

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XIII, NO. 7.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 632.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,

Physician & Surgeon,

Office hours 11 to 2; 6:30 to 9:30.

Coleman Block.

T. H. OLIVER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

Office over Riggs' Store.

Hours—Until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7:00 p. m.

DWIGHT H. FITCH,

Attorney-at-Law and

Solicitor in Chancery

Real Estate and Fire and Tornado Insurance
Office in Coleman Block, over Gale's store
Plymouth, Mich.

E. C. LEACH, Pres.

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PLYMOUTH
SAVINGS
BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000.

3 Per Cent paid on certificates and savings deposits.

A portion of your business solicited.

E. K. BENNETT,
Cashier

First National Exchange
BANK.

CAPITAL, - \$50,000

General Banking Business Transacted

3 PER
CENT

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited.

O. A. FRASER, Cashier.

A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

NEW TAILOR SHOP,

Above American Exp. office, Plymouth

CLEANING & REPAIRING
NEATLY DONE.

F. FREYDL

Are
You

Dissatisfied

with the way
your linen is
laundered?
Lots of people
are. We have a
way of pleasing
just such people.

The Plymouth Star Cash
Laundry.

REA BROS., Props.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.
At a session of the Probate court for said
county of Wayne, held in the Probate office, in
the city of Detroit, on the third day of Octo-
ber, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee,
Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate
of Lottie Miller, deceased.
The court, after reading and hearing the petition
of the executor, and after the production of such
proof as was deemed necessary, do hereby order
and decree that the thirty-first day of Octo-
ber, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the
Probate office, be appointed for hearing the
will of the said deceased.
That a copy of this order be published three consecutive weeks prior
to the day of hearing in the Plymouth
Mail, a newspaper published and circulating in
said county of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
Thomas Murphy Register.

Pencil and Pastepot

The following fine distinction is made by an exchange: The loafer is worse than a tramp; a tramp distributes his patronage, but a loafer stays in one town and lets a woman support him.

The rule to pay as you go is as good for the residents of mansions as for folk of humbler stripe. Merchants and trades people no doubt will agree with this proposition, even if they cannot enforce it as a rule.

Judge Kinne fined eight Ypsilanti saloon keepers \$15 apiece for keeping open on July 4th. They claimed to have a deal on with the program committee so that they would not be fined but the plea would not go.

It is said by a fashion journal that men's pants will not be worn longer this season. That's what the printer has been looking for for years. Twenty-four months is as long as we have been able to wear them in the past without being arrested.

Northville Record:—The prospects now are that this village and town will have to "sic" the courts after the D. P. & N. company in order to get proper crossings fixed over their tracks, residences, and farms. For months people have been discommoded in a very annoying and apparently, heedless manner, and that serious damage to life and property has not resulted has been a matter of luck rather than good management.

About 45 of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Northrop walked in on them very unceremoniously Monday evening taking with them choice eatables of almost every description. A very pleasant evening was spent in social conversation interspersed with music. Just before luncheon, Prof. Watkins, in an elegant little speech, presented to mine host and hostess, in behalf of the company, a beautiful plate and butter knife for which the Doctor expressed his thanks and appreciation in a few choice words. The guests departed at about eleven o'clock, feeling that Dr. Northrop and his estimable wife are very pleasant entertainers.—Brighton Argus.

Wayne Echo:—On Friday Oct. 6th, a very sad accident occurred, in which John Collier lost his life. Mr. Collier, at the time of the occurrence, was employed as a switchman in the M. C. R. R. yards at Toledo, and in some manner lost his footing and fell on the rails between the cars. Both legs were so mangled that amputation was necessary. One leg was amputated by the surgeons, but he never rallied sufficiently to undergo another operation, and breathed his last about two hours after the accident. Mr. Collier was a young man who was well and favorably known in this community, having lived here with his parents a number of years. His was a genial and cheerful nature, which made him a general favorite.

The eleventh annual convention of the Wayne County Sunday-school association will be held in the M. E. church of Wayne, Thursday, Oct. 26. At the morning session, beginning 9:30, J. E. Bolles presiding, the reports of county officers will be heard, delegates enrolled and committees appointed. M. H. Reynolds, state secretary, will discuss the problem, "How to work the home department," and Leonard Laurence will speak on special Sunday-school days. In the afternoon, W. R. Farrand presiding, officers will be elected. Rev. N. W. Garry will present a digest of the county and township reports, and papers and addresses will be given by M. H. Reynolds, W. G. Seely, Jr., Rev. P. V. Jenness, and Mrs. J. A. Dresser. In the evening there will be addresses by M. H. Reynolds and Rev. D. D. MacLauren. The music will be in charge of Albert G. Shook, of Detroit.

Just about how the catalogue houses in the large cities are flooding the country with their advertising matter, and later will gather in the shekles from the suckers who are always look-

Facts to Remember.

The original and Genuine Red Pills or Knill's K-A Pills for Wad People at 25c a box, the woman's remedy. Don't pay 50c.
You can work when they work, never feel or make you sick. Knill's Whiter Pills, Howel Regulator. Twenty-five doses, 25c.
Knill's Blue Kidney Pills cures back-aches, etc. Only 25c a box.
Pleasant, safe and sure are Knill's Black Diarrhoea Pills. Cure summer complaints, dysentery and all pains of the stomach and bowels. Only 25 cents a box.
Pure, sweet stomachs and breaths are made by taking Knill's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure indigestion, correct all stomach troubles, destroy all foul gases, etc. Each box 25c. Free trial cheques guaranteed by your druggist.

ing "cheap things." In nine cases out of ten better goods can be bought at home for less money than from these city concerns.

Mrs. Carrie J. Gale, of Superior Wash-tenaw county, is suing for a divorce. She claims a portion of a \$20,000 property which she alleges her husband (George F. Gale, holds in trust. Mr. Gale claims that he is penniless.

A local merchant asked the other day, "Have you noticed the advertisement I have on the fence out west of town?" "No," replied the customer, "but if you will send the fence around to my house some day I will read it over and see what you are dealing in. Fact is, I'm reading newspapers and don't get much time to study teleology."—Ex.

The new State Telephone company of Indiana, the State Telephone company of Michigan, the United States Telephone company of Ohio, respectively the independent telephone organizations of the three states, together with the union telephone companies of Illinois and Pennsylvania, met at Chicago last Thursday and perfected their consolidation.

Carleton Times:—State papers claim that the Hon. Burton Parker and the Hon. Henry W. Campbell, of Monroe, are desirous of being nominated to the offices of auditor general and state land commissioner respectively. With these two gentlemen in the offices named and the Hon. E. O. Grosvenor as state food and dairy commissioner it is not improbable that the State Capitol may be moved to Monroe in the near future.

A hint for Plymouth merchants:—What our merchants ought to do and what we believe they would like to do, is to get together and divide their stocks so that some will have groceries, some have dry goods, others have boots and shoes, etc., rather than each carry a miscellaneous line as they do now. By having distinct lines they could carry a better assortment, and by buying in larger quantities get lower prices.—Manchester Enterprise.

There promises to be a big hickory nut crop this fall. We have heard it stated by many that this crop foreshadows the size of the wheat crop for the succeeding year. To corroborate this theory it is pointed out that there were no hickory nuts last fall and accordingly the wheat crop this season was a failure. If the nut crop is any criterion, the next year's wheat crop will be a whopper. Now watch it and see if there is anything in the above statement.

Machines for making liquid air have been ordered from German makers by Charles F. Brush of Cleveland, Ohio, and their arrival is being awaited with interest by the scientific men of Cleveland. One of the machines will be given to the University of Michigan and the other Mr. Brush will place in his laboratory. It is not generally understood that a German firm has been making and selling liquid air machines for over four years. Mr. Brush gave his order for the two machines last winter and expected them to arrive in this country before now. The German inventor of the process is Dr. Lynde of Munich. Mr. Brush will seek to utilize the liquid air as a motive power.

What Shall We Do

A serious and dangerous disease prevails in this country, dangerous because so deceptive. It comes on so slowly yet surely that it is often firmly seated before we are aware of it.

The name of this disease which may be divided into three distinct stages is First, Kidney trouble, indicated by pain in the back, lumbago, rheumatism, frequent desire to urinate, often with a burning sensation, the flow of urine being copious or scant with strong odor.

If allowed to advance, this reaches the second stage, or Bladder trouble, with heavy pain in the abdomen low down between the navel and the water passage increasing desire to urinate, with scalding sensation in passing, small quantities being passed with difficulty, sometimes necessary to draw it with instruments. If uric acid or gravel has formed, it will prove dangerous if neglected.

The third stage is Bright's Disease. There is comfort in knowing that Dr. Kilmer, the great kidney and bladder specialist, has discovered a Remedy, famous for its marvelous cures of the most distressing cases, and known as Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

It is sold by all druggists. As a proof of the wonderful virtues of this great discovery, Swamp-Root, a simple bottle and book of valuable information will be sent absolutely free by mail on application to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Singhamton, N. Y. When writing kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the Plymouth Mail.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them also old, running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bite cure on earth. Drives out pains and sores. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by John L. Gale.

Send in your subscription to The Mail—only \$1 per year.

Reunion

At a reunion of Co. G, 3rd Mich. Cavalry, held at the Clifton House, Whitmore Lake, Oct. 11th, there were 30 of the old company present and the wives of ten. At the business meeting, it was learned that one of its members, E. Placeway, had died Aug. 3rd of the past year. T. V. Quackenbush was re-elected president, A. J. Sawyer and H. Cunningham, vice-presidents, S. H. Allison, secretary and treasurer, and M. Borden, toast-master. After the banquet in the evening, the company and several invited guests repaired to the Hall above, which was decorated with many flags, and held their camp-fires. After listening to some fine music by the Quackenbush orchestra, the toast-master called on the following comrades, who responded to toasts: A. J. Brown of Ithaca, D. E. Hand of Ann Arbor, Wm. Cole of Kalkaska, J. Todd of Hamburg, T. V. Quackenbush of Plymouth, H. J. Pinckney of Ypsilanti, and Hon. Geo. S. Wheeler of Salem. Several pieces were sung by comrade E. Smith of Hubbardston, and music was interspersed between the toasts. The next meeting will be held at Owosso in October.—T.

When The Next Century Begins

"Hundreds of people contend that the twentieth century will begin with January 1, 1900, while other hundreds contend with equal positiveness that the correct date is January 1, 1901," writes Edward Bok in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "The 1900 contingent argues that, of course, the new century begins with its numeral date, and go on to figure out very deftly that with the last day of the year 1899 the hundred years will have run their course. They argue that if the first year ended with December 31 of the year one, the nineteenth hundredth year must, of course, end with December 31, 1899, and that the first day of January, 1900, is, therefore, the first day of the new century. And, curiously enough, this latter figure is correct, but only in a numeral sense. These statisticians overlook one very important fact, however: that it requires one hundred years to make a century, and it calls for no expert mathematician to figure it out that the full hundred years of the nineteenth century will not have run their course until twelve o'clock midnight of the thirty-first of December, 1900. Numerically, we enter the twentieth century with January 1, 1900. But, nevertheless, we must complete that entire year of 1900, and go through its three hundred and sixty-five days, before the actual nineteen hundred years shall have run their course."

His 85th Birthday.

James Stephenson, a prominent citizen of Perrinville, quietly celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at the family residence Sunday, surrounded by his children, grand children and near relatives. Mr. Stephenson is one of the few pioneers left in this locality who had a hand in clearing up the land of Nankin township, felling the forests and assisting in making the early history of this part of the county. He was born in Phelps, N. Y., October 15, 1814, and before his twenty-fifth year came to Michigan. For two years he drove stage from Detroit to Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, the headquarters for the coach in Detroit being at the old steamboat hotel. At the end of that time he bought a farm in this township. The land was not only covered with a dense forest, but so much water stood upon it that in building his first barn he had to anchor the timbers, so they would not be swept away. He cleared a second farm, and thirty years ago purchased the property which he now occupies.

Mrs. Stephenson, who is past three score and ten, is still active. She was Sarah Ferris, a member of the well known Ferris, family, and granddaughter of the founder of Ferrisburg, Vt. Mr. Stephenson was postmaster at this place for several years and is at present a promoter of all public affairs. He has three children living—Albert Stephenson, of Adrian, and Mrs. Harry Eberts, of Detroit.—Free Press.

\$100 Reward.

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

FREE! FREE

Again the Premium Gift has been started by others, and as we are forced into this we will not be outdone, but go one better. Listen to what we have to say: We do not require you to SIGN A CONTRACT to trade with us, but if you see fit to trade with us we will give you when your purchases amount to \$20.00 in cash in our

Dry Goods and Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Departments

FREE, YOUR PICTURE,

Including the Frame,

Like samples on exhibition in our window. Any person wishing to avail themselves of this great offer can do so by asking us for a ticket, and as fall and winter trade is just beginning, you can soon have one or more of these pictures.

Fall and Winter Goods

Are arriving every week. Look over our line of elegant line of Dress Goods in the latest patterns. Fleece lined Wrappers, Outing Flannel and Eiderdown Dressing Sacques, Skirts, Petticoats and Underwear. To make this short, come in and see what we have. It costs you nothing to look.

We have a few Ladies' and Children's Jackets left that we are closing out at less than cost. Here is a bargain for you.

J. R. RAUCH & SON,

We are the People

WHO ARE SELLING

Dry Goods, Notions,
Capes and Jackets,
Furnishings,
Chinaware,
Crockery,
Glassware and
Groceries

Way Below Detroit Prices

WE HAVE PROVEN IT TO NEARLY

1,000 PEOPLE

During the past six months.

The first and second floor of our store is jammed full of Goods bought at right Prices.

Come and Get Our Prices

And you will find we are the People you want to tie to.

HILLMER & CO.

WEEK'S HISTORY.

News from All Parts of the Great World.

EVENTS BRIEFLY NARRATED.

All the Latest Good News, Foreign Events Which Are of General Interest, Disasters, Crimes and Other Subjects Chronicled in Condensed Form for the Busy Reader.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Major Cheatham with a scouting party, while proceeding along the west shore of the lake encountered a force of rebels strongly entrenched at Muntinlupa and drove them from their position. In the engagement three Americans were killed and two wounded.

Schwann's movement against the insurgents has been very successful. He inflicted heavy loss on men and property of the southern insurgent army; he reports their casualties at 200 killed and 400 wounded.

Major Chatham drove the insurgents south and westward from the lake town of Muntinlupa, pursuing them several miles; loss three men killed, two wounded, one missing.

The Forty-eighth United States Infantry (colored), mobilizing at Fort Thomas, Ky., has been filled to its maximum.

The insurgents made an attack upon Angeles at half past 2 o'clock in the morning. One American was killed and seven wounded.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Burglars entered Governor Stanley's home at Wichita, Kan., and stole jewelry of considerable value and some money.

Myrtle M. Leonard, 14 years of age, the adopted daughter of Gustave Dudley of Douglas, Mass., was shot and killed by Alexis Holdensworth, 18 years old. The man had been employed as a farm hand by the father of the girl.

