home life was daily becoming more and more turbulent. Peter pined, his mother sulked, and to punish them I said nothing of my rapidly maturing plans.  
Rosabella became every day more charming, and I took great pleasure in her society. It is some consolation for a man whose wife regards him as a brute and an imbecile, to know that he is not altogether unattractive to the opposite sex.  
The undisguised admiration of a very pretty young woman cannot fail to please any man; and when our chance meetings began almost imperceptibly to lose their accidental character, and a yawning perception of my own fascinations grew upon me, I was conscious of a pleasure which a man who possessed an appreciative wife would never have experienced.  
I knew, of course, that Myri was an excellent woman, but when she called me an addled old numb-skull, and Miss Rosabella said that she regarded me as a kind and judicious friend, that was not to be wondered at, that her sentiments coincided with my own more nearly than did Myri's.  
Peter at this time took it upon himself to be more than usually trying.  
He refused good wholesome victuals, and went mooning about the house when he ought to have been asleep.  
His mother said he was going into a decline, and called a touch of the liver complaint "blighted affections."  
"Blighted affections!" said I, "if that young working woman who wants to finger my money, would let him alone, his affections would come out all right."  
I know 'um, root and branch, pert, lazy trollops, who had rather make eyes at a young fool with a rich father, than mind their own business.  
"I am sure," answered Myri, "a rich father-in-law as stingy as you are would be no attraction for any woman."  
"Peter is not a fool, there is not one particle of father about him; and Miss McCalister is neither pert, saucy, nor a trollop, if you would only see her, you would say so yourself."  
"She is a baggage!" I retorted, "and

FARM AND HOME.

SCIENTIFIC FARMERS.  
The intelligent farmer, who gives thought to his business, finds his mind occupied with matters belonging to the year that is just closing, while he also looks forward to the season rapidly approaching. Have there last year been failures with some crops, while others have been unusually successful? We should examine into the failures, not to mourn over them, but to ascertain if they were due to avoidable causes, or to natural phenomena beyond human control. We are apt to ascribe our losses to a Higher Power, but are we so ready to ascribe our successes to the same controlling influence? The "scientific farmer," so-called, is the sensible farmer who sees that all Nature, on his farm or off of it, is governed by wise and immutable laws. Those who study to learn what these laws are, and how they can best work with them, are the most successful farmers; they are called "scientific."  
MAKING A HOME ON THE PRAIRIES.  
The first question to decide in making a home on the prairies is, What do you want to do? Do you want to make wheat-raising a specialty? If so, Northern Dakota offers every inducement. Do you want to raise stock extensively? Then Northern Dakota waters are too long, and the cost of fodder will eat up the profits; but you can go beyond the Missouri and find a better field open for this, or follow the river down, and you will find men who have been in the business for a number of years. Southern and Central Dakota also offer many opportunities, especially the latter, on account of the small amount of snow that falls in the winter. For raising fruit and a general variety of crops, or anything but root crops, or the more hardy varieties of grain, the winters in the north are too long and the summers too short, while in Central and Southern Dakota, even in the shortest seasons, corn on breaking ripens well, and gives good crops when put in early. Wheat and oats also produce crops fully up to the average, and the range of hills lying on the northern boundaries of Hand and Spink counties, furnishes some of the finest stock ranges east of the Missouri, the entire region being well supplied with grass and water the year around.  
ABUSES OF LIVE POULTRY.  
During the summer weeks, live poultry suffer even until death from overcrowding and insufficient supply of water. In winter these much-suffering creatures die from exposure to intense cold. These being the extreme seasons of the year, persons not familiar with the horrors of cramped-up life would be reasonable in supposing that at least slight loss would be experienced during spring and autumn. That is the inference. Such is not the fact. The heavy losses entailed by suffering from improper modes of transit are heavy all the year round, and are increased under the influence of extreme heat and extreme cold. In the month of October, for example, the sides of the great freight carrying railways leading into New York are strewn with the mortal remains of poultry that have succumbed to harsh treatment. Ducks die most readily when subjected to the combined hardships of want of water and want of air; next to these, chickens suffer most; then turkeys and fowls and geese in the order named. To remedy this evil is the question. Shippers evidently make so much profit from their investments that they can afford the depletion of numbers, but can the consumers afford to pay such prices as will cover the deficit caused by inhumanity and sheer carelessness? We think not.  
PROFITS IN PREPARED FOOD.  
Cutting the fodder has the effect of reducing the muscular work of the cow. Every movement of the cow's muscles, every motion of the lungs as the animal breathes, consumes some of the muscular tissue and requires some food to repair the waste. Every digestive function is also carried on at some cost of substance for the repair of which food is required. The proper preparation of the food, then is a saving of labor for the cow, and a saving of food for the owner. Thus, the grain food should be ground as finely as possible, and being mixed with the cut and moistened fodder, is eaten with less exertion, and is digested with the greatest ease. More of it, too, is digested, because of the fine condition of it, by which it is more completely subjected to the action of the solvent fluids of the mouth (the saliva), stomach, and intestines. As the fat and oil of the food exists in exceedingly fine particles distributed in the cellular tissue, the thorough grinding and the perfect mastication of it tend to its most economical disposition in the body of the animal.  
The results of feeding vary with circumstances. The character and quality of the herbage vary, and necessarily, as grass is the basis of a cow's feed, any variation in this will affect the results of the grain feeding and make some modification necessary. To observe the effect of feeding, some tests will be found useful. A dairyman should be very inquisitive and observant, for his profit depends upon it. He should count, measure or weigh everything; and the quantity of food given, its cost and its results, should all be carefully noted.  
EARLY WINTER MILLINERY.  
As the cold weather approaches, the female mind naturally turns to the consideration of that most important part of her costume, the hat, or bonnet, and well may the modern woman be bewildered by the variety of shapes dis-

FARM AND HOME.

played for her to select from. If she is young, and partial to the English style of dressing, she will likely select a stiff, moderately high crowned shape of the glossy beaver or hatters' plush, as milliners term it, which was worn somewhat last winter, and will be still more in favor this, as it now comes in a variety of colors as well as in black.  
In fact, the low crowned English turbans are still worn by conservative people, and some of these have the crown indented toward the front; indeed the leading features of the newest round hats are lower crowns and projecting brims. These brims, however, are most eccentric, and it is in this the variety exists. Some extend from the crown far out in front, some are wide on one side, some turn up in a point at the back of the hat, and others roll toward the front, and become gradually narrower on the right side, while still another style rolls up on both sides close to the crown. These are often stylishly trimmed with a long rich plume extending over the crown towards the back.  
Another odd conceit is a pinked edging of felt around the rim of both hats and bonnets, while other felts are embroidered in small leaf and flower patterns. A new gray-blue shade known as "Globoin blue" is fashionable for millinery, as well as walking suits, replacing "holotrope," which has had its day; but the useful browns and navy blues will, as ever, be the most popular, next to blacks.  
BEES IN DECEMBER.  
This month is a comparatively quiet one for the bees, as there are scarcely any broods reared at this season, except in the warmer climates. Still the beekeeper has some matters of importance to attend to, foremost among which is the care of his empty brood combs, for they all contain more or less eggs of the moth miller. How these eggs get there is still an unsettled question. Some beekeepers hold to the theory that they are deposited by the miller on the bottom board, or about the entrance, and that the bees, when passing in the live, or moving about the bottom board, get them attached to their feet or legs, and thus carry them among the combs. Be this as it may, the fact remains, the eggs are in the combs, and, if stored in a warm place, will hatch and soon destroy them entirely. To prevent this, the combs should be fumigated with sulphur before being put away. The safest way to keep the empty combs is to stretch heavy wires from one end of the room to the other, just far enough apart for the ends of combs to rest on. The combs should be about one inch apart, thus admitting light and free circulation of air between them. It is preferable that the combs be stored in a room in which the temperature falls below freezing as then there is no danger from moths; and by hanging the combs on wires they are also out of the reach of mice, who are very destructive to combs. Store all honey in a warm, dry place, to keep it as long as possible from granulation. Should your extracted honey granulate, set it in water on the stove until it returns to its liquid state. This destroys the grain, and as it does not come in contact with the fire, the flavor is preserved, and the honey is not apt to granulate again for a very long period.  
—American Agriculturist for December.

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Ab! there he is, lad, at the plow;  
He beats the boys for work,  
And whatsoever the task might be,  
None ever saw him shirk.  
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes  
Run o'er with mirthful tears,  
And sing full many an old-time song,  
In spite of seventy years.  
"Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock;  
Time for a half-hour's rest."  
And Farmer John took out his lunch  
And ate it with a zest.  
"A harder task it is," said he,  
"Than following up these steers,  
Or mending fences far, for me  
To feel my seventy years."  
"You ask me why I feel so young;  
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell.  
But think it is my good wife's fault,  
Who kept me up so well;  
For women such as she are scarce  
In this poor vale of tears;  
She's given me love, and hope and strength,  
For more than forty years.  
"And then my boys have all done well,  
As far as they have gone,  
And that thing warns an old man's blood,  
And helps him on, and up and on;  
My girls have never caused a pang,  
Or raised up anxious fears;  
Then wonder not that I feel young  
And hale at seventy years.  
"Why don't my good boys do my work  
And let me sit down and rest?  
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;  
I like my own way best.  
They have their duty, I have mine,  
And till the end appears,  
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"  
Said the man of seventy years.  
—Hartford Times.

An Honest Explanation.

