

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 12

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1908

WHOLE NO., 1110.

A MONSTER MASSACRE!

E. L. RIGGS'

Entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks and Suits for Ladies and Children must be sold in 12 days at prices that will be cut and slashed almost next to nothing

OF MODERN MERCHANDISE

A Gigantic Sale that will not be duplicated for a time to come. Such Prices were never made before. It's the chance of a lifetime.

\$20,000 Worth High Grade

E. L. RIGGS'

Entire Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks and Suits for Ladies and Children must be sold in 12 days at prices that will be cut and slashed almost next to nothing

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks, Furnishings of all descriptions, all to be cut and slashed at Prices almost next to nothing.

ATTENTION!

This Great Sale Positively Opens

ATTENTION!

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 9 a.m. Sharp,

and will Continue for 12 days, until December 25th

Nothing like it before and may never occur again. Never before has a sale of this magnitude been attempted in Plymouth, comprising as it does the highest grade merchandise to be had anywhere, at prices that are positively (1/2) one-half of their actual retail value. The sluggish backward season is the cause. These overpowering causes compel us now to sell our enormous stock at prices next to nothing.

DEC. 12, at 9 a. m. SHARP, THE DOORS WILL BE THROWN OPEN TO THE MOST GIGANTIC STOCK OF MERCHANDISE SALE EVER KNOWN IN PLYMOUTH

E. L. RIGGS' Entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, and Ladies' and Children's Cloak and Suits to be sacrificed at a fraction of its actual retail value. Every garment new and fashionable, must be sold in this great 12-day sale. You are vitally concerned in this event. It's of such peculiar importance to you personally, BECAUSE you will save one-half to two-thirds. Do not overlook the fact that this sale is right in the heart of the season when you need your entire winter supply.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY ENOUGH FOR TWO YEARS TO COME.

A GIGANTIC SALE that will not be duplicated for a long time to come. Such cutting and tearing down of prices has never been known in Plymouth. Do not lose this great money-saving opportunity. Just stop and think when this great sale opens its doors, you will have the chance to buy high grade Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, &c., at such ridiculously low prices; after that you will go down deeper in your pockets when you buy these goods. Come and see how much little will buy at the terrific reductions that will be made for this Great Cut and Slash Sale.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME 50 MILES TO ATTEND THIS GREAT SACRIFICE SALE.

THIS MIGHTY CUT AND SLASH SALE will go down in history as one of the most wonderful and successful sales ever held in Plymouth. Your smallest coin will be powerful in the exchange of merchandise at this great sale. Never before have such savings in the very merchandise that is in popular demand been offered. We cannot impress too strongly the fact that such economies will probably not be repeated in years to come. Nothing mysterious when you consider that good honest merchandise will be sold less than cost of manufacture.

Without a Doubt, the Biggest, Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings Sale ever Attempted in Plymouth.

THE REASON WHY we have decided to open the Greatest Retail Slaughter of high grade Merchandise ever known to Plymouth: We bought heavily of the best makes of Goods to be had anywhere. We figured on a heavy trade, consequently bought heavier than usual. We now find ourselves with the bulk of this stock on our shelves and tables.

WE REALIZE to wipe out one-half of our stock in such short space of time will be a stupendous undertaking, but the prices that the entire stock will be marked for this great sale will undoubtedly move them out rapidly. Such cutting of prices will be new to Plymouth. This sale will make a new record in the retail buying of Plymouth and vicinity.

Read these prices. Study them carefully. Such cutting and tearing down of Prices has never been heard of before. We cannot advise you too strongly to be here early, as some lots will not last long. These prices smash all records. They are wonderful.

\$10 Suits at \$3.95

\$3.95 surely never buys much of a suit. But so extraordinary is this sale that even at this trifling cost a strictly all wool suit can be purchased at this sale. \$3.95

12.50 Suits go at 4.45

Never have such sterling values been offered in Men's Suits as these neat striped and checked woolen suits. Positively worth and sold at \$12.50. Go at \$4.45

\$15 Suits go at 5.95

It seems almost like exaggeration to say \$15 suits at \$5.95, yet it is literally true. New worsteds, all the latest patterns. Positively the greatest values ever known. \$5.95

16.50 Suits go at 6.95

The very best description will not adequately bring before you the substantially good values of these \$16.50 suits that must be sold at \$6.95. Black Thibet Worsteds, Cassimere Serges. You must see them. You will never get another chance to get such high grade suits at one-third of their actual value. \$6.95

\$18 Men's Suits go at \$7.95

Handsome Black Thibet and unfinished worsteds suits. The Buchanan Chalk Stripes and Dickson's nobby browns and worsteds. We must clean our entire stock up in a short space of

time. Therefore they will be shamefully slaughtered. Positively worth and sold at \$18. Cut and Slash Price. \$7.95

\$22.50 Men's Suits, \$10.65

Even the nobbiest suits that are manufactured must yield to the urgency of an immediate radical reduction of stock. But we are hammering every price until the garments are almost given away. Positively sold and are worth \$22.50. Cut and Slash Price. \$10.65

\$25 Suits go at 12.95

Particularly in this grade of suits we have the greatest surplus. Black suits for best dress wear and those fashionable diagonal gray effects, with long lapel. The finest sort of hand tailoring throughout. You would have a hard time to try and duplicate this suit at \$25. Cut and Slash Price. \$12.95

Suit Cases and Trunks at Your Own Price

Suit Cases and Trunks at your own price. Suit Cases \$1.50 up. Metal covered trunks, upwards from \$2.95

Men's & Boys' O'rcots

The ediot has gone forth. Out goes every garment at a fraction of their actual value. Men's Fine \$10 and \$15 Overcoats, in all sizes, made of fine all

wool fabrics, latest styles. Cut and slash price. \$3.95

\$15 Men's High Class Overcoats

In all sizes, newest models, finest fabrics. Cut and Slash Price. \$5.95

\$16 Overcoats Slashed to 6.95

Genuine All Wool Cheviots, Vicuna, fancy or plain, lined with the very best materials. It will make you wonder an think when you see these garments at these prices. \$6.95

\$18 Overcoats Slashed to 7.95

Handsome Patent Beaver and Kersey Overcoats, hand tailored and lined with the choicest materials. The kind of garments worn by the best dressers. They must go no matter how big the loss. \$7.95

The Greatest Overcoat Bargain Ever Known to Plymouth

These are made of imported cloth hand tailored and lined with choicest materials.

At \$11.95 and \$14.95

You can positively buy an overcoat that sold at \$25.00 and \$27.50 at these prices. \$11.95 and \$14.95

Ladies' Coats & Suits

At prices that are the lowest ever known in Plymouth. The entire stock must be sold at 1/2 of their actual value. 500 Women's Coats to select from. The very climax of this season's mighty coat selling. A collection of beautiful garments in all this season's most fa-

vored styles, fitted, semi-fitted and loose, 50 and 52 inch effects, stunning, new Empire and Colonial Coats, stylish lengths coats, etc., in Black and Colors, plain and novelty weaves. These will be the Greatest Coat Bargains ever known. They will Positively Slashed to 1/2 of their actual values. They must be sold no matter how big the loss.

\$10.00 Women's Coats Slashed to \$3.95

12.50 " " " " 4.85
15.00 " " " " 6.95
16.50 " " " " 7.45
18.00 " " " " 8.50
20.00 " " " " 9.45

Ladies' Suits

Will be sold at Less than the Price of the Goods.

\$10.00 Ladies' Suits Slashed to \$2.95

12.00 " " " " 3.95
13.50 " " " " 4.95
15.00 " " " " 6.95
18.00 and 20.00 " " 8.45

Ladies' & Misses' Skirts

Will be shamefully slaughtered—specially purchased for this season's business. A variety of new ideas in both walking and dress skirts of fine Voiles, Taffetas, Broadcloths, Chiffon, Panamas, etc., in Blacks, Blues, Greens, Grays, Tans, Navies, etc., and must be sold at 1/2 of their actual value.

\$4.00 Ladies' & Misses' Skirts at \$1.95

5.00 " " " " 2.45
6.00 " " " " 2.95

Children's Clothing

Almost Given Away.

\$3.00 Boys' Suits Slashed to .85

3.50 Boys' Suits slashed to .129
4.00 " " " " 1.79
5.00 " " " " 2.39
3.50 Boys' Overcoats slashed to .179
2.50 Men's Wool Pants slashed to .95
3.00 Men's Worsted Pants slashed 1.33
Costly pure wool, worsteds, stripes checks and plaids—we have hundreds of pairs—slashed to \$2.45, 2.29 and 1.95. Positively worth up to \$6.00

Shoes

Almost given away. An enormous stock of Fine Shoes at the mercy of the public.

\$2.25 Men's Shoes slashed to \$1.19

3.00 " " " " 1.59
3.50 " " " " 1.95
2.25 Ladies' Shoes slashed to .119
2.50 " " " " 1.49
3.50 " " " " 1.95

Children's Shoes go from 49c and up,

worth up to \$2.00. All must go at prices cut and slashed to almost nothing.

Overshoes, Arctics, Rubbers of all descriptions for men, women and children, all must be sold at less than the cost of manufacture.

Calicos, Muslins, Dress Goods, Outing Flannels, all go at one-half of their actual retail value.

Blankets and Comforters.

75c Blankets slashed to .440
\$1.25 " " " " .590
4.00 Australian Blankets slashed 1.95
1.00 Men's Sweaters go at .39

Do your Christmas buying at this store. Your dollars will go three times as far. One dollar will do the work of three.

FURS

All our fine Furs will be sold at prices next to nothing. The greatness and variety of the stock prevents more than passing mention of the wonderful bargains to be had when this great sale opens. If you need Furs of any description for yourself or as Christmas gifts, you can buy them at one-third of their actual value.

50c Men's Silk Hdkfs

50c Ladies' Ribbed Underwear .21c
75c Men's Wool Fleece Underwear 89c
1.50 Men's Australian Wool Und'r. 89c
75c Heavy Work Shirts .37c
1.00 Men's Dress Shirts .39c
75c Men's Bib Overall .39c
50c Boys' Knee Pants .17c
25c Men's Silk Suspenders .9c
15c Boys' Silk Suspenders .5c
50c Men's Silk Suspenders .17c
50c Men's Four in-hand Ties .19c
15c Men's Heavy Socks .3c
25c Men's Wool Socks .11c
15c Men's White or Boarder Hdkfs 3c
15c Men's Red or Blue Hdkfs .3c
25c Men's Fine Socks .3c
15c Heavy Children's Ribbed hose .7c
25c " " " " .11c
1.00 Silk Mufflers go at .49c
15c Ladies' Black Hose .7c
25c " " " " .11c
15c Ladies' Hdkfs .3c
1.00 Corsets go at .39c
2.00 Men's soft or stiff Hats all the Late Styles and Shapes go at .79c

Rugs

\$6.50 Rugs—9x12—slashed to .83.95
40c Velvet Carpets slashed to .24c yd
One lot of Ladies' Tailored Waists that sold up to \$5.00 slashed to 79c.

Lace Curtains, Fine Nottingham Car-

tains, \$1.00 ones go at 49c per pair.

We have thousands of other articles too numerous to mention for want of space that will be on sale. Send word to your friends and neighbors. Join the crowd. Get in line. No matter who you are or where you come from or how many different sales you have attended or what the weather condition may be, by all means come. Buy now. Do not compare this sale with other sales. It is entirely different. This will be one of the greatest money-saving sales that ever happened in or around Plymouth. No other sale has ever offered you such value as you will be able to get at this great sale.

Railroad and Traction Fares paid to purchasers of \$20.00 for 25 miles.

E. L. RIGGS, Plymouth.

STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 10:00

Sensitive Woman

She Suffers
Necessary Evils
Like a Stoic

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

THE sensitiveness of woman takes a different form from that of man.

Woman's whole character is formed by the endurance of necessary evils. The mother sets aside her happiness for her children; it is she who wheedles the paterfamilias out of the necessary money for boots and socks, hats and ribbons, who dresses the girls at the cost of her own toilet, and saves up her pin money to increase the boy's allowance. If she is sensitive, she conceals the fact, imposes violence on her nerves, and bears as best she can the noise and uproar that must never disturb father.

I have known brave women, worried and tortured by anxieties or ill-health, who have composed their faces to a smile, forced their parched throats to a laugh and their voices to gay conversation, lest the man, on his return, should know what they suffered, and the fact depress or pain him. He has never known, and has gone to his grave satisfied that his wife was the happiest woman in the world. Was that woman, then, not sensitive? Yes, but of the highest quality of sensitiveness, that which conquers its own weakness. The sensitiveness of woman displays itself in trifles—trifles which to the masculine mind, accustomed to more robust and brutal doings, seem too trivial for a thought. Yet the poets, the men who have been real lovers, the men who have been great in the union of strength with tenderness, recognize this. The perfect lover remembers trifles even when the quality of his love has waned. The flower, the little present, the fond embrace, the loving letter, how the woman treasures them, how the passion or ill nature of a moment are forgotten and swept away in the remembrance of the many little attentions or kindnesses of the past!

Teaching English Is a Puzzle

By PROF. THOS. LOUNSBURY,
Yale University.

For the last 50 years I have heard the same talk about the decadence of English in American colleges. It crops up in every generation. Yet I feel sure that, on the whole, the standard of the English spoken in the United States is improving. This is due largely to the increase in the numbers of our educated class. The improvement is steady, though slow.

There is one thing to be remembered about the English language, namely, that its spelling is absolutely arbitrary—it does not depend upon reason, as does the spelling, of say, Italian and Spanish. An Italian or Spanish boy who cannot spell correctly is an idiot. But it is otherwise with the English-speaking boys. Excellence in spelling depends largely on knack, like excellence in anything else.

There have been a number of eminent men of letters who throughout their lives never learned to spell correctly—Lord Byron, for example. Aside from the question of spelling, the excellence of a man's preparation in English depends not so much on his immediate schooling as upon his ancestors. Training at home is what really counts.

That is where the English have the advantage over us. There have been cultured families in England for many centuries.

It is exceedingly hard for the teachers at a preparatory school to overcome the influence of home training, when this training has had a bad effect on a boy. For instance, take the case of a boy who hears continually at home the phrase "I done it." That boy will be obliged to make a conscious effort every time he contributes "I did" for "I done." And he will frequently slip back into the old way in moments of excitement.