Pat and Morris O'Malley and Frank Jennings have been sentenced at Ardmore, I. T., to five years each in the penitentiary for complicity in the Rock Island railroad robbery of 1907.

At Custer, O. T., Henry Niegars, aged 15, shot and killed his mother.

At Alameda, Cal., Chief of Police Conrad shot and killed one of three burglars who were attempting to rob the jewelry store of A. O. Gott.

Madge Davenport, 21 years old, and Mamie White, 22 years old, of New York, drank fatal doses of carbolic acid, because they had quarreled with their lovers.

The Reynolds bank, of Reynolds, Ind., was robbed of a large sum of money by experts who blew both safe and building to wreck.

M. Levitzky, an anarchist from Chicago, hanged himself at San Francisco.

Henry Hough, former assistant cashier of the Cocheo National bank of Dover, was indicted by the federal grand jury at Concord, N. H., for embezzling \$5,000, arraigned and sentenced to five years in jail.

Burglars robbed the Farmers' bank at Schell City, Mo., of \$3,500.

The fast mail train on the Northwestern road was held up forty-seven miles from Chicago by three men who blew open the safe and secured a large amount of money, some assert as high as \$25,000.

There are several clues to the thugs who held up the Northwestern train near Elluru, Ill., but nothing certain so far. A special agent of the express company says the robbers got less than \$3,000.

George Lewis, colored, was shot and instantly killed by John Reeves of Mount Pleasant, Tex., at Dallas, Tex., because Lewis had attempted to eject Mrs. Reeves from a seat in the Santa Fe depot.

Four months ago Dominick Tauro was fatally stabbed in a fight at Warren, O. On his death-bed he told his wife that Frank Augusta had stabbed him. Mrs. Tauro has just shot and killed Augusta.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The mills of the Rodman Manufacturing company of North and South Kingston, R. I., have resumed operations after a shutdown of eighteen months.

Comptroller Dawes has authorized the First National bank, of Arthur, Ill., to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

A 10 per cent. increase in price of window glass has been put into effect. Other advances in tableware and plate glass are expected soon.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderlip, it is reported, will become connected with a leading New York bank.

Because the price of steel has advanced within the last three months the manufacturers of wire fences have advanced the prices of these goods.

Stern, Falk & Co. of New York, wholesale dealers in boys' clothing, at a meeting of their creditors made a statement showing liabilities of \$179,000 and assets of \$125,000.

The thirty-nine brick manufacturing concerns doing business in Pittsburg county, Ia., together with the Western Pennsylvania Brick company, have all been absorbed by a New York syndicate of capitalists.

A. K. Edwards of Waterloo, Ia., has been appointed receiver of the Equitable Mutual Life association of that city.

The Congress Hotel company, of Chicago, operating the Auditorium and the Annex, has declared a dividend to stockholders.

The firm of Shannon, Miller & Crane of New York, manufacturers and importers of military goods, founded in 1820, has been placed in the hands of a receiver. One of the partners has brought suit for dissolution.

The Federal Telephone company, with an authorized capital of \$10,000,000, has been incorporated in New Jersey.

DISASTERS AND DEATHS.

Frank Kiefer, 17 years old, a bicyclist, was fatally injured by a runaway in Chicago.

The deaths of two victims of the "car flipping" habit have been reported

to the corner at Chicago. Both were boys.

A powder and dynamite explosion in the office of the Davis Coal and Coke company at Thomas, W. Va., killed Ira Nygum, the timekeeper, and injured five other employees.

The Bridgeport line steamer Nutmeg State was burned in Long Island sound off Sands Point, L. I., and ten persons were burned to death or drowned.

Nothing remains of the steamer Nutmeg State, burned at Sandspruit, L. I., but twisted steel and iron and the copper bottom. The bodies of five of the crew are believed to be somewhere in the debris.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

The Transvaal government has sent an ultimatum to Great Britain demanding the withdrawal of troops from the border. The Transvaal limits the time at which a reply is to be received and practically threatens war if the reply is late. War now seems inevitable.

Dr. Kolb, the well-known German traveler, has been killed near Lake Rudolf, East Africa, by a rhinoceros.

No dispatches have arrived in London from the Cape since the expiration of the ultimatum, so it is not yet known whether the first shot has been fired.

A crash on the Italian bourses resulted in heavy losses and numerous failures.

A special from Ladysmith says: The Boers occupied Laing's Nek the moment the ultimatum had expired. They are now pouring into Natal and Ingogo Heights have been occupied.

The British diplomatic agent in the Transvaal has left the country.

The Orange Free State burghers have crossed into Cape Colony and occupied Phillipstown. Authorities at Mafeking hourly expecting attack.

A battle has taken place between General Sir George Stewart White, commanding the forces in Natal, and the Boers, who entered Natal by way of Van Reenan's pass.

The Boers have occupied the Spitzkop, near Newcastle.

As a result of the Dreyfus case Colonel Schneider, Austrian, has fought a duel with Captain Caignet, Schneider was wounded.

Fighting has begun at Kimberly, but no definite news has been received, communication being cut off.

The Boer commando which invaded Natal through Laing's Nek, and after occupying Newcastle advanced to Dannhauser, have retired on Ingazane, their transport service being reported defective.

Clymington Greene, British agent at Pretoria received every civility on his journey from the Transvaal capital.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Forest fires about the base of Mount Tamalpais, Cal., have caused a loss of \$130,000.

A fire which originated in Estorage's drug store by the explosion of a lamp, destroyed a large section of the business portion of New Iberia, La.

The C. J. Baker Tent and Awning company's establishment in Kansas City burned. Loss, \$60,000, with \$40,000 insurance.

An explosion started a fire in the National Conduit and Cable works at Hastings, N. Y. The loss is estimated at \$125,000.

Fire destroyed a large four-story warehouse in Brooklyn, owned by the Bush company, limited, and 8,000 bales of cotton stored in it. Loss, \$300,000.

At Waterloo, Ia., the building of Fowler & Co., wholesale grocers, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$105,000.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

Lawrence Gronlund, the socialist writer, died suddenly in New York aged 53 years.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The national reunion of the Blue and Gray was held at Evansville, Ind. President McKinley was present.

Chadwick day was celebrated by 25,000 people at Morgantown, W. Va., and a sword was presented to Captain Chadwick.

At Indianapolis complete official returns for mayor give Taggart, Democrat, a plurality of 347.

A contribution of \$500 to the Dewey home fund was received from ex-Senator W. D. Washburn of Minneapolis, making the fund to date about \$50,000.

The Association of Distributors has refused to comply with the request of the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse company to quote spirits at the actual selling price.

The International Commercial Congress is in session at Philadelphia with 1,000 delegates in attendance from nearly all parts of the world.

The New York state Democratic committee meeting was controlled by Richard Croker and ex-Senator David B. Hill was turned down.

Joseph H. Choate, the United States ambassador to Great Britain, having concluded his vacation, has returned to London.

At an anti-Semitic meeting in Vienna Burgomaster Lueger included both the United States and England in a charge of ruteness and thirst for gold.

The Columbia defeated the Shamrock by a mile and a half in the first finish race between the yachts for the America's cup.

The Canadian contingent for South Africa will sail from Quebec on the Allen liner Sardinian about the end of the month.

Edwin B. Hay, counsel for W. F. Sylvester, owner of the alleged Filipino filibustering steamer Abbey, has made a statement in defense of Dr. Edward Bedloe, United States consul at Canton, China, under charges for granting an American registry to the Abbey.

Sixty-eight thousand dollars was raised in Carnegie hall, New York, for the heather. It was obtained by the Rev. A. B. Simpson.

President Steyn of the Orange Free State, and President Kruger of the Transvaal, maintain direct telephone connection.

While addressing a socialist women's meeting in New York Mrs. Florentine Chidwell-Lange was stricken with apoplexy and died in a few minutes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have each subscribed £200 to the Mansion House fund for the relief of South African refugees.

300 BOERS ARE SLAIN.

They Got the Worst of a Battle at Mafeking.

BRITISH LOSE EIGHTEEN IN KILLED

Refugees Arriving at Lorenzo Marques Say the Boers Were Repulsed at Mafeking with Heavy Loss—News of the Fighting as Told in Related Dispatches—Boers Strengthening Their Position in Natal and Biding Their Time for Attack.

London, Oct. 17.—A special dispatch from Cape Town says that 300 Boers and eighteen British have been killed in a battle at Mafeking.

Kimberley, Oct. 17.—An armored train, while reconnoitering near Spytfontein, engaged the Boers, killing five and wounding seven. The British had no losses.

Lorenzo Marques, Oct. 17.—Refugees who have just arrived here from the Transvaal report that the Boers have been repulsed at Mafeking, sustaining heavy losses.

London, Oct. 17.—The following advices have been received from Pretoria under date of Oct. 14:

Fighting took place this morning north of Mafeking. An armored train sent to repair the railway line opened fire on the Boer commando. One burgher was killed and two were wounded. A second engagement followed, in which nine British were wounded.

Trains Blown Up.

Yesterday, while General Cronje's troops were near the broken railway bridge, nine miles north of Mafeking, an approaching train, loaded with dynamite, was fired upon and blown up. There were no casualties on the Transvaal side. Further dispatches received by the government say that fighting continues north of Mafeking. The British, after the second engagement, retired in the direction of the town; but they resumed the attack shortly afterwards, two burghers being killed and three wounded. The commando engaged was impeded owing to the want of heavy artillery, which was subsequently obtained from General Cronje.

Commandant General Joubert has established his headquarters at Charlestown and opened telegraphic communication with the Transvaal by way of Laing's Nek.

PARLIAMENT OPENED.

Extraordinary Session of the Body—The Queen's speech.

London, Oct. 17.—Parliament opened in extraordinary session to consider the South African situation. In the speech from the throne her majesty said:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: Within a very brief period after the recent prorogation I am compelled by events deeply affecting the interests of my empire to recur to your advice and aid. The state of affairs in South Africa has made it expedient that my government should be enabled to strengthen the military forces of this country by calling out the reserve. For this purpose the provisions of the law reader it necessary that parliament should be called together. Except for the difficulties that have been caused by the action of the South African republic, the condition of the world continues to be peaceful.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons: Measures will be laid before you for the purpose of providing the expenditure which has been or may be caused by events in South Africa. Estimates for the ensuing year will be submitted to you in due course.

"My Lords and Gentlemen: There are many subjects of domestic interest to which your attention will be invited at a later period, when the ordinary session for the labors of a parliamentary session has been reached. For the present I have invited your attendance in order to ask you to deal with an exceptional exigency; and I pray that, in performing the duties which claim your attention you may have the guidance and blessing of Almighty God."

STRENGTHENING THEIR POSITION.

The Boers Are Biding Their Own Time for an Attack.

London, Oct. 17.—Dispatches from the scene of action in South Africa throw little fresh light upon the situation. The Boers appear to be strengthening their position in Natal, and biding their own time for attack. The Orange Free State burghers are apparently threatening to invade Cape Colony by way of Norval Pont, and Allwal North, both of which are at their mercy, if they possess artillery. So far as is known the only British force stationed at Allwal North is a detachment of the Royal Berkshire regiment.

News from the western border probably reduces the alleged heavy fighting at Mafeking to ordinary proportions. Apparently the earlier sensational story originated in the skirmishes between the armored train and small detachments of Boers, although since then much may have happened to the little garrison. It is difficult to understand how refugees arriving at Lorenzo Marques should have come into possession of news of serious Boer losses at Mafeking. At the same time it must be remembered that much news from the Transvaal is likely to come by way of Delagoa Bay, as most other channels are strictly censored.

Anxiety Over Baden-Powell.

London, Oct. 17.—The fate of Colonel Baden-Powell's isolated force at Mafeking is rousing all England. Lord Salisbury's fourth son, Lord Edward Cecil, is with the imprisoned garrison; also Lady Sarah Wilson, who is with her husband there. She is an aunt of the Duke of Marlborough. Several other highly connected men are with Baden-Powell. Orders have been sent to do everything to help them. Cecil Roberts is still in Kimberley.

Believe it or No!

Ladysmith, Natal, Oct. 16.—The threatened assault upon Glencoe is believed to be a feint in the hope of weakening the garrison here and ex-

posing the towns to the westward. The Boers are resting, preparatory, it seems, to completing their encircled movement for an attack upon Dundee. They cannot advance much further without coming into contact with the British cavalry, who screen the position. Nevertheless, the situation is such that little fighting is expected in the near future in this section apart from desultory outpost skirmishes. All the women and children have left Dundee.

Cannot Hear from Our Consul.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The state department has been informed by the cable companies that telegraphic communication with the Transvaal has been completely interrupted. The department is thus cut off from communication with United States Consul Macrum at Pretoria.

Will Be a Canadian Brigade.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 17.—A cable dispatch received yesterday from Lord Lansdowne, secretary for war, says that the Canadian contingent will be regarded as one brigade, and not cut up into units and attached to the imperial forces.

MEMORIAL DAY OF JUBILEE.

Christian Missionary Societies at Cincinnati Hear Reports.

Cincinnati, Oct. 17.—Tuesday was Memorial day at the jubilee convention of the Christian Missionary societies, the tributes being mostly in honor of A. M. Atkinson of Wabash, Ind., who dropped dead while addressing the business men's section last Saturday night.

The venerable C. L. Loos of Lexington, Ky., continued to preside over the Foreign Christian Missionary society, where missionaries from all the foreign fields reported on their respective works in touching appeals. Addresses were also delivered by W. J. Lhamon on "Missions in the Gospels," by T. W. Pinkerton on "The Fearlessness of Christianity," and by G. L. Wharton on the work in India.

The following officers for the Foreign Christian Missionary society were elected: President, C. L. Loos; corresponding secretary, A. McLean; treasurer, E. M. Rain; recording secretary, S. M. Cooper; auditor, J. F. Wright; vice presidents, W. S. Dickinson, J. A. Lord, G. A. McLeod, B. C. Dewese and I. J. Spencer.

TWENTY-TWO MEN ENTOMBED.

Explosion of Mine Gas in a Pennsylvania Colliery.

Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 17.—Shortly before 11 o'clock an explosion of mine gas occurred at Shenandoah City colliery by which twenty-two men were entombed. Ten of them have been rescued alive. It is feared the others are dead. The mine took fire and the Shenandoah fire department has gone to the rescue. Great excitement prevails. The colliery is one of the largest of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company's operations.

Those taken from the mine are: Adam Sobolinski, married, burned; William Skavinski, Joseph Caspavage, all probably fatally burned; Joseph Kinski, burns upon face, hands and back; Matthew Yeard and Peter Yeard, brothers, not badly burned. All live at Shenandoah. The miners burning fiercely and firemen are battling the flames.

ACCIDENT TO SHAMROCK.

Her Topmast Carried Away, and the Race Goes to Columbia.

