

# The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME IX, NO. 33.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., APRIL 17, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 449



## The Latest Paris Fads

In Shirt Waists. We have a full line at 50c, 75c, \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.

## Spring Goods.

Our Stock is Complete in Woolen Goods from 15c to \$1.25 Shantilla Lace Goods, 15c 20c and 25c, Zephyr Ginghams, 10c, (former price, 12 1/2 cents.) Sea Island Percales, Prints 5, 6 and 7 cents. Good Factory 5 cents. Ladies' Seamless Hose 10 cents. Ginghams 5 cents. RIBBONS, No. 9, 12, 16 and 22, all silk and colors, for only 10 cents per yard. Ladies' Wrappers, late spring styles, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Ladies' Kid Gloves.

## Shirt Waists with Detachable Collars.

Our Best Woolen Goods are in patterns. No two need have the same pattern.

See our Latest Styles in

## GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts, extra length, 25 and 35 cents. Cotton Pants, 50, 68 and 75 cents.

If you want

## Crockery,

Come to us, we can do you good.

Look at the beautiful pattern in Semi-Porcelain Plain White which is now all the style.

## Grocery Dep't.

We also carry a full line of Fancy and Staple Groceries. Our Coffees and Teas are not excelled. Garden and Field Seeds in Bulk.

All Grades of Flour, 2 gal Honey Drip Syrup for 50 cents.

Have you tried the Postum Cereal? It is a toothsome and healthful beverage. (We have it in stock.)

Garden and Flower Seeds in Bulk.

Why buy in packages when you can get twice the amount in bulk for the same money.

We are Agents for the New Home Sewing Machine.

# J. R. RAUCH, Agt.

## Have You a Good Lawn?

Every Lawn needs Attention in the Spring. They should be seeded with our mixture of selected grasses and then carefully rolled. By doing this you will soon have a thick, carpet-like lawn.

## REMEMBER

We keep all kinds of Garden and Flower Seeds in bulk. Choicest Varieties at Very Lowest Prices.

# L. C. HOUGH & SON,

F. & P. M. ELEVATOR.

## CREAM OF SOCIETY

ATTENDED THE PARTY GIVEN BY MISS KATE PENNIMAN.

The Grandest Event of the Season—The Hall was Elegantly Decorated. Finney's Orchestra Fine as Usual.

Without exception the finest card and dancing party of the season was given by Miss Kate Penniman, at the Penniman Hall, Tuesday evening. Upwards of 200 of Plymouth's society attended, and all give the above verdict.

The hall was tastily decorated with pink and white, touched off with green-smilax. Waves of white and pink bunting hung around the walls. Lace curtains adorned the windows, and pictures hung upon the walls, while potted flowers were abundant. The hall never before presented a more beautiful appearance. Even the always perfect floor seemed to take in the situation and was new in better dancing trim. Finney's full orchestra struck up its fine strains of music, the feet began to waver and presently the hall was a living mass of beautiful, laughing and contented dancers. "Enjoyed to the heart's content," shouted in every face. Miss Penniman never looked sweeter or happier. Her highest ambition was, as it always is, to make the lambkest of her guests feel the sweetness of her welcome, and enjoy the evening's pastimes fully. Successful, that's no word for it. The truth can only be guessed, except by those who were present and saw the faces of both guest and hostess. Not a little were the pleasures of the evening attributed to Mr. W. C. Allen, whose every movement was occupied to see that some picked for pleasure and enjoyment. The dressing rooms off the hall were overcrowded to their utmost, where lovers of card playing manipulated the pushboards and laughter and potter harmonized.

At the proper hour seats were placed opposite those around the hall and the assembly sat down to an elegant lunch of cake and cream. Each guest was presented with a bouquet pinned to a napkin. There seemed to be a thousand and one different varieties of cake, and it would have been difficult not to have found your favorite in the elegant array. The cream was made into layers of pineapple ice, chocolate and vanilla. It was a rich lunch richly enjoyed. The W. R. C. had charge of the lunch, under the direction of Mrs. E. B. Roe. They simply did themselves proud. After lunch the games and pleasures of the evening were again taken up. The "Money Musk" being first on the list, several of the older guests formed themselves into a set and danced.

It was laughable, and thoroughly enjoyed. Those who have more flesh than they care about, during summer time, especially, were just about "tuckered" when they got the night.

The company adjourned at a seasonable hour, feeling that they had spent an evening as the guest of Miss Penniman, such as they will never forget.

The following is a list of the guests: Mrs. and Miss L. E. Bennett, Miss A. Stroh, Mrs. J. L. Cook, Dr. J. N. Cook, Mrs. M. J. Cook, Mrs. W. C. Cook, Mrs. W. H. Cook, Mrs. C. S. Cook, Mrs. N. W. Cook, Mrs. H. H. Cook, Mrs. E. J. Cook, Mrs. R. T. Cook, Mrs. W. H. Cook, Mrs. M. J. Cook, Mrs. A. B. Cook, Mrs. A. C. Cook, Mrs. E. W. Cook, Mrs. C. L. Cook, Mrs. B. F. Cook, Mrs. H. R. Cook, Mrs. J. S. Cook, Mrs. L. M. Cook, Mrs. E. D. Cook, Mrs. S. K. Cook, Mrs. R. L. Cook, Mrs. D. M. Cook, Mrs. W. O. Cook, Mrs. A. G. Cook, Mrs. F. D. Cook, Mrs. T. H. Cook, Mrs. C. B. Cook, Mrs. P. M. Cook, Mrs. M. C. Cook, Mrs. A. S. Cook, Mrs. W. L. Cook, Mrs. E. R. Cook, Mrs. C. F. Cook, Mrs. B. G. Cook, Mrs. H. J. Cook, Mrs. J. K. Cook, Mrs. L. N. Cook, Mrs. E. O. Cook, Mrs. S. P. Cook, Mrs. R. Q. Cook, Mrs. D. R. Cook, Mrs. W. S. Cook, Mrs. A. T. Cook, Mrs. F. U. Cook, Mrs. T. V. Cook, Mrs. C. W. Cook, Mrs. P. X. Cook, Mrs. M. Y. Cook, Mrs. A. Z. Cook, Mrs. W. A. Cook, Mrs. E. B. Cook, Mrs. C. C. 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PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH MICHIGAN.

Dressmakers' bills will be worn unusually large and full this season.

Cremation is fast becoming one of the burning questions of the day.

The Spaniards have proved that even though they can't fight they are able to torture.

Colonel Jolley is a candidate for governor of Kansas. He ought to be a happy man.

It is about time for the special correspondents in Cuba to bring off another battle or hang a few spies.

Soon we may be telephoning under the sea, and then who knows but we will hear what the wild waves are saying.

The fact that American iron bedssteads are being shipped to Jerusalem ought to make our iron manufacturers rest easy.

Nothing was lacking to the homecoming of the Marlboroughs save the presence of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

A Nebraska man has sued a telegraph company for \$2,000 because a message was delayed so long it made him miss his mother-in-law's funeral. Think of that.

It is never too late to learn. Mrs. Lydia Blackburn, aged 36, attends school every day in Chicago. A year ago she could not read or write. Today she can do both very nicely.

A Montreal florist is getting a great advertisement. He has sold Queen Victoria for \$1,900 for flowers sent to a state funeral. The queen has offered to settle for \$900, but the florist still says \$1,900 or fight.

Lucinda Tucker of Kansas, who invented the song, "Good-bye, Old Party, Good-bye," which inspired the populists and retired Senator Ingalls, has resigned her husband from drunkenness with a cowhide.

Chicago messenger boys are to be mounted on wheels. As it is a very difficult task to remain on the wheel without making it go, at least a little, it is safe to say a noticeable gain in time will result.

A Chicago madman created much excitement at the opera last week in that city. The madman probably came upon him when he found that he had paid \$3.50 to look at a pair of puff sleeves and listen to discourses on subjects of such vital interest as the most scientific way of treating a cold in the head or the merits and demerits of detached collar and cuffs for shirt waists.

Judge Wright of Champaign has summoned before him all persons who have expressed contempt of the recent action of the grand jury in indicting the state university trustees—which is practically a call for a mass meeting of the entire population of the state, lunatics, dumb persons and members of the grand jury alone excepted.

The common council of Omaha passed the curfew ordinance. The people opposed it and the mayor of course vetoed it. Then, just for spite, the council passed it over the veto, which act has enraged nine-tenths the people. They say the curfew shall not ring; and that's exactly what the boys and girls say, who are now trying to get an ordinance passed compelling aldermen to be home by 9 p. m.

A strange phenomenon has been noticed in various parts of Nebraska. Water stands higher in wells and is found in larger volume in streams than for several years at this season. There has been very little rain in Nebraska during the last fall and winter, yet streams which were dry last years are filling with water from some unknown source and wells show more water than usual. The weather bureau has begun an investigation and the railroads are assisting.

A German investigator has announced that the total length of telegraph lines in the world is 1,962,700 miles, of which America has 545,600 miles; Europe, 380,700; Asia, 67,400; Africa, 21,800; and Australia, 47,500 miles. The United States has a greater length than any other country, 403,900 miles, and Russia comes next, although European Russia has only 51,000 miles. The other countries follow in this order: Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, British India, Mexico, the United Kingdom, Canada, Italy, Turkey, the Argentine Republic, Spain and Chili. In point of proportion, however, Belgium leads with 493 miles of wire for every 1,000 square miles of territory; Germany, comes next with 250 miles; Holland is only slightly behind Germany, and the United Kingdom has 280 miles of telegraph for every 1,000 miles of country.

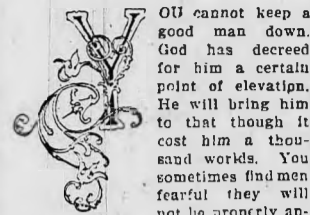
An Ohio hanging had to be postponed until the legislature had adjourned on account of the eagerness of the legislators to attend the killing. Here is an example of legislative refinement that will even knock the spots off the best efforts of a Chicago council.

The rigor of the law in the case of the Meadowcroft, the convicted Chicago bankers, is said to have struck terror into the hearts of the bankers. The laxity of the law had long ago done the same thing with the blood-pump of depositors.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"NEXT TO THE THRONE" LAST SUNDAYS SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "They Drew and Lifted Up Joseph Out of the Pit and Sold Him to the Ishmaelites"—Genesis xlv, 28.



YOU cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him down, and you cannot write him up. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph. How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trading along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph was there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to a high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century. How in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the weight of the corn sacks. How the sin against his brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness—the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere. and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who effect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has demeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church, and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty, or course we have no admiration for the sign of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail-train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks; a man Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in a hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then he steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we has abhorrence. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils; and there are many men now attempting to have things—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all these good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Eudoxia, the empress, threatened Christosom with death he made the reply: "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that, compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix; Felix covered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. In find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and suc-

cessful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate Prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chains, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens and the Raphael and the Michael Angelos?" When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters and say 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of Divine grace if you want to know what religion is.

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevating. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse has had some of our public men here all that rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of man—the is of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanders. Persecution is elevating. Helen Stark, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice today; we have lived together many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be glad to live, be glad. I will not say 'Good night' to you for we shall soon be in the Kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department and I find that these great denunciations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maligned than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hoisted and analyzed and called by every conceivable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution, the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over! It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of the world was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The state sometimes said to the church: "Come take my hand and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the state said to the church, "I will crush you." What was the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the Gospel chariot. The sanfold of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will hiss out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen; but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fire sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah! my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down, it would never come to resurrection; but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false key found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows. Francis I., king of France, stood conferring with his officers how he would take his army into Italy, when Ameril, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room and said: "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back" and it was found that Francis I. and not Ameril, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse—money that he had raised for orphan asylums, and the highwayman put his hand on the gold and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Teach that if you dare—that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The huffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my hearer. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar the door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan. So the events are linked together. You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One chain of unlinked events reaches from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, and thus up to the Kingdom of Heaven. There is a relation between the smallest part that has in the summer and the exchange on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue-jay that this spring will build its nest in the tree behind the house to some of the flocks of birds which when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whirl and dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that bloom in the garden this spring were sown by the snow-flakes. The furthest star on one side of the universe could not look toward the furthest star on the other side of the universe and say: "You are no relation to me" for from the bright orb the voice of light would ring across the heavens responding: "Yes, yes, we are sisters." Nothing in God's universe exists at loose ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our losses may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeat and our victory are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you trifling, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, and turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble. The most triumphant achievement does not lift him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes out through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!

The fear of being hurt doesn't count with God. The Christian must expect to be hurt. His master was hurt, and every true disciple has been hurt, from his time to the present. We need never hope to wear the cross, if we are unwilling to bear the cross.—Rev. John Evans.

The sin we spar will not spare us.

A MOTHER'S SEARCH.

IN HER HUSBAND'S CLOTHES, SHE SOUGHT HER BOY.

Slept in Williamsport City Hall, Where She Registered as "Thomas McCarthy, Sailor Age 46"—Sought Long for a Runaway Lad, But She Found Him.



An Ohio newspaper of recent date told an interesting story, in the making of which Williamsport was a factor, as an entry on the docket in the police office will show, says Williamsport Grit. It will probably surprise Night Captain Worrall and his force of patrolmen to learn that one night in December last they entered a woman lodger who wore the habiliments of a man, slept on the floor in the tramps' bunk room and gave her name as a man—a sailor, by the way, just on a little voyage inland for the benefit of his health. As the story proceeds the woman was of middle stature, spotted with an Irish brogue and was not averse to wearing a sandy moustache on her feminine lip when it became necessary to make her disguise more complete than did just the dress of a man. However, because of the multiplicity of lodgers who wander nightly into the city hall the officers cannot recall this particular individual who called on the evening of Dec. 12, registering as follows: "Thomas McCarthy, aged 46, sailor, Philadelphia."