Poultry Dealer. How does it happen that all the turkeys I bought from you have their crops filled with shot?  
Granger. Filled with shot?  
P. D. Yes as full as they could hold. Now you know I'm not going to stand any business of that kind. H—  
G. Don't be hasty, mister, don't be hasty. I kin tell you how that happened. Instead of cutting off the turkey's heads in' running up the place with their blood, I took my old gun—she's a rattler—an' loaded her up, an' let 'em them fowls one by one. That did the job for 'em an' I had the sport into the bargain.  
P. D. But that doesn't explain the presence of shot in their crops.  
G. Why sartin it does, mister. I'm a pretty good shot you see, an' I aimed at their breasts an' every blessed chance must have lodged in there, an'—  
Boston Courier.



## Churches.

**Presbyterian.**—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

**Methodist.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30.

**Episcopal.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30.

**Anglican.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30.

## Societies.

**W. C. T. U.**—Meets every Thursday at their hall, 111 First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Fox, President.

**Episcopal.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30.

**Anglican.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

(Continued from first page.)

—Happy New Year!

—W. Chaffee has been home this week.

Boys caps, small sizes, ten cents each at Giles.

—John Dawson, of Northville, was in town Tuesday.

—Miss Matie McCann, of Wayne, has been visiting in town several days this week.

—We are informed that there are quite a number of cases of diphtheria at Northville again. Sorry to hear this.

—E. J. Penniman, Sr. made his usual twenty-five cent Christmas gift to all the children that called on him and they were legion.

—Miss Isabella Ewen left on Thursday of last week for a three weeks visit at the home of her father at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin.

—Our Mead's Mills correspondent says that the Ramsdell property has not been sold to the Lansing milk condensing company, or to any one else.

—We learn that Lee Nowland, who with his family is visiting his parents at New Boston, is sick, and detained there longer than was expected, on that account.

—“Yes, I had the best mother-in-law in the world. Two weeks after I was married she went to glory.” That certainly is all that should be required of any mother-in-law.

—Dominick Murray's “Right's Right,” is drawing good audiences this week at the Casino theatre. The play is said to be above the average, and the scenic effects remarkably fine.

—Mrs. Edith West, of Caro, nee Kinyon, of this place, has a large crayon picture of our venerable townsman, C. A. Frisbee, on exhibition at J. L. Gale's store. It is a very good copy indeed of the photograph from which it was taken.

—In Wakefield, a town in the upper peninsula, of this State, a monkey in a dime museum upset a lamp, which set fire to the building and then burned all the business portion of the town. Loss estimated at \$100,000. They shouldn't allow such animals to monkey with lamps.

—Lawyer J. F. Brown returned Tuesday morning from his two weeks vacation. When he left here he intended making his people a visit and then going to Alabama, but having some legal business for a relative to look after in Canada, used up the time allotted for his Southern trip and he was obliged to give it up for the present. His vacation however did him much good and he returned with twelve pounds more flesh on his frame than he when he left.

—Evening Journal, Dec. 26: “A marriage was to take place at Belleville, Sunday night, and the bridegroom was on hand, but the bride did not appear. It was alleged that her friends did not approve of the match, and succeeded at the last moment in causing her to change her mind. This morning anxiety and curiosity impelled visitors to the bride-elect's home and they found a diphtheria card conspicuously displayed, and it was not hard for the callers to take the hint that it wasn't any of their business why the fair one did not toe the mark at the marriage altar. There is no diphtheria in the town, however.

—Last winter, Gen. R. A. Alger, of Detroit, clothed five hundred newboys, fitting them out with entire new suits, besides many other generous gifts. This year he proposes to clothe one thousand newboys. He will also furnish one thousand of Detroit's poor families, each with a barrel of flour and a cord of wood or ton of coal. He also contributed liberally to the State school for the blind, and to the reform school to make Christmas with the inmates of those institutions happy. He is continually giving and knows how to use his great wealth not only for himself, but also for suffering humanity. What a pity that more of the money in this country is not in such hands.

## Cold!

—Mrs. Charissa Steers, of Wayne, was in town Saturday.

—John King, Berdan house clerk, spent Christmas at Northville.

—Mrs. Hendrick, who has been sick so long, is improving nicely.

—Rev. H. Burns expects to leave to-day for Dexter, his new home.

—Charlie Shattuck has a pet in the shape of a felkon on one of his thumbs.

—A cold wave struck us Wednesday and the thermometer took a decided drop.

—There will be preaching in the Baptist church as usual, morning and evening.

—Miss Jessie Steers returned home yesterday from a visit of several days at Wayne.

—Two tramps were sent to the house of correction by Esq. Valentine yesterday for sixty days.

—Frank Shattuck has convalesced sufficiently from his recent severe relapse to walk about the house.

—A social was held by the Baptist society at Sewell Bennett's Monday evening and another at Geo. Bartlett's last night.

—All Odd Fellows are requested to be present at lodge room, next Monday evening, January 2, to assist at installation of officers.

—A private letter from A. K. Wheeler states that they reached San Francisco, where they have settled down, without accident.

—Herbert Pelham, of Iron Mountain, Lake Superior, arrived here Tuesday evening, to spend the holidays, the guest of his father, A. Pelham.

—The interior of the postoffice underwent a great change Wednesday night. One hundred new boxes were added and the whole of them changed so as to make it much more convenient for the postmaster.

—The shadow social held last Tuesday evening, by the German Luther society, at the residence of Fred Gentz, for the benefit of the church, was an enjoyable affair and well attended. The proceeds were \$17.50.

—We learn that Marvin Berdan made another contract with Mr. Beam, on Wednesday, for twenty-five more of his new road carts. Mr. Berdan is already getting calls for them and it is likely will soon go to making them more extensively.

—The Christmas supper given to the M. E. church Sunday school, was a grand success. At the appointed time about seventy-five children were seated around the table and as you looked over this happy chattering band, one could not help but exclaim within themselves, “God bless the dear children; what a Merry Christmas.” After two hundred or more had partaken of a most bountiful supper, a light literary entertainment was listened to. After this candies and oranges was given to each member of the school, and all left for their homes happier, and we trust better than before. The school extend a hearty vote of thanks to those who so kindly aided in making the occasion so pleasant and successful, and also cordially invite them who do not to meet with us in our school.

—We clip the following from the Council Bluffs (Iowa) Daily Nonpareil, of Dec. 24, concerning Miss Effie Vining, a young lady from Wayne, who left there some three months ago to accept a position as teacher in a Council Bluffs school: “The holiday exercises in Miss Vining's room of the Bloomer school yesterday afternoon were very interesting and creditable to the little folks and their teacher. The singing was admirable. When a piece was announced it was instantly started and carried through in most perfect harmony. The recitations and readings were excellent. Especially noticeable was the perfect order and strict attention on the part of the scholars. Miss Vining came here from Detroit, Michigan, last September, and it is evident from what was seen in her room yesterday, that she is a first-class teacher.”

—On Thursday evening last, Walter T. Mills, the well known Prohibition advocate, lectured in Amity Hall. There was a very good attendance, but the hall being very cold through lack of proper care, not only drove a number out, but made it very uncomfortable for those within. The lecture was a good one, but under the circumstances was not thoroughly enjoyed. His subject, “Is the government of the people, by the people, a fact?” was well handled. He showed how a fact which is palpable to all people was brought about, namely: By the large number and character of our cities vote. He stated that four or five of our States, by the population of our chief cities within them, and the manipulation of politicians therein, made and unmade rulers, enacted or set aside laws, thus trampling on the will and wishes of the people at large. The way out of this difficulty, was by every honest man voting for a principle and not for an individual party, and that party which was founded on some righteous principle or moral fact, ought to be supported. Prohibition was the chief principle; its party one of morals; and the question it involved the great issue of the day. Altogether it was an eloquent and interesting argument for the establishment of a third party, and that one founded on Prohibition.

## "Santa Claus" at the Parsonage.

The church social and Xmas tree of the Presbyterian society, called out a large and enthusiastic attendance of children and young folks, at the parsonage, Monday evening. The spacious rooms and halls were filled with as jolly a crowd as it has been our fortune to see for a long time. Though no count was made, still an estimate of little and big would put the number at not far from ninety or a hundred.

The Sabbath school committee, Misses Blanche Starkweather, Lizzie McClumpus, Maud Vrooman, Emma Coleman and Mrs. Will Conner, deserve special credit for their labors, good nature and taste displayed in choice for the Sabbath school and decoration of the tree.

The tree was loaded to the floor, and was a marvel of beauty and brightness. The congregation had also contributed gifts, which were given from the tree to young and old, amidst shouts of merriment. There was first a short program of music, by the Sabbath school, and by the choir, then reading and recitations by the pastor, Messrs. Arthur Stevens, Clarence Stevens and Miss Cohoon, all of whom were warmly applauded.

Then came the refreshments, to which none seemed averse, for they disappeared as rapidly as constantly vibrating tongues would allow.

Then the tree was lighted up, the lamps turned down, and the children danced in their excitement and expectation. The doorways and hallways all centered toward the merry scene, so that all could see and hear. The distribution began, and for a full half or three quarters of an hour continued, old as well as young being alike remembered. There were gifts of all kinds, rich, rare, common, curious, comic, and all the colors of the rainbow. The whole affair was a decided success, all declaring themselves not only pleased, but thoroughly delighted. It was near eleven o'clock ere the last visitor had departed, with happy memories of the Merry Xmas time.

## Resolutions.

WHEREAS, Our pastor, Rev. Herman Burns, and wife have thought best to close their services with the church, and

WHEREAS, Their labors have been greatly blessed in winning souls to Christ.