One curious phase of the situation in this country is the fact that boys, whose parents are immigrants, and who come to this country when very young, have a better chance of learning good English than the native boys brought up in homes where bad English is spoken. This is due to the fact that such immigrant boys have no bad English to unlearn. As soon as they arrive here they at once go to school and are carefully taught good English—hence they should grow up speaking that.

Nature's Portals Open Wider

By SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

No incident in my scientific career is more wide-known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychic researches.

Years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence, differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals.

To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism is to bring reproach on science. There is nothing for the investigator to do but to go straight in; "to explore up and down, inch by inch, with the taper, his reason; to follow the light wherever it may lead, even should it at times resemble a will-o'-the-wisp."

In every direction there is evolution as well as disintegration. A formidable range of scientific phenomena must be scientifically sifted before we effectually grasp a faculty so strange, so bewildering, and for ages so inscrutable as the direct action of mind on mind. In old Egyptian days a well known inscription was carved over the portal of the temple of Isis: "I am whatever hath been, is, or ever will be; and my veil no man hath yet lifted." Not thus do modern seekers after truth confront nature, the word that stands for the baffling mysteries of the universe. Steadily, unflinchingly, we strive to pierce the inmost heart of nature, from what she is, to reconstruct what she has been, and to prophesy what she yet shall be. Next after veil we have lifted and her face grows more beautiful, august, and wonderful with every barrier that is withdrawn.

RESIGNS COLLEGE PRESIDENCY



Charles W. Eliot, whose resignation from the presidency of Harvard university is to become effective on May 19, 1908, has been at the head of that institution for 40 years. He was born at Boston on March 20, 1834, and became president of Harvard on May 19, 1889.

TO GO ON HUNT TRIP

YOUNG CALIFORNIA SCIENTIST
WILL ACCOMPANY PRESIDENT.

Edmund Heller, Authority on Strange
Lands, Chosen as One of Party
—Knows Africa and Is Ex-
pert on Big Game.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Edmund Heller of Riverside, a professor in the State University museum, has been engaged by President Roosevelt to accompany his hunting party to Africa, the president having been attracted to Heller by his explorations of strange and little known lands. Although only 27, Heller has been through Africa, Australia and South America. He is an expert on big game and stands high as a biologist and natural historian.

One of the explorations undertaken by Mr. Heller was in the interests of the Field museum of Chicago. After graduation from Leland Stanford university in 1901, Mr. Heller was commissioned by the Chicago museum to go to Mexico and Central America, for the purpose of collecting rare specimens of the animals in those countries.

The honor comes unsolicited and unexpected. The fact of his appointment became known when his mother, Mrs. Marion Heller of Riverside, received this letter from him:

"An awful thing happened a few weeks ago, and I have consequently become more or less excited. President Roosevelt wrote Miss Alexander for my release that I might accept his offer to accompany him to Africa next March. Miss Alexander consented rather reluctantly to my absence for a whole year as she feared that other things might turn up so that I would not wish to return to California. A few days ago I received a long

letter from the president outlining his plans and expressing his pleasure at my acceptance. He seems to have a rather exaggerated view of my value. I believe that he received most of his information about me from Dr. Merriam of the United States biological survey, but I am not at all certain about this.

"If I go, my chief work will be taking care of the large game and supplying advice at the start. Later, on our return, I may classify part of the collection, which will be deposited in the National museum at Washington.

"The party consists of the president and his son Kermit, Dr. Means, a United States army doctor and well-known naturalist, and J. A. Loring, a field naturalist. Mr. Roosevelt and his son will do all the shooting of big game and Loring will collect small animals. Dr. Means will be the chief naturalist and I am selected as his colleague. As I have not yet heard from Dr. Means, I am still uncertain about some of the details.

"The party will leave New York March 23, and go direct to Naples and thence to Mombasa. Most of our time will be spent in British and German East Africa, in the central elevated portion, with which I am already familiar. As I am the only member of the party who has had African experience, I fear that considerable advice and some responsibility will be expected of me. I am, however, delighted with the prospect of traveling with a man who is so universally admired for his character and ability, and I only hope that I may be of real assistance to him.

"The trip will last one year, and will begin in British East Africa. From there we shall go to German East Africa and thence to Uganda, and down the Nile to Khartoum, and on by steamer to Cairo."

Has Corner in Coon Dogs

Alton (Ill.) Man Displays Much
Shrewdness as a Financier.

Alton, Ill.—Got a good coon dog? If so you can bring him to Alton and sell him for \$100—the highest price ever offered in this vicinity.

The bull market for coon dogs is due to the fact that Willow Ben Sawyer, monarch of Missouri Point, has cornered the market. A week ago the price was \$40, but since Ben started barking up the high financial tree there has been a big bulge and there are some shrewd operators on the dog exchange who think a further rise may be expected.

Those who got in on the ground floor are cleaning up handsome profits amounting to 150 per cent. on the original investment. For several weeks Willow Ben has been quietly snooping around neighboring islands and West Alton buying up the dogs which heretofore have been rented out by their owners to hunters.

His refusal to sell or even rent one of his dogs has given rise to the rumor that his cornering of them is only a step toward bigger things and that he is preparing to control the market for coons. He is the only person around Alton who is killing any coons.

These little animals, which many regard as a delicacy, are worth \$1.50 in the market. Of that amount 75 cents is paid for the meat and 75 cents for the skin.

The hunter who rents a dog for one dollar and kills one coon has a net profit of 50 cents. But as Willow Ben owns his dogs outright his business will be all right when he shall have sold enough coons to make up the

amount which he paid for the dogs—\$800.

Or if he doesn't kill any coons at all he will still be ahead, as his dogs at the present market price are worth more than he paid for them.

In order to break Ben's corner Alton is clamoring for everybody to send their coon dogs there.

RESENTS TAKING OF CHEF.

His Kitchen Artist Decoyed Away,
Man Builds Spite Fence.

New York.—A spite fence, 15 feet high, is rising in East Orange as a silent and unique testimonial to talents of a much-prized cook of that suburb of the great metropolis.

The cook in question, who is of the gentler sex, was until lately in the service of George H. Watson at his home on Prospect street. One day recently the Watsons found their table not decorated by the usual array of tempting viands. The cook was gone. There was dismay when one of the servants reported that familiar culinary odors were floating over the grassy lawn from the kitchen of A. Ward Brigham, whose folks dwell next door.

Resenting, it is said, the change of allegiance on the part of the chef, Watson tried to adjust matters with Brigham so as to recover his kitchen artist. The negotiations fell through and a feud developed between the two families.

After a heated argument, it is said, Watson decided the best course open to him was to build a fence so high that no appetizing odors could be wafted across.

OLD MAN FOND OF THE ROAD.

Seventy-Two Years Old, But Thinks
Little of 2,000-Mile Walk.

New York.—An old man with white hair and mustache, kindly blue eyes, rugged cheeks and of dignified appearance, walked into the Kings County hospital and asked for a position in the engine and boiler room.

"You see, doctor," he said to Dr. Jones, the superintendent, "I'm perfectly able to work. I have just returned from a 2,000-mile walk and I feel as hale and hearty as a man of 30."

"You mean to say you have just returned from a 2,000-mile walk?" asked a reporter who happened to be standing by.

"Why, I don't consider that much. I have walked 2,000 miles annually for the last eight years. I begin the first of every May and am always back on the job by the first week in October.

"My name is Adelbert Poole. I am 72 years old and I formerly lived at 96 Jackson street, Brooklyn. I was born in England, but came to America in 1877. I have never married. I drink a little, smoke a little and have always feasted as well as my pocket-book would allow.

"Eight years ago I decided that I was growing old—not that I ever considered myself on the Osler list. I expect to live at least twenty years more. But the truth is I was getting too old to make much money at regular engineering, so I decided there ought to be a splendid opportunity for me sharpening the razors of telegraphers at the tower stations from Brooklyn to Niagara Falls. They are stationed two or three miles apart. I charged 25 cents a razor, ten cents a knife and up to one dollar for lawn mowers. Sometimes I would be up from four a. m. until nine p. m. I spent my money as I went. Leaving Niagara, I traveled through Canada, and never rode a mile. In all I covered over 2,000 miles; yes, and would readily do it all over again to-morrow. I made friends with all the telegraphers along the road. They all call me 'Pop' Poole. I have a card from every one of them on my beat."

INDIAN HAS WARM HEART.

Saves Children's Lives and Expende
Reward Money for Candy.

Spokane, Wash.—Indian horseman, ship saved the lives of a dozen little children at the Spokane fair grounds, and netted Bart McNamane, a full-blooded Coeur d'Alene red, a hatful of silver. Two horses, hitched to a delivery wagon, became frightened and dashed through the grounds. Several men tried to head them off, only to be hurled aside, when the blanketed Indian, mounted on a sorrel mustang, hove into sight. With a lusty "Yip" he dug his moccasined toes into the horse's ribs and started in pursuit, 100 yards back. Approaching the runaway he leaned far out of his saddle, grabbed the bit of the nearest horse and swung the team into the clear, within a half dozen feet of the youngsters huddled near a fence. Cheers from several thousand men and women, who were helpless to give aid, greeted the Indian as he rode away after fastening the team to a post. He was surprised when more than \$40 in quarters, halves and dollars was poured into his saddlebags. He did not want the money, he said, and he spent it buying candy and sweets for the hundreds of children on the grounds. They declare Bart is not only a hero but also "a good fellow."

SIGN TELLS OF HARD LUCK.

Cigar Dealer Displays Relics of Fight
Costly to Him.

New York.—"This window was smashed by two intoxicated ladies. The window cost \$80. The judge fined the ladies three dollars each. Where the hell do I get off?"

Constantly changing groups of men and women stood about the cigar store of W. W. St. John, at Madison avenue and Forty-second street, and smiled as they read the above placard. The large plate glass front had been demolished and the placard, in flaming letters, stood in the space designed for the display of pipes and cigars.

Three articles of woman's apparel were displayed there and gave mute testimony of the combat between the "intoxicated ladies." These articles were described by the following small placards:

"Exhibit A—Comb worn by one of the ladies."

"Exhibit B—Piece of directoire gown."

"Exhibit C—Sky piece worn by one of the ladies."

Wherever the word "ladies" appeared it was heavily underscored with red ink.

Strange Cause of Lawsuit.

Baltimore, Md.—A fat, rich piece of bologna sausage figures in an imposing lawsuit that was placed on trial before Judge Harlan and a jury in part two of the superior court.

Little Charlotte Lanowitz ate a piece of the bologna and got very sick, so she is suing Charles G. Kriel, who is alleged to have made the sausage, and Edison Bunting, the grocer, who is alleged to have sold it, for \$5,000 damages. She says she got ptomaine poisoning from eating it on December 6 last.

William C. Smith and Vernon Cook, counsel for the defendants, and John C. Kump, counsel for Little Miss Lanowitz, are before the jury to find out what shall be done with the bologna.

REALIZES LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

Something Happened to the Man Who
Followed Precedent.

"No, I'm not going to commit suicide because I have a broken nose," said the man with the strips of court plaster across his nasal organ; "but I'll tell you what I am going to do after this. I'm not going to believe there's anything in luck any more, and that things in this life are as uncertain as going out to milk a cow in the dark. You may find the cow, or you may find yourself alongside of a mule."

"Something must have happened?" was queried.

"Yes, something has; and maybe I'll feel better to get it off my mind. Six months ago a friend of mine was in Boston. He was walking along the street behind a lady when he noticed that one of her shoes was untied. He overtook her, and, raising his hat, informed her of the fact. She not only thanked him in the sweetest manner, but took his address, and what do you suppose followed?"

"She sent him a Teddy-bear."

"No, she didn't; she sent him a check for \$20,000, and he's just gone into the shoe business."

"Well?"

"Well, I was in New York last week, and I found myself following a lady on the street. I am just as good-looking and courteous and chivalric as my friend. A gust of wind took the lady's hat off, and all her false hair with it. I overtook her, raised my hat and expressed my sympathy that she was bald-headed. She took her property from my hands, and then hauled off with the umbrella she carried and broke my nose. No smiles, no sweetness, no check for \$20,000 or any other old amount. I was entitled to it just as much as my friend, and really more than he was, and yet he's bustling in the shoe trade, while I am hanging around the country with a broken nose, and the doctors say I will never be handsome again."

About the Same—Nit.

Harry Kellar, the retired magician, was talking about stage magic.

"It is not," he said, "so good as it used to be. The younger magicians do not study and practice as we of the previous generation did. Hence, nowadays stage magic appears rather tame."

"But the young magicians don't think so. They are like an elderly fat man whom I saw at my tailor's the other day."

"Let me see, sir," said the tailor, "you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better remeasure you."

"All right," said the fat man. "You'll find no change in my figure, though."

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out, and jotted down. The fat man said at the end:

"Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?"

"Yes, sir, about the same," was the reply. "Cheer a trifle lower down, that's all, sir."

Few One-Armed Women.

"Did anybody ever see a one-armed woman?" asked the gray-headed man. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one-armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? If not, why not, and if so, where are they? Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm. Women do not go to the wars, they are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the street and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents, but although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do. What is the cause of their immunity?"

Secret of Style.

Style is in a very small degree the deliberate and designed creation of the man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came, the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive or slightly abnormal constitution that he is impelled to distill these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The stylus wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of a metal rod, or the wild and quivering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it lie forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which, in varying measure, we also have inherited.—Atlantic.

Looking Forward.

"Some day we'll be taking midnight joy rides in the air."

"Not 'some day.' You mean 'some night.'"

"Oh, very well. What I was going on to say was that if the son of a millionaire should fall out with a chorus girl on a trip like that it would be a serious matter."

A Modern Instance.

"Now, Mary," asked the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what King Solomon did when both women claimed the baby?"

"Yesum," responded the little girl to whom home the story had recently come with a double burden. "He made rates of it."

TOWER MAN A SAGE RULES DUSKY TRIBE

RAILROAD MAN CALLED FROM SWITCH LEVER TO COLLEGE.

Thomas Fagan, Whose Twenty-Two Years' Railroading Have Been Spent in Studying Out Problems, Is Now a Professor.