New York, Oct. 17.—The yachts Columbia and Shamrock crossed the line at 11 o'clock for the second race of the series for the America's cup. Shamrock was about five miles from the lights when she carried away her topmast. The Columbia was leading her by about 100 yards. The Shamrock, at the time of the accident, was carrying her club topsail, mainsail, jib and forestay sail. Shamrock put into the wind as soon as the topmast broke and turned back to the lights. Immediately after the accident Columbia put up into the wind, evidently expecting to be called on for aid from Shamrock. Finding that it was not necessary she fled away on the port tack, standing off shore to keep on the course, and rounded the first mark at 12:38:20.

Two Thousand Miners on Strike.

Spring Valley, Ill., Oct. 17.—State President J. M. Hunter has arrived here on the call of the executive committee of this district and called a strike of 2,000 miners employed by the Spring Valley Coal company. The men have all responded by laying down their picks and the supply of coal from this point will drop 5,000 tons daily until a settlement is made. The difficulty which brought on the strike is alleged to be the refusal of General Manager Daizell to stop union dues at the company office.

Strike Prevents a Launching.

New York, Oct. 17.—The launching of the torpedo-boat destroyer Bailey, built by the gas engine and power company of Morris Heights, in the Harlem river, for the United States navy, which was to have occurred this week, has been postponed indefinitely, owing to the prolonged strike of the iron workers employed on the craft. The men quit work about two months ago and a settlement of the trouble seems as far away now as at the start.

Colonel Schneider in a Sanitarium.

Vienna, Oct. 17.—Colonel Schneider, military attaché to the Austrian embassy at Paris, an alleged letter from whom figured in the recent Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes, has arrived from Paris and is an inmate of Dr. Loew's sanitarium in Vienna. It is alleged that he is suffering from Bright's disease, but the story is not credited. It being generally believed that he has received mortal wounds in the duel with General Roget.

Ramsay's Bondsmen Are Losers.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 18.—The supreme court has handed down an opinion in which it declares that the bondsmen of the late State Treasurer Ramsay are not entitled to recover from the Ramsay estate the money they advanced to make good Ramsay's default.

Two Women in Bankruptcy.

New York, Oct. 17.—A petition in bankruptcy was filed yesterday by Ida L. and May E. Jenkins. Liabilities, \$512,750; no assets.

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Pure Lard, From Wayne Co. Hogs. Try it.

Our Pork and Corned Beef Are very fine

Beef, Choice cuts Sirlon and Porter House.

Always on hand, Sugar Cured Hams, Boneless Ham, Breakfast Bacon.

Cold Meats, Our own Pressed Meats

Sausage, Fresh Bologna, Fresh Frankforts, etc.

Orders Called for and Delivered to any part of the Village.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Beginning Nov. 5th, my market will be closed on Sunday.

H. HARRIS

Restaurant & Bakery!

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

A fresh assortment of Cookies, Cakes, Pies, &c., always on hand.

FRUITS OF ALL KINDS.

Lunches & Regular Meals

Board and Lodging by the week at a reasonable price. Yours to please,

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Fast Train Cafe Dining Cars Palace Sleeping Cars

THE WATER BROOKS.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF GOSPEL RE-FRESHMENT.

Shows How We May Elude the Pursuing Hounds of Trouble and Safely Reach the Lake of Divine Solace and Rescue.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage, under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xlii, 1, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the binds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dew, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Esau compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself, "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer read the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming barriers.

True to Nature. David says to himself: "Aha! That is myself! Sani after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking about my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David, "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while there talking with a hunter I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister! You see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken, to say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery and the shavings of its horns used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its usefulness this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and, after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisite beauty, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat! It is velocity embodied, timidity impersonated, the enchantment of the woods, eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death, the splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot through the forest or turning at bay to attack the hounds or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a master's brush on a pillow of hamocks at the foot of St. Regis is

able to picture. When, 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at evening to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads, and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and jolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from cliff to cliff into Upper Saranac can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have come after them the lean bounds of poverty or the black bounds of persecution or the spotted bounds of vicissitude or the pale bounds of death or who are in any wise pursued run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know, at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them, or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them. Or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement. You charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure, or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred. Or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the gospel and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

Some time ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him," and I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers. You might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you; but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac. Into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of Gods word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes, each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and, though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

Be Wise as the Deer. But many of you have turned your back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are souped with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises he has hung it on the stag's horns, and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers. Be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns. But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice

as many hands lifted as persons present—say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment or invalidism or mishap is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions and the more beautiful its bearing the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! Don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the bounds would have given a few sniffs of the track and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides disclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of hills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its hoof defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the bound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed, but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest head," therefore the world goes gungling for you with its best Winchester breechloader. Highest compliment is it to your talent or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw had set after him all the bounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarian massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross.

Pursuing Dogs. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again? So would not I. One tear of memory given O'erward I'll be. Life's dark wave, forded o'er, All but at rest on shore, Say, would you plunge once more, With home so sigh?

If you might, would you now Retrace your way; Wander through stormy wilds, Faint and astray? Night's gloomy watches fled; Morning, all beaming red; Hope's smile around us shed, Heavenward, away!

Yes, for some people in this world there seems to let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds and the Earl of Yarborough's hounds and the Duke of Rutland's hounds; but all of them put together do not equal, in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of bounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon lake and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort—why, it embosoms all distress. His arm—it wrenches off all bondage. His hand—it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement—it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Lamarine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold, the poets said the one of amber, but the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For him I thirst, for his grace I beg, on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my

health, blessed in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you—as in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No; I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered, "Yes, I shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous plunge into big Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliating yawn at the feet of his master. And how ashamed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers!

Eternal Water Brooks.

We are told in Revelation xlii, 15, "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs." I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places and for years have been the only protection of wife and child, some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we carried in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated—I say if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world—yes, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces—shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs." No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despolders of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung and guns were discharged and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chimes click at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether?"

TO RESIST EARTHQUAKES.

An American Designed Palace For Japan's Crown Prince.

The building plan of the earthquake proof palace for the crown prince of Japan shows that the Japanese architects have finally given over their ideas in favor of those which were first illustrated here. Formerly the Japanese believed that the lighter the fabric of the building the more easily it would ride the ground swell of a tremor, and they stuck to the engaging fantasy, despite prostrate bamboo walls and falling tiles, for many years after better methods had been demonstrated. At one time there was a disposition to adopt Professor Milne's advice and rest all structures on cannon balls deposited in a socket in stone foundations, the idea being that the balls would move under the shock of the earthquake and relieve the strain upon the house. But the advice never became popular, and now the Japanese have come to the point, in their most significant building, of depending upon the capelike structure of steel, of which The Chronicle edifice was the earliest type in this city.

The palace will not, of course, be high and narrow like the modern office building, and will not need much of the intricate which gives such structures their peculiar shape. But the principle of knitting the whole mass together, not only with sides and floor and roof supports of structural steel, but with longitudinal and horizontal braces of the same material, has been chosen, and as a result the young crown prince will have the safest residence in his earthquake smitten empire. It is believed that a building like this will withstand any seismic convulsion which is not accompanied by a subsidence of the earth. In that respect the new palace may have as lucky a history as Japan's ancient bronze idol Dalibusu, which has passed through numerous earthquakes, and has twice had its wooden temple swept from over its head by tidal waves, and yet, owing to its great weight and solidity, has come through the experiences undisturbed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

NOTHING GOOD IS EVER LOST

God's World Keyed to Happiness. Vice Waning and Virtue Waxing.

"The story of arts that have been lost, and inventions that have been forgotten, and knowledges that have been consumed by fame, all these are idle talk," writes Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of "The Secrets of a Happy Life," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The time was when Wendell Phillips thought the huge stones in the temple of Diana demanded the steam engine. Wider knowledge hath taught us that the pyramids can be accounted for by one despot and a thousand slaves. Man can forget where he saw the poison ivy, but not where he found the clustering vine. Men have forgotten how to make thumb screws and instruments of torture. Once he has made a book, a loom or an engine he can never forget the art. Yea, the very scavenger, emptying a bushel of chaff and one grain of wheat into the streets, will find that mother earth will search out that grain, shelter its root in the soil beneath and its plant in the sun above, and make the chaff and filth to change their form and lead crimson hues to bud and fruit. "Therefore, open thy hand, O publicist, knowing that thy handful of today will have increased tomorrow and will seed the world with harvests. Open up thy spring in the desert, for though an empty stop up the fountain with stones, he cannot stay the spring bubbling from the heart of God's earth. Plant vine and tree for weary man's shadow and shelter, for the enemy, sharpening his knife to destroy, shall be made a servant to cut away the dead branches from the tree that shall bear the nation. For this is God's world. It is keyed to happiness, not to misery. Vices are waning, and virtues are waxing."

Then He Looked Pleasant.

"Thirty years ago," says George G. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer, "my studio was at Thirteenth street and Broadway, then a residence section. At the corner facing Union square was the old Roosevelt mansion, where Theodore Roosevelt spent his boyhood.

"Several years ago, when the governor was police commissioner, he came into my present studio, and of course I personally superintended posing him. After I had fixed him in the chair and asked him to 'look pleasant, please,' I said carelessly: "I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth street about 30 years ago?" "Mr. Roosevelt's eyes twinkled. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'It's pretty nearly outlawed by this time. But as I have the police on my side now and I'm not afraid of being arrested, I'll admit that I was the boy. But don't let that make you spoil this picture.' "It didn't, for it was the best likeness that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Horse on Him.

"Say, Dennis, d'ye know Jerome came to home on a furlough?" "On what's a furlough?" "G'an, ye iganamus! It's wan ov them new wagons what runs without a horse."—Pittsburg Press.

Here's a Stupefied Editor.

If this item sells 15 or 20 pigs for J. A. Liebler, we get one of the pigs. All of you who want pigs just confer a favor on The News and buy of Jaka. Don't say 'em all—leave one for us.—Caledonia (Mich.) News.

BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE

It's not a "patent" medicine, but is prepared direct from the formula of E. E. Barton, of Cleveland's most eminent specialists, by Dr. C. E. Benson, Ph. D., R. S. BAR-BEN is the greatest known restorative and invigorator for men and women. It creates good blood, purifies and strengthens the system, makes the blood pure and healthy, and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefits. One box will work wonders, and should be kept on hand. Prepared in small sugar coated tablets, easy to swallow. The days of cery compounds, gummy sanaparillas and vile tonics are over. BAR-BEN is a scientific cure. Prepared in small sugar coated tablets, easy to swallow. The days of cery compounds, gummy sanaparillas and vile tonics are over. BAR-BEN is a scientific cure. Prepared in small sugar coated tablets, easy to swallow. The days of cery compounds, gummy sanaparillas and vile tonics are over. BAR-BEN is a scientific cure.

THE DETROIT & LANSING RAILWAY.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 28, 1909.

SOUTH BOUND.			
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	
Detroit	Lv. 7:30 a.m.	4:15 p.m.	
Carleton	8:32	5:17	
Dundee	9:07	5:52	
Tecumseh	9:49	6:34	
Adrian	10:07	6:52	
Wauseon	11:16	7:50	
Lansing	11:25	8:10	
Malinta	11:48	8:33	
Hamler	12:00	8:45	
Ottawa	12:15 p.m.	9:03	
Col. Grove	12:45	9:30	
Lima	1:15 p.m.	10:00 p.m.	

NORTH BOUND.			
STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	
Lima	Lv. 3:00 a.m.	3:00 a.m.	
Col. Grove	6:30	3:30	
Ottawa	6:45	3:45	
Lansing	6:57	3:57	
Hamler	7:15	4:15	
Malinta	7:35	4:27	
Napoleon	7:40	4:40	
Wauseon	8:10	5:10	
Adrian	9:10	6:10	
Tecumseh	9:34	6:30	
Dundee	10:03	7:02	
Carleton	10:43	7:43	
Detroit	11:55 a.m.	8:55 p.m.	

Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, run daily, except Sunday. F. E. DEWEY, Gen'l Supt. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT Grand Rapids & return

Grand Rapids & return, June 26, 1909.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Lv. Grand Rapids 7:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
Lima 8:32	7:50
Lansing 8:54	7:25
Salem 10:23	6:00
PLYMOUTH 10:50	5:26
Detroit 11:40	4:30

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Lv. Detroit 8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
PLYMOUTH 9:27	1:48
Salem 9:40	1:57
Lansing 11:22	3:30
Lima 12:45	4:43
Grand Rapids 1:20	5:10

ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth. GEO. DE HAVEN, G. P. A. Grand Rapids.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 13, 1909.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Train No. 4, 10:05 a.m.	Train 1, 8:10 a.m.
" No. 6, 2:28 p.m.	" 2, 9:18 a.m.
" No. 8, 8:43 p.m.	" 5, 2:00 p.m.
" No. 10, 6:38 a.m.	" 9, 7:05 p.m.

Tr. No. 3 and 9 run through to Alpena.

Train No. 3 connects at Ludington with steamer for Manitowish and No. 5 with steamer for Milwaukee (weather permitting) making connections for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeping Parlor Cars between Alpena, Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.

Trains leave for Toledo at 10:35 a.m., 2:25 p.m., and 8:13 p.m.

For further information see Time Cards of the company.

ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

Ohio Central Lines

T. & O. C. R. Y. K. & M. R. Y.

The Through Car Line

DETROIT, TOLEDO & CINCINNATI. DETROIT, TOLEDO & COLUMBUS. TOLEDO, COLUMBUS & CHARLESTON, W. VA.

COLUMBUS & MARIETTA.

Trlor Cars on Day Trains.

Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Rates Always Low as the Lowest.

Says Confer with Ohio Central Agt. or address

MOULTON HOUK, Gen'l Passenger Agt., TOLEDO, O.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS & DESIGNS

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Send model on payment sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken in U. S. and foreign countries. Special notices, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, \$10 for six months. Sold by newsdealers.

MUNN & CO. 351 Broadway, New York

Branch Office: 635 F. St. Washington, D. C.

Chronic Rheumatism
is cured by

Ath-lo-pho-ros

Sold by all Druggists. Send for Free Treatise to
The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.



If the Stove is a
"Garland" it's Good.....

Some marks signify Definite Quality, like the "Hall Mark" of England. When the trade mark shown above appears on a Stove or Range it is an absolute GUARANTEE by the largest makers of Stoves and Ranges in the world, that it is the BEST ARTICLE of the kind that can be made for the price asked, and that price is no more than is asked for other high-grade stoves.

Every desirable feature of
Durability,
Economy and
Convenience

Known to stove making, is combined in "Garlands."
Well-cooked food and comfortably-warmed room go a long way toward making home happy, therefore, buy the best stove you can.

CONNER HDW. CO.,

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Exclusive agents for Garland Stoves and Ranges, dealers in General Hardware, House Furnishing Goods, etc.

LADIES:

WE WILL HAVE A

Special Sale Saturday

OF THIS WEEK ON ALL

...Our Street Hats.

We would ask you to call and see our line of Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, ranging in price from \$1.00 up to \$7.00. We also call your attention to the fact that we carry a line of

Stamped Linens and Embroidery Silks,

Which we are selling out at about cost.

Milliners... BAILEY & McLAREN

YOU CAN GET

The Best 25c. Meal

IN TOWN AT THE

Hotel Plymouth

Meal Tickets very Reasonable.