Resolved, That we esteem their irreproachable christian character, and that we appreciate their untiring and unceasing efforts in behalf of the youth in our midst.

Resolved, That we shall ever hold in grateful and loving remembrance those earnest and unselfish qualities of heart and mind which we trust will make them a blessing to the church and community where they may be called to labor.

Plymouth, Baptist church, Dec. 26, '87.

## Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price fifty cents and one dollar per bottle at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

## Births.

DE.—On Thursday, December 22, 1887, to the wife of William Ide, of Plymouth, a son.

CRETE.—To the wife of William Criger, of Plymouth, on Friday, Dec. 23, a bouncing girl.

E. C. Bassett, two miles east of Plymouth, has a full blood Poland China boar for service. \*15-16

A new sewing machine at the MAIL office. Will be sold very cheap.

## Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President.

L. D. SHEARER, Vice President.

Directors: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. O. Honch, F. F. R. Johnson, O. W. Pugh, William G. Orr, I. N. Starkweather, S. J. Young, T. N. Wiley, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sicke, Samuel Lynde.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

New - Blacksmith - Shop!

RED FRONT.

Known as the Bennett Stand. Am prepared to do

ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING.



Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Should be pleased to see all my friends.

PLYMOUTH. 3-15 GEO. WILLS.

# Goods for the Holidays.

## - ARRIVING DAILY! -

An Elegant and Extensive Assortment of

# HOLIDAY GOODS.

## Come and See Them.

Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs, Reed Rockers, Lounges, Center Tables, Ladies' Work Baskets, Carpet Sweepers, Beautiful Oleographs, Oil Paintings, Mirrors, Brackets, Etc.

Also, New Patterns of Mouldings for Picture Frames, which will be sold for Lowest Living Prices. Come one and everybody, and see if there is not something you want to make a Christmas Present of

## BASSETT & SON.

## ANDERSON & CABLE,

# Hardware Dealers,

OF PLYMOUTH,

Have Everything in Hardware at Rock Bottom Prices.

## COME TO US! WE CAN SUIT YOU!

Beautiful Sleds for the Boys. Toys for the Children.

# J. H. BOYLAN, DRUGGIST.

Dominoes, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Checker Boards, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Photograph Albums, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Autograph Albums for 15 cents, at Boylan's drug store.

Box Paper for Holiday Presents, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Ladies will find Saclet Powder, at Boylan's Drug Store.

You will find Plush Autograph Albums, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Finest Line of Scrap Books in Plymouth, at Boylan's Drug Store.

## Druggist. J. H. BOYLAN, Druggist.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Boylan, druggist. 63

## BUY THE Detroit Evening News,

10C. A WEEK

Delivered at Your Home or Place of Business, or Sent by Mail.

It is Universally Conceded to be THE Newspaper of Michigan,

Covering all the news of the day worth knowing or worth reading, in such clear and concise manner as makes it possible for the business man to keep promptly posted without interference with the duties of his business hours; the workman to keep abreast of the times without making his newspaper reading laborious—a fact, making it rather a recreation and a pleasurable half hour or more after supper; and furnishing such other and interesting reading matter, including stories, as given to the tired housewife an opportunity to enjoy herself while making a special review of greater or less duration throughout the day. Be it said, it will ever be found the friend of the people, advocating the greatest benefit to the greatest number; exposing rascals in the rest of the general welfare; advocating all reforms that will improve the condition of the people; and generally exposing such a wealth of information as shall make its readers feel that the value of the paper is far beyond its price, and that it will become more and more appreciated to them the larger they continue its acquaintance.

Nothing shall be permitted in its columns that can offend refined taste or make it other than a paper that after awhile may be free to introduce to every member of his family a habit of reading, with the assurance that nothing but the best shall be given.

The Evening News is bound to keep at the head of the newspaper procession in Michigan, and does not you forget it!

THE EVENING NEWS, by mail, \$5 per year.

**THE SUNDAY NEWS,**

Issued every Sunday morning, is an 8-page paper, with as free a "run-out" of its rest as reading in a paper as can be crowded into 16 columns, including the current news, special articles, fiction, etc. Price, \$1.50 per year.

**THE ECHO.**

8 Pages, 66 Columns, \$1.00 a Year.

Each issue replete with stories by well-known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and marvellous material for the masses.

The Michigan edition contains the cream of the news of the State, an epitome of the general news of the week and the latest market reports.

Back numbers worth the cost of the paper given to the subscriber.

Send for sample copy. Address

**THE ECHO, Detroit, Mich.**

Liberal Terms to Agents.

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

## SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY GOODS,

Art Novelties, Cards, Albums, Childrens Books, Games, Dolls, Etc.

## Plain - and - Fancy - Stationery.

## P. O. News Stand.



Wayne.

Jacob Farley is on the sick list.  
Frank Stringer is home for a week.  
Dr. Cooper, of Lansing, was in town this week.  
J. D. Crosby, of Cass City, is visiting in town.  
Dr. Foster spent Saturday and Sunday in Jackson.  
Nearly everyone is away visiting during the holidays.  
Next week will find Wayne in possession of a bank.  
Miss Kate Varney is spending the holidays in Detroit.  
We 'aint got no toboggan, but we have good coasting and skating.  
Miss May Curtiss, teacher at Walled Lake, was home here Christmas.  
The benefit dance at Central hall, on Friday evening was largely attended.  
W. W. Southee has returned from England and is stopping with his family in Detroit.  
John Marker, Ed Vining and D. B. De Ladd Cady are home from the university this week.  
Edgar Goldsmith has received a new steam peanut roaster from his brother "Piper," in Dakota.  
Sam Walker and family, of Stockbridge and George Newkirk, of Canada, are calling on friends here this week.  
Mr. Woodmansee, the new proprietor of the Tremont house is in town and will take possession on Monday next.  
The remains of Mrs. David Cady were taken from the vault on Tuesday and interred in the cemetery at Linden.  
The new carriage factory is enclosed and it is expected that it will be ready for manufacturing by the 15th of January.  
M. Fisher and Miss Etta Robinson were married at the residence of the bride on Monday last, Rev. Mr. McIlwain officiating.  
Mr. Nowlin has traded off the Tremont house, and some skating rink property in Monroe and Belleville for the Follett house, at Ypsilanti.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

It is blazing cold.  
The most snow for the season.  
Burnett has a new livery and feed stable sign up.  
Landlord Gordon has been absent from town for two weeks.  
James Murphy has gone to London, Canada, it is said to engage in business.  
A government mail agent has moved into Mrs. Gilmore's house from Detroit.  
The derrick and engine house are up for boring for gas at the county house.  
Dr. Pasco bid farewell to his Wayne friends, on Tuesday last and left for Grand Rapids.  
The new safe for the bank arrived on Tuesday last. It was lettered Zimmerman & Forbes.  
A Poland by the name of Punk, living at Inkster, had a little child badly scalded on Monday last, by falling backward into a pail of hot water.

Livonia.

It is with sorrowful hearts we are called upon to report the sad news of the deaths of Wallie and Oren Kingsley, two little brothers and sons of Horace and Charlotta Kingsley, both died with that dread disease diphtheria. Wallie was taken sick on Saturday the 17th, and died on the following Saturday and his brother came down a few days later and died last Monday. They were two bright little boys of nine and twelve summers, loved by all their schoolmates. The parents have the sympathy of the whole neighborhood, but none can tell the depth of their sorrow and afflictions and what a sad Christmas it was for their little sisters that they have played with so many days and went to school with, hand in hand. How their dear old grandparents hearts must ache, they thought so much of them. They cannot do any more chores for grandpa, which they always did with such willing hands. Little Wallie told his parents before he died to give his things all to his little brother Oren, little thinking that in less than two days he would be laid by his side in the silent tomb. Their schoolmates not one of them could have the privilege of going in to give them a parting good by. Oh! how sad the news will be to their kind teacher, who is at home at Plymouth, on a vacation, and when she returns to her school-room there will be two bright little faces missing from her circle. Reader, stop and think what a sad Christmas it must have been for those bereaved parents to bury one of their little ones Christmas eve and the other the next day after Christmas. It is a holiday long to be remembered by this family.

And this our hope is blighted,  
There is no longer any where;  
To take away our loved ones,  
And leave us in despair.

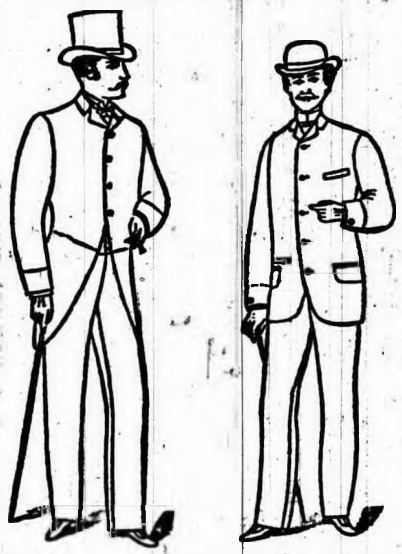
Tonquish.

Mr. Newton's sale came off last week. Born, December 26, to the wife of Ammon Warner, a son.  
Santa Claus came this way and was so liberal with his gifts, that no one was left out, and all were made glad by receiving something useful as well as ornamental.

# MERCHANT TAILORING

A SPECIALTY

A SPECIALTY



A SPECIALTY

A SPECIALTY

We have a very fine line of cloths for making

CLOTHING TO MEASURE!

