

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXII. NO 15

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1909

WHOLE NO. 1165.

Local Correspondence

PIKE'S PEAK.

Filmore Myhrs of Detroit was the guest of Chas. Wright last Wednesday. Miss Lela Klatt visited her sister Mrs. John Houk of East Nankin last Wednesday.

George Wright of Howell visited his brother, Chas. Wright and family last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Houk of East Nankin and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Witt, spent Christmas at Henry Klatt's.

Charles Gottman of Detroit visited at Paul Badelt's last Wednesday.

Mr. Gottman of Beech visited his daughter Mrs. Paul Badelt last Wednesday.

Chas. Wright was a Wayne caller last Friday.

Joseph Roach was in Detroit Friday. Erwin Wright was a Plymouth caller Monday.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by Beyer Pharmacy.

NEWBURG.

A Happy New Year to all.

Christmas exercises at our hall were a success, every one enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. This is the one day of the whole year as gift giving and every wishing each other happiness and all this in memory of the dear Savior who was born on that day.

The shocking news told over telephone wires Sunday night of the car wreck at Cady's owners, brought sadness to many homes, coming just one day after their happy Xmas day. This neighborhood is very sad that our neighbor boy, Frank Kendle, was so suddenly removed from our midst. He was returning to his work in Detroit, being employed in the factory with Herman Remer and Sylvester Ostrander and boarded at the same house with them. Floyd Bassett, whose home is in Detroit was seriously injured. His boyhood home was in Newburg, where he has many friends who sincerely hope he may be spared to his family.

Rose Gumore came home from Detroit sick and went home to Stark with her father Tuesday night.

The Detroit News sold like hot cakes Monday night at Carson's store.

W. J. Ostrander and family ate Xmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Mark Joy at Gilt Edge.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Mackinder gave a Xmas dinner to their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Grow of Romulus and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Grow of Detroit.

The pupils of Newburg school are having a short vacation this week.

Grandma Dickerson of Farmington, a life long resident of near Perrinsville, and a much loved neighbor and friend of the community, was buried from Newburg church Monday, Rev. E. King preaching the sermon. Mrs. Charles Vanblaireum of Detroit attended the funeral.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by Beyer Pharmacy.

ELM.

Charles Pankow of Detroit visited relatives in this vicinity Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cort took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cort at Southfield Christmas.

Ira Wilson and Shaw Bros. are filling the Elm and Perrinsville ice houses with a fine lot of ice from the Sherwood pond this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hirschlieb and Mr. and Mrs. Will Wolf called on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pankow Sunday.

Will Cort and Joe McEschrane took in the jurors' excursion to Jackson Monday.

Our former genial merchant, J. R. Shaw of Detroit, is calling on relatives in Elm this week.

Mr. and Will Gow called on the former's parents at Gilt Edge Christmas day.

You Must Have

Something in the way of a condition powder for your stock, and why use any other when you can buy Harvell's for 25c per package, the standard for sixty years. Harvell's Condition Powder has established a world wide reputation as being the best on the market for horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and poultry. Absolutely no waste and full weight packages. Sold by John L. Gale and Meyer's Pharmacy.

IIVONIA CENTER.

Christmas has come and gone and made some happy and some sad. The street car accident south of here Sunday night has cast a gloom over the community here, as more or less of those hurt had friends amongst us, and, while we rejoice over our own happy Christmas we sympathize with those less fortunate.

The Christmas exercises Friday night at the church were very nicely rendered and well attended, as the church was very nearly filled. Old Santa did a very fine business, not forgetting any one, and may they live to see many more Christmas eves as pleasant as this one was.

Our highway commissioner, C. F. Smith, and Miss Clara Hirt were married at Plymouth Christmas and a reception was held at the Baze home near the Center that night, only near relatives being present.

The house movers are again at work on the Maynard house and Mr. Millard expects to have a house soon.

Arthur and Orin Millard of Detroit called on Center friends Sunday.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by Beyer Pharmacy.

WEST TOWN LINE.

The infant son of F. L. Becker has been very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Bates and their son Harry of Oak Shade have come to visit their daughter, Mrs. Festus Lucas, during the holidays. Mrs. James Lucas entertained in their honor Thursday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson entertained their sons, John and Horace, and Mrs. Horace Robinson for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith's Christmas guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray and their wee daughter of Plymouth.

Mrs. Stout and the O'Bryans were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Wingard at Plymouth Sunday.

Santa Claus as usual was very generous in this locality, and gifts came pouring in from every point of the compass, from New Hampshire, California, Utah, Texas and Illinois and many other points.

Did you notice that pretty set of furs?

Ice is being harvested on the Packard ponds.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lucas now answer to the call of grandpa and grandma to sixteen voices, the latest arrival being another little brother for Floyd and Charlie.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Miss Winnie Depew returned from Ann Arbor Thursday, where she has been staying with her sister for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown and Clyde Brown of Detroit spent Christmas at Randolph Brown's.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Geer gave a party Saturday evening in honor of the latter's brother, Chas. Root of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Culver of Utah are visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood.

Rev. Leonard of Belleville called on Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cole and also Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee Thursday.

Farmers are getting anxious about having their ice houses filled. As yet there has been none cut at Frains Lake.

Miss Nellie Rooke gave a tea party last night in honor of a young lady from Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Conklin spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McClumpus.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Westfall attended a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Harmon Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee and son Philo and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Humm spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Shankland of Dixboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Forshee Sr., spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forshee.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Murray spent Xmas with Mrs. S. H. McEwen at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer spent Xmas at H. A. Spicer's at Plymouth.

The Aid Society is taking subscriptions for McCall's Magazine. If they get 25 subscribers they get \$5 in cash.

NOTICE.—Those wishing the services of a registered, Durock boar from the J. C. Barney herd of the State fair prize money, will find same at F. L. Becker's, phone 917.