Everything First Class. a John Klee, Prop.

HARRY CHURCHWARD,
Wholesale Butcher and Commission Merchant,

DRESSED LAMBS, MUTTON, VEAL AND PORK. Specialties.

POULTRY & GAME IN THEIR SEASON.

Staff Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, UNION MARKET, DETROIT, MICH.

Send shipments to this old reliable firm, where you can get highest market prices, full weights and prompt returns.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY
F. W. SAMSEN & SON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 3 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

While a number of American girls have mated with princes, attention is called to the fact that no American man has ever married a princess. The public is left to conjecture whether this is due to the fact that the men of this country have too much sense to choose a wife who could taunt them by reminders of their inferior positions, or whether the royal maidens of Europe don't know a good thing when they see it.

Returns from the county registers of deeds, shows that up to the present time this year 3 per cent. fewer mortgages were recorded in Michigan than for same time last year, while 12 per cent. more discharges have been made. The rate of interest and average amount of mortgages have also been reduced, and a majority of the new mortgages were for part payment of property rather than for borrowed money. There is little comfort in this for the calamity howlers.

Benjamin Harrison of the United States is to be the recipient of special attention and honors in England. Foreign nations sometimes are at a loss what to do with American ex-presidents—a difficulty shared by Americans themselves. In Mr. Harrison's case, however, the English will not be at a loss. The ex-president is a sensible man, and as there is nothing accidental about his career he measures well up to it on any occasion and in any circumstances.

Historic Turkey Foot rock near Toledo, Ohio, has been stolen. The stone weighs seven tons. It was moved from the spot where it has rested for more than a century, Oct. 12. The stone marked the spot where the great Indian chieftain Turkey Foot met death. Before his death he counseled his warriors from its top. Ruin letters and inscriptions adorn it. The centennial commission was to have removed the rock to Toledo, but enterprising individuals have the stone.

The Chesapeake and Ohio steamship Rapidan, the largest steamship of the company's trans-Atlantic fleet, has been chartered by the English government for its transport service in connection with the Transvaal war. The Rapidan is a fine ship of 4,777 tons net. It is said that some of the other ships engaged in the London and Liverpool trade from this port may also be pressed into service. It is understood that the Chesapeake and Ohio company will receive a snug sum for the use of its vessels.

Paul Kruger's fighting men must possess a strange and mysterious power—that of self-multiplication on the shortest notice. The largest estimate of their number before the war broke out was 35,000, while any one who takes the trouble to add up the number of Boers "reliably reported" as concentrating opposite various British positions will find that their present strength runs from 200,000 to 500,000, according to the way the English correspondents felt when they heard that the enemy was coming.

According to the figures submitted to the board of supervisors Monday the total amount of the county estimates for 1899 will be \$749,135.49, and the actual amount to be spread upon the tax rolls will be \$300,989.67, the difference being obtained from receipts and liquor tax. The county auditors ask for \$209,835, but to this must be added the estimates from other county offices, together with the amount of unpaid and rejected taxes, etc., which are \$138,300. The estimates were submitted to the ways and means committee.

The assignment by the navy department of Rear Admiral Sampson to the Boston navy yard has put Sampson on shore duty with pay and emoluments, which makes his position more valuable than that of Rear Admiral Schley with sea duty. While at sea, Sampson got \$4,500 a year as a junior Rear-Admiral with the pay of a brigadier, but with no allowances. In charge of the Boston navy yard as a senior Rear-Admiral, he will get \$6,750 a year, shore duty pay and allowances, amounting to a total of \$7,795. At sea, Admiral Schley will receive \$7,500 without perquisites.

A CARD.—We desire to return our sincere thanks to all who gave us their help and sympathy in our late bereavement, to the choir for the music and to those that gave the beautiful flowers. Mr. and Mrs. VanRansselaar Willett and children.

Apple Barrels for Sale
Will only manufacture two weeks more. Send in your order early.
E. M. Danforth.
Office at A. J. Lapham's store.

WHERE FLAGS ARE MADE.

A Large Manufactory at the New York Navy Yard.

In the equipment building of the New York navy yard there is a large manufactory, where most of the flags of our navy are made. A large vessel carries forty American flags, and a smaller vessel almost as many. This does not include the fleet and international signal flags, and the flags of other countries. There are three rooms in the equipment building that are given up to flag making. One of these is very large, and the others at either end are much smaller. There are sewing machines, scissors, pincushions and flatirons scattered around, so that the piece does not look unlike a patriotic dressmaker's establishment. The flags are all made by women, though a few men help to cut out the stars and do the finishing. The wind and weather destroy flags so fast, and new vessels are put into commission so rapidly, that it is necessary to employ a number of people even in time of peace. The working hours, during the late war, were extended from 8 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening. In one week eighteen hundred flags were made at the flag department, and this was when the rush of work was about over. The women cut all the square flags and the devices for them. The men cut the stars and bias pennants, and put on the finishing touches and the heading through which the rope runs. They also put in the rope and stencil the flag with the size and nationality. There is a pattern for every flag, and the patterns are put away in paper bags when not in use. There are forty-four flags in a set of general signals used in the navy. These are in three sizes, while the regular flag is made in nine sizes. The largest flag measures thirty-six feet long, while the smallest is only thirty inches. Pennants are made up to seventy feet long. There are nineteen international signal flags and forty-three foreign flags, which are made at the navy yard.—Scientific American.

TWO BULLETS

In His Brain, Yet the Man Lives, Defying Physical Laws.

Nelson Mackold of Waukesha has lived, says a Milwaukee correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle, since May, 1897, with two bullets in his brain, either one of which, so the doctors say, would have killed anybody else. On that date a horrible crime was committed on a lonely farm near Waukesha. A man named Pouch killed Farmer Alexander Harris, put two bullets into Mackold's head and left him for dead. He then went to the house and, after Mrs. Harris had given him breakfast, he shot her and her daughter. The hired man revived sufficiently to crawl to a neighbor's house and give the alarm. The whole country was aroused and some days after the murderer was found in a pond, where he had shot and then drowned himself. The grasp of Mackold upon life was marvelous. All the doctors said he would die, but instead he got well and by the end of the summer was able to work about the farm. In the interest of science Mackold was brought to this city and an X-ray photograph taken of his brain. It shows that one bullet is lodged at the base of the brain, right over the spinal column, and the other is in the roof of the orbit. Physicians say that, according to every physical law, he must of necessity die from the effects of the bullets in their present position. Yet the man lives, is strong and well, feels no ill effects from the bullets and is sane as he ever was.

Easy to Prove.

"Mary, is your master at home?"
"No, sir, he's out." "I don't believe it."
"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe."

Veteran
L. W. Stone,



Anti, Iowa, served his country during the late war at the expense of his health. The story concerning his restoration to health is given below in his own words:

"When I returned from the army my constitution was broken down. I suffered extreme nervousness, and indigestion. Physicians did not help me until one prescribed Dr. Miles' Nervine, and today I am in better health than I have been for thirty years."

DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine

is sold by all druggists on guarantee, first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles' Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

LEWIS & LEWIS



FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Night and Day Calls Promptly Attended.

Office over A. A. Taff's Store, Plymouth.

The Fall and Winter Campaign now Open at A. A. TAFFT'S

Where you can buy as much or more for the Money as in any place in city or country. My line of

DRESS GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Flannelets, Shaker Flannels, Domestic Flannels, Made-up Flannel Gowns, also Night Gowns, Quilts, White and Colored Blankets is very complete. I can sell you Shaker Flannels at 5c per yd. 10-4 Blankets as cheap as 50c per pair.

In Hosiery I cannot be Beat, at all Prices and of all kinds.

Hats and Caps,

I have a complete line for both Fall and Winter

As for Underwear,

For both ladies and gents, I have a large line

Yes, in Gloves & Mittens

I cannot be out-done, both in price and quality, as I buy direct from the factory.

I have a complete line in Gents' Furnishings, Shirts, Ties, Collars and Cuffs, Buttons, etc.

My Grocery Dep't is always Complete

Please call and be convinced that I can sell you as cheap as the cheapest.

A. A. TAFFT.

MILLINERY.

The Ladies of Plymouth are cordially invited to examine the styles of

Pattern Hats and Bonnets

FOR FALL AND WINTER 1899.

MY STOCK OF FANCY RIBBONS

At prices from 15 cents to 50 and 75 cents, shows desirable colors and designs.

Ostrich Feathers at 20c., 25c., 50c. up to \$3.00.

MAUD VROOMAN

Main Street, Plymouth.

Subscribe for the **Plymouth Mail**

Best Paper in Western Wayne.

Only \$1.00 per Year.

Local Newslets

Ed. Cortrite's son, Don, is quite sick. Geo. Hunter is on the sick list this week.

H. J. Baker was in Lanseng, last Tuesday.

Gustave Klutz, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Chas. Riggs.

100 engraved calling cards make a nice present to give a friend.

New Millinery goods just received at Mrs. Dickerson's. Call and see them.

There will be a special meeting of the Eastern Star lodge next Tuesday night, W. H. Williams, of Whitmore Lake, has been visiting Dr. Oliver this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Riggs, of Mason, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs.

Get your top buggies at Huston & Co's for \$44.00 before the advance in price.

The Whist Club met Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cook.

Mrs. Ed. Huston and mother, Mrs. J. O. Metcalf, are visiting relatives in Pontiac this week.

Postmaster Hall attended the Michigan Postmasters' convention in Detroit Tuesday and Wednesday.

James L. Reed and daughter, of New London, Conn., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs this week.

Quite a number from here will attend the theatre to-night at Detroit and see Viola Allen in "The Christian."

Hiram Roe's new house on Union street is nearly completed and will make a fine addition on that street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Green, of Mystic, Iowa, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Leach the fore part of the week.

Two cars of stock were shipped from this station this week, M. T. Sly one car cattle and Chas. Merritt one car hogs.

Services at the mission in Starkweather's block opened Wednesday evening with a good attendance. Services at 7:30.

Conductor Blakley returned from Detroit Thursday where he has been the past three weeks in Harper Hospital.

About 42 members of the L. O. T. M. visited the L. O. T. M. at Wayne Monday night. The ladies report a very enjoyable time.

The High School foot ball team and a team from the XIV club expect to play a game on the fair grounds this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The public meeting, conducted by the Epworth League Sunday evening, and the Literary meeting Monday evening, were both well attended.

Mrs. Emma Taylor, of Lansing, and Mrs. Bryant, of Detroit, have been the guests of Mrs. O. A. Fraser part of this week. Mrs. Bryant is the wife of a former minister here.

Mr. E. T. Tullar, of Santa Cruz, Cal., Mrs. L. B. Fonda, of Brighton, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. R. Tull, of Philadelphia, have been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Church the past week.

Chairman Higgins, of the board of supervisors, appointed Supervisors Starkweather, Buckley, Crowley, Perrot, Prochaski, Adams, Benton, and Kemp to act with him in the equalization of the assessment rolls of the townships of Wayne Co. and the wards, of the city of Wyandotte.

A man's home-paper is worth more to him than any other because it gives him more facts and local news, besides always working for the best interest of home community. When you subscribe for your home paper and pay for it, you increase the editor's ability to work for the development of your own community.

A very pleasant little episode occurred at the Baptist church last Sunday morning. After the sermon, the pastor announced that sixty dollars were needed to renew the insurance and pay for the winter's wood. In just eleven minutes, sixty-seven dollars were pledged. At the evening service, an unusual religious interest was manifested, several beginning openly the Christian life.

The High School foot ball team went over to Northville Wednesday afternoon to meet the Northville High School team on the gridiron. Our boys had not had much practice and proved very easy for Northvillians. The game resulted in a score of 44 to 0 in favor of Northville. The game was a gentlemanly contest throughout and the Plymouth boys feel that they were well treated.

About 125 attended the reception at the M. E. Church last Friday evening. The guests were met in the vestibule by a committee, who presented them to the pastor and his wife, and then conducted them to the church parlor, which was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves, amilax, and palms. There they were served with coffee, sandwiches, and doughnuts. Later in the evening, Mr. Stephens and others made short addresses. All present enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Beginning Nov. 5th, my market will be closed on Sundays. H. HARRIS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Beginning Nov. 5th, my market will be closed on Sundays. H. HARRIS.

Take the car for Newburg Hall to-night.

Mrs. Maria Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting friends in the village.

Theodore Knickerbacker of Akron, Mich., is visiting relatives here this week.

See Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the village hall to-night by the Henderson company.

The Daisy Mfg. Co. is running with a full complement of men and behind with orders.

When you have a job of printing to do, bring it to this office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mr. Daniel Baker and wife, of Williamston, paid a visit to Rev. Stephens on Thursday last.

New adds. this week J. W. Oliver, C. G. Draper, Bailey & McLaren and the Conner Hardware Co.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Alethea Hill and Roy Lyndon, which takes place Nov. 1st.

Dr. Cooper reports Mrs. Addie Dibble-Bennett as improving in health which will be good news to her many friends.

A report was current Monday evening that a man had been killed at the railroad junction, but it proved to be untrue.

Mrs. Janet Crosby-Hodge will sing a solo at the Baptist church next Sunday evening. The public is cordially invited.

Pastor Stephens, of the M. E. church will preach a sermon especially for young men next Sunday evening. All are invited.

The new residence of E. C. Hough on Main street is approaching completion and is a handsome addition to the residences of that section of the town.

Dr. Kinyon and wife who have been here for the past few weeks, left this week. Dr. Kinyon for Joplin, Mo., and Mrs. Kinyon for a visit a Battle Creek.

G. H. Russell, district deputy head consul for the Modern Woodmen of America, will organize a lodge here next Wednesday evening with a list of thirty charter members.

It is safe to say that the street car line will not be completed within the time given them by Judge Carpenter, and the question is will the Judge extend further time or grant the injunction?

The 39th Annual Convention of the Michigan State Sunday School Association will be held in the Tabernacle, Battle Creek, Mich., Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Nov. 14, 15, and 16, 1904.

The first D. P. & N. car that crossed the F. & P. M. crossing above the Phoenix mill was taken over about 11 o'clock yesterday. It is expected cars will run regularly in a day or two.

A hunting match will be organized sometime next week. The losers of the contest to pay for a supper. Anybody desiring to enter this contest may do so by handing their names to H. J. Baker.

During the past summer Wayne has laid over two miles of cement walk. The council of Plymouth should take a stand for better walks in this village, and we believe the gentlemen would be commended for the act.

Friends and readers of The Mail will confer a favor on us by asking Judge of Probate Durfee to publish notices of estates in which they may be interested, in The Mail. The judge will be perfectly willing and a request is all that is necessary.

A. W. Chaffee, as a member of Detroit Commandery, attended the funeral of Charles M. Jones at Ann Arbor Sunday. There was a large turnout of Masons, deceased being a prominent member of the fraternity. Will Conner E. K. Bennett and Harry Robinson were also in attendance.

Henderson's Stock Co. is playing a week's engagement at the village hall, presenting a standard repertoire of plays. They are drawing large houses and deserve the patronage of the people. Each member of the company is an artist in his or her specialty and our citizens may be assured of a good, clean entertainment. If you have not seen the show, go to-night or to-morrow night.