Fancy Worsteds, Cassimeres, Diagonals, Kerseys, American and Scotch Cheviots, for Suits. Chinchillas, Meltons, Fur Beaver, Fine Imported Kerseys, for Overcoats. A variety of Pants patterns that has never been equalled here either in style or beauty.

When in need of a Suit or Overcoat, come and see us, we can and will please you, both as to fit and price.

ALL WOOL SUITS, as low as \$12.00.

OVERCOATS, Heavy, Strong and Well Made, \$10.00.

We cut our garments by the most perfect system now in use by the best cutters in America, and are now prepared to do work with neatness and dispatch.

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Mead's Mills.

Jewett Cransom moves to Northville this week.

Miss Eva Ramsdell is home from the Laingsburgh school for a week.

John Johnson and wife are going to take up their abode on the Young farm ere long.

Mrs. Lydia Hughes received a visit last week from her son-in-law, Geo. Welch, of Chicago.

The water power at this place, is not sold, as was stated in the MAIL, week before last, but we do hope that a sale will be made in the near future.

There was a family gathering at the residence of James Downey, on the 25th, and to add to the pleasures of the day they had a Christmas tree, well loaded with presents, each member having been handsomely remembered.

Our Sunday school had Christmas exercises last Sunday, consisting mostly of singing and recitations by the infant class. They did nicely for the time they had to prepare. At the close each one of the class was presented with a pretty Christmas card.

Vena, youngest daughter of Lyman McRoberts, of Northville, formerly of this place, died of diphtheria, and membranous croup, on Saturday, December 24. The family have our sympathy in this time of their great sorrow and affliction. Little Vena was a bright, sweet girl of four or five summers.

At the Opera.—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."

A five year old boy, who was engaged in some mischievous doings on being remonstrated with by his father with "Why will you do so, George?" replied: "Oh, I expect I am too little to know any better."

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewert, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

Belleville.

J. S. Ayres visited friends in town this week.

H. G. Smith, of Detroit, was in town this week.

Installation of officers at F. & A. M., last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. S. W. Burroughs is reported sick with the diphtheria.

Seventy-three couple attended the band boys Christmas dance.

Wm. and Geo. Davis spent a few days with their parents here this week.

The foundation for the new building, corner of Main and High streets is completed.

Spencer and Chas. Bunton, of Detroit, were the guests of B. F. Whitaker, over Christmas.

Chas. Mordoff helped his parents to devour the festive bird. He returned to his place of business Tuesday.

A. L. Nowlin has traded all his property here and at Wayne and Monroe for the Follett house, at Ypsilanti, and will move there soon.

The dancing school will give a select dance at grange hall, Monday evening. This is the closing dance of this term of dancing school.

Messrs. Mitchell and Wolf and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Smith were the guests of A. E. Smith, cousin of the latter Friday evening.

The following are the executive officers of I. O. O. F. for the ensuing year: J. A. Sinclair, N. G.; Herman Soop, V. G.; Wm. Soop, R. S.; A. E. Smith, P. S.; James A. Cady, Treas.

It is alleged that Escarte McGraw, on Monday, drew a revolver on Wm. Westfall but for some unknown reason refrained from shooting. A warrant has been sworn out for McGraw, but up to Wednesday morning he could not be found.

Our Christmas tree passed off quietly. Although the M. E. had the better of the entertainment. Long before the time for opening the church was filled to overflowing and standing room could not be had. The entertainment reflects great credit on Mrs. F. W. Moon and Mrs. J. A. Cady, for never in our life before have we seen a lot of children drilled so well. The character piece in costume of "Kimo Kimo," created lots of fun and showed that great pains had been taken in training. F. W. Moon made a good Santa Claus. After the entertainment the crowd all went to grange hall, when the scholars were presented each with a glass mug, and then a nice lunch, which was enjoyed by all.

# Something Startling!

AWAY WE GO!

You Will Say You Cannot Do It!  
It Has Been Tried Before.

We know it has been tried before. We know it has been a success. And we are bound to

MAKE IT A SUCCESS!

Knocking the Bottom Out of Prices!

As we can afford to when we

SELL FOR CASH!

We will save Bad Debts and the expense of a book-keeper, also, the discounts on purchases, as we will

BUY FOR CASH!

SELL FOR CASH ONLY

Commencing the First Day of the New Year.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success,"  
and here goes for it.

We will pay Cash for Butter and Eggs, and for everything that we buy. Call and see us and be convinced.

# Red Front Drug Store.

C. A. PINCKNEY, Proprietor.



## The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Stevens, Proprietor.

PLYMOUTH,

MICHIGAN

The anniversary of the Prophet Mahomet's birthday was recently celebrated at Constantinople in a striking manner, affording evidence as to the bent of the Sultan's mind and his desire to assimilate Ottoman social usages to those of other countries more advanced in civilization. After attending the usual service at the Mosque, all the high officials present and visitors were requested to proceed to the palace, where large saloons had been decked out with flowers, rare fruit, confectionery, and delicacies in a profuse and sumptuous style, and the guests, over 400 in number, were invited to regale themselves. The aspect of the rooms was most charming, and Christmas trees only were wanting to give a complete picture of the Christian festival. The chamberlains then called upon the company to appear in the presence of his Majesty, and, the folding-door being thrown open, the Sultan was seen. His Majesty greeted his guests in the most affable way, and made a political speech, wherein, after recalling the glories of Mahomet and announcing his intention that the yearly Moslem festival should be henceforth kept with the same solemnity and rejoicing, he pointedly alluded to the cause of satisfaction for the empire and the world at large furnished by the reign of general peace, which his government was making every effort to preserve for the welfare and prosperity of all nations. This is the first time since the foundation of the dynasty that a Sultan has made a speech in public.

In the reports of the opening of a new cancer hospital for women in New York it was mentioned quite accidentally that John Jacob Astor had given \$100,000 to the endowment fund. How he came to do so remains to be told. Ann Corrigan was a servant in the Astor household. She developed an ulcer. The family doctor could not cure her, several specialists also failed, and Ann died of a disease that puzzles and defies medical skill. Thus the subject of suffering from a cancer was brought to the attention of John Jacob Astor. A thousand philanthropists might have talked it to him without avail, for millionaires are calloused against charity appeals; but when he actually saw Ann Corrigan tortured to death, in spite of all the hindrances that money could buy, his pity was reached. He at once consulted with expert medical men and they told him that possibly, under conditions favorable for close observation and experiment, a successful treatment for the disease might be discovered. He employed physicians and architects to plan a hospital from which no conceivable appliance should be left out. It is exclusively for women.

The St. Paul, Minn., Globe says that there seems to be good reasons for believing a "form of leprosy actually exists in certain portions of that state. Though not the terrible disease which has decimated the population of the Hawaiian islands, it is nevertheless, allied to it, and should receive as careful attention from the authorities. The disease exists exclusively among the Scandinavian immigrants who at home, were accustomed to an unvarying life diet, and has not yet been observed among those of that race who were born in this country." The Globe calls upon the state board of health to investigate the matter fully, and reminds that body, which seems to be but little interested, of the fact that in other countries where leprosy exists it is regarded as distinctly contagious, and the moment the disease appears the unfortunate victim is at once isolated from the rest of the community.

W. H. Benson of Philadelphia announces that he is about to found a Socialist church, the members of which will believe in God and a life hereafter. All members will be requested to take the following oath: I hereby solemnly swear that I will not rob, cheat, strike, tell lies about, communicate disease to, or injure in any way, a fellow member of this church. I also swear that I will drink distilled and fermented liquors with great care and moderation. I also swear that I will not lend money to, or borrow money from a member of this church, except as a regular business transaction. I also swear that, as far as I am able, I will keep my body, clothes and dwelling in a clean and healthy condition. I also swear that I will not be a drunkard, every day, one day in every month, provided said day is not more than fifty

## THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

His Malady, Family Relations, and Private Life.

A gossamer of the German crown prince writes as follows to *The New York Tribune*: It is no exaggeration to state that the crown prince is the beau-ideal of all that is finest, noblest, and best of the great German race. "A tall, handsome and noble man, with an elegant figure, light-brown hair, and a straw-colored beard, with a most chivalrous and somewhat grave courtesy—a Tontou, to use such as Tacitus describes"—is the portrait which the Empress Eugenie draws of him in writing to her friend the Comtesse Walewski. His name, his appearance, and his character are famous throughout the world; they are as well known in Japan and China as in America or Europe. No breath of scandal has ever tarnished his fair fame, either as officer, gentleman, or in his domestic relations, and probably the highest testimony in his favor is the fact that the French, with all their intense rancor against the Germans, have never either uttered or published a single offensive remark about him, and that although he was one of the principal leaders of the invading army in 1870, his death will be nowhere more sincerely regretted than in France. A singularly devoted husband, his undivided admiration for his clever and talented wife has given rise to the rumor that he is entirely subservient to her will. Those who make this assertion know the prince but little. That it is entirely false everyone who has had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the strongly defined features of his sterling and upright character will readily admit. Few parents have ever devoted themselves more completely to their children and with the exception of Prince William, whose conduct toward his father and mother has been far from exemplary, the tenderest relations exist between the crown prince and the princess and their children. Never was depth and intensity of feeling more strikingly displayed than at the funeral of Prince Waldemar, an exceedingly bright and lovely 12-year-old boy, and the favorite child of "Unzer Fritz" and his wife. Few of those who were present on March 29, 1879 in the Friedenskirche, at Potsdam, will forget the scene. When the services had ended and the choir was singing the beautiful hymn, "Wenn ich einmal sollte scheiden, so scheide nicht von mir," the crown prince strode up to the coffin and threw himself on his knees at the feet of his much-beloved child. Quietly and gently, the empress and her daughter, the grand duchess of Baden, stole up and knelt down beside him. After about ten minutes he arose, pressed a long kiss on the velvet-covered lid of the coffin, and having assisted his mother to rise to her feet, led her out of the church, the tears meanwhile streaming down his face. It is a moving thing to see a man weep, especially when the mourner is so glorious a specimen of manhood as the crown prince, and there were few dry eyes in the church.