It is not often that a man steps from a railroad signal tower to the lecture platform of a big college, and because such a circumstance is so rare the fact that James O. Fagan, for 22 years the signal tower man at Cambridge, has suddenly won recognition as a keen thinker on railroad problems and been invited to lecture before the new Harvard school of business administration, is attracting wide-spread attention. The way in which Mr. Fagan, after a life devoted to the dull routine duties as a signal tower man, has won success reads like a romance. He is a thinker and a student, is this railroad man Fagan, and during those 22 years of faithful service in his little tower in Cambridge he has been working out the problems of railroad management and control which are causing railroad men from president down to crossing tender to sit up and take notice.

Fagan, the signal man, first came into notice by a series of articles which were published in the Atlantic Monthly on the theme, "The History of Taking Chances." President Eliot, of Harvard, read the articles, and liked them, and so arranged an interview with this signalman who saw straight and talked straight, and to persuade him to lecture in the new school of business. Fagan was almost dismayed at his own temerity, but he was full of his subject, eager to spread his doctrine, and he consented and now the announcement of the new Harvard school of business administration contains the name of Mr. Fagan, author of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," and lecturer on railroad problems.

President Roosevelt also has a nose

for news and, unbeknown to the public, he sent for Fagan. The signalman went to Washington and, in an hour's talk, gave the originator of policies something to think about.

The Boston & Maine railroad, his employer, recognized the importance of his work, and put no obstacles in his way when he set out investigating railroad conditions and threading more and more confidently the mazes of a subject in which the public is just beginning to be interested. Then, when the New York & New England railroad surgeons arranged for their convention in the Academy of Medicine, in New York city, this month, they took notice of Fagan and got him to promise to come and talk to them on the causes of accidents. He is to



Fagan's Signal Tower That Stands Out Big on the Railroad Map.

be one of a company of 50 distinguished experts from all parts of the country, gathered to discuss the question which so concerns the railroad surgeons. The title of his paper is "The Neglect of Employees to Observe Signals and Obey Rules," and it is to sum the ideas set forth in his previous articles.

Fagan has been going ahead for half a century. He was born in Inverness, Scotland, and sent by his humble parents to a school at Manchester, England. There he won a scholarship through the practice of the dominant principles of his life—that of going to the rock bottom of any problem presented to him.

AMERICAN CHOSEN MONARCH OF THE ILOCANOS.

Former Omaha Messenger Boy Now King in a Section of the Philippine Islands—How It All Came About.

Omaha.—From messenger boy to king is the long step which has been taken by Charles Haffke, formerly Western Union Telegraph messenger No. 7 at the Omaha office, now king and ruler over the Ilocanos tribe of 100,000 Filipinos in the interior of the island of Luzon. "King Carlos" is at present in Nebraska practicing law, but his "people" still look to him as their ruler and continually implore him and beseech him to return to the islands and rule them as he once did.

Haffke was on the Olympia with Dewey when the American fleet sailed into Manila harbor and there saw for the first time some of the people whom he was afterward to rule.

The young fellow continued his studies while in the navy and when his term of enlistment expired, came back to Omaha, studied stenography, took the civil service examination and returned to the Philippines a full-fledged court reporter.

As a reporter Haffke followed the court on its rounds through the islands and at odd times, when not on duty, he studied law.

In the course of court business a case came up in which a number of the Ilocanos tribe were interested. Haffke reported the case and became acquainted with the leaders, who took a great fancy to him. Later, these leaders came to him with several legal questions which Haffke's knowledge of law enabled him to answer and arrange for the tribesmen.

Then came the cholera scourge and among those who died was the king of the Ilocanos. Along with the king



'KING' CARLOS

went the entire royal family and the throne was left vacant.

About that time the judge to whom Haffke acted as reporter began a session of court at Lingayen, the nearest railroad town to the Ilocanos country. And this is what happened:

"After court, one day," says Haffke, "I was sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when five natives approached. I heard them asking for 'Don Carlos Haffke.' I was pointed out as the 'don.' They came up and prostrated themselves at my feet.

"What's the matter with these fellows?" I asked the interpreter.

"They are Ilocanos; they say their tribe has elected you king and this is a notification committee," he said, after talking with the five strangers a few minutes.

"Through the interpreter I asked them a number of questions and finally said to them:

"You go back and tell your people I'll come up there and see what they have. If it's worth while, maybe I'll accept and be your king."

"Several days later, when court adjourned, I 'blew' myself to the finest pongee silk suit I could find, dressed up my servant in the most gorgeous outfit I could invent and started out, horseback, for Nativid, the largest town of the Ilocanos, 48 miles from Lingayen and about 200 miles from Manila.

"That night we had a business meeting in the palace, about 40 of the head men of the tribe taking part.

"The chiefs told me there were 8,000 people in Nativid and something like 100,000 of the Ilocanos scattered throughout the Pangasinan and the surrounding provinces. All these would recognize me as 'king' if I decided to accept the position.

"Finally we struck a bargain. I was to receive the palace, all necessary servants, all my household supplies, clothing and everything necessary and five per cent. of all the crops raised by my subjects. In addition, every man, woman and child of the tribe was to subscribe \$1 each to a fund which I was to use for the purchase of machinery, farm implements and other things needed most by the natives.

"On my side, I was to teach them agriculture, attend to their legal business, assist them in remaining on friendly terms with the Americans and generally play the part of a king as best I could.

"I held that job just about three months. I had been planning a trip to America to see a certain girl back in Nebraska and I couldn't hold out any longer. So I took leave of my subjects and came over to this country.

Before leaving the islands I took my examination and was admitted to the bar."

THROUGH THE FIRE

DESPERATE CHOICE OF MAN CAUGHT IN SMELTING FURNACE.

Weary, He Falls Asleep Within the Melting Pot, and Is Only Awakened When Fire Is Roaring About Him.

Never, perhaps, has a man had a narrower escape from a fearful death than Robert William Perry, a Manchester (England) workman.

Work was scarce in Manchester, so William Perry concluded from his inability to find employment. Whether it was more prevalent elsewhere the man resolved to discover, and so on a certain warm evening in August he trudged along towards Apsdale. Darkness had fallen, and William Perry began to cast around him for a convenient place in which to pass the night.

Presently he approached what even in the darkness he could see was an iron-works. He entered the premises, hoping to find shelter in some shed.

Wandering from one place to another, past huge piles of iron and coke, the man came to a large furnace. A pleasant warmth, which even on an August night is acceptable to one scantily clad, assailed him. He drew near and peered into the dark entrance.

The fire had evidently died down some hours past. Perhaps it was curiosity to discover what the interior of a large melting furnace was like (for such was the structure that the man stood before), or perhaps it was the comforting warmth that caused him to strike a match and climb through the bars into the furnace.

Passing over the pile of ashes, Perry came to a low wall. The dim light of the matches revealed a cup-shaped chamber, and stepping over the low wall that divided it from the furnace, he stretched himself on the floor, and soon, induced no doubt by the warmth, fell sound asleep, little thinking that what that night was providing him with a bed was in reality the melting pot of one of the largest furnaces in the works.

A party of workmen were busily engaged around the furnace. It was six o'clock in the morning, and now the works were alive with men. The bars before the furnace had been fixed in their place, and already the fire was blazing.

Suddenly a strange sound fell on the men's ears. Another followed, this time a piercing shriek. The workmen fell back pale and terrified. Was the furnace haunted? There seemed little doubt but that the cries came from within. Yet, no; they were human. Words—plain, heart-rending cries for

help—came with a horrible clearness through the bars. Was some one in the furnace? Then a strange scene followed. With a suddenness that caused the men almost to take flight in terror, the charging-door of the furnace was flung open, and a blackened, fearful-looking human form leaped out before them.

That evening, bandaged, and lying in a bed at the workhouse infirmary at Chell, William Perry was able to tell of the terrible awakening in the furnace; how, from the increasing heat of the place, he realized that the



A Blackened, Fearful-Looking Form Leaped Out.

fire had been lighted; how, almost mad with horror at the sight of the roaring flames which met his eyes as he looked over the low wall of the melting pot, he had still retained sufficient presence of mind to know that escape lay only across the fast reddening coals; and how he had dashed through the flames and succeeded in opening the charging-door and escaping the terrible death of being roasted alive.

AN INFANT SOLDIER

SPAIN'S HOPEFUL DONS MILITARY DRESS WHEN A YEAR OLD.

Son of King Alfonso and His English Queen Gives Promise of Becoming a Sturdy Boy—Is Delight of His Father.

It is probable that no infant quite so young as the prince of the Asturias has been photographed wearing a military uniform. The elder son of the king of Spain was born on May 10,



King Alfonso and His Young Son in Military Uniform.

1907, and when the portrait, a reproduction of which is shown herewith, was taken he had only just passed his first birthday. It is easy to see how proud King Alfonso is of his elder son and heir. He is the pride not only of the royal family but of the loyal people throughout Spain, where the hope is constantly expressed that the little prince will be spared to fill, in God's good time, the throne of Spain.

The king and queen are quite young themselves, yet they have carried out the great duties and responsibilities of their high position with remarkable courage and sagacity. The young queen, who is the daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg of England, passed through a terrible ordeal when a bomb was discharged quite near to the royal carriage soon after the wedding ceremony in Madrid, but her pluck never deserted her, and Spaniards are very proud of their sovereign and his consort.

The little prince of the Asturias has now a brother. For on June 21, 1908, Prince Jaime was born. The London French said wittily at the time that the prince of the Asturias, being another Jaume of the Asturias, he

stowed on the new baby, "had decided to join his regiment!"

King Alfonso is proving a devoted father to his young sons, and is never happier than when he is showing the little princes to their royal relatives.

The prince of the Asturias has been initiated early into military life by receiving a full uniform and medals! The photograph of the young prince in his military uniform is wonderfully popular in Spain, and may be seen in thousands of homes, when kindly words are being daily uttered about the Spanish royal family. The stability of the throne is aided by the affectionate regard in which the king and queen and their sons are held.

An interesting result of the king's marriage to his English bride has been the growth of illustrated journals in Spain, which chronicle and illustrate every incident connected with the royal family.

SERPENT SAVED BOY'S LIFE.

India Village School Story Quite Oriental in Details.

A strange story is given by a subscriber of a drama said to have happened in a Jubbulpore (India) village school.

A few days ago one of the teachers detained a Mahajar boy, wearing ornaments, after school hours, saying that he would not be allowed to go home till he had prepared his day's lesson. When the rest of the students had gone away and there was none to watch them the master shut the boy up in a small room and demanded all his ornaments.

On the latter's refusal the master gave him several cuts with a blunt knife. As the knife was too bad to kill the boy and the boy also was suffering from excruciating pain, he requested his teacher to kill him by a stone lying in the school compound. No sooner said than the master agreed to it and went to bring the stone. The master had hardly lifted the stone when a black serpent rose up and coiled itself round his arms.

The half dead boy, seeing that his master did not come back, shouted and some passers-by came there. Seeing the boy in this state, they informed the police, who reached there immediately. The unfortunate master was still in that condition. Seeing the police, the serpent left his prisoner and the master was arrested.

We Wonder Why?—They say death loves a shining mark. "Is true, and sad!" But when death loves a shining mark, we're somewhat glad.

RODE IN WRIGHT AEROPLANE.

Mrs. Hart O. Berg First Woman to Make an Ascent.

Detroit, Mich.—From the days when we as youngsters looked upon the county fair and the Fourth of July celebration as events of the utmost consequence there have been women aeronauts. Who does not recall the intense interest with which he watched the immense canvas bag, away in the wind as its sides slowly spread outward from the pressure of gas or hot air, and the thrill that went through the assembled throng when at



a given signal the guy ropes were cast off and the great bag shot into the air, while a woman in abbreviated apparel unconcernedly balanced herself on the trapeze bar and threw kisses to those below.

Aeronautics of that sort still prevail in rural communities, but they are indulged in only by professionals who know no fear. For those who follow aviation for pleasure rather than a livelihood the sport has taken on a vastly different form. True, the dirigible balloon, which is in principle not unlike the gas bag of our boyhood days, is still in high favor with many students of the problems involved in navigating the air. But to the aeroplane belongs the credit of having outdistanced all rivals, and at the present time presenting the most practical solution of the problem of mechanical flight.

There are women in plenty who have made long journeys in the ordinary basket balloon, and who are almost a unit in declaring that there is a fascination about sport of this nature that makes it irresistible. However, but one woman has made an ascent in the Wright aeroplane—which has in such a conclusive manner proved its superiority over all other devices of the nature. To Mrs. Hart O. Berg, an American, falls that distinction, and she insists that never has she experienced a more delightful sensation than that occasioned by soaring aloft on this bird-like affair.

NEW SUMMER CAPITAL.

Wainscott, L. I., Likely to Be Successor of Oyster Bay.

New York.—Wainscott, L. I., has hopes of succeeding Oyster Bay as the summer capital of the United States.



Where President Taft Will Probably Spend His Summers.

It is at Wainscott that Prof. Horace D. Taft has his summer home and where Charles P. Taft spent his vacation last summer. It used to be the custom of the Taft brothers to go to Murray Bay, Canada, for their outing, but as it is out of the question for the president of the United States to leave the country, Mr. Taft necessarily will have to select another vacation place next year. If, as has been his custom, he makes his summer home with his brothers, he is likely to go to Wainscott, for both Horace D. Taft and Charles P. Taft are expected there next summer.

Wainscott is pretty well out toward the eastern end of Long Island, being midway between Bridgehampton and Easthampton, and 97 miles from New York. The Taft cottage is one of 38 near the side of Georgian lake. There is an excellent golf course, which should appeal to the president-elect.

Alloys of Gold and Iron.

Iron and gold when melted together may be mixed in various proportions, and hardened or crystallized. Alloys containing ten per cent. of gold are harder than pure iron, but as the proportion of gold increases above that amount, the alloy becomes softer. Silver and iron do not form alloys.

THE FRENCH ARMY

MAKES A SHOWING THAT HAS ASTONISHED EUROPE.

Maneuvers Which Have Demonstrated the Great Reorganizing Work Which Generalissimo Lacroix Has Wrought.