Pre-Inventory Sale.

We are going to offer what is left of our entire Holiday Stock

For Little or Nothing.

They are in broken lots only, but while they last you may have

Box Papereries that were	75c for	49c
" " " " "	60c for	42c
" " " " "	50c for	34c
" " " " "	40c for	27c
" " " " "	25c for	19c
" " " " "	15c for	11c

Package Perfumes and Toilet Goods at your own price. Hurry, if you want to "get in" on this sale; it wont last long.

THE WOLVERINE DRUG CO.

Detroit Daily Papers on sale.

'Phone No. 5.

J. H. KIMBLE, Ph. B., M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at

"THE WOLVERINE." ||

'Phone No. 5.

Office, 2 Rings

Residence, 3 Rings

SHIPPING MILK

—AT—

Warner's Plymouth Factory,

DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

Paying \$1.50 per 100 lbs

Although the amount of Milk received by us has increased of late, a few more patrons can be taken on. For the average milk testing 3.5, the above price equals

43c a lb. Butter Fat

If you desire to sell, see Mr. Duncan Leitch at once.

Fred M. Warner Cheese Co.



McCALL PATTERNS
Calculated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and economy nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

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More subscribers than any other fashion magazine in the world. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, plain and fancy stitches, etc. On 75c a copy, or send for sample copy.

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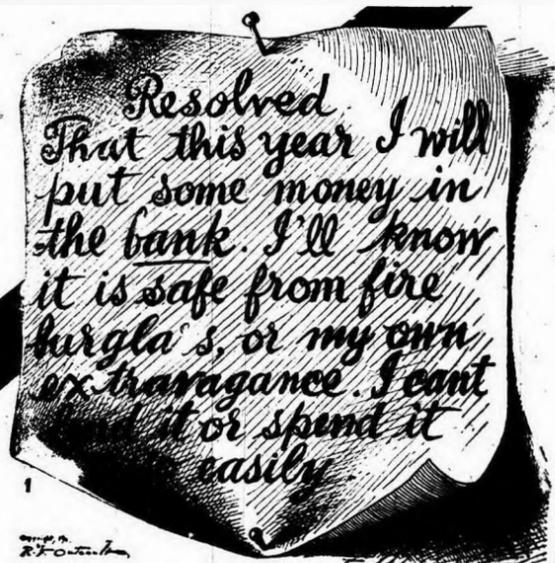
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

Yes, indeed, we are grateful for the splendid patronage extended us by the good people of Plymouth and vicinity during the past twelve months. Then why should we not, from the very bottom of our hearts, wish you and yours the merriest and jolliest New Year and all kinds of good luck during 1910.

We ask for and will try and deserve your continued patronage.

Pinckney's Pharmacy



If you will put some money in our bank every week or every month, the INTEREST on it will more than buy your Christmas presents and you will have all you put in left for the time of need or for that chance to go into business. We will pay you three per cent interest on the money you deposit in our bank and compound the interest every six months.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank

You can use either 'phone when you want to get

TODD BROS.,

For anything in the line of

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Dried Meats, Fish, Poultry, Oysters and Game in Season.

Ask About Marigold Brand Oleomargarine and Convinced.

Orders Called for and Delivered. 'Phone 12

ASK FOR OUR WINDOW CARD



Like Burning Money

Is the only way we can put it when you're buying coal that doesn't give results, but goes up in smoke.

We can now supply you with

GOALLETTES

Car just unloaded. Try them and be convinced.

Best Grade of Anthracite Always on Hand

"CAST IRON SPLINT" & MASSILLON

LEAD ALL SOFT COALS.

J. D. McLAREN CO.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Taft's Visit Stirs Up Bowery Tramps



NEW YORK.—Since President Taft visited the Bowery and addressed 300 of "the boys," more energy has been shown by the hoboes who haunt the resorts of the notorious thoroughfares than ever before in his history. There is not a man, woman, or child along the thoroughfare who will admit he or she was not at the president's side. Nearly 2,000 white collars sent by a Brooklyn laundry the next day aided the men of the Bowery to show they appreciated the visit.

After the free distribution of laundry at the mission the men gazed at one another and waited for the next miracle.

"The men are just dazed, and that is the only term that expresses it," said J. T. Hunt, who has charge of the labor bureau of the mission. "They cannot realize the president of this country really came down here to talk with them."

As he was speaking a mild mannered six foot two of humanity, with a two days' stubble beard, came up to the desk and made an attempt at a bow.

"What is it, Jake?" asked Mr. Hunt. "Say, boss, it's this way," replied Jake. "I'm just going out to get a job if I have to take it of somebody. If the president comes down here to talk to us bums and tells us we got a chance, why, we're going to make good. He ought to know, hadn't he? Guess his word goes with me. If we are good enough for him to talk to I'm going to get busy!"

"That's the way it has been going all day," said Mr. Hunt. "I never saw men so deeply stirred. The visit of the president has put more ambition into them than they have ever before displayed. Just wait and I will show you."

Stepping before 50 or 60 men, all resplendent in new white collars, Mr. Hunt said to a man whose collar plainly was too tight and who was proud of his distress:

"Come here, Frank. Tell us just what you think and what the men are saying about the president's visit."

"We don't know what to say," said the man. "It's just knocked us clean out. The boys are clean crazy over it. Why, we never thought that the likes of the president cared nothing about us here."

"We're all Democrats, but here Mister Taft comes around and calls us boys and tells us we is as good as anybody. Say, the boys are going to go some now. Wish I could get one day's work and I'd get a necktie."

Telephone Girl Scores Her Own Sex



NEW YORK.—"Yes, I know they say that women have more patience than men, but that's just another of those 'they says,'" remarked a telephone girl on duty at one of the uptown exchanges in an expansive half hour. "If women are more patient than men they certainly don't show it when they use the telephone."