Those who, like myself, have had frequent opportunities of seeing the crown prince in civilian dress will have noticed that he always wears a little silver coin mounted as a scarf-pin in his cravat. Remark one day that the person with whom he was conversing was observing the pin with some curiosity, he pulled it out of his scarf and said: "This little silver coin is one of three which were unearthed in an old Roman grave in the presence of my three boys. I had the three coins mounted as pins for them as mementoes for the occasion, and when my little Waldemar died I took possession of his, and have worn it ever since." The crown prince's relations with his father are of the most affectionate nature, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, and nothing is more touching than to see the tender and respectful manner in which he raises the old gentleman's hand to his lips.

With regard to his conduct toward his inferiors innumerable anecdotes—insufficient, indeed, to fill several volumes—exist, showing his kindness of heart and consideration for others. The difficulty is to know how to make the selections from those at my disposal probably the prettiest one is that of the schoolmaster of Bornstedt, a little village on his estate near Potsdam. One day, when passing the village school-house, he stopped, and, making his way into the classroom, sat down and began to listen attentively to the lessons. Suddenly a telegraphic messenger made his appearance, and handed the teacher a dispatch announcing that his mother was dangerously ill and wished to see him at once before she died. The crown prince, noting his blanched face, immediately inquired what was the matter, and on learning the contents of the dispatch bade the poor man hasten to his mother's bedside, saying that he himself would look after the school until arrangements were made for obtaining a substitute during the teacher's absence. Accordingly for more than two hours the crown prince took sole charge of the school, rapping the idle ones good-naturedly over the knuckles and rewarding the diligent ones until the arrival of the village parson for the purpose of holding his bi-weekly bible class. By the afternoon a substitute had been found, but the prince continued to superintend matters personally and in the closest manner until the regular teacher returned after the funeral of his mother.

At court dinners I have frequently seen him, when the guests had risen from table, call up the pages of honor—mostly boys of noble birth belonging to the court school—who had been helping in the service, and after chatting merrily with them for a few minutes, take the sweetmeats and lollipops from the table and stuff them in the boys' pockets, and occasionally in their mouths. Sometimes he would stuff the latter as full as possible, and would then ask some question demanding an immediate reply. Nothing could be more ludicrous than to observe the frantic efforts of the cadet to make a fitting reply while his mouth was crammed full of wondrous glass and other sticky delicacies. How different this from the manner in which the pages of honor are treated at Windsor and Osborne, where during the whole time of their service they never have a word addressed to them directly by their royal mistress, but receive all her communications through the intermediary of the lord in waiting or some other equally lofty functionary of the household.

There is nothing that "Unzer Fritz" is fonder of than a joke, but unlike the English prince, he knows how to keep his temper when his victim retaliates in kind. Many of these merry encounters used to take place at the swimming establishment of the guards regiment at Potsdam, where he was a constant visitor. His appearance there was always hailed with delight, and was the signal for the beginning of a series of aquatic "jokes." A splendid swimmer and expert diver, he was never less ducked by the soldiers as often as he ducked them. One of his greatest delights was getting the crown prince on his raft floating in midstream, and then calling himself, and those with him pell mell into the water. His present malady is evidently of a hereditary nature, his grandmother, the beautiful Queen Emma, of Prussia, having died of a cancerous tumor in the neighborhood of the heart. The fact which I do not believe is known outside of court circles in Berlin, ought

to dispose of the rumors which seek to attribute his disease to a disgraceful source. Never has a more unfounded charge been made, and I do not believe that a man has ever led a purer and more wholesome life than "Unzer Fritz."

Few people are aware of the terrible danger he incurred in June, 1874, when out driving near the Wilpark station, in the outskirts of Potsdam. He was driving across the rails, when suddenly the heavy barriers, which are worked from a considerable distance, were let down on the approach of an express train. His carriage was thus caught between the two closed barriers, and it was only by the most superhuman efforts that he was able to raise one of them and to get the vehicle off the track before the train rushed by.

During his stay last year in England with the crown princess the latter met me; one of her old nurses at Windsor when asked if she had any message for her married sister at Berlin, replied that she would be grateful if the princess would inform the sister that she would send her little girl across to Berlin as soon as she found a convenient opportunity. On asking for an explanation the princess discovered that the child, who was 5 years old, had been invited by her aunt in Berlin married to a doctor there, to stay with her. Her imperial highness immediately offered to take charge of the little girl, and after having put a stop to her old nurse's hesitation about accepting such a favor made all the necessary arrangements. On the day of the departure, the child, a bright, pretty, and merry little soul, was brought to Buckingham palace and entrusted to the princess, on whose lap she traveled most of the way from London to Berlin, artlessly prattling and keeping up a running fire of conversation. On the boat, while talking in the cabin, there was a sudden change in the conversation. The little girl looked for a moment inquiringly from the crown prince to the crown princess and at length exclaimed: "Don't be shy, royal highness, ask me anything you want to know!" Of course a shout of laughter was the result, and whenever the young princesses want now to raise a laugh they implore their parents "not to be shy."

Before concluding, I may add that the crown prince's winning and cordial bearing was the chief cause of the hearty manner in which the Bavarian and other south German troops under his command in 1870 forgot their hereditary hatred of Prussia, and co-operated so thoroughly with the Prussian soldiers. The prince is immensely popular in the south, and has done more to reconcile its inhabitants to the north than anything or anybody else.

## GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Estimated Yield of Brazil, India, Borneo and Australia.

In reference to the interesting article of Prof. P. L. Simmonds on the search for gem and precious stones, read before the Society of Arts of England recently, reprinted in your issue of October 14, allow me to suggest a few corrections. Prof. Simmonds estimates the yield of the Brazilian diamond mines at \$200,000 annually, while a little later on he says that the yield has dwindled to 24,000 carats, which at the outside will not yield more than \$2 to \$3 a carat, and that of India, Borneo and Australia at \$300,000, when these latter figures would probably cover the annual product of Brazil as well as that of the other three countries named. Australia produces so very little as scarcely to be a factor in the computation. Even before the opening of the African mine, in 1867, the estimated value of the products of Brazil from 1861 to 1867 was only \$1,888,000, or something over \$200,000 per annum, at a time when Brazilian diamonds commanded a higher price than at present, and now they produce much less. His statement that the opal is out of fashion would have been true several years ago, but is not to-day, when more of these stones are sold, and at better prices, than ever before.

The carat is given as 3.174 grains; whereas, since there are 151 5/8 English diamond carats in an English Troy ounce of 480 grains, an English carat would be 3.1683168 Troy grains, or, less exact, 3.168. A diamond carat is always divided into four diamond grains equaling .792074 of a Troy grain. If 3.168 grains equal an English Troy ounce, a carat would be .306304 of a gram.

An international syndicate composed of London, Paris and Amsterdam jewelers, wishing to establish a uniform carat, in 1877 confirmed .25, however, as the true value of a carat, in which case we have 151.76 carats in an ounce Troy.

These may seem trifling differences, but yet they are enough to affect a \$10,000 lot of diamonds, worth \$100 a carat, to the amount of \$4.98 between the 3.174 carat and the 3.168 carat, and \$18.80 between the former and the syndicate carat.

It would perhaps have been better to make the preference to imperial jade, which he mentions several times under the head of the jade-quarries of Burma, as this (Patrius) imperial jade is jadeite, not jade, and is generally only emerald green in spots or streaks, the mass being a dead white, lending a vividness to the green, which occasionally almost rivals the emerald and has the hardness of 7.

Of the articles of jade shown by the New Zealand Court at the Colonial Exhibition, England, Prof. Simmonds says: "Evidencing the skill of the Maoris in working this hard material, the second in this respect to the diamond, although much more fragile," etc. This would leave one to infer that the material possesses great hardness, when in fact the hardness of jade is only 6.5, less even than that of rock crystal, and it can be worked with sand, by which laborious means, undoubtedly, all of the aboriginal ornaments of the Maori were made. So far as its fragility is concerned, it is the toughest of all known minerals, and this is the reason why it is so difficult to work. It would require less time to polish twenty surfaces of agate, which is harder than jade, than it would to polish one of jade on the same wheel. Krafft, the mineral dealer of Bonn, having a 50-pound piece of jade which he wished broken into small hand specimens, a friend kindly offered him the use of a large half-ton trip hammer to break it with. At the first blow the hammer was demolished and the jade was only fractured by being heated and thrown into cold water.

We frequently hear minerals or gems loosely spoken of as second or third in hardness to the diamond. On the Mohs scale of hardness the diamond is represented by 10, the sapphire by 9, topaz 8 and quartz 7; but, although the difference on the scale is only 1, there is much for several substances between the diamond and the sapphire; and, as we have no such substance in nature we place diamond on 10. In reality, so great is the difference between these two substances that if the hardness of the sapphire is 9, that of the diamond would be fully 100, relatively to the rest of the scale. Prof. Simmonds also says that coral has the hardness and brilliancy of agate. Quartz and agate are placed at 7 in the Mohs scale, whereas coral is only 3.5, the hardness of 3.5 being as that of marble (calcite), and can be scratched by fluorite. It is impossible to see how this opaque substance can be said to "shine like a garnet, with the tint of the ruby."