According to the narrative printed in the Ohio newspaper, referred to above, this "Thomas McCarthy" was not Thomas McCarthy at all, but Mrs. Philip Whalen, whose mission it was to find her son, who had left home because of his stepfather's ill treatment and for whom the mother worried until she could no longer restrain herself and she then started out to find her boy. The story declares that the poor woman's life had been made miserable by her worthless husband, who wanted to live without working, expecting his wife and stepson to later earn 100 years to earn the household. To induce the young man to do this, Whalen became abusive and drove the her from home. Before marrying Whalen his wife was a Mrs. McCarthy, and it was a happy life she and her first husband led. Their only boy had been christened Thomas, after his father, and he was the joy of the household. When McCarthy died he left her his wife by saying that she yet had the lad to help her. Two years after, toward Mrs. McCarthy married Philip Whalen at Cleveland. As stated, matters in the new household were far from pleasant, and in the latter part of November last young Tom ran away to escape the wrath of his stepfather and to seek his fortune in the wide, wide world. Two weeks later Tom wrote from Pittsburg, saying that he was working his way eastward. Before leaving Cleveland he had been employed in a rolling mill, and his mother calculated that he would naturally drift into cities and towns where there is a demand for labor in operation. Yearning for her boy, made Mrs. Whalen sick at heart. She thought none of the lad than she did of her husband, and that it was that he had failed to find her boy. She was certain of this, and she was an expert in the art of dress, which, backed by the child's determination to find Mrs. Whalen quickly laid her plans for execution. Donning a suit of her husband's clothes, she made her way into a rolling-mill "men" then, without telling her husband she had left, she set out on her quest for her son. Mrs. Whalen went off on her search for Thomas. Naturally enough, when it came to choosing a name for her new self, she decided upon the designation which was then the name of her boy, and had been that of his father before him—Thomas McCarthy.

For more than two months Mrs. Whalen, with her false voice, and her hair cut short, wandered about central and southeastern Pennsylvania in search of her boy. She was "afraid" of nothing and knew how to steal a ride on a freight train just as well as the "mountain" of ten years' experience. But the best part of the story is that she succeeded in doing just what she started out to do—she found her son Tommy. She found him three weeks ago in Bethlehem, where he was employed as a helper in a livery stable. But the reunited pair did not go back to Cleveland and Whalen. They are now located in a town in northeast Ohio, and Mrs. Whalen declares that she will get a divorce from her husband, then she and Tommy can live together in peace. She still has the suit of clothes that accompanied her on her trip through Pennsylvania for her boy.

California's Flag Anniversary. The fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the first flag in California will be celebrated at Monterey on July 7. Thomas Brodlee, who raised the flag on that occasion, is still living in Monterey, and will repeat the performance at the coming anniversary.

\$1,000 IN PRIZES.

TO BE DISTRIBUTED ABSOLUTELY FREE. Use the letters contained in the text: "MONON SEEDS GROW" and form as many words as you can, using letters either backward or forward, but don't use any letter in same word more times than it appears in "MONON SEEDS GROW." For example the words: see, on, none, weeds, etc. The person forming the greatest number of words, will receive One Hundred Dollars in cash. For the next largest list we will give \$75 in cash for the next largest list or \$50 in cash for the next ten largest lists we will give \$10 in gold. If you are good at word making you can secure a valuable prize, as the Monon Seed Co. intend giving many hundred special prizes to persons sending them lists containing over twenty-five words. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same postpaid with six two-cent stamps for a large combination package of Monon Seeds That Grow, which includes the latest and most popular flowers of endless varieties also particulars and rules of distribution of prizes. This word contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted, and is solely for the purpose of further introducing our seeds in new localities. You will receive the biggest value in flower seeds ever offered, and besides if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will stand an equal opportunity to secure a valuable prize. We intend spending a large amount of money in the distribution of prizes in this contest. We assure you that your trial order with us will be most gratifying. Write your name plainly and send list as early as possible. Address: MONON SEED CO., Mohon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is to receive a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded by the proprietor, an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is perfectly safe and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will not only cure you, but give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest. "Baco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first puff of smoke.

Cured By Baco-Curo and Gained Liberty Bonds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented: Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 25, 1915. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse, Wis., Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Curo" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a volume of paper upon my changed feelings and condition. Yours respectfully, P. H. Maynor.

Put your shoulder to the wheel. It is unnecessary when your wagon is greased with WADHAM'S AXLE GREASE.

It makes the heaviest wagon run light, and relieves the horse of all useless work. It's the slickest grease you ever saw. Sold by all dealers.



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GRINDING

—AT— J. C. LEWIS New Steam Feed Mill A. LYLE, AUCTIONEER, PIKES PEAK, MICH.



IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

Heroism of a Surgeon—Wouldn't Call Him Bob—Swallowed a Yard of Stove-pipe—Didn't Want a Freak—Romance of a Valentine.

YOU may sing, if you will, Of the meadow and hill, Of the forest and silvery stream; You may sing of birds And the picture escue herds, Of the fields where you loiter and dream;

But the muse that I court Has abandoned that sport, And the city must serve as her theme.

In the rush and the roar There's a life that is more Than is told in the best of your rhymes; There is hope and despair, There is that which is fair, And there's passion, forerunner of crimes; There is peace and good will, There are deeds that are ill, For the city's the verse of the times.

As I hark to the din, To the echo of sin, To the rumble and ring of the street, There is something that cheers, For there's laughter with tears, And the bitter gives way to the sweet; There is beauty and truth, There is romance and youth, And with love and devotion hearts beat.

There is greed, it is true, But self-sacrifice, too, And the faith that's a gift from above; There's the ring of real life Through the hurry and strife; There is trace of both eagle and dove; So the song that I sing From the city shall spring, And its charity, courage and love.

Heroism of a Surgeon. Bellevue Hospital has on its staff of physicians one man, at least, whose heroism has been demonstrated, and his corpse-like pallor and faltering gait, although he is in his prime, bear daily witness to this fact.

"It happened ten years ago," said one of the hospital clerks, in telling the story. "Just after the doctor became a visiting surgeon here. A woman was brought from a tenement-house suffering from a cancerous growth that must in the end prove fatal. The house surgeon in charge, a young man, advised an immediate operation, and he and his assistants were in the midst of it when the visiting surgeon arrived. A student was handling the knife, and had laid bare the life-destroying cause.

"Careful! Careful!" exclaimed the visiting surgeon, as the student carelessly cut flesh. "If you cut that artery she may die under the knife." "The warning came too late; the knife had slit the artery and the blood leaped into the wound. The visiting surgeon had a small cut on his forehead. To seize the artery so as to stop the flow of blood would necessarily bring the cut in contact with the bacilli of cancer—a moment's delay on the other hand meant, perhaps, the woman's death.

"Without a moment's hesitation his trained fingers had gripped the artery, which he held firmly until it could be ligatured. "It prolonged the woman's life a few months," continued the narrator, "but the poison got into the doctor's system and he lay at the point of death for months. He has partially recovered, but he has been dying by inches for years, and in the end it will kill him."—New York World.

Swallowed a Yard of Stove-pipe. A series of bravado bets which have been so frequent in Paris for some months past reached a climax when a shop assistant, named Alexander, laid a wager of \$100 that he would swallow a yard of galvanized iron stove-piping. The bet was accepted, and witnesses and referee appointed. Alexander and one of the witnesses went to buy the piping, which was about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and five inches in diameter. Alexander took it to a whitesmith, and requested him to file it down into a powder in the presence of the witness, who subsequently carried it to a cafe in the Rue de la Chapelle, where the operation of swallowing the filings was carried out. Quite 100 persons attended as spectators. Alexander divided the filings into five portions, placed them in five glasses of beer, and tossed them off at intervals of ten minutes. He played cards during the process of drinking, and when the last glass of beer and its metallic addition had been consumed, the bet was declared won, and the \$100 handed over to him. He stated afterwards that he felt no inconvenience whatever from the feat.

Whoever It Happens to Be. "Father," said the little boy, looking up from his picture book, "if I ask you a question, will you answer it?" "Certainly," was the affable reply. "And not get angry?" "Of course not." "Nor say it's time I was in bed?" "I won't do any of those things." "Well, what I want to know is where does a snake begin to wag his tail?"

Wouldn't Call Him Bob. An ex-congressman, who now practices law here, when asked the other day why he abandoned politics gave a very peculiar and interesting reason. He said: "I quit politics because I found that I was not cut out for that profession. My name is Robert, but I never yet heard myself referred to as 'Bob.' It was always 'Judge' or 'Mr.' No man ever achieves a real success in politics who has not that peculiar touch with the people that prompts them to refer

to him by a nickname or in some familiar way. Webster was always 'Black Dan,' Logan, 'Black Jack,' Jackson was 'Old Hickory,' and 'Andy,' Lincoln was 'Abe,' or 'Uncle Abe.' It is not a question of dignity. There is no more dignified man than ex-President Harrison, and yet no one speaks of him by his title. He is always referred to as 'Ben.' I went through my district after serving one term in congress, and I could find no evidence that anyone ever dubbed me 'Bob.' Could I have been called 'Dob,' I might have been governor of my state, but we never had a governor without a nickname, and I know I could not hope to break the record."—Washington Star.

Didn't Want a Freak. It was in the toy department of a big Twenty-third street shop and the salesgirl had brought forth a great array of dolls of all sorts and kinds and among them the very latest in dolldom, the doll with three adjustable heads. The little girl behind them all with growing interest, said the New York Herald. "Inimitable, did you say?" asked the little girl's mother. "Yes, mother," said the salesgirl; "and when one head gets looking old and battered you can take it off and put on one of the other two. They last just three times as long as a regular doll."

"Are you satisfied with this?" asked the little girl's mother, bending over her. "It is much prettier, I think, than any of the others." The little girl shook her head decidedly and screwed her little face into a bowknot of fearful suggestion. "What's the matter?" asked her mother in astonishment. "It's a freak!" said the little girl, tearfully. "How would you like it if I'd been a freak with three heads and you didn't know which was me and which was the other one. I don't want a freak!" And she finally triumphed in a single-handed French doll with eyes that could open and shut and squeak like a live, normal baby.

Romance of a Valentine. Last Tuesday was the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of ex-Adjutant General and Mrs. E. B. Finley, of Bucyrus, Ohio, and among the presents of the day was a worn and brown looking sheet of paper which tells a pretty romance of earlier days in Ohio. The scrap of paper was an old-time valentine, and was as follows: "Dublin, Ohio, Feb. 14, 1855. "I am as fair as a rose and grand as a queen, Pretty and loving, and just sixteen. Your noble mind I so greatly admire, That my little combustible heart took fire. I am a witch of a girl, the beaux all say, And they come to me courting night and day, But my heart, if I have any, surely is thine. And I have drawn your name for my valentine." This dainty missive was written forty-one years ago by Miss Emily Charlotte Coddling while a girl of sixteen attending school at Akron. When she had completed she said she didn't know to whom to send it, but one of her friends said, "Why not send it to Ebenezer Finley, a rising young man over at Doylestown?" The young lady didn't know him, but her friend finally persuaded her to send it to young Finley, and she did. Within a few weeks the two met for the first time, but Finley didn't know it was Miss Coddling who had sent him the valentine. A year later the two were married.

Just previous to the tenth anniversary of their marriage Mrs. Finley found the old valentine among her husband's papers and on the wedding anniversary she took it to her husband and told him she had written it. He was much surprised to find the author of the valentine was now his wife. Gen. Finley has preserved the precious little document ever since and to-day again presented it to his wife as an anniversary present.

Wild Animals Are Left-Handed. Superintendent Sol Stephan of the Cincinnati zoo has made all sorts of curious discoveries in the habits and characteristics of animals, the latest of which is that wild creatures are mostly left-handed. Mr. Stephan has been endeavoring to verify this observation on two parrots lately brought from Mexico. He found that in grasping a finger offered as a perch the parrots almost always put the left foot forward. Usually the finger thus offered is of the right hand. But when the left finger is offered to the parrots, they put forward the right foot. There is, however, apparently a small residuum of preference for the left foot. This seems to be due to the fact that men are usually right-handed, and offer the right hand to the parrot.

HE KICKED BESSIE. As if justice had been the sporadic, and not, as was the case, sutler's whisky, and he judged, from the fact that sometimes there was much loose change and again almost nothing, that his master was playing too much at cards. There was nothing to be done. Duffy did not consider that his duties as striker included the moral guidance of his superior. He reflected that it would be a good thing if Caldwell should get married, only then he, Duffy, would very likely lose his place. So he sat up night after night and it grew monotonous. Just at this period there came into Duffy's life a yellow and white dog. Exactly why it should have wandered to the door upon one wet and freezing night when Duffy was in a particularly weary frame of mind, and where it came from, he never knew. It was well after midnight, and Duffy was sprawled in a leather chair of the troop sapper's manufacture, dozing with both ears open, when there came a scratching at the door. Duffy thought it was the lieutenant trying to find the knob. It had never been so bad as that yet, nevertheless the striker went and opened the door, to be rewarded by the sight of an extremely small and miserable dog, with piteous eyes.