S. C. Cutting, who is working for The Mail, is meeting with good success in adding to the list of our subscribers, and it is safe to say that more regular papers go out from this office now than at any time during the paper's existence. The Mail is highly spoken of by the people and it will be our purpose to make it still better. This we can do by the proper support of the people about Plymouth who make this their trading point, and are consequently interested in the doings of the town. We have a good corps of correspondents who will furnish us with the news of their respective neighborhoods. We want to increase our list to one thousand, and we hope to obtain the name of every household in this section. Subscribe now!

SPECIAL NOTICE—Beginning Nov. 5th, my market will be closed on Sundays. H. HARRIS.

FOR SALE—Vacant lot on South Main street. Enquire of Mrs. Florence Jones.

The North Side

Mrs. Fred Germer is quite sick.

Ed. Knapp spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Ed. Peflon visited his parents at Howell Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Edith Robins, of Whitmore lake is visiting at Harry Jolliffe's this week.

Miss Stella Eckner, of Detroit, has been visiting Miss Mary Gayde this week.

Floyd Allen is working for H. A. Newland & Co., dry goods house in Detroit.

Miss Mary Gayde is visiting Miss Mary Dingeldey in Canton a few days this week.

W. J. Adams, Ed Gayde and Harry Jolliffe were in Detroit on business Wednesday.

Bert Robinson has moved into the rooms over Mrs. C. O. Dickerson's millinery store.

While fishing at Walled lake one day this week, Louie Reber pulled in a 7½ pound pike.

Mrs. Herman Eckner and Mrs. Dr. Toepel, of Detroit, visited at Peter Gayde's Friday and Saturday.

It looks as though apples were plenty this year, the way farmers are drawing the barrels from Dauforth's cooper shop.

Mrs. Ella Smye and little daughter, Hilda, returned home on Wednesday from a four month's visit with relatives through Canada.

The D. P. & N. track is all laid between Plymouth and Northville, except the diamond at the F. & P. M. crossing north of the Phoenix mills.

Two notices have been put up in the Riverside Cemetery, one on the dumping grounds in the back part of the cemetery, and one other, asking people not to throw their rubbish in the roads, as has always been done, but to take it to the dumping grounds. If people will always do so, we can always have a clean cemetery.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Don Voorhies commenced school Monday morning.

Dela Wager has returned after several days absence.

The trouble between the XIV club and the P. H. S. over the ownership of the foot-ball has been settled, the P. H. S. getting the ball. The latter have purchased new suits.

Sarah Bradford and Alma Murray were not at school the latter part of last week.

Frank Passage has been out of school the past few days.

The junior class held their first class meeting Tuesday. The following officers were elected: president, Ray Rider; vice-president, Fred Fisk; secretary, Verna Root; treasurer, Carrie Ableson. Gertrude Kinyon was a visitor at school Wednesday afternoon.

Singular Circumstances.

Three years ago this month Harry Robinson lost a horse and buggy to a couple of men who never returned with it. Harry notified the county sheriff and used every means to recover his property, but without success. Last Sunday, while at Ann Arbor, he saw his horse being driven on a hack. He went to the owner and was informed that about the time above mentioned the horse had been left at his livery barn by a couple of men. He had made efforts to find the owner, but failed to find him. He refused to give up the animal.

Died of Heart Disease.

The people of the village were shocked last evening to hear of the sudden death of J. B. Berdan, an old and prominent citizen of the neighborhood. Mr. Berdan was in the village yesterday feeling as well as ever. Last evening he complained of a pain in his side and lay down on a couch while his housekeeper was preparing supper. He lay there a short time and then got up to sit in a rocking chair, but remained there but a few moments when he went back to the couch. He gave a gasp and fell back dead. Deceased was an estimable farmer and had lived here many years. He was 66 years of years of age and leaves three grown-up children.

It is reported that as soon as the street car people run cars to Northville the F. & P. M. will make a 25 cent round trip rate from Northville and Plymouth to Detroit on all trains and every day. Should they do so, it will have a crushing effect on the motor line, who can then only hope for business between the local stations. And if the motor service should stop altogether, of course the old fare will be restored on the steam line.

One Fast Round Trip to Portland, Seattle and Tacoma.

Via the Chicago & Northwestern R'y, Oct. 12 to 15, limited to return until November 16, 1904, inclusive. Persons selecting this popular route are afforded the quickest time, grandest scenery, perfect service and variable routes. For rates and full particulars inquire of your nearest ticket agent or address W. H. Guerin, 17 Campus Martius, Detroit, Mich.

Sunday-School Convention.

The semi-annual convention of the Plymouth and Northville Sunday-school association will be held in the Baptist church, Plymouth, Tuesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 24th. The following is the program:

1:30—Devotional and Praise, Rev. F. E. Arnold.

2:00—Appointment of Nominating Committee, Secretary's Report. Report from Schools.

2:30—The Executive Committee as a Help to the Superintendent, M. H. Sloan.

Discussion, A. D. Stevens.

3:00—The Library and Librarian, Rev. W. H. Loyd.

Discussion, V. E. Hill.

3:30—Benefits of Memorizing Scripture Verses, W. H. Hutton.

Discussion, F. R. Beal.

4:00—How shall we make our S. S. Attractive without Loss of Spiritual Power, Edward P. Springer.

Discussion, Mrs. R. H. Purdy.

Question, Dr. W. T. F. Chilson.

6:45—Song and Praise Service, Rev. J. J. Phelps.

7:15—Report of Nominating Committee, App. Program Committee.

7:45—Methods of Primary Work—Mrs. E. M. Peck, Miss Jennie Barley, Miss Ethel Johnson, Mrs. S. L. Bennett, Mrs. Dr. Adams, Mrs. H. Springer, Mrs. Root.

8:15—The Work of the Superintendent, F. E. Arnold.

Discussion, Prof. Loeffler.

8:45—The Sunday-School Field, Rev. W. G. Stephens.

Discussion, Prof. Rodgers.

Benediction.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers' and grandmothers' never thought of using anything else for indigestion of biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of appendicitis, nervous prostration or heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower in liquid form to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sample bottles at Geo. W. Hunter & Co.'s.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Lines written on the death of Harry Willett.]

Lament the home and sad the hour,
Lonely our hearts to-day,
For the one we loved so dearly
Has forever passed away.

Harry, dear, has left you—
Left you, yes, forever more,
But we hope to meet our loved one
On that bright and happy shore.

How many times in life has he
The brow of death caressed,
Those kindly hands are folded now
Across a painless breast.

He was always cheerful, with winning ways,
A friend to all he knew,
He always wore a pleasant smile,
Was honest, good and true.

He lived a score of years to see,
But could no longer stay,
Jesus had for him a higher claim,
And thus he passed away.

He lived to see the summer come,
When the flowers had long begun to bloom;
When birds do sing and bees do hum,
They laid him in the tomb.

At early morn, October third,
His spirit took its flight
To regions of celestial day
And rivers of delight.

He was beloved by old and young,
And none but wished him well,
And many to his funeral came
To take their last farewell.

Riverside, where his body lies,
Will oft remembered be,
'Twill cause our thoughts to heaven rise
In deep solemnity.

But grieve not, parents, for your loss,
Thy loss to him is gain;
For he death's chilling stream did cross
In glory far to reign.

O live thy loved one far to meet,
Remember him has no request,
Then parents, bid a loved one greet
In mansion of the blest. —Mrs. E. S. P.

First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Service 10:30 A. M., Sunday-school at 11:45 A. M. Wednesday evening meeting, 7:30. In Christian Science hall. All are most cordially invited. Subject for next Sunday will be: Everlasting Punishment.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, of Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a helpless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited by first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this "Great Discovery" at John L. Gale's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and 1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

Plymouth Markets.

The prices paid for farmers' products as given to THE MAIL by dealers and which will be corrected weekly are as follows:

GRAIN AND SEEDS.	
No. 2 Red Wheat	86
No. 1 White	85
Oats, white, per bu	23
Beans, per bu	1.20 to 1.40
Eye	54
DAIRY AND PRODUCE.	
Butter, cream	17
Eggs, strictly fresh	17 to 18
Lard, lb	16 to 17
POULTRY AND MEATS.	
Spring chickens, live, per lb	10 to 11
Pork, dressed, per cwt	65
Beef	66.7
Tveal	67
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Flour, retail price per bbl	\$3.75
Bran, per cwt	40
Short feed	35
Chops	30
Potatoes	40

LAMPS!

LAMPS!

Come in and see our new Stock of Lamps.

Lamps from . 12c to \$5.00

New Goods in this line every week.

For Wedding Presents and Birthday Presents....

Nothing is better than FINE CHINA. We have a large stock for you to pick from at the Bottom Price.

Don't forget that we keep as large a stock of

GROCERIES

as there is in town and can afford

TO SELL CHEAPER

than any store in Plymouth.

We quote for the next 10 days:

Best Granulated Sugar	5½c
9 bars Queen Ann Soap	25c
Lyon Coffee	11c
XXXX Coffee	11c
Kingsford Corn Starch	8c
Kingsford Silver Gloss Starch	8c
Flour by the barrel	\$3.70

And all other Groceries at very cheap prices.

Gale's Rheumatic Tablets cure Rheumatism.
Cooper's Dyspepsia Tablets cure Dyspepsia.

JOHN L. GALE

Quality, Prices, Assortment

Consider these three points when you spend your good money.

We Lead in Quality.
We are Lowest in Price.
We carry the Largest Assortment.

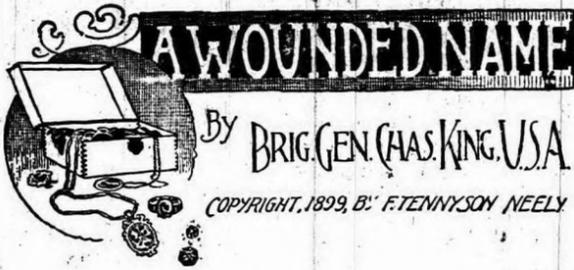
You can find a fine assortment of the following lines, PRICES and QUALITY unequalled:

Clothing for large or small.
Dry Goods.
Hats, Caps, Gloves and Mittens.
Dress Goods.
Dress Linings and Furnishings.
Notions and Jewelry.
Umbrellas and Parasols.
Underwear for Everybody.
Hosiery, wool and cotton, fine line.
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.
Towels and Table Linens.
Bed Blankets and Comforters.
Ladies' Ready-made Suits, Skirts, Petticoats.
Shirts Waists, Jackets, Capes, Golf Capes.
Carpets, Rugs, Matting, &c.
Curtains, Draperies, &c.

An inspection will convince you that our stock is more complete than ever.

E. L. RIGGS,

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.



A WOUNDED NAME

By BRIG. GEN. CHAS. KING, U.S.A.
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. TENNYSON NEELY

A sensation was "sprung" on the court at this juncture by the defense. It magnanimously informed the court that John Folsom of Gate City knew where that witness was in hiding and that she could be reached through him, whereupon the judge advocate seemed to lose his equanimity.

Something was wrong with the prosecution anyway. It had begun with truculent confidence. It was unnerved by the serene composure of the accused and his refusal to object to anything, to cross examine, to avail himself of any one of the privileges accorded the defense. This could have only one interpretation, and Nevins, twitching with nervous dread, was worrying the judge advocate with perpetual questions as to the witnesses for the defense.

When were they to be produced? Who were they? And the judge advocate did not know. Very unfairly had he been treated, said he, for the list of witnesses for the defense not only had not been furnished him, but he had never been "consulted."

Two or three "stuck up" engineers had come out from St. Louis and Detroit, and Loring and they had been actually hobnobbing with the department commander. But the mere fact that the meeting of the court was delayed until the end of September proved that they must be coming from the Pacific coast, at which announcement Petty looked perturbed and Nevins twitched from head to foot. He didn't suppose, he said, the United States would stand the expense of fetching witnesses way from California. Transportation and per diem would cost more than the whole business was worth.

And the judge advocate was wishing himself well out of it when, on a sunny Friday morning, the third day of the court, the president rapped for order and the big roomful of spectators was hushed to respectful silence. The defense had made its first request, that the principal witness for the prosecution, Nevins, should be present, and there he sat, nervous and fidgety as Loring was serene.

In halting and embarrassed fashion, very unlike the fluent ease with which he opened the case, the judge advocate announced that, owing to the impossibility of compelling the testimony of witnesses on whom he had relied, he was obliged to announce that the prosecution would here rest. The defense, of course, he said vaguely, would wish to be heard, though he had not been honored with any conference or even a list of the witnesses.

Then he looked inquiringly at Loring, and every neck in the thronged apartment, the biggest room at headquarters, was "craned" as Loring quietly handed him a slip of paper.

The judge advocate read, looked puzzled, glanced up and cleared his throat. "You mean you want those emmended?"

"No, they're here, in my office."

The judge advocate turned to the orderly of the court, a soldier standing in full dress uniform at the door. The



A light, supple form was seen to go leaping into space.

hallway even was blocked with lookers on. The windows to the south were occupied by curious citizens, gazing in from the wooden gallery. Those to the north, thrown wide open to let in the air, were clear, and looked out over a confused middle of shingled roofs and stovepipe chimneys. Hardly a whisper passed from lip to lip as the orderly hustled away. Members of the court fidgeted with their cash tassels or made pretense of writing.

Nevins, the sheriff's officer in close attendance, sat staring at the doorway, his face ashen and beginning to bead with sweat. Presently the people in the hall gave way right and left, and all eyes save those of Loring were intent upon the entrance. He sat coolly looking at the man whom six months before he had convicted in Arizona. There was a stir in the courtroom. Half the people rose to their feet and stared, for slowly entering upon the arm of a tall, slim, long legged lieutenant of infantry, a stranger to every man in the court, came a slender, shrinking little maid, whose heavy eyelashes swept her cheeks, whose dark, shapely head hung bashfully. Behind them, in the garb of some

regious order, unknown to all save one or two in the crowded room, came a gentle faced woman, leaning on the arm of a field officer of the engineers, at sight of whom the president sprang from his chair, intending to bow, but the silence was suddenly broken by the quick, stern order, "Look out for your prisoner!" followed by a rush, a crashing of overturned chairs, as court and spectators, too, started to their feet—a general scurry to the northward windows, shouts of "Halt!" "Head him off!" "Stop him!" in the midst of which a light, supple form was seen to poise one instant on the sill, then go leaping into space.

"He's killed!"
"He's not!"
"He's up again!"
"He's off!" were the cries, and with

drawn revolver the deputy sheriff fought his way through the throng at the door, and with a dozen men at his heels darted down the hallway in vain pursuit of Nevins, now out of sight among the shanties half a block away.

Of all that followed before court, when at last it came to order, there is little need to tell. The judge advocate would have been glad to drop the case then and there, but now the defense had the floor and kept it, though not a word of evidence was needed.

The first witness sworn was Lieutenant Blake, who told of the trick by which he and his men, Loring's guards, had been lured from the camp at Sancho's ranch and of their finding Loring senseless, bleeding and robbed on their return.