A word, in closing, about the hardness of agate and rock crystal. Mineralogically these are classed together at 7, but in reality the crystalline varieties should be 7, and the cryptocrystalline varieties 7.5, since they will scratch quartz and garnet will not scratch them.—George F. Kunz, in Science.

## THE PHONOGRAPH AT WORK.

Test's With Edison's Experimental Instruments—Some Curious Combinations of Sounds.

Within the last week, says *The New York Evening Post*, Mr. Edison has so far finished some specimens of the type of phonograph which he intends to put on the market next January that many interesting tests are possible. While these experimental machines are not so perfect in their working as the finished ones will be, a very fair notion of what the coming phonograph will do may be obtained from them. These first machines are made from the parts of the original phonograph with which Edison worked six months ago, and lack the delicacy of action which may be safely expected from the machines to be manufactured with the aid of costly and very beautiful machinery which he has devised. A factory at Bloomfield is now working upon this machinery for turning out phonographs, and some parts of the instrument are already being made. The capacity of the Bloomfield factory will be about twenty-five phonographs a day at first, to be doubled should the demand warrant it. The first five hundred phonographs will be ready before the end of January, unless some expected delays occur. Orders for phonographs now come into the Edison laboratory in Orange at the rate of twenty a day from all parts of the world.

Yesterday Mr. Edison showed the only working phonograph now in his possession to a reporter, and though it was not in perfect adjustment, owing to the fact that it had been repeatedly taken apart and put together within the last week by machinists who are making tools for the wholesale manufacture, the results of certain tests to which the instrument was put were wonderful, and quite sufficient to show that the phonograph will be a perfectly practicable and commercial apparatus, and will do what Mr. Edison has claimed for it.

So far as the mechanism of the new phonograph may be described at present, it consists of a cylinder which revolves upon itself and also has a side movement governed by a very fine thread, so that a fixed pencil would trace upon the cylinder a spiral with the lines almost touching. The motive power used is electric motor devised by Edison himself, a very poor motor economically considered, but one which does its present work of turning the cylinder at an almost nominal cost and without noise, which is the great thing to be sought. The motor runs with four cells of a simple battery, which can be renewed at the end of each month for less than a dollar; with this power the phonograph will work for four or five hours every day during the month. Upon the cylinder is placed a sheet of soft substance somewhat resembling the wax used at times with the old phonograph. The chief feature of the new instrument made by Edison in the last six months in the phonograph consist in a radical change in the apparatus by which the vibrations of a diaphragm under the sound of voice are marked under the cylinder and also in the reproducing apparatus the two being entirely distinct, while in the old phonograph the same device was used for both purposes—to make the sound indentations and to reflect them when the phonograph was repassed through the machine.

The phonographs will be sold in the shape of small cylinders one and a quarter inches in diameter and from one to four inches in length. The one-inch phonographs will contain two hundred words or what is considered quite sufficient for an ordinary business letter; they will cost 15 cents a dozen. The full size phonographs of four inches in length will contain eight hundred to one thousand words, according to the rate of speed of the speaker, and will cost about 36 cents a dozen. Of course there is no manipulation of the apparatus necessary. It will occupy about the room necessary for a typewriter, the cells going in any closet or under the table. The motor will be boxed over, and nothing but the revolving cylinder and the mouth piece in view. One touch of a little switch sets the machine in motion. Then the mouth-piece is adjusted to the cylinder and the talking may begin; the same process is gone through when the machine is to read. It will be seen that the cost of the phonographs is a great deal more than that of letter paper, but provision is made for the use of the same phonograph over again twelve times if the messages which it contains are not worth keeping. A little knife is attached to the machine which takes a shaving off the surface of the phonogram seven-thousandths of an inch thick and gives a fresh surface, this process may be repeated twelve times. The boxes for making the phonographs will be ready at the same time with the instruments, and resemble the old-fashioned wood-turned pill-boxes. Mr. Edison hopes to get the government to carry them at the same rate as letters.

The phonographs for the reduction of books or long pieces of music will be entirely different from the commercial sizes and will measure four inches in diameter by ten inches in length. Each phonogram of this size will contain about ten thousand words, or perhaps more, and, from tests made last week with "Nicholas Nickleby," that book will go into eight cylinders of this size. The duplication or multiplication of phonographs of books or music is now

the problem with which Edison is steadily working.

The speed at which business letters can be dictated in a satisfactory manner to the phonograph has been a matter of considerable test during the last week. One of Edison's assistants has read from a book at the rate of 245 words a minute, or faster than most speakers, without making an unintelligent mess of the result. The speed at which a message is given the phonograph, of course, regulates the number of words which can be put upon one phonogram.

The instrument having been hastily adjusted yesterday morning in Mr. Edison's private room at the laboratory, the reporter was asked to go out of the room while Edison read out something to which the reporter was to listen. This was done, and a small earphone was attached to the instrument and handed to a reporter upon coming back into the room. Owing to Edison's deafness the adjustment of the instrument, was not perfect, and nothing but a confused jumble, sounding like half a dozen men in warm dispute, was the result. The trouble was remedied at once by an assistant, and then Edison's voice came very clearly from the phone, reading off a list of geographical names, many of which the reporter had never heard before, but which were perfectly distinct. It must also be noted that there was considerable noise. When that was the case, it was only necessary to touch a spring in order to make the phonograph go back ten words, one hundred words, five hundred words at will when the sound became intelligible. A test made two days ago with the editor of a scientific paper, who listened while the phonograph read to him one page of "Nicholas Nickleby" resulted in his getting 80 per cent. of the words the first time, notwithstanding the rattle around him, and every word the second time.

It has been said that the phonograph's voice is about twice as loud as that of a good telephone. Yesterday it seemed a great deal more than that. Standing four feet away from the phone attached to the phonograph, it was easy to tell when it began to talk, and even to distinguish some words. The quality of the voice of the phonograph is far more characteristic of the voice of the speaker than that of the telephone; in other respects it rather resembles the telephone voice, but there is a delightful absence of the usual buzz of the telephone, due to induction along the lines.

A most curious effect of the phonograph is the impression it gives the listener of talking to another person. When it is necessary to make the machine repeat, one almost instinctively feels like apologizing for the trouble to the person at the other end of the line, and more than once the reporter was on the point of saying: "Have the kindness to say that over again." The notion that there is nothing before one but a machine is hard to acquire, and Edison's assistants say the same thing. There is so little machinery about the affair, and nothing but the operator to do except to listen, that the difference between operating the old phonograph, which was turned by hand, and the present machine, which runs itself, are tremendous. Besides reading in an ordinary tone of voice from a book, some experiments were made in superimposing one sound upon another. After reading a long list of geographical names, Mr. Edison toned the machine back and sang "Hail Columbia" right after the previous message. Then he turned it back again, and whistled "Yankee Doodle." The triple message was then given out by the phonograph, resulting in a most curious combination in which each part was perfectly distinct. The marvelous aptitude of the machine for whistling and musical sounds is quite as marked in the new instrument as in the old.

Within two weeks Mr. Edison hopes to have several machines ready for testing with sound-condensers or funnels, which will gather in the sound from a large area. At present it is necessary to talk to the phonograph just as one now talks to the receiver of a telephone, with the lips close to the mouth piece. He hopes to make this unnecessary, and workmen are now making a large variety of sound condensers. Their use will be necessary for recording the music of an orchestra or the voices of a number of speakers.

## An Off-Worked Dodge.

Ex-millionaire—My son, you have ruined me.

Son—Have I?

"My whole fortune has been squandered in paying your debts."

"Haven't you any real estate you can mortgage?"

"Nothing. We must move next week to a rented house. I can no longer support you. You must go to work."

"Well, I'll go into politics."

"Papers which know your record will oppose you."

"That's all right. I'll claim they are opposing me because I am poor."

—Omaha World.

## Too Previous.

Lady patron—"I want to get some good rat poison."

Druggist (with embarrassment)—"Really, you are in great haste, aren't you?"

"Haste? I don't see it. What do you mean?"

"Well, you know you've only been married to your fourth husband two months and—"

"And?"

"For the sake of appearances you ought to wait a while. I am afraid you will have to go elsewhere for it."

—Kalamazoo State Journal.



## CURRENT EVENTS

A \$10,000 chapel is wanted by Wesleyan college.

A rare white sparrow is an oddity at Paw-tucket, R. I.

Milk-brom is selling at \$1 per quart in New York city.

New York city is the fourth largest shipping port in the world.

A business men's association has been organized at Rochester, N. Y.

The Ohio Dunkards are holding their annual convention in Miami county.

Asbestos cloth is being used for wearing apparel by the firemen of Paris.

A female tramp has excited the curiosity of the people of Linn county, Oregon.

It speaks greatly increased in this country last year, according to medical statistics.

The charming daughters of Minister West have two handsome beagle hounds for pets.

"Celebrated ancestry without cash does not amount to much nowadays," remarks Mrs. Grindley.

A taxidermist at Chatham, N. J., breeds owls to prevent running about of such birds for his business.

Heavy rains have been frequent in many sections of Oregon and Washington Territory during the past fortnight.

Irring H. Mason, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., deserted his wife and children last week and eloped with his hired girl.

A European piano-player recently played shift—six hours without rest, beating his own record by eleven hours.