Now, Duffy was only a soldier, and a soldier loves nothing on earth or in heaven as he does a cur, so Duffy called the dog in and warmed it and fed it and watched it with satisfaction beaming all over his face. It was spotted and dirty and wounded and woefully thin, but Duffy took it to his heart. He spent three nights before the fire, no longer lonely, contentedly trying to find a name for that dog. At last he

determined to call it "Bessie," after the much-admired daughter of the commanding officer, and with a complete disregard for the entire inappropriateness of the name. After he had settled this to his satisfaction, he tried to discover accomplishments in the creature. "Here, Bessie, old boy. Set up now, set up. Can't you set up? Well, then, give us your paw, here, paw, paw, now. Can't you give us your paw? Well, then, lie down; charge, charge—down, lie down, down. Can't you charge? Well, then, speak, speak, Bessie, speak, speak now. Wow!—speak." But Bessie could only follow him with his bright, curious eyes and come when called. So the solace of many more hours of patient waiting lay in teaching Bessie these and many other tricks, until he was the most accomplished dog in all the garrison and greatly beloved at the barracks. Duffy was a little annoyed about the comment the inappropriate name called forth, but he insisted that it was as good as another, and the incongruity was soon lost in Bessie's popularity.

Caldwell saw the dog only on rare occasions. It stayed in its master's room, and slept on his bed, and waxed fat in retirement. He had spoken to it several times, but otherwise took no notice of its existence, which secretly riled Duffy. But Caldwell was preoccupied, and not quite himself. He came home a good deal the worse for wine one night, and Bessie, being in his way, got a kick that sent him crouching to his master's side. Caldwell might far better have kicked Duffy; however, the striker understood and sympathized with the lieutenant's condition. He himself could never have kicked a dog, even after pay-day, but all men are not alike; so Duffy petted Bessie and shut him up in his own room, and returned to look after the bodily comfort of his master. This—considering the wine—was pardonable; but the next offense could not be condoned. It occurred in broad daylight and Caldwell was sober. He had been having an explanation with the commanding officer, and that gentleman had made reflection upon some of the lieutenant's fast growing habits that had exasperated the already overworked junior almost beyond endurance. He strode into his quarters and found Duffy, who was not expecting him, dividing his attention between Bessie's charms and the buckle of his master's belt. Now, Bessie's disposition inclined him to forgive; he ran to Caldwell, looked up to his face with soft, affectionate eyes, and put his little paws, one yellow and one white, upon his knee. Caldwell did not dare to kick the commandant, but he kicked Bessie—and broke the yellow paw. It was the one always held out to Duffy to greet him. Duffy bandaged the paw, and in time it grew well. But Duffy hated Caldwell with the most dangerous of hatreds—a silent and a waiting one. Caldwell's habits did not improve. His fondness for whisky, whether good or bad, continued. He had good whisky in his room, and Duffy knew it, for he belonged to the old school of strikers who do not look upon cigars or liquor as private property. One day, after Bessie's foot was well, Duffy went to get a drink, because his spirits were low. There was very little whisky in the decanter, barely half a glassful, and an idea suddenly flashed into the striker's mind. Caldwell was officer of the day. He never started to make the rounds without taking enough liquor to keep him warm, and Duffy knew it and saw his revenge laid bare. The striker took Bessie for a walk over to the hospital, to show the steward the mended paw. "Say!" said Duffy, "I've got the toothache. I didn't sleep none last night. Hev ye got some—what's that ye give me once? Laudanum, was it? Kin ye let me hev a bit?" "Why, yes, I guess so," the steward answered, and went into the dispensary to get it. "Shall I take all that?" inquired the striker with sweet simplicity. "Lord! no, man. Put some on cotton and stick it in the tooth."

LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG.

UFFY WAS THE property of Caldwell of the Tenth, and was looked upon in the light of an inheritance, having come down to him from Wentworth—of the same name—when the latter had been ordered away.

Caldwell went into Wentworth's quarters at once, and found Duffy rubbing up a pair of his ex-master's discarded boots, with a view of using them himself. He liked the man's looks and he liked the condition of the vacated quarters, with their slate-gray painted woodwork, so he took the quarters and agreed to take Duffy at a striker's usual rate of remuneration. Duffy entered promptly upon his duties, and was entirely satisfactory. He had no incumbences in the way of family or sweethearts, and he was faithful to a degree that was occasionally exasperating. For six months he served Caldwell in singleness of purpose having in that time been incapacitated only six days; that is, for forty-eight hours after each of the paymaster's visits; and Caldwell, knowing the ways of strikers, made no objection. Duffy slept uproariously in his room, and Caldwell made his own fires and brushed his own clothes and went with unblacked boots. In the interim, no hour was too early or rising, none too late to sit up and keep legs on the andirons that the rooms might be warm and cheerful for the "lieutenant," no duty too arduous, provided it served Caldwell's ends.

Blackstone, seeing the excellence of Duffy, departed from the strict code of honesty in the matter of servants which governs the army, and made overtures to the model striker. Blackstone had no business to do it, and Duffy knew it, and a fine inscrutable grin came upon his Hibernian mouth. Blackstone had said, with an assumption of offhandedness: "Duffy, what do you get?" Having due regard for his employer's credit in the world, he answered calmly: "Twenty dollars, sor."

"Get out!" said Blackstone. "Yes, sor," replied Duffy. "I want to know the truth, not lies like that." "Ye'd best ask the lieutenant, sor. I disremember." "He works ye feuced hard." "Dovs he, then?" "My man is no good. Suppose you come to me. You won't have to sit up all hours for me."

Duffy only smiled, but the smile was not pleasing. "What do you think of it, Duffy?" "I never think, sor. The lieutenant says I'm to do as I'm told and not think."

Upon this Blackstone went away, and Duffy saluted him respectfully. In justice to the officer's common sense, it must be said that it was only partial intoxication which could have led him to place himself in such a position toward a soldier. Duffy did not repeat the conversation to Caldwell, because he knew it would make trouble between the two men, and Caldwell—whose disposition was not of the mildest—had several quarrels on his hands as it was. The lieutenant fell into the habit of keeping the striker up very late, night after night, so Duffy inspected his pockets several times in succession while Caldwell was sleeping as soundly



as if justice had been the sporadic, and not, as was the case, sutler's whisky, and he judged, from the fact that sometimes there was much loose change and again almost nothing, that his master was playing too much at cards. There was nothing to be done. Duffy did not consider that his duties as striker included the moral guidance of his superior. He reflected that it would be a good thing if Caldwell should get married, only then he, Duffy, would very likely lose his place. So he sat up night after night and it grew monotonous. Just at this period there came into Duffy's life a yellow and white dog. Exactly why it should have wandered to the door upon one wet and freezing night when Duffy was in a particularly weary frame of mind, and where it came from, he never knew. It was well after midnight, and Duffy was sprawled in a leather chair of the troop sapper's manufacture, dozing with both ears open, when there came a scratching at the door. Duffy thought it was the lieutenant trying to find the knob. It had never been so bad as that yet, nevertheless the striker went and opened the door, to be rewarded by the sight of an extremely small and miserable dog, with piteous eyes.

Now, Duffy was only a soldier, and a soldier loves nothing on earth or in heaven as he does a cur, so Duffy called the dog in and warmed it and fed it and watched it with satisfaction beaming all over his face. It was spotted and dirty and wounded and woefully thin, but Duffy took it to his heart. He spent three nights before the fire, no longer lonely, contentedly trying to find a name for that dog. At last he

determined to call it "Bessie," after the much-admired daughter of the commanding officer, and with a complete disregard for the entire inappropriateness of the name. After he had settled this to his satisfaction, he tried to discover accomplishments in the creature. "Here, Bessie, old boy. Set up now, set up. Can't you set up? Well, then, give us your paw, here, paw, paw, now. Can't you give us your paw? Well, then, lie down; charge, charge—down, lie down, down. Can't you charge? Well, then, speak, speak, Bessie, speak, speak now. Wow!—speak." But Bessie could only follow him with his bright, curious eyes and come when called. So the solace of many more hours of patient waiting lay in teaching Bessie these and many other tricks, until he was the most accomplished dog in all the garrison and greatly beloved at the barracks. Duffy was a little annoyed about the comment the inappropriate name called forth, but he insisted that it was as good as another, and the incongruity was soon lost in Bessie's popularity.

Caldwell saw the dog only on rare occasions. It stayed in its master's room, and slept on his bed, and waxed fat in retirement. He had spoken to it several times, but otherwise took no notice of its existence, which secretly riled Duffy. But Caldwell was preoccupied, and not quite himself. He came home a good deal the worse for wine one night, and Bessie, being in his way, got a kick that sent him crouching to his master's side. Caldwell might far better have kicked Duffy; however, the striker understood and sympathized with the lieutenant's condition. He himself could never have kicked a dog, even after pay-day, but all men are not alike; so Duffy petted Bessie and shut him up in his own room, and returned to look after the bodily comfort of his master. This—considering the wine—was pardonable; but the next offense could not be condoned. It occurred in broad daylight and Caldwell was sober. He had been having an explanation with the commanding officer, and that gentleman had made reflection upon some of the lieutenant's fast growing habits that had exasperated the already overworked junior almost beyond endurance. He strode into his quarters and found Duffy, who was not expecting him, dividing his attention between Bessie's charms and the buckle of his master's belt. Now, Bessie's disposition inclined him to forgive; he ran to Caldwell, looked up to his face with soft, affectionate eyes, and put his little paws, one yellow and one white, upon his knee. Caldwell did not dare to kick the commandant, but he kicked Bessie—and broke the yellow paw. It was the one always held out to Duffy to greet him. Duffy bandaged the paw, and in time it grew well. But Duffy hated Caldwell with the most dangerous of hatreds—a silent and a waiting one. Caldwell's habits did not improve. His fondness for whisky, whether good or bad, continued. He had good whisky in his room, and Duffy knew it, for he belonged to the old school of strikers who do not look upon cigars or liquor as private property.

One day, after Bessie's foot was well, Duffy went to get a drink, because his spirits were low. There was very little whisky in the decanter, barely half a glassful, and an idea suddenly flashed into the striker's mind. Caldwell was officer of the day. He never started to make the rounds without taking enough liquor to keep him warm, and Duffy knew it and saw his revenge laid bare. The striker took Bessie for a walk over to the hospital, to show the steward the mended paw. "Say!" said Duffy, "I've got the toothache. I didn't sleep none last night. Hev ye got some—what's that ye give me once? Laudanum, was it? Kin ye let me hev a bit?" "Why, yes, I guess so," the steward answered, and went into the dispensary to get it. "Shall I take all that?" inquired the striker with sweet simplicity. "Lord! no, man. Put some on cotton and stick it in the tooth."

"Oh! And what wud it do to me if I wuz to swallow it? Wud it kill me?" "No, there ain't enough for that. It wud put you pretty fast asleep, though."

"Oh!" said Duffy again. Then Bessie went through his tricks for the steward, and trotted back home at his master's heels. That night Caldwell finished the whisky in the decanter, and grumbled that the sutler was selling him vile-tasting stuff, then started off a little while afterward to make his rounds. The next day he was under arrest—for drunkenness on duty.

And Duffy, who had, with well-played reluctance, given some of the most damaging testimony in regard to Caldwell's habits at the court martial, which dismissed the latter, said good-bye to the disgraced man with a sparkle—which was not of tears—in his eyes; and he told Bessie to give the "lieutenant the right paw." Which was the yellow one?—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why Moses Prohibited Pork. An institute worker says: With regard to the prohibition against the use of pork by Moses, there are differences of opinion. One writer supposes the law prohibited swine because of their filthiness and observes that it is well known with what care and precision the law forbids all filthiness and dirt, even in the fields and camp, as well as in the cities. Another states that the Jews abstained from it in consequence of a leprosy, from which they had severely suffered, and to which the hog, in those climates, is very subject; that throughout Palestine leprosy is an epidemic disease, and, the Israelites being overrun with it, the period of their quitting Egypt, Moses found it necessary to enact a variety of laws respecting it, and prohibiting the use of swine as an article of food was one of these.

Use Vigorous Plants.—A weak plant in a garden is expensive, even if it cost nothing. Farmer Smith sent away for some of the best settings for his small fruit patch. Said a kindly neighbor: "Why don't you get something cheaper?" Smith replied: "I can't afford it—I'm too poor." He voiced a most important truth.

Owen Wister did not begin his life as a writer of sketches. When a student in Harvard he was musically inclined and made a good deal of progress in the art, even going to Europe to pursue his studies.

In an Iowa convention, Mr. Cowrie spoke as follows on shepherd dogs: "It would be utterly impossible to raise sheep in Scotland without dogs. One dog there is worth fifty men in taking care of sheep. It would be absolutely impossible to take sheep away up into the mountains and tramp them for twenty miles as they do without two or three dogs. A shepherd there will take care of a thousand to three thousand sheep. He will go at the head a whole day, walking along and he will have a dog behind him and perhaps one at each side and they will keep their places and when the sheep come home at night they are yarded down at the foot of the mountain or in some valley. As they go into the yard the shepherd counts them and it is surprising how fast a man when he has had experience will go that."