"When some women give the number they want they expect to get their party instant, or quicker, and if they don't they immediately become catty about it."

"What is the matter, anyhow?" a woman asked me over her wire just about eight seconds after she'd given me the number she wanted. "Why don't you give me my party?"

"I was doing the best I could to get her the number she asked for, but the party didn't reply. I told her so. 'I don't believe anything of the sort!' she shouted into her phone."

"Give me the manager this instant! I'll see if I am going to be treated this way."

"Of course I gave her the manager, and she told him a long story about how she was being imposed upon by the exchange girls. Fortunately, though, she is on the list of terrors—we call them terrors when we want to be real polite and terriers when we don't have to be polite—and so the manager after asking me about the case let it go."

"The most nonsensical accusation that women are forever making against exchange girls is that the girls are eavesdropping on their phone conversations. Such a thing of course is perfectly impossible, for the very simple reason that a girl working at a board hasn't one instant of time to do anything like that."

"Give me the manager," a woman said to me over the phone a while ago, before she had asked for the number.

"Do you wish to make a complaint?" I asked her.

"I wish," she replied in a severe tone, "to have a very private conversation with my lawyer, and I want to talk with the manager first to ascertain if he will assure me that my conversation will not be listened to."

Affinity Trust at Missouri College



ST. LOUIS.—If you visit Columbia and see a man wearing a hunted look, dodging at the mere sight of a girl, don't put him down as a misanthrope, or a football hero trying to escape flattery, or a bashful professor. He may be only side-stepping his self-appointed affinity.

For the University of Missouri, leader in football and things intellectual, has an affinity club in good working order. It is composed of half a dozen young women who room at one of the popular boarding houses near the campus. Of course, the affinity idea itself is old and can't begin to compete with Uncle Joe Cannon as a space-getter in the newspapers, but the young women of the Affinity club have added several brand-new wrinkles to the idea.

Each member of the club, as a requisite of membership, has selected

an affinity and has told his name to the other girls. The rules of the organization requires that she shall have had only the most distant speaking acquaintance with the Fortunate One—or the Victim, depending on the point of view. The choice is final; the rules prohibit changing affinities. Having made her choice, the young woman strives to obtain some marked recognition from her affinity. The penalty for failure is a "tubbing."

The open season for the affinities closed at Christmas. If before that time any member of the club did not succeed in having her affinity pay her some "special attention," she was to take a "tubbing" in the presence of the members who have "made good." And the water wasn't to be warm, either.

"Marked attention," as defined by the club, means an invitation to dance or to go to the theater or a request to call. A stroll on the campus wouldn't do.

One young woman appealed to the sister of the young man she had chosen. The sister told the affinity what a fine girl "So-and-So" was, and urged him to call on her. The brother remained obdurate.

"Oh, You Kid!" Ditty Breaks Up Church



CHICAGO.—"Oh, you kid!" the stale ditty of the five-cent theaters and the vaudeville houses, was hashed into a sacred anthem in Geneva several nights ago with disastrous results to a prayer meeting at one of the churches.

Then the pastor and the deacon, searching for the irreverent of the choir who sang the hymn with an indignation at subject at subject kind.

pastor had preached a stirring little sermon and 10 to 12 of the laymen had given their testimony. From the sober looks of several young men and women on the back benches it looked as if converts were to be gathered in, when the spell and spirit of the meeting were broken by the words of the frivolous song.

The pastor had closed his exordium and had announced the solo. The young woman lifted her voice in song. She put so much fervor into the music itself that she followed the words blindly and sang the anthem exactly as it had been revised with pencil by a practical joker.

"I love my God," sang the soprano in swelling note.

"I love my God," the singer repeated, putting on the crescendo for a climax, "I love my God, but, oh, you kid!"

The choir and congregation went

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A \$50,000 monument to firemen of New York city who died at their posts of duty will be built in Union square next year.

Formal announcements show that ten candidates have entered the race to succeed the late United States Senator A. J. McLaurin of Mississippi.

An exposition will be held in New Orleans to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal and incidentally the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city.

Samuel W. Williams, candidate for vice-president on the Populist ticket in 1908, was stricken with heart failure at his home in Vincennes, Ind. His condition is serious.

Robert E. Entriken, a fireman, was killed and several other persons were injured in fighting a fire at Downingtown, Pa., which badly damaged the large mill plant of S. A. Bickling & Son.

Mrs. Clarissa Ward Marshall, an aged woman of Canandaigua, N. Y., who lived alone, was burned to death in her home. Her only surviving relative is a son, Fred Marshall of Indianapolis.

After drinking a pint of pure alcohol in an attempt to commit suicide, Joseph Bowden, a wealthy merchant of Salmon, Ind., succeeded in dying by stabbing himself in the neck with a pair of scissors at Hot Springs, Ark. He was despondent over ill health.

Robbers blew open the safe of the State bank of Centerville, Kan., and escaped with \$1,500. One of the robbers was fired upon by C. H. Brown, president of the bank. The robber returned the fire, drove Brown to cover and escaped. Neither was wounded.

Monsi. Falconio, papal delegate to the United States, is annoyed over discussion of "the probable establishment of an embassy of the United States to the Vatican." The story, said the papal delegate, is a pure invention never even thought of in official circles.

Statistics compiled by Judge Ralph S. Latschaw of the criminal court at Kansas City, Mo., show that since the passage of the "anti-gun totin' law" homicides and felonious assaults with revolvers in Kansas City have decreased one-third. The law makes the carrying of concealed weapons a felony.

Entering the chapel of St. Joseph's church, Lexington, Ky., where he was to officiate at early mass, Rev. Father Edward Wiesner, rector of the church, was attacked by a drunken negro, with whom he was compelled to fight in defense of his life. The priest was painfully wounded. The negro escaped.