The French army has been transformed, and the recent army maneuvers has demonstrated that the work which Henri de Lacroix, the generalissimo, has accomplished during the



Henri de Lacroix, Generalissimo of French Army.

less than two years which he has been at the head of the military forces is little short of marvelous. The birthplace of this remarkable man was the American-French Isle of Guadeloupe. He graduated from St. Cyr in 1864; served in the campaign of Rome (1867) as sub-lieutenant; and came out of the Franco-Prussian war a captain. In 1883 he fought the Tonkin campaign. By 1894 he was colonel; by 1896 general of brigade; by 1901 general of division, and by 1903, commandant of the higher school of war for officers, from which he was transferred to the military governorship at Lyons and commanded the Fourth Army corps. In 1904 he became a member of the high war council; and by 1907 he was its vice president and generalissimo.

Behold the high war council. Without its unofficial permission, Gen. de Lacroix—like Hagron who began the work before him—would have found his hands tied. And the high war council would have its hands tied, in

turn, but for the patriotic concessions of the present government—induced by war-scares.

For this high war council, while it exists technically since the shaking up of all things in the Dreyfus case, has become the true, if impersonal, war chief only in these late years of war-scares, when the clumsiness of the French constitution threatened to lose France 24 hours in a war.

"But the parliament?" you ask.

"The parliament is ready to confirm what is done by the high war council," he will answer. "They were forced to the expedient. The high war council has become, for quick defensive purposes, a kind of war chief to stand up against the Kaiser even!"

One of the great novelties is cyclist infantry to partially replace cavalry. Where to-day there is a battalion of 1,000 cyclists, next year will see three such battalions. If the Germans push the next war into French territory the vast networks of good roads of East France will permit these cyclist battalions, with their rapid, long-reach rifles, to turn the tide of a battle.

Much more secret is the French use of automobiles. At the beginning of young fellows owning their own autos were accepted for maneuvers and in case of mobilization to tote the staff-major. Then came the scouting use of autos.

But, of the last three years, there have been vast multitudes of young Frenchmen offering their own autos for the sake of a superior service. All are being accepted. In the case of mobilization every auto of them has its rendezvous. What use will be made of them over battle grounds made up of splendid roads? To transport infantry in masses with unheard-of rapidity.

And the dirigible balloon? While Zeppelin is rebuilding one, the French have 12 in daily maneuvers!

And the wireless telegraph works on the backs of soldiers in the field—connection with a high-jointed pole that two more soldiers can unjoint and carry.

War is in the air.

The French no longer ask each other: "Are we ready?"

They have had so many war-scares that they were forced to get ready.

The Desire to Excel.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "do you remember that piece o' pie you gimme jes' about dis time last year?"

"Let me see! I believe I do remember giving you a piece of pie. Do you want another like it?"

"No, lady. I jest wanted to ask you if you ate any of it yourself."

"Certainly."

"Well! Well! Ain't dat a shame. An' here I was goin' along pridin' myself on havin' de digestion record beat!"—Washington Star.

One Woman's Way.

Tom—She must have been an odd girl.

Nell—Why do you think so?

Tom—She told my sister that she married Fred for the purpose of getting even!—Chicago Daily News.

Justified.

"Why did you strike that man?"

"He called me 'Clarence.'"

"What is your name?"

"It's Clarence, but he didn't know it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Attractive and Useful Gifts AT INTERESTING PRICES.

The Useful Christmas Gift is appreciated by every one and nothing is more appreciated than something to wear. What would please a man or boy better than a fine suit or overcoat? We are showing a splendid line for men and Young Men at from \$6.00 to \$18.00 and from \$2.00 to \$6.00 for boys. All the newest shades and the latest cut.

FUR AND BUFFALO CLOTH COATS. \$17, \$18, \$20, \$23, \$25



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4-in-Hands, Tecks, Bows and
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Shoes and Slippers in Endless Variety, all Leathers

Men's fine Shoes	\$1.50 to \$4.00	Misses' and Children's fine Shoes	50c to \$2.50
Ladies' fine Shoes	1.50 to 3.50	Boys' and Youths' fine Shoes	\$1.00 to \$2.50
Men's House Slippers, black, tan and wine.			\$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75
Ladies' Fur Trim Slippers, black and brown			\$1.00, 1.25, 1.50
Misses' and Children's Fur Trim Slippers			40c to 90c

If desired all goods purchased now will be laid aside until Christmas.

A. H. DIBBLE & SON



A Sackful of Satisfaction

Can be had at our establishment for a little outlay in cash. But we do not want to lay too much stress on the quantity as on the quality you get for your money. In these days of pure food agitation we make it a point to be very particular in our purchases, ensuring to our customers only the purest and healthiest of provisions.

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Pure Sugar Candies, 10c, 15c, 20c and 40c lb.

Nuts of all Kinds at 20c lb.

Choicest California Navel Oranges, 25c, 30c and 40c doz.

Dates, Figs, Malaga Grapes and everything in the Grocery Line the choicest to be had.

Our Teas and Coffees excel all others.

WISHING ALL A

we invite you to call at our store on
Dec. 24th and receive a gentle reminder
for the coming year.

Yours truly,

BROWN & PETTINGILL,
THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY.



A DUTY DANCE

By EDITH ST. L. WILSON

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They called her the shepherdess. Remembering this, the Man of the World puckered his eyebrows and "racked his brains" for something to say. It suddenly occurred to him that, as president of the club, he had a duty to perform.

"Your program is full?" he inquired.

"Too full!" she replied.

The president looked surprised.

"Already!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," came the answer. "One name too many on the list."

The Man of the World began to feel interested.

"Is it against your principles to skip dances?" he asked.

"Skip dances?"

She looked dismayed.

He began to feel awkward.

"I mean," he commenced slowly, "would you mind very much giving me that dance?"

"Not at all!"

"What number is it?"

"First extra—just after this!"

"I may have it—really?"

"Why not? Why should I keep a dance for a man who asked for it merely from a sense of duty?"

The president cast a quick sidelong glance at the girl with whom he was sitting out a dance. He felt relieved as he realized that the thrust about



Affinity Had Spoken to Affinity.

"duty" was not intended for his own especial benefit!

"They call him the enthusiast, do they not?" she inquired, pointing to the name over which the man was scribbling something.

"Yes," he replied absently.

"I come from a place where duty dances are unknown," she said quietly.

"You are wishing yourself back there, I believe?" ventured the president.

"Not at this moment!"

"And they call her a shepherdess," the man thought to himself.

"Tell me about that land," he said aloud.

"What shall I tell you? You might not understand!"

"Try me!"

"Well, there is not much that I can tell you. It is so different from your world."

"How do you know? Perhaps I have a world of my own, apart from all this!" He glanced about the club-house ballroom.

"Perhaps! You mean some—dream-land?"

"Perhaps! Most people enter a paradise of that kind occasionally!"

"A paradise?"

"Yes, wherein they go on and on, weaving all sorts of fantastic fairy tales, looking at life through rose-colored glasses, believing in heaven, believing in hell, and all the while feeling possessed by a longing to be good!"

"I know, I know what you mean. I remember one day at home. I wandered over the hills alone. When I reached the summit of the highest one I looked up and beheld, as it seemed to me, another world, another sphere. All the green earth that stretched to the right and left about me was forgotten, all the shadows cast by the trees seemed but like phantoms! I gazed on, forgetful of the fleeting hours, forgetful of the life that was awaiting me below in the valley, and—so I stood, until the sun went down! Then as the shadows grew deeper I moved on to the path which the shepherdess traversed; twilight wrapped thick about the world, and again I passed, surprised, then I crept on. I began to be afraid, and the darkness came

The president of the club had forgotten the brilliant lights, the swaying figures and—the other woman, his betrothed. He sat gazing at the girl before him. He could hear soft strains of music, but it seemed to him that the tones had been created by autumn winds, sweeping over crested hills. He pictured a shepherd tending his sheep. For one short moment he stood hand in hand on the highest hill with the girl who had looked into that other world. He could hear the rippling of waters and see the sinking sun; he ventured forth in the twilight. All things grew dark, and then—he stumbled.

"Face to face, soul to soul, affinity had spoken to affinity, and then, as if a clap of thunder had crashed over the world that had been girded in tender silence, the orchestra broke forth into restless measure, as if a flash of lightning had broken into darkness—the man saw."

Almost rudely, he snatched the tiny gold-tinted program attached to the girl's fan, and then he smiled, as he heard the sound of his fiancée's low, musical laugh. He drew a line across his own initials, which he had placed opposite the first extra.

"I was selfish," he remarked, "it was a duty dance. It is so easy to forget!"

"Yes, so easy," the girl murmured. "So easy to forget when one is standing on the summit of a great hill, looking down upon the world! So easy to forget when—"

"I know what you mean! But, after all, the keen breeze one finds up there fills one with a longing to be good!"

"My dance, Miss Gretchen!" It was a third person who spoke.

The girl held out her hand to the president and said:

"Sooner or later, we shall meet again on that high hill!"

"On the very highest hill of all!" was the fervent reply.

The enthusiast very naturally thought that they were referring to a toboggan slide, and he forthwith delved into the mysteries of toboggans and toboggan lore!

OLD CUSTOM IS DISCONTINUED.

Morning Mill Bell Will No Longer Be Rung in Waltham, Mass.

With the advancing years comes the passing of old customs, and in Waltham the early morning mill bell has outlived its usefulness and its ringing is discontinued after generations of use.

For nearly a century the bell on the cotton mill of the Boston Manufacturing Company has been rung at five o'clock in the morning. In the early part of the century, even before Gen. Banks became a bobbin boy, the five o'clock bell called the residents of the town from rest to labor. It was to give the housekeepers warning that the bell was rung at five o'clock, a warning that they would have just time to get breakfast and allow the employees to get to work at 6:30 o'clock. A second bell was rung at 5:45 o'clock as a warning to the employees to arise and prepare for the day's work. But as the town grew methods changed. The boarding house features fell into disuse, those who were employed in the mill moved to a more remote distance and the corporation houses passed into other hands. But the bell system remained unchanged. Its brazen tones fell on ears for which it was not intended.

The reason given by the management for discontinuing the bell is that it is not necessary; that the system calling for its early ringing has passed away, and because mills in other cities have adopted the idea of less bell ringing.—Boston Transcript.

Foghorn Cost Vast Sum.

There has just been erected on the Bass Rock, the precipitous island of the Firth of Forth, off the Haddingtonshire coast, a new foghorn which has cost \$200,000. It will be interesting to note the effect of the hooter on the nerves of the sea birds, of which thousands of one kind and another are to be found on this desolate spot. At dusk the captains of the passenger steamers in passing generally sound their whistle or siren for the amusement of their passengers, and it is a sight not easily forgotten to watch myriads of sleepy birds fly a short distance and then return, after uttering their protest after the manner of the owl in Gray's "Elegy." The new foghorn will give three blasts every two minutes.

Important English Railroad Decision.

A passenger in a full railway carriage in England has a perfect legal right to push away anyone else who tries to get into it. This decision was given at Marylebone police court when a man complained that he was pushed out of a carriage at Bishop's Road station by another passenger, who said the car was full. "It is the duty of conductors," said the court, "to see that the trains are not overcrowded. They are perfectly entitled to use reasonable force to prevent anyone from boarding cars when they are full. If they fail to avail themselves of this right the passengers are entitled to act for themselves."

Teach Children Trades.

Miss Elizabeth Harrison of Chicago, one of the principals of the Kindergarten college of that city, says that children would be as happy playing they are coal heavers or charcoal burners as anything else, and it would be as easy to teach them a useful trade in school as to teach them to find the cube root of numbers that are never used in real life. An hour a day spent by the children in the grades in some real work would give them a respect for labor that they do not seem to have now.

"Tien, Monsieur Teleton, what would you do with the cat, eh?" asked the old woman, anxiously.

"Oh, I'd drown her," answered Jack, carelessly.

"A good big bag, a little coxing, and we'll have her fast enough. Then we'll row out to the nets, you and I, and drop her overboard. Adieu, Grisette! See?"

"Bien!" muttered Mere Barbizon.

"I go at once to find the bag."

It was growing dark when Jack, carefully carrying the bag over his shoulder and followed by Mere Barbizon and myself, an amused onlooker, marched down to the beach and manned a little skiff with his motley crew.

"Sit there," he called to Mere Barbizon, "where you can watch to see that Grisette plays no more tricks on you."

Silently we pulled out upon the silent water, gray now as a dove's wing and growing grayer with the advancing dark. Now and then a sigh broke from Mere Barbizon, but whether, at the beauty of the night or as preliminary to the sad rite about to be performed, it was impossible to tell. Her wrinkled chin was huddled in her hands, her eyes were fixed on the bag at her feet. If she had not been ashamed to show emotion over a creature that she herself had condemned to death I think she would have given poor Grisette at least a farewell pat.

Presently Jack stopped rowing and pulled in his oars. "The time and the place," he said, solemnly uncovering. "If you have words to say to the about-to-be-departed, Mere Barbizon, say them now."

"Tien! What have I to say?" murmured Mere Barbizon. "Has she not always had the best? I have no reproaches. I, for one who has eaten the very roof from my head, the floor from my feet, Monsieur! Let her go, monsieur. I shall not weep." But her voice broke nevertheless, for at the last words Jack was standing up with the bag in his hands. He dropped it heavily over the boat's side and it slid from sight in a moment.

It was quite dark when we reached the boat and turned up the narrow little paved way that led to the cottages, but not too dark to see even a darker shadow rise from the step, stretch to the very tip of its tatty tail and walk majestically down to meet us.

"Mere de Dieu!" cried the old woman, crossing herself. "We have drowned her, and behold, she reappears herself!"

"Right times she has been lost, given away, killed off," broke in Jack, sadly.

"Right times. Mere Barbizon, it is plain to see that Grisette is now entering upon her ninth and last life."