He will count those sheep going into the gateway and count them ten, twenty, forty, sixty. Many a time there will be two or three sheep missing, and the dog is told to go and get those sheep and he has to go. It may be sunrise next morning, but he doesn't come back until he brings the sheep with him. But it is entirely different here. The sheep are kept in fields and there is probably not the necessity for dogs that there is there. There it would be an impossibility without dogs. No man can go over those mountains and into those recesses as a dog will do and search for them as he will do; and where there are, as in Scotland, mountains where different shepherds have their flocks of sheep, they sometimes meet and get mixed and the flocks will get together, and no man can separate them. The dogs invariably do that. I have seen at a fair held at the town where I was born where there were over twenty thousand sheep for sale, all kept in small pens, probably one or two or five hundred, where they were to be sold. A storm came up and blew down the fence, or the gates as they were called. They were made like the gates dove-tailed together as you see fences along the railroad, and removed after the fair. A heavy storm blew down all those fences and the sheep became mixed. Those shepherds would have been utterly powerless to separate the sheep without the dogs. Each shepherd—and there were probably fifty or a hundred of them, that had come from all parts of the mountains with their sheep to be sold at the fair—each one took his place and called his dogs, and the dogs went into the great flock, picking out the sheep in bunches of ten, twenty, and thirty, and brought them out, and the moment they came out they were told to go back and bring out more sheep, and those dogs worked there for hours on a cold November day, with their tongues rolling out as if it were in July, to get those sheep, and there was never a shepherd among them. Over there if you talk to a shepherd and tell him that he could get along without a dog he would think you didn't know anything about the sheep business.

Symptoms of Hog Cholera. Symptoms vary much according to the severity of attack, says an Indiana Experiment Station bulletin. Often the hog will be found dead before it is known to be ailing, while in chronic cases it may be sick for two or three weeks. The condition of the eyes give early indications of disease, the mucous membranes become reddened, the lids lumpy and glue together. The pigs appear chilly, and lie in the hot sun when they would ordinarily remain in the shade. They will hunt for litter or bedding under which they can secrete themselves. The appetite is lost and a diarrhoea is developed. In the earliest stage, constipation may be present, but diarrhoea nearly always ensues before the attack is over. The attack may be or may not be attended with a cough which may be frequent or only when the animal gets up from its bed. In breathing, the ribs seem to remain quiet, and a quick jerk is seen in the flank at each expiration. Lameness in one or more limbs, stiffness of the back, thickening and cracking of the ears, scabs on the skin, purpleness of the belly or patches on the body are all attendant. A common expression from the farmer is that "No two die alike." In swine plague the respiratory symptoms are early developed and more characteristic than in hog cholera. On post mortem, the intestines and lungs are found to be the points of attack.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WALKING, HINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials in every case. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

The horse business has been brought down to practical business principles, which is one of the best indications of its future prosperity. "I was troubled with quinsy for five years. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me. My wife and child had diphtheria. Thomas' Electric Oil cured them. I would not be without it in the house for any consideration." Rev. E. F. Craig, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Hiccough Biles, and say nothing about it through a sense of delicacy. All such will find instant relief in the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails. After all, the color of a horse matters but little. The old saying is always a true one, "A good horse is always a good color." Consumption in its advanced stages is beyond the power of man to cure. It can be prevented, though, by the timely use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds. The man who is sometimes too busy to hear the whistle blow is seldom out of work.

"I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when familiar with its revitalizing properties. Possession is an evidence of a sour stomach or of indigestion. Parker's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds. Mrs. C. Holt, 220 E. 12th St., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95. All things come to the way of him who does not give up the struggle. The king can do no wrong without everybody knowing it. Liberty is the sister of justice.

Bank President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength. "I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of Neuralgia In one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists \$1. Prepared only by F. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents. WANTED---SALESMAN. \$1,200 Salary and Expenses to a good man to introduce our wares direct from vineyards, opportunity for advance commission if preferred. No experience necessary with our complete instructions, include two stamps. CAYMAN VINEYARD, California 123 to 127 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal.

ORILMERS SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Drugists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

WALL PAPER FREE. Which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it on. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Thompson's Eye Water. If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water. Write for what you want to this address: THOMPSON'S EYE WATER, 123 to 127 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal.

DENISON JOHN W. HOBBS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 40 yrs since. PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never dries the scalp. Gray Hair to the Youthful Color. Cures itching humors. 50c and All Drugists.

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# PLYMOUTH MAIL.

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Cards of Thanks sets.  
 Resolutions of Condolence sets.  
 Paid notices set a word; in locals sets a word.  
 Reading notice where charges are made sets a line.

Friday, April 17, 1896.

## Republican District Convention.

MONROE, Mich., March 16, 1896.  
 To the Republic of Michigan, in the Second District of Michigan.  
 The District Convention of the Republicans of the Second District of Michigan, held at Monroe, Mich., on the 15th day of March, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House, on the corner of Second and Third streets, and two alternate delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held at St. Louis, Mo., June 16th, 1896, and the delegates of such or other localities as may properly come before the convention.

The committee on delegates to the convention, composed of the following delegates in counties:  
 Zeeland, 21  
 Westland, 21  
 Monroe, 21  
 That part of Wayne County in the Second District.

HARRY A. COVANT, Chairman.  
 JOHN F. LAWRENCE, Secretary.  
 H. D. SUTHER, J. M. COLEMAN, ALBERT STILES, Second Congressional District Committee.

## The Post vs. the Gating Gnu.

BY NEW EDITOR.  
 We have heard much of late how the Gating Gnu has a dread of a post-spring post.  
 We have often wondered how the post follows the Gnu.  
 If his looks show he really does know it.  
 If he does, then his brain, like his brain must be keen.  
 And his mind surely warped by the season.  
 Else why turn us down and act quite so mean.  
 Without giving a more sensible reason.  
 If the post of spring would his virtue discard  
 And write stuff unfit for a paper,  
 'T would be accepted with thanks, though it measured a yard.  
 And be considered a quality extra paper.  
 Just because we present a poem of length,  
 Fraught with gems we have treasured so careful,  
 Don't waste all our ink and special type strength  
 Just condensed to be a little more charitable.  
 For poets, like editors, have feelings you know  
 Even though our minds they may differ,  
 And not too much mud will it be wisdom to throw  
 For our backside is as stiff if not stiffer.  
 So each and every brother Ned and discard your gun  
 And hold up a space for the poet,  
 And more tears will be shed when your life's race is run,  
 And you'll be honored far more and we know it.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

How many of the path-makers in townships are aware of the provision of law that a path-maker may allow 25 per cent of the road work in setting out trees, and that he shall cause at least fifty to be set out in his district? If this wise law was complied with, as it should be, our highways in the rural districts would soon be beautiful shaded thoroughfares.  
 God formed man after his own image, and gave him a helpmeet with a form no less divine than that of man. Fashion steps in and says to woman: "I can improve your God-given form. Buckle up your belts, crowd your bodies into tight corsets, squeeze your vital organs out of place, stand on your toes, bare your shoulders, put on your Grecian bends, bang your hair, wear trains, widen your sleeves, etc., and the poor deflated female forgets the scripture truth: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."—*Ex.*

England's decision to spend \$100,000,000 in building new war-ships this year would be more formidable if the fact were not known that the ships already completed are decidedly short of sailors. A landman transferred at short notice to a modern battleship is about as effective as a Spanish infantryman on a Cuban mule.

A Pittsburg steel company has completed an order for 10,000 tons of steel rails for the Japanese Government, and Alabama pig-iron is going to England in large quantities. These facts indicate that our iron and steel interests are extending their operations abroad, and that their prospects for the revival of the prosperity that they once enjoyed are very good.

A successful business man thus expresses himself regarding business courtesy, and emphasizes a truth which some people forget or ignore to their own injury: "I make it a point to reply to every communication of a business nature addressed to me. It doesn't matter what it is about, provided only that it is couched in civil language. I do this because courtesy requires that I should, but aside from that, I find, also, that it is good policy. Time and again in my life I have been reminded by newly-cured customers that I was remembered through correspondence opened with me years before, and many orders have come through this passing and friendly acquaintance with people. On the other hand, I have known plenty of business men whose disrespectful treatment of correspondents has been bitterly remembered and repaid with compound interest. Silence is the meanest and most contemptuous way of treating anybody who wishes to be heard and to hear, and resentment is sure to be its answer every time."—*Home Life.*

Chas. Woodruff, for 50 years publisher of the Ypsilanti Sentinel, died last Wednesday.  
 Plymouth merchants have agreed to discontinue the giving of prizes and other inducements to customers, believing that the policy is detrimental to business. If they stand by this decision, they will be better satisfied, their customers will be better satisfied, and a good example will have been set.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

Thirteen Plymouth merchants have entered into a combination to defraud the public by refusing to hereafter give away oil paintings, tables, china dishes, chairs, houses and lots and the like with every 25 cent purchase of sugar.—*Northville Record.*

Geo. Springer has sprung a new cigar factory on Plymouth people. The two brands are the "Plymouth Belle" (said to draw like a mustard plaster) and "The Mail," (a gray looker wearing a yellow wrapper with puffed sleeves.)—*Northville Record.*

Business men of Plymouth have unanimously decided to discontinue the use of prize-drawing cards. Guess they've decided that their local paper is the best medium for attracting trade after all.—*Delroy Times.*

## Public Notice!

Annual Meeting of the W. O. T. U.  
 The annual meeting of the W. O. T. U. held yesterday in Sifford hall was greatly enjoyed by all present. The dinner which was served at twelve was assuredly one long to be remembered, being excellent both as regards the quality and quantity of the viands served by the ladies in attendance. The tables were made beautiful with bouquets of flowers and sprays of mistle and the whole betokened the thoughtful care of the committee.  
 At 3 p. m. the meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Esther Vickery, and opened with singing, "Joy to the World;" then followed the devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. Shaw, who read a paper, "The Messiah Promised and the Messiah Present," which was interspersed with scriptural quotations read by the members, and at its close the Rev. Mr. Bramfit offered prayer. Next came one of Mary T. Lathrop's beautiful songs, touchingly rendered by the president. After the reading of the minutes, Rev. J. L. Patterson gave a cunning recitation. Mrs. Adams sang a beautiful solo, the Misses Pellham recited, Mrs. M. A. Patterson read a selection from Mrs. Lathrop's book and Mesdames Vickery and Markham sang the district song, "Coming in Our Might," which was written by Miss N. T. Pellham, at the request of Mrs. Andrus, district president, and will be sung by the delegates of the 1st District at the State Convention of the W. O. T. U. which occurs in June, at Marquette. The recording secretary, in her report, briefly reviewed the work done since the last annual meeting. The treasurer read her yearly report and stated the balance on hand, \$31.35. The superintendent of work, among the Lumbermen, reported that a box of literature had been sent to the Lumbermen at Republic and another to Marquette and that several smaller packages had been sent by mail at various times during the year. The superintendent of press reported her work for the past year and said that she trusted much good had been done through the space given to the W. O. T. U. in the local papers. Next came the election of officers and as both the president and recording secretary stood at the outset that it would be impossible for them to fill their positions another year, this necessitated a change. Both had done their work so well that it was with evident regret that they were permitted to give up their offices. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Mrs. M. A. Patterson, president; Mrs. Carrie Markham, recording secretary; Mrs. C. A. Friesche, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. L. Betts, treasurer.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. W. Schneck, editor of the Cadillac Independent, when his little girl, two years of age, was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for a doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. G. Meier, Druggist.

A fringed edge is always pretty when new, but soon wears out in washing and requires care and trimming to keep it looking well; and as it is not durable it is unsatisfactory as a finish to a piece upon which much time and oversight have been expended. Fringed circles can be made by amateurs if the penciled line be followed on sewing-machine with a close stitch and afterwards buttonholed in silk to harmonize with the predominating color, or in plain white. The threads are then drawn up as ordinary fringing, until they will not pull out any farther, but run into the edge of the circle, when they are cut off to the required length of the fringe. It is easier to do this latter work if two circles have been drawn in the first place, the outer one marking the width of the fringe, and the inner one on this line before beginning to draw the threads. A deep fringe may be knotted with good effect. Circles may also be edged with a rolled hem along the penciled line, and then a nice quality of lace closely overlaid on.—*From "Appropriate Edges for Linen Embroideries," in Democrat's Magazine for April.*

**N. Y. Board of Health on Wine**  
 Dr. James of the New York Board of Health says: "I take great pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer of New Jersey. After a prolonged trial I recommend it as a superior wine for the sick and debilitated."  
 It is kept in casks to a great age before bottling, and though higher in price is far superior and more reliable than any other wines.  
 We offer our line of carpets and wall paper at greatly reduced prices. We have a fine new stock, but must close it out.  
 DOHMSTREICH & CO.

Major C. T. Pieton is manager of the State Hotel at Dennison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Major Pieton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Dr. J. G. Meier, Druggist.

## GRINDING

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**LEWIS**  
 New Steam Feed Mill  
 —FOR—  
**6cts. Per Bag**

CYCLE REPAIRING  
 and Extras for Cycles.

Pneumatic Tires, Inner Tubes, Outside Casings, Valve Stems, Valves, Steel Balls, Nipples, Air Pumps, Spokes, Tire Cement in bulk or liquid, Tire Tape, Rubber Solution to repair Tires and Tubes, Plungers, Caps, Springs, Patching Rubber, Linen Thread, Cork Handles, Wrenches, Lubricant for Chains, and Chains in Stock.  
**W. N. WHERRY,**  
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.