The next was little Pancha, and Loring sat with his hand shading his eyes as the pallid maid, with pitiously quivering lips at times, with brave effort to force back her tears, in English only a little better than that in which she had poured out her fears to Blake that eventful night at Gila Bend—some times, indeed, having to speak in Spanish with the gray sister sworn as her interpreter—told the plaintive story of her knowledge of and connection with Sancho's wicked band.

Her dear father and her stepmother were ruled by Sancho. She had seen Nevins there often, "him who had fed through the window." She gathered enough from what she heard about the ranch to realize that they were planning to rob the officer, "this officer," before he could get away with the diamonds.

Nevins had ridden in with six men, bad men, that very night, and she heard him planning with Sancho and her father, and she had tried to warn the officers, and "this gentleman" (Blake this time) had come, and before she could tell him she was followed and discovered. But then her stepmother had later whispered awful things to her—how they were going to rob the stage and kill the passengers—and bade her take her guitar and try to call the officer again, and tell him to take his soldiers and go to the rescue, and this she had done, eagerly, and then when they were away her mother seized her and drew her into the room and shut her there. But she heard horsemen rush into the camp, and a minute later Nevins, juring and laughing in the bar, and that very night they took her away, her and her father and the stepmother, and Nevins was with them.

They went by Tucson to Hermosillo and to Guaymas, and her mother told her she must never breathe what she knew—it would ruin her father, whom she loved, yes, dearly, and whom she would not believe had anything to do with it. And at Hermosillo Nevins had the watch, the diamond ring, the diamond stud, these very ones, she was sure, as the valuable "exhibits" were displayed.

But at San Francisco, when the lady superior told her of the accusation against "this gentleman" (even now her eyes would not look into Loring's) and of all his trouble, she forgot her father's peril, forgot everything but that Lieutenant Loring, who had been so good and kind and brave, was wrongfully accused, and she told all to the lady superior and went with her and repeated it to the general, the general who had died, and when at last she finished her trembling, fearful story, Loring rose before them all, went over and took her hand, bowed low over it, as though he would have kissed it and said, "Thank you, senorita."

And the judge advocate declined to cross examine. What was the use? But the defense insisted on other witnesses—a local locksmith who had sold Nevins keys that would open any trunk, a hotel porter who swore that the blinds to Loring's room had been forcibly opened from without, a bellboy who had seen Nevins on the gallery at that window three nights before the search of the luggage was made. And the court waxed impatient and said it had had more than enough. Every man of the array came up to and shook Loring by the hand before they let him leave the courtroom, and Blake hunted high and low through Omaha until he found poor Petty and relieved his mind of his impressions, and finally the order announcing the honorable acquittal of Lieutenant Loring on every charge and specification was read to every command in the department fast as the mails could carry it.

Brought to by a bullet in the leg, George Nevins was recaptured down the

Missouri three days later, and sent for his wife that she might come and nurse him. Though everybody said no, she went and did her best, and if nursing could have saved a reprobate life, he might still have remained an ornament to society such as that in which he shone. But Naomi wore a widow's veil when late in October she returned to Folsom's roof; the good old trader had stood her friend through all.

There were some joyous weddings in the department of the Platte the summer that followed, Loring gravely figuring as best man when Dean of the cavalry was married to Elinor Folsom, and smiling with equal gravity when he read of the nuptials of Brevet Captain Petty and the gifted and beautiful Miss Allyn. He had reverted to his original idea—that of waiting in patience until he had accumulated a nest egg and had acquired higher rank than a lieutenant in the engineers—and so he might have done if it took him a dozen years had not orders carried him once more to the Pacific coast after the completion of the Union Pacific railway. Regularly every month he had written to Pancha, noting with surprise and pleasure how rapidly she learned. Glad-



"It was a wounded name, Pancha."

ly he went to see her at the gray sisters' the day after his arrival. He had meant to laughingly remind her of his goodby words, "You know we always come back to California," but he forgot them when she came into the room. He took her hands, drew her underneath the chandelier and looked at her and only said:

"Why, Pancha!"
Loring never did say much, and it was a beautiful, dark eyed girl who uplifted those eyes to his and smiled in welcome, saying as little as he. She was a graduate now. She was teaching the younger girls until—until it was decided when she should return to Guaymas—to the home of Uncle Ramon, who had been good to her always, but especially since her poor father's death. She did go back to Guaymas by and by, but not until Uncle Ramon had come twice at long intervals to San Francisco to see her and the good lady superior and to confer with an earnest, clear eyed, dignified man at headquarters.

There came a new Idaho on the line to Guaymas, and a newer, bigger, better steamer still a year or two later, and bluff old Captain Moreland was given the command of the best of the fleet, and on the first trip out from Fricco welcomed with open arms two subalterns of the army, one of the engineers, the other a recent transfer to the cavalry, both old and cherished friends.

"We can't have you with us on the back trip, Blake, old boy," he said as he wrung their hands when he saw them go ashore at Guaymas, "but I can tell you right here and now there won't be anything on this trip too good for Mrs. Loring or the engineers."

"It is a pretty name! I'm glad it's mine now," said Pancha, one starlit night on the blue Pacific as they weared the lights of the Golden Gate.

"It was a wounded name, Pancha—wounded worse than I," he answered reverently, "until you came and healed and saved it."

THE END.

Why We Eat Salt.

Some diversity of opinion has existed among physiologists as to the physiological significance of eating salt. According to Bunge, the use of sodium chloride with food is to counteract the effects of the potassium salts predominating, especially in vegetable diet, while other physiologists regard salt purely in the nature of a condiment with no special action. M. Leon Fredericq, writing in the Bulletin de l'Academie Royale de Belgique, describes his observations on certain salts used by the natives of the Congo State.

These salts are produced by the incineration of aquatic plants and are placed on the market in the form of cakes produced by evaporation of the solution formed by dissolving the residue. An analysis shows them to consist almost entirely of chloride and sulphate of potassium, the former largely preponderating and the presence of sodium being only detectable by the spectroscopic. The fact that salts of potassium are thus used for cooking purposes seems to negative the views of Bunge and to support the opinion, previously advanced by Lapique, that the use of salt is primarily to improve the flavor of food.—Scientific American.

Making a Room Look Livable.

The successful placing of chairs in a drawing room amounts to an art. Every one knows how, with some articles of furniture, one woman will make a room look livable and another will make it look stiff, while a stupid servant will completely spoil the effect after a general cleaning by putting each thing "just wrong."

Any one who entertains much should study the arrangement of chairs, as their juxtaposition and look of invitation have much to do with the success of

small gatherings. A Washington woman, whose charming receptions were noted for their attractiveness, and who had the nearest approach to a "salon" that is possible in this country, said when asked for the secret of her success: "I really ascribe what you are kind enough to term my popularity to my chairs. I never clear out my rooms for a crowd, as is generally the custom, but place inviting looking seats in groups, and it is astonishing how quickly each group forms, as it were, a focus and draws congenial people together." Exchange.

Faithful Unto Death.

At Marengo, while Napoleon reconnoitered the enemy's movements and gave his orders in writing, a cannon ball struck the officer to whom he was dictating and threw him to the ground. Napoleon ordered another secretary—he came. At the moment when Napoleon resumed his dispatch the wounded man raised himself.

"General," said he in a dying voice, "General"—and he repeated the last words that he had written.

"TAY PAYS" FINANCIERING.

How He Raised Money to Celebrate His Victory.

When Parnell was a dominant power in parliament, it was a happy period for a number of bright but impecunious Irishmen who saw the chance to enter on careers of which the uncertainty was to them not the least attractive element. Some of that crowd have vanished in obscurity, some have died and a few have made names. Of this latter category is T. P. O'Connor, who is now running a thriving personal journal with the title Mainly About People, which is commonly cited by abbreviation as "M. A. P.," just as its editor is best known as "T. P.," or "Tay Pay."

"Tay Pay" was struggling as a London journalist when his chance came. The story is told by one now here who was associated with him in the same work under the same class of conditions. It was a haphazard life, rich in experience, but by no means rich in money. There came a vacancy in the Irish representation, and Parnell had decided that "Tay Pay" might contest the seat, but there was very little money with the aspiring politician and his immediate friends. It was only by taking up a contribution of shillings from stray journalists that the money was raised to defray the cost of telegraphing to Ireland the announcement of the candidacy. The fare for the journey to the seat of the campaign was raised in the same way, and prudent counsels prevailed to the extent of taking a return ticket, for it was manifest that the cause of Ireland would not be advanced by the election of a new member if he did not have the price of a ticket to London. Telegraph tolls and railway fare were in the nature of fixed charges which had to be met in current coin of the realm. For all else in the campaign any candidate who came before the Irish people for their suffrages with the indorsement of Charles Stewart Parnell was justified in relying on the zeal of Nationalism to see him through without any further financial requirement than possibly the mere formality of giving his note.

When the canvass was over and the votes were counted, "Tay Pay" was returned at the head of the poll and stood without any money at the beginning of a career which has met with its measure of success. Going back to London on the wisely provided return ticket, the newly elected member of parliament found himself without a penny in his pocket. He was in the company of the fellow journalist who tells the story and who was also devoid of coin. Both were desirous of celebrating the great victory of the cause of constitutional government, but even credit was out of their reach. This was a sad state of affairs, as will readily be appreciated.

"Where's your watch?" asked the companion, who might not be sure if his own watch was going, but who knew where it had gone.
"Sure, it's up already," replied the new member, but instinctively his fingers slipped into the accustomed waistcoat pocket and there found a watch indeed. "That's not my watch at all. I never had so good a one," said "Tay Pay." "I wonder where did I get it? Ah, now I remember. It was the last place I spoke at, in the far end of Galway. There was only one train to get away on, and I could speak only just so long. So, not to lose my train by speaking too long and not to lose my election by speaking too short, I just borrowed this watch from the chairman of the meeting to time myself by, and when I was through I put the watch in my pocket and came away with it. It's a fine watch, and I'm thinking it would better be put away in a safe place until I can send it back to its owner."

This was immediately carried into effect. The chairman's watch was put where it would be quite safe, and with the proceeds the new member and his friends celebrated the victory for the Irish cause.—New York Tribune.

THE EMPEROR'S GAME.

It is "War," and He Prefers It to Chess or Checkers.
Though an expert at cards, chess and checkers, the German emperor's preference is a game of his own invention, called the "game of war," says the Chicago Record, and an invitation to the kaiser's gipsiel party is exceedingly recherche. This game, conducted by the chief of staff, Count von Schlieffen, is a kind of chess, only very much more exciting and animated, owing to the orders, which all present can follow, even if they are not permitted to join in the game themselves, the players being restricted to members of the staff headquarters.

On an immense table, covered with a green cloth, is spread a card, on which is traced the plan of some battlefield. The players are then divided into two groups, one leaving the room while the other goes into action. The board is marked with leaden bricks, each having a different color above. These are the troops. The cavalry, infantry and artillery are distinguished by the appropriate colors.
As soon as this party has finished its defense and taken positions the bricks are hidden, a trumpet sounds, and the other side comes in, proceeding immediately to place its bricks as best it can, giving due attention to the question of air line distances as computed, strength of forces, gun range and material. The young officials have to look to their spurs, for woe betide them if the kaiser trips them up, as he craftily endeavors to do.
However, the generals may criticize the emperor, though it is not always most desirable to do so, for on one occasion Count Waldersee's taking advantage of the privilege caused him to be banished from the court for the space of several months.

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is traced the plan of some battlefield. The players are then divided into two groups, one leaving the room while the other goes into action. The board is marked with leaden bricks, each having a different color above. These are the troops. The cavalry, infantry and artillery are distinguished by the appropriate colors.
As soon as this party has finished its defense and taken positions the bricks are hidden, a trumpet sounds, and the other side comes in, proceeding immediately to place its bricks as best it can, giving due attention to the question of air line distances as computed, strength of forces, gun range and material. The young officials have to look to their spurs, for woe betide them if the kaiser trips them up, as he craftily endeavors to do.
However, the generals may criticize the emperor, though it is not always most desirable to do so, for on one occasion Count Waldersee's taking advantage of the privilege caused him to be banished from the court for the space of several months.

DON'T STRIVE FOR SLEEP.

If You Do, You're Very Apt to Spend a Wakeful Night.

Let any readers when next they pass a sleepless night notice carefully what happens. It will probably be somewhat as follows: Suppose, for instance, that they are in the habit of being called at 7:30; they will hear the clock strike 4, 5, 6 and 7, and then, when the knock at the door comes, they will either be fast asleep or else they will drop asleep immediately afterward, and in either case possibly they will, to their intense disgust, oversleep themselves. What is the explanation of this? Simply that by far the commonest cause of prolonged sleeplessness is the worrying about it, the anxious effort to obtain sleep. And so they lie awake hour after hour wearily striving for it, until at last, when 7 strikes, the effort is given up as useless; at once, the strain being taken off, the worn-out brain takes its rest—the sleep which has been so longed for comes at last. A great physician has truly said, "The body will always rest if the mind will let it."
Some years ago when house physician at a London hospital I used to experiment on this subject. On my midnight rounds I would frequently receive complaints of sleeplessness from weary patients, often when there was no pain or other definite reason for it. I would say to them, "Oh, it doesn't really matter, you are resting all right; it won't do you any harm; just lie awake and think how comfortable you are here." Or to the weaker natures I would say, "Nurse shall bring you a poultice," or "I will send you something when I have finished my rounds." Almost invariably on my return, in 20 minutes' time, they would be sleeping peacefully; no further remedy was needed.

Every doctor will tell you how often some simple sleeping draft is sent and never taken—never needed. The mere fact of knowing it there is sufficient; the anxious dread of another sleepless night has been taken away, the mind is at rest and sleep comes in the natural way. And so it would seem that by far the commonest cause of sleeplessness is the anxious striving to obtain sleep. It follows, therefore, that all such devices for procuring it, as counting an imaginary flock of sheep, fixing the attention on the circulation, making an effort to stop thought, are wrong theoretically, as well as being usually worse than useless in practice. What, then, is the real remedy? Why, simply to give up the attempt to sleep if one's sleep does not come as usual. Give up trying. If a sleepless night is to be one's lot, one must accept it as philosophically as one can, remembering that many and many a man has had to lose a night's rest before and has been little, if any, worse for it. To the sleepless one I would say, "Make up your mind to stay awake for the night." Nine times out of ten the blessing, striving for in vain, will come unthought, and that almost immediately, so that on looking back the next morning the last thing you remember will be your determination to lie awake.

Directly you cease to strive for sleep, to wish ardently for it, the strain will be taken off the brain, the body will rest because the mind is no longer preventing it, and sleep will be the happy result. And to make the requisite determination—or, I should say, renunciation—this thought may be a help to you. It is the anxiety for sleep and the worrying about its absence, far more than the sleeplessness itself, that cause the feeling of prostration which follows a sleepless night. The man whose duty or occupation has forced him to give up a night's rest is in a far better condition the next day than the man who has spent a restless night in the vain and weary search for sleep.—London Spectator.

