

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

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In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,

Editor and Proprietor.

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WHAT THEY SAY.

San News! If you are not already taking the MAIL, send us 25 cents for three months, or 50 cents for six months trial. The paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada free of postage. If more convenient send us two or one cent postage stamps. Have it sent to your friends at a distance.

Fine stock stationery at Boylan's.

—Miss Jessie Steers Sundayed at Northville.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

—Mark Ladd, of Howell, was in town over Sunday.

Choice teas and coffees at Rauch's.

—A. M. Potter has beautified his place by a fresh coat of paint.

Leave your watch, clock and jewelry repairing with Turk, the jeweler, at the MAIL office.

—Henry Armstrong has moved from the Lafayette Dean farm to his father's place and will run it.

—We would like our correspondents to mail us the result of the elections in their localities, the next day after election if possible.

—The friends and relatives here of Paddock, the Howell photographer, will be pleased to read the following clipping from the Howell Herald: "The fact that Paddock's gallery with a working force of four, is now over 1,200 days behind in finishing, speaks for itself."

Farmers! get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—There was a very pleasant gathering on Wednesday, of last week, at the residence of H. A. Spicer, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, of Denton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riggs, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barker and son Willie and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Clark and daughter Minnie, of Canton.

Fresh bread, fried cakes and tea cakes at Rauch's.

—Daniel B. Newkirk, of Wayne, charged two years ago, with obtaining money under false pretenses by selling demerolized peppermint oil, was discharged without a trial by Judge Brevoort to-day on the suggestion of Prosecuting Attorney Willcox, who said that there was no case against Newkirk.—Detroit Journal.

Robertson, the nobby tailor, is rushed with work, at Dohmstreich Bros.

Reduced prices.—For the next thirty days I will laundry goods at the following prices: Shirts, ten cents; plaited shirts, fifteen cents; collars, two cents; cuffs, four cents; ladies' cape collars, three cents. Reduced prices on pillow slips, curtains, shams, etc. Leave parcels at Dohmstreich Bros. by Tuesday noon's. F. A. Shafer, Agent West Park Steam Laundry. 811

Go to Rauch's before selling your butter and eggs.

—Those who are thinking of giving up comfortable homes in Michigan to go west should read the following from the Tecumseh Herald: "The pathway of the new settlers in Kansas is not entirely strewn with flowers. A private letter which we received a few days ago contained this passage: "Times are just terrible here. We have been here three years and have not sold \$300 worth of anything in all that time. People who leave a good home in Lenawee county to start a new farm in Kansas make a blunder."

Lowest prices on ground feed ever known at F. & P. M. elevator.

—The Plymouth air rifle works came near being destroyed by fire last Friday. The men had quit for noon and were on their way home. Mr. Pinckney and Ed. L. Crosby, who had been delayed in leaving on account of finishing up some correspondence, started to drive away from the building. Mr. Pinckney chanced to glance around and saw the roof of the building on fire. They called to the men who were some distance away, but who hurriedly returned and by some vigorous work the flames were extinguished. The destruction of the works would have been a serious loss, not alone to Mr. Pinckney, but to the place.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Get registered to-morrow.

—School vacation for a few days.

—Township election next Monday.

Canned goods cheap at Boylan's.

—Don't forget the dance at Amity hall, this evening.

Buy hour machine oil at Rauch's.

—Mrs. Henry Smitherman has been very sick for several days.

—Get auction bills printed at this office.

—George Willis' little child has been very sick for several days.

Decorative paints, all shades, Boylan's.

—Maro Wheeler, of Toledo, father of A. K. Wheeler, Sundayed here.

Go to Dohmstreich Bros. for the white loaf flour.

—Miss Jessie Steers has been visiting at Northville for several days.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Democratic caucus was held yesterday too late for us to get the result.

—A. W. Chaffee has moved into Mrs. Bennett's house, lately vacated by J. L. Gale.

Ladies leave your order at Rauch's for Saratoga chips.

—Phillip Hall and daughter and Chas. Gunn and daughter were guests at D. Gilson's two or three days last week.

For best bran and lowest prices go to F. & P. M. elevator.

—The Polly & Wherry agricultural implements will be sold at auction by the receiver, M. Conner, next Saturday.

—Geo. Burnett will occupy the Bennett house, corner of Sutton and Union street, as soon as repairs on same are completed.

Boylan sells "Double Cousins" cigars. Try them.

—On Wednesday of last week the Sunday school class of Miss Hall, with several others, numbering about twenty little folks spent a very pleasant evening at D. Gilson's.

Call and examine our new samples of spring and summer suitings, before placing your order elsewhere. Fit guaranteed. Dohmstreich Bros.

—The following are the nominations for township officers for Plymouth, on the Republican ticket: Supervisor, W. H. Ambler; Clerk, George Hunter; Treasurer Augustus Pomeroy; Justice, Isaac N. Blackwood; Highway Commissioner, John V. Harmon; School Inspector, Thos. S. Clark; Constables, Charles Micol, John E. Wood, Milo W. Reed, Horace F. Jackson.

—Mrs. E. N. Law, State Organizer, of the Y. W. C. T. U., gave a little entertainment of song and declamation at the Presbyterian church, last Saturday evening. Unfortunately none had thought of notifying the sex on, so that when the time came there were no open doors, lights or heat. These disagreeable things were soon remedied, and Mrs. Law proceeded with her programme. On Monday evening following Mrs. Law lectured in the interest of the "Y's" in the Baptist church. While the audience was not large, yet it was appreciative, and her address was highly praised.

Fine New Orleans molasses and sugar syrup at Rauch's.

If you are in the need or expect to be of anything in the line of dry goods, notions, ladies' furnishings, millinery, gents' furnishings, hats and caps, carpets, rugs, wall paper, ladies', gents', misses', youths', or childrens' foot wear, English decorated, lustre band or white table ware, glass ware, fancy ware, jewelry, table or pocket cutlery, shears and scissors, we are in fine shape to supply you and at bottom prices. Besides the above you will always find fine coffees, the best of teas and purest spices at Starkweather & Co's.

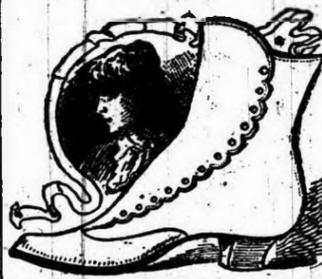
—The crazy social, at Amity hall, on last Friday night called out quite an audience, though not as many as had been justly expected. The people were all in good humor and curious to see where the 'crazy' came in. After a short programme of music and readings, by "The Boys," Eva Leach, Mrs. J. C. Weller and Rev. Wallace, the crazy crew made themselves numerous and useful. Dressed in all sorts of fantastic garb, the young people passed around "brulers on a stick and on pitchforks, sandwiches in coal hods and on shovels, coffee in pails and sugar in papers, while those who wanted pickles had to speak for them." There was to have been a longer programme, and a much larger number of the crazy element, but at the last moment their courage failed them and they dropped out.

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GENTS' Genuine Kangaroo SHOES.

—STYLES.—

- Plain.
- London Toe.
- French Opera Tip
- Opera Box Toe.
- Paris Lasts.
- Waukenphast.



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Great - Variety!

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Plymouth National Bank

L. D. SHEARER, President.	E. C. LEACH, Vice President.
L. C. SHEERWOOD, Cashier.	
L. D. Shearer, J. R. Hoste, Wm. Ger.	E. C. Leach, E. F. St. John, A. D. Lyndon, O. R. Paewengell, L. C. Sherwood.
L. H. Bennett, L. C. Tappan, R. J. Springer, G. S. VanSickle.	

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

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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

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER SHOT BY AN OFFICER OF THE LAW.

The State Woman Suffrage Association Holds its Fifth Annual Session.

FOLLETT, THE ASCENDING PROBATE JUDGE OF KENT CO., HEARD FROM.

A New Baltimore Man Shoots His Brother-in-law to Satisfy an Old Grudge.

THE STATE AT LARGE.

At Lansing.

The state military board which met in Lansing a few days ago adjourned without deciding upon a site for an encampment. The location under consideration are Traverse City, Devil's Lake, Whitmore Lake and Island Lake. A committee was appointed to visit Traverse City and Devil's Lake. Another meeting will be held next week. The board removed state armorer Jules Baker, and appointed John Tremper. It is said that the change is made for political reasons, at Senator Holbrook's suggestion, Baker having opposed Holbrook last fall.

The Governor has signed the bill prohibiting the holding of boards of registration or elections in saloons.

The legislature will be adjourned from March 29 to April 2 to allow members to go home to vote.

The house has defeated the proposed consolidation of Beaton Harbor and St. Joseph.

A bill drawn by Representative Waite of Menominee, now under advisement before the committee on railroads, requires that all railway and steamboat lines must furnish their ticket agents with certificates of authority and makes it unlawful for anyone not possessed of this authority to sell or transfer any ticket of pass, no matter whether the lines of the company by which the ticket was issued a certain or outside the state. The penalty for violation is a fine of not over \$500 or imprisonment not exceeding one year. The bill also requires the railroads to redeem the whole or any part of a ticket, which the purchaser may not desire to use at a rate equal to the difference between the price paid for the whole ticket and the cost of a ticket between the points for which the proportion of the ticket was actually used, and the sale of any unused ticket otherwise than by its presentation for redemption is considered a violation of the act, unless the person offering it for sale originally purchased it with a bona fide intention of traveling. Any company that refuses to redeem its tickets shall be fined \$500 for each offense, and is prohibited from selling more tickets until the fine is paid.

The joint committee which has had charge of the bill declaring the accretions about Macon island to be public shooting grounds, will report that when the property is adjudged by the courts to belong to the state, it is to be dedicated to the purpose desired, and not before.

The concurrent resolution asking congress for legislation to permit the building of a winter bridge across the Detroit river which passed the house, has been referred to the senate committee on roads and bridges.

The Governor has approved the bill allowing Ann Arbor to raise \$5,000 for a building to be called the university hospital provided the state appropriates \$50,000 for the same purpose.

A representative was asked the other morning what the legislature has accomplished this session, and answered that it had "changed the incorporation laws of 40 or 50 places, increased the salaries of a lot of officials a ready very well paid, and authorized most of the communities in the state to run in debt by issuing bonds for public improvements; for the rest it had assisted former legislatures in looking about professions and preventing bad and business from being free and open to all, and was now about to put up fences about the butcher, the miller and the man who owned shooting grounds, thus step by step encroaching on the liberties of the people."

The senate has tabled the Wayne county auditor's bill.

A report from the officers of the state public school at Coldwater shows the following increase in the total salaries paid teachers: For twelve months preceding June 30, 1888, \$1,382,454; for twelve months preceding December 31, 1888, \$1,556,381; salaries of cottage managers: To June 30, 1888, \$2,315 15; to December 31, 1888, \$2,807 88. The cost per capita per annum for the education of the inmates of the school is \$17.91; the per capita cost per annum for all the children cared for is \$11.89.

The state millers' association, which met in Lansing recently, is said to be organized into a trust to control the price and the output of flour. One of the means they rely upon to help on their project is the grain inspection bill. By means of this bill, as millers will not need to have official inspection of the grain they buy direct from farmers, they will have the local grain buyers, who will have to stand inspection charges, at an advantage.

What Women Want.

The fifth annual convention of the Michigan equal suffrage association was held in Lansing March 19-21. The sessions of the first two days were devoted to the transaction of routine business, reading of reports, etc.

The last session was given up wholly to the consideration of a series of resolutions, the preamble, which was first adopted, asserting that the ladies regarded the question of the enfranchisement of one-half of the American people as the most important matter that could be brought forward for discussion. The several resolutions as finally adopted were as follows:

Resolved, That while our rulers permit unrestricted immigration to every state, women prefer to rest their citizenship interests on a sixteenth amendment by the National Legislature.

Resolved, That while memorialists have considered it best to appeal to the Legislature for municipal suffrage, we ever

hold to fundamental principles, and base our claim for equal citizenship on universal right and needs.

Resolved, That we urge women in all towns where there are town meetings to exercise their right of school suffrage and in cities where the charters conflict with the state law to at once take steps to amend their charters that they may vote on school questions.

Since nature has constituted women the early guardians of children, and experience has proved them the best educators of youth, therefore,

Resolved, That our public schools should be largely supervised by women, and to this end they should be placed upon every school board in our land.

Resolved, That recognizing the difficulties and struggles of our professional women in their pioneer work and the good effect their example has in liberalizing and enlarging men's views upon the subject of equal advantages for women in business avocations, that we extend to them our heartiest support and sympathy and the right hand of fellowship, assuring them that while distance and varied duties may separate us their career shall ever be an object of our solicitation and pride.

Whereas, The two great societies—the American and National—are arranging for a union, therefore,

Resolved, That we express our joy at the proposed union and pray that it be speedily consummated, believing that it will unify our forces and lead to success.

Resolved, That when the union is perfected the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association becomes auxiliary to the National association.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Mary L. Dece, Bay City; corresponding secretary, Mrs. May Knaggs, Bay City; recording secretary, Mrs. P. B. White, Grand Rapids; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah W. Ellis, Manistee. Directors by congressional districts—First, Mrs. C. A. F. Stebbins, Detroit; second, Mrs. Ann W. Bassett, Ypsilanti; third, Lucinda H. Stone, Kalamazoo; fourth, Elizabeth Chandler Merritt, Battle Creek; fifth, Mrs. Emily B. Ketchum, Grand Rapids; sixth, Mrs. M. A. Hazlett, Lansing; seventh, Mrs. J. B. Wilson, LaPorte; eighth, Mrs. Francis E. Stafford, Zilwaukee; ninth, Mrs. Fanny H. Fowler, Manistee; tenth, Miss Sarah Van Dusen, Bay City; eleventh, Mrs. Mary E. Parker, Frankfort.

Before the convention adjourned a resolution was adopted thanking the legislature for their support of the bill conferring school suffrage upon the women of Detroit.

Killed by the Sheriff.
Charles Smith was the proprietor of a house of low character near the railroad depot in Cheboygan. The other night Sheriff Hayes was at the depot when he heard the sounds of disturbance in Smith's place. The sheriff at once entered the house and endeavored to quell the commotion by remonstrating with the proprietor. Smith was greatly angered by the sheriff's interference, and, springing over the counter, drew a revolver from a drawer. Marshal Bouchard, who had accompanied the sheriff for the purpose of assisting him if necessary, immediately ran behind the bar and grappled with Smith. In an effort to wrench the revolver from the enraged man Bouchard stumbled. At the moment Smith shot him through the face, the ball entering the cheek and coming out the other. The wounded man fell to the floor and was unable to return the fire.

As the smoke cleared away Smith leveled his weapon at Sheriff Hayes. But the sheriff was too quick for him. He drew and fired, the ball passing entirely through Smith's throat. It staggered him, but did not finish him. Still clutching his weapon he sprang upon the sheriff. The latter struck Smith's revolver aside, just as it was discharged, the ball whizzing past the officer's head and burying itself in the wall of the room.

A fierce struggle then ensued, Smith, notwithstanding the wound in his throat, fighting savagely. Finally Sheriff Hayes, managing to press the muzzle of his revolver against the side of his desperate opponent, pulled the trigger. The shot dropped Smith to the floor.

Sheriff Hayes and others carried Smith to the open air, where he shortly afterward expired. Before he passed away the dying man asked the sheriff to give him his hand. Holding it, he said: "Hayes, you've killed me—but I don't blame you for it."

Hayes is fully exonerated from all blame in the matter. For Smith was a desperate character, and was fully determined to resist the authorities. His look before the shooting meant that he intended to kill all the officers who went to arrest him.

Marshal Bouchard stands a good chance of recovery.

Shot by His Brother-in-Law.

Charles Gunst and Frank Siefert are brothers-in-law. Siefert lives near New Baltimore. There had been some trouble between the two men about property and Gunst threatened to shoot Siefert.

Siefert, his wife and two children were at supper the other evening when Gunst walked in. Before they had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to speak to him he opened fire with two revolvers, firing four shots. Two shots struck Siefert, one in the leg, the other entering his back just above the left kidney. Mrs. Siefert knocked the lamp over in her efforts to escape and the room was left in darkness. Gunst escaped. Mrs. Siefert immediately sent her children to give an alarm and turned her attention to her wounded husband.

Physicians were summoned as soon as possible. The bullet which had entered Siefert's back passed nearly through his body, lodging just under the skin of his abdomen. It was easily extracted. The wounded man suffered considerable pain, and his recovery is extremely doubtful. He is 31 years of age and has always borne a good reputation. He has been a very successful farmer.

Gunst was found hidden in a barn about two miles from Siefert's place, and is now in the county jail.

For Follett.

A man was arrested in Helena, Mont., March 5 on strong suspicion of being L. V. Follett, probate judge of Kent county until April of last year, when he decamped with \$40,000 which was in his keeping as judge of probate. He also played policy freely, borrowed large sums from everyone around town and forged the name of a present judge to a check. He falsified records and deeds in the most elaborate manner. After his day ran a reward of \$1,000 was offered for his capture.

He was traced to New Orleans, and there took a steamer for Honduras, where some of his old friends at Grand Rapids have heavy business interests.

When Follett was arrested the Kent county sheriff went to Helena after him, but so well did the prisoner act that he was released as remarkably like but not Judge Follett.

He must have left Honduras, for a dispatch received in St. Paul the other night from Tacoma, W. T., states that Follett sailed from there the day before on a ship lumber laden for Sydney, N. S. W., and that he confessed to the pilot before the latter departed that he was Follett.

AROUND THE STATE.

W. L. Seaton, administrator of the Lattimer estate, has found a note for \$4,500 in favor of Mary H. Lattimer, signed by R. Irving, dated February, 1888, about the time he purchased the drug store. The note was to run 10 years at 10 per cent interest. The first year's interest was due about the time of the murder.

A man named Whitmore of Genesee county has brought suit for \$3,000 damages against a merchant named Hill, who he charges with undue familiarity with Mrs. Whitmore.

Saladin Temple of the Mystic Shrine will meet at Grand Rapids, May 22. The corner stone of the new Masonic home will be laid May 21.

Allegan county will build a \$40,000 court house, and S. J. Osgood of Grand Rapids is the architect of the new structure.

Chas. Hurd, son of G. E. Hurd of West Haven, Shiawassee county, took a dose of carboic acid at Port Townsend, W. T., last September, and his father has just learned of his death.

Frank Robb of St. Johns, inventor of Robb's patent cross-head for engines, has just disposed of the patent to eastern capitalists for \$18,750.

Mrs. Sanderson, a passenger occupying a state room on the narrow-gauge train coming from Saginaw on the night of March 22, awoke and was surprised to find a strange man bending over her. She gave the alarm and the man was captured and recognized as a Port Huron hackman named Nicholas Garter. He had secured her pocketbook and is now under arrest, being locked up when the train arrived in Port Huron.

Tom Kelley, who murdered the man named Gram in Owosso some time ago, has been held for trial.

The Lenawee county board of supervisors has resolved to start a stone-yard where parties committed as tramps shall put in eight hours at daily labor, cracking stones. Games are also prohibited in the county jail, common prisoners to be kept in cell, except for brief intervals for exercise in the corridors.

Mrs. A. O. Hyde, one of the best-known and most popular ladies of Marshall, died March 3.

Mrs. Caroline Waldron, widow of the late Hon. Henry Waldron of Hillsdale, and one of the oldest settlers in that city, is dead. She leaves a large estate. C. W. Waldron, the ascending banker of Hillsdale, is one of the heirs.

Dr. Woodmause of Hastings has been arrested on a charge of criminal malpractice.

John O'Brien, a one-time wealthy citizen of East Saginaw, suicided the other morning. He had been for a long time despondent over the loss of his fortune.

The estimated lumber cut in the Saginaw Valley for this year is 700,000,000 feet.

Samuel Edison of Port Huron, has entered into a contract with his son, T. A. Edison the electrician, by the terms of which the elder Edison agrees to abstain from all sorts of work during the remainder of his life, the son to pay him \$1,500 per annum while he remains idle.

The jury in the case against Peter Saunders of Bay City, for the murder of Ezra Teetzel, after being out 17 hours, announced that it was unable to agree. The last ballot stood eight for acquittal and four for manslaughter.

A United States court has decided that a minor who enlists in the regular army cannot desert; whenever the whim takes him.

Passengers en route by rail from Duluth to the Soo are obliged to lay over at Marquette for 18 hours.

An Addison man who died last week and whose name was Dutcher is alleged to have been 110 years old.

About 50,000 brook trout have been placed in the streams around Alpena.

William Divine was killed in the Lake Superior iron mines at Ishpeming the other day.

L. E. Buck, a resident of Keelersville since 1844, died March 23.

August Larson and Ole Oleson of Big Rapids got into a dispute, and Larson stabbed Oleson seven times. Larson is in jail.

By a fall of rock in the South Hecla mine at Calumet, Jacob Barbo was killed and John Cuppo and Joseph Schmatoki were dangerously injured.

A. H. Brady of Ithaca is suing the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railway for \$10,000 damages for injuries received by being struck by one of the company's engines.

The sawing season is opening early in the Saginaw valley. It is estimated that about 55,000,000 feet of logs will be rafted to the Saginaws during the season. The cut will not exceed 100,000,000 feet.

Stephen Crabb of Berrien Springs, was sent to Jackson prison in 1870 for 12 years for a felonious assault. His good behavior gained him three years' time, and by overwork he had saved \$100. He was discharged a few days ago.

Southwestern Michigan's sheep breeding association met at Kalamazoo the other day, and after discussing the sheep in all his relations—as a food-producer and president-maker—elected E. B. Welch of Paw Paw, president; G. A. Putney of Oshtemo, vice; Hobart Jackson, secretary and the surer. The annual shearing will be held at Oshtemo, April 24.

The good people of Morrice clubbed together and built a house for Mrs. Jane Brown, a worthy widow of that town, upon a plot of ground donated by a benevolently disposed gentleman of Morrice.

March 20th the Pottawatomies living near Athens were given \$5,000 in settlement of a claim having its origin in the treaty of 1807. There are between 70 and 80 members of the tribe, and to each minor was assigned a guardian.

Five destroyed five buildings in the business center of Cedar Springs; the other day. The origin of the fire is a mystery. Part of the same portion was burned in 1884.

Mrs. Hannah Tuttle, who died in Kansas a few days ago, aged 85, was buried at Galesburg. Fifty-nine years ago this month she and her husband came to Kalamazoo county, got wealthy, removed to Chicago and both have died and are buried at Galesburg.

Au Sabie is to be lighted with electricity. A 4-year-old child of Charles Kelsey of Bay City was drowned in a cistern the other day.