A codicil to the will of George Rhodus, filed for probate, leaves the residue of his estate, or about \$500,000, to be applied for improvement of parks in Indianapolis. The original will gives only \$50,000 to Elma Date, who has appealed to the Indiana supreme court for the annulment of her marriage to him.

Michael Malone, Michael McGraw and Fred Malone, miners, were burned to death near Harrison, Mineral county, Virginia. Patrick Malone and Frederick Dugan, who boarded at the same house, are missing. Officers are working on a clew indicating that the fire was started after the celebration by a man who had been ejected.

Fire that broke out at Des Moines in the old Jewish tabernacle at East Fifth street and Grand avenue, used as a mill, for a time threatened to destroy an entire block of buildings. The tabernacle and a few other buildings were burned, causing a loss of \$60,000. Thirty men were overcome in one house, but were rescued by companions.

Kin of Roosevelt is Dead. New York, Dec. 27.—Elbert Roosevelt, a second cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, died at his country home at Pelham Manor. He was 45 years old. He was widely known as a golfer.

Artist Remington Dead. Danbury, Conn., Dec. 27.—Frederic Remington, the artist, died at his home in Ridgefield following an attack of appendicitis complicated with aseptic peritonitis.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 27.	
LIVE STOCK—Steers	4 25 @ 7 50
Hogs	3 20 @ 3 25
Sheep	3 00 @ 4 50
WHEAT—Winter Straights	5 20 @ 5 30
CORN—December	1 23 @ 1 23 1/2
OATS—Natural White	47 1/2 @ 50 1/2
RYE—No. 2 Western	81 @ 82 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	30 1/2 @ 32
EGGS	27 @ 28
CHEESE	6 @ 13

CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 25 @ 5 00
Medium to Good Steers	6 00 @ 7 50
Cow, Plain to Fancy	3 00 @ 5 25
Choice Heifers	5 00 @ 5 25
Calves	4 50 @ 5 75
HOGS—Packers	7 75 @ 8 00
Heavy Butchers	8 25 @ 8 50
Pigs	27 @ 30
BUTTER—Creamery	27 @ 27 1/2
Dairy	23 1/2 @ 24
LIVE POULTRY	1 10 @ 1 12
EGGS	25 @ 26
POTATOES (per bu.)	35 @ 45
FLOUR—Spring Wheat, Sp'1	6 50 @ 6 90
GRAIN—Wheat, December	1 20 @ 1 24 1/2
Corn, December	45 @ 46 1/2
Oats, December	44 @ 45 1/2

MILWAUKEE.	
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 1 Nor'n	1 14 @ 1 17
May	1 11 @ 1 13 1/2
Corn, No. 2	62 @ 63 1/2
Oats, Standard	45 @ 46 1/2
Rye	75 @ 76

KANSAS CITY.	
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Hard	1 08 @ 1 12
No. 2 Red	1 22 @ 1 25
Corn, No. 2	62 @ 63 1/2
Oats, No. 2 White	45 @ 47
Rye	68 @ 70

ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 00 @ 4 50
TEXAS Steers	3 50 @ 4 25
HOGS—Packers	7 50 @ 8 20
Butchers	8 25 @ 8 50
SHEEP—Natives	3 50 @ 5 25

OMAHA.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 00 @ 4 50
Stockers and Feeders	3 00 @ 3 25
HOGS—Heavy	8 00 @ 8 20
SHEEP—Wethers	4 75 @ 5 50

EAST STORM SWEEP

DEATH SUFFERING AND DAMAGE RESULT FROM SNOW AND WIND.

BOSTON HAS TIDAL WAVE

Several Lives Are Lost—Railroads Are Badly Interfered With—Telegraph Wires Are Down—Property Damage Runs Into Millions.

Boston, Dec. 27.—Grim winter swept into New England on the wings of a northeast storm with such terrific energy as to cause great damage, much suffering and a few deaths.

The gale drove a tide into Massachusetts bay, which nearly equalled that of the famous storm of 1851, the wet snow prostrated wires, telephone, telegraph, electric light and trolley, the railroad trains were stalled. Three persons lost their lives in Everett and Chelsea by the sudden rise of the tide.

Storm Is Extensive. The storm's destructive powers were unusually extensive and severe. Its center was somewhat off Nantucket, but the gale swept over the greater portion of New England and was accompanied by a heavy fall of snow.

In this city the tide went across Atlantic avenue on the water front, and filling hundreds of cellars, caused an estimated damage of over \$1,000,000.

Seventy-Mile Gale at Price's Neck. Newport, R. I., Dec. 27.—The wind attained a velocity of over seventy miles an hour to-day, and at high tide the waves broke against the life-saving station at Price's Neck.

On Nantasket beach, in Hull, the damage to property is estimated at \$100,000.

New York City Snowbound.

New York, Dec. 27.—New York and its environs were practically, storm-bound yesterday for the first time this winter. The west wing of railroad service was almost wholly cut off, wire communication in every direction was crippled, metropolitan streets were blocked with snow, and shipping, even within protection of the harbor, suffered considerable damage.

Three Hungry Men Die.

Three deaths in the city were charged to the severity of the storm. The victims were men who had spent the night vainly seeking shelter and food and finally succumbed to exposure. More than fifty persons were injured by falls.

Seven-inch Fall at Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 27.—The heaviest snowfall in seven years has impeded traffic in Cleveland, leaving many of the outlying sections snowbound.

Street Car Crew Drowns.

Seymour, Conn., Dec. 27.—A trolley car jumped a switch alongside of the Naugatuck river during the storm and, plunging down the bank, crashed through the river ice. Motorman Fred Beard and Conductor Marcus Donovan were drowned. The five passengers escaped.