Anglo-Americans have a superstition that even-numbered engines will always meet sooner or later with some terrible accident.

The board of trade at Los Angeles, Calif., is trying to settle the difficulties between the San Pedro ship-owners and settlers.

Poor old Philadelphia is said to be the birthplace of two very queer dishes. One is cheese-cake and the other sweet-potato pie.

The managers of the New York Institute say that at Buffalo deny the charges of cruelty and mismanagement of affairs in that institution.

Fourteen million cans of corn have been put up by the canning factories of Maine this season. There are eighty factories in the state.

The day Miss Lizzie Bell Sinclair, of Everettstown, N. J., celebrated her twelfth birthday she completed a bedquilt that contained 112,10 pieces.

Twenty business men of Cohoes, N. Y., are charged with violating the law relating to the employment of children in factories. They will be prosecuted.

The consumption of coffee is not near so great in England as it was years ago. The inability of cooks to make it as it should be is the reason assigned.

It is estimated by a Vera Cruz paper that \$10,000,000 damage was caused by recent storms on the Gulf coast of Mexico. Crops received the most injury.

It has been estimated that the number of young ladies who find regular and profitable employment as typewriters in New York alone reaches around two thousand.

A Bell county (Kentucky) paper describes Clinton Hendrickson, who has killed three men and wounded another, as being "an influential citizen, a church member, and a dead shot."

With the expectancy of finding a pot containing \$1,500, which Henry Woods, a hermit, is said to have buried near Hartwell, Ga., tramps have dug up the ground for rods around.

Among the courses served at the recent Chinese dinner at Washington in commemoration of the anniversary of the empress of China were the famous "birds' nests" and "Shark's fins," great delicacies in the Flowery Kingdom.

A monstrous wolf that escaped from a menagerie some months ago was shot at Clark's mill, near Wellsville, O., by a farmer named Thomas McGarry. Sheep dogs and poultry had suffered considerably in the neighborhood ever since the beast was at large.

At the Boston library a few days ago a woman inquired for "The Lady and the Booby" when she wanted "The Lady of the Aroostook" while a Philadelphia woman recently asked the librarian for the "Picture of a Woman," but meant "The Portrait of a Lady."

After having buried three wives and become the father of twenty-four children and spent \$10,000 in trying to get another helpmate, Griffith Pond, an aged farmer, near Celina, O., became insane, and Saturday, at the request of the children, a judge ordered him to be put in charge of a guardian.

Mention has been made of a new mill in Sweden for the manufacture of paper from moss. Paper of different thickness and color, made of the white moss have already been shown the latter even in sheets, three-fourths of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can be easily painted and polished.

An American visitor to Japan says that the Japanese will be the greatest railroad builders in the world in five years. He says they are great patrons of railroads, and that even when they have no business to attend to they ride back and forth on the cars. Beggars in the large cities, he says, spend their money in this curious way.

As a train was whizzing along toward Saybrook, Conn., the other day, from Middletown, a 3-year-old boy was found sitting, barelegged and happy on the rear platform of a car, with his little, fat legs dangling off. He had walked from his home to Middletown, a distance of one-half mile, and crawled on the car just as it was about to start. The conductor pulled him off at the next station, and he was returned to Middletown and his mother.

The Connecticut girl in one who must be respected, or she will know the reason why. Some time ago M. E. Coy, an owl, offered the uncle of a handsome young maiden at Branford \$1,000 if he would induce his niece to marry him. Hearing of the offer, the young lady drafted a number of tender young Amos and laylaid the hare-brained youth. After being inked, rotten-egged, and ducked in a horsepond, M. E. Coy made his escape, and hereafter he will reside no longer at Branford.

## CAST UPON THE WORLD.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Norton stood looking at the spot where but a moment before she had stood like one in a dream.

The book-keeper was the first to break the tableau. A strange expression took possession of his features. His eyes brightened and, passing his hand across his brow, he started forward, as if to follow Ella, but Norton grasped him by the arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"After her," answered Redfield, endeavoring to release himself from Norton's clutch.

"Are you mad? Why do you wish to follow this beggar?"

"She is no beggar, but a poor, abused woman, who shall find a friend in me. I recognize her. She is the daughter of your benefactor and late employer, Richard Thorndyke."

"You know her?" exclaimed Norton, in amazement.

"Yes, and you too, Frederick Norton!" he replied. "I know you to be the villain she has described you."

"Do you dare accuse me," replied Norton, with well-assumed dignity—"your employer, whose reputation is untarnished—on the strength of this wretch's slander?"

"I know you to be a forger, and I suspect you to be a murderer!" exclaimed Redfield.

Norton recoiled.

"I never saw you before you entered my employ," he gasped. "Who are you, who profess to know so much?"

"Robert Stanford," replied the other. Norton staggered as if he had received a blow on the head. "You turn pale and you fear me now because you realize I am a free man—that the law has no claim upon me. I paid my debt, served out my full term. I prayed nightly in my prison-cell that I might live to openly accuse you. When I was released I found you were in California, and I followed you there, but only to learn that you had returned East the day before my arrival. I sought employment under the name of Redfield, and obtained it from your superintendent. At the end of eight months I had won his confidence and esteem, and found it an easy matter to procure from him the strong letter of introduction and recommendation with which I returned to New York. I knew that I had changed beyond recognition. I presented my letter to you and obtained a position here—the position I sought—in order that I might be ever near you to watch you, hoping and praying that the day would come when chance would place in my hands the means of bringing about your downfall. I thirsted for revenge."

"What—what will you do?" cried Norton, with pallid lips.

"Expose you to the world!" replied Robert, bitterly. "You wrought my ruin—brought my mother's gray hairs to the grave. Her whole heart was wrapped up in me—I was her pride. All of her hopes of the future were centered in me. You crossed my path, and, with a cruel hand, destroyed all. I have lived but for revenge. If only for the sake of the poor girl who left us but a moment ago, you shall be unmasked."

Tremblingly Norton raised his eyes. He saw Robert moving toward the door. He realized that there was in the history of his life many black pages, and he felt that the finger of suspicion, once raised toward him, would lead to their disclosure, and the man who was leaving him was going forth to proclaim him a forger, and perhaps a murderer—for had he not hinted that he was such?

What should he do? Permit him to depart in peace? Fool! Why had he stood there, trembling and cringing like a whipped cur? Was this the conduct for a man of his character to display? No. This man must be prevented from leaving the place. He appeared to draw himself together, as a tiger does before it springs upon its prey. All appearance of fear vanished from his face. His eyes flashed like coals of fire. He sprang through the door of the office into the warehouse, and seized the retreating man roughly by the throat. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Robert had no time to cry out.

"You have laid your plans well," blazed Norton—"played your part to perfection, and now nothing remains but for you to denounce me. So you think, but we differ. Here I do not fear you, and here you shall remain."

He seized a mallet from the top of a cask near by. His grip upon his victim's throat relaxed slightly, and Robert, in horror, cried: "Great God! Do you mean to murder me?"

He struggled violently to escape, but the fingers tightened again about his windpipe. The mallet was raised above his head for an instant, then it descended with a dull thud, and, staggering backward, he fell heavily to the floor. Norton shot a quick glance toward the door. It was too late in the day for many people to be passing. The street appeared to be deserted. He bent forward, and, seizing an iron ring which was fastened to the floor, raised a large trap-door, which opened into the cellar. A puff of cool, musty air struck his face. He grasped the arm of the senseless man at his feet, and dragged him roughly forward, until his body rested upon the very edge of the opening, and then, with a cruel kick, he sent him plunging head-foremost down into the darkness below.

The nightwatchman, passing the building three hours later, saw the gas burning low in the rear of the office, as usual; but could he have looked into the dismal cellar beneath, his eyes would have rested upon a scene which would have transfixed him with horror. There, by the dim light of a small lantern, he would have beheld a man who, having removed a portion of the stone flagging of which the floor consisted, was digging a hole with a spade in the earth beneath, while behind him, near a pile of casks, upon the damp stones, lay a human form with upturned face—white and ghastly—the face of a corpse.

The next day the superintendent of police was notified that Thomas Redfield, a book-keeper and cashier in the employ of Frederick Norton, the well-known wine merchant, had disappeared, and that a considerable amount of money was missing from the safe of his employer, by whom a full description of the man was furnished, and a liberal reward for his apprehension offered.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Near the banks of the Harlem River, not far from where it connects with Spuyten Devil Creek, in the center of a small plot of ground

stood a pleasant little two-story cottage. Before it was a row of young chestnut-trees, and in its rear was laid out a well-kept kitchen garden. The tasteful arrangement of the flowers that grew in beds along both sides of the pathway which led from the front gate to the porch before the house betokened good taste on the part of its occupants.

The cozy spot was the house of Sampson Kloppe and his wife, Polly. They had been married now nearly a year. By the advice of his clear-headed wife, Sampson had abandoned all idea, for the present, at least—of giving up his situation with Frederick Norton, in whose employ, therefore, he still remained. The cottage they had taken immediately after their marriage, hoping to be able at no very distant day to purchase it. The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Redfield greatly surprised and perplexed Sampson, who held the book-keeper in high esteem, and who refused to credit the story of his embezzlement, even in the face of his employer's accusation.

"There is a mistake somewhere," he said to Polly, at the time. "No one can convince me that Mr. Redfield ever took a penny of anybody's money. Poor man! he had some reason for going away—but it wasn't because he was a thief. I wonder where he is! I like him better than any man I ever met before. He always had a good word for everybody. I wish he had given you away, Polly. We'd have been sure of good luck through life if he had."