## DETROIT, Lansing & Northern R. R.

| STANDARD TIME.        |            | NOV. 24, 1895. |            |
|-----------------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| GOING EAST            | GOING WEST | GOING EAST     | GOING WEST |
| Live (Grand Ave. de.) | 7:00       | 7:30           | 5:25       |
| Tonia                 | 7:20       | 1:45           | 4:00       |
| Lansing               | 8:54       | 3:16           | 7:26       |
| Saline                | 10:26      | 4:47           | 8:57       |
| PLYMOUTH              | 11:40      | 6:01           | 10:11      |
| Are (Grand Rapids)    | 12:50      | 7:10           | 11:20      |
| Live (Grand Ave. de.) | 7:40       | 1:10           | 6:50       |
| PLYMOUTH              | 8:15       | 1:45           | 6:15       |
| Saline                | 9:47       | 3:17           | 7:47       |
| Lansing               | 10:24      | 3:54           | 8:24       |
| Are (Grand Rapids)    | 11:40      | 5:10           | 9:40       |
| Are (Grand Rapids)    | 12:50      | 6:20           | 10:50      |

Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats 25 cents.  
 Chicago and West Michigan Ry.  
 Trains leave Grand Rapids:  
 For South Haven, at 7:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
 For Manistee, Traverse City, Charlevoix, and Petoskey 7 p. m. 5:30 p. m.  
 For Muskegon 5:30 a. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:45 p. m.  
 ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth.  
 GEO. DE HAVEN, G. P. A. Grand Rapids.

## F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.  
 In effect Nov. 24, 1895.  
 Trains leave Plymouth as follows:  
 STANDARD TIME.

| GOING SOUTH.             |                         | GOING NORTH.            |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Train No. 4, 10:04 a. m. | Train No. 3, 3:33 a. m. | Train No. 6, 2:23 p. m. | Train No. 5, 2:00 p. m. |
| " No. 6, 8:23 a. m.      | " " 4, 9:10 a. m.       | " No. 8, 8:59 a. m.     | " " 7, 6:38 p. m.       |
| " No. 10, 6:38 a. m.     | " " 8, 6:38 a. m.       | " " 10, 6:38 a. m.      | " " 9, 6:38 p. m.       |

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Michigan (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.  
 Sleeping Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.  
 Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sundays.  
 Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit.  
 Union depot for all points South, Canada and East.  
 For further information see Time Card of the company.  
 ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

## Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR PATENTS.  
 TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.  
 For information and free literature write to: MILES & CO., 36 Broadway, New York, N. Y., oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given in our issue of Scientific American.  
 Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligence man should be without it. Weekly, \$3 (90¢ a year); also six months, \$1.50 (75¢ a year). Publishers, 36 Broadway, New York City.

## ATTENTION FARMERS.

INSURE YOUR FARM PROPERTY IN THE PREFERRED FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF HOLLY, MICH., THE BEST FARM MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE STATE.  
 This company insures only the very best class of farm risks, where buildings are well built and taken care of and the moral and physical hazard of the risk is A No. 1.  
 If you have a first-class risk, insure it in a company that insures only first-class risks and not in a company that insures everything, good, bad and in different, and puts them all in together making the good risks pay for the bad ones.  
 All risks inspected when insured and at least once in every six years thereafter. No heavily incumbered property insured. No building insured for more than three-fourths actual cash value.  
 See the agent and get a policy in this company and save your money.  
**Chas. W. Valentine,**  
 Agent, PLYMOUTH.

## 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 John L. Gale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.  
 In a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Detroit, on the 15th day of April, 1896, in the presence of the undersigned Judge of Probate, Edgar A. Durfee, Judge of Probate.  
 In the matter of the estate of S. M. LYNDON, deceased.  
 On reading and filing the petition of Ann Carr praying that a final order of said estate be granted to Charles W. Lynton or some other person.  
 It is ordered, that the second day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.  
 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 A. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.  
 HOMER A. ELINT, Register.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.  
 In the matter of the estate of MARIA S. ELY, deceased.  
 We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court of the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of S. M. Lyndon, in the village of Plymouth, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D. 1896, and on Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1896, being the last day of said term, creditors of said deceased are to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.  
 A. H. DUBBLE, CLERK.  
 Late April 9th, 1896.

## Administrator's Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.  
 COUNTY OF WAYNE.  
 In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM MANNING, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Honorable Judge of Probate of said county, on the 17th day of May, A. D. 1896, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder at the front door of the Post Office, in the City of Plymouth, in the County of Wayne, Michigan, on Saturday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1896, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described real estate, situated in the Village of Plymouth, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, to-wit:

Commencing at the quarter line eight rods south of the quarter line of the north line of section thirty-five (35), in town one south of range eight (8) of said county, Michigan, and running thence west parallel with the north line of said section, twenty (20) rods; thence south parallel with said north line section thirty-five (35), the new east parallel with said north line section, twenty (20) rods; thence north on said quarter line nine (9) rods to the place of beginning. Also commencing at the quarter stake on the north line of section 35, thence west on the line of said section, 18 chains 50 links; thence south parallel with the quarter line of said section, 10 chains 20 links; thence east parallel with the north line of said section, 18 chains 50 links; thence north on said quarter line, 10 chains 20 links to the place of beginning, excepting and reserving therefrom 1 acre, hereinafter described, to-wit: 3 rods, 10 chains and wife to J. H. Noyes and wife to Anna Blount, containing 1 acre, excepting 10 acres, heretofore deeded to J. H. Noyes by said Bethel Noyes and wife, containing 1 acre, more or less.  
 Also the following described parcel: Commencing on the quarter line 8 rods south of the quarter line of the north line of section 35; running thence west parallel with the north line of said section, 20 rods; thence north parallel with said quarter line, 8 rods to the north line of said section; thence west on said quarter line, 34 rods; thence south parallel with said quarter line, 32 rods; thence east parallel with the north line of said section, 54 rods to said quarter line; thence north on said quarter line, 24 rods to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres, more or less.  
 It being intended to convey the same parcels conveyed by Bethel Noyes and wife to Roswell Herrick, listed in the probate office of said county, Michigan, in Liber 141 of Deeds, page 354, also by Jasper H. Noyes and wife to Roswell Herrick, by deed recorded in said Register's Office, in Liber 141 of Deeds, page 351, excepting and reserving therefrom that parcel, heretofore conveyed by said Roswell Herrick and wife to Anna Blount, containing 1 acre more or less, excepting also those two parcels heretofore conveyed by said Roswell Herrick and wife to Samuel Baker, also and together excepting a parcel of 5 acres more or less, as heretofore conveyed by said Roswell Herrick and wife to Horace Knapp, containing 9 acres more or less.  
 Dated May 13th, 1896.  
 JOHN B. TILLOTSON, Administrator.

Foreclosure Sale.  
 Upon the 24th day of March, 1896, Louise Sturm, the sole devisee and legatee of Stephen Sturm, her husband, deceased, made a certain promissory note for seven hundred dollars, to the heirs of Clara Wolff, Sarah Wolff and Emma Wolff, and secured the payment thereof in three years by a mortgage upon land, which mortgage was recorded in the register of deeds' office for the County of Wayne, Michigan, on the 24th day of March, 1896, in Liber 2120 of mortgages, at page 27. That afterwards, to-wit: on the 24th day of November, 1895, the said Louise Sturm, Clara Wolff, and Sarah Wolff, formerly Sarah Wolff, assigned their interest in said mortgage to Emma Wolff, who is already named as an undivided one-fourth part owner of said mortgage, and who has become the sole owner of said mortgage, by virtue of said assignment, which was recorded in the register of deeds' office for the County of Wayne, Michigan, on the 24th day of November, 1895, in Liber 2120 of mortgages, at page 27. That afterwards, to-wit: on the 24th day of July, 1896, Emma Wolff, formerly Emma Wolff, assigned the balance of said mortgage to William B. Markham, who is named as the assignee in the register of deeds' office for the County of Wayne, Michigan, August 28th, 1896, in Liber 2120 of mortgages, at page 27. Default has been made in the payment of said mortgage, and the power of sale contained therein has become operative, and I, the undersigned, as assignee in interest of said mortgage, do hereby give notice that the same will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder on Friday, the 24th day of July, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the day at the front door of the City Hall, in the City of Detroit, Michigan, that being the place of holding Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, in said State of Michigan, to satisfy the amount due upon said mortgage, and interest from this date, legal costs of this foreclosure, and all other fees thereon that may be provided for in said mortgage.  
 The land described in said mortgage is the east half of lot fifty-nine (59) of the Antwerp Subdivision, as called in the register of deeds' office for the County of Wayne, Michigan, and is situated on the north side of Lafayette street between Hastings and Grand streets.  
 Dated April 10, 1896.  
 WILLIAM B. MARKHAM, Assignee of Mortgagees.  
 A. B. MARKHAM, Atty. for Assignee.

## Shirt Waists a Specialty

—AT—  
**Plymouth City Laundry.**

Byron C. Burdick, Prop  
 Next Door to Postoffice.

# New Firm! NEW GOODS AND WE WANT New Patrons

We desire to inform the people of Plymouth and vicinity that we have purchased the Grocery business of Bogert & Co., and will conduct the same at the old stand in the Gayle Block, where we will be pleased to meet old patrons and respectfully solicit a fair share of new patronage. We will supply you

# Groceries and Provisions

Cheaper than any other place in Plymouth or

# CASH ONLY.

We are adding a new and complete line of Fresh Goods, bought for Cash and we will sell for Cash at a big saving to our patrons. Goods delivered and orders taken free of charge.

DON'T FORGET US.

# Lyndon's Cash Grocery

S. M. LYNDON & CO., Props.

# WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER! JUST RECEIVED 5,000 Rolls All New Paper —AT PRICES— As Cheap as the Cheapest.

I have also a lot of REMNANTS which I will Close Out Cheap. Please Call and examine.

# I am receiving daily a large line of Spring Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Hosiery and Underwear.

A. A. TAFFT.

# SPRING Is Here at last, and We are Prepared to fit you out in all the LATEST STYLES —IN— SPRING AND SUMMER SUITINGS. OVER COATINGS and PANTINGS at RIGHT PRICES. W. J. Rosebrugh, 77 SUTTON STREET, PLYMOUTH. McCormick Harvesting Machines.

You've probably seen that sign before. It is "up" in more than ten thousand cities and towns of the United States. It is a sign of Good Machinery. It is the sign of a Company that has been inventing, building, and improving Grain and Grass Cutters for sixty-five years. It is the sign of a Company that has brought this class of Machinery all the way up from original invention to the Highest Degree of Excellence known to-day.  
 The season of 1895 brought to the McCormick the best endorsement any manufacturer ever had. With competition stronger than ever before, and "Scop the McCormick at Any Cost!" as a common watchword, our books show the biggest year business in all our long history. Everything we could manufacture at our immense works—everything in sight at our branch warehouses—was put into the grain and grass fields to supply the almost Universal Demand for QUALITY, MERIT, WORTH. Striving always, believing always, promising always to keep McCormick Machines a long step ahead of any and every so-called rival, until the mad race grows madder still—With gratitude to the hundreds of thousands who have shown their appreciation of our endeavors, we start the New Year with a clean page.

# W. J. & H. E. BRADNER, AGENTS.

Two Doors West of Fair Grounds Entrance.



# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION

What Our Scribe Gathered on the Outside.—Other News Items.

Fred Burch is working in Toledo. The Daisy Co's boilers were inspected Monday.

A. A. Taft was in Detroit on business Wednesday.

Henry Whipple's hotel and part of the contents burned Sunday evening. Covered by insurance.

Mrs. A. F. Wilkinson, of Pontiac, was in town Thursday.

The Baptists and Universalists are considering new edifices.

The thermometer crawled up to 90 one or two days this week.

Rake your yards and burn the rubbish. Also subscribe for the Mail.

Mrs. Frank Macomber and Mrs. P. S. Neal were in town Tuesday.

Chauncey Rauch has been quite ill this week with throat trouble, but is improving.

Miss Cora M. Williams, of Adrian, was the guest of Miss Ruby V. Jones for a few days.

James Murdock left Monday evening for Toledo, Ohio, where he has a position in a barber shop.

Miss Tena Packard was a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Tyler the latter part of the week.

A new plate glass front, about 7 x 14 ft. has been placed in the Plymouth Savings Bank, and it greatly improves the look of the building.

May 1st will be Arbor Day according to the Governor's Proclamation and all the schools throughout the state are requested to observe it in an appropriate manner.

Clarence English, known in Plymouth while engaged in the Mail office, died at his parents' home in South Lyon on Monday night, from that dread disease, consumption.

During the afternoon of the 24th, the firemen will give a parade and exhibition drill. The University Glee Club will give an entertainment in the evening. Admission 25 and 35 cents.

Messrs. Bradford, Ed. McClumpha, Notson Pooler and Hanford have formed a club and built a cottage at Walled Lake, which they will let to any person by the day or week when not in use.

Ed Warner, who is in the employ of the Markham Mfg. Co., is taking a two week's vacation on account of sickness, and has been in Detroit taking treatment. He expects to return to work Monday.

There is now a fair prospect of the township of Plymouth being divided into two towns in the very near future. The sentiment for such a division appears to be almost unanimous.—Northville Record.

The regular spring meeting of the Presbytery of Detroit, will hold its sessions at Pontiac, April 20-21. Elder T. S. Clark has been elected to represent the church of Plymouth. And Elder Edward Jackson the church of Canton.

Never judge people by their clothing. The man with fringe around the bottom of his trousers, slouch hat and worn out shoes may be the editor of your local paper, while the man with new clothes and tan shoes may simply be one of his delinquent subscribers.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's steamers are now running daily (except Sunday) between Detroit and Cleveland. When traveling east or west, north or south, try to arrange to take advantage of these luxurious steamers between Michigan and Ohio. If you are contemplating a summer outing, write A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich., for illustrated pamphlet, which gives full information of a trip to Mackinac via the Coast Line.