Ice Block Ohio.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 27.—A monster ice gorge, 15 feet high and extending out over a mile, is reported at the mouth of Wolf's creek, several miles above the city. The gorge is growing in size hourly and promises to take in the whole bed of the river.

Trains Held Near Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.—A snowfall of 16 inches, which drifted in places to a height of ten feet or more, completely tied up for hours all steam and trolley traffic in this vicinity. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announced that eight trains have been held at Frazier, Pa., 38 miles west of this city, for five hours.

FIRE IN INSANE ASYLUM

Three Wards of Central Asylum Are Burned—Some of Patients Suffer from Exposure.

Jacksonville, Ill., Dec. 23.—No lives were lost in the fire which consumed three wards of the north annex of the Central Asylum for the Insane last night. Some of the women are suffering from exposure, having hidden in the grounds, lightly clad, but none of them will die, according to Superintendent Carrel.

The refugees are housed in the annex. Fifty of them will be taken to the general hospital at South Bartonville and room will be found for others in some of the other state insane hospitals.

Investigation shows that the fire started in the north annex in a room which was used for storing brooms and mops. The loss is \$40,000.

U. S. Life Company Solvent.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—The United States Life Endowment Company gained a victory when Judge Dupuy instructed the jury to find in favor of the company in the proceedings instituted by Fred W. Potter, state insurance superintendent, who charged that the company was insolvent. Potter's application for a receiver was denied and the court held that the company should continue in business.

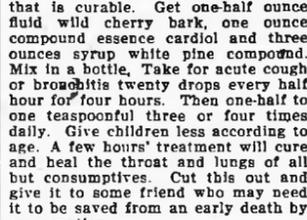
Child Accuses; Father Held.

Denver, Col., Dec. 27.—A coroner's jury which investigated the death of Mrs. Josephine Matilda Ehrhardt has decided that she was poisoned and that the poison "appears to have been administered by Theodore Ehrhardt, Jr.," her husband. Ehrhardt is under arrest. The Ehrhardts came to Denver recently from Kansas City. They had been divorced, but were since on friendly terms.

FAMILY COUGH SYRUP

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours. NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE. Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild laxative, too, and this is what a body needs when suffering with cough and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their constipating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough or bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptives. Cut this out and give it to some friend who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

HER HEAVY WORK.



Applicant—Will I be expected to do all the heavy work, sir?
Mr. Jiggs—Oh no. My wife always makes the biscuit!

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

For Piles, Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Etc. CHENEY'S MEDICATED CREAM, a remedy for the treatment of all diseases of the skin. This cream does not contain Cocaine, Morphine, nor any other poisonous narcotic or sine; nor does it practically seal the diseased parts like clintons or salves, but goes to the seat of the diseased portion and throws the poisonous matter off, thus curing the disease. A sample will relieve, and in order to prove to you that Cheney's Medicated Cream will cure Piles, Eczema, etc., we will gladly mail you a FREE SAMPLE upon receipt of your name and address. F. J. Cheney & Co., 1226 Adams St., Toledo, O. Manufacturers of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Ready with Explanation.

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words: "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."

A Whisper of Hope.

Knicker—Several thousand shirt waist makers are on strike.
Henpekt—Do you suppose it would do any good for the shirt waist buttoners to strike?

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROV'S signature is on each box.

Best people's morals are like their best clothes—only worn on extraordinary occasions.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER has an enviable reputation of over seventy years as a reliable remedy for lumbago, neuralgia, pleurisy, sciatica, etc. See, See and See. At all druggists.

The more talk it takes to run things the slower they move.

One man's hobby may be another man's nightmare.

They dyer lives to dye, but not to help the undertaker.

Mrs. Winglow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature: *Wm. Wood*

Worms

"Cacarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape worm 48 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Frock, of Millersburg, Lewis Co., Pa. I am only a witness for Carter's. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. E. Condon, Lewistown, Pa. (Millersburg Co.)

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Illinois, and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

ABSORBINE

Will relieve inflamed, strained, swollen tendons, lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains, lameness and sore pain from a splint, side horse or bone spavin. No blister, no hair loss. Sores can be used. \$2.00 a bottle.

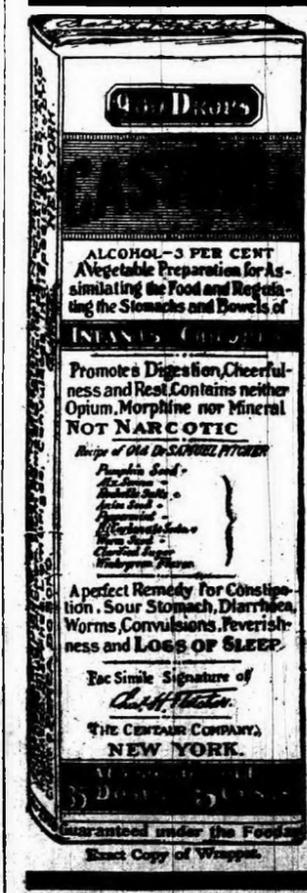
DYOLA DYES

16 fast, beautiful colors. 10¢ per package at dealers. If not in stock, send us mailing order. ONE DYE FOR ALL GOODS. Color card and book of directions free by writing 17-c-1a, Burlington, Vermont.

DYOLA DYES

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 1-1910.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA</

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, payable in advance..... \$1.00
Six months..... .75
Three months..... .50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$3.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Card of Thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at five cents per line or fraction thereof for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1909.

MOUNTAIN HUNTING TRIP

Experience of Claude Bennett, Jos. Lundy and Duncan Chalmers on Olympic Mountain.