"That's all nonsense," replied the little woman. "We'll have good luck enough, if we only work for it."

If there was anything Polly Kloppe enjoyed on a fine evening, when the labor of the day was over, it was a pull at an oar in a small boat, which Sampson was given the use of by the owner, a friend of his, who lived near him. It was a bright evening in May when Sampson, having returned from his work somewhat earlier than usual, proposed to his wife that they should take a short row on the river after supper was over. So, after the meal was disposed of, they walked down to the river-bank, where the boat was kept.

"Let me pull the stroke-oar," said Polly, as Sampson helped her into the boat.

"All right," he replied, as the little woman seated herself and proceeded to get her oar in place.

"Which way?" asked Sampson.

"Down toward the bridge."

"Why not the other way?" asked Sampson.

"Because I want to go down the river."

"But I'd much rather go up. There's not near as many boats in the river above," he said.

"What do I care about the boats?" she replied. "I want to go down the river, and down the river I'm going." And she dipped her oar into the water and prepared to take the first stroke.

"Well, down the river we go, then. So pull away. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!" cried Sampson, and away flew the little boat, cutting the water with its sharp bow, and leaving in its wake a line of sparkling foam.

On the porch of a public-house, near the lower end of the Harlem Bridge, stood a gentleman leaning against one of the wooden pillars, twirling a light walking-stick, and gazing idly at the boats that passed at intervals up and down the river.

"It's astonishing," he said, half aloud, "how wealth rolls into one's pockets when Madam Fortune condescends to favor him with one of her sweet smiles. I must be a capricious clown indeed, for that worthy dame has evidently laughed heartily at my pranks for the last five years, judging by the rapidity with which wealth has accumulated in my hitherto empty purse. Well, laugh and grow fat, venerable Mrs. F. What pleases you pleases me also. I can hardly realize I am back once more in my native city, and a rich man. Here I have known pressing want and keen hunger. I doubt whether any one would be likely to recognize in the Nat Garvin of to-day, the Nat Garvin of the past. And now I must find my cousin Bob, and share my good fortune with him."

Whistling a merry tune, he stepped from the porch, and sauntered leisurely toward the bridge. Evidently he did not notice the wretchedly-dressed woman who swept hastily by him, so closely that the very rags she wore brushed against the sleeve of his coat. She stepped upon the bridge and proceeded along, until about midway across the river; then she paused, and, resting her head wearily against the iron guard, looked down into the water. For some moments she stood there in the attitude of one in deep thought. At length she raised her head, and, clasping her thin hands, gave utterance to a moan of despair.

"God forgive me," she cried, "for what I do; but I can bear up no longer! I shall go mad! Is there nowhere I can find rest? Yes, the river—the river! Beneath the sparkling waters there is peace for me!" She seized hold of one of the iron supports at her side, and clambered upon the guard-rail. "God have compassion on me," she cried, "and receive my soul!"

Then, folding her arms tightly across her breast, she threw herself into the river. Nat Garvin saw her mount the rail, and at once, suspecting her intentions, he rushed forward. "Great Heaven, she has leaped into the river!"

He looked up and down the stream, but saw no boat near enough to be of assistance. Out of the dark water two white arms appeared, two hands clutched convulsively in the air, and then disappeared from sight.

"She must be saved!" he exclaimed, unbuckling and throwing off his coat.

Springing upon the guard, he looked off into the stream. Presently he thought he distinguished something like a human form appearing upon the surface some little distance away. Without another instant's delay he sprang from the bridge and swam toward the spot. He was not mistaken; it was she. He reached forward and seized her just as she was disappearing again. Then came the terrible struggle. Twice she grasped his disengaged hand, and they sank together. He was rapidly becoming exhausted—he felt that his strength was failing him, that he could hold out but little longer. Suddenly both his hands were plucked to his side. With all his might he strove to break the death-grip which held them; but in vain. They were sinking again together. The water was bubbling about his ears; but above its fearful murmur

he heard another sound—the sound of voices quite near.

"Pull with all your might, Polly, pull!" some one cried, and the next moment a strong hand seized him, and he and the senseless woman clinging to him were lifted into a boat by Sampson Kloppe and his courageous wife.

After several minutes had elapsed, and Nat had somewhat recovered from his exhaustion, he turned his eyes toward the unfortunate woman, whose head rested upon Polly's bosom. The moon was shining full upon her face, and as his gaze rested upon it, his heart gave a great bound—for before him he beheld the beautiful features which had haunted his dreams ever since they first met his sight, colorless as now in that wretched room five years ago.

"Do you live near here, my friend?" he asked, turning toward Sampson.

"A little way up the river, sir," he replied.

"Can you shelter this unfortunate lady to-night?" inquired Nat. "If so, you shall be liberally remunerated for your trouble."

"Don't speak of that, sir," said Polly, kindly. "Poor creature! she's welcome to shelter as long as she feels willing to remain."

"God bless you!" said Nat, earnestly. "A woman's sympathy will do more for her than all the medical aid we can procure; for, if I am not mistaken, she has been laboring under a heavy burden of sorrow for a long time past."

"Poor young thing!" said Polly, gently stroking the dripping brown hair that fell in rich tresses from the shapely head that lay so motionless upon her breast.

In the meantime Sampson was pulling vigorously at the oars, and the boat moved rapidly along, and soon ran in toward the bank before the house of the Kloppe. Nat secured the boat to a stake at the water's edge, and Sampson prevented it from swinging around, while Nat, with Polly's assistance, lifted the unconscious girl out and bore her into the house.

### CHAPTER XV.

The sun was sinking in the west. Upon the porch of Sampson's house sat our heroine—Ella Warburton, as she still called herself, and who had now been an inmate of the Kloppe's house three days. Her eyes rested mournfully on the beautiful scene before her. At her side, his shoulder resting upon the door-casement, stood Nat Garvin, looking thoughtfully down into her face. At length, seating himself upon the step near her feet, he said, in a low tone:

"You have promised to tell me the history of your life. Will you not do so now?"

"It is a sad history," she said; "but I will keep my promise."

He listened attentively, and it was some moments after she had concluded before he spoke. Then he said:

"You say Warburton was your mother's maiden name, and you assumed it for the purpose of evading your persecutor; but you have failed to tell me your own name. Surely you have no reason for withholding it from me? Will you not tell it to me?"

"My neglect to do so was not intentional," she replied. "I have become so accustomed to my assumed name that my own appears strange to me; my father's name was Thorndyke."

"Thorndyke!" exclaimed Nat, starting perceptibly. "Richard Thorndyke?"

"Yes," replied Ella, in astonishment. "Did you know him?"

"No," he replied.

"Then how did you discover his given name?" she asked.

"I have heard his name before," he answered.

"Where?" she asked eagerly.

"I do not remember precisely," he responded.

His answer did not satisfy her. She looked at him sharply. He was lost in thought, and the expression of his face puzzled her. She felt satisfied that there was something on his mind which he did not wish to tell her—something in some way relating to her father. Turning toward her, at length he gently said:

"You have been indeed a life of sorrow; yet, you should not give way to despair; for, remember, when all about seems darkest fortune often stands at the very threshold with a lighted torch, ready to lead us to prosperity and joy."

"I have struggled hard and hoped," she responded; "but hope is dead—dead in me forever. I have prayed earnestly that my heart's strings might snap, and its beating cease, but death would not come at my bidding. I was without shelter, without friend, and I sought rest beneath the river's yonder."

"And Heaven sent me to save you, that you might enjoy the bright days that are in store for you!" he exclaimed.

"Alas! I have no hope, she said, mournfully. "It was noble and brave of you to do what you did; but why did you not let me die? What have I to look forward to? When I leave this house, where I have met with such kindness, I must begin again my battle with the heartless world. Oh! I have not the courage—the strength—to undertake the struggle;—and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed piteously.

When she had somewhat regained her composure, he bent forward, and, taking her hand in his gently, said:

"You cannot tell what Providence has in store for you, but I believe your days of bitterness are almost past. Try and recall hope again to your heart, for it is the flashing blade before which despair and grief take flight or fall. Remember Moore's lines:

"Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup  
Unmated at the bottom lay,  
To shine again when, all drunk up,  
The bitterness should pass away."

"It is easy for poets to write," she said, "and easier still for those who have never tasted the bitterness of sorrow such as mine to speak hopefully. You cannot understand how despair has eaten away my heart, until there is none left for hope to feed upon."

"I wish to tell you a story," he said abruptly. "There once lived in this very city a young man who through his bad habits wrecked a life of promise. His friends, one by one, turned from him in despair, until at last he stood alone, a perfect wreck, with no home but the streets, friendless and despaired. He could not bear to remain longer an outcast in his native city, so he turned toward the open country and tramped from place to place. He found human nature much the same, however, among green trees and flowers, as it was in the busy city he had left.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Could Not Pass the Examination.

Robinson—Well, Jones, how did you come out in your civil-service examination for the position of microscopist in the agricultural bureau?

Jones—Poorly, Robinson, poorly.

Robinson—Why, that's singular. I thought you had studied up on microscopy.

Jones—So I had; but they didn't examine me on that.

Robinson—What did they examine you on?

Jones—They asked me who the author of the "Bread Winner" was.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Always in Advance.

Chicago, instead of waiting for the Fourth, put in three weeks of fatal shooting on the 3d. So long as there is an American community that starts its national celebrations so much ahead of time we need not fear that others will over-promote us so far as to endanger our liberties.—*Leeds Daily News.*



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[illegible]

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