The West Michigan press association will meet at Muskegon June 19-21.

R. E. Brainerd, editor of the Hartford Day Springer, is dead.

MATTHEWS DEAD.

JUSTICE MATTHEWS SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE A HIGHER COURT.

A Daughter of Chief Justice Fuller Causes a Sensation in Milwaukee.

FORCIBLE SEIZURE OF AN AMERICAN VESSEL BY CANADIAN OFFICERS.

Patriotic Devotion Displayed in the Return of Certain Battle Flags.

OTHER NEWS.

Death of Judge Matthews.

Justice Stanley Matthews died at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 22d inst. at his home in Washington. The death was unexpected, though the justice has been ill for several weeks, but his physicians have been predicting a complete recovery. In his last hours the dying justice was surrounded by members of his family, who have been with him throughout his illness.

In the United States supreme court immediately upon assembling, the chief justice announced the death of Justice Matthews, and as a mark of respect to his memory, the court adjourned until Tuesday March 26.

The immediate cause of death was exhaustion of the heart and congestion of the kidneys.

The senate also adjourned out of respect to the memory of the dead justice. Stanley Matthews was born at Cincinnati, O., July 21, 1824. He was graduated at Kenyon college, Ohio, '41; was early in the anti-slavery movement and edited the Herald, an anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati; was made judge of the court of common pleas in Hanover county '51; elected state senator '55; was United States attorney for the southern district of Ohio at the outbreak of the war, when he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio and was present at the battles of Rich Mountain, Chikamauga, Murfreesboro and Lookout Mountain; retired to his birth of the superior court in Cincinnati '63; was one of the electors on the Lincoln-Johnson ticket in '64, and the Grant Colfax in '68; was defeated for congress in '71; one of the visiting statesmen to Louisiana in the Hayes-Tilden contest; republican counsel for Florida and Oregon; before the electoral commission in '76; was elected senator, that year in place of Sherman, resigned to go into Haynes's cabinet, and was appointed to the United States supreme court in 1881.

"The circuit judges were formerly obliged to go over their circuit at least once in two years," said United States Judge Brown, of Detroit, "but the appointment of district judges has for the past 15 years lightened their duties in this regard. Judge Matthews has not held court in Detroit since 1885. He was, previous to his appointment, the leading lawyer of Cincinnati, and has always been very famous in his profession. Personally he was a charming companion, and as a judge was one of the most able on the supreme bench."

A Run-away Marriage.
Miss Pauline Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court, was married by a justice of the peace in Milwaukee the other night to J. M. Aubrey, Jr., of Chicago. It was a runaway match.

Mrs. Aubrey, nee Fuller, is 19 years of age, highly educated, and a remarkably handsome woman. J. M. Aubrey, Jr., is 23 years of age, and as handsome for a man as his wife is for a woman. He is the son of J. M. Aubrey, sr., general western agent of the Merchants' despatch fast freight line.

The acquaintance of the groom and bride began about three years ago. Justice Fuller, then plaintiff, Lawyer Fuller, lived with his eight daughters on Lake avenue, only a short distance from the home of young Aubrey. The young people met at a party given in the neighborhood. An attachment sprang up between them and was opposed by the Fullers. Miss Pauline declared, however, that she would marry whom she pleased, and her father recognized her right to do as she pleased. Mrs. Fuller continued to oppose the match.

About this time Lawyer Fuller was named as chief justice of the United States. Mrs. Fuller picked up an acquaintance with the other Misses Fuller. About the first of last January Miss Pauline came to Chicago, and has since remained in that city visiting friends of the family.

The story of the elopement demonstrates that young Aubrey has cut his eye teeth. He hired two detectives to shadow him and his affianced until they left Chicago. His object was to learn if any one was following them and to prevent the young lady being rescued.

Just C. Gregory was greatly astonished to learn that he had married a daughter of the chief justice of the United States. On looking at the marriage certificate, however, he was more surprised, for there before his eyes were the full names of the chief justice and his wife, as well as those of the groom's father and mother.

Seized by Canucks.

A dispatch from the customs officials at Ottawa says the American schooner W. H. Foye has been seized at Grand Manan for an infraction of the Canadian customs laws. A private dispatch from Grand Manan gives the following details:

The American fishing schooner W. H. Foye of Gloucester, while crossing the Bay of Fundy on her homeward trip from a cruise to the banks, ran short of water and put into Grand Manan to obtain a supply. Some of the fishermen of the crew of the Foye in obtaining the water, and one of them wanting to obtain a dory, they sold it to him at a reasonable price as a matter of courtesy.

This came to the ears of the local agent of customs at this port, who at once seized the schooner on the grounds that the captain had been guilty of a willful infraction of the customs act by landing a dory before reporting, and also for selling without paying duty on the same.

The captain objected to this summary proceeding and ridiculous reading of the law, and was getting ready to sail when a prize crew was put on board and a forcible seizure made. The department at Ottawa has been communicated with, but in the meantime all offers of monetary security for the release of the schooner, so that she could reach home before her catch would sell, have been refused.

Battle Flags Returned.

Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina has sent to the surviving members of

the Fifth Pennsylvania volunteer cavalry two flags captured from that regiment during the late war. Senator Hampton said in his letter: "The country has now but one flag, but the men who bore those which I now send to you will be glad to see again the banners which they bore in the civil war." Senator Quay replied: "I undertake, with much satisfaction, to transmit the colors to the former proprietors, and assure you they will be received by the survivors of the regiment in the kindly spirit in which you deliver them, and will be tenderly treasured for the sake of old association and as one of the multiplying evidences that the issues and animosities of the civil war are faded."

Naval Officers Disappointed.

No little dissatisfaction is felt among naval officers over the details of the program for the celebration of the Washington centennial in New York next month. According to the program the army and navy are to figure prominently in the demonstration. Maj. Gen. Schofield, the highest commanding general of the service, has been selected to take charge of the military forces and against that selection no criticism is made. But the naval officers complain that their branch of the service, which will make an exhibition of particular interest because of its comparison of the old and new navy, has been placed in charge of a retired army officer. They argue that a naval officer of the highest rank should have been chosen to match the selection of Maj.-Gen. Schofield, and they have begun an agitation to have Admiral Jouett replace the retired army officer in command of the naval demonstration.

A Sensible Commissioner.

Corporal Tanner, the incoming commissioner of pensions, says that his sentiment is "a pension for every arriving soldier who needs one, and no soldier's widow, father or mother to be in want." The corporal is opposed to \$1, \$2 and \$3 pensions; thinks the veterans should be able to realize that they are getting something. Tanner is also of the opinion that when a soldier lacks the proof necessary to secure a pension the government should turn in and help him get the needed proof. He is unalterably opposed to knocking out claims because of technicalities.

The Judge Caught.

Justice Gray of Massachusetts, the veteran bachelor of the bench of the supreme court of the United States, is to join the army of benefactors. He has confided to his associate justices of the court his charge against Miss Louisa Stanley, daughter of Associate Justice Stanley Matthews of Ohio. This is to be a thoroughly judicial alliance. Miss Matthews is nearing 30 years of age, while Justice Gray, who is a very tall, finely-formed, and well-preserved man, is probably 62. The justice did not impart to his associates the date of his intended marriage.

Colorado Will Inspect Meat.

Gov. Cooper of Colorado has signed the bill recommending the general inspection, before the slaughter, of the meat of cattle, horses or sheep of any description, the meat of which is intended to be sold for human food. The bill practically prevents the importation of meats slaughtered by the Big Four or any other western packing houses. It is understood these eastern houses will immediately make an effort to have the law declared unconstitutional.

A Rival for the Canadian Pacific.

A franchise has been asked to build a road from the eastern boundary of British Columbia to the northern terminus of the Esquimaut & Navarino railroad from the eastern boundary to Winnipeg. The line will be chartered by the Dominion government, and will have to be built over the route originally selected for the Canadian Pacific. The capital stock is fixed at \$50,000,000 with power to increase.

Lucy's Object in Life.

Chicago anarchists celebrated the 18th anniversary of the Paris commune on the evening of March 24. About 2,000 people assembled in Turner hall, and Lucy Parsons was the principal speaker. She stirred the blood of hearers by shouting: "We want a revolution, either peaceful or bloody, and that revolution must come. I have but one object in life; that is to make rebels of you all."

Fifteen Drowned.

A French torpedo boat foundered off Cherbourg in a hurricane March 22. Her captain and 14 of her crew were drowned.

Detroit Produce Market.

Wheat—No 2 red, \$1; May, 88¢; June, 88¢; July, 87¢; 7¢; August, 86¢; No 3 red, 85¢; No 1 white, \$1; May, white, 86¢ bid. Corn—No 2 spot, 33¢; No 2 yellow, 34¢ bid. Oats—No 2 mixed, 24¢; No 3, 24¢.

Apples—\$1 25@1 50; Jan., per single bbl., \$1 75.

Beans—City hand-picked, \$1 00@1 55 per bu in car lots; \$1 50@1 60 in job lots; unpicked, \$1 00@1 20; very dull.

Butter—Choice rolls, 1@18¢; fancy, 19¢; 2¢; cream, 18¢; creamery, 2@20¢; oleomargarine 18¢.

Dressed meats—Beef, 4¢ to 7¢ per lb; veal, 6¢ to 8¢; mutton, 5¢ to 6¢.

Dressed poultry—Chickens, 11¢; turkeys, 12¢; turkeys, 12¢; live fowls, 7¢ to 8¢; spring chickens, 10¢; turkeys, 11¢ to 12¢; ducks, 11¢ to 12¢; geese, 25¢ per pair, market quiet.

Eggs—1@12 cents per dozen.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$5 75 per bbl; roller process, \$5 25; Minnesota patent, \$7 25; Minnesota bakera, \$5 25; rye flour, \$3 50@3 75; buckwheat flour, Michigan patent, \$2 25@2 50; eastern do, \$1 75.

Hides—No 1 green, 4¢ per lb; No 2 do, 3¢; No 1 cured, 5¢; part cured, 4¢; No 2, 4¢; bulls and steers, 4¢; No 1 veal kip, 4¢; No 2 do, 2¢; No 1 cured calf and kip, 2¢.

Hay—Timothy, loose pressed, \$16; loose in wagon lots, \$10@12; straw, in wagon lots, \$7@10; do, loose pressed, \$9@11; No 1 timothy, in car lots, \$11@12; do, in job lots, \$10@11; No 2 do in car lots, \$10@11; do, in job lots, \$11@12; clover mixed, \$8@9; do in jobbing lots, \$10@11; straw, 5.50@6.50; jobbing do, \$7.50@8.

Provisions—Meat pork, \$12.25 per bbl; family, \$13.50@13.75; short clear \$14.00@14.25; lard in tins, refined, 7¢@7¢ per lb; kettle 5¢; small packages, usual difference; hams 10¢@11¢; shoulders, 7¢@7¢; extra meat beef, \$7.25@7.50 per bbl; plate beef \$5.50@6.

Potatoes—In car lots, 18¢@20¢; job lots 20¢@24¢. Rutabagas, 1¢@2¢.

Seeds—Clover seed, \$5.25@5.40 per bu; timothy, prime western, \$5.25@5.75; field peas, 7¢@8¢. Above are jobbing prices.

Onions—20¢ per bu.

Tallow—\$11¢@12¢ per lb.

Wool—Fine, 37¢; coarse, 23¢; medium, 30¢.

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs—Market active, firm, 5¢@10¢ higher; light, 4¢@5¢; 0¢; heavy packing, \$4 70@4 80; mixed, \$4 80@ heavy packing and shipping, \$4 80@4 90. Cattle—Market strong; beefs, \$3 40@3 50; cows, \$1 40@1 50; stockers and feeders, \$3 40@3 50; sheep, \$1 20@1 30; lambs, \$4 50@4 60.

IT MAY NOT BE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done.
And eurs the grateful story whence
Comes day by day the recompense:
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.
And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man:
Better the toil of fields like these
Than wakeful dreams and slothful ease.
But life though falling like our grain,
Like that that revives and springs again
And early called how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).
"I think," his sister continued; "that a man's nature is essentially different from a woman's, grander in some things, infinitely smaller in others. His own love seems to fill his life, satisfying him by the measure it gives more than by that it receives, and so, by a paradox, it is selfish. True love is not entirely in itself, it is dual; a woman's heart would wither if love did not come in as freely as it went out. And now, as well marry an abstraction. It seems to me you would cage a wild bird for its plumage, and turn a careless ear to its song. What is it to you love in Nell? Is it her beauty, her gracious womanhood, or what?"
"Janet, it is just herself."
"No, Andrew, you have missed that. Nell's self is far beyond your ken."
"Then how could it have dropped to Lyon Leslie? He loved many things far better than Nell Thane. Then will you tell me why she loved him?"
"Why did she love him?—curious fool, be still; is human love the growth of human will?"
And, feeling that she could not bring her argument to a logical conclusion, and so convince her brother, for logic had no place in the subject, Janet, with that unanswerable quotation, abandoned the topic.
A glance assured Nell that her old acquaintance Stubbs was beyond human aid. He did not seem to have many hours to live. With much tenderness, she told him she could do nothing for him—that no one could.
He replied that he had an inner conviction that his case was hopeless; but that he had had an idea a woman doctor, being "out of the common like," might know something out of the common—it was a chance, he said; and then he smiled a wan smile, adding—
"And I'm one of a chancy lot, you know well." After a pause, he added—
"But I always minded how you got 'Dick' the Squire's red terrier, through that bad turn he took of a suddint, and which we thought was poison; but as you said as was nothing but a spell of indigestion along of eating the pig's liver he stole. I said at the time to my misseus that you'd make a rare vet. An' I was right, only you practices on two-legged animals."
He was silent for a few moments, as if in thought, and his eyes were shut. Nell spoke some earnest words of counsel and hope; but he did not respond. Then she took his hand to bid him farewell.
"Miss," he said, looking up at her with a deprecating look in his dim eyes, "I never laid a hand on Nettie. I was faithful to every boss as was trusted to me, and if a man's done his duty to his master here, mayhap his Master up there"—pointing upwards—"won't be so hard on him on account of other little matters."
"Never mind the good you have done, Stubbs," said Nell, gently. "Only be sorry for the ill; that is all that is wanted."
"But I was main true to the Squire, I was," he persisted. "I knowed he hadn't a fardin' on Nettie, that he never laid nothink on races, and that if the boss didn't win the Derby, he was safe for the rest; and as it was the matter of a couple of thousand, and I was heavy on something myself, I took it. It was all well Swelly Jock, it was—'im as called 'isself the Baron—and I put a chunk of summat in the jock's glass afore he started; it was summat that had to do with the eyes, and he didn't ride straight; that was how it was. The jock—it was Tibbles—was queer-like for some days after, an' the doctors called it 'cipient happiness.' Ah, miss, you were not practising then, or we'd maybe not got off so free!"—and he chuckled with a lingering spire of the old Adam.
"Oh, Stubbs, how dreadful!" That was all Nell said.
"I sees it now, miss; at least it looks queer like now; only, you see, I didn't do any hurt to the boss, and it didn't matter in a money way to master whether he won or not. But I'm real sorry, miss, I am now. Seems to me as right and wrong's got clearer

to me since I've been laid by. You'll tell the Squire, won't you, when I'm gone? He's a grand gentleman, an' mayhap he'll look at the bit of sod as'll cover me soon and say—'Stubbs, I forgive you.'"
When she got back to the Hall, Nell told the Squire the groom's story, drawing his penitence with a tender touch; and the same afternoon, the great-hearted gentleman rode Nettie over to the Duke's stables, and took his old servant by the hand.
It was nearly four, and getting dusk; but the groom's cot was drawn to the little lattice-paned window over the stables, and Nettie was led to a point from which he could be clearly seen.
At Stubbs's request, the window was opened; he was raised on his pillow. With a great effort, he uttered a long peculiar whistle, by which he had been used to attract the attention of the horse when he wished to put him on his mettle.
In a moment the noble animal pricked up its ears, pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.
"He's forgiv' me too," said the groom. "He knows I wouldn't 'ave 'armed a hair of his body. Just listen to him!"—as the horse whinnied loud and long. "An' they call 'em dumb animals! Seems to me as they knows 'ow to speak their thoughts better nor most folks."
Then he made another effort, blew another whistle, and fell back exhausted.
"That night Stubbs finished the race for which he had entered so many years gone, but whether to be scored first or last, who can tell?—The race is not always to the swift."
CHAPTER VII.
Nell returned to her duties in London with eager spirits, for she was sure at heart. She had refused her cousin Andrew. His very faithfulness reproached her, and yet seemed to alienate her from him, for she had nothing, not even hope to give in return.
"Nell, I shall never despair until I see you another's," were his parting words.
"And then?" she asked, as if involuntarily, wondering at such steadfastness.
"And then I shall make the best of life, though life will have taken its best from me. I may fill some other woman's needs; but none but you, Nell, could ever fill mine."
The conviction that Randall was not suited to his profession became each day stronger in his sister. She felt that he had undertaken a grave responsibility for which he was constitutionally unfitted. The same conviction had lately forced itself upon Randall, and he chafed at the chains that bound him to his post. Hitherto he had had no very intricate case, none to which his knowledge had not been equal, supplemented by his sister's advice, and actual assistance in some instances.
It was New Year's Eve. The twins had had a busy day, for the snow was deep on the ground, the town was full and there was much sickness abroad. They had dined, and were sitting over a blazing fire comparing notes of their separate day's work.
"Thank goodness," said Randall, "my cases are all plain sailing. Now, if another hitch comes"—meaning a case beyond his skill—"I'll throw up the sponge. I give you my word, Nell, I never take on a new patient but I feel like a murderer; and, I tell you what in all seriousness—if I don't kill my patients, they'll kill me! I'd never get through a consultation, only I do the Burreigh nod, and always side with the biggest fellow. There are very few that like to say 'ba' when Sir Billy Genera, as the wags call him, says 'bo!' Regularly established diseases, common fevers and epidemics, gout and all that sort of thing I'm not afraid of. One can't cure those things—they run themselves out; all you have to do is to help them over the difficult passes. I don't believe in physicking, that has had its day; but its intricate cases I do fear, and those you seem born for. I often think mother's right when she says you're 'no canny.'"
"It is because they interest me," she said simply, "and because I love my calling first and foremost. If I had any woman's future to hope for, any great object outside my work, I should not be what I am. The enthusiasm of humanity brooks no rival; to that and absolute concentration I owe my power and success."
"I think," said Randall, hesitatingly, "might do something in literature; but that demands concentration. Nell, I should like to shelve it all. But for the disappointment of my father, I would; he thinks me far cleverer than you."
"Dear father!" returned Nell. "He's not so far wrong; only he's made the mistake of putting a round stick in a square hole. I believe you could make a mark in literature, you have a creative brain; science deals only with facts. Let us see, when our accounts are made up for the year, how we stand; and, if my score is enough, why take your name off the door—a few days' wonder—that is all."
At that moment the door bell rang sharply; it was sudden call for Randall. A Colonel Gordon, who had just arrived from India, had been taken ill at an hotel near at hand, and required

immediate aid. With a heavy sigh, Randall obeyed the call.
"Some intricate liver case, you may be sure, or chronic Indian fever, about which I know as much as of dentistry," he said, as Nell helped him on with his comfortable ulster.
It was neither; it was even more serious, because imminent. A wound, caused by a bullet which had defied extraction, had suddenly broken out, and erysipelas threatened.
Nell awaited her brother's return in much anxiety; she always was anxious when a fresh patient came on his books. In an hour he returned, looking jaded and worn.
"What have you done?" she asked, after he had named the symptoms and described the state of the patient.
He told her.
"Have you sent for a nurse?" she asked.
"He said his sister, who is in the country, would be in town in a day or two, and his own servant, a soldier, would be up in the morning with his traps; so I gave him a sedative, and told him I'd look in again before twelve. There's a good deal of fever; so there really was nothing more that could be done. A housemaid is to sit up with him."
"Did Colonel Gordon speak much to you, Randall?"
"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."
"Randall, I will go at twelve o'clock, instead of you. There will be no one up except the porter, and it would take very keen sight to tell us apart in a dim light. I'll put on my ulster and a muffler."
Nell spoke as one who would not be gainsaid; but, if the truth were told, Randall had no will to gainsay her; he was, in fact, relieved of a weight.
When the hour came, the brother and sister set off together. Randall saw his sister safe into the hotel, remaining in the neighborhood on a watch for her re-appearance.
The patient lay on a half-croster bed, in a large comfortable room, where was a cheerful fire, near which, in an arm chair, sat the attendant, half-asleep. A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, on which was arranged various cooling drinks.
Before approaching the bed, Nell questioned the maid, who told her that her charge had slept for two hours, but since then had been restless, and calling for water or lemonade every few minutes.
"I don't think he knows very well where he is," said the girl; "he talks like a man in his sleep, and fancies he's in a ship."
Nell desired the girl to fetch a candle, for which she had to leave the room. As the door closed a little noisily, the sick man moved and moaned. Nell approached the bed, gently drawing the curtain aside.
The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn. One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bed-clothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in petulance of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.
He gave a shiver, as if an electric thrill had passed through his body, and turned on his pillow, opening his eyes bright with fever light. Nell staggered back, clutching at a chair for support.
"My love, my love!" she cried to her heart; but her lips were dumb.
"Water, water!" the sick man moaned.
With an almost superhuman effort, she retained her consciousness; the very shock roused her to action and to repression.
She went to the table and mixed a cooling draught. As she did so her eyes fell on an envelope addressed, "Colonel Leslie Gordon, V. C."—a hero's name to the world.
Well Nell Thane knew it! She had read of its owner's gallant deeds, and her heart had felt pride in her mother's countryman. Little had she guessed that the Lyon Leslie, who had to her played such a craven part, was the brave soldier of the world's aid her admiration. Then she remembered that he had spoken to her of a bachelor uncle named Gordon, from whom he had expectations. Everything was plain to her now; and very strange it seemed to her that she had not guessed her lover's identity before.
It was a steady hand that held the frothing draught to the sick man's lips, and a firm stroog hand that lifted the hot head; but her eyes felt burning in her head; they looked unnaturally large.
"Oh, so soothing!" he whispered, looking gratefully into her face.
She met his eyes daringly; again he shivered, then, unconsciously, closed them in fitful slumber.
When the girl returned, Nell examined the wound. It presented an ugly exterior; but she knew that the real mischief lay in the location of the bullet; the exact spot of which had, Randall had said, not been discovered. It