Sunday, Sept. 5, 1909.—Left Seattle, Wash., on the steamer Rosalie at midnight for Port Townsend. Arrived there in a fog at 6 o'clock in the morning and had breakfast at a hotel. Then hunted for the county auditor and procured hunters' licenses. Walked around the city and at 10:30 o'clock were at the railroad, but the train we were going on to Quilcene was a combination lumber and passenger train and the conductor waited until 12:30 o'clock in hopes that the steamer Iroquois would bring him more passengers.

Monday—On the way to Quilcene we sat on the coach platform enjoying the dust and forest scenery and noting the various platforms (designated as stations on the railroad time table) along the right of way. Arriving at Quilcene we found our guide, Roy Strom, with two pack horses and a saddle horse. After a good meal at the DeHart hotel the packs were adjusted to the horses and we started for camp, thirty-eight miles into the mountains, in the Mt. Olympus and Mt. Constance region. About a mile from Quilcene we took to the woods and were soon in the wilds of the government forest reserves. We stopped at dark near a small stream and camped for the night, sleeping in the open under the tall timbers, leaving the horses tied in the trail.

Tuesday—Breakfast in the woods and were on the hike at daybreak. Made the trip down Dirty Face Ridge without an accident and had dinner at Gold Creek. Rested here to give the horses a rest. Then hit the trail along the ridge toward Copper City and the mining camp and up over the high foot hills and the snow. Coming down a steep mountain side we came to Buck Horn Camp, where we pitched camp at 5:30 o'clock. The camp was situated about 5000 feet above sea level and on a small table land. The tops of the surrounding mountains towered above camp at an elevation of from 8000 to 9000 feet and the Dungenes River flowed in the valley about 2000 feet below the camp. The mountain streams at the camp and for miles form the headwaters for the river. Camp consisted of a fireplace built of a few rocks, the provisions laid on small logs with a canvas over them and the shelter consisted of an old torn canvass set on sticks with the tops of pine trees set around the sides as a wind break. The table land was at the upper edge of the timber line of the forest so that above the camp the mountain sides were covered with low shrubs and short pine trees, while higher up there were patches of snow and the wind blown low lying pines surrounded by the loose rock and shale, which constitutes the formation at the top of the mountains. A mountain stream fed by the melted snow ran close to the camp, furnishing water for the camp and we washed there (which made us feel we would rather dispense with that civilized formality). The Dungenes River valley stretched way off into the distant mountains while towering peaks, with the many patches of snow high up on their sides, ranged in a great circle round our cozy camping spot. Mt. Olympus was on our west and Mt. Constance was just over the mountain tops and over the divide above our camp were the head waters of the Duckabuss and Dusawallips Rivers.

Wednesday—Made trips to the tops of some of the ridges above the camp and in the afternoon Claude and Duncan made a trip down to the Dungenes River to fish. Caught a nice mess of trout, but became entangled in a fog on the return trip which forced them to take to the mountain stream and climb back to camp that way. Lundy returned to camp when he saw the fog coming up the valley.

Thursday—Up bright and early before daylight. Roy made an early start back to Quilcene with the horses to bring another party into the mountains. We three took our guns and went after grouse several miles beyond the camp. It was quite an experience to walk over the narrow trails way up on the mountain with the river valley so far below.

Friday—Decided to rebuild camp as it rained during the night and Lundy was compelled to get up at 2 a. m. and build a fire to keep warm. So we cut about 30 pine trees—the only kind there, were the nice juicy ones that stuck to your hands and made everything else stick afterwards—and built a lean-to. Laid

two long poles on the ground, then raised the forward ends on supports and covered the entire arrangement with pine boughs. This reads nice, but it was a big task and took several hours, besides almost exhausting our vocabulary—in some respects.

The lean-to did not take kindly to our method of construction and shortly after, as we were admiring our completed work, one side let itself slide gently to the ground.

Then came the nice task of tearing the entire thing apart and rebuilding it. This we did, but it was hard work, as Lundy had a back-ache, Duncan a side-ache and Claude had a headache, besides being bothered with sore teeth and a swollen cheek.

Lundy took a sun bath at 11 a. m. At 5 p. m. it hailed; at 5:30 the sun was shining and at 6:00 p. m. the fog came on. At 9 o'clock there was lots of dew and at night there was ice in the coffee pot.

Saturday—Heavy frost on the ground. Claude went hunting with a blanket wrapped around him. Said he would be out all day; was back in two hours. Decided to go to the river to Grindstone Camp and fish. Made up our blankets, grub and cooking utensils into packs and started. Had a dickens of a trip up the hillsides until we came to the place to start on the downward trail. It was fine going through the forests on the way down to the river. Arriving at the river bank we saw many bear, wildcat and deer tracks. Had lunch on the bank of the river. Lundy and Duncan went along the river bank looking for the camp and Claude went fishing. Caught fourteen nice trout, which we had for supper. Found the camp nestled among the tall timbers. It was built of logs with a tent top, equipped with a stove, bunk and all the paraphernalia for a camper's use. Took possession and cut fresh, pine boughs for the beds and arranged a bunk on the ground for two of us. Built our fire at the river bank among the underbrush and retired early, as we were all tired from our long tramp to reach the river level. During the night Lundy heard heavy footsteps outside the camp, presumably some large bear.

(To be continued next week.)

CHURCH NEWS.

LUTHERAN.

Rev. O. Peters, Pastor.
German services to-morrow evening at the German church. Services Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Communion service after the sermon. Sunday-school at 11-15.

The L. A. S. met with Mrs. C. Drews yesterday.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Next Sunday morning at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 10:10 A. M. Subject, "God." Sunday-school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7:10. Every one is welcome.

BAPTIST

Rev. C. T. Jack, Pastor.
All regular services next Lord's day. Morning sermon 10:30. Evening sermon 7:00. Sunday-school 11:45. B. Y. P. U., 6:00. Mid-week prayer and praise service Thursday night, 7:30.