The Renegade Co., which was billed to play here last Friday night, arrived in town all right Friday afternoon, but as they could not raise the "collateral" necessary to pay hall rent, they were unable to show. During the next day they made arrangements and the show was given Saturday evening. About \$8 was taken in at the door. We were informed that the male portion of the troupe took the night freight to Detroit. The girls stayed until Monday evening.

E. C. Hough, F. P. Bennett, C. B. Bennett and C. Hoyt went to Brighton Wednesday evening to assist at a concert given by C. E. Stevens, of this place, who has a class in music there. A special correspondent of the Mail, who attended the concert, says the boys did exceedingly well, so well that flowers and congratulations were showered upon them and they were compelled to respond to numerous encores. A good looking crowd of boys always takes well in Brighton.

The University Glee Club stopped off here Saturday for dinner while on their way to Holly. After dinner they entertained a number of our citizens with several selections of excellent music. So highly pleased were they that Chief Hunter engaged the glee club to come here and give a concert which will be on Friday evening, April 24, at village hall. General admission 25 cents. Reserved seats may be secured at Hunter & Park's for ten cents extra. This is for the benefit of the fire department.

# To Boom Spring Trade.

Saturday Morning, April 18, we shall put on sale some Extraordinary Bargains to start the ball a rolling and boom our spring trade.

75 Mens' New Spring Suits in Natty Patterns, Blues, Blacks, and Grey and Tan Mixtures, worth from \$12.00 to \$15.00, the Price will be just \$10.00.

|                             |                              |        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|--------|
| 68 Mens' Suits worth \$7.50 | and \$8.00 at just           | \$5 00 |
| 36 Boys' Long Pants Suits   | worth \$10.00 and \$12.00 at | 7 50   |
| 45 Boys' Long Pants Suits   | worth \$6.00 and \$7.00 at   | 4 75   |
| 62 Boys' Short Pants Suits  | worth \$6.00 to 7.50 at      | 5 00   |
| 75 Boys' Short Panss Suits  | worth \$5.00 at              | 3 50   |

|  |     |  |        |
|--|-----|--|--------|
| 10 doz. full length and size working Shirts at | 35c | 72 pair mens' good satin calf shoes worth \$2 at | \$1.50 |
| 10 " mens' good 50c Overalls                   | 35c | 87 " Ladies' fine pat tip dongola                |        |
| 15 " fine Neglige Laundered Shirts             |     | Shoes, button and lace at                        | \$1.48 |
| worth 75c at                                   | 50c | 150 Mens' fine sort Hats worth from              |        |
| 10 " Mens' good Cotton Pants at                | 62c | \$1.50 to \$2.00 only                            | 98c    |

## Carpets Carpets Carpets Carpets

New full rolls in stock to cut from. Great Bargains  
Ingrains, 35, 45, 50, 65 and 75 cents. We can save you big money on Carpets.

Lace Curtains from \$1 to \$6 a pair, Shades on rollers from 20c to 50c, Fine new novelties in Wash Dress Goods, Fine new novelties in Lace Effects. New Wool Dress Goods all shades, Good Gingham 5c a vd., Good Heavy Cotton 5c a vd., Light Prints 5c a vd., Amer-ica Indigos 5c a vd., Shirtings 8, 10 and 12 cents a vd.

## Ladies' Spring Capes and Shirt Waists.

We are showing Extraordinary Values these days. All Styles. All Prices.  
We can save you money on your spring trading. Come and see.

# E. L. RIGGS,

The Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

### Dedicated to the Record.

BY A. G. GIBBS—TRIP  
Some poets have brains and others have not. We often have sought for a reason, But like Editor Neal, our feelings don't feel, We suppose it's because of the season.  
Some editors have sense—all think that they have, But alas, for the sweet spring poet, Like good Editor Neal, their feelings don't feel, They imagine they're a poet, and show it.  
The poet of spring is a thing of great dread, And seems to worry our neighbor, the Record, Maybe we're like Editor Neal, and our feelings don't feel, And our mind, like our heart, is all obliterated.  
But a sensitive spot now and then you may find, When a fellow is mean enough to begin it, Unless, like Editor Neal, our feelings don't feel, Then of course like him we are not "in it."

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Servicers held in Stafford's Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30. Admittance most cordially invited to attend.  
Hiram Roe was in Detroit Thursday.  
Miss Emilee Howlett has returned to her home near Ypsilanti.  
The express business has changed hands in Plymouth. Heretofore E. P. Lombard will act as agent.  
Ladies of the Eastern Star will give a ten cent card social next Wednesday evening at Masonic parlors.  
The cut rate sales at Hall's to close out stock, will end next Saturday evening the 25th, with an auction sale. Low prices all next week.  
Miss A. E. Burd has returned from Ann Arbor where she has been spending the winter with her cousin.  
A full attendance of Tonguish Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F. is requested at the meeting next Tuesday evening. Work in the initiatory degree. By order of N. G.  
Next Sabbath evening, April 19th, at 7:30 the pastor of the Presbyterian church will commence a series of Sabbath evening talks on "Our Journey Around the World," by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., founder and president of the united society of Christian Endeavor. The talk on Sabbath evening will embrace the journey from Boston, Mass. to Sydney Australia, with (brief) notes by the way. A cordial invitation to all who wish to enjoy the journey.

### For Sale.

One Ladies' Eclipse bicycle, pneumatic tire, used one season. Price \$30. Inquire of W. O. ALLEN.

Desiring to close out my marble and granite business, I will offer my entire stock at prices that cannot fail to satisfy those who contemplate purchasing monuments or tombstones, that now is the time, and Plymouth is the place to buy them.  
W. H. HOYT.

### UPPER PLYMOUTH.

Point.  
Only a little point—  
Green Point.  
Sail.  
Somebody's suit—  
A gray suit.  
The suit and the point came side by side  
Said the point to the suit: "you look so dyed—  
If you touch me I'll spoil your hide,  
I'll fix you for a rag-bag—I'll blink your pride."  
And he did.  
Somebody saw his coat sleeve—  
And his pant leg covered with green, you know  
And he— he painted things red.  
The Baptist young people are like sardines in their prayer meetings. Last Sunday evening they sat on the seats (of course), and on the backs. Chairs were brought in. Some sat on the floor, some tried to on the wall, some on the stairs and one sat on the stove fender. They ought to have more room, and hope to get it some day soon. After the prayer meeting the B. Y. P. U. in a body occupied the front seats in the audience room, the platform was profusely decorated with flowers and potted plants, and the pastor must have felt an inspiration as he faced that throng and took for his text—"Put on the Whole Armor of God."

How the song of the plow—  
"I work where King Frost once held  
In his grasp of chill and ice,  
But a greater than he hath laid his fingers,  
In a language not stern, but soft, and low  
That reached his cold heart, and set, and so  
His droning logs of glittering snow,  
He rebelled about him, and silently, slowly,  
Gave way to the conqueror.  
And now that the sun has kissed the fair earth,  
And told of his love returning like youth,  
I work, I work, and uncover from soil  
The germinant life springing up to its God,  
I help my blades lift their heads from the clay  
And join the glad chorus—  
"Hail sun! summer's glad day!"

Hear the song of the plow—  
"I work, O man, I work NOW!"  
How sweet soundeth the song of the rooster again.

Somebody's home is a little farther from the depot now than it used to be, but the bicycle makes up.

Night operator, Bert Clapper, made up his mind when the thunder storm started in Friday night to be ready for "extra electricity." He was wise. It came—and went, and left some fire, but he had the hose ready and the damage to building was light. The instruments were damaged a little.

Mrs. Bronner's house looks well in its new coat of paint.

John Smye has gone to work again. Rev. Milne was called to Dundee, Monday. Serious illness among old friends.

A party from the Dundee Baptist church drove over to spend Sunday with their former pastor, Rev. Milne. Plenty of room in the parsonage.

Some of the choicest selections from the masters will constitute the program of entertainment at the next "literary" of the society. Watch for the date, you cannot afford to miss it. These lustlers mean business.

TO RENT—The finest store in Plymouth, 30x75, two large double windows. Call for address.  
DOHMSTREICH & CO.,  
Plymouth, Mich.

Wanted—A girl to learn the dressmaking trade.  
MINNIE FOWLER.

### Crop Report.

Wheat in the fall made small growth, but the winter was not unfavorable and it suffered very little injury previous to about March 20. From that date to the end of the month there was no covering of snow, and the "freezing" and "thawing," usual in March, caused the fields to look brown and did some considerable damage. Correspondents, however, at the time of making their reports, April 1, were hopeful that warm rains would give the plants a start and show them to be not greatly nor permanently damaged. But the warm rains do not come. Since the first of April the weather has been continuously dry, with cold winds from the north and northwest. Such weather cannot continue much longer without serious consequences. The condition of wheat now is more critical than at any previous time since sowing.

The averages of correspondents' estimates, made April 1, are as follows, comparison being with average years: Southern counties, 84 per cent; central counties, 86 per cent; northern counties, 92 per cent; and State, 86 per cent. One year ago the average condition in the State April 1, was 85 per cent, and in 1894, 90 per cent. March, 1895, was a cold, dry month, and on April 1, the frost was not all out of the ground. In March, 1894, the weather was remarkably warm, with moderate amount of precipitation.

The amount of wheat reported marketed in March is 606,118 bushels, and in the eight months, August—March, 7,313,236 bushels, which is 1,547,079 bushels less than reported marketed in the same months last year.

The average condition of clover meadows and pastures is, in the southern counties, 63 per cent; central, 72; northern, 88; and State, 69.

Live stock is in good condition. The averages run from 90 to 96 per cent. The outlook for fruit is generally favorable. This belief is based largely on the fact that the steady cold weather has thus far prevented any development of the buds. For more detailed statement of the prospects for fruit, reference is made to the following letters of special fruit correspondents.

## If You Want

Stale Groceries, High Prices, Poor Treatment, etc.,

## Don't Go to Cable's.

Our stock is Fresh and we aim to please. "Wonderful Dream" Salve, at our store. Try our "CC" Prize Coffee.

We are Headquarters for School Supplies.

## L. E. CABLE.

## NEW SPRING GOODS

Just Received

### LATEST STYLES IN

Scarf Pins, Studs, Shirt Waist Sets, Cuff Buttons, Lorgnette Chains, Emblem Pins.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE and NOVELTIES.

## C. G. DRAPER, Jeweler, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

## F. E. LAMPHERE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

## HARNESSES.

Single Harness from \$5.50 to \$65. Team Harness from \$25 up. Plush Carriage Robes, \$1.75 to \$9. Wool Carriage Robes, \$2 to \$7.50

Horse Collars, Sweat Pads, Curry Combs, Horse Brushes, Cattle Cards, Harness Oils, Bicycles.

Harness Repairing a Specialty.

## F. E. LAMPHERE, PLYMOUTH.







# SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

## CHAPTER XXI.

E SPOKE the last sentence with a faint smile, and with the air of a man trying, in spite of himself, to treat a grave subject lightly. His face clouded again, however, in a moment, when he looked towards his sister as he ceased. Her work had once more dropped on her lap; her face was turned away so that he could not see it; but he knew by the trembling of her clasped hands, as they rested on her knee, and by the slight swelling of the veins on her neck, which she could not hide from him, that her boasted strength of nerve had deserted her. Three years of repose had not yet enabled her to hear her marriage name uttered, or to be present when past times of deathly suffering and terror were referred to, without betraying the shock in her face and manner. Trudaine looked suddenly, but in no way surprised by what he saw. Making a sign to Lomaque to say nothing, he rose and took up his sister's hood, which lay on a window-seat near him. "Come, Rose," he said, "the sun is shining, the sweet spring air is inviting us out. Let us have a quiet stroll along the banks of the stream. Why should we keep our good friend here cooped up in this narrow little room, when we have miles and miles of beautiful landscape to show him on the other side of the threshold? Come! It is high treason to Queen Nature to remain indoors on such a morning as this."

Without waiting for her to reply, he put on her hood, drew her arm through his, and led the way out. Lomaque's face grew grave as he followed them.

"I am glad I only showed the bright side of my budget of news in her presence," thought he. "She is not well at heart yet. I might have hurt her, poor thing; I might have hurt her again sadly, if I had not held my tongue."

They walked for a little while down the banks of the stream, talking of indifferent matters, then returned to the cottage. By this time Rose had recovered her spirits, and could listen with interest and amusement to Lomaque's dryly-humorous description of his life as a clerk at Chalons-sur-Marne. They parried for a little while at the cottage door. Rose retired to the upstairs room from which she had been summoned by her brother. Trudaine and Lomaque returned to wander again along the banks of the stream.

With one accord, and without a word passing between them, they left the neighborhood of the cottage hurriedly, then stopped on a sudden and attentively looked each other in the face—looked in silence for an instant. Trudaine spoke first.

"I thank you for having spared her," he began abruptly. "She is not strong enough yet to hear hearing of a new misfortune, unless I break the tidings to her first."

"You suspect me, then, of bringing bad news?" said Lomaque.

"I know you do. When I saw your first look at her, after we were all seated in the cottage parlor, I knew it. I feared without fear, without caution, without one useless word of preface. After three years of repose, if I please God to afflict us again, I can bear the trial calmly, and, if need be, I can strengthen her to bear it calmly too. I say again, Lomaque, speak at once, and speak out. I know your news is bad, for I know beforehand that it is news of Danville."

"You are right, my head aches in news of him."

"He has discovered the secret of our escape from the guillotine."

"No—he has not a suspicion of it. He believes—as his mother, as every one does—that you were both executed the day after the Revolutionary Tribunal sentenced you to death."