would be a case of the utmost difficulty and far beyond her brother's skill; but strange to say she felt no apprehension of her own. Standing over the prostrate form of the man who had so heartlessly blasted her young life, she vowed that to her hand, and hers alone, he should owe his.
No bitterness, no reproach entered her heart, only a great pitifulness, and a sorrow for him apart from herself. She was standing by a grave—though she knew it not, from which their could be no resurrection, the grave of her love; but the ashes were there—and, ah, how tenderly the foot treads over the sepulchre of the dead; how holy seems their memory!
Then she told the girl that a change had taken place in the condition of the patient, and that she must remain beside him for the night. She then left the hotel to make some arrangements, she said, and, after a few explanatory words to her brother—explanatory merely of the patient's state—she returned, and, dismissing the servant, took up her place beside the sick man.
The hours slipped by—she scarcely knew they passed—she took no note of time. The reality of the stricken man, the strangely still room, her presence there, seemed all a dim dream, and what had for these dividing years been but as a dim dream a vivid reality—the little stream, with its fragile freight of the blue forget-me-nots—the quiet lake bearing on its bosom the one brave spray—the rapturous kiss, the spoken words, and the deep passionate gaze of eyes too well remembered. Swiftly, as in a panorama, that summer's day passed before her—it did not pain her now. Somehow her heart was at rest, the dull aching of the deep wound was over.
At every movement she bent over him, now easing his pillow, now laying his brow, then gently touching his lips with moisture, or answering his craving cry of "water" with cooling draughts. Now and again he would open his eyes and look round, as if expecting some known face; but then she would stand in the shadow, or droop her head beside the shrouding curtain, and he would sigh and turn wearily away. And so the night passed. As the faint light of morning appeared, the fever had ceased, and the sick man had sunk into a refreshing slumber. Then Nell laid for one brief moment her lips on his brow; but it was only a kiss of peace—she felt she could pray then. By previous arrangement, Mrs. McJan, the old nurse who had been the twins' constant attendant, and indeed friend, since they had left their home together, took Nell's place in the sick-room, leaving her free to return to her brother.
It was needful for her purpose that she should tell her brother that his new patient was Lyon Leslie, of her girlish love. She did so in a few words as she could command. He said very little, but he threw his arms around her as if he would shield her from a coming sorrow, and held her to his breast in a sympathetic silence that tried her sympathy to the utmost.
"Randall," she whispered, "do not fear for me. There are no birds in last year's nest," but her voice belied her words.
In the course of the day Colonel Gordon's servant arrived from Southampton with his master's luggage, and, under Randall's superintendence, the former was moved into quiet rooms within a few doors of his own house, and Mrs. McJan was installed in chief charge.
A letter was written to the Colonel's sister stating his condition and the means adopted for his care. The attendance in the day-hours was taken by Randall, in the evening by Nell. In her shrouding ulster and wrapper and low felt hat, she attracted no observation; if she had, there would have been little fear of being discovered, so perfect was the likeness between the pair, a likeness intensified by similarity of dress.
Fortunately for the part Nell was playing, Colonel Gordon's sister was in delicate health, and seldom visited her brother in the evening. A note was sent to her the last thing at night to keep her apprised of his condition. In this way Nell felt pretty secure from detection. Her directions, too, were always given to Mrs. McJan, who generally managed to find something for the soldier-servant to do—a message, or clothes to air—at the hour of Nell's visit.
And the sick man lay unheeding, slowly mending towards a partial recovery. There had been a consultation, at which Randall was present, and it was agreed that, unless the bullet was discovered and extracted, the patient must eventually succumb to the wasting weakness induced by the open wound; and it was settled that, when he had rallied sufficiently, he should be put under an anæsthetic and the probe applied.
During these anxious days Nell sat late into the night, deep in earnest study. Her face grew thinner and her eyes unnaturally bright. Each evening, before her visit to the sick room, she made Randall sit down and go with careful minuteness into every symptom he had noted. These she wrote down.
Scarcely any words were exchanged between her and her old lover. He was generally inclined to sleep; if not

actually asleep, at the late hour of her visit; but, if awake, he would ask her to arrange his pillows, as, somehow, he found she had a knack—"nurse" had not. He liked too the doctor's mixing of the effervescent drink at night, and always insisted on her giving it to him herself.
"You manage me better at night somehow, doctor," he said one day; "you always soothe me, and your voice is softer than in the day. It puts me in mind of someone; but I can't tell who."
Nell was very guarded after that speech, and spoke little; and then in as deep a voice as she could command. And day by day the girl grew more fragile, and her sweet earnest face more spiritual.
In these night visits she was in the habit of wearing a false mustache, closely resembling her brother's, which was long and silky and covered the mouth. This precaution against detection was needful, but none the less distasteful to her feeling; there was at stake her brother's reputation on one hand, and on the other the very life perhaps of the one man she had loved above all the world.
At last the day came when she said to Randall that she thought their patient was sufficiently strong to undergo the probing for the bullet.
"Nell," he said, "can you take my place?"
"Yes," she answered; "I wish it. I shall use the probe myself. Lady Masters—Colonel Gordon's sister—wishes her own doctor to be present—he is an old man, I believe."
"Yes," said Randall, "seventy at least; I have only seen him once, and then in the dusk."
"Then it will only be necessary to call in Sir William Cheque; he knows the case."
"Perfectly. Lady Masters told me he spoke to her about her brother, and mentioned how skillful he thought my treatment had been; but all the same he didn't know me when I met him at his own door yesterday. I took off my hat to him, and he stared as if I had taken a liberty. You'll be quite safe, I'm sure. He's a great big man, and men of less stature always look smaller than they really are to tall men."
"Nurse," said Colonel Gordon, on the morning arranged for the consultation, "what is the doctor's name? I never heard it. He has only been 'the doctor' to me."
"Randall, sir," replied Mrs. McJan, after a moment's hesitation.
"I like his night-visits best," he said. "Somehow the very sound of his foot soothes me."
Colonel Gordon was stronger and altogether in a more favorable state—so said Sir William Cheque, than on the occasion of his—Sir William's—previous visit. The fever had disappeared, and he was able to take a considerable quantity of nourishment; there were points in his favor he had hardly expected; but he expressed his decided opinion that the amendment would be only temporary, unless the bullet was traced and extracted, and of that he supposed there was little hope.
"None that I can see," said Doctor Parr, Lady Master's doctor, who had seen the patient more than once; "and I doubt, if it were found, if he would stand the necessary operation."
These words had passed out of range of their subject's hearing.
Then Nell, standing well in the shade, made a short concise statement, which riveted Sir William's attention. He was a liberal-minded man, and free from all professional jealousy. He saw the young man before him had thoroughly mastered the case, and his interest was roused to see how he would follow it out to the end he indicated. He was a man, though, of few words; so he contented himself with an approving nod, and then approached the bed.
"You have been in very skillful hands, Colonel Gordon," he said. "You may owe your life to my young friend here. I am happy to tell you he has every reason to suppose that he has traced the enemy. A little courage and we'll get him out. We will give you an anæsthetic and you'll know nothing about it."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ostrich Mother.

At Dr. Skitchley's ostrich ranch, near Red Bluff, Cal., is a pen in which a hen ostrich is sitting on 13 eggs. She covers the eggs nicely, and as she sits there with her long neck and head laid at full length on the ground, looks like a moss-covered rock. Her husband keeps guard over her in very picturesque fashion, walking up and down the fence with stately tread, his rich, glossy plumage glistening in the sunlight, and his eyes flashing defiance. He looks ready to tackle any thing, man or beast, that should disturb the privacy of his home.

High-Priced Property.

Citizen (to druggist): "Do you know the agent who has control of this corner lot, Sam?"
Sam: "Yes, sah, the agent will be heah d'rectly. I has charge of the property." (To small boy): "Hi there, yo' young white trash, stop frowin' mud balls off'n dat corner lot. Dat real estate is sold by the inch."

Churches.

Methodist—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service.

Societies.

W. O. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. V. ...

BUSINESS CARDS.

IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South, —Call on—

GEORGE D. HALL, Agent, F. & P. M. R. R., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information.

L. F. HATCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

J. F. BROWN, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

He Don't Admire the Courier Correspondent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLYMOUTH MAIL: DEAR SIR:—In the last issue of the Detroit Courier appears an item under the head of "Plymouth," which is untrue and erroneous, and therefore needs to be contradicted and corrected.

As I am personally opposed to any or either misrepresentation, I feel it my duty when some insignificant, private matters, through the pen of an unthoughtful or ignorant reporter are brought before the public in such a manner as to mislead, to correct the same.

Therefore, I beg you, to insert in your esteemed paper these lines, wishing that a few words may help to destroy misunderstandings and let the truth prevail above ignorance or malice.

The reporter of the Detroit Courier talks in the above mentioned item of "the Washington house," still in our village does not exist a house with such name, and has not been since nine years. The owner of said house has abandoned a name or sign, which was thought by him to be too illustrious for his little place of business, and since the last five years the same building has been used as simple dwellings for some humble families.

Why the reporter for the Detroit Courier neglects this fact, trespasses his limits and gives an unjust name to a house, I don't know.

Recently I had promised to a lady from Milford, to let her have some empty private rooms in the house located next to the City hotel, on Main street. How the reporter for the Detroit Courier can talk that "the Washington house" has been rented to a lady and that she would start a boarding house, I can't understand, and so much less, because I told the lady, that I would oppose a project, which she likely proposed to bring into reality.

What is the matter with the reporter of the Detroit Courier? D. P. FRANK.

Newburg.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Mrs. J. A. LeVan was summoned to Manistee, last week, on account of the sickness of her son-in-law, who has typhoid fever.

Mrs. Wm. J. Smith entertained the ladies at society, Friday.

Mrs. Anna and John Patterson arrived here from Canada Wednesday.

Paris Broadbent has moved into the Allen house, vacated by T. B. Wright, who has gone to Muskegon.

Lyceum was well attended last Saturday evening. There will be a good program next Saturday.

Another old pioneer gone—Mr. Abner Chase, of Plymouth, was buried in Newburgh cemetery, Wednesday, March 20.

C. H. Armstrong has moved on and commenced working his father's place.

M. King returned last week from a visit to his son, who is in a lumber camp in Ogemaw county, where he is laid up with a broken leg.

Mrs. Mary and Miss Martha Philpot moved last week to Canada, where they will keep boarding house.

Mrs. Marie to Pickett, of Walled Lake, is visiting friends here.

Miss Fannie Radcliffe is visiting her sister at Adrian. Miss Minnie Radcliffe returned from there last Tuesday.

The dramatic entertainment, at Newburgh hall, last week, was a success in all ways, netting \$25.00. There will be another entertainment soon.

J. B. Cary is painting Newburgh hall and making it look fine.

Wayas.

Fayette Harris' new house is nearly completed.

Frank McGuire, of Detroit, spent Sunday with friends here.

Bob Clark and Sylvia Clark have a license out to be married.

A number of "bloods" took in Plymouth and Northville, Sunday.

The band sawer at the factory had his thumb cut off last week.

Charles Miller and wife, of Plymouth, were guests of A. F. Smith, Sunday.

Chas. Durfee and Ed Hall have opened a meat market in the Procter building.

Stephen O'Connor having finished his teaching near Carleton, returned home.

Charles Ditsch and wife, of Northville, spent Sunday with with his parents here.

Our home talent will play "After Ten Years," at New Boston to-morrow night.

Miss Mary Curtis, who has been teaching school at Bridgewater, has returned home.

Mike Ready, a railroad man that is acquainted here was killed while working, by the cars.

James Jamieson, Jr, returned home from Chicago last week, where he has been in employment.

Carl Morrison has recovered from his kick in the face, but an ugly scar will accompany the recovery.

James Jamieson, Sr. will go to Chicago to meet his brother, who is on his way from Australia to visit him. Mr. Jamieson has not seen this brother since his boyhood, over forty years ago.

Dr. J. M. Tinscott has moved his drug stock to Cass City, where he will open a store. He will be missed by his many friends, who wish him success in his new undertaking, and Sam will finish the spring term at school and follow him later.

Livonia.

E. Bennett has gone to Tennessee. Now is the time to repair your fences. Our school closed yesterday for a vacation of two weeks.

There are several in this town who have the Tenne-see fever.

John Duffer, of Clinton county, is visiting at A. Stringer's.

Don't shed your underwear yet or you may have to put them on again.

We don't think it would be any harm if the white caps would visit one or two places in this town.

Married at the bride's parents, in the township of Redford, on Wednesday, March 20, Fred Wilson, of Livonia, and Miss Josie Hubert, of Redford.

Frank P. ck is moving to the township of Novi, with his family and will work for Jackson Welch this season and oversee his farm. We are very sorry to have to loose a good neighbor.

I say to ye farmers, will you be mean enough to vote to raise our state and county officers' salaries, while you are drawing off potatoes for twenty-five cents a bag and selling onions for ten cents a bushel?

Willard Bains' infant child died last Wednesday, at Stark Station, and was interred in the Centre cemetery the next day. Rev. Shank and kind neighbors met at the house to sympathize with the bereaved family.

James McKinney, Jr., living one and one-half miles east and two miles south of the Centre, has lost two children with diphtheria. His wife is down with the same dread disease, with very little hopes of her recovering. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy.

There was a large gathering met at the residence of John Gows, last Thursday, to witness the marriage of his daughter, Mary, to August Paukow, both of this town, and highly respected by all. They received a great many valuable presents from their many friends. We wish them much joy and a long and happy journey through life.

Denton.

Mrs. Deyo is very sick at this writing. Miss Anna West is visiting friends in Detroit.

Charles Chamberlain, of Ypsilanti, made us a pleasant call Monday last.

Mrs. Josh Smith, who has been very sick for the past few weeks, is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Glass are spending a few days with Rev. A. J. Lowery, of Ridgeway.

Miss Emma Bunnell, who has been attending school at Ypsilanti, is at home for a few weeks.

Miss Rose Fogarty and Elva Anderson, of Plymouth, were visiting friends at this place last week.

George Hines and family have moved on the farm which formerly belonged to George Amerhine.

Mrs. Goldsmith, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Mac Goodell, returned here to Mooreville last week.

Quite a number of young people attended an entertainment at Cherry Hill, Sunday evening. They report a fine time.

Mrs. May Woolger is spending a few weeks with her mother. She will attend the Normal school at Ypsilanti, at the opening of the spring term.

Mrs. J. hn Smith is lying in a critical condition, at her mother's home at Ypsilanti. About a year ago she fell some distance and received serious injuries, which we fear will prove fatal.

The cheapest place to buy cow feed is at Phoenix mills.

The D. L. & N. railroad gives excursions to Detroit, April 3 and 4, good to return next day, at one fare for round trip, with twenty-five cents added for admission to the floral exhibition.

Glencoeville.

Mrs. Ziegler, who has been ailing for some time, is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson were called to Detroit, Sunday, to attend the funeral of their grandson, the youngest child of Charles Johnson.

Albert Weson caught fifteen pickerel at Upper Strait's lake a short time ago. He has been at the lake fishing five times this winter and has caught, on an average fifteen pickerel each time, in all seventy-five fish, weighing from two and one-half to nine pounds each.

It is rumored that Ben Grace has let his farm to William Turner.

Belleville.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Jno. Lunnie left Monday night for East Saginaw, where he will reside the coming summer.

Wm. Moore has moved his family into the house formerly occupied by Wm. Guest, the latter having moved to the Joshua Smith house, on National avenue.

Henry Raymond, who carries the mail from this place to Ypsilanti, lost one of his horses (George) last Saturday night from spasmodic colic.

Charles McIntosh, of this place, passed through this village, Tuesday afternoon, on his way to St. Louis, Mo., where he will be stationed with the U. S. army, he having enlisted for five years.

Grange.

The next meeting of Wayne County Pomona, will be held at Livonia Grange hall, April 12, at ten a. m. All fourth degree members are invited.

To Horsemen.

"James J. Baird has sold the colt Hartman to George VanVleet, of Plymouth, Mich. Hartman is a standard bred and registered stallion, sired by Hermes, a son of Haro's, sire of Maud S., 2:08 3/4; dam Polka, dam of Belle of Lexington, 2:26 3/4. Mr. Prudden purchased Hartman at the Forest City Farm, Cleveland, Ohio, when two years old, and he was considered at that time very fast for his age. The horsemen of this city predict that Hartman will make for himself a reputation in his new home."—Lansing Journal. Mr. VanVleet has also a fine Young Rattler stud. Both these horses will make the season at VanVleet's farm just east of town.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by druggists, price seventy-five cents per bottle. 77-81

Subscribers!

Please bear in mind that we discontinue the MAIL in every case, when the time is up for which you have paid, unless we have your permission to continue it. When you subscribe for one year it is impossible for us to tell whether you will want it longer, unless you say so. We send the paper to no one on the start without it is ordered, and we send it to no one after their time is out, unless it is ordered. It is necessary for us to have some rule and adhere to it and we have adopted the above. We trust that when you are notified your time is out, you will give us permission to continue it. THE PUBLISHER.

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 Chaffee & Hunter's drug store.

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 Chaffee & Hunter, druggists.

Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needles and oil for sale. J. H. Stearns, Plymouth.

Save the Cents,

And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the economical advice is to Gammas Trading with

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

THE FINEST STOCK,

THE LARGEST CHOICE,

THE TRUEST VALUE,

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

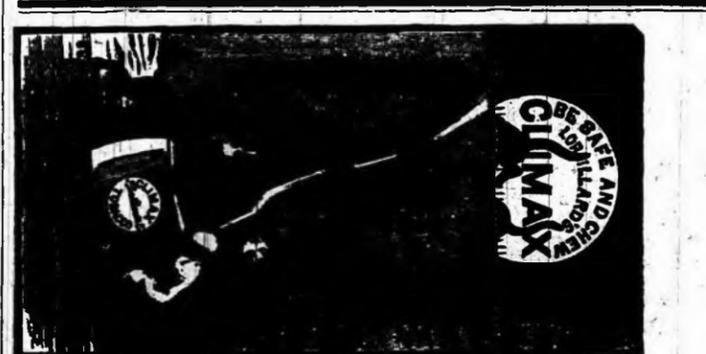
Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodore, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

Moldings and Picture Frames,

Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

And a Full Line of Funeral Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt, Considerate and Reliable.



MILLIKEN'S

Parlor Pride Stove Enamel!

FOR SALE AT THE

: Star Grocery. :

E. J. BRADNER, Plymouth.

New Harness hop! S. COLLINGE

Has just opened a new harness store in the Lauffer building, where he would be pleased to show a

CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS.

First-Class Workmen and the Best of Stock.

Please give us a call.

Plymouth, ST S. COLLINGE

LIVERY, AND SALE STABLE.

Sign to let day or night at

REASONABLE PRICES!

Orders left for draying immediately executed.

Anyone contemplating buying a Coffer or Baggage should look over our stock of

Carriages, Cutters, and Sleighs.

Burnett & Robinson, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings

Newly Nickel Plated.

All kinds of Nickel Plating

done in the best manner and

at reasonable prices.

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES!

IF YOUR LAWN IS

Being Destroyed

—BY—

MOLES!

Send \$2.50 to

W. N. WHERRY,

PLYMOUTH, MICH.,

For one of the above traps. They are

sent to catch them. J. C. Hallway,

merchant at Wayne, Mich.,

caught twenty-seven in less

than one year's time. We

can name many others

who have had equally good

success.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1899.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements:
E. J. Bradner, Star grocery, fourth page.
Leckmetsch Bros., general merchants, first page.

PLYMOUTH.

Its Location, Manufactures and Other Business Enterprises.

Plymouth, Michigan is a beautiful and thriving village of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated in the township of the same name, in the north-west corner of Wayne county and twenty-three miles from Detroit the county seat. It has beautiful, shady streets and lovely parks, fine residences and spacious grounds, a large and well managed school, four churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal and German Lutheran—and in fact everything to make it a desirable residence place. Its society is excellent and its business men are wide-awake and prosperous. The country adjacent is rich agriculturally and the farmers thrifty.

Among the industries of Plymouth are two air rifle factories, employing a number of men each in turning out guns numbering many thousands annually, and a third factory nearly ready for operation; a large wood cistern and tank factory, which ships its goods to all parts of the country; a large brick windmill factory; an establishment for the manufacture of fanning mills and screen doors, a washing machine factory; two manufacturers of iron barrows; five wagon and blacksmith shops; two roller mills, making the best of flour; a saw mill, cider mill, sherry, cooper shop, two elevators, lumber yard, two hotels, two railroads; two National banks and an excellent fair ground and race track, where the best fair in Eastern Michigan is held every fall.

Following we give a few brief sketches of the principal mercantile firms, written by George Phillips, of Detroit:

M. DOMESTREICH & CO.

About two years ago this popular and energetic firm established. They are successors to D. R. Penny and successfully conduct one of the best general stores in this section of the country. They have built up a trade extending over the surrounding country and made business as deserved popular. The success which has attended the efforts of Messrs. Domestreich & Co. are the results of carefully studying the wants of the people by handling a superior stock and the fair dealing for which the business is well known. They have devoted their energies to building up a large trade and are able, energetic and pushing merchants. Their store is creditable to their business ability and the large turnover of goods shows the hold it has on the public. Within this brief article no adequate description of the stock can be given. It embraces everything in the line of staple and fancy dry goods, carpets, housefurnishings, family groceries of all kinds, etc. The ordered clothing department has been raised to a high standard, and does a large trade. It is under the most competent management.

A. A. TAFFT.

In putting before the public an edition of the MAIL descriptive of the business interests of Plymouth, the old established, well known and popular general store of Mr. A. A. Taft, will come in for a prominent mention. Mr. Taft succeeded to this business by purchase about three years ago from Messrs. C. B. Crosby & Co., of which he was a member, who had been conducting it for upwards of a quarter of a century. It is therefore one of the pioneer mercantile establishments of the town, and it is unnecessary for us to say has had extensive dealings with the general public since passing into its present hands its trade has been widened, and the business we may say has exerted a marked influence stimulating the volume of trade and in drawing trade to the town. An experienced, enterprising and competent merchant Mr. Taft is in the very best position to offer to the public all the advantages possible, for every season his store has its unusual attractions in the newest and best goods in the market. The spring stock should be examined by every MAIL reader. The large store is literally packed embracing the following well equipped departments: Dishes, goods, gloves, hosiery, etc. In these departments the most fashionable and newest goods are on hand. Tweeds of foreign and domestic manufacture, French worsteds, etc.; hats and caps, gents' furnishings, ready-made clothing, carpets, house furnishings, etc. The grocery department contains a choice stock of pure family groceries of all kinds.

C. F. BENNETT.

Plymouth's popular and well conducted meat market, carried on by Mr. C. F. Bennett, should not be omitted from this review. Mr. Bennett has been established four years; he has been successful in working up a large trade and has made his business deservedly popular. The public always find here the choicest and best meats of all kinds, poultry, game in season, etc. The shop is well appointed and the business carefully looked after.

G. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

In reviewing the business interests of Plymouth, the MAIL has pleasure in noting the growing prosperity and increasing trade of the well known and popular business of Messrs. G. A. Starkweather & Co., general merchants. Since the inception of the business it has steadily widened its trade and increased its facilities until it has reached its present large proportions, and in the business the public have all the advantages in obtaining their mercantile wants offered in the cities. All the benefits which enterprise and experience can secure are here. The success of the business and the reason of the large trade that has been built up is owing to the fact that the public have found that it pays to trade here. The best and most reliable goods are handled and the prices are close as careful buying will permit. A very large stock is handled affording a varied selection. It would be impossible within the brief space of this article to give anything like a description of the goods in the various well equipped departments. Fancy and staple dry goods of foreign and domestic manufacture, dress goods, millinery, gloves, hosiery, etc.; tweeds, worsteds, etc.; hats and caps, gents' furnishings, carpets and house furnishings, ready-made clothing are replete. Ordered clothing is a specialty and this department excels. The stock also includes a full line of family groceries of all kinds. The boot and shoe department is well stocked with the latest and best makes of boots and shoes of all kinds from the ladies' finest French kid to the mens' and boys' heaviest wear. The business is deservedly popular.

PLYMOUTH'S PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO.

It is now about six months ago since Mr. J. R. Hamilton established the photograph studio, he has since been successfully conducting. No better evidence of the merits of the business can be given, than the fact of the large trade that has been built up. The deserved popularity, it has acquired has been secured by turning out a superior class of work. Enjoying the advantages of long and practical experience, Mr. Hamilton is a photographer of more than ordinary ability. All kinds of photographic work is done from an ordinary portrait to the most elegant cabinet. A specialty is also made of enlarging to life size by the different process, bromide, india ink, etc. The studio is handsomely fitted up with all the latest appliances, fine scenery, etc. The business well deserves its rapidly increasing trade.

BASSETT & SON.

There is no branch of mercantile industry in Plymouth in a more advanced condition than the furniture and undertaking business carried on by Messrs. Bassett & Son. A few words here in reference to this popular business will be of interest. Mr. Bassett established over twenty years ago, and the business has since supplied a large portion of the community with everything in the line of household furniture. The proprietors have aimed at handling a reliable and superior stock and buy from the best wholesale manufacturers, and the satisfactory manner in which the business is conducted has had the results of building up a large trade, and we may say has made opposition impracticable. Their show rooms display a stock of household furniture of all kinds, parlor, dining room, kitchen and bed room furniture, that cannot fail to suit the taste and means of all. The undertaking department is well looked after. They have a fine hearse, a full equipment of funeral supplies of all kinds, coffins, caskets, funeral shrouds, etc. The business is deservedly popular.

P. GAYDE.

The grocery business of the above named gentleman, which is one of the best known and best patronized in the town, is deserving of special mention. Mr. Gayde established about twenty years ago, and during this long period his store has supplied a large portion of the community with everything in the line of family groceries, provisions, etc. It has been successful in building up a large trade, extending over the surrounding country, and is deservedly popular. Mr. Gayde is an experienced and competent grocer, and in the best position to offer to the public all the advantages possible. The stock is large and well selected and embraces everything in the line of pure family groceries, provisions, fruits, etc. Also a fine display of crockery, glass and chinaware, etc.

DR. J. G. MEILER.

The MAIL has pleasure in reviewing the business interests of the town in referring to Plymouth's old established, well known and popular drug business carried on by Dr. J. G. Meiler. Among the businesses which have gained prominence for the high standard to which they have been raised this store deserves special mention. Dr. Meiler has been established about fifteen years. He has met with more than ordinary success in building up a satisfactory trade and has made his business deservedly popular. Enjoying the advantages of long and practical experience, he is a competent chemist and druggist and carries an excellent and varied stock embracing pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Prescription work is carefully attended to.

CHAFFEE & HUNTER.

The business of Messrs. Chaffee & Hunter is too well and favorably known to require any extended mention. Since its inception about a year ago, it has met with more than ordinary success in building up a satisfactory trade, and has furnished the town with a model business in which the two lines, drugs and groceries are handled. The proprietors are both experienced and so well and favorably known that further reference is unnecessary, while the splendid business they have built up speaks as to the energy and ability displayed. In the grocery department is a full line of pure family groceries of all kinds, provisions, fruits, etc., the choicest and best that can be obtained. On the drug side is a most complete stock of pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Special attention is given to prescription work. The business is deservedly popular.

E. J. BRADNER.

Plymouth's popular and ably conducted grocery store carried on by Mr. E. J. Bradner should not be omitted from this review. This is a model grocery business in every respect and one that has gained prominence for the high standard to which it has been raised. Mr. Bradner has been established about eight years. He has met with qualifying success in building up a flourishing business and has made the store headquarters for a large portion of the community for everything in the line of family provisions. An experienced competent and energetic merchant the store is always at the front in offering advantages to the public. The deserved popularity it has secured, has been acquired by handling a superior stock and by giving to the public all the advantages possible. At this store is always found the choicest and best groceries in the market, provisions, fruits, etc. Mr. Bradner makes a specialty of paints, handling the paints manufactured by the Detroit white lead works, the best in use.

M. CONNER & SON.

A good hardware, stoves and tinware establishment, where the public can obtain its requirements of everything needed in this branch of mercantile industry, is an important business in the town. In this respect Plymouth is in advance of most places of its size. In the business here referred to our citizens and the people of the surrounding country have all the advantages offered in the large places. The business is one of the pioneer institutions in the town and was established about twenty five years ago. The large trade it enjoys and the high standard to which it has been raised mark the business as one of the most successful in this section of the country. The firm are experienced and competent hardware merchants and in the best position to offer all the advantages possible. The large store is literally packed; the stock including shelf hardware, builders' tools and materials of all kinds, and all such miscellaneous lines as paints, oils, glass, nails, wire, etc., also cutlery, silver ware, etc. A full line of stoves, house furnishings of all kinds in tin, iron and copper wares. Special attention is given to jobbing in all its branches, roof-sheeting, eavestroughing, etc. The business is deservedly popular.

J. R. RAUCH.

A rising business in Plymouth and one deserving of prominence in this review is the well equipped and well conducted grocery store of Mr. J. R. Rauch. This business has been before the public a number of years and was purchased by Mr. Rauch from H. C. Bennett about a month ago. Judging from the start made, the store will become a leading one in the line, and will doubtless develop a large trade. The well known energy and business ability of the proprietor is evidence that the business will offer all the advantages possible to the public. The stock handled is large and well assorted. It embraces everything in the line of pure family groceries, pure teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, flavoring extracts and all the table delicacies, provisions, fruits, etc. The store is neat, tasty and attractive. The MAIL predicts for this business a brilliant success.

J. L. GALE.

Plymouth's old established, well known and popular grocery and drug store conducted by Mr. J. L. Gale, is a representative business of the town. The establishment of this business dates back about twenty years. Its steady and permanent growth has been kept abreast of that of the town, while its able and experienced management has secured for it a large trade. A business which has been before the public the length of time and done the trade that this one has, may well stand on its merits. The enterprise of the proprietor, however, is always in the direction of offering advantages to the public, demonstrated in the excellence and variety of the stock handled. Everything in the line of pure family groceries is found in the grocery department, also, provisions, fruits, etc., while the drug department contains a well selected stock of pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Prescriptions are carefully and promptly attended to. The business is deservedly popular.

ANDERSON & BROS.

About two years ago Plymouth received an acquisition to its hardware trade in the establishment of the firm of Messrs. Anderson Bros. The business supplied a want from the beginning and the result was that a most satisfactory trade has been built up. Messrs. Anderson Bros. are practical and thoroughly understand the business in all its branches. The enterprise they have exhibited in keeping a superior and well selected stock in the different departments has made the business prominent in its line. All the advantages that can be had in the purchase of hardware, stoves, tinware, etc., are offered here. The store is well filled, the stock embraces shelf hardware of all kinds, builders' tools, and materials, and all such miscellaneous lines, as paints, oils, glass, nails, wire, etc. In the line of stoves an excellent line is carried, and in the tinware department is to be found everything in the stock of house furnishings in tin, iron and copper wares manufactured on the premises. Jobbing in all its branches receiving special attention and the best work is done. The business is deservedly popular.

R. G. HALL.

A business that has been inseparably connected with the growth and development of the mercantile interests of Plymouth for upwards of a quarter of a century, is that conducted by Mr. R. G. Hall, general merchant. The business is so well and favorably known over the surrounding country, that an extended mention would be unnecessary. During the long period it has been before the public it has had extensive dealings with the people and has exerted a marked influence in stimulating the volume of business and in drawing trade to the town. In this business Plymouth has the advantages of one of the best stores in this section of the country and our citizens and people of the surrounding country are able to obtain here their mercantile supplies to as great an advantage as are offered in the cities. The stock handled is very extensive and the yearly turn-over large. Fancy and staple dry goods of foreign and domestic manufacture, carpets, house furnishings, etc., each department being fully equipped, presents a most attractive appearance. Customers at this store have the assurance of receiving the best value. The business ranks high and is deservedly popular.

Salem.

The first graduating exercises of the Salem union school, were held at the Baptist church, Friday evening, March 22. Prof. Houghton, principal of the Northville high school, delivered the address on the subject: "Not finished, but just begun." Your correspondent would not mutilate the lecture by attempting a synopsis, but express the mind of the audience, saying it was carefully prepared, the subject well chosen for the occasion, and all were highly benefited. The Baptist choir furnished the music, while a quartette of gentlemen favored the company with several pleasing selections. Dr. Frederick presented the diploma, in behalf of the school board, to the graduate, Marvil Austin, son of James Austin, of this village. The remarks of the Dr. were timely giving a brief review of the organization of the school, and appropriately addressed the young man who completed the course of study. We have a just pride in the school, and during the brief period of its existence marked advancement has been made in the departments. The catalogue shows ten grades, each requiring a year for its completion, the last year's course comprising elocution, algebra, book-keeping, physics and geometry. The several examinations during the year have been in a high degree satisfactory, and the public rhetorical and lycums give evidence of the thoroughness of the work. It is the aim of the board to keep the standard equal to corresponding grades in other schools in the state, offering the same inducements to earnest students, as may be found elsewhere. The board have been fortunate in securing teachers who have promoted the welfare of the school from its establishment, and during the past year Mr. Jesse Morgan, formerly of Plymouth, more recently of Albion college, has faithfully discharged the duties of principal. His efforts have been untiring, and the public appreciate the advancement made; it is to be desired that he remain with us another year, that plans for future work may be fully materialized. Miss Jennie Westfall, of Plymouth, has been the efficient preceptor, and leaves at the end of the present term with the hearty wishes of many friends. "PATER FAMILIAS."

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lung, 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 Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:
My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists. mar

Notice.

All parties selling or using road carts containing any improvements are hereby warned that if such carts do not bear my name as manufacturer I shall hold them to account for damages for infringement. It is safe to buy the Beam cart only of the undersigned or his authorized agents. It is fully patented. E. W. BEAM.

I have twenty-five more carts in process of construction. 75*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

The Board of Registration, of the Village of Plymouth, will meet at the store of CHAFFEE & HUNTER, on SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., for the purpose of reviewing and out-acting the registration of the electors of said village and adding thereto the names of all unregistered voters of the said village. GEORGE HUNTER, Village Clerk. Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 28, 1899.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Annual Charter Election of the Village of Plymouth, Michigan, for the purpose of electing one President; one Clerk; one Treasurer; one Assessor; one Street Commissioner; three Trustees, full term; and one Constable, will be held in the COUNCIL ROOMS of said village, on MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1899. Polls will be opened at 8 A. M. and close at 5 P. M., local time. Signed. GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk. Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 28, 1899.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COMMON COUNCIL of the Village of Plymouth.

That the proposition that said Village of Plymouth borrow the sum of two thousand dollars and add the same to the building fund of said village now on hand for the purpose of erecting a suitable building within the corporate limits of said village to be used for a village hall, council chamber and stock-up, be submitted to a vote of the electors of said Village of Plymouth, on the 8 day of April, 1899, and that this resolution be published in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper published in said Village of Plymouth at least two weeks before the election at which said vote is to be taken and copies of this resolution be posted in six of the most public places in said village two weeks before said election. Such vote shall be by ballot and said ballot shall contain the words "for the loan" and "against the loan" respectively. GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk. Dated March 14, 1899.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the fourth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine:

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of THOMAS BRANTON GORTON, deceased.

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

It is ordered, that Tuesday, the sixteenth day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 60-32

OUR CHEAP COLUMN. TRY IT!

Advertisements will be inserted in this column until further notice at the following low rates: Not exceeding three lines, one time, 10 cents; two times, 18 cents; three times, 25 cents; four times, 30 cents; five times, one time, 15 cents; two times, 20 cents; three times, 25 cents; four times, 30 cents.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE at a MAIL office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

SEVERAL PIECES OF GOOD PROPERTY IN Wayne for sale or exchange.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers desiring changes in their advertisements should have their copy in on or before Tuesday noon to insure their publication.

PUBLISHER.

FOR SALE.

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on Morris street, nine rooms, excellent cellar, steam, wood shed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Jail. The second lot west of the Review office. The first dwelling west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Price of time given, if desired. Want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. H. STEERS, Plymouth, Mich.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME



PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. GEORGE HASS. CHICAGO - 20 UNION SQUARE N.Y. - BALDWIN. ST. LOUIS, MO. - ATLANTA, GA. - INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Reliable agents wanted in every State. Chicago, Ill.

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STEVENS, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

SECRETARIES WHITNEY and Fairchild. Senator Gray, and Representative Sowerden were classmates at Harvard.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenburg has been principally occupied during the last two years in writing an elaborate history of his seven years reign in Bulgaria.

CORA LEE, Mrs. Molloy's adopted daughter, did not commit suicide as was reported some time ago. She is alive and well and employed in the telephone exchange at Omaha.

RECORD was recently made of the death of Senorita Castelar, sister of the well-known Spanish statesman. She was 73 years old and had presided over her brother's home for many years.

STR MOREL MACKENZIE has been offered £6,000, with £500 additional for his son, to go out to America for the purpose of selecting a spot for a sanitarium. This offer was declined.

THE noted rifle shot, Dr. Carver, said in a recent interview that he began killing buffalo for the market in 1867, and during 1874 his record was 5,500 head, the greatest number he ever killed in one year.

CONCERNING the report that he had given a big slice of his fortune to the Baptist university project John D. Rockefeller says: "The story is false. I have not given \$20,000, or \$100,000, or \$100,000, or any sum for that purpose."

SINCE J. Q. A. Brackett became lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts he has only been once present at a session of the legislature and that was when he was showing a friend through the state house and stumbled into the senate chamber before adjournment by mistake.

LE CARON, the Irish informer, is guarded by five detectives. A bystander said to him the other day: "You will take a good deal of guarding." "I have carried my life in my hands for twenty-five years," was the reply. "Do you suppose I am afraid of these fellows now?"

MRS. LIVERMORE says her husband is a republican while she is a prohibitionist; he is a protectionist while she is a free-trader; he has a pew in one church she in another; he is a doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarrelling.

FAIRLY well settled in life. Valerie, archduchess of Austria, and Franz Salvator, archduke and half-brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, will be when they get married. The bride's fortune is a round \$1,000,000; parliament adds \$250,000, and papa Francis Joseph gives \$50,000 a year as long as they live.

SARAH BERNHARDT has one great claim to celebrity aside from her fame as an actress. Women owe to her the introduction of thirty-two button gloves, of empire dresses, directoire sashes, and the revival of the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodora hairpins and Tosca hats and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of the Empress Eugenia.

J. B. HAGGIN of California, the owner of the Anaconda copper mine, owns a number of other mines—the Homestake gold mine at Deadwood, the Tip-Top silver mine in Arizona and the Standard and Noonday mines at Bodie, Cal. He is also the chief stockholder in the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Company, and of the bank in the same name. He likewise owns immense ranches in California and is the greatest of American race-horse owners. He is a lawyer by profession. His nativity is not known.

By the will of the late Henry Mott of Arlington, the following public bequests are made: To the superintendent of the Arlington Orthodox Sunday school, \$500 in trust, to be used for the best interests of the school; to the town of Arlington \$5,000 for the use of the public library; \$1,000 in trust to be paid over one year after death to the treasurer of the Home Missionary Society of New York; to the American Missionary Association, \$1,000; to the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, \$500; to the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society all the residue of the estate after paying the other bequests made. Mr. Edwin B. Lane of Arlington is named as the executor of the will.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on "The Moonlight Ride."

The Glorious Rebuilding of the City of Jerusalem.

What Jerusalem Was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to You.

Skeptics and Infidels May Scoff at the Church, But Their Imprecations Availeth Not.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—At the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes. He afterwards gave out the hymn beginning,

Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear, which was sung by the vast congregation with magnificent effect. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Moonlight Ride," and the text, Nehemiah ii, 15: "Then I went up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." He said:

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the noastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and roseated stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Woudst thou view a Melrose aught, Go with me to the moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clucking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through the ruins and the dark shadows of the great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the Trajan Dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crav? Have his own personal sorrows added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of a young, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "Why art thou here with you? You are not sick. I know you must have had some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was knocked down, how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple had been dishonored and defiled; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that, as you will find in the context, 'I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city.' 'How long shall you be gone?' said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own friends. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impressions they have ever made on your

mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly post as he said, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.' You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight, moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief. No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. "The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit adultery, and go to the penitentiary, is because they do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' They had an idea that they were almost right, and they put religion as a sort of extension, as an ornament, as a drape. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substructure of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the gashtiness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northern storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old-fashioned way—John Bunyan's way. John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way. Paul's way, Christ's way. God's way. 'He don't owe said to me, 'Does that hurt?' Said I, 'Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help.' You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old-fashioned way he will stand. That is all there is about it. And some one comes to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, 'Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?' If he says, 'Well, I—yes,' the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and before he has stabled his horse he will take his foot out of the stirrups, and will slide down to the ground, and he will cry out, 'Have mercy on me, O God, according unto thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee.' Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says, 'You're a pauper.' It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, 'You're a sinner.' It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says, 'You're bound hand and foot by the devil.' It comes to our entire race and says, 'You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin.' Satan sometimes says to me, 'Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?' I say, 'Get the behind me, Satan.' I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a personal thing. It is no rule, and it is no need not a physician, but they that are sick. 'If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other than this,' says the apostle, 'let him be accursed.' There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clucking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of trowels.

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, 'He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shusan, and it was a grand place.' So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said, 'Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead.' Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penitence, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have the trouble to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, 'I have lost my child and can never smile again.' You say, 'I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes.' You say I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life. If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild! Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algernon sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it 'From the delectable orchard of the Lucerne prison.' That is what I call tri-

umphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: 'Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me a real poor child. Give me a class of the back street.' That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I know it in this way.

GREEN CURED BY CHRISTIAN WORK. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go to the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word 'Walter' inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: 'Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. At what a heart to praise God.' You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed! Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding a poor mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, 'Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks.' My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, 'Yes, you know that each is the kingdom of heaven, and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves.' But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, 'Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns.' Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell— Fell to be trampled and trod in the street— Fell to be scorned, and I on and beat; Praying, cursing, and weeping to die, Being my soul's who ever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hatred the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to day, saying, 'Go and sin no more, while he cries out to you, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilegious grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at twilight the horse been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

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A Pointer.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones. Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a beautiful story, say—wolves, we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like this:

Patter! Patter! Patter! There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardest hunter. "Wolves!" whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is sick, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on a plain of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous. Had the traveler not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out.

Helps to Patience.

A woman whose life had been long, and chapered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child, by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and red to cry. "What is the matter, Mary?" "I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day; and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily tasks, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in their own selves; but it is the anger, or the sweet patience, or zeal, or high thought that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they believe is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half-hearted and lagging as a private soldier, will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant is often given the control of many cities. "They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men spent thirty years of His earthly life, writing the appointed time to fulfill His mission.—Youth a Companion.

Time Rolls Its Ceaseless Course.

Invention has been succeeded by invention, tending to the benefit of mankind; till the very elements have become subservient to his will. Witness the winged lightning train to become a fleet and trusty messenger, the placid water converted into a power, the like of which surpasses the understanding.

The cunning, craft and ingenuity of man have achieved wonders for his amelioration, comfort and requirements.

Under this connection it may not be out of place to note of what service Dr. Radway has been to his fellow men in discovering and compounding, safe and reliable Medicines for the Relief of pain, and for the cure of disease.

Dr. Radway's Medicines so long and favorably known to the public, have never been more popular than at the present time. Their excellence extends all over the world. They are alike welcomed by the rich as by the poor. In all the most storied homes Radway's Ready Relief, Family Parialian Resolvent or Radway's Pills are to be found. Dr. Radway's Medicines are at all times he relied upon, each to perform its proper function.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure antidote for pain, is quicker in its operation, and more powerful than any other preparation; while it is entirely free from the dangerous effects of any which numb the senses and clog the circulation.

Radway's Ready Relief is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one, and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action, the cause of the Pain is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the Ready Relief is so admirably adapted for the cure of pain and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

Radway's Family Parialian Resolvent is the great Medical Discovery of the age for the cure of chronic diseases, such as berberia in all its forms, Syphilis with its tremendous train of evils, and various diseases of all kinds, often so difficult to cure and yet so formidable an antagonistic to good health and to good looks.

Radway's Pills the only reliable substitute for Calomel or Mercury, are still the people's favorite purgative; and a sure cure for constiveness, indigestion, palpitation and the kindred disease of the bowels, liver and stomach; that result from over eating or use of improper food or improper use of stimulants, or overflow of bile in the blood, and all cases where a purgative cathartic, aperient or laxative Medicine is required.

Dr. Radway's Medicines can be had of any Druggist or at most of the country stores.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 171 Pearl St., N. Y.

"What a pity it is," says a city clergyman, "that there are so many sweet sinners and sour pastors."

An Elephant Salute.

In the "Zig-Zag" volume we find a very amusing description of the salutation with which the Siamese hunters and the elephants they ride greet the presence of the king: Arrived at the king's palace we mounted a steep flight of stairs that led us to a pavilion or tower, about two hundred feet from the ground, whence we could command a magnificent view of the wide country about us. Adjoining the tower was a large chamber, which held nothing but one huge drum, and round it were stationed no less than twelve men, who struck it simultaneously with immense drum-sticks.