Rev. Jack and wife entertained the pastor's class of young men at the parsonage Tuesday night. After the feast the time was spent in visiting.

METHODIST

Rev. E. King, Pastor.
New Year's services as follows next Sabbath day: 10 A. M., Morning service, "Resolutions and How to Keep Them." A sermon by the pastor. 11:30, Sunday-school. 6 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Song and preaching service, "Keeping up Appearances."

The Sunday-school Christmas tree and Cantata was a great success. The cantata was well rendered, and many presents were exchanged. The fine gift of the school to Mr. P. W. Voorhies was a fitting expression of appreciation to a worthy and efficient superintendent.

The parsonage is uninhabited this week, the pastor and Mrs. King being on a short visit to friends in Canada. They wish the friends of the church and community a very successful, happy and peaceful New Year. "Trust in the Lord and do good; delight thyself also in Him and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
10:00, Morning worship. New Year sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Redeeming the Time." 11:15, Sunday-school. 6:00, Young People's Study class. Mrs. Galpin will conduct a study of Chapter III of "Servants of the King." 7:00, Evening worship. Sermon by the pastor, on the "Life of Wm. E. Gladstone." You are most cordially invited to all these services.

The Sunday-school sent about twenty dollars worth of provisions and dry goods as a Christmas offering to the Children's Hospital School of Highland Park.

All members, adherents, contributors and friends of the church are invited and urged to be present at the annual meeting of the Presbyterian society Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, beginning at 7:30, in the church. Reports will be

heard from all departments of the church, officers elected and a budget raised for the new year. Refreshments will be served. The Committee on arrangements, Mesdames W. T. Conner, F. A. Dibble, Cass Gittins, Miss Rose Hawthorne, Mr. W. J. Burrows and Dr. H. V. Oldfield.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanchett and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stephenson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherman spent a few days last week with their daughter Miss Mae Winchester of Detroit.

Miss Hulda Beyer spent last Sunday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Parmelee spent a few days with the latter's parents.

Stanley Chambers was on the sick list the first of the week.

Miss Myrtle Chambers visited Miss Lizzie Theuer last Monday evening and Tuesday.

Harry Passage of Flint spent Xmas at home.

Harry Evans was down from Flint Monday.

J. J. Shearer spent Christmas with friends at Greenville.

Mrs. McDougal of Benton Harbor is visiting C. Drews this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pfeiffer, Sr., spent Christmas week with relatives at Fraser. Miss Etta Reichelt of Detroit spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Louis Reber.

Mrs. Chas. Adams and children of Flint spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Toncrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Slater and son of Marshall are visiting John R. Lang and family during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hillmer and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hillmer of Detroit spent Christmas with Wm. Hillmer and family.

Mrs. Jacobson of Saginaw and Miss Nina Pinckney of Ypsilanti visited at F. F. Pinckney's this week. Also Geo. Slyfield and family of Superior spent Christmas there.

Some cattle were being driven across the P. M. tracks on Ann Arbor street yesterday afternoon as the passenger train was going south, when two of them were bumped off, injuring one so that it was killed by the driver, Harry Brown.

I have disinfected Norman Miller's residence and milk-house. His butter may now be used by his patrons with safety. R. E. COOPER, Health Officer.

It is Bargain Day

When you buy Renne's Pain-Killing Oil, for it is just exactly as represented. The sure cure for neuralgia, headache, rheumatism and sprains. When injured apply Renne's Pain-Killing Oil, it is an antiseptic and will prevent blood poisoning. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Beyer Pharmacy.

F. L. Manning, Jackson, Michigan, writes: This is to certify that I have been a constant user of Renne's Pain-Killing Oil in my family for the past 20 years, and would no more think of being without it at all times in the house than I would without food. I know that by having it at hand to apply at once, we have saved much suffering and doctor bills. Get it—keep it handy at all times, study the directions closely, follow them and you will never regret it.

HAD MANY YEARS ON EARTH

Remarkable Band of Aged People to the Credit of English County District.

A medical correspondent has sent us an interesting extract from the Chard and Ilminster News, for the accuracy of which he is able to vouch, as he is the professional adviser of all the persons mentioned with the exception of Sarah Morris. He had attended Jacob Trott for some years before his death. The extract is as follows: "Chard has recently lost its oldest resident, Jacob Trott of Clarke's row, who was in his ninety-seventh year, and could thus remember the battle of Waterloo. Trott, however, could not claim longest residence in the town, as he was born at Broadway and had only been in Chard, 24 years. He was blind for many years previous to his death. His two sisters, who pre-deceased him, attained the ages of 84 and 80, while a daughter of the old man is in her seventy-third year. Trott's remarkable age led us to inquire as to whether there were any other nonagenarians living in the district. Our quest was not in vain, for we find that at Tatworth there is a Sarah Morris, aged 93; in High street, Chard, Eliza Tucker 90; at Winsham, Samuel Spurdle, 91; at Purtington, Uriah Samways, 90, who still continues his occupation as a shepherd; and at Bath lane, Chard, Mary Tutton, 90, who is still quite proficient with her needle. The combined ages of these five persons thus aggregate 454 years, which if not constituting a record must run very close."—Lancet (London).

Deadheads Who Must Be Coaxed.

Concert givers in Germany find it more and more difficult to get an audience. Free tickets by no means insure one. A Berlin journal tells how audiences at recitals (Berlin often has more than 50 of them in one week) are apt to be made up.

Miss N—, who plays or sings, sends out about 200 tickets, some of them to prominent persons. One of these is the wife of Prof. X—. She kindly accepts the tickets, but has no intention of attending the concert, so she gives them to her dressmaker, who in turn bestows them on her assistants, who possibly may go to the concert. In one case it was found that of 200 free tickets only 47 were used.—Musical America.

Philippine Dolls' Houses.