GRISETTE'S NINTH LIFE

A Little Tale of Normandy and a Hard-Hearted Artist

"Chut!" said Mere Barbizon, shrugging her wizened little shoulders under the faded calico blouse. "Talk not to me, monsieur. I tell you Grisette must be killed entirely. Oh, but yes, entirely. Already I have given her away no less than six times. Thrice to the forester's wife, a careless one, she, who lets her come back always to me again. Thrice to Madame Perrin up in the village yonder. Ah, the miser! One could not blame Grisette for not stopping longer in a house where there was no meat, not even on a feast day. And once I lost her, pardiou! It was in the hills the time when I went to make the little visit with my daughter. Grisette awaited me on the doorstep when I returned. La, la, she sat there looking her paws with the air of one who was always welcome. Once again she lost herself. Ah, but attendez, monsieur, she really found herself again. Of that you may be sure. It is impossible really to lose Grisette, she who eats more of my food than a man, who expects always the bonnes bouches of my table. Out, out, monsieur, this time it is impossible that Grisette comes back. I will no longer furnish her with comforts. If she were a dog now—but a beast of a cat, non, it is impossible."

Jack Tilton and I had run across Mere Barbizon on one of our painting trips through Normandy in early May, and now it was late June, and she still lingered under her clean, but otherwise uninviting roof, held to the place by the fascination that this particular part of Normandy always has and always will have for painter folk.

Nor were we partial to Grisette, the huge gray cat, that had—so she averred—become the bane of Mere Barbizon's existence. Once she had whisked her tail across a study of coast, which I thought particularly fine, and which I had some idea of sending to the salon, and once she had played havoc with Jack's brushes. No, we would have no reason to regret Grisette, but we wanted to see fair play.

Your French peasant has a heart of flint at times, and Mere Barbizon was no exception, as we had found out on more than one occasion. Jack, who was lazily cleaning his brushes, looked over his shoulder at this point, and said between the teeth that held his pipe: "See here, Mere Barbizon, I'll get rid of that fatascal for you. This very night, after dark, eh? And it shan't cost you a sou."

"Tien, Monsieur Teleton, what would you do with the cat, eh?" asked the old woman, anxiously.

"Oh, I'd drown her," answered Jack, carelessly.

"A good big bag, a little coxing, and we'll have her fast enough. Then we'll row out to the nets, you and I, and drop her overboard. Adieu, Grisette! See?"

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"Right times. Mere Barbizon, it is plain to see that Grisette is now entering upon her ninth and last life."

"Mere de Dieu!" chattered the old woman again. "Behold, monsieur, a miracle, is it not? This time Grisette shall die as Monsieur is doing. Dies wishing!" and still crossing herself, she hurried away for the fourth time.

"What was in the bag?" I asked Jack.

"The cat," he answered.

"The cat?"

"The cat," he answered.

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"The cat," he answered.

"The cat?"

OLD KRIS KRINGLE

will soon be here, and among all the things you are doing in his honor, do justice to yourself and compare

Our Prices and Quality IN GROCERIES

WITH GROCERIES ELSEWHERE

Oranges 25c, 35c, 40c per doz.

Lemons 25c and 30c per doz

GRAPES—

Malaga, 20c lb.
Catawbas, 25c per basket.
Concords, 25c per basket.

APPLES—

Greenings, }
Baldwins, } 25c & 30c pk
N. Spies, }

Not What you Pay, but what you Get, is Real Test of Value

VEGETABLES—

Cabbage
Celery
Hubbard Squash
Leaf Lettuce
Pumpkins
Green Onions
Dry Onions
Jersey Sweet Potatoes

MISCELLANEOUS—

Boiled Cider
Mince Meat
Olives in Bulk
Horse Radish
Dates and Figs
Maple Sugar
Maple Syrup
Sweet, Sour and Mixed
Pickles, in bulk

CHEESE—

N. Y. Cream, 18c lb.
Wisconsin Cream, 20c lb.
Limberger, 20c lb.
Neufchatel, 5c each
Canadian Cream, 10c ea.

CONFECTIONERY—

Cream Candies
Navel Orange, 10c lb.
Daisy Beans, 10c lb.
Asst. Wafers, 10c lb.
Co. Co. BonBons, 10c lb.
Chocolates, high grade,
any flavor, 20c lb.
Box Candies
Cream Fudge, etc.

OYSTERS—

Selects, 20c pint
J. G. H. Standards, 25c can

Golden Glow brand Canned Goods. Try one can, you will buy another.

Dec. 19th. N. B. C. Goods and Kar-a-Van Coffee Demonstration. Every one come and try them.

GITTINS BROS.

Local News

Howard Brown was in Detroit Tuesday.

Mrs. Ina Mack spent last week in Romulus.

Clyde Beotley is taking vocal lessons in Detroit.

Mrs. A. E. Patterson is visiting in Ruthven, Ont.

Miss Hettie Patterson is visiting her sister in Rochester.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs and Lou Reed were in Milford Tuesday.

Dr. Smith of Detroit spent Sunday at Rev. E. E. Caster's.

Mrs. Claude Burgess of Detroit spent Sunday at W. O. Allen's.

Special meeting of the O. E. S. next Tuesday night for work.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitkop of Detroit Sundayed at Dr. Peck's.

Mrs. Phila Harrison goes to Ann Arbor today to spend a week.

Mrs. S. Arnold of Detroit visited Mrs. Harry Farwell this week.

Mrs. Bert Bennett entertained a few ladies last Friday night at cards.

Auction sale of household goods at C. S. Butterfield's Dec. 17th, 1 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kohler of Northville were in town Wednesday.

New independent telephones this week: Chas. Mathers, Chas. Strebbs.

Mrs. Springation of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Starkweather.

Dr. H. A. Nichols and wife expect to go to Florida about the first of January.

Maxwell Moon of Ann Arbor spent the latter part of last week in Plymouth.

Mrs. Jane Downey of Detroit is visiting her daughter Mrs. James McKeever.

Loren Proctor and Roy Felt of Flint spent Sunday and Monday in Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Colvin of Detroit will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson.

Mrs. Wyman Bartlett and son visited relatives in Detroit last week, returning home Saturday.

Harry Passage has returned from North Lansing and has taken Mr. Riley's place as freight clerk at the depot.

Frank Oliver, who recently sold his farm, has moved to the village, occupying a house on West Ann Arbor street.

The Degree of Honor will give a pedro party in the I. O. O. F. Hall Friday evening, Dec. 18th. Everybody welcome.

Auction sale of household goods at C. S. Butterfield's Dec. 17th, 1 p. m.

In our mention of the funeral of Mrs. George Dunn last week, we misstated the name. It should have been Mrs. Samuel Dunn.

Mrs. Fred Ekilff returned home Monday from Chatham, Ont., but expects to go back in a short time on account of the illness of her sister.

Stereopticon views of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play will be given at the Universalist church next Sunday at 7 p. m. Admission free. Collection.

Chas. McDougal, who has had charge of the round house in the P. M. yards, has been transferred to Benton Harbor Geo. Bailey of Traverse City takes his place here.

Not a more suitable Christmas gift than an elegant piece of Mrs. Harry C. Robinson's handpainted china. For sale at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Isaac Tillotson and Mr. Birch returned from Alabama Tuesday. They like the country and Mr. Tillotson expects to move there next fall, having bought some land.

Mrs. Phebe Spencer of Plymouth attended the 20th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Tibbitts of Farmington. Relatives and friends from Detroit also neighbors were present to the number of 100.

Monster Sacrifice Sale of clothing, shoes, dry goods, ladies' cloaks and suits, children's wear, etc., at E. L. Riggs, beginning tomorrow morning, at 9 o'clock and continuing for 12 days only. No such bargains ever offered in Plymouth. See big advt. elsewhere.

The following officers were elected by the L. O. T. M. M. at their last meeting:

Lady Commander—Emma Partridge
P. Com.—Minnie VanDeCar
Lieut. Com.—Betty Smith
Record Keeper—Helen Willett
Flan.—Neille Passage
Capt.—Emma Hood
Sargent—Emma Peck
Mistress-at-Arms—Mary Gale
Sentinel—Margaret Taylor
Picket—Ella Arthur

The Wayne County Telephone Co. is asking the council for a franchise to operate its system in the village. The ordinance will have its third reading at the next regular meeting of the council. The company, which is the successor of the Plymouth Telephone Co., has heretofore done business under a simple resolution granting it the use of streets and alleys to place its poles and lines. A regular ordinance governing all phases of the telephone business is much more preferable to both parties of the proposition.

The electors of Michigan certainly did not overlook the products of the soil when they chose the legislature that starts business in January. In it will be a Field, a Flower, a Farmer, an Oat and a Rice. The color display will be modest; one Green, one Brown, one Gray, one White. There are two whose names belie the bare suggestion of wrong doing—Rep. Straight and Rep. Unsoeld. Ninety-two of the 132 will be new members—an unusually large number.

It pays to have nicely printed stationery. Get it at The Man office.

Mrs. Geo. Shafer visited in Detroit a couple of days this week.

Miss Amelia Gayde is visiting her cousin in Detroit this week.

Loyd and Edna Jarvis of Salem visited relatives in town Monday.

O. F. Beyer attended the funeral of his aunt in Livonia Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Bradner of Lansing is visiting her mother Mrs. Ruth Cable.

Auction sale of household goods at C. S. Butterfield's Dec. 17th, 1 p. m.

Mrs. Linus Galpin is visiting her sister Mrs. Claude Larned in Jackson this week.

Mrs. Geo. Hillmer of Detroit visited Wm. Hillmer and wife here a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leverance and family of Livonia spent Sunday with Wm. Sutherland and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren and Mr. and Mrs. Wirt McLaren were Sunday visitors at J. D. McLaren's.

See the beautiful hand-painted china by Mrs. Harry C. Robinson on exhibition and for sale at Pinckney's.

The A. O. O. G. will give a Shadow Toe Social at Chas. Strebbs' Friday evening, Dec. 11. Everybody welcome.

Before purchasing your presents call at Frank Beal's residence and see the stock of Christmas goods he has for sale.

E. K. Bennett was in Indianapolis a day or two this week, attending the wedding of a friend, acting as best man at the ceremony.

One of the largest demonstrations by the National Biscuit Co. ever in Plymouth will be at Gittins Bros. store Saturday, Dec. 19th. Everybody invited. It's free.

Luther Lyon, one of the oldest residents of the village, died at his home Thursday afternoon after an illness of several weeks.

A number of the Plymouth members of Northville Chapter, R. A. M., attended the annual meeting Wednesday evening. Postmaster M. H. Ladd was elected High Priest of the Chapter.

Mrs. Louis Reber entertained the newly elected officers and committees of the German Ladies Aid Society at her home Wednesday afternoon. After a business meeting, refreshments were served and all had an enjoyable time.

A special meeting of the council will be held soon for the purpose of arriving at a conclusion whether the D. U. R. shall give hourly service, as their franchise provides, or abide by the present two-hour schedule. Representatives of the street car company will be present to present their side of the case.

Rufus Thayer, who has just been appointed to succeed Judge Wiley in the American court in Shanghai, was born in Plymouth, Mich., and lived there until he was 22 years old. He is a graduate of the Michigan association of the city of Washington. The judge will visit Detroit before he leaves for China, but the date of his departure has not been set.

Handpainted china by Mrs. Harry C. Robinson for sale at Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Our increased advertising necessitates the running of an extra four pages this week. Read the advertisements—they will assist you materially in making your Christmas selections and also in selecting your "extras" for a nice Christmas dinner. And don't forget that home merchants sell their goods as cheap or cheaper than you can buy in the city.

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Packard-Durfee.

Don Packard and Miss Florence Durfee were quietly married at the M. E. parsonage on Thursday evening, Dec. 10th, Rev. E. King performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Packard are well known young people living west of the village, Mrs. Packard having until recently taught the Packard school and being a graduate of the Plymouth school. The groom is the son of D. W. Packard. The couple have the wishes of a host of friends.

Slaughter Sale at Riggs.

E. L. Riggs has a page advertisement this week in which he announces a "monster massacre" of prices on all goods in the store. Prices he quotes are unheard of at this season of the year and the slaughter includes everything in the store. An investment of a few dollars will buy a "stack" of goods and whether needed now or not, it will pay to come and exchange your dollars for the goods—which are all claimed to be up-to-date and of the best makes. The sale opens tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock and will of course be advantageous to be promptly on the ground and get the best selections. Don't miss it and be sure to read the advertisement and convince yourself the prices are just as represented.

Have You Anything to Sell?

The Mail will find a buyer for you. Some one of its readers may want just what you have to sell. It makes no difference what it is. A Want Ad will bring you two together. It costs only 25c for two insertions to try it and find out for yourself.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

Sc. per Line, One Insertion.

FOR RENT—Large, fine office room, best location, above J. R. Rauch & Sons store. Key at store. 5c

WANTED—Twenty-five particular housewives to each order a trial crook of our farm creamery butter. N. C. MILLER.

FOR SALE—Hard maple body wood, cut stove length. Telephone 917 Tr. E. S. COOK.

FOR SALE—A wood heater. Telephone 85.

AUCTION SALE.

Thursday, December 17th, 1908, all household goods will be sold at public auction at my residence on Sutton street, opposite the village park. C. S. BUTTERFIELD.

TOWNSHIP TAXES.

I will be at Gayde Bros. store in North Village, on Friday's and at Gittins Bros. store on Saturday's of the month of December to collect taxes for Plymouth township. 4 per cent. added on and after the tenth day of January. RALPH G. SAMSEN, Twp. Treas.

A Christmas Problem.

With Christmas only 20 days away, what to choose for your own home. See us about an

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

And your worry will be over.

BEYER P ARMACY

A. F. KHERBWY, Boot and Shoe Repairing

Shop over Express Office.

First class work and satisfaction guaranteed.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK,

At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, Nov. 21, 1908, as called for by the Commission of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$298,734 90
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	184,734 05
Overdrafts	24 11
Bankable house	1,000 00
Real estate and fixtures	3,000 00
Other real estate	1,234 00
Items in transit	1,000 00
Due from banks in reserve cities	20,000 00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	12,500 00
Gold coin	5,000 00
Silver coin	1,000 00
Notes and credits	50 00
Checks and other cash items	204 22
Total	\$527,542 98

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$75,000 00
Surplus fund	15,000 00
Undivided profits, net	15,000 00
Dividends unpaid	50 00
Commercial deposits	100,000 00
Certificates of deposit	100 00
Savings deposits	234,000 00
Savings certificates	22,492 98
Total	\$527,542 98

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss:
I, E. K. BENNETT, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. K. BENNETT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of December, 1908.
My commission expires June 3, 1909.
P. W. VOORHEES, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
PETER VAN VOORHEES,
F. A. DUNN, Directors.