"Lomaque, you speak positively of that belief of his—but you cannot be certain of it."

"I can on the most indisputable, the most startling evidence on the authority of Danville's own act. You have asked me to speak out!"

"I ask you again—I insist on it. Your news, Lomaque—your news, without another word of preface?"

"You shall have it without another word of preface. Danville is on the point of being married."

As the answer was given they both stepped by the bank of the stream, and again looked each other in the face. There was a minute of dead silence between them. During that minute the water bubbling by happily over its bed of pebbles, seemed strangely loud, the singing of birds in a little wood by the stream side strangely near and shrill, in both their ears. The light breeze, for all its mid-day warmth, touched their cheeks coldly; and the spring sunlight, pouring on their faces, felt as if it were glimmering on them through winter clouds.

"Let us walk on," said Trudaine, in a low voice. "I was prepared for bad news, yet not for that. Are you certain of what you have just told me?"

I told you, on the evening after he had heard your names read from the death-list at the prison grates. He remained in confinement at the Temple, unnoticed in the political confusion out of doors, just as you remained unnoticed at St. Lazare; and he profited in precisely the same manner that you profited by the timely insurrection which overthrew the Reign of Terror. I knew this, and I knew that he walked out of prison in the character of a persecuted victim of Robespierre's—and for better than three years past I know no more. Now listen. Last week I happened to be waiting in the shop of my employer, Citizen Clairfait, for some papers to take into the counting house when an old man enters with a sealed parcel, which he hands to one of the shopmen, saying:

"Give that to Citizen Clairfait."

"Any name?" says the shopman.

"The name is of no consequence," answers the old man; "but if you please you can give mine. Say the parcel came from Citizen Dubois; and then he goes out. His name, in connection with his elderly look, strikes me directly."

"Does that old fellow live at Chalons?" I ask.

"No," says the shopman. "He is here in attendance on a customer of ours—an old ex-aristocrat named Danville. She is on a visit in our town."

"I leave you to imagine how that reply startles and amazes me. The shopman can answer none of the other questions I put to him; but the next day I am asked to dinner by my employer (who, for his brother's sake, shows me the utmost civility). On entering the room I find his daughter just putting away a lavender-colored silk scarf, on which she has been embroidering in silver what looks to me like a crest and coat-of-arms."

"I don't mind your seeing what I am about, Citizen Lomaque," says she; "for I know my father can trust you. That scarf is sent back to us by the purchaser, an ex-emigrant lady of the old aristocratic school, to have her family coat-of-arms embroidered on it."

"Rather a dangerous commission, even in these mercifully democratic times, is it not?" says I.

"The old lady, you must know," says she, "is as proud as Lucifer; and having got back safely to France in these days of moderate republicanism, thinks she may indulge with impunity in all her old-fashioned notions. She has been an excellent customer of ours, so my father thought it best to humor her, without, however, trusting her commission to any of the work-room women to execute. We are not living under the Reign of Terror now, certainly; still there is nothing like being on the safe side."

"Nothing," I answer. "Pray what is this ex-emigrant's name?"

"Danville," replies the Citizenne Clairfait. "She is going to appear in that fine scarf at her son's marriage."

"Marriage?" I exclaim, perfectly thunderstruck.

"Yes," says she. "What is there so amazing in that? By all accounts, the son, poor man, deserves to make a lucky marriage this time. His first wife was taken away from him in the Reign of Terror by the guillotine."

"Whom is he going to marry?" I inquired, still breathless.

"The daughter of General Berthelin—an ex-aristocrat by family, like the old lady, but by principle as good a republican as ever lived—a hard-drinking, loud-swearer, big-whiskered old soldier who snaps his fingers at his accusers and says we are all descended from Adam, the first genuine sans-culotte in the world."

"In this way the Citizenne Clairfait gossips on all dinner-time, but says nothing more of any importance. I, with my old police-office habits, get to the next day, and try to make some discoveries for myself. The sum of what I find out is this: Danville's mother is staying with General Berthelin's sister and daughter at Chalons, and Danville himself is expected to arrive every day to escort them all three to Paris, where the marriage-contract is to be signed at the general's house. Discovering this, and seeing that prompt action is now of the most vital importance, I undertake, as I told you, my employer's commission for Paris; depart with all speed; and stop here on my way. Wait! I have not done yet. All the haste I can make is not enough to give me a good start of the wedding party. On my road here, the diligence by which I travel is passed by a carriage, posting along at full speed. I cannot see inside that carriage; but I look at the box seat, and recognize on it the old man Dubois. He whisks by in a cloud of dust, but I am certain of him, and I say to myself, what I now say to you, no time is to be lost!"

"No time shall be lost," answered Trudaine, firmly. "Three years have passed," he continued, in a lower voice, speaking to himself rather than to Lomaque; "three years since the day when I led my sister out of the gates of the prison—three years since I said in my heart I will be patient, and will not seek to avenge myself. Our wrongs cry from earth to heaven; from man who inflicts to God who redresses. When the day of reckoning comes, let it be the day of His vengeance, not of mine. In my heart I said those words—I have been true to them—I have waited. The day has come, and the duty it demands of me shall be fulfilled."

There was a moment's silence before

Lomaque spoke again. "Your sister?" he began hesitatingly.

"It is there only that my purpose falters," said the other earnestly. "If it were but possible to spare her all knowledge of this last trial, and to leave the accomplishment of the terrible task to me alone?"

"I think it is possible," interposed Lomaque. "Listen to what I advise. We must depart for Paris by the diligence to-morrow morning, and we must take your sister with us—to-morrow will be time enough; people don't sign marriage contracts on the evening after a long day's journey. We must go then, and we must take your sister. Leave the care of her in Paris, and the responsibility of keeping her in ignorance of what you are doing, to me. Go to this General Berthelin's house at a time when you know Danville is there (we can get that knowledge through the servants), confront him without a moment's previous warning; confront him as a man risen from the dead; confront him before every soul in the room, though the room should be full of people—and leave the rest to the self-betrayal of a panic-stricken man. Say but three words, and your duty will be done; you may return to your sister, and may depart with her in safety to your old retreat at Rouen, or where you please, on the very day when you have put it out of her infamous husband's power to add another to the list of his crimes."

"You forget the suddenness of the journey to Paris," said Trudaine. "How are we to account for it without the risk of awakening my sister's suspicions?"

"Trust that to me," answered Lomaque. "Let us return to the cottage at once. No; not you," he added suddenly, as they turned to retrace their steps. "There is that in your face which would betray us. Leave me to go back alone—I will say that you have come to give some orders at the inn. Let us separate immediately. You will recover your self-possession—you will get to look yourself again sooner if you are left alone—I know enough of you to know that. We will not waste another minute in explanations; even minutes are precious to us on such a day as this. By the time you are fit to meet your sister again, I shall have had time to say all I wish to her, and shall be waiting at the cottage to tell you the result."

He looked at Trudaine, and his eyes seemed to brighten again with something of the energy and sudden decision of the days when he was a man in office under the Reign of Terror.

"Leave it to me," he said; and waving his hand, turned away quickly in the direction of the cottage.

Nearly an hour passed before Trudaine ventured to follow him. When he at length entered the path that led to the garden gate, he saw his sister waiting at the cottage-door. Her face looked unusually animated; and she ran forward a step or two to meet him.

"Oh, Louis!" she said. "I have a commission to make, and I must beg you to hear it patiently to the end. You must know that our good Lomaque, though he came in tired from his walk, occupied himself, the first thing, at my request, in writing the letter which is to secure to us our dear old home by the banks of the Seine. When he had done, he looked at me and said, 'I should like to be present at your happy return to the house where I first saw you.' 'Oh, come, come with us!' I said directly. 'I am not an independent man,' he answered; 'I have a margin of time allowed me at Paris, certainly, but it is not long—if I were only my own master—and then he stopped. Louis! I remembered all we owed to him; I remembered there is no sacrifice we ought not to be too glad to make for his sake; I felt the kindness of the wish he expressed; and, perhaps, I was a little influenced by my own impatience to see once more my flower-garden and the rooms where we used to be so happy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Giants and Dwarfs.

The town of Ligonier, Noble county, Ind., claims the unique distinction of having for citizens the largest and smallest men, physically considered, in the west. George Washington Walker is without question the heaviest man in Indiana, if not in the United States. He weighs 500 pounds, is now 46 years old and is adding steadily to his weight at the rate of twenty-five pounds each year of his life. His waist measurement is seventy-six inches, chest under arms sixty-eight inches and arm twenty-five inches. He is in excellent health but finds locomotion rather difficult, although he travels about in a specially constructed conveyance. He is the father of two bright children and lives a retired life, attempting to avoid much notoriety. In the heated season he lives altogether in the cellar of his residence. Walker's physical antitype is Jesse Walker, his neighbor. The latter is 19 years of age and possesses a body of fair size. His legs, however, are twelve inches in length. He is three feet three inches tall and weighs but fifty pounds. Jesse is a promising youth, mentally well equipped and as averse to notoriety as George Washington Walker. The two men have received flattering offers from museum proprietors, but at present have no desire for that kind of fame.—St. Louis Republic.

Ingersoll Worries Them Not.

Ingersoll does not trouble us ministers much. His talk may be witty, but his jokes and arguments are a rehash of those of Paine and Voltaire, arguments which have been answered so often that we are tired of answering, arguments which are so ancient and musty that we are surprised that Ingersoll is willing to be so far behind the time as to dress them up and trot them out again. They are about as effective for his purpose as a 17th century blunderbuss would be against a modern ironclad.—Rev. F. L. Anderson.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected!

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe pain, you strain yourself lifting or carrying, you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robinson of 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robinson was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take that no other.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, and to which every enterprise and labor tends; and of which every desire prompts the preservation.—Dr. Johnson.

Try and Sure Cures.

- Rough on Headache, quick relief.
- Rough on Rheumatism, instant relief.
- Rough on Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc.
- Rough on Croup, Laryngitis and Hoarseness.
- Rough on Cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, etc.
- Rough on the Stomach, indigestion, flatulence, etc.
- Rough on the Liver, jaundice, etc.
- Rough on the Kidneys, backache, etc.
- Rough on the Bladder, urinary troubles, etc.
- Rough on the Heart, palpitation, etc.
- Rough on the Lungs, cough, etc.
- Rough on the Nerves, neuralgia, etc.
- Rough on the Skin, eruptions, etc.
- Rough on the Blood, impurities, etc.
- Rough on the Hair, dandruff, etc.
- Rough on the Teeth, decay, etc.
- Rough on the Eyes, irritation, etc.
- Rough on the Ears, deafness, etc.
- Rough on the Throat, sore throat, etc.
- Rough on the Mouth, ulcers, etc.
- Rough on the Nose, bleeding, etc.
- Rough on the Genitals, diseases, etc.
- Rough on the Child, colic, etc.
- Rough on the Old, infirmities, etc.
- Rough on the Young, ailments, etc.
- Rough on the Sick, ailments, etc.
- Rough on the Well, ailments, etc.
- Rough on the Dead, ailments, etc.

Good and True Things.

- Wells' Cream Face Powder, etc.
- Wells' Hair Restorer, etc.
- Wells' Hair Restorer, etc.
- Wells' Brain Invigorant and Nerve Tonic, etc.
- Wells' Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Cure, etc.
- Wells' Lathyrus Whiskey, a pure, harmless, healthful stimulant, etc.
- At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
- E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Don't Die in the House.

Rough on Rats, Cleats, Rat Flies, Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants, Rats, Mice, etc.

Some persons follow the dictates of their conscience only in the same sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses when he is driving. Whately.

Home Seekers' Excursions.

In order to give every one an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers' excursions to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest on April 21 and May 5, 1896, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within 21 days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Love is a natural product of humanity.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

An extremist is always a magnet.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 200 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

To be just is to be kind.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number.

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

Work for some good.

Home Seekers' Excursions.

On April 21st and May 5th, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway company will sell tickets at very low rates to points in Missouri, Kansas and Texas. For particulars address H. A. Cherrier, 316 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill., or T. B. Cokerly, 503 Locust Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Do not place too much dependence upon any one kind of grain for poultry; the greater the variety, the better the results.

"After suffering from dyspepsia for three years, I decided to try Juddcock Blood Purifier. Two bottles cured me entirely." Mrs. G. C. White, Taberg, Oneida County, New York.

Old stock of any kind decreases as they grow older; one and two-year-old hens are much the best for profit.

There are dictionaries and dictionaries but the noblest Roman of them all seems to be Webster. It is still in the lead in the great race for popularity.

A man who really loves horses and dogs loves women and children next.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Juddcock's takes out the corns and a very pleasing relief it is for at druggists.

Much harm is done by people who think they are doing what is right.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Children Teething.

A house that is divided against itself cannot stand outside interference.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the most powerful and effective of all the almost magical influences of Doan's Kidney Pills.

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Pain often concentrates all its Misery in RHEUMATISM.

Use ST. JACOBS OIL if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 25 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, iodine, potash, and everything else you need. It is so easy to cure. If you have taken mercury, it will have aches and pains, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body. Half or more of the blood is changed if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, your eyebrows falling out, it is this BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. CURED BY THE cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application.

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Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., has been celebrated for more than a century as a nutritious, delicious, and flesh-forming beverage. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Greatest Quantity. Highest Quality. Smallest Price.



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The only brand of strictly high grade tobacco ever sold for a low price. Not the large size of the piece alone that has made "Battle Ax" the most popular brand on the market for 5 cents, QUALITY; SIZE; PRICE.