Right in front of the pavilion below were ranged in regular order a hundred and fifty hunting elephants, and on each were seated two men—one at the back, the driver, with his long goad or forked spear in his hand to urge the beast to his onslaught, and the other the hunter armed with lances, spears and a quiver attached to his seat full of arrows, ready to be discharged at a moment's notice. When this formidable-looking hunting party saw the royal assembly they wheeled around and formed a semi-circle; then each hunter raised aloft his spear and saluted the king. After which each of the drivers gave the word of command in a deep, loud voice to the elephant. No sooner was the word spoken than each beast lifted his heavy trunk in the air and brought it solemnly down to the earth. I never saw a more comical sight than this elephant salutation to the king of Siam.

This done, the colossal drum from the adjoining chamber thundered out the signal for the hunt to begin. Away went the mighty company of hunters, one half on one side, the other half on another, darting off in a semi-circle to scour the forest for the white elephant which, it was said, had been grazing there with a troop of black ones.

Why They Died.

Elphinstone, the chancellor of Scotland, was heart-broken by the battle of Flodden.

Cheke, the great English scholar, died of grief at having perverted from his religious belief.

The Italian philosopher, Rhodiginus, died of grief because Francis was taken prisoner at Pavia.

The death of Pope was imputed to a silver saucupan in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

Castello, a Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, died because he recognized his inferiority to Murillo.

Valentia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

Henry I., king of Castile, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the court yard of his palace.

Ireland, the litterateur, was honest enough to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance in Naples that he fell down at the side scenes and died.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

Alonso Cano, the Spanish painter and sculptor, of the seventh century, refused, when laying on his deathbed, to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him because, he said, it was so badly executed.

When the famous physician Rameau was dying his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed: "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, M. le Cure? You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

Old Reliable Elevators.

Northerner—"I tell you, sir, you southern people are not doing your duty by the negro."

Southerner—"We are doing all that could be expected of us under the circumstances."

Northerner—"Well, for instance, what have you done for the elevation of the colored race?"

Southerner—"I have raised mules for 25 years."—Burlington Free Press.

Rank in Turkey.

Every Mussulman, however high his rank, from the Sultan down to the lowest dervish, is compelled to have a trade. The grandfather of the present Sultan was a toothpick maker. The boatman, porter, or groom is eligible to the grade of paasha. The butcher of to-day may be the Generalissimo of to-morrow, and the lowest slave may become Grand Vizier.

A Romantic Story.

"One day I picked up a Chicago paper and found a matrimonial advertisement," said an American tourist in a Toronto Mail reporter. "It was fifteen years ago, and I was a young man residing near Columbus, O. The advertisement was in substance that a merchant in Galesburg, Ill., with plenty of cold cash, wanted to correspond with some handsome young lady; object, of course, matrimony. Well, here I saw was a chance to have some fun, so I answered. I played the game very carefully, and being quite an adept with the pen, I succeeded in writing a pretty fair letter. There was a very handsome young lady living in the neighborhood, whose name was Miss Nettie Ridgeway. She was handsome, being a fine type of the brunette, slightly above the medium height, always vivacious, and a laughing face with pretty dimples, which would captivate any Apollo. To all my letters I signed the initials 'N. R.' We had carried on the correspondence for several months, when in a letter the Galesburg merchant asked for my photo. Now, here was a rub, for I knew that my photo wouldn't be just the proper thing for the matrimonially inclined merchant to worship, so I called on Miss Nettie. Of course I couldn't tell her what I wanted the photo for, but I obtained one and sent it to the merchant. I noticed more fervor in his letters after that.

"The correspondence ran on for over a year, when he took a trip to the Pacific coast, and from there sent me his photograph. Finally he returned to his home in Galesburg, and one evening I was surprised by receiving a letter in which he announced his intention of paying a visit to his old friend. Perhaps I wasn't perplexed! By this time I had become convinced from the letters that he was what he represented himself to be, and answered him, telling him to come. Then I went over and saw Miss Nettie. I told her all, showed her the letters, and made a clean breast of it. Finally I persuaded her to receive him. A few days later I received a letter from Columbus—I lived about twenty miles from there—asking how he should get there. I took the letter to Miss Nettie, and, may Heaven forgive her, she then backed out.

"I only had one course to pursue. I sat down and wrote to the merchant, saying that I was twenty-three years old, that there was nothing female in my constitution, and that it was I who had written the letters. However, 'N. R.' really existed in a very beautiful girl whose picture I had sent him. If he should call on me I would make it pleasant for him, and he should meet 'N. R.' But he didn't call. He wrote back that the picture which he had treasured so many months was torn in atoms; that by the time I received the letter he would be on his way home, and finished by saying something about an old fool being a fool of mammoth dimensions.

"It was nearly nine years afterwards, and I was living in Chicago. I had occasion to go to Fort Scott to look at some lands and was returning. When the train stopped at Palmyra, a gentleman of middle age got in. I looked at him, and the more I looked the more I could see something familiar in his face. I studied and studied, and finally it flashed through my mind that he was the Galesburg merchant whose picture he had sent me. But I was a little wary about broaching the subject, for I did not know exactly the state of his feelings, and whether it had all worked off or not. We got to talking, and in the course of conversation he told me he was from Galesburg. Well, I was going to Chicago, by way of Galesburg, and just as he alighted from the train I said: "By the way, Mr. —, how would you like to hear from 'N. R.'?" Nothing would do but that I should get off. I stayed there over night, persuaded him to go with me the next day, and in three days he was acquainted with 'N. R.' who was then a handsome young widow. Well, they are now living in Galesburg."

Cargoes of Criminals.

The Nizhni-Novgorod is an iron steamship of about three thousand eight hundred tons burden, and is especially fitted as a convict transport. With a full complement of convicts the vessel carries six hundred and fifty-two. The officers and crew number eighty, exclusive of a marine convoy escort of sixty-two men specially chosen for this duty. The iron-barred compartments or cages in which the convicts are confined run parallel, fore and aft, on either side the upper and lower 'tween decks. The iron bars, an inch thick, of these cages and the woodwork in which they are set, is heavily and solidly constructed. The cages are of unequal capacity and length, but have a uniform height of seven and a half feet. The more de-

perate characters are manacled and chained to two staples in their forearms from which they are released when necessary. The greater number, although retaining the waist and ankle shackles, of light construction, have the freedom of traversing the length of the compartment, which may vary from twenty-five to forty feet. Between the outer bars and the two plain plank shelves or bunks running from end to end of the compartments which afford sleeping room for the occupants, there is a free space of about four and a half or five feet.

Except during the distribution of rations no culinary vessels are left with the convicts. Even the drinking water is obtained only through an india rubber mouth-piece fixed in an inclosed water-tank and through which the drinker sucks his draught. Immediately outside the cages, and attached to the under part of the deck overhead, is a steam pipe connected with the ship's boilers. Into these pipes are fitted screw nozzles at intervals of twelve feet. The object of the steam pipe is to suppress any dangerous outbreak among the inmates of the cage. By means of a short hose, specially made to resist the steam heat, quickly attached to one of the steam pipe nozzles, the turbulent convicts are readily quieted or parboiled. Strong water jets have been found next to useless in allaying these occasional tumults.

After the ship has passed the canal, but not before, batches of convicts are in turn brought upon deck for a shower-bath and short exercise. A strongly constructed iron railing, eight feet high, crosses the vessel amidships, in order that the convict, during his bath and while manacled, cannot by any sudden rush evade the guard and reach the quarter-deck. Some of the more desperate convicts, who stubbornly resist all disciplinary control, are confined to the cages during the whole voyage. Both the upper and the lower 'tween decks are open and airy, the system of ventilation being excellent, and the cages themselves are kept scrupulously clean. The cages are repainted every voyage. Every convict, in addition to having his hair cropped short, has the left half of the head from front to back closely shaved.—Ex.

Curiosities of Plant Life.

It has been shown by Professor Shubeler, a Norwegian plant geographer, that most plants in high latitudes produce much larger and heavier seeds than in warmer regions near the equator. This effect he attributes to the prolonged influence of sunlight during the long summer days of high latitudes. The difference in seed development was very remarkable in some cases. Dwarf beans taken from Christiansa to Drontheim, less than four degrees further north, gained more than sixty per cent. in weight, and thyme from Lyons, when planted at Drontheim, showed a gain of seventy-one per cent. The grain of northern fields is heavier than when it grows in more southern localities, and seed from Norway planted in Breslau decreased greatly the first year. The leaves, also, of most plants are larger and more deeply colored in higher latitudes, as was first noticed by Griesbach and Martins. This is true of flowers, many of which, white in southern climates, become violet in the far north.

Columbus and the Birds.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." This expression of the world's greatest poet has received many signal illustrations in the history of the world. Perhaps as significant an illustration of this truth as can be found, is embodied in the following incident:

When Columbus was on his first voyage of discovery, and was approaching the shores of the New World, he was steering straight toward the Florida coast; but at that time, a flock of seabirds flew across the track of his vessel. "Methinks," said one of his men, "that there is a sign from heaven. Something tells me we ought to follow the track of these birds." Columbus parroted of the same superstition, and turned his keel. In so doing, he turned, in some sort, the destiny of two continents. He turned the whole course of modern history. And, in shaping the future of a continent down the long centuries in its customs, laws and language, there is a Providence that guides the sea birds in their flight, will you not believe that, in our personal history, as he leads us and ripens us for heaven, not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father?—Yankee Blade.

An Expensive Joke.

An English joker took down the calendar in a business office and hung up one two years old. Dates for important papers were taken from it, and a loss of \$30,000 was the result.

Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish

FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

—That is—

Superior to Most and Second* to None.

Every Pound Warranted.

To be found at the stores of

John L. Gale, Red Front Drug and Grocery Store,
G. A. Starkweather & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries,
A. A. Taft, Dry Goods and Groceries,
Peter Gayde, Groceries and Crockery,
J. R. Rauch, Postoffice Grocery,
E. J. Bradner, Star Grocery,

C. L. WILCOX.

Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation—healthy in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides. Persons seeking for homes or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKE CHILD BIRTH EASY.
SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER & CHILD.
BOOK TO MOTHERS
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
For Sale by all Druggists ATLANTA, GA.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

Time-Table, Taking Effect Jan. 27, 1889.

WENT		STATIONS		CAME				
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.			
7:03	10:00	1:25	4:45	Detroit	12:00	3:45	9:55	10:40
7:53	10:57	2:15	5:35	Plymouth	11:07	2:55	10:30	
8:43	11:47	3:05	6:25	Howell	10:07	1:55	8:12	9:08
9:33	12:37	3:55	7:15	Trowbridge	9:06	12:56	7:11	
10:23	1:27	4:45	8:05	Spring	8:00	12:30	6:45	8:10
11:13	2:17	5:35	8:55	AdLodge	8:30	12:03	6:20	7:40
12:03	3:07	6:25	9:45	L. Odessa	7:53	11:30	5:52	7:06
12:53	3:57	7:15	10:35	G. Rapids	6:55	10:40	4:30	6:10
1:43	4:47	8:05	11:25	Portland	6:04	11:39	5:48	6:50
2:33	5:37	8:55	12:15	Ironia	5:13	11:30	5:20	6:20
3:23	6:27	9:45	1:05	Green's	4:25	11:00	4:35	5:35
4:13	7:17	10:35	1:55	How'd'cy	3:35	10:30	3:45	4:45
5:03	8:07	11:25	2:45	Detroit	2:45	10:00	3:00	4:00

CONNECTIONS.
Detroit with railroads diverging.
Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R.
South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway.
Chicago Junction, with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway.
Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R., and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch.
Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R.
Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R. R.
Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.
Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan; Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.
J. B. MULLIKEN, W. A. GARFENTER,
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Art.,
Detroit, Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.
Notice is hereby given that on the fourteenth day of May, 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon it is my intention to make application to the Probate Court for said county of Wayne for an order changing my name from Alfred T. Moran to Fred T. Moran.
Dated March 7, 1889.
ALFRED T. MORAN.
78-90

Bargains in Real Estate.

For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address
J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

TWO GOOD HOUSES IN PLYMOUTH, ONE OF them with two lots and another with six lots; for sale cheap.

TO EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM, A NICE brick house, almost new, on Lafayette avenue, Detroit.

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from town. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres 1/2 mi. 4 1/2 rods on the road and 2 1/2 rods deep, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth; good house, barn and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit; good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,300, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 2 1/2 acres fine garden land; 60 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floors; weight and pulleys in windows etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and to a splendid well of pure falling, pure water and a very large stone cistern. This is a neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. Title perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it.

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. New parts furnished when required. J. E. BRUCE

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and degrading trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of the many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.
VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1899.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements:
E. J. Bradner, Star grocery, fourth page.
The Standard Book Co., general merchandise, first page.

PLYMOUTH.

Its Location, Manufactures and Other Business Enterprises.

Plymouth, Michigan is a beautiful and thriving village of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated in the township of the same name, in the north-west corner of Wayne county and twenty-three miles from Detroit the county seat. It has beautiful, shady streets and lovely parks, fine residences and spacious grounds, a large and well managed school, four churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist and German Lutheran—and in fact everything to make it a desirable residence place. Its society is excellent and its business men are wide-awake and prosperous. The country adjacent is rich agriculturally and the farmers thrifty.

Among the industries of Plymouth are two air rifle factories, employing a number of men each in turning out guns numbering many thousands annually, and a third factory nearly ready for operation; a large wood cistern and tank factory, which ships its goods to all parts of the country; a large brick windmill factory; an establishment for the manufacture of fanning mills and screen doers, a washing machine factory; two manufacturers of iron barrows; five wagon and blacksmith shops; two roller mills, making the best of flour; a saw mill, cider mill, ashery, cooper shop, two elevators, lumber yard, two hotels, two railroads; two National banks and an excellent fair ground and race track, where the best fair in Eastern Michigan is held every fall.

Following we give a few brief sketches of the principal mercantile firms, written by George Phillips, of Detroit:

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.

About two years ago this popular and energetic firm established. They are successors to D. R. Penny and successfully conduct one of the best general stores in this section of the country. They have built up a trade extending over the surrounding country and made business deserved popular. The success which has attended the efforts of Messrs. Dohmstreich & Co. are the results of carefully studying the wants of the people by handling a superior stock and the fair dealing for which the business is well known. They have devoted their energies to building up a large trade and are able, energetic and pushing merchants. Their store is creditable to their business ability and the large turnover of goods shows the hold it has on the public. Within this brief article no adequate description of the stock can be given. It embraces everything in the line of staple and fancy dry goods, carpets, house furnishings, family groceries of all kinds, etc. The ordered clothing department has been raised to a high standard, and does a large trade. It is under the most competent management.

A. A. TAFFT.

In putting before the public an edition of the MAIL descriptive of the business interests of Plymouth, the old established, well known and popular general store of Mr. A. A. Taft, will come in for a prominent mention. Mr. Taft succeeded to this business by purchase about three years ago from Messrs. C. B. Crosby & Co., of which he was a member, who had been conducting it for upwards of a quarter of a century. It is therefore one of the pioneer mercantile establishments of the town, and it is unnecessary for us to say has had extensive dealings with the general public. Since passing into its present hands its trade has been widened, and the business we may say has exerted a marked influence stimulating the volume of trade and in drawing trade to the town. An experienced, enterprising and competent merchant Mr. Taft is in the very best position to offer to the public all the advantages possible, for every season his store has its unusual attractions in the newest and best goods in the market. The spring stock should be examined by every MAIL reader. The large store is literally packed embracing the following well equipped departments: Dress goods, gloves, hosiery, etc. In these departments the most fashionable and newest goods are on hand. Tweeds of foreign and domestic manufacture, French worsteds, etc., hats and caps, gents' furnishings, ready-made clothing, carpets, house furnishings, etc. The grocery department contains a choice stock of pure family groceries of all kinds.

C. F. BENNETT.

Plymouth's popular and well conducted meat market, carried on by Mr. C. F. Bennett, should not be omitted from this review. Mr. Bennett has been established four years; he has been successful in working up a large trade and has made his business deservedly popular. The public always find here the choicest and best meats of all kinds, poultry, game in season, etc. The above is well appointed and the business carefully looked after.

G. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

In reviewing the business interests of Plymouth, the MAIL has pleasure in noting the growing prosperity and increasing trade of the well known and popular business of Messrs. G. A. Starkweather & Co., general merchants. Since the inception of the business it has steadily widened its trade and increased its facilities until it has reached its present large proportions, and in the business the public have all the advantages in obtaining their mercantile wants offered in the cities. All the benefits which enterprise and experience can secure are here. The success of the business and the reason of the large trade that has been built up is owing to the fact that the public have found that it pays to trade here. The best and most reliable goods are handled and the prices are close as careful buying will permit. A very large stock is handled affording a varied selection. It would be impossible within the brief space of this article to give anything like a description of the goods in the various well equipped departments. Fancy and staple dry goods of foreign and domestic manufacture, dress goods, millinery, gloves, hosiery, etc., tweeds, worsteds, etc., hats and caps, gents' furnishings, carpets and house furnishings, ready-made clothing are replete. Ordered clothing is a specialty and this department excels. The stock also includes a full line of family groceries of all kinds. The boot and shoe department is well stocked with the latest and best makes of boots and shoes of all kinds from the ladies' finest French kid to the men's and boys' heavier wear. The business is deservedly popular.

PLYMOUTH'S PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO.

It is now about six months ago since Mr. J. R. Hamilton established the photograph studio, he has since been successfully conducting. No better evidence of the merits of the business can be given, than the fact of the large trade that has been built up. The deserved popularity it has acquired has been secured by turning out a superior class of work. Enjoying the advantages of long and practical experience, Mr. Hamilton is a photographer of more than ordinary ability. All kinds of photographic work is done from an ordinary portrait to the most elegant cabinet. A specialty is also made of enlarging to life size by the different process, bromide, india ink, etc. The studio is handsomely fitted up with all the latest appliances, fine scenery, etc. The business well deserves its rapidly increasing trade.

BASSETT & SON.

There is no branch of mercantile industry in Plymouth in a more advanced condition than the furniture and undertaking business carried on by Messrs. Bassett & Son. A few words here in reference to this popular business will be of interest. Mr. Bassett established over twenty years ago, and the business has since supplied a large portion of the community with everything in the line of household furniture. The proprietors have aimed at handling a reliable and superior stock and buy from the best wholesale manufacturers, and the satisfactory manner in which the business is conducted has had the results of building up a large trade, and we may say has made opposition impracticable. Their show rooms display a stock of household furniture of all kinds, parlor, dining room, kitchen and bed room furniture, that cannot fail to suit the taste and means of all. The undertaking department is well looked after. They have a fine lease, a full equipment of funeral supplies of all kinds, coffins, caskets, funeral shrouds, etc. The business is deservedly popular.

F. GAYDE.

The grocery business of the above named gentleman, which is one of the best known and best patronized in the town, is deserving of special mention. Mr. Gayde established about twenty years ago, and during this long period his store has supplied a large portion of the community with everything in the line of family groceries, provisions, etc. It has been successful in building up a large trade, extending over the surrounding country, and is deservedly popular. Mr. Gayde is an experienced and competent grocer, and in the best position to offer to the public all the advantages possible. The stock is large and well selected and embraces everything in the line of pure family groceries, provisions, fruits, etc. Also a fine display of crockery, glass and chinaware, etc.

DR. J. G. MEILER.

The MAIL has pleasure in reviewing the business interests of the town in referring to Plymouth's old established, well known and popular drug business carried on by Dr. J. G. Meiler. Among the businesses which have gained prominence for the high standard to which they have been raised this store deserves special mention. Dr. Meiler has been established about fifteen years. He has met with more than ordinary success in building up a satisfactory trade and has made his business deservedly popular. Enjoying the advantages of long and practical experience, he is a competent chemist and druggist and carries an excellent and varied stock embracing pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Prescription work is carefully attended to.

CHAFFEE & HUNTER.

The business of Messrs. Chaffee & Hunter is too well and favorably known to require any extended mention. Since its inception about a year ago, it has met with more than ordinary success in building up a satisfactory trade, and has furnished the town with a model business in which the two lines, drugs and groceries are handled. The proprietors are both experienced and so well and favorably known that further reference is unnecessary, while the splendid business they have built up speaks as to the energy and ability displayed. In the grocery department is a full line of pure family groceries of all kinds, provisions, fruits, etc., the choicest and best that can be obtained. On the drug side is a most complete stock of pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Special attention is given to prescription work. The business is deservedly popular.

K. J. BRADNER.

Plymouth's popular and ably conducted grocery store carried on by Mr. K. J. Bradner should not be omitted from this review. This is a model grocery business in every respect and one that has gained prominence for the high standard to which it has been raised. Mr. Bradner has been established about eight years. He has met with qualifying success in building up a flourishing business and has made the store headquarters for a large portion of the community for everything in the line of family provisions. An experienced competent and energetic merchant the store is always at the front in offering advantages to the public. The deserved popularity it has secured, has been acquired by handling a superior stock and by giving to the public all the advantages possible. At this store is always found the choicest and best groceries in the market, provisions, fruits, etc. Mr. Bradner makes a specialty of paints, handling the paints manufactured by the Detroit white lead works, the best in use.

M. CONNER & SON.

A good hardware, stoves and tinware establishment, where the public can obtain its requirements of everything needed in this branch of mercantile industry, is an important business in the town. In this respect Plymouth is in advance of most places of its size. In the business here referred to our citizens and the people of the surrounding country have all the advantages offered in the large places. The business is one of the pioneer institutions in the town and was established about twenty five years ago. The large trade it enjoys and the high standard to which it has been raised mark the business as one of the most successful in this section of the country. The firm are experienced and competent hardware merchants and in the best position to offer all the advantages possible. The large store is literally packed; the stock including shelf hardware, builders' tools and materials of all kinds, and all such miscellaneous lines as paints, oils, glass, nails, wire, etc., also cutlery, silver ware, etc. A full line of stoves, house furnishings of all kinds in tin, iron and copper wares. Special attention is given to jobbing in all its branches, roof-sheeting, avestroughing, etc. The business is deservedly popular.

J. R. RAUCH.

A rising business in Plymouth and one deserving of prominence in this review is the well equipped and well conducted grocery store of Mr. J. R. Rauch. This business has been before the public a number of years and was purchased by Mr. Rauch from H. C. Bennett about a month ago. Judging from the start made, the store will become a leading one in the line, and will doubtless develop a large trade. The well known energy and business ability of the proprietor is evidence that the business will offer all the advantages possible to the public. The stock handled is large and well assorted. It embraces everything in the line of pure family groceries, pure teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, flavoring extracts and all the table delicacies, provisions, fruits, etc. The store is neat, tasty and attractive. The MAIL predicts for this business a brilliant success.