TRY MAIL LINERS

GALE'S!

Call at our store and see the fine stock of

Christmas Goods Toys, China,

Glassware, Books, Pocket-books
Cigars by the Box, Pipes 25c to \$5.00 each, Fruits, Nuts, Candies, etc.



I would like to call your attention to the new Toy, Countown Shooting Gallery. It is a Toy that will last and amuse the whole family. Price 50c.

We have Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Sleds, Rocking Horses, Rocking Chairs, Shooflys, Baby Carriages, Checkers, Dominoes, Games from 5c to 50c.

A LARGE STOCK OF DOLLS

1c. to \$1.50, a large stock of Books, Christmas Cards, Postal Cards, New Years Cards, etc.

Call on us for Holly, Wreaths and Christmas Tree Decorations. Come and see our beautiful China and Glassware for Christmas.

JOHN L. GALE

SERIAL STORY
THE ESCAPE
A POST MARITAL ROMANCE
By Cyrus Townsend Brady
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1924, by W. O. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escape opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family fight, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Deborah then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and foiling her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton confessing love for Debbie, flagship Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refused to do so until after morning. Strathgate in a duel, they fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at sword from Strathgate, Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband. Carrington, immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admiral's orders and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone. Sir Charles Seton found the fugitives, proposed to Debbie and was accepted. Debbie, Ellen and Sir Charles made a plan to bring Carrington to Carrington. The king decides to grant a pardon after promising Lady Carrington that he would lighten the lord. King George, with Admiral Kephart, arrange a surprise for Carrington.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Royal Intervention.

Five bells in the forenoon watch on the Britannia. The great ship in the perfection of readiness, so clean that you could have eaten your dinner off her decks with a clear conscience if you wished; her 700 men in spick and span uniforms, her officers gorgeous in gold lace, royal blue and spotless white; her marines in vivid scarlet; her masts decked with flags from flying-jib to spanker-boom end, her yards manned with row after row of sailors, others mustered around the great guns on the main deck, was ready for a visit from her august master.

Everybody on the ship was full of excitement except the lonely prisoner in the gunroom. A barge was seen pulling from the shore and from a flagstaff forward the royal ensign fluttered out in the fresh morning breeze. In a few moments a little man in a shovel hat and plain civilian's dress stepped out of the boat and clambered briskly up the accommodation ladder—really a flight of stairs which had been rigged over the side. The admiral, the flag-captain, the officers of the ship, hats in hand, with much bowing and saluting met him at the gangway. As the royal foot touched the white deck the royal flag was broken out at the masthead, the boatswain piped, the band struck up "God Save the King" and the great guns of the main deck thundered out the royal salute.

The admiral turned, faced forward, waved his cocked hat and the whole ship rang with enthusiastic cheering. The king nodded like the plain little farmer he was, without any particular ceremony, shook hands with the admiral, waved his arm graciously to the officers and, attended by the admiral, stepped aft and disappeared later in the great cabin under the poop deck.

"Now," said the king, as he sat down in the cabin, "has everything been prepared?"

"Everything is ready, your majesty. The ship is provisioned for her cruise, the officers and men aboard. All ready, sir."

"I performed my part of the undertaking this morning."

The king chuckled. Kephart grinned profoundly, but said nothing.

"You can fetch the prisoner here now."

The admiral turned and called the orderly, gave him a message, and in a few moments my lord Carrington, unarmed, presented himself in the cabin.

By the king's direction Kephart stood in front of his majesty, and Carrington did not at first see who was there. He knew certainly from the connection that the king had come aboard the ship, but that was all.

"Lieutenant Lord Carrington," began Admiral Kephart severely, "the hour of your court-martial has arrived, but before you appear in its presence his gracious majesty has kindly thought fit to see you in person. He is here to receive you, to hear what you have to say for yourself."

Admiral Kephart suddenly stepped aside and disclosed little George sitting back in the huge admiral's chair. Little George had a very heavy frown upon his face and did his best to assume a godlike and menacing mien. Carrington knelt at once. The king looked hard at him.

"Rise, sir," he said in a voice which he strove to make harsh and forbidding. "Pretty doings I hear about you."

Lord Carrington bowed profoundly, but said nothing.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself, sir?" continued the king.

"Your majesty, nothing."

"Hey! What?" cried King George.

"Nothing, sir."

"You make love to another woman, Cecily Carrington; you are ashamed of your wife; you allow her to run away with Strathgate—"

"Your majesty," cried Carrington, stung to action, "give me leave, sir." He bowed. To interrupt the king was a heinous offense. "Have I permission to proceed, sir?"

"Proceed," returned his majesty.

"You have been misinformed in one particular. Nothing you can say of me or to me is unmerited, that I will admit; but Lady Carrington did not run away with Lord Strathgate."

"I understood he drove away with her in your carriage at night, at two o'clock in the morning."

Lord Carrington winced under the apparent insinuation.

"That is true," he replied; "but my lady was entirely innocent. She had with her a young woman, a companion. She knows not the world, your majesty."

"And you were ashamed of her for that?"

"I was, your majesty. Now, I glory in the fact."

"Go on, sir."

"And she simply used Strathgate as she would a coachman. When he would fain have abducted her she tried to shoot him. She did escape from him and, thank God! I was able to place him out of the running before he could pursue her or annoy her again."

"You fought a duel with Lord Strathgate?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"You know my opinion of duelling? You know the law?"

"Yes, your majesty. There was nothing else I could do."

"You're not sorry for it?" asked the king sternly.

Carrington had to tell the truth. Although he felt morally certain that he would bring down upon his head the wrath of the king, which would be the last straw added to his already heavy burdens, he scorned to lie.

"No, I am not sorry, sir. I should do it again."

"You're an honest man, Lord Carrington," said the king, "if a very foolish one."

"It was Lord Strathgate himself who told me that I was, saving your majesty's grace, a damned fool."

"Ahem!" said the king, "it seems that Lord Strathgate can speak the truth on occasion. When said he that?"

"Lying on the ground with my sword through him," answered Carrington, his face flushing at the king's deliberate corroboration of Strathgate's uncomplimentary opinion.

"Well," said the king, "that's what caused you to disobey orders?"

"That and that only, your majesty, and I am ready to take the punishment for it, whatever it may be."

"And what is it likely to be?"

"Dismissal from the service, perchance, sir," returned Carrington hoarsely.

"And your wife, what of her; Where is she?"

"I would to God I knew. If I could have word that she were safe and well, sir, I could bear anything."

"You have that word?"

"What, sir?" exclaimed Carrington.

"You have it."

"Whose word?"

"Mine, your king's. 'Tis as good as that of any gentleman in England, I take it, Lord Carrington," said the king, with a real touch of majesty.

"Your majesty," returned my lord, sinking to his knees again, "I have assurance enough for the most distraught mind. I thank your majesty. I bless your majesty. Now, sir, I am ready for the court."

"Good!" said the king.

"But will your majesty add one favor



The Lonely Prisoner in the Gunroom.

to this assurance. May I not see my wife?"

"Well, Kephart, what do you think about it? Should a prisoner on trial be permitted to see his wife?"

"Not immediately, your majesty," growled Kephart, turning away to hide his face.

"I think it will have to be as your admiral says, Lord Carrington," said the king. "You cannot see her for the present."

My lord was too proud to beg, yet there was something else he could do. "There is something else. May I ask your majesty?"

"What is it?" said the king kindly. "Ask what you like."

"Will your majesty—Can a message be carried to her from me?"

"I think there's no harm in that, eh, Kephart?"

"No, your majesty."

"What is the message?"

"Will your majesty tell Lady Carrington how I have misjudged her and how bitterly I have repented my follies, and how proud and happy I am that she is not as Lady Cecily and the others?"

"I think I may say that she will get the message in due time," said the king.

"And if I might further trespass on your majesty's good nature, I will ask to have this letter sent to her."

As he spoke my lord pulled a paper from out his breast pocket.

"What is that?" said the king.

"Tis a letter I wrote on the eve of my engagement with Lord Strathgate. It may be conceived of as conveying the true sentiments of my heart."

"Hark ye, Carrington," said the king, "I will not have Lady Carrington, to whom I have taken a great fancy, further vexed by letters or messages."

"Your majesty," answered Carrington, "you may read the letter yourself. 'Tis such a letter as would convey joy to any woman's heart, provided she loved her husband and could forgive him his folly."

"Well, as to what may be the state of Lady Carrington's feelings toward you, that will have to be developed later. Meanwhile—the king hailed from his pocket two papers—"Admiral Kephart, here is an order which will obviate the necessity of a court-martial. As commander-in-chief of the fleet I interpose. I am informed that the frigate Bellona is ready for three years' tour of duty in the East Indies."

"You're right, sir," answered Kephart.

"Here is an order from the admiralty appointing Lord Carrington first lieutenant of that ship."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Kephart, taking the order and scanning it rapidly.

"Lord Carrington," said the king gravely, "I have estopped the court-martial. Your offense has been a serious one, however, and it cannot go unpunished. Because of it I order you to the Bellona. You will spend three years in the East Indies. Perhaps by that time you will come back a happier and a wiser man."

"A wiser, your majesty, but there can be no happiness for me."

"And why?"

"Because I am parted from Lady Carrington and because I have shown myself unworthy of her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TRIBE OF FIGHTING INDIANS.

Aborigines of Central America Seemingly Without Fear.

"I sojourned for more than a year in Central America, mostly in Honduras, where I went to make a study of the native Indian tribes," said Charles C. Lesseuer of New Orleans.

"These aborigines are mostly of warlike mold and as brave fighters as any of the human race. I was especially impressed with the inhabitants of the Copan and Gracias districts. They are the best fighting stock in all Latin America. Three or four hundred of them will often defeat an army of thrice their size. They are ever eager for battle and reck nothing of heavy adverse odds. They are supposed to be Christians, but from what I saw and learned of others I came to the belief that they practice heathen rites and ceremonies. They are excellent friends, but terrible enemies, and if defeated in battle are apt to visit their wrath on their unfortunate officers."

"These Indians cling to their primitive customs and do most of their hunting with bows and arrows. The way they use the bow is rather unique. They sight their game, calculate the distance and then shoot their arrows into the air, whereupon the weapon falls upon the mark, whether bird or beast, seven times out of ten, with fatal effect."—Baltimore American.

Queen and Her Lover.

Essex street, London, derives its name from the ill-fated earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. The earl's town house stood in Essex street and the queen often visited him there. The story goes that it was in the garden of Essex house that the queen gave her favorite a box on his ear, saying: "Go and be hanged!" and the hot-tempered young man swore that he would not have brooked such an insult from her father. A curious discovery relating to Essex and Queen Elizabeth was made by Lord Cholmondeley in 1770 at a house in Essex street which overlooked the earl's gardens. Scratched on a pane of glass in a top window were the letters "I. C. U. S. X. and E. R." which has been interpreted as "I see you Essex and Elizabeth regina," and was probably the recorded jest of an inquisitive onlooker, who witnessed the meetings of the queen and her favorite.

A SPIRIT IN THE FLESH
By ELIZABETH C. JACKSON

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The senator was cozy in one of the secluded oriental corners off Mrs. Alden's large reception room. Beside him seemed to float an intangible, indefinable white mist. Was it a dream? or was it reality? Dare he reach out his hand to grasp it, or would it at his gentlest touch softly melt away? Now it seemed for the moment to be resting lightly, breathlessly, a mass of gold, a flush of pink, poised on shoulders, glistening—gleaming—which seemed to rise from endless billows of misty white.

Mrs. Hardy had introduced them only a few moments before, and had fumbled her name. Mrs. Hardy always fumbled names. He wondered what it was. Indeed, so eager had he been to learn, that when he found himself cornered with the young woman, he was quite calm in face of such calamity. The Senator avoided young creatures usually, but this one was different from all the rest. Already



"I Wonder If You Are Real," He Whispered.

they were chatting and laughing, "gossiping," smiled the Senator to himself, "like two old women." He couldn't remember that he had ever been guilty of such conduct before.

They discussed each woman in turn, as they peeped at them from behind the curtain, where they sat. Mrs. Alden's gown, Mrs. Bradley's hair, Mrs. Brown's jewels. Those jewels, she said, were worth an enormous sum.

"How much?" asked the practical Senator.

She breathed, almost reverently, a fabulous sum.

"How would you feel with all that on you?"

"Um—um," came the ecstatic answer through closed lips.

He turned and looked at her, slowly shaking his head.

"No, never, that would make you, then, a little like the rest of them—earthly."

They were peeping again.

"I wonder where the authoress, Miss Mitford, is? I hold the evening in dread because of her."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, these spinster writers always corner and bore us to death, with—ethics, philosophy and what not—they want the inside working of this and that—you wouldn't understand—they're a great nuisance," he sighed.

A gleam of seriousness came into his heavily lidded, blue eyes.

"It seems," she said, slowly, "as if men like you, and others, who are in the midst of this great life, would free give a little of their knowledge to woman, who cannot learn these things, save through the experience of others."

"But why do women bother with such things? Why can't they all be sweet and gay? Why!" exclaimed, "I have had more genuine pleasure talking frills and furbelows behind his curtain here with you to-night than I ever had in all my life talking with one of those learned, bachelor women."

"Then you think a woman's mind ought not to rise above the ruffle of her petticoat?"

He made no answer and she went on.

"This authoress you speak of as a spinster, is she old?"

"Yes," emphatically.

"The paper stated she was only in

her twenties and beautiful."

"Bother, she bribed the papers. She is old and ugly."

The sweetest music he ever heard came in ripples from her red, red lips.

"You have never seen her," she cried, "yet you know it here, I suppose." She clasped her hands together and pressed them lightly over her heart.

"Right there and there." He pointed to his head.

"Oh, oh!" came in little gasps. "No doubt you are right." She entered into his spirit. "She is freckled, I know," she cried.

"Freckled," he nodded.

"And there's something not exactly hers here," she fumbled her mass of gold.

The nod continued.

"And her—her—beautiful, pearly—"

"False," he muttered.