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W. N. U., D.--XIV--16.

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The only brand of strictly high grade tobacco ever sold for a low price. Not the large size of the piece alone that has made "Battle Ax" the most popular brand on the market for 5 cents, QUALITY; SIZE; PRICE.



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Of all kinds at prices to meet the times, call at our market.

Special Prices given on short clear Salt Pork.

**HOOPS & HARRIS,**  
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Successors to C. F. Bennett.

## "There be Wars and Rumors of Wars."

If you get in the fracas and get your linen soiled, we will be pleased to launder it for you.

## We are for Peace.

In fact the more pieces in the shape of Shirts, Collars and Cuffs you may let us polish off for you, the more willing we will be to let you polish off J. B.

As we said before, we don't want to fight, but if Uncle Sam wants a polish on his shirt front that will trip up a bullet, direct him to the

## HOME LAUNDRY.

Next Door to Cable's.

## Look at This!

To those intending to build we wish to say that we will make our prices an object for you to see us before building. We sell as Cheap as possible and live. We handle all kinds of Lumber, Lath and Shingles from \$1.25 up. Sash, Doors, etc. Also a new lot of Fence Pickets at 4 cents each.

TERMS:—90 days credit or 2 per cent. off cash on bills of \$100 or over.

Also all sizes Sewer Pipe Hard and Soft Coal.

My lot on Ann Arbor street for sale  
**C. A. FRISBEE,**  
Plymouth.

## CHAS. BREMS

Is the place to buy  
**A Good Buggy**  
AND IF YOU WANT

General Blacksmithing  
Done on  
Shortest Notice,  
Call and See Him.

He keeps all kinds of  
Farming Tools.

**CHAS. BREMS.**  
North Village, Plymouth.

Eli drives the bus  
But says it is no fun.  
The horses cannot go you know  
Unless he gets the "mud."

12 Bus Rides for \$1.00.  
If tickets are purchased  
in advance.

**H. C. ROBINSON,**  
Livery and Sale Stables.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**Livonia.**  
R. S. Peck's horse was very sick last week, but is reported better at this writing.  
Frank Rosso, of Elm, lost a three-year-old daughter last week by diphtheria.  
The school in the Elm district has been closed on account of diphtheria.  
At the recent town meeting, Forest Smith and Charles Tuttle ran for justice of the peace and tied. They drew and Tuttle was the lucky man and was declared elected.  
Our farmers think summer has come, but they had better look out for old Jack Frost yet.  
John Baze is repairing his house.  
C. Bentley is preparing to build a new house this summer.  
George Kinner, of Detroit, was in the village one day last week.  
E. C. Lench, of Plymouth, passed through the village last Monday.  
John Gunning, of Detroit, is visiting friends in this town.  
A number of our farmers have started the plow.  
Miss Florence Green, of Redford, visited her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, of this village, last week.  
Jesse Hedden had the misfortune to lose the only cow he had last week. A paper was drawn up and the good citizen-son raised money enough to buy another cow. No one hesitated in giving their mite to the aged couple.

## THE DEACON.

**YOUR BOY WON'T LIVE A MONTH.**  
So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had Lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial bottle free at J. L. Gale's Drug Store.

**Newburg.**  
The Epworth League held its regular weekly meeting last Tuesday evening, about 35 being present. Miss Anna Norris will lead the meeting next Tuesday evening.

Be sure and attend the meeting of the Epworth League at the hall every Tuesday evening.  
Mrs. George Amrhein is very sick at this writing.  
Leonard Stark joined the league last Tuesday evening.

The L. A. S. went to Mr. Oliver's to hold its regular meeting instead of at the hall as was reported.

While plowing on Wednesday Charles Armstrong turned up potatoes that had been left in the ground all winter. They were of medium size and sound as a dollar.

The teachers of the Home Department of the Sunday school reported last Sunday as follows: Number in Mrs. Emma Ryder's class, 23, having an increase of 4, of which one has joined Sunday school; collection \$1.50. Number in Miss Bessie Rattenbury's class, 34, having an increase of 3, of which 11 have joined Sunday school; collection, \$2.75.

## UNCLE RASTUS.

**Salem.**  
During the heavy thunder storm of last Friday evening, the horse barn of George Herdick, who lives one mile north and one mile west of this village, was struck by lightning and burned together with three or four tons of hay, and 150 bushels of oats. One horse was killed and his mate so badly burned about the head as to be of little value. A quantity of tools were saved by heroic efforts on the part of one of Mr. Herdick's sons. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

John Lenwick, one of our enterprising young farmers living one mile south, is sowing paster and salt on his land this season as an experiment, hoping to better the condition of his new seeding. We shall watch the results.

Walter Scott is a victim of la grippe this week.

Several of our farmers are putting in crops already. Wheat and meadow are looking quite green since the recent showers.

Henry Doane and wife, of Silver Lake, were visitors at the home of J. Doane on Tuesday evening of this week.

Mrs. Dr. Walker has been quite ill for the past few days. Her son, Otis, who is threatened with consumption, started for California Wednesday expecting to remain there for some time, and if not obtaining relief will visit New Mexico and Arizona, where it is hoped he may be benefited, if not restored to health.

Bert Rich expects to move to Detroit in about one week, and Amos Worden will move upon the farm vacated by Mr. Rich.

Supervisor E. S. Horton, who is engaged at present in taking the assessment of Plymouth township, was in this locality one day this week looking for parties who own land in that township, but reside here.

We are pleased to report little Glenn Winans as decidedly better, he having been seriously ill with pneumonia during the past week.

Several of our farmers were in Plymouth Wednesday delivering hogs and sheep to the shippers at that point.

Alexis Stanbro & Son sold James Heene some fine pigs and delivered them on Wednesday. The lot weighed 1,900 pounds. Price received, \$3.70 per cwt. GUESS.

A great many fortunes will be made next year by people who invest in Detroit real estate while it is down in price. We will buy, sell or exchange property for you and more than double your money upon investments.

**CLARK & CHAMPAGNE,**  
618 Chamber of Commerce, L  
Detroit, Mich.

**Ferrisville.**  
Carl Kingsley is moving upon his new premises, and will run a custom saw mill.  
The Republicans got everything here in the recent election of township officers.  
The fine weather is being taken advantage of by the farmers hereabouts in preparing for spring seeding.  
Our school is prospering under the management of Forest Smith.  
Lyle has a display of plows on hand.  
A Pingree club will be organized here soon.

"The Peak" is making one awful struggle to live again.

The Traveling Doctoring and Concert Co., who had possession of our hamlet for some time, may return to treat some of their patients.

The K. O. T. M. reports a big time at their last review.

**THE PARSON.**  
Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

**Meads Mills.**  
The talent social for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church of Northville, last Wednesday night. There were two talent workers of this place. Mrs. Burdick did a thriving business selling stove polish and Mrs. Green making aprons and holders.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelton, of Flint, visited at N. D. Taylor's last Monday.

Matt Bunt's baby is considerable better.

Miss Olivia Carpenter was a guest of Mrs. Geo. Bryant a part of the week.

Miss Nell Downey, of Detroit, was a caller at D. Barber's last Monday.

Frank Taylor's incubator hatched 86 per cent. of the eggs put into it. Chickens healthy and doing well. He hopes by filling it with eggs that are not chilled to hatch 85 per cent. The incubator holds 189 eggs.

Angus Heene, of West Plymouth, visited friends here last Sunday.

Frank Mott, of Detroit, is a visitor at Joseph Soule's.

**Grape and Bark Bitters for Malaria.**  
Everyone knows the value of the grape as a luscious and healthy fruit. Aunt Rachel's Malaria Bitters is the ultimate of the Grape Juice, in its properties, mildly diuretic, subfebrile and tonic. More than seven-eighths is the pure juice of the grape, simply made bitter by Pepsin, Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Snake Root, etc., and will cure Malaria Fever if used as directed.

**Tonquish.**  
Runway horses are all the go.  
Mr. Crow spent a few days in Detroit last week.

There will be preaching at Church church Sunday morning at 10:30 sharp. Sunday school afterwards.

Some farmers have got their oats in the ground, more are fitting ground to put them in.

The social at Mr. Sackett's was quite a success.

While going to Wayne one day last week, Mrs. Mote Hix's horse became unmanageable, throwing her and the baby from the buggy. Her shoulder was bruised, but the baby was unharmed.

While riding along Sunday afternoon, Mr. Herr's horses became frightened and he reined them into Mr. King's fence. Fortunately no damage was done except a few pickets being broken.

Several of our young men went to Coon's mill fishing, with what success we know not.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., is sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat. Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it." For sale at 30 cents per bottle by Dr. J. G. Miller, Druggist.

See Dr. Miles' Natural Pain-Expeller for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell you for 25c. Pain-Expeller with Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

# BICYCLES

When you are ready to buy a Bicycle, get the best, which is the

# RAMBLER

I am agent for this celebrated wheel, and can give you every inducement on a high grade wheel.

# PLYMOUTH BAKERY.

**GEORGE M. JACOBS,**  
PROPRIETOR.

# MILLINERY!

The most desirable styles in  
**Hats and Bonnets**  
For Spring and Summer Wear for  
**Ladies, Misses and Children**  
Are found at

# MAUD VROOMAN'S

**South Salem.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Winan's infant son is quite sick with pneumonia.  
Miss Clara McCormick has sufficiently recovered from her late illness to begin her spring term of school in the Thayer district Monday.  
Mr. H. C. Packard spent Wednesday and Thursday in Lansing attending the State Prohibition Convention in session there and visiting at the home of his son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Will Packard.  
There being so much sickness in the neighborhood, the manager of the Epworth League secured five young gentlemen from the college at Ann Arbor to give a musical entertainment in place of the concert prepared by home talent, at Lapham's hall last Friday evening.  
A number of our ladies are attending the district W. C. T. U. convention at Ann Arbor this week.  
Miss Tenn Packard was nursing the nuptials last week and Miss Lucile Curtis the pink eye.  
Mr. E. Leland was at H. C. Packard's on Wednesday and saw what came near being a disastrous fire which started from the chimney burning out.  
Miss Louie Rich intends to begin her spring term of school in the Bailey district next Monday.

**FREE PILLS.**  
Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box sold by John L. Gale, Druggist. 3

**Thos. S. Whipple.**  
Died, at Shearers, Arenac Co., Mich., on Sunday, April 13th, Thos. S. Whipple, aged 65 years.

Thos. S. Whipple was born on Feb. 6th, 1831, at Massillon, Ontario Co., N. Y. At the age of 1 1/2 years he came with his parents to Plymouth, where he has almost always resided. He conducted a hotel and livery business here. He married Emily Snell and two children were born to them, Harry and Asa. Harry died some time ago and Asa is a well-to-do and influential citizen of Owosso. The wife also survives. He went from here to Fowler, Mich., then to Shearers. By his own request he was brought here to his sister's, Mrs. Eliza Patterson's house, from whence the funeral was held, interment in the Presbyterian cemetery. Rev. Bramitt officiating.  
The deceased was too well known here to need any comments from the Mail, which would only be superfluous and not of Thomas S. Whipple's desire. Suffice it to say that he was honorable, to a fault with a gentle, loving and winning disposition, and five minutes acquaintance would be sufficient to make you a life-long friend. He knew no "grads," everybody was alike to him.  
The Masonic order took charge of the remains after the service at the house and performed the last solemn but beautiful rites of the order. C. E. Wilcox, W. M., in a clear, distinct and feeling tone conducted the beautiful service.  
We join the community in extending sympathy to the bereaved.

At Plymouth, E. P. Baker makes cabinet photographs for \$2.00 per dozen every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

**45 H. P. Engine For Sale.**  
As our "11x10," stationary, right hand engine is too small for our business, we will sell it at a very low price for cash or paper. It is as good as new and can be seen running until about April 10, when we will replace it with a much larger one.  
**THE MARKHAM MFG. CO.**

**FOR SALE.**  
A New, Automatic Mailing Machine (never been used), cost price was \$12.00. Will sell for \$5.00. No use for it. Address  
**THE MAIL,**  
Plymouth, Mich.  
A full supply of sewing machine oil and a new assortment of needles at the Mail office.



**When You Paint**  
If you desire the very best results at the least expense you will use  
**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.**  
Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest, Most Economical, Full Measure.

Half a cent buys enough  
**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT**  
for Two Coats on one square foot of surface.  
**Sold by**  
**M. CONNER & SON**  
Hardware Merchants.

# BASSETT & SON.

**New Novelties**  
**Great Bargains**  
AND  
For the spring of 1896.

It is a pleasure to refer to these facts in calling your attention to our New Line of  
**Furniture of All kinds and Household Decorations.**

We offer you the Newest Goods and Best Values you ever Received.

You will find our New stock made up entirely of goods that are  
**Serviceable and Trustworthy.**  
And our assortment insures  
Perfect Satisfaction and Easy Selection.

**WE**  
Wish Everyone to know that We are Giving Bargains in the Best Line of Goods we ever sold.

Our prices are the Lowest for strictly First-Class Goods. Come and see our goods and let us convince you, as we surely can, that you will Save Money Every Time you Trade with Us.  
Yours Truly,

# Bassett & Son

MASONIC BLOCK.

# Huston & Co.,

We have the agency for the

# New Process,

Which has all the

**Latest Improvements.**  
Asbestos lined.  
Sliding oven.  
When not in use can be pushed back without Lifting Off.



It will not cost you any more to buy the BEST.  
Come and see us and let us show you the Stove.  
**CASH HARDWARE.**