J. L. GALE.

Plymouth's old established, well known and popular grocery and drug store conducted by Mr. J. L. Gale, is a representative business of the town. The establishment of this business dates back about twenty years. Its steady and permanent growth has been kept abreast of that of the town, while its able and experienced management has secured for it a large trade. A business which has been before the public the length of time and done the trade that this one has, may well stand on its merits. The enterprise of the proprietor, however, is always in the direction of offering advantages to the public, demonstrated in the excellence and variety of the stock handled. Everything in the line of pure family groceries is found in the grocery department, also, provisions, fruits, etc., while the drug department contains a well selected stock of pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc. Prescriptions are carefully and promptly attended to. The business is deservedly popular.

ANDERSON & BROS.

About two years ago Plymouth received an acquisition to its hardware trade in the establishment of the firm of Messrs. Anderson Bros. The business supplied a want from the beginning and the result was that a most satisfactory trade has been built up. Messrs. Anderson Bros. are practical and thoroughly understand the business in all its branches. The enterprise they have exhibited in keeping a superior and well selected stock in the different departments has made the business prominent in its line. All the advantages that can be had in the purchase of hardware, stoves, tinware, etc., are offered here. The store is well filled, the stock embraces shelf hardware of all kinds, builders' tools, and materials, and all such miscellaneous lines, as paints, oils, glass, nails, wire, etc. In the line of stoves an excellent line is carried, and in the tinware department is to be found everything in the stock of house furnishings in tin, iron and copper wares manufactured on the premises. Jobbing in all its branches receiving special attention and the best work is done. The business is deservedly popular.

E. G. HALL.

A business that has been inseparably connected with the growth and development of the mercantile interests of Plymouth for upwards of a quarter of a century, is that conducted by Mr. E. G. Hall, general merchant. The business is so well and favorably known over the surrounding country, that an extended mention would be unnecessary. During the long period it has been before the public it has had extensive dealings with the people and has exerted a marked influence in stimulating the volume of business and in drawing trade to the town. In this business Plymouth has the advantages of one of the best stores in this section of the country and our citizens and people of the surrounding country are able to obtain here their mercantile supplies to as great an advantage as are offered in the cities. The stock handled is very extensive and the yearly turn-over large. Fancy and staple dry goods of foreign and domestic manufacture, carpets, house furnishings, etc., each department being fully equipped, presents a most attractive appearance. Customers at this store have the assurance of receiving the best value. The business ranks high and is deservedly popular.

Salem.

The first graduating exercises of the Salem union school, were held at the Baptist church, Friday evening, March 22. Prof. Houghton, principal of the Northville high school, delivered the address on the subject: "Not finished, but just begun." Your correspondence would not mutilate the lecture by attempting a synopsis, but express the mind of the audience, saying it was carefully prepared, the subject well chosen for the occasion, and all were highly benefited. The Baptist choir furnished the music, while a quartette of gentlemen favored the company with several pleasing selections. Dr. Frederick presented the diploma, in behalf of the school board, to the graduate, Marvil Austin, son of James Austin, of this village. The remarks of the Dr. were timely giving a brief review of the organization of the school, and appropriately addressed the young man who completed the course of study. We have a just pride in the school, and during the brief period of its existence marked advancement has been made in the departments. The catalogue shows ten grades, each requiring a year for its completion, the last year's course comprising elocution, algebra, book-keeping, physics and geometry. The several examinations during the year have been in a high degree satisfactory, and the public reports and lyciums give evidence of the thoroughness of the work. It is the aim of the board to keep the standard equal to corresponding grades in other schools in the state, offering the same inducements to earnest students, as may be found elsewhere. The board have been fortunate in securing teachers who have promoted the welfare of the school from its establishment, and during the past year Mr. Jesse Morgan, formerly of Plymouth, more recently of Albion college, has faithfully discharged the duties of principal. His efforts have been untiring, and the public appreciate the advancement made; it is to be desired that he remain with us another year, that plans for future work may be fully materialized. Miss Jennie Westfall, of Plymouth, has been the efficient preceptress, and leaves at the end of the present term with the hearty wishes of many friends. "PATER FAMILIAR."

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 Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:
My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists. mar

Notice.

All parties selling or being road carts containing my improvements are hereby warned that if such carts do not bear my name as manufacturer I shall hold them to account for damages for infringement. It is safe to buy the Beam cart; only of the undersigned or his authorized agents. It is fully patented. E. W. BEAM.
I have twenty-five more carts in process of construction. 75*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

The Board of Registration, of the Village of Plymouth, will meet at the store of CHAFFEE & HUNTER on SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1899, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the registration of the electors of said village and adding thereto the name of all unregistered voters of the said village. GEORGE HUNTER, Village Clerk.
Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 29, 1899.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Annual Charter Election of the Village of Plymouth, Michigan, for the purpose of electing one President; one Clerk; one Treasurer; one Assessor; one Street Commissioner; three Trustees, full term; and one Constable, will be held in the COUNCIL ROOMS, of said village, on MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1899. Polls will be opened at 8 A. M. and close at 5 P. M., local time. Signed.
GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk.
Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 30, 1899.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COMMON COUNCIL

of the Village of Plymouth.
That the proposition that said Village of Plymouth borrow the sum of two thousand dollars and add the same to the building fund of said village now on hand for the purpose of erecting a suitable building within the corporate limits of said village to be used for a village hall, council chamber and locker, be submitted to a vote of the electors of said Village of Plymouth, on the 8 day of April, 1899, and that this resolution be published in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper published in said Village of Plymouth at least two weeks before the election at which said vote is to be taken and copies of this resolution be posted in six of the most public places in said village two weeks before said election. Such vote shall be by ballot and said ballots shall contain the words "for the loan" and "against the loan" respectively. GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk.
Dated—March 14, 1899.
BY ORDER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the fourth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of THOMAS BRANTON GORTON, deceased.
An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate:
It is ordered, that Tuesday, the sixteenth day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, of said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper published in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register.
80-82

OUR CHEAP COLUMN. TRY IT!

Advertisements will be inserted in this column at the following low rates: Not exceeding three lines, one time, 10 cents; two times, 18 cents; three times, 25 cents; four times, 30 cents. Five lines, one time, 15 cents; two times, 20 cents; three times, 28 cents; four times, 35 cents.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE at 5 Mail office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

SEVERAL PIECES OF GOOD PROPERTY IN Wayne county for exchange.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers desiring changes in their advertisements must have their copy in on or before Tuesday noon to insure their publication.

PUBLISHED.

FOR SALE.

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on North street, six rooms, excellent cellar, chairs, stove, shed, etc., very desirable. The property now owned by the Wayne County Review. The vacant lot west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. If any of these are desired, want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. H. STUBBS, Plymouth, Mich.

THE LIGHT-PUNNING
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO - 30 UNION SQUARE N.Y. - DALLAS, TEX.
ST. LOUIS, MO. - ATLANTA, GA. - SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
Reliable agents wanted in all States, since Chicago, Illinois.

SECRETARIES WHITNEY and Fairchild, Senator Gray, and Representative Sowden were classmates at Harvard.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenburg has been principally occupied during the last two years in writing an elaborate history of his seven years reign in Bulgaria.

CORA LEE, Mrs. Molloy's adopted daughter, did not commit suicide as was reported some time ago. She is alive and well and employed in the telephone exchange at Omaha.

RECORD was recently made of the death of Senorita Castelar, sister of the well-known Spanish statesman. She was 73 years old and had presided over her brother's home for many years.

SIR MOREL MACKENZIE has been offered £6,000, with £500 additional for his son, to go out to America for the purpose of selecting a spot for a sanitarium. This offer was declined.

THE noted rifle shot, Dr. Carver, said in a recent interview that he began killing buffalo for the market in 1867, and during 1874 his record was 5,500 head, the greatest number he ever killed in one year.

CONCERNING the report that he had given a big slice of his fortune to the Baptist university project John D. Rockefeller says: "The story is false. I have not given \$20,000, or \$100,000, or \$1,000,000, or any sum for that purpose."

SINCE J. Q. A. Brackett became lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts he has only been once present at a session of the legislature and that was when he was showing a friend through the state house and stumbled into the senate chamber before adjournment by mistake.

LE CARON, the Irish informer, is guarded by five detectives. A bystander said to him the other day: "You will take a good deal of guarding." "I have carried my life in my hands for twenty-five years," was the reply. "Do you suppose I am afraid of those fellows now?"

Mrs. LIVERMORE says her husband is a republican while she is a prohibitionist; he is a protectionist she a free-trader; he has a pew in one church she in another; he is a doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarreling.

FAIRLY well settled in life, Valerie, archduchess of Austria, and Franz Salvator, archduke and half-brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, will be when they get married. The bride's fortune is a round \$1,000,000; parliament adds \$250,000, and papa Francis Joseph gives \$50,000 a year as long as they live.

SARAH BERNHARDT has one great claim to celebrity aside from her fame as an actress. Women owe to her the introduction of thirty-two button gloves, of empire dresses, directoire sashes, and the revival of the long bow, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodorin hairpins and Tosca hats and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of the Empress Eugenie.

B. HAGGIN of California, the owner of the Anaconda copper mine, owns a number of other mines—the Homestake gold mine at Deadwood, the Tip-Top silver mine in Arizona and the Standard and Noonday mines at Bodie, Cal. He is also the chief stockholder in the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Company, and of the bank in the same name. He likewise owns immense ranches in California and is the greatest of American race-horse owners. He is a lawyer by profession. His nativity is not known.

By the will of the late Henry Mott of Arlington, the following public bequests are made: To the superintendent of the Arlington Orthodox Sunday school, \$100 in trust, to be used for the best interests of the school; to the town of Arlington \$5,000 for the use of the public library; \$1,000 in trust to be paid over one year after death to the treasurer of the Home Missionary Society of New York; to the American Missionary Association, \$1,000; to the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, \$500; to the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society all the residue of the estate after paying the other bequests made. Mr. Edwin B. Lane of Arlington is named as the executor of the will.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on "The Moonlight Ride."

The Glorious Rebuilding of the City of Jerusalem.

What Jerusalem Was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to You.

Skeptics and Infidels May Scoff at the Church, But Their Imprecations Availeth Not.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—At the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes. He afterwards gave out the hymn beginning,

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,

which was sung by the vast congregation with magnificent effect. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Moonlight Ride," and the text, Nehemiah ii, 15: "Then I went up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." He said:

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the noisome ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study, shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clinking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shines off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting cravvy? Have his own personal sorrows added to the sorrows of the nation, unbanned his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem."

What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of trying, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick, I know; you must have had some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was knocked down, how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple had been dishonored and defiled; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the king who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In not haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your first love, that church has been to you a source of comfort and illumination, that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbath.

What, Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goodly goodly people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight, moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief. No; Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and force and steal, and commit adultery, and go to the penitentiary, is because they do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not done a soul-searching, they have not dealt with all things, and desperately wicked. They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the vastness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northern storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old-fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist once said to me, "Does that hurt?" "Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old-fashioned way, he will stand. If he was converted in the new-fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and before he has stated his sin he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, cry out, "Have mercy on me, O God, according unto thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in a sense and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say, "Get the behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a personal thing. It comes to the man who needs not a physician, but they that are sick. "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clinking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of trowels.

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof had eaved over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty-foot high; and the intense blue of the sky and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said, "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commiseration of his king, yet that penitence, expatriated Nehemiah rose himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the pity and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child, I can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life. Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for better use. Oh, that the Lord of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, blacked, white, and black, the Italian martyr Algiers sits in his dunce gown writing a letter, and he declares it "From the delectable orchard of the Lushan Prison." That is what I call tri-

umphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class of the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statued—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I knew it in this way.

GREED CURED BY CHRISTIAN WORK. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to praise God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." Will God, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves—and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around those little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about those larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned gravely, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell—
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell to be scooped up, spit on and beat;
I plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk,
Soil my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
That's the way the sinner goes to bed.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilegious grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, by the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies and on the same time that moonlight kindles up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Her Private Code. His daughter was going to Europe. He is a very rich man, but a millionaire will always make up a telegraphic code to save money. It would be nothing to him if she sent one hundred words, but he will always get as much as he can for nothing any way, and he will have a telegraph code. I don't know, though. Perhaps he thought she might take as many words to say a thing by telegraph as ladies ordinarily do in conversation, and that would bankrupt a millionaire. Let us acquit him of economy.

Let us say that by confining her to one word he would understand what she telegraphed, whereas, if he left her to express it her own way she might never have found out what she meant. He left her to make out the code. She made one quite to the point on all important matters. She selected the word herself, wrote it all out and handed it to him when she left. He locked it in his desk and it was all right.

Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word, "Laugh." He laughed. It seems to be something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and he read: "Laugh—Send me \$500.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The cost of living in this country is gradually becoming cheaper. A man can now get his boots blacked for 5 cents and his eyes blacked for nothing.—Narratowen Herald.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones. Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a stinging story of why—why we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like this:

Pattee! Pattee! Pattee! There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The gazes are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardest hunter. "Wolves," whippers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear. Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms fitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is flakey, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous. Had the traveler not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and authority, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out.

Helps to Patience.

A woman whose life had been long, and chequered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child, by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and red to cry."

"What is the matter, Mary?" "I'm tired. I've been making beds and wash and dishes all day, and every day; and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily tasks, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in them-selves; but it is the anger, or the sweet patience, or zeal, or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they believe is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half-hearted and lagging as a private soldier, will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant is often given the control of many cities. "They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men spent thirty years of His earthly life, waiting the appointed time to fulfill His mission.—Youth's Companion.

Time Rolls Its Ceaseless Course.

Invention has been succeeded by invention, tending to the benefit of mankind; till the very elements have become subservient to his will. Witness the winged lightning trained to become a fleet and trusty messenger, the placid water converted into a power, the like of which surpasses the understanding.

The cunning, craft and ingenuity of man have achieved wonders for his amelioration, comfort and requirements. Under this connection it may not be out of place to note of what service Dr. Radway has been to his fellow men in discovering and compounding, safe and reliable Medicines for the relief of pain, and for the cure of disease.

Dr. Radway's Medicines so long and favorably known to the public, have never been more popular than at the present time. Their excellence extends all over the world. They are alike welcomed by the rich as by the poor. In all properly stored homes Radway's Ready Relief, Eucalyptin Resolvent or Radway's Pills are sure to be found. Dr. Radway's Medicines can at all times be relied upon, each to perform its proper function.

Radway's Ready Relief is a sure antidote for pain, is quicker in its operation, and more powerful than any other preparation; while it is entirely free from the dangerous effects of many which numb the senses and clog the circulation. Radway's Ready Relief is safe, reliable and effective because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one, and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action, the cause of the Pain is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the Ready Relief is so admirably adapted for the cure of pain and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

Radway's Eucalyptin Resolvent is the great Medical Discovery of the age for the cure of chronic disease, such as beriberi in all its forms, Syphilis with its tremendous train of evils, and (transient) diseases of all kinds, often so difficult to cure and yet so formidable an antagonists to good health and to good looks. Radway's Pills the only reliable substitute for Calomel or Mercury, are still the people's favorite purgatives; and a sure cure for constiveness, indigestion, palpitation and the kindred diseases of the bowels, liver and stomach that result from over eating or use of improper food or improper use of stimulants, or overflow of bile in the blood, and all cases where a purgative cathartic, aperient or laxative Medicine is required. Dr. Radway's Medicines can be had of any Druggist or at most of the country stores.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 171 Pearl St., N. Y.

"What a pity it is," says a city clergyman, that there are so many sweet sinners and sour saints."

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Llanistic Hospital, and Professor of Medicine in Owens College, says: "Deep sleep, nervous or rapidly failing eye-sight, dropsy of the lungs, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

It is eminently proper to refer to the unknown man who will give \$30,000,000 to found a Baptist university as a philanthropist of the first water.

Dakota's Boom.
Dakota is now engaging public attention through her efforts to achieve statehood, as well as her phenomenal growth and the rapid development of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet, containing recent letters citing the actual experiences of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. Wilson, No. 23 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FUNERAL OF A JURIST.

The Services Over the Remains of the Late Justice Matthews.

General Washington News.
Funeral services over the remains of the late Justice Stanley Matthews were held at his late residence on the afternoon of March 25. Rev. Dr. Hamlin, pastor of the church of the Covenant, assisted by Dr. Leonard, conducted the services. President Harrison and the members of his cabinet, Chief Justice Fuller and the associate justices of the supreme court, a large number of senators and many personal friends and acquaintances of the deceased attended the funeral. Chief Justice Fuller and his associates on the supreme bench acted as honorary pall bearers. After the ceremony was over the remains were taken to the B. & O. depot at 3 p. m. A train bearing the remains, members of the family, Justices Fuller, Gray, Blatchford and Lamar left for Glendale. Judge Matthews's country home, near Cincinnati, where the funeral services and the interment took place the next day.

Senator Evarts denies the report which was in circulation that he intended resigning his seat in the senate to accept the position as minister to England.

The President sent the following nominations to the senate the other day: Frederick D. Grant of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria-Hungary; salary, \$12,000. John C. New of Indiana, to be consul-general of the United States at London; salary, \$3,000.

Hereafter all clerks in the office of the first assistant postmaster-general must work from 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. This increase of hours is made for the purpose of facilitating the dispatch of applications and preparation of papers for action in the office of the first assistant postmaster-general. The clerks in the dead letter office are also required to work from 8:30 a. m. until 6 p. m., until the work now in arrears in that division is brought up.

The president has commuted to sentence for life the sentence of death imposed on the case of Albert Green, colored, convicted of the murder of James Lucas, colored, in the District of Columbia in September last, and sentenced to be hanged on the 5th of April. This is the first criminal case in which President Harrison has exercised clemency.

The March statistical report of the department of agriculture gives the result of the investigation through its correspondents and agents and the merchant millers and the records of commercial inspection of the average weight of wheat by states. The general average is 56.5 pounds, the lowest average of six years. In the spring wheat region the range is from 53.5 in Dakota to 55 pounds in Nebraska. It makes the crop equivalent to 391,000,000 bushels of sixty pounds each, less by nearly 25,000,000 bushels than the quantity in measured bushels.

The treasury department has decided that importations of broken wool tops are dutiable at sixty cents per pound as "tops" and not at ten cents a pound as "waste." It is suspected that the tops are broken to resemble waste, in order to evade the higher rate of duty imposed upon tops.

President Harrison, through Maj.-Gen. Schofield, has issued an order to the general commanding the Missouri division at Chicago to the effect that no person must be permitted to enter upon or occupy the lands recently ceded to the United States by the Creek and Seminole Indians until the lands are opened for settlement by the President of the United States.

President Willits of the Michigan agricultural college, has been offered the assistant secretaryship of agriculture, and he has accepted. The salary of the place is \$4,500.

George W. McBride has been nominated for collector of customs at Grand Haven.

In the case of the Michigan congress water-trunk company versus the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway company, the inter-state commerce commission has decided that a railway company cannot be required to haul a tank car loaded with congress water, when the car is in an unsafe condition to be transported, or efforts to the part of the railway company or its officials or agents to give other minor water a preference in rates or facilities over that of complainant; and dismissed the petition in this proceeding.

Senator McMillan understands that the policy of the administration is to make no removals from office for inefficiency in the conduct of the office itself. Partisanship must be of such a character as to effect official conduct before a removal will be made. The policy is to let every man stay his four years unless he is not conducting his office in a proper way, and charges must be brought and definite in order to secure a removal.

The President has signed the Oklahoma proclamation opening the territory to settlement in 30 days.

Col. Fred Grant took the oath of office as minister of the United States to Austria, March 25. He will leave for his post of duty about April 30.

Indian Agent Gregory has been requested to step down and out. He will finish his labors and turn the office over to his predecessor April 11.

Senator Stockbridge has introduced a resolution in the senate providing for a government survey of the route of the proposed canal between Lakes Michigan and Superior. Senators Washburn of Minnesota and Sawyer of Wisconsin are interested with him in the proposition, which is regarded of deep and vital interest to the commerce of the territory tributary to the great lakes.

The President has granted a pardon in the case of Frederick E. Bickell, convicted in Minnesota of abstracting funds of a national bank while acting as its messenger and sentenced July 6, 1883, to five years' imprisonment. He also pardoned John S. Brown, convicted in September, 1888, in Washington territory of selling liquor to an Indian and sentenced to one year's imprisonment at hard labor.

The secretary of war has prescribed regulations governing the issue of arms for military instruction at colleges, under which each college or university where an army officer is stationed will be allowed two three-inch rifled guns of wrought iron valued at \$1,000 each, two carriage and timber and apparatus, 150 Springfield cadet rifles and a corresponding number of bayonet scabbards and appendages. Ammunition will be supplied as follows: 100 blank cartridges and 500 primers for three-inch gun, and 50 rifle ball cartridges for each cadet engaged in target practice.

Not for Sport.

Grocer (to clerk)—"What are you doing there, Henry?"
Henry—"I am picking the dead flies out of these dried currents."
Grocer—"You just let them alone. Do you suppose that I am running this business for fun?" Do you think that I come down here early every morning and toil all day just for the sport of the thing? You let those flies alone."

Who climbs too high goes to fall. The great danger of letting that hacking cough run into that dread malarial consumption, should be met at once by using **Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY**. It is a reliable and harmless remedy.

"Do you expect to keep Lent, Mr. Gay-boy?" "Oh, yes, sorter half keep it; that is, my better half keeps it."

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old foggies cling to their dusty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptive graves. It is a sure cure for this dread disease, if taken in time. All scrupulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

Sydney, N. S. W., receives more shoes from abroad than any other port in the world. More than one-fourth of the British export of shoes for 1888 was sent thither.

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken-up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled. "I'm all wrong entirely. I want some stuff to straiten me out. Some of them 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinking." "What'd ye tax for them?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that, they call them," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. The little Pellets cure every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

A new French profession is that of "vender of paternity." It consists of an elderly man personating the father of a love-sick youth who wishes to get married.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and great arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex would vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought as to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhoea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

The shoe manufacturers who employed men to canvas private houses in large cities and sell single pairs have not met with much success.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are \$50. and \$100. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

The average pay of Massachusetts shoemakers is \$10 a week. Girls average \$7.50 to \$9. But they only have work part of the year.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is wonderful. I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked.—J. M. Main, M.D., New York. Sold by Druggists.

A minister preached a trial sermon in an eastern city Sunday from the text, "One thing thou lackest." Did he refer to himself or the congregation?

"O. Whizz!"