"Ah, poor thing, she has only a soul! A creature, hairless, spotted, toothless, yet with a woman's unconquerable desire for friends and love, she builds in the realms of her imagination a world of her own. Dear ones spring up about her; she loves them tenderly, deeply and secretly, which is the most beautiful of all, and as their beauties glow upon her day after day, she feels the selfishness of her secret and in the spirit of self-sacrifice, reluctantly shares these dear ones with the world."

"Great Scott! you make me fidgety." He turned to her with a new look in his eyes. "When Miss Mitford comes I will tell her all I know, everything. I might even write out some of the exciting events I have seen. Her spirits are always searching for new adventures, aren't they?"

She looked at him and smiled. The smile was his undoing. He bent closer over her.

"I wonder if you are real," he whispered; "all these years I have dreamed of you—beautiful, alluring, elusive—at night you gently shadow me, at noon you sweetly mock—yet always when I reach out to clasp and hold you flee my grasp and I am left alone. To-night I have found my spirit (I have spirits, too, you see) in the flesh, yet I dare not try to touch one wave of that misty cloud you float in. Tell me are you real or have you only come, in flesh, to mock me?"

The curtains parted and Mrs. Alden looked in.

Both rose to their feet a little awkwardly.

"Miss Mitford!" she exclaimed, "I have been looking everywhere—the president is asking to meet you, come." She turned to go.

Miss Mitford started to follow, when she felt her hand clasped in two strong ones and drawn tightly to a bearded cheek.

"Miss Mitford," he whispered, savagely, "I shall never let you go unless you tell me when you will forgive."

"When forgiveness has been earned," she flashed back, but so sweetly that he felt the kindness beneath.

Paving Stone Is German Invention.

Consul H. W. Harris, in reporting from Nuremberg that a German firm at Wurzburg has recently placed on the market a patented artificial stone, called Vulkanol, for paving purposes, for which much is claimed, thus describes it. The stone is composed of crushed basalt or other similar rocks collected in part of refuse from quarries and mixed with a small per centage of cement. The mixture is subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure and formed into blocks of convenient size for paving. These blocks are then subjected to a process of burning under high temperature in specially prepared furnaces, which process continues for about 12 days. The blocks are then permitted to cool as slowly as possible.

Law Aids Partridges.

A feature of this year's hunting season in the Maine woods has been the abundance of partridges. Commenting on the matter, the Kennebec Journal says: "A well-known eastern guide claims that the hedgehog law passed by the legislature four years ago and repealed last season has had the indirect effect of giving the partridges a chance to multiply. This law authorized the payment of a bounty on hedgehogs, and while it was in force resulted in killing off the porcupine almost to the point of extinction. This man says that the hedgehogs eat the eggs of the partridges, and now that there are so few of them many more eggs have a chance to hatch."

Travel.

"Don't you think travel broadens one?"

"Yes. After ma's trip to Massachusetts she didn't have a thing hardy that she could wear. And hips are so unfashionable now, too."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Would Never Rise.

"I heard to-day Miss Bond's grandfather was a baker?"

"He must have been a poor one."

"Why do you say that?"

"She is so heavy."—Puck.



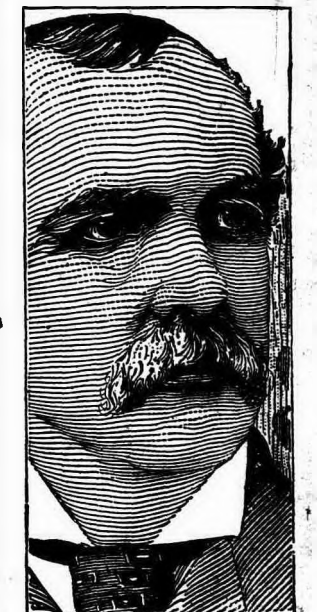
Amongst the Bull-Rushes.

Larry Larry—Wool! Just to think, with all this wasted effort, I could have won the Marathon race!

The Changing Times.

Times have changed since 450 years ago, when Halley's comet, for whose reappearance astronomers are now looking, was in the heavens. Then the Christian world prayed to be delivered from "the devil, the Turk and the comet." Now it says the devil is not as black as he has been painted, the Turk is a negligible quantity and the comet would be rather welcome than otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Fennel Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peru-na Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peru-na for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peru-na, is available. Peru-na Tablets can now be procured. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peru-na Almanac for 1920.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

H. V. McNEES, 175 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIE, 241 St. Mark, N.Y.

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HEAR MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT

DOCUMENT FROM CHIEF EXECUTIVE READ IN CONGRESS.

URGES CHANGES IN LAWS

Present Currency System Declared Imperfect—Control of Corporations the Province of the National Government—Conduct of Labor Leaders Criticized—For Postal Savings Banks.

Washington.—In his message to congress, read in both houses Tuesday, President Roosevelt makes important suggestions as to what he considers necessary legislation.

The president congratulates the nation on its present excellent financial standing, but calls attention to the need of remedying defects in the currency system. He says:

The financial standing of the nation at the present time is excellent, and the financial management of the nation's interests by the government during the last seven years has shown the most satisfactory results. But our currency system is imperfect, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the currency commission will be able to propose a thoroughly good system which will do away with the existing defects.

During the period from July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908, there was an increase in the amount of money in circulation of \$202,991,299. The increase in the per capita during this period was \$7.06. Within this time there were several occasions when it was necessary for the treasury department to come to the relief of the money market by purchases or redemptions of United States bonds; by increasing deposits in national banks; by stimulating additional issues of national bank notes, and by facilitating importations from abroad of gold. Our imperfect currency system has made these proceedings necessary, and they were effective until the monetary disturbance in the fall of 1907 immensely increased the difficulty of obtaining methods of relief. By the middle of November the available working balance in the treasury had been reduced to approximately \$5,000,000. Clearing house associations throughout the country had been obliged to resort to the expedient of issuing clearing house certificates, to be used as money. In this emergency it was determined to invite subscriptions for \$20,000,000 Panama canal bonds, and \$100,000,000 three per cent. certificates of indebtedness authorized by the act of June 13, 1898. It was proposed to reposit in the national banks the proceeds of these issues, and to permit their use as a basis for additional circulating notes of national banks. The moral effect of this procedure was so great that it was necessary to issue only \$24,631,980 of the Panama bonds and \$15,428,000 of the certificates of indebtedness.

During the period from July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908, the balance between the net ordinary receipts and the net ordinary expenses of the government showed a surplus in the four years 1902, 1903, 1906, and 1907, and a deficit in the years 1904, 1905, 1908 and a fractional part of the fiscal year 1909. The net result was a surplus of \$99,233,413.54. The financial operations of the government during this period, based upon these differences between receipts and expenditures, resulted in a net reduction of the interest-bearing debt of the United States from \$87,141,040 to \$37,253,290, notwithstanding that there had been two sales of Panama canal bonds amounting in the aggregate to \$4,631,980, and an issue of three per cent. certificates of indebtedness under the act of June 13, 1898, amounting to \$15,428,000. Refunding operations of the treasury department under the act of March 14, 1900, resulted in the conversion into two per cent. bonds of \$200,328,400 of securities at higher rates of interest. A decrease of \$3,387,960 in the annual interest charge resulted from these operations.

In short, during the seven years and three months there has been a net surplus of nearly one hundred millions of receipts over expenditures, a reduction of the interest-bearing debt by ninety millions, in spite of the extraordinary expense of the Panama canal, and a saving of nearly nine millions on the annual interest charge.

The message reiterates the well-known views of the president that the control of great corporations, especially the railroads of the country, should be vested in the national government. He says:

I believe that it is worse than folly to attempt to prohibit combinations as is done by the Sherman anti-trust law, because such a law can be enforced only imperfectly and unequally, and its enforcement works almost as much hardship as good. I strongly advocate that instead of an unwise effort to prohibit combinations, there shall be substituted a law which shall express in explicit combinations which are in the interest of the public but shall at the same time give to some agency in the national government full power of control and supervision over them.

The railroads of the country should be put completely under the interstate commerce commission and removed from the domain of the anti-trust law. The power of the commission should be made thoroughgoing, so that it could exercise complete supervision and control over the issue of securities as well as over the raising and lowering of rates. As regards rates, at least, this power should be summary. Rates must be made as low as is compatible with giving proper returns to all the employees of the railroad, from the highest to the lowest, and protection to the shareholders, but they must not, for instance, be reduced in such fashion as to necessitate a cut in the wages of the employees or the abolition of the proper and legitimate profits of honest shareholders.

Interests of the Wage-workers. Turning to conditions affecting the wage-worker and the man of small means, the president says:

Postal Savings Banks will make it easy for the poorest to keep their savings in absolute safety. The regulation of the national highways must be such that they shall serve all people with equal justice. Corporate finances must be supervised so as to make it far easier than at present for the man of small means to invest his money in stocks. There must be prohibition of child labor, limitation of women labor, shortening of hours of all mechanical labor; stock watering should be prohibited; stock gambling as far as is possible discouraged. There should be a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes. Industrial education should be encouraged as far as possible. We should lighten the burden of taxation on the small man. There should no longer be any paltering with the question of taking care of the wage-workers who, under our system,

ent industrial system, become killed, crippled, or worn out as part of the regular incidents of a given business. As far as concerns those who have been worn out, I call your attention to the fact that definite steps toward providing old-age pensions have been taken in many of our private industries. These may be definitely extended through voluntary association and contributory schemes, or through the agency of savings banks, as under the Massachusetts plan.

Urgent Need of Reform. Our present system, or rather no system, works dreadful wrong, and is of benefit to only one class of people—the lawyers. When a workman is injured what he needs is not an expensive and doubtful lawsuit, but the certainty of relief through immediate administrative action. No academic theory about "freedom of contract" or "constitutional liberty to contract" should be permitted to interfere with this and similar movements.

My recommendation, that the principle of the eight-hour day should be rapidly and as far as practicable be extended to the entire work being carried on by the government; the present law should be amended to embrace contracts on those public works which the present wording of the act seems to exclude.

Judges Too Poorly Paid. Coupled with a eulogy of the judiciary of the nation the president urges that, beginning with the supreme court, the judges should have their salaries doubled.

As was to be expected, the attitude assumed by certain labor leaders during the recent election comes in for bitter criticism. The president asserts that demands made on congress for legislation were unjust and impractical and could but work harm to the cause of labor. While declaring that our judicial system is sound and effective at core, the president says:

There are certain decisions by various courts which have been exceedingly detrimental to the rights of wage-workers. This is true of all decisions that decide that men are, by the constitution, "guaranteed their liberty" to contract to enter a dangerous occupation, or to work an undesirable or improper number of hours, or to work in unhealthy surroundings; and therefore cannot recover damages when maimed in that occupation, and are forbidden to work what the legislature declares is an excessive number of hours, or to carry on the work under conditions which the legislature decides to be unhealthy.

There is also, I think, ground for the belief that substantial injustice is often done by employers in consequence of the custom of courts issuing temporary injunctions without notice to them, and punishing them for contempt of court in instances where, as a matter of fact, they have no knowledge of any proceeding. Organized labor is chafing under the unjust restraint which comes from repeated resort to this plan of procedure.

Injunction Must Remain. The power of injunction is a great equitable remedy, which should on no account be destroyed. But safeguards should be erected against its abuse. In substance, provision should be made that no injunction or temporary restraining order issue otherwise than on notice, except where irreparable injury would otherwise result; and in such case a hearing on the merits of the order should be had within a short fixed period, and, if not then continued after hearing, it should forthwith lapse. Decisions should be rendered immediately, and the chance of delay minimized in every way. Moreover, I believe that the procedure should be sharply defined, and the judge required minutely to state the particulars both of his action and of his reasons therefor, so that the congress can if it desires examine and investigate the same.

Harm Worked by Law. Discussing measures necessary for the proper control of giant corporations operating in defiance of law, the president says:

Real damage has been done by the manifold and conflicting interpretations of the interstate commerce law. Control over the great corporations doing interstate business can be effective only if it is vested with full power in an administrative department, a branch of the federal executive, carrying out a federal law; it can never be effective if a divided responsibility is left in both the states and the nation; it can never be effective if left in the hands of the courts to be decided by lawsuits.

The courts hold a piece of peculiar and deserved sanctity under our form of government. Respect for the law is essential to the permanence of our institutions; and respect for the law is largely conditioned upon respect for the courts. It is an offense against the republic to say anything which can weaken this respect, save for the gravest reason and in the most carefully guarded manner. In no other nation in the world do the courts wield such vast and far-reaching power as in the United States. All that is needed is that the courts as a whole should exercise this power with the far-sighted wisdom already shown by those judges who scan the future while they act in the present.

Forest Preservation. The manifest necessity for forest preservation is pointed out as a duty the present generation owes to its descendants, and the president cites the case of China, where reckless deforestation has resulted in creating deserts, as an object lesson.

Inland Waterways. Immediate action by the present session of congress for the improvement of our inland waterways the president declares to be imperative. He recommends the creation of a permanent commission authorized to coordinate the work of all the government departments relating to waterways, and to frame and supervise the execution of a comprehensive plan.

Postal Savings Banks. Urging the immediate institution of postal savings banks, the message says:

I again renew my recommendation for postal savings banks, for depositing savings with the security of the government behind them. The object is to encourage thrift and economy in the wage-earner and person of moderate means. It is believed that in the aggregate vast sums of money would be brought into circulation through the instrumentality of the postal savings banks.

Parcel Post. The much-discussed advisability of the establishment of a parcel post service is thus dealt with:

In my last annual message I commended the postmaster-general's recommendation for an extension of the parcel post on the rural routes. The establishment of a local parcel post on rural routes would be to the mutual benefit of the farmer and the country storekeeper, and it is desirable that the routes, serving more than 15,000,000

people, should be utilized to the fullest practicable extent.

Education. Dealing with the important subject of education, the president says:

With the limited means hitherto provided, the bureau of education has rendered efficient service, but the congress has neglected to adequately supply the bureau with means to meet the educational growth of the country. I earnestly recommend that this unfortunate state of affairs as regards the national educational office be remedied by adequate appropriations. This recommendation is urged by the representatives of our common schools and great state universities and the leading educators, who all unite in requesting favorable consideration and action by the congress upon this subject.

The president points out the necessity of better organization of the various bureaus responsible for the public health, and urges the placing of all soldiers' homes under the jurisdiction of the war department.