A New Mosquito.
Newark has a new breed of mosquitoes. This appalling intelligence is gleaned from one of the papers published in that city. These new mosquitoes are not to be kept out of houses by any of the screens now in use. They are so small that they get into the rooms of the unhappy residents of the flourishing city on the Passaic river and bite them with a ferocity hitherto unknown even in the state which is famous for its mosquitoes. The doctors are trying to comfort the people by telling them that these mosquitoes will eat malaria germs with more avidity than the ordinary New Jersey breed, but the people are not satisfied. Some of them are declaring that their board of health ought to do something about it. Just how a board of health can consistently take action looking toward the extermination of any insect which will eat the germs of malaria is not explained.—New York Times.

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DR. DWIGHT'S STOCK HISTORY.

It Was Reconstructed Each Year For the Freshman Class.
President Hadley of Yale and his predecessor, Dr. Timothy Dwight, differ largely in personality. The new executive is a highly nervous man—active, restless and tirelessly energetic. The former president is calmer and far less excitable. Dr. Dwight has great personal dignity, and to many Yale students he appeared to be unapproachable, but such was not the case. It is not the habit in large colleges for the undergraduates to come closely in contact with the president, but those few who did call on Dr. Dwight found him to be the soul of courtesy, sympathy and kindness.

Every year it was the custom of the doctor to deliver a course of "talks" before the freshman class. As the class changed each year the doctor repeated the same advice in practically the same language each season. There was one story which he invariably told. It was concerning William M. Evarts and illustrated the pleasure that a well trained mind derives from itself.

"Mr. Evarts once said," the doctor used to say, "that he always liked to talk to himself for two reasons. First, because he liked to hear a clever man talk, and, second, because he enjoyed having a bright man for a listener."
Of course Mr. Evarts heard from this frequently. "I can always tell," Mr. Evarts is reported to have said once, "to what class a Yale man belongs when I meet him. If he repeats that anecdote in an awe inspired manner, I know he has just finished his freshman year, but if he repeats it patronizingly, as if he could have said something very much better along the same line himself, then I know that he has just finished his senior year."

Another story current at Yale for many years illustrates the nervousness of President Hadley. Professor Hadley was riding to college one day in a horse car when old Professor Seymour got on and warmly greeted him. At the same moment the conductor came up for his fare. Mr. Hadley, for an instant was in a dilemma. He rose and, cordially shaking hands with the conductor gave Professor Seymour his car fare.—Saturday Evening Post.

Transformation.

He is a Clay county farmer. When he drove to town yesterday morning with a load of produce, his hair was long and unkempt, and a shaggy beard of steel gray hair covered his face. His 5-year-old son accompanied him and sat in the wagon and guarded the team while he went into a barber shop to get shaved.

When he emerged, his hair had been closely cropped and his face was as smooth and clean as that of a youth. He climbed into his wagon, and his little son began to cry. He tried to quiet him, and he couldn't do it. The boy shouted for his father and finally hailed a passing policeman and told him between sobs that a strange man was trying to sell the load of produce brought to town by his father. The boy didn't recognize his parent with his long locks and his shaggy beard missing, and the more his father talked to him the more he cried. The policeman did not know what to do, and he took father and son and marched them across the street to police headquarters.

"This is my son," said the father to Captain Branham. "The trouble is that he doesn't recognize me with my beard off."

"He's not my papa," sobbed the lad. "My papa had long hair and a gray beard."

Finally Captain Branham, convinced that the man told the truth, induced the boy to return to the wagon with him. After the farmer had sold off his produce and started for home his boy would not occupy the spring seat of the wagon with him, but sat in the bed of the wagon, near the rear end, and eyed the man on the seat with suspicion.—Kansas City Journal.

Conquered by a Baby.

The birth of a son to the Duchess of Aosta, it is said, was a great shock to the Princess of Naples, which has increased her very natural grief at her own childlessness. Prince Amedeo, who by virtue of this childlessness is now in succession to the throne, is a small, fair haired baby of about a year, with more than the ordinary amount of babyish winning ways.

One day the princess met the little chap in a corridor in his nurse's arms. She would have avoided him as usual but as she passed, with averted head, he suddenly held out his fat, dimpled arms, and on the impulse of the moment she took him from the nurse, while her eyes filled with tears. The little fellow laid his lips on each of her lids, stroking her cheeks with both hands. She gave a sob and has ever since been his most devoted slave.

He Read the Riot Act.

Sir John Bridge has resigned the position of chief police magistrate for London, and the home secretary has appointed Franklin Lushington to succeed him at Bow street. The retiring chief magistrate is in his seventy-fifth year, was educated at Trinity college, Cambridge, and was called to the bar nearly 50 years ago. It was Sir John who had the unique experience 11 years ago of reading the riot act in London, a task which he performed in Trafalgar square on the eventful Sunday in 1888 during the unemployed "demonstrations."

Holy Writ.

Holy writ is as a river, shallow and deep, wherein a lamb may walk and an elephant swim. Wondrous is that river which is so shallow that a lamb—a one who is simple and unlearned—can cross it dry foot and an elephant—a one great and wise—can swim—yet sink himself.

AN AWFUL FIX.

But He Was a Young Man of Brave and Resource.

Embarrassing was no name for it. The young man had been entertaining her very nicely that evening, and as they clambered gaily into one of the cars that came swinging in a long line of its brothers around Fountain square he breathed a sigh of relief, for he was down to his last coin—a single, solitary dime. As he gave this up to the conductor he reflected with complacent satisfaction that his hospitality had been both lavish and tactful and felt very well satisfied with himself. They plunged into a bantering conversation and laughed and chatted their way through the glittering streets and along the quiet ones that came later for some 20 minutes in happy oblivion of everything but the fact that they had been having a good time and knew they were making a favorable impression on each other. By and by he said something in her ear that made it necessary to look outdoors and think, and a moment later she gave a little cry of dismay.

"My goodness," she said, "we are on the wrong car!"

A glance at the transparent sign in the front of the car as they neared the next electric light and a little puzzling over the backward lettering confirmed the horrible truth, and in a moment more they were alighting at the next corner, she laughing with a keen enjoyment of their adventure and he with an all gone feeling at the pit of his stomach and the cold sweat moistening his brow as the full extent of his predicament dawned on him. Here they were miles from home, after 10 o'clock at night, and he had not a cent in his pocket nor an acquaintance in that part of the city except this young lady, whose good favor he was working so hard to obtain.

Fortunately the return car was not yet in sight, and he had a moment in which to think. He glanced in desperation at the city purse she carried, and his heart began to beat the devil's tattoo against his suspender-buckle as he tried to frame up a way to approach the subject. Ordinarily he was a young man with an all sufficient gall, but here seemed an occasion so which it was not equal. Just as the yellow headlight of an approaching car appeared on the hill far above he noticed that a little cigar store stood right across the street from them. He hastily excused himself on the plea of getting a cigar for the homeward trip and dashed across.

"For heaven's sake, give a fellow a lift," he blurted out to the young fellow who lounged behind the showcase reading a paper. "My girl and I took the wrong car by accident, and I haven't a cent on me. I'll leave you my watch."

The fellow behind the counter roared, but he reached in the drawer for a quarter without any waste of time, signaling his visitor up with evident approval as he did so.

"Never mind the watch," he said, "I've seen close there myself."

He dashed out just in time, with a song of thanksgiving in his soul, to catch the car and found the girl awaiting him with an unusual demureness. It was not till they stood in her own doorway and he was preparing to leave that she gave way to an uncontrollable fit of merriment and wound up with:

"The next time you must not be afraid to call on me. I always have a little change."

If it had not been for a very pretty little note she sent him next day, he might never have called again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHE CARRIED THE OBELISK.

A Steam Steamer Towed Which Is Now Good as a Coal Barge.

A vessel which was once a famous steamer, but is now a commonplace seagoing coal barge, is in port loading for a New England port. The Desaug was built for the khedive of Egypt in 1864 and named the Demos. At that time she was considered one of the fastest and most beautifully appointed vessels afloat, and the khedive enjoyed her immensely for awhile. But he got tired of her, and in 1879 William H. Vanderbilt bought her to transport the obelisk from Egypt to Central park, New York. Lieutenant Commander George took command of her, having been detailed for the purpose by the United States government. The obelisk, which weighs 136 tons, was far from the shore line and hoisted, besides, deep in sand. It was altogether too heavy for ordinary machinery to be used, and it was carried down an immense platform with cannon balls under them for rollers. Then it was placed in a crib fixed on a pontoon. The pontoon and ship were lifted in a graving drydock, head on to each other, and when this had been accomplished a hole 20 feet long and 12 feet high was cut in the starboard bow of the boat below the water line. Through this the great stone was rolled into the hold of the ship on a groove having an improvised ball bearing attachment, also made of cannon balls.

Inside the obelisk was braced along the keelson and stout shoring fixed about it to make it immovable. After everything was made shipshape and the ribs and plates were fixed at the bow of the steamer she finally set sail for New York on June 12, 1880.—Baltimore American.

ONE FARE ROUND TRIP TO PORTLAND, SEATTLE AND Tacoma.

Win the Chicago & Northwestern R.R. Oct. 13 to 15 limited to return until November 15, 1899, inclusive. Persons making this popular route are afforded the quickest time, grandest scenery and best service and variable routes for rates and full particulars inquire for nearest agent or address W. H. Garrison, 17 Campus Martius, Detroit, Mich.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

MATTERS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph—Michigan News Selected with Care and with a Purpose of Pleasing Our Readers.

Baldwin, Mich., Oct. 17.—An interesting case was called in circuit court yesterday, that of William B. Gregg, who is charged with embezzling funds of Ellsworth township to the amount of \$4,000. Gregg was formerly of the firm of Crandall & Gregg, of Luther, and was quite prominent in the affairs of that village. His integrity was unquestioned. In 1895 he was elected township treasurer, and again in 1896. In 1897 his successor appointed Mr. Gregg as his deputy, but a year later Gregg was again elected to the office. During these four years a balance had never been struck. The books were properly kept, and Gregg's reports were accepted without question.

Had Card Money Not His Own. Early last spring it was discovered that the township's account in a Reed City bank was exhausted. Gregg freely confessed to having used the money in his business, hoping always that the tide would turn and he would be able to replace it. He turned over all of his property, but the township was yet shy about \$2,000, and his arrest followed. The township has suits pending against Gregg's bondsmen to recover the shortage.

At the time of Gregg's arrest he was engaged to marry Miss Mae Barnes, a popular young lady.

Would Have Married Him in Jail. She stuck to her lover through thick and thin, and would have been married to him in jail, had he not secured bonds. After his release the couple went to Holland, where they were married, and where Gregg secured employment. Much sympathy is expressed for him. The Venetian case is also on the circuit court calendar. It was appealed from the justice court. Lawrence and Walter Verder were convicted of dynamiting for fish. Deputy Game Warden Mastlake, the complaining witness, has gotten into trouble in Cassida county, and this may make a difference in favor of the boys.

EIGHT-OR-SEVEN MEN, TYPE'S.

Captain of the Schooner Blames the Accidents.

Port Huron, Mich., Oct. 17.—The steamer W. P. Ketchum, which sunk the schooner Type in collision off Middle Island, Lake Huron, Saturday morning, arrived down Sunday noon. On board were Captain John Griffin, of the Type, and the two seamen who were rescued. They blame the steamer for the disaster. According to their story the Type was bound for Racine with coal. The wind was blowing fifteen miles an hour from the northwest. Captain Griffin says he saw the Ketchum heading down upon him, but as he had the right of way over a steamer he held on his course until the collision was inevitable. Then he called the watch below to save themselves.

The big steamer crashed into the Type at the miller's zigzag at the port side. The Type was deep in the water with her coal cargo, and it needed but little water to sink her. One sailor caught a line from the Ketchum as she struck, and scrambled over her side. The captain with the others latched the yawl, and all scrambled into it. Before they could shove clear of the wreck the schooner went down. Her mizzen boom settled across the boat and overturned it. All hands were thrown into the water and forced to swim for their lives. Only the captain and one sailor kept afloat until help reached them.

WILD EXERCISE AT A FUNERAL.

Team in the Procession Runs Away and Flies Home.

West Branch, Mich., Oct. 13.—This town was the scene of the wildest excitement while a funeral procession was moving along Main street. The pair of horses hitching up the rear of the long line of carriages, became frightened at a locomotive which was standing on the tracks near the street and puffing. The driver lost control of the animals and they started on a mad race through the procession. Other horses became stampeded and began running in every direction.

A dozen carriages were overturned and wrecked, and their occupants thrown to the ground. All were more or less injured, the more seriously being Mrs. W. B. Flynn, Mrs. Peter Ambs and Mrs. J. Walters. Many of the women fainted. The hearse, bearing the remains of little Frank Weheler, a nephew of Rev. F. Weheler, was saved from destruction by a most magnificent display of horsemanship by Driver Woods.

PROSPEROUS HARDWARE DEALERS.

Eighty-Five Per Cent. of Them in Michigan Are Doing Well.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 17.—Eighty-five out of 100 hardware dealers of Michigan, recently interviewed by Labor Commissioner Cox, report that trade with them has been better so far this year than it was up to this time last year, and 96 of them report better business this year than in 1898. An average increase of 25 per cent. is reported. However, only 68 report that the present outlook for trade is good, 24 saying it is only fair, and eight declaring it is poor.

Poor crops and the advance in the prices of hardware are the reasons attributed for the poor outlook, both tending to curtail the purchasing power of the farmer. A general complaint is made of trusts particularly as affecting wire and wire nails.

Had Been Inhaling Gas.

Jackson, Mich., Oct. 16.—Miss Laura Malnight was found in her room at the residence of Mrs. A. W. Brewer unconscious from asphyxiation. A gas jet was found turned part way on and it is thought the valve was turned accidentally.

Married to Her Hired Man.

Charlotte, Mich., Oct. 16.—Mrs. Emma Flieger, of Dimondale, who was brought very prominently before the public eye by the recent murder of her

daughter, Mollie, by James H. Brumm, who is now confined in the Ionis asylum, has been married to Martin Wellton, her hired man, who was a principal witness throughout the proceedings.

They All Worry on Oct. 15.

Marshall, Mich., Oct. 17.—Miss Donna Augusta Brewer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Brewer, and Chester Wayne Casper, of this city, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Casper, of Springfield, O., were married at the residence of the bride's parents in the presence of forty of their relatives at 5:30 o'clock Sunday by Rev. J. E. Walton, of Trinity Episcopal church. The double-ring ceremony was performed. Miss Brewer is the sixth member of the Brewer family to be married on Oct. 15 at 5:30 p. m.

Fight on City Ownership.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 17.—The Wayne county circuit judges yesterday ordered a mandamus issued at the instance of ex-Mayor Thompson and others, restraining the city clerk, the common council and the city of Detroit from proceeding with holding an election in which the people are asked to vote on amendments to the city charter providing for a municipal street railway commission, and the reference of all franchises to the people before the council grants them.