On and after March 17th, 1889, Fast Limited Solid Vestibule Express Trains will run daily over the Great Rock Island Route, leaving Chicago as follows, from Van Buren Street Depot: 4.00 p. m.—for Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha. 3.15 p. m.—for Kansas City, Topeka, Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. 4.00 p. m. For St. Joseph, Atchison, Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Palace Day Coaches, Pullman Sleepers and (6 at of Missouri River) Dining Cars with Free Reclining Chair Cars between Chicago and St. Joseph, and Kansas City—through to Denver and Pueblo, via Colorado Springs. Splendid Dining Hotels west of St. Joseph and Kansas City. These trains are vestibuled, heated by steam from the locomotive, and have all the modern improvements that conduce to safety and comfort. Terminal Connections in Union Depots with Fast Trains of continuous lines for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Helena, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego—affording choice of routes to and from all points on the Pacific Coast, and in the intervening States and Territories. Save time and money, and see that your tickets go West read via Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

Two wealthy Philadelphians have provided a gymnasium for use of the grammar schools of that city.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Three new words are trying to be ferred on the public: "Standstillism," "Interurban," and "Trivol."

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

It is amusing to see people with their faces drawn as if they had swallowed a feather and it was tickling their lungs and they would be happy if they could only sneeze. Now there is no need of "making faces." A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will draw your face back into a smile.

"Kings are like stars, they rise and set." They have headache, cuts, and hurts like moaner men, and are just as sure to call for Salvation Oil.

An Arkansas man who bears the name of Jerusalem John Johnson wants it changed to John the Baptist Smith in order that he may inherit ten acres of land.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs and throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.



419 Huron St.,
Sheboygan,
Wis., Nov. 12,
1888.
I have used
St. Jacobs Oil for
chicken cholera
with great success. Every fowl
affected with
the disease was
cured by it and
I recommend it as a sure cure. It has saved
me many dollars.
H. A. KUENNE,
Breeder of Fine Fowls.

Diamond Vera-Cura

Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heart Pain, Nausea, Old Colic, Constipation, Flatulency after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and the greasy taste after eating. Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

I CURE FITS!

I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and have them return. I mean a radical cure. I have made FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I want my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Largest and P. O. H. G. KNOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

\$5 TOSIO ADAY!
AGENTS WANTED!
Brewster's Safety Belt Holders GIVEN AWAY to those who buy from 1 to 5 lines over under boxes feet. Send 2 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel Plated Sample that sells for 25 cents. Address:
Brewster Mfg Co., Holly, Mich.

CATARRH IS SLAYING MILLIONS
of our race. It is the most common of all diseases. It is the cause of a successful retreat of French Physicians, used in his special treatment of disease of Nose, Throat and Lungs for nearly fifty years. This method does not cure but we guarantee a Positive and Permanent Cure. A full statement of method of treatment and cost sent FREE. Write, stating your present condition how long you have suffered, etc. Do NOT DELAY. YOU MAY BE CURED. Persons while using our method of treatment may consult our Medical Director for further facts. FREE OF CHARGE. Address: C. BROWNING & CO., Newark, N. J.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amherst, Mass.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCH & CO., Chicago, Ill.
Bottle \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.
A sure ASTHMA relief for all cases, by mail. STOWELL & CO., Chicago, Ill., and everywhere.

SECRET
Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Enter our Contest now. Terms Free. Address, T. H. & C. O., Augusta, Maine.

ASTHMA PATENTS
CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent free to any one afflicted. DR. T. H. B. ROBERTS, Rochester, N. Y.
W. N. U. D.—VII—13.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

A WET HEN
The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first hail rain experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like a "WET HEN." Ask for the "FISH BRAND" RUBBER. Does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

PERCHERON HORSES!

SAVAGE & FARNUM,
ISLAND BONE STOCK FARM, Groves Isle, Wayne County, Michigan.
About 200 pure-bred animals on hand. Prices reasonable; terms easy. Horses guaranteed breeders. Large catalogue with history of the breed free by mail. Address SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

FRENCH COACH HORSES.
Beautifully formed high-stepping Stallions and Mares, superb action, bred under the patronage of the French Government. For catalogue and history of the breed address SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

MIRACULOUS RESTORATION.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!

And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day,
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Weaker she grew, and thin and pale.

At last, while in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help—I can but try."

And so, according to direction,
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
And every painful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed, invigorating tonic and nerve, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It is the only medicine for the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-billions Granules, are Laxative or Cathartic, according to size of dose.

Rheumatism
"I have been a victim of rheumatism for the past six years, and I have tried various remedies, but none gave relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. The effect was wonderful; in two days I was relieved of all pain, and when I had used one bottle I felt better than I had for a long time."
D. H. GILL, Belton, Mo.

Paine's Celery Compound
has undoubtedly cured more cases of rheumatism, which had resisted other treatment, than all other rheumatic remedies combined. If troubled with rheumatism or neuralgia, use Paine's Celery Compound, at once—a few doses will prove its unequalled value.
\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. At druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES give any fashionable color. Beware of Imitations.

LACTATED FOOD a scientific food for infants. *Infants' favorite food.*

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Discomforts from indigestion, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, and all the ailments of the bowels. Bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, pain in the side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

20 PRIZE STALLIONS
Percherons and French Coaches,
RESERVED FOR SPRING TRADE,
TO BE PLACED
On Sale March 25, 1889.

These Stallions were Prize Winners at the three Great Horse Shows of France, 1888.
I have found each year that a number of my customers could not conveniently buy until late in the season, and it was to accommodate those that I last fall made a reserve of Twenty of my Best Stallions, Old enough for Service, which will be placed on sale March 25, 1889. It being my determination to control my importations, I can offer purchasers a first-class Horse any day in the year.
A satisfactory Breeding Guarantee given with Each Animal Sold.
M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, Illinois.
Thirty-five Miles West of Chicago on the Chicago & North-Western Railroad.

REMARKABLE CASE.
For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 105 to 65 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse.
Finally I took Swift's Specific and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.
JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.
—B. F. LIESNER, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, Philadelphia, Pa.
ELY BROS., 54 Warren St., N. Y.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFORD'S REGULATORY CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$100 Dollar Reward.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dry-died disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only possible cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution, and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Elephant Salute.

In the "Zig-Zag" volume we find a very amusing description of the salutation with which the Siamese hunters and the elephants they ride greet the presence of the king: Arrived at the king's palace we mounted a steep flight of stairs that led us to a pavilion or tower, about two hundred feet from the ground, whence we could command a magnificent view of the wide country about us. Adjoining the tower was a large chamber, which held nothing but one huge drum, and round it were stationed no less than twelve men, who struck it simultaneously with immense drum-sticks.

Right in front of the pavilion below were ranged in regular order a hundred and fifty hunting elephants, and on each were seated two men—one at the back, the driver, with his long road or forked spear in his hand to urge the beast to his onslaught, and the other the hunter armed with lances, spears and a quiver attached to his seat full of arrows, ready to be discharged at a moment's notice. When this formidable-looking hunting party saw the royal assembly they wheeled around and formed a semi-circle; then each hunter raised aloft his spear and saluted the king. After which each of the drivers gave the word of command in a deep, loud voice to the elephant. No sooner was the word spoken than each beast lifted his heavy trunk in the air and brought it solemnly down to the earth. I never saw a more comical sight than this elephant salutation to the king of Siam.

This done, the colossal drum from the adjoining chamber thundered out the signal for the hunt to begin. Away went the mighty company of hunters, one half on one side, the other half on another, darting off in a semi-circle to scour the forest for the white elephant which, it was said, had been grazing there with a troop of black ones.

Why They Died.

Elphinstone, the chancellor of Scotland, was heart-broken by the battle of Flodden.

Cheke, the great English scholar, died of grief at having perverted from his religious belief.

The Italian philosopher, Rhodiginus, died of grief because Francis was taken prisoner at Pavia.

The death of Pope was imputed to a silver saucopon in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

Castello, a Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, died because he recognized his inferiority to Murillo.

Valentia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

Henry I., king of Castile, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the court yard of his palace.

Ireland, the litterateur, was honest enough to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance in Naples that he fell down at the side scenes and died.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

Alonso Cano, the Spanish painter and sculptor, of the seventh century, refused, when laying on his deathbed, to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him because, he said, it was so badly executed.

When the famous physician Rameau was dying his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his falling energies, exclaimed: "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, M. le Cure? You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

Old Reliable Elevators.

Northerner—"I tell you, sir, you southern people are not doing your duty by the negro."

Southerner—"We are doing all that could be expected of us under the circumstances."

Northerner—"Well, for instance, what have you done for the elevation of the colored race?"

Southerner—"I have raised mules for 25 years."—Burlington Free Press.

Rank in Turkey.

Every Mussulman, however high his rank, from the Sultan down to the lowest dervish, is compelled to have a trade. The grandfather of the present Sultan was a toothpick maker. The boatman, porter, or groom is eligible to the grade of pasha. The butcher of to-day may be the Generalissimo of tomorrow, and the lowest slave may become Grand Vizier.

A Romantic Story.

"One day I picked up a Chicago paper and found a matrimonial advertisement," said an American tourist to a Toronto Mail reporter. "It was fifteen years ago, and I was a young man residing near Columbus, O. The advertisement was in substance that a merchant in Galesburg, Ill., with plenty of cold cash, wanted to correspond with some handsome young lady; object, of course, matrimony. Well, here I saw was a chance to have some fun, so I answered. I played the game very carefully, and being quite an adept with the pen, I succeeded in writing a pretty fair letter. There was a very handsome young lady living in the neighborhood, whose name was Miss Nettie Ridgeway. She was handsome, being a fine type of the brunette, slightly above the medium height, always vivacious, and a laughing face with pretty dimples, which would captivate any Apollo. To all my letters I signed, the initials 'N. R.' We had carried on the correspondence for several months, when in a letter the Galesburg merchant asked for my photo. Now, here was a rub, for I knew that my photo wouldn't be just the proper thing for the matrimonially inclined merchant to worship, so I called on Miss Nettie. Of course I couldn't tell her what I wanted the photo for, but I obtained one and sent it to the merchant. I noticed more fervor in his letters after that.

"The correspondence ran on for over a year, when he took a trip to the Pacific coast, and from there sent me his photograph. Finally he returned to his home in Galesburg, and one evening I was surprised by receiving a letter in which he announced his intention of paying a visit to his old friend. Perhaps I wasn't perplexed! By this time I had become convinced from the letters that he was what he represented himself to be, and answered him, telling him to come. Then I went over and saw Miss Nettie. I told her all, showed her the letters, and made a clean breast of it. Finally I persuaded her to receive him. A few days later I received a letter from Columbus—I lived about twenty miles from there—asking how he should get there. I took the letter to Miss Nettie, and, may Heaven forgive her, she then backed out.

"I only had one course to pursue. I sat down and wrote to the merchant, saying that I was twenty-three years old, that there was nothing female in my constitution, and that it was I who had written the letters. However, 'N. R.' really existed in a very beautiful girl whose picture I had sent him. If he should call on me I would make it pleasant for him, and he should meet 'N. R.' But he didn't call. He wrote back that the picture which he had treasured so many months was torn in atoms; that by the time I received the letter he would be on his way home, and finished by saying something about an old fool being a fool of mammoth dimensions.

"It was nearly nine years afterwards, and I was living in Chicago. I had occasion to go to Fort Scott to look at some lands and was returning. When the train stopped at Palmyra, a gentleman of middle age got in. I looked at him, and the more I looked the more I could see something familiar in his face. I studied and studied, and finally it flashed through my mind that he was the Galesburg merchant whose picture he had sent me. But I was a little wary about broaching the subject, for I did not know exactly the state of his feelings, and whether it had all worked off or not. We got to talking, and in the course of conversation he told me he was from Galesburg. Well, I was going to Chicago, by way of Galesburg, and just as he alighted from the train I said: "By the way, Mr. —, how would you like to hear from 'N. R.'?" Nothing would do but that I should get off. I stayed there over night, persuaded him to go with me the next day, and in three days he was acquainted with "N. R.," who was then a handsome young widow. Well, they are now living in Galesburg."

Cargoes of Criminals.

The Nizhni-Novgorod is an iron steamship of about three thousand eight hundred tons burden, and is especially fitted as a convict transport. With a full complement of convicts the vessel carries six hundred and fifty-two. The officers and crew number eighty, exclusive of a marine convoy escort of sixty-two men specially chosen for this duty. The iron-barred compartments or cages in which the convicts are confined run parallel, fore and aft, on either side the upper and lower 'tween decks. The iron bars, an inch thick, of these cages and the woodwork in which they are set, is heavily and solidly constructed. The cages are of unequal capacity and length, but have a uniform height of seven and a half feet. The more de-

perate characters are manacled and chained to iron staples in their berths, from which they are released when necessary. The greater number, although retaining the waist and ankle shackles, of light construction, have the freedom of traversing the length of the compartment, which may vary from twenty-five to forty feet. Between the outer bars and the two plain plank shelves or bunks running from end to end of the compartments which afford sleeping room for the occupants, there is a free space of about four and a half or five feet.

Except during the distribution of rations no culinary vessels are left with the convicts. Even the drinking water is obtained only through an india rubber mouth-piece fixed in an inclosed water-tank and through which the drinker sucks his draught. Immediately outside the cages, and attached to the under part of the deck overhead, is a steam pipe connected with the ship's boilers. Into these pipes are fitted screw nozzles at intervals of twelve feet. The object of the steam pipe is to suppress any dangerous outbreak among the inmates of the cages. By means of a short hose, specially made to resist the steam heat, quickly attached to one of the steam pipe nozzles, the turbulent convicts are readily quieted or parboiled. Strong water jets have been found next to useless in allaying these occasional tumults.

After the ship has passed the canal, but not before, batches of convicts are in turn brought upon deck for a shower-bath and short exercise. A strongly constructed iron railing, eight feet high, crosses the vessel amidships, in order that the convict, during his bath and while unmanacled, cannot by any sudden rush evade the guard and reach the quarter-deck. Some of the more desperate convicts, who stubbornly resist all disciplinary control, are confined to the cages during the whole voyage. Both the upper and the lower 'tween decks are open and airy, the system of ventilation being excellent, and the cages themselves are kept scrupulously clean. The cages are repainted every voyage. Every convict, in addition to having his hair cropped short, has the left half of the head from front to back closely shaved.—Ex.

Curiosities of Plant Life.

It has been shown by Professor Schubert, a Norwegian plant geographer, that most plants in high latitudes produce much larger and heavier seeds than in warmer regions near the equator. This effect he attributes to the prolonged influence of sunlight during the long summer days of high latitudes. The difference in seed development was very remarkable in some cases. Dwarf beans taken from Christiansa to Drontheim, less than four degrees further north, gained more than sixty per cent. in weight, and thyme from Lyons, when planted at Drontheim, showed a gain of seventy-one per cent. The grain of northern fields is heavier than when it grows in more southern localities, and seed from Norway planted in Breslau decreased greatly the first year. The leaves, also, of most plants are larger and more deeply colored in higher latitudes, as was first noticed by Griesbach and Martins. This is true of flowers, many of which, white in southern climates, become violet in the far north.

Columbus and the Birds.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." This expression of the world's greatest poet has received many signal illustrations in the history of the world. Perhaps as significant an illustration of this truth as can be found, is embodied in the following incident:

When Columbus was on his first voyage of discovery, and was approaching the shores of the New World, he was steering straight toward the Florida coast; but at that time, a flock of sea-birds flew across the track of his vessel. "Methinks," said one of his men, "that there is a sign from heaven. Something tells me we ought to follow the track of these birds." Columbus parroted of the same superstition, and turned his keel. In so doing, he turned, in some sort, the destiny of two continents. He turned the whole course of modern history. And, if in shaping the future of a continent down the long centuries in its customs, laws and language, there is a Providence that guides the sea birds in their flight, will you not believe that, in our personal history, as he leads us and ripens us for heaven, not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father?—Yankee Blade.

An Expensive Joke.

An English joker took down the calendar in a business office and hung up one two years old. Dates for important papers were taken from it, and a loss of \$30,000 was the result.

Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish

FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

—That is—

Superior to Most and Second to None.

Every Pound Warranted.

To be found at the stores of

John L. Gale, Red Front Drug and Grocery Store,
G. A. Starkweather & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries,
A. A. Tafft, Dry Goods and Groceries,
Peter Gayde, Groceries and Crockery,
J. R. Rauch, Postoffice Grocery
E. J. Bradner, Star Grocery,

C. L. WILCOX.

Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation—healthful in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides. Persons seeking for homes or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.
SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER & CHILD.
BOOK TO MOTHERS
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
Solely by all Druggists, ATLANTA, GA.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

WEST.		STATIONS.		EAST.	
7:00	1:25	4:45	Detroit	12:00	3:45
7:30	1:55	5:15	Plymouth	11:07	2:55
8:00	2:25	5:45	Howell	10:07	1:55
8:30	2:55	6:15	Trowbridge	9:06	1:56
9:00	3:25	6:45	Lansing	8:06	1:56
9:30	3:55	7:15	Lansing	7:06	1:56
10:00	4:25	7:45	Gd. Ledge	6:06	1:56
10:30	4:55	8:15	L. Odessa	5:06	1:56
11:00	5:25	8:45	G. Rapids	4:06	1:56
11:30	5:55	9:15	Portland	3:06	1:56
12:00	6:25	9:45	Howell	2:06	1:56
12:30	6:55	10:15	Green's	1:06	1:56
1:00	7:25	10:45	Howell	12:06	1:56
1:30	7:55	11:15	Howell	11:06	1:56
2:00	8:25	11:45	Howell	10:06	1:56
2:30	8:55	12:15	Howell	9:06	1:56
3:00	9:25	12:45	Howell	8:06	1:56
3:30	9:55	1:15	Howell	7:06	1:56
4:00	10:25	1:45	Howell	6:06	1:56
4:30	10:55	2:15	Howell	5:06	1:56
5:00	11:25	2:45	Howell	4:06	1:56
5:30	11:55	3:15	Howell	3:06	1:56
6:00	12:25	3:45	Howell	2:06	1:56
6:30	12:55	4:15	Howell	1:06	1:56
7:00	1:25	4:45	Howell	12:06	1:56

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IT MAY NOT BE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ears to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done.
And ours the grateful story, whence
Come day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.
And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toll of fields like these
Than wakeful dreams and slothful ease.
But life though falling like our grain,
Like that which revives and springs again!
And early called how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).

"I think," his sister continued; "that a man's nature is essentially different from a woman's, grander in some things, infinitely smaller in others. His own love seems to fill his life, satisfying him by the measure it gives more than by that it receives, and so, by a paradox, it is selfish. True love is not entirely in itself, it is dual; a woman's heart would wither if love did not come in as freely as it went out. Andrew, as well marry an abstraction. It seems to me you would cage a wild bird for its plumage, and turn a careless ear to its song. What is it you love in Nell? Is it her beauty, her gracious womanhood, or what?"

"Janet, it is just herself."

"No, Andrew, you have missed that. Nell's self is far beyond your ken."

"Then how could it have stooped to Lyon Leslie? He loved many things far better than Nell thanet. Then will you tell me why she loved him?"

"Why did she love him?—curious fool, be still; is human love the growth of human will?"

And, feeling that she could not bring her argument to a logical conclusion, and so convince her brother, for logic had no place in the subject, Janet, with that unanswerable quotation, abandoned the topic.

A glance assured Nell that her old acquaintance Stubbs was beyond human aid. He did not seem to have many hours to live. With much tenderness, she told him she could do nothing for him—that no one could.

He replied that he had an inner conviction that his case was hopeless; but that he had had an idea a woman doctor, being "out of the common like," might know something out of the common—it was a chance, he said; and then he smiled a wan smile, adding—

"And I'm one of a chancy lot, you know well." After a pause, he added—

"But I always minded how you got 'Dick' the Squire's red terrier, through that bad turn he took of a suddain, and which we thought was poison; but as you said as was nothing but a spell of indigestion along of eating the pig's liver he stole. I said at the time to my misers that you'd make a rare vet. An' I was right, only you practices on two-legged animals."

He was silent for a few moments, as if in thought, and his eyes were shut. Nell spoke some earnest words of counsel and hope; but he did not respond. Then she took his hand to bid him farewell.

"Miss," he said, looking up at her with a deprecating look in his dim eyes, "I never laid a hand on Nettie. I was faithful to every boss as was trusted to me, and, if a man's done his duty to his master here, mayhap his Master up there"—pointing upwards—"won't be so hard on him on account of other little matters."

"Never mind the good you have done, Stubbs," said Nell, gently. "Only be sorry for the ill; that is all that is wanted."

"But I was main true to the Squire. I was," he persisted. "I knowed he hadn't a fardin' on Nettie, that he never laid nothink on races, and that if the horse didn't win the Derby, he was safe for the rest; and as it was the matter of a couple of thousand, and I was heavy on something myself, I took it. It was all Swelly Jock, it was—im as called 'Isself the Baron—and I put a chunk of summat in the jock's glass afore he started; it was summat that had to do with the eyes, and he didn't ride straight; that was how it was. The jock—it was Tibbles—was queer like for some days after, an' the doctors called it 'cipient hapoplexy.' Ah, miss, you were not practising then, or we'd maybe not got so free!"—and he chuckled with a lingering spile of the old Adam.

"Oh, Stubbs, how dreadful!" That was all Nell said.

"I sees it now, miss; at least it looks queer loike now; only, you see, I didn't do any hurt to the horse, and it didn't matter in a money way to master whether he won or not. But I'm real sorry, miss, I am now. Seems to me as right and wrong's got clearer

to me since I've been laid by. You'll tell the Squire, won't you, when I'm gone? He's a grand gentleman, an' mayhap he'll look at the bit of sod as'll cover me soon and say—'Stubbs, I forgive you.'"

When she got back to the Hall, Nell told the Squire the groom's story, drawing his penitence with a tender touch; and the same afternoon, the great-hearted gentleman rode Nettie over to the Duke's stables, and took his old servant by the hand.

It was nearly four, and getting dusk; but the groom's cot was drawn to the little lattice-paned window over the stables, and Nettie was led to a point from which he could be clearly seen.

At Stubbs's request, the window was opened; he was raised on his pillow. With a great effort, he uttered a long peculiar whistle, by which he had been used to attract the attention of the horse when he wished to put him on his mettle.

In a moment the noble animal pricked up its ears, pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.

"He's forgiv' me too," said the groom. "He knows I wouldn't 'ave armed a hair of his body. Just listen to him!"—as the horse whinnied loud and long. "An' they call 'em dumb animals! Seems to me as they knows 'ow to speak their thoughts better nor most folks."

Then he made another effort, blew another whistle, and fell back exhausted.

That night Stubbs finished the race for which he had entered so many years gone, but whether to be scored first or last, who can tell?—"The race is not always to the swift."

CHAPTER VII.

Nell returned to her duties in London with eager spirits, for she was sure at heart. She had refused her cousin Andrew. His very faithfulness reproached her, and yet seemed to alienate her from him, for she had nothing, not even hope, to give in return.