Statehood. On the question of statehood the president says:

I advocate immediate admission of New Mexico and Arizona as states. This should be done at the present session of the congress. The people of the two territories have made it evident by their votes that they will not come in as one state. The only alternative is to admit them as two, and that this will be done without delay.

Interstate Fisheries. An international agreement concerning interstate fisheries is at present being attempted, and in this connection the message continues:

I call the attention of the congress to the importance of the problem of the fisheries in the interstate waters. On the Great Lakes we are now, under the very wise treaty of April 11 of this year, endeavoring to come to an international agreement for the preservation and satisfactory use of the fisheries of these waters which can not otherwise be achieved. Lake Erie, for example, has the richest fresh water fisheries in the world; but it is now controlled by the statutes of two nations, four states, and one province, and this province by two different ordinances. The result is that the fisheries are divided into two parts, each with its own political divisions work at cross purposes, and in no case can they achieve protection to the fisheries, on the one hand, and justice to the localities and individuals on the other.

Country's Foreign Policy. This nation's foreign policy is based on the theory that right must be done between nations precisely as between individuals, and in our actions for the last ten years we have in this matter proven our faith by our deeds. We have shown in the world, and are showing it, that we are not a nation of warriors, but a nation of peace-lovers, and in private life an honorable man would behave towards his fellows.

I take this opportunity publicly to state my appreciation of the way in which in Japan, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in all the states of South America, the battle flag has been received on its practice voyage around the world. The American government can not too strongly express its appreciation of the abounding and generous hospitality shown our ships in every port they visited.

Our Southern Neighbors. The commerce and material progress of the 20 Latin American republics is worthy of the careful attention of the congress. The International Bureau of the American Republics is doing a useful work in keeping these nations and their resources in better knowledge of each other, and in helping them not only with us as a people and with our purposes towards them, but with what we have to exchange for their goods.

Panama Canal Being Rushed. The work on the Panama canal is being done with a speed, efficiency and entire devotion to duty, which make it a model of the kind of work that men on the isthmus, from Col. Goethals and his fellow commissioners through the entire list of employees who are faithfully doing their duty, have won their right to the ungrudging respect and gratitude of the American people.

For Ocean Mail Lines. I again recommend the extension of the ocean mail act of 1891 so that satisfactory American ocean mail lines to South America, Asia, the Philippines, and Australasia may be established.

Should Develop Hawaii. I call particular attention to the Territory of Hawaii. The importance of those islands is apparent, and the need of improving their condition and developing their resources is urgent.

Progress in the Philippines. Real progress toward self-government is being made in the Philippine Islands. I trust that within a generation the time will arrive when the Filipinos can decide for themselves whether it is well for them to become independent, or to continue under the protection of a strong and distant power, able to guarantee to the islands order at home and protection from foreign invasion.

Good Work Done in Cuba. In Cuba our occupancy will cease in about two months' time; the Cubans have in orderly manner elected their own governmental authorities, and the island will be turned over to them. Our occupation on this occasion has lasted a little over two years, and Cuba has thriven and prospered under it. Our earnest hope and one desire is that the people of the island shall now govern themselves with justice, so that peace and order may be secure.

The National Guard. Urging continued efforts to increase the efficiency of the National Guard the president continues:

Now that the organized militia, the National Guard, has been incorporated with the army as a part of the national forces, it behooves the government to do every reasonable thing in its power to perfect its efficiency. It should be assisted in its instruction and otherwise aided more liberally than heretofore. The continuous services of many well-trained regular officers will be essential in this connection. A bill is now pending before the congress creating a number of extra officers in the army, which if passed, as it ought to be, will enable more officers to be trained as instructors of National Guard and militia, and also, in case of war, it will be of the utmost importance to have a large number of trained officers to use for turning raw levies into good troops.

For More War Vessels. The navy is the last subject dealt with. In that connection the president says:

I approve the recommendations of the general board for the increase of the navy, calling especial attention to the need of additional destroyers and cruisers, and also, of the four battleships. It is desirable to complete as soon as possible a squadron of eight battleships of the best existing type.

I most earnestly recommend that the general board be by law turned into a general staff. There is literally no excuse whatever for continuing the present bureau organization of the navy. The navy should be treated as a purely military organization, and everything should be subordinated to the object of securing military efficiency. A system of promotion by merit, either by selection or by exclusion, or by both processes, should be introduced.

RECIPE FOR REAL TROUBLE.

Cheerfully Contributed to an Already Unhappy World.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the iron worker; and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the Boiler Makers' union began business.

There are three kinds of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real.

Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, the poorhouse, death, and the grave, carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner, or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turn the How-to-Be-Happy Philosopher, the Preacher of Physical Culture and the Apostle of Diet.—Puck.

TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hands and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Beck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

ENGLISH HUMOR.

She—Pooh! What is a kiss It is nothing.
He—Well you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know.—Chips.

Grown-Up Children. It is not only the frivolous whom the spirit of childishness is just now leading astray. Sillyness is the fashion even among the wise. Women especially affect a kind of childish shrewdness in talking of serious subjects. Like children who have the habit of romancing, they lose the sense of reality, and because they never talk exactly as they think they begin to think exactly as they talk.—London Spectator.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 18 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. L. ALDRICH, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Puzzled. New Yorkers had been warned to boil water.

"What for?" they asked, with languid interest.

"To make it safe to drink," replied the sanitary official.

"But why drink it?" they queried, with a keener curiosity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Perhaps. "He caught me in the dark hall last night and kissed me."

"I guess that will teach him to keep out of dark halls."—Houston Post.

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds its brightness everywhere.—Pascal.

WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?



"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry. I should merely say—"

"Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't."

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

News from the Settlement. "We are not exactly happy on the way, but we are not too mean to shout 'Amen' when the rest of the world cries 'Halleluia!'"

"Just how the editor knew we had 'possum for dinner last Tuesday is more than we can tell, but he came just in the nick of time and dined with us."

"We have much for which to be thankful. We raise our own turkeys, but turkey for dinner is so common in our settlement that we sometimes forget to thank Providence for it."

"There is no news to speak of, except that we'll all build up this old country if we keep the saw in the log, and keep the sawdust flying."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sniffles and Nerves.

Keep to yourself during warm, nerve-irritating weather. It is related that an Atchison man and wife dearly love each other. She is a perfect lady, and apologizes when she says "shucks." But one night, when they were sitting on the porch, presumably enjoying the tender twilight, she suddenly picked up a stool and threw it at his head. "I am not insane," she said, calmly, when he turned a frightened gaze on her; "I am simply worn out by the manner in which you sniffle at the end of every sentence!"—Atchison Globe.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Some men haven't sense enough to let well enough alone. When one girl refuses to marry them they ask another.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A poor appetite is a good thing—for the boarding house keeper.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

A tiresome speech is apt to be a cheerless affair.

Are your shoes going down hill? They haven't lived up to the salesman's say-so. Take our say-so this time. Get stylish White House Shoes.

They fit from tip to counter. From heel to top face, they meet the graceful shape of your foot. And they hold that shape.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

FOR MEN, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00. FOR WOMEN, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Enter from the Ribbon Shoe for jaunty. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers ST. LOUIS

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds its brightness everywhere.—Pascal.

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Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation, permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50c per bottle.



For Croup and Whooping Cough

there is no quicker, surer remedy known than Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Four generations of children have been relieved and cured by this old and reliable medicine.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

has been successfully employed for over 78 years in countless cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs and Chest, Pleurisy, and similar ailments.

For the sake of your children keep a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant in your home, where you will have it at hand in an emergency. Sold by all druggists in three size bottles, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is the ideal worm medicine, and an effective tonic for adults and children alike.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, and BILIOUSNESS.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

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MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
Hats and Furnishings,
NECKWEAR, SHIRTS, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR, HOSE, ETC.
Mail Orders a Specialty. Samples on Request. 184 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT



**Make a Good Start for a Merry Christmas
 by buying your Christmas Gifts Early**

We know that every one of you feel the same generous desire to remember those you love with an appropriate gift at the time, and we have the goods—

CHINA & GLASSWARE, TOYS & DOLLS

In the former line our showing embraces a selection of American, German, French and English Goods, in Dinner Sets, Chop Plates, Salads, Spoon Trays, Cake Plates, Cups and Saucers, Vases, Jardinières, Lamps, Water Sets, Decorated and Plain Tumblers, and a full line of new White Granite and Porcelain Dinner ware.

TOYS OF ALL KINDS,

Sleds, Go-Carts, Shoflys, Wagons, Toy Brooms and Sweepers, Engines, Wheelbarrows, Games and the

Largest Line of Dressed Dolls in Plymouth

Doll Shoes, Doll Heads and just plain Dolls.



Our Grocery Stock is Fresh and Up-to-date

And the quality of our goods is second to none. We have made a special effort in buying our Nuts and Candies for the coming Christmas time and we can save you money on the goods. Our store is full of Holiday Goods. We have better bargains and can give you better goods for your money than ever before. Come and look over our stock before buying elsewhere. We are here to sell goods, but whether you want to buy or not, you are always welcome. Come and bring the kids.

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 Office and Residence, Ann Arbor St.,
 first house west of Main street.
 Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
 Independent 'Phone No. 45.

Detroit United Lines
 Effective Nov. 17, 1908
EAST BOUND.
 For Detroit via Wayne 6:20 a. m. and every two
 hours to 8:20 p. m.; also 9:42 p. m. changing at
 Wayne. To Wayne only, 10:40 p. m.
WEST BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:04 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours
 to 9:30 p. m.; also 10:42 p. m. & 12:20 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:56 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barns), also 7:30 a. m. and every
 two hours to 9:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m.
 changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:38 a. m. and every
 two hours to 8:30 p. m.; also 12:10 p. m. mid-
 night.
 Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and
 points west to Jackson.

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Penney's Livery!
 When in need of a Rig ring up
 City 'Phone No. 9.
DRAIVING OF ALL KINDS
 Promptly done.
 A share of your trade solicited.
CZAR PENNEY

Education Helps Trade.

"The more we know, the more we want." Did you ever think about that? The more we know about music, the more we want to hear it, to have it in our homes; that means a sale for pianos. The more we know about poetry, the more we want to own copies of Tennyson and Longfellow; that means the sale of books. The more we know about domestic architecture, the better homes we build and the more churches and libraries and public halls. That keeps contractors and carpenters and stonemasons busy. The more we know about outdoors and landscape gardening, the more we buy plants and shrubs and flowering vines, and the nursery man has his prosperity. The more pretty gowns and bonnets women set their eyes on, the busier we keep the milliners and dressmakers.

You see! It pays in good round dollars to educate the town. Schools, libraries, lecture courses, anything that teaches us more than we know now reacts on the business prosperity of the town. This is not guess work or theory; it is a problem worked out and proved every year in every town.

As an instance, look up the records in the communities that have the lecture course habit. There is Elkhart, Ind. They held their first lecture course there in the winter of 1875-6, when they were a little village of 100 people. They have had a course every season since. Now Elkhart is a town of 20,000. It is primarily an industrial center; it boasts of that, and mentions casually that it has the best schools and public library in the state, and more churches than saloons.

In another Indiana town, Topeka, there has been a Lyceum lecture every Friday night for twenty-eight years. Topeka is a tiny little village, but it has a Lyceum hall that cost over \$12,000; it draws audiences to each lecture of over 600 people, and it has neither a saloonkeeper, gambler, drunkard nor pauper among its citizens.

Put this bee in your bonnet. The live wide-awake, up-and-doing industrial towns of this country run Lyceum courses every year.

The Child Jesus in Art

By Reverend Ellis E. Drake. This is the title of a splendid feature story which we will give our readers in our next issue. It is especially good for the Holiday season, and the kind of an article that will please both old and young readers. We are making strenuous efforts to give to our readers the very best in current literary features, and this article is in keeping with the modern demand for quality in reading matter.

The article is attractively illustrated with half-tone reproductions of the world's most famous masterpieces. It is a feature that will be appreciated by all of our readers, and which all should look for in our next issue.

An exchange says: A good citizen is a man who takes pride in his home paper and pays for it; who doesn't squeeze every twenty five cent piece until the agonized scream of the eagle can be heard for a mile. He will measure twelve inches to the foot every way, will bathe and change his shirt once a week, and will see that the woman he loves does not have to use the fence for a clothes line or break up ash barrels for fuel.

What the Almanacs Say.

The 1909 almanacs are being received by druggists from the various medicine concerns, and contain much of interest to the public. Next year there will be four eclipses, two of which will be total obscuration of the sun and a total lunar eclipse will be visible in the United States.

There will be a total eclipse of the moon June 3, visible to South America and Africa, and in part to North America, Europe and southwestern Asia.

A total eclipse of the sun will take place June 17, visible North America as far south as a line drawn from San Francisco to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and from the northern and eastern portions of Asia.

On November 26 and 27 there will be a total eclipse of the moon, visible to North America and the Atlantic and

Pacific oceans, and in part to South America, the extreme western portions of Europe and Africa and the eastern portions of Asia and Australia.

There will be a partial eclipse of the sun December 12 and 13, but invisible to the United States. It will be seen from the southeastern tip of Australia, the southern portion of New Zealand and the polar regions.

A man who was afraid of thunder crawled into a hollow log as a place of safety during a thunder storm. The thunder rolled, the rain poured down in torrents and the log began to swell up until the poor old fellow was wedged in so tight that he could not get out. All his past sins began passing before him. Suddenly he remembered that he hadn't paid his newspaper subscription and he felt so small that he was able to back out.—Ex.

J. D. McLAREN CO.

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Lime, Cement, Brick, Toledo Pulp Plaster, Little's Fibre Plaster, Little's and Houghton's Hard Wall Plaster.

HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER

Baled Hay and Straw, Ground Corn and Oats, Middlings, Oat Bran, Corn, Oats, Wheat.

Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Plymouth Elevator. Both Phones.

CONSIDER MEATS,

When you Buy Them.

There is just as much quality in them as in other lines.

OUR PRICES

are within the reach of the poor as well as the rich and our aim is to please all.

NICE, FAT, JUICY TURKEYS.
OYSTERS IN BULK.

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GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

THE CHOICEST CUTS

of Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal
 Salt and Smoked Meats

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