Michigan I. O. O. F. Officers.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 12.—At its concluding session the Michigan grand encampment of Odd Fellows elected the following officers: Grand patriarch, N. A. Mena; Hancock; high priest, W. I. Siler; Kalamazoo; scribe, E. H. Whitney; Lansing; treasurer, Andrew Harsha; Delray. The constitution was amended so as to provide for holding the annual meeting in May instead of October. Three Rivers was selected as the place for the next session.

His Wife Likely to Follow.

New Buffalo, Mich., Oct. 16.—A telegram from Laporte, Ind., says that Rev. Terwilliger, for many years pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at New Buffalo, and one of the pioneer clergymen and circuit riders of southern Michigan, died Saturday morning of old age. He recently celebrated his 80th birthday. Mrs. Terwilliger is reported critically ill, with little hope of recovery.

Fire in a Sawmill Lumber Plant.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 13.—Fire yesterday did \$60,000 damage to the plant of the Brewer Lumber company, at Carrollton, a suburb of this city. The single mill planing mill, coopers mill (which manufactured stock for salt packages), a portion of a plant for the manufacture of barbed wire reels, and 2,000,000 feet of lumber were destroyed. The company will rebuild at once.

Troopers by Yaqui Indians.

Marquette, Mich., Oct. 13.—Willis Maguire, formerly an attorney at Marquette now of the mining district of Sonora, Old Mexico, writes that his two mining partners, Ramsey and Miller, undertook to work and prospect in territory overrun by Yaqui Indians, were attacked and overpowered, and put to death by burning at the stake.

Fifteen Years for Wife-Murder.

Detroit, Oct. 14.—John Donovan, Dean was found guilty of manslaughter in the recorder's court yesterday and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in the state prison at Jackson. April 18 he killed his wife during a quarrel with a flat iron. The couple had not been living together for some time.

Robbed by Unknown Men.

Sunfield, Mich., Oct. 13.—Joseph Bishop was held up and robbed by two unknown men. Bishop had sold a load of beans at Charlotte. It is supposed that the robbers saw him receive pay for the beans, and started out ahead of him on bicycles. They waylaid him in a lonely spot.

Fever Closes the Schools.

New Boston, Mich., Oct. 16.—Scarlet fever is reported prevalent in Exeter township. One death has been reported and school closed for several weeks.

JUBILEE OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Continuance of Cincinnati-Foreign Missionary Society Work.

Cincinnati, Oct. 17.—The sessions of the woman's board of missions of the Christian church at their joint jubilee convention were completed last Saturday night and Monday the sessions of the Foreign Christian Missionary society began. The sessions of this society will conclude Tuesday noon and in the afternoon sessions of the American Christian Missionary society will begin.

After an introductory address by J. W. McGarvey the annual reports of officers were presented and the appointments of committees followed. J. M. Kersey delivered an address on "How We Prepared for and Observed Children's Day" and L. C. McPherson on "The Mission Work in Cuba." Among the foreign missionaries introduced for addresses were Miss Kate V. Johnson, Dr. Kina V. Stevens, Miss Emma Lyon, Mrs. J. G. McGavran, E. H. Spring and W. Durban.

Start in a Collision.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 17.—In a head-on collision between trolley cars on Totowa avenue near West Side part in the afternoon Henry Knight, who held the lever on one of the cars, was badly crushed, and it is feared that he is injured internally. Other injured persons were George Ashmore of Main street, Joseph Kanne, 143 Jackson street, and John Nichols of 52 Cedar street. All three were passengers. Several others were slightly hurt by flying glass. Each motorman was attempting to "steal a switch."

Sampson Takes Command.

Boston, Oct. 17.—Admiral Sampson, who has been detailed to the Charleston navy yard, has arrived a day or two ahead of time, and immediately assumed command at the yard. Most of the officers and men were taking part in the Dewey parade, and his attendant upon the coming of a new commander.

Charles Johnson, Claiming to Live in Iowa, could not explain his possession of several suits of clothes he had and is locked up at Chicago pending an investigation.

CARVE HIS OWN PULPIT.

A Minister Who Spent Many Hours Ornamenting His Church.

To the Rev. D. E. Loveridge, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal church of Eugene, Or., belongs the distinction of being one of the very few ministers of the world whose pulpit is of his own handiwork, and certainly none can out-rank him for skillful and elaborate carving. In his church are an altar and a pulpit, made and carved by him, as well as several minor pieces of furniture.

The altar is composed of ten panels, is 7 feet long, 3 feet wide and a little over 3 feet high. It is made of Coos bay myrtle, black walnut and cedar. Various church emblems are carved thereon, such as the crown of thorns, cross and crown and Chi Rho, encircled with olive branches. On the readable, or raised back part, are carved the words "Holy, holy, holy."

The pulpit is made of Coos bay myrtle, trimmed in black walnut, in extended wheat heads style. The pulpit is 3 feet wide and about 5 feet high.

The Rev. Mr. Loveridge has just finished 12 corbels, in sets of twos, to be placed in his new church, as rests for the truss timbers. These are carved in an elaborate manner, Mr. Loveridge having spent 20 days of eight hours each on them.

The piece of furniture in which he takes the most pride is a black walnut bookcase, which he made for his own home. It is 9 feet high and 7 feet wide, and is profusely ornamented with oak leaf and rose vine, of which there is over 200 feet, of almost exact uniformity.

Mr. Loveridge began carving in 1876. He had always an inclination in that direction, and after visiting the exposition at Philadelphia, and seeing the specimens of carving displayed there, determined to take up the work. He has since devoted his spare moments to it, with remarkable success.

While rector of the Episcopal church at Unadilla, N. Y., he carved the stall and pulpit for his church and also a beautiful parlor mantel for his home, which is made of mahogany, and is 10 feet high and about the same in width.—Portland Oregonian.

Don't Put the Church to Shame.

Why should the church leave her high place and come down into the arena, where she will be put to shame? Do men come to church for petty pleasures fit only for children or for the satisfaction of their souls and the confirmation of their faith? Would Christianity have begun to exist if the apostles had been "pleasing preachers" and "bright men," and had given themselves to "socials" and "sales" and "talks"? The church triumphed by her faith, her holiness, her courage, and by these high virtues she must stand in this age also. She is the witness to immortality, the spiritual home of souls, the servant of the poor, the protector of the friendless, and if she sinks into a place of second rate entertainment then it were better that her history should close, for without her spiritual visions and austere ideals the church is not worth preserving.—Jan Maclaren in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Minister and the Reporter.

The Rev. G. F. Howell, a Methodist minister of Brooklyn, tells this story on himself: He made an address at a recent conference and noticed a reporter energetically taking shorthand notes. When Mr. Howell left the rostrum, the reporter said to him:

"Bishop, I think I have made a good story of your talk this morning for my paper."

"That's very nice," replied Mr. Howell, "although I am not a bishop."

The young man nearly fainted as he gasped, "What, aren't you Bishop So-and-so?"

"Upon learning his mistake," continued Mr. Howell, "he turned on his heel and with a rapid jerk tore the carefully prepared leaves of characters from his notebook, and I can't say that I blame him very much for easing his mind a bit—for this he did when he thought I was out of earshot."

They Knew His Business.

Professor Frank Rees of Columbia university, who holds the chair of astronomy there, was a visitor recently at a county fair, where he soon made himself quite popular. While resting in a refreshment tent he overheard women discussing him.

"So he's an astronomer? I wonder how it pays?" said one.

"Pretty well," said another. "He tells fortunes from the stars at 50 cents apiece."

"That isn't all," said a third. "He makes almanacs, with jokes and advice to take pills in the spring, and the druggists pay him as much as \$50 for them."

The professor arose and fled.—Philadelphia Post.

Before the Funeral.

In an interview with a representative of the London Daily Chronicle Mr. Dunne told a story about the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the dead march from "Saul." The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear.

"Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"—Bookman.

Dollar Handshakes.

Major Blanche Cox addressed a crowd at the Salvation Army barracks. The hall was well filled. After the singing of several hymns and the giving of testimony a collection was taken up and the presiding officer announced that Major Cox would shake hands with any one for \$1. Several were found willing thus to contribute to the cause.—Denver Republican.

JOKE OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.

Some Reflections on the Revivification of Hoary Chestnuts.

John R. McLean, the Democratic nominee for governor of Ohio, is not without a nice sense of humor, as the following story proves: One day a new reporter on The Enquirer addressed Mr. McLean as "Mack." "Now, don't call me 'Mack,'" protested the proprietor and editor in chief, "call me 'Johnny,'" "Mack" sounds so stiff and formal."—Kansas City Star.

A year ago this venerable joke was traveling around the country with the name of General Nelson A. Miles in the star part in place of Johnny McLean. Three years ago it was the story of a messenger boy who rang up Senator Mason, calling him William, and was asked why he did not address him as Billy.

We are reliably informed that this joke is of inconceivable antiquity. Indeed, it is suspected of being one of the last jokes that wandered off after the flood. Napoleon Bonaparte once urged a French journalist who addressed him as Napoleon to drop conventionalities and call him Bonny. Richard Coeur de Lion always preferred to be called Dick. Louis XIV of France required his courtiers to address him as Lulu. Cardinal Richelieu's favorite designation was Richy; Old Boy, Frederick the Great never forgave any one who did not speak of him as Freddie.

On one occasion a Roman, licitor addressed Cæsar as Julius and was sternly rebuked for not calling him Jule. Anybody could get a fight on his hands at once with Socrates by neglecting to designate him as "Soc." Sennacherib was always hurt when an Assyrian flute player spoke of him as anything else than "Ribs," and once on a time when a paraschites alluded to Ramesses by his complete name the mighty Pharaoh came near taking his life because he was not addressed as Old Ram.

We have not traced The Star's joke back any farther than this, though we do not doubt it was a current jest in the ark.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

BLIND ARE COMPETENT.

Professor Evans Says They Can Hold Positions as Organists.

"Simply because a man is blind, it does not follow that he is as ignorant in all else as he is powerless in sight." This remark was made by Professor Thomas S. Evans, the blind musician, who is a familiar personage on the crowded streets of the city. He is noticeable from the fact that he can, and does, go from one end of the city to the other, when occasion requires, without assistance of any kind.

"There seems to be a feeling that because of one being afflicted with blindness he cannot hold a permanent position. This is a wrong impression," continued Professor Evans. "I have held a position as organist in a church, and I believe that I gave good satisfaction, and I am sure I can do it again, should I be permitted to give a good trial in any church."

Professor Evans is an accomplished musician and a composer of merit. Besides this, he does a great deal of evangelistic work. In both capacities he is ably assisted by his wife, who also copies all the musical manuscripts that he turns out for the publishers, and reads the compositions of others, as well as the news of the day, to him. They live very happily at 4317 Lawrence street.

Some of the musical compositions of Professor Evans which have gained much popularity are: "The Twenty-third Psalm," "Saviour, Source of Every Blessing," "Silent Love," "Love's Dream," "Highland Park Schottische" and several others. In teaching music, he has had a great deal of signal success, and as he gets right down to the rudiments of melody, his pupils never leave his hands without possessing some practical knowledge of the profession. In many cases they graduate very highly accomplished.—Pittsburg Press.

Carnegie and Libraries.

Henry A. Chittenden, formerly of New York and a nephew of Simeon B. Chittenden, was the man who succeeded in drawing from Andrew Carnegie an offer of \$50,000 for building a library in Oakland, Cal. In acknowledging a letter from Mr. Chittenden, enclosing some clippings from the Oakland Tribune, with which he is connected, Mr. Carnegie said: "If Oakland would do as other cities have done—i. e., provide a site and agree to maintain the library at a cost of, say, \$4,000 per year—it would give me pleasure to give the necessary \$50,000, to build it; but I must be sure that the community is obliged to maintain it as above. No use building libraries unless we are sure of their future."

Money and Marriage.

Is it a lack of money that keeps men from marrying? This is the reason often advanced; and it seems to be justified by the recent episode at Chicago, where 50 couples rushed to take advantage of a free performance of the ceremony—how they were to live afterward evidently being a less important matter: Perhaps it is only in the higher wal's of life that the blessed estate of holy matrimony is avoided on financial grounds. Society demands more and more of those who belong to it, and young men in moderate circumstances dread the burden of a wife and family, preferring their own selfish pleasure. This may be deplorable, but it is hardly strange.—Providence Journal.

Overproduction.

"There is one thing at least that the trusts have cheapened," said the man with the weariest air. "What is it?" roared the man with the tangled hair. "Talk"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Test of Gold.

Detroit Journal: "What do you understand by the saying that fire is the test of gold?"

"Well, you know we don't believe a man has money unless we see him burning it."

Vicious Cross-Examination.

"Does your wife cross-examine you when you stay out late at night?" "Worse than that. She encourages the children to ask questions in her presence."—Syracuse Herald.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Fire and blood are the universal symbols of expiration, the witness to man's conscious unworthiness and sense of failure.—Rev. Dr. A. V. Raymond.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

However great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are always greater.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No fits or epilepsies after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No man places a higher value on his worth than the successful amateur.

Cured After Repeated Failures With Others.

I will inform advised to Morphine, Laudanum, Opium, Cocaine, of never-failing harmless home-care. Mrs. J. Baldwin, Box 112, Chicago, Ill.

The performance of the amateur musician is often a music rack.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.

George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 28, 1898.

America's cigarette exports for the Asiatic trade reach billions.

Mrs. E. C. McDowell says: Cost's Headache Capsules are the finest I have ever used for my sick headache. 10 and 25c at all druggists.

It is funny that a man can look like a goose in a duck suit.

Do's Ough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

No man is accountable for the mistakes of his friends.

When All Else Fails, Try Yi-Ki.

Cure Corns and Bunions without pain. Never fails. Drug stores or mail 15c. Yi-Ki Co., Crawfordville, Ind.

Don't call a spade a spade when it is a shovel.

DROPSY.

BRADLEY, ILL., Aug. 26, 1898.

I feel duty bound to thank you for what Zaegel's Swedish Essence of Life has done in my family. As for myself, for five long years I was an invalid, always sick, had many doctors, all without benefit to my health. I was at last induced to try your remedy, and since I first took it, some two years ago, I have been a well woman, always grateful to you for what it has done for me. My boy has been very sick for a long time with Dropsy. We had some of the best doctors we could get; no one could help him. Your medicine having done me so much good, I thought I would try it on him, and am pleased to say he steadily improved soon after taking the medicine, is now entirely well and works every day. Friends and acquaintances have heard of its wonderful cures in our family, and we now get letters and orders for same, even from Chicago. Please send me for enclosed money some more.

AGNES BECKER.

Two Week's Treatment Free.

The great blood purifier Zaegel's Swedish Essence of Life is to be given away free to readers of this paper. This medicine cures Rheumatism; Stomach, Liver and Bowel Complaints, by removing disease germs from the blood. Hundreds of letters are proving this every day. A reward of 500 Dollars in Gold will be given to anyone who can prove that they are not genuine.

A book telling all about its wonderful cures and a free sample, large enough to convince you of its merits will be mailed to all who write to M. R. ZAEGEL & CO., P. O. Box 831, Sheboygan, Wisconsin. A 2c. stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample.

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has stood the test of