"Nell, I shall never despair until I see you another's," were his parting words.

"And then?" she asked, as if involuntarily, wondering at such steadfastness.

"And then I shall make the best of life, though life will have taken its best from me. I may fill some other woman's needs; but none but you, Nell, could ever fill mine."

The conviction that Randall was not suited to his profession became each day stronger in his sister. She felt that he had undertaken a grave responsibility for which he was constitutionally unfitted. The same conviction had lately forced itself upon Randall, and he chafed at the chains that bound him to his post. Hitherto he had had no very intricate case, none to which his knowledge had not been equal, supplemented by his sister's advice, and actual assistance in some instances.

It was New Year's Eve. The twins had had a busy day, for the snow was deep on the ground, the town was full and there was much sickness abroad. They had dined, and were sitting over a blazing fire comparing notes of their separate day's work.

"Thank goodness," said Randall, "my cases are all plain sailing. Now, if another hitch comes"—meaning a case beyond his skill—"I'll throw up the sponge. I give you my word, Nell, I never take on a new patient but I feel like a murderer; and, I tell you what in all seriousness—if I don't kill my patients, they'll kill me! I'd never got through a consultation, only I do the Burleigh nod, and always side with the biggest fellow. There are very few that like to say 'ba' when Sir Billy Genera, as the wags call him, says 'bo'! Regularly established diseases, common fevers and epidemics, gout and all that sort of thing I'm not afraid of. One can't cure these things—they run themselves out; all you have to do is to help them over the difficult passes. I don't believe in physicking, that has had its day; but it's the intricate cases I do fear, and those you seem born for. I often think mother's right when she says you're 'no canny.'"

"It is because they interest me," she said simply, "and because I love my calling first and foremost. If I had any woman's future to hope for, any great object outside my work, I should not be what I am. The enthusiasm of humanity brooks no rival; to that and absolute concentration I owe my power and success."

"I think," said Randall, hesitatingly, "I might do something in literature; but that demands concentration. Nell, I should like to shelve it all. But for the disappointment of my father, I would; he thinks me far cleverer than you."

"Dear father!" returned Nell. "He's not so far wrong; only he's made the mistake of putting a round stick in a square hole. I believe you could make a mark in literature, you have a creative brain; science deals only with facts. Let us see, when our accounts are made up for the year, how we stand; and, if my score is enough, why take your name off the door—a few days' wonder—that is all."

At that moment the door bell rang sharply; it was sudden call for Randall. A Colonel Gordon, who had just arrived from India, had been taken ill at an hotel near at hand, and required

immediate aid. With a heavy sigh, Randall obeyed the call.

"Some intricate liver case, you may be sure, or chronic Indian fever, about which I know as much as of dentistry," he said, as Nell helped him on with his comfortable ulster.

It was neither; it was even more serious, because imminent. A wound, caused by a bullet which had defied extraction, had suddenly broken out, and erysipelas threatened.

Nell awaited her brother's return in much anxiety; she always was anxious when a fresh patient came on his books. In an hour he returned, looking jaded and worn.

"What have you done?" she asked, after he had named the symptoms and described the state of the patient.

He told her.

"Have you sent for a nurse?" she asked.

"He said his sister, who is in the country, would be in town in a day or two, and his own servant, a soldier, would be up in the morning with his traps; so I gave him a sedative, and told him I'd look in again before twelve. There's a good deal of fever; so there really was nothing more that could be done. A housemaid is to sit up with him."

"Did Colonel Gordon speak much to you, Randall?"

"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."

"Randall, I will go at twelve o'clock, instead of you. There will be no one up except the porter, and it would take very keen sight to tell us apart in a dim light. I'll put on my ulster and a muffler."

Nell spoke as one who would not be gainsaid; but, if the truth were told, Randall had no will to gainsay her; he was, in fact, relieved of a weight.

When the hour came, the brother and sister set off together. Randall saw his sister safe into the hotel, remaining in the neighborhood on a watch for her re-appearance.

The patient lay on a half-tester bed, in a large comfortable room, where was a cheerful fire, near which, in an arm chair, sat the attendant, half-asleep. A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, on which was arranged various cooling drinks.

Before approaching the bed, Nell questioned the maid, who told her that her charge had slept for two hours, but since then had been restless, and calling for water or lemonade every few minutes.

"I don't think he knows very well where he is," said the girl; "he talks like a man in his sleep, and fancies he's in a ship."

Nell desired the girl to fetch a candle, for which she had to leave the room. As the door closed a little noisily, the sick man moved and moaned. Nell approached the bed, gently drawing the curtain aside.

The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn. One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bed-clothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in peevishness of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.

He gave a shiver, as if an electric thrill had passed through his body, and turned on his pillow, opening his eyes bright with fever light. Nell staggered back, clutching at a chair for support.

"My love, my love!" she cried to her heart; but her lips were dumb.

"Water, water!" the sick man moaned.

With an almost superhuman effort, she retained her consciousness; the very shock roused her to action and to repression.

She went to the table and mixed a cooling draught. As she did so her eyes fell on an envelope addressed, "Colonel Leslie Gordon, V. C."—a hero's name to the world.

Well Nell thanet knew it! "She had read of its owner's gallant deeds, and her heart had felt pride in her mother's countryman. Little had she guessed that the Lyon Leslie, who had to her played such a craven part, was the brave soldier of the world's and her admiration. Then she remembered that he had spoken to her of a bachelor uncle named Gordon, from whom he had expectations. Everything was plain to her now; and very strange it seemed to her that she had not guessed her lover's identity before.

It was a steady hand that held the frothing draught to the sick man's lips, and a firm strong hand that lifted the hot head; but her eyes felt burning in her head; they looked unnaturally large.

"Oh, so soothing!" he whispered, looking gratefully into her face.

She met his eyes daringly; again he shivered, then, unrecognized, closed them in fitful slumber.

When the girl returned, Nell examined the wound. It presented an ugly exterior; but she knew that the real mischief lay in the location of the bullet; the exact spot of which had, Randall had said, not been discovered. It

would be a case of the utmost difficulty and far beyond her brother's skill; but strange to say she felt no apprehension of her own. Standing over the prostrate form of the man who had so fearlessly blasted her young life, she vowed that to her hand, and hers alone, he should owe his.

No bitterness, no reproach entered her heart, only a great pitifulness, and a sorrow for him apart from herself. She was standing by a grave—though she knew it not, from which their could be no resurrection, the grave of her love; but the ashes were there—and, ah, how tenderly the foot treads over the sepulchre of the dead; how holy seems their memory!

Then she told the girl that a change had taken place in the condition of the patient, and that she must remain beside him for the night. She then left the hotel to make some arrangements, she said, and, after a few explanatory words to her brother—explanatory merely of the patient's state—she returned, and, dismissing the servant, took up her place beside the sick man.

The hours slipped by—she scarcely knew they passed—she took no note of time. The reality of the stricken man, the strangely still room, her presence there, seemed all a dim dream, and what had for these dividing years been but as a dim dream a vivid reality—the little stream, with its fragile freight of the blue forget-me-nots—the quiet lake bearing on its bosom the one brave spray—the rapturous kiss, the spoken words, and the deep passionate gaze of eyes too well remembered. Swiftly, as in a panorama, that summer's day passed before her—it did not pain her now. Somehow her heart was at rest, the dull aching of the deep wound was over.

At every movement she bent over him, now easing his pillow, now laying his brow, then gently touching his lips with moisture, or answering his craving cry of "water" with cooling draughts. Now and again he would open his eyes and look round, as if expecting some known face; but then she would stand in the shadow, or droop her head beside the shrouding curtain; and he would sigh and turn wearily away. And so the night passed. As the faint light of morning appeared, the fever had ceased, and the sick man had sunk into a refreshing slumber. Then Nell laid for one brief moment her lips on his brow; but it was only a kiss of peace—she felt she could pray then. By previous arrangement, Mrs. McLan, the old nurse who had been the twins' constant attendant, and indeed friend, since they had left their home together, took Nell's place in the sick-room, leaving her free to return to her brother.

It was needless for her purpose that she should tell her brother that his new patient was Lyon Leslie, of her girlish love. She did so in a few words as she could command. He said very little, but he threw his arms around her as if he would shield her from a coming sorrow, and held her to his breast in a sympathizing silence that tried her fortitude to the utmost.

"Randall," she whispered, "do not fear for me. There are no birds in last year's nest;" but her voice belied her words.

In the course of the day Colonel Gordon's servant arrived from Southampton with his master's luggage, and, under Randall's superintendence, the former was moved into quiet rooms within a few doors of his own house, and Mrs. McLan was installed in chief charge.

A letter was written to the Colonel's sister stating his condition and the means adopted for his care. The attendance in the day-hours was taken by Randall, in the evening by Nell. In her shrouding ulster and wrapper and low felt hat, she attracted no observation; if she had, there would have been little fear of being discovered, so perfect was the likeness between the pair, a likeness intensified by similarity of dress.

Fortunately for the part Nell was playing, Colonel Gordon's sister was in delicate health, and seldom visited her brother in the evening. A note was sent to her the last thing at night to keep her apprised of his condition. In this way Nell felt pretty secure from detection. Her directions, too, were always given to Mrs. McLan, who generally managed to find something for the soldier-servant to do—a message, or clothes to air—at the hour of Nell's visit.

And the sick man lay unheeding, slowly mending towards a partial recovery. There had been a consultation, at which Randall was present, and it was agreed that, unless the bullet was discovered and extracted, the patient must eventually succumb to the wasting weakness induced by the open wound; and it was settled that, when he had rallied sufficiently, he should be put under an anæsthetic and the probe applied.

During these anxious days Nell sat late into the night, deep in earnest study. Her face grew thinner and her eyes unnaturally bright. Each evening, before her visit to the sick room, she made Randall sit down and go with careful minuteness into every symptom he had noted. These she wrote down.

Scarcely any words were exchanged between her and her old lover. He was generally inclined to sleep if not

actually asleep, at the late hour of her visit; but, if awake, he would ask her to arrange his pillows, as, somehow, he found she had a knack "nurse" had not. He liked too the doctor's mixing of the effervescent drink at night, and always insisted on her giving it to him herself.

"You manage me better at night somehow, doctor," he said one day; "you always soothe me, and your voice is softer than in the day. It puts me in mind of someone; but I can't tell who."

Nell was very guarded after that speech, and spoke little; and then in as deep a voice as she could command. And day by day the girl grew more fragile, and her sweet earnest face more spiritual.

In these night visits she was in the habit of wearing a false mustache, closely resembling her brother's, which was long and silky and covered the mouth. This precaution against detection was needful, but none the less distasteful to her feeling; there was at stake her brother's reputation on one hand, and on the other the very life perhaps of the one man she had loved above all the world.

At last the day came when she said to Randall that she thought their patient was sufficiently strong to undergo the probing for the bullet.

"Nell," he said, "can you take my place?"

"Yes," she answered; "I wish it. I shall use the probe myself. Lady Masters"—Colonel Gordon's sister—"wishes her own doctor to be present—he is an old man, I believe."

"Yes," said Randall, "seventy at least; I have only seen him once, and then in the dusk."

"Then it will only be necessary to call in Sir William Cheque; he knows the case."

"Perfectly. Lady Masters told me she spoke to her about her brother; and mentioned how skillful he thought my treatment had been; but at the same time he didn't know me when I met him at his own door yesterday. I took off my hat to him, and he stared as if I had taken a liberty. You'll be quite safe, I'm sure. He's a great big man, and men of less stature always look smaller than they really are to tall men."

"Nurse," said Colonel Gordon, on the morning arranged for the consultation, "what is the doctor's name? I never heard it. He has only been 'the doctor,' to me."

"Randall, sir," replied Mrs. McLan, after a moment's hesitation.

"I like his night-visits best," he said. "Somehow the very sound of his foot soothes me."

Colonel Gordon was stronger and altogether in a more favorable state—so said Sir William Cheque, than on the occasion of his—Sir William's—previous visit. The fever had disappeared, and he was able to take a considerable quantity of nourishment; there were points in his favor he had hardly expected; but he expressed his decided opinion that the amendment would be only temporary, unless the bullet was traced and extracted, and of that he supposed there was little hope.

"None that I can see," said Doctor Parr, Lady Masters's doctor, who had seen the patient more than once; "and I doubt, if it were found, if he would stand the necessary operation."

These words had passed out of range of their subject's hearing.

Then Nell, standing well in the shade, made a short concise statement, which riveted Sir William's attention. He was a liberal-minded man, and free from all professional jealousy. He saw the young man before him had thoroughly mastered the case, and his interest was roused to see how he would follow it out to the end he indicated. He was a man, though, of few words; so he contented himself with an approving nod, and then approached the bed.

"You have been in very skillful hands, Colonel Gordon," he said. "You may owe your life to my young friend here. I am happy to tell you he has every reason to suppose that he has traced the enemy. A little courage and we'll get him out. We will give you an anæsthetic and you'll know nothing about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ostrich Mother.

At Dr. Skitchley's ostrich ranch, near Red Bluff, Cal., is a pen in which a hen ostrich is sitting on 13 eggs. She covers the eggs nicely, and as she sits there with her long neck and head laid at full length on the ground, looks like a moss-covered rock. Her husband keeps guard over her in very picturesque fashion, walking up and down the fence with stately tread, his rich, glossy plumage glistening in the sunlight, and his eyes flashing defiance. He looks ready to tackle any thing, man or beast, that should disturb the privacy of his home.

High-Priced Property.

Citizen (to darkey): "Do you know the agent who has control of this corner lot, Sam?"

Sam: "Yes, sah, the agent will be head d'rectly. I has change of the property." (To small boy): "Hi there, yo' young white trash, stop frowin' mud balls off'n dat corner lot. Dat real estate is sold by the inch."

Churches.

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

Societies.

The W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Veerhola, President.

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Do Don't Admire the Courier Correspondent.

To the Editor of the PLYMOUTH MAIL: DEAR SIR:—In the last issue of the Detroit Courier appears an item under the head of "Plymouth," which is untrue and erroneous, and therefore needs to be contradicted and corrected.

As I am personally opposed to any or either misrepresentation, I feel it my duty when some insignificant, private matters, through the pen of an unthoughtful or ignorant reporter are brought before the public in such a manner as to mislead, to correct the same.

Therefore, I beg you, to insert in your esteemed paper these lines, wishing that a few words may help to destroy misunderstandings and let the truth prevail above ignorance or malice.

The reporter of the Detroit Courier talks to the above mentioned item of "the Washington house," still in our village does not exist a house with such name, and has not been since nine years. The owner of said house has abandoned a name or sign, which was thought by him to be too illustrious for his little place of business, and since the last five years the same building has been used as simple dwellings for some humble families.

Why the reporter for the Detroit Courier neglects this fact, trespasses his limits and gives an unjust name to a house, I don't know.

Recently I had promised to a lady from Millford, to let her have some empty private rooms in the house located next to the City hotel, on Main street. How the reporter for the Detroit Courier can talk that "the Washington house" has been rented to a lady and that she would start a boarding house, I can't understand, and so much less, because I told the lady, that I would oppose a project, which she likely proposed to bring into reality.

What is the matter with the reporter of the Detroit Courier? D. P. FRANK

Newburg.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Mrs. J. A. LeVan was summoned to Manistee, last week, on account of the sickness of her son-in-law, who has typhoid fever.

Mrs. Wm. J. Smith entertained the ladies aid society, Friday.

Mrs. Anna and John Patterson arrived here from Canada Wednesday.

Paris Broadbent has moved into the Allen house, vacated by T. S. Wright, who has gone to Muskegon.

Lyceum was well attended last Saturday evening. There will be a good program next Saturday.

Another old pioneer gone.—Mr. Abner, Chase, of Plymouth, was buried in Newburgh cemetery, Wednesday, March 29.

C. H. Armstrong has moved on and commenced working his father's place.

M. King returned last week from a visit to his son, who is in a lumber camp in Ogemaw county, where he is laid up with a broken leg.

Mrs. Mary and Miss Martha Philpot moved last week to Canada, where they will keep boarding house.

Mrs. Marie ta Pickett, of Walled Lake, is visiting for a few days here.

Miss Fannie Radcliffe is visiting her sister at Adrian. Miss Minnie Radcliffe returned from there last Tuesday.

The dramatic entertainment, at Newburgh hall, last week, was a success in all ways, netting \$35.00. There will be another entertainment soon.

J. B. Cary is painting Newburgh hall and making it look fine.

Wayne.

Fayette Harris' new house is nearly completed.

Frank McGuire, of Detroit, spent Sunday with friends here.

Bob Clark and Sylvia Clark have a license out to be married.

A number of "bloods" took in Plymouth and Northville, Sunday.

The band sawer at the factory had his thumb cut off last week.

Charles Miller and wife, of Plymouth, were guests of A. F. Smith, Sunday.

Chas. Durfee and Ed Hall have opened a meat market in the Procter building.

Stephen O'Connor having finished his teaching near Carleton, returned home.

Charles Ditsch and wife, of Northville, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Our home talent will play "After Ten Years," at New Boston to-morrow night.

Miss Mary Curtis, who has been teaching school at Bridgewater, has returned home.

Mike Ready, a railroad man that is acquainted here was killed while working by the cars.

James Jamieson, Jr, returned home from Chicago last week, where he has been in employment.

Carl Morrison has recovered from his sick in the face, but an ugly scar will accompany the recovery.

James Jamieson, Sr. will go to Chicago to meet his brother, who is on his way from Australia to visit him. Mr. Jamieson has not seen this brother since his boyhood, over forty years ago.

Dr. J. M. Tinscott has moved his drug stock to Cass City, where he will open a store. He will be missed by his many friends, who wish him success in his new undertaking, and Sam will finish the spring term at school and follow him later.

Livonia.

E. Bennett has gone to Tennessee.

Now is the time to repair your fences.

Our school closed yesterday for a vacation of two weeks.

There are several in this town who have the Fenne-see fever.

John Duffer of Clinton county, is visiting at A. Stringer's.

Don't shed your underwear yet or you may have to put them on again.

We don't think it would be any harm if the white caps would visit one or two places in this town.

Married at the bride's parents, in the township of Redford, on Wednesday, March 20, Fred Wilson, of Livonia, and Miss Josie Hubert, of Redford.

Frank Pack is moving to the township of Novi, with his family and will work for Jackson Welch this season and oversee his farm. We are very sorry to have to lose a good neighbor.

I say to ye farmers, will you be mean enough to vote to raise our state and county officers' salaries, while you are drawing off potatoes for twenty-five cents a bag and selling onions for ten cents a bushel?

William Bains' infant child died last Wednesday, at Stark Station, and was interred in the Centre cemetery the next day. Rev. Shank and kind neighbors met at the house to sympathize with the bereaved family.

James McKinney, Jr., living one and one-half miles east and two miles south of the Centre, has lost two children with diphtheria. His wife is down with the same dread disease, with very little hopes of her recovering. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy.

There was a large gathering met at the residence of John Gows, last Thursday, to witness the marriage of his daughter, Mary, to August Pankow, both of this town, and highly respected by all. They received a great many valuable presents from their many friends. We wish them much joy and a long and happy journey through life.

Denton.

Mrs. Deyo is very sick at this writing.

Miss Anna West is visiting friends in Detroit.

Charles Chamberlain, of Ypsilanti, made us a pleasant call Monday last.

Mrs. Josh Smith, who has been very sick for the past few weeks, is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Glass are spending a few days with Rev. A. J. Lowery, of Ridgeway.

Miss Emma Bunell, who has been attending school at Ypsilanti, is at home for a few weeks.

Miss Rose Fogarty and Elva Anderson, of Plymouth, were visiting friends at this place last week.

George Hines and family have moved on the farm which formerly belonged to George Amerhine.

Miss Goldsmith, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Mac Goodell, returned home to Mooreville last week.

Quite a number of young people attended an entertainment at Cherry Hill, Sunday evening. They report a fine time. Miss May Woolger is spending a few weeks with her mother. She will attend the Normal school at Ypsilanti, at the opening of the spring term.

Mrs. John Smith is lying in a critical condition, at her mother's home at Ypsilanti. About a year ago she fell some distance and received serious injuries, which we fear will prove fatal.

The cheapest place to buy cow feed is at Pexonix mills.

The D. L. & N. railroad gives excursions to Detroit, April 3 and 4, good to return next day, at one fare for round trip, with twenty-five cents added for admission to the floral exhibition.

Clarenceville.

Mrs. Ziegler, who has been ailing for some time, is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson were called to Detroit, Sunday, to attend the funeral of their grandson, the youngest child of Charles Johnson.

Albert Weson caught fifteen pickerel at Upper Strait's lake a short time ago. He has been at the lake fishing five times this winter and has caught, on an average fifteen pickerel each time, in all seventy-five fish, weighing from two and one-half to nine pounds each.

It is rumored that Ben Grace has let his farm to William Turner.

Belleville.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Jno. Lunnie left Monday night for East Saginaw, where he will reside the coming summer.

Wm. Moore has moved his family into the house formerly occupied by Wm. Guest, the latter having moved to the Joshua Smith house, on National avenue.

Henry Raymond, who carries the mail from this place to Ypsilanti, lost one of his horses (George) last Saturday night from spasmodic colic.

Charles McIntosh, of this place, passed through this village, Tuesday afternoon, on his way to St. Louis, Mo., where he will be stationed with the U. S. army, he having enlisted for five years.

Grange.

The next meeting of Wayne County Pomona, will be held at Livonia Grange hall, April 12, at ten a. m. All fourth degree members are invited.

S. J. BLOUNT, Secretary.

To Horsemen.

James J. Baird has sold the colt Hartman to George VanVleet, of Plymouth, Mich. Hartman is a standard bred and registered stallion, sired by Hermes, a son of Harold, sire of Maud S., 2-08 1/2; dam Polka, dam of Belle of Lexington, 2-26 1/2. Mr. Pudden purchased Hartman at the Forest City Farm, Cleveland, Ohio, when two years old, and he was considered at that time very fast for his age. The horsemen of this city predict that Hartman will make for himself a reputation in his new home.—Lansing Journal. Mr. VanVleet has also a fine Young Rattler stud. Both these horses will make the season at VanVleet's farm just east of town.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by druggists, price seven y-five cents per bottle. 77-81

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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 Chaffee & Hunter, druggists 115

Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Stearns, Plymouth.

Save the Cents,

And the Dollars will care themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Gammon's Trading with

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W. N. WHERRY,

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

For one of the above traps. They are sent to catch them. J. G. Wherry, merchant of Wayne, Mich. caught twenty-two in less than one year's time. We can name many others who have had equally good success.