Philippine youngsters are by no means badly provided for as regards amusement, seeing that they enjoy the luxury of a life-sized doll's house—though the latter, it must be remarked, is but slightly different in proportions and appearance from the residences of the adult population of the Philippines. The climate in these parts is so equable that the inability of most of the parents to provide their offspring with other than very scanty clothing is of no consequence; indeed, clothing for children under the age of ten years is regarded as redundant and an unnecessary expense.—Wide World Magazine.

Almost Libelous.

A speaker at a recent press banquet, recalled a quarrel between two editors, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"But Smith," he said, "got the best of Brown unquestionably when Brown, who owned a small farm, bought a mule. "Smith printed a paragraph about this purchase and headed it, 'Extraordinary Case of Self-Possession.'"



PLYMOUTH IN 1857

GALE'S.

I wish to thank my customers and the public for the good trade they gave me in 1909 and wish them all "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Until closed out I will sell what is left of

CHRISTMAS TOYS,

Books, Games, Shoo Flies, Chairs, &c.,

1/4 OFF

In GROCERIES we are selling—

Very fine Potatoes, per bu	45c
Cabbage, per head	5c
Turnips, white or yellow, per peck	15c
Gilt Edge Dairy Butter	33c
Fresh Eggs	31c
Oranges, per doz	20c and 30c
New Canned Corn, 3 for 25c, or per dozen	90c
None Such Mince Meat, 3 for	25c
Northern Spy Apples, per peck	25c

JOHN L. GALE

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

to all my Friends and Patrons.

I appreciate the business you have given me the past year. Our chief aim and object will always be to serve your interests to the best possible advantage

Respectfully,

E. R. DAGGETT

Rent Receipt Books

15c.

R. R. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., and
 after 7 P. M.
OFFICE OVER BAUGH'S STORE
 Bell Phone 25; Local 20.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
 Office and residence, Main street,
 next to Express office.
 Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
 Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL
 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.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
DENTIST.
 Office in old Bank Building.
 Phone 120.

P. W. VOORHIES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
 Real Estate, Loans and
 Collections.
 Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich.

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

CZAR PENNEY
Detroit United Lines
Plymouth Time Table
EAST BOUND.
 For Detroit via Wayne 5:30 a. m. and every hour
 to 7:30 p. m.; also 9:45 p. m. changing at Wayne
 to Wayne only 11:30.
NO. 11 BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 8:00 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every hour to
 9:10 p. m.; also 10:45 p. m. and 12:30 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:45 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barn); also 4:30 a. m. and every
 hour to 7:30 p. m.; also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m.
 changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:30 a. m. and every
 hour to 8:30 p. m.; also 10:10 p. m. and 12 mid-
 night.
 Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and
 points west to Jackson.

The New Iowa
Cream Separator.
 Having taken the agency for the
 above machine I will be pleased to dem-
 onstrate its superiority over all others
 to any farmer who may be interested.
 Also have the agency for the Choro Boy
 1 1/2 horse power gasoline engine.
 Call and see me or phone 917 2S1LIS.

F. L. BECKER
 Commissioner's Notice.
 In the matter of the estate of Helen M.
 Colvin, deceased. We, the undersigned, hav-
 ing been appointed by the probate court for the
 county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commis-
 sioners to receive, examine and adjust all
 claims and demands of all persons against said
 deceased, do hereby give notice that we will
 meet at the store of H. Dibble & Son, in the
 village of Plymouth in said county on Thurs-
 day, the 27th day of January, A. D. 1910, and
 on Saturday, the 29th day of March, A. D. 1910,
 at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for
 the purpose of examining and allowing said
 claims and that four months from the 27th day
 of November, A. D. 1909, were allowed by said
 court for creditors to present their claims to
 us for examination and allowance.
 Dated, November 27, 1909.
ALBERT H. DIBBLE,
FRED A. DIBBLE,
 Commissioners.

Second Number, Jan. 7th.
 Next week Friday evening, Jan. 7,
 the second number on The Citizens'
 Entertainment Course will be given at
 the Opera House, when Dr. H. W.
 Sears will give one of his popular lec-
 tures. Rev. E. King knows the Doctor
 and has heard him lecture. He says
 you will miss a great lecture if you fail
 to come next week Friday evening.
 Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, president of
 the Armour Institute of Technology,
 Chicago, says: "I have asked Dr. Sears
 to come to the Armour institute and
 give his eloquent lecture on 'Grumb-
 lers' to 1300 students, for the reason
 that I wish them to hear and enjoy a
 clean, ennobling and profoundly sen-
 sible lecture, one which made me laugh
 more advantageously and more con-
 stantly than any lecture I have heard
 since the days of dear old John B.
 Gough, of whom the Doctor reminds
 me so much."
 The Cumberland (O.) Echo says:
 "As a humorist, Dr. Sears stands in a
 class by himself and possesses the ability
 to keep his audience in a roar of laugh-
 ter at his droll mimicry and original
 jokes."
 Season tickets for the four remaining
 numbers may be had for \$1.00. Single
 admission 50c. Tickets on sale at The
 Marine Drug Store or can be had
 of any member of the committee.

are the Best.
 Good the test of
 reliable. Dr.
 have been
 any will

Local News

Bake sale this afternoon at the Uni-
 versalist church.

Ed. Jones of Detroit spent Sunday
 with his parents.

Egbert Isbell is spending part of his
 vacation in Jackson.

Miss Betha Shattuck is home from
 Big Rapids for the holidays.

Miss Martha Wellman of Benton
 Harbor is visiting friends in town.

Miss Florence Hanson of Jackson is
 visiting Miss Marion Nash this week.

L. B. Samsen and daughter Ruth of
 Milan, Ohio, spent Christmas with his
 parents.

Col. Geo. W. Bain will speak in
 Presbyterian Church Friday evening,
 Jan. 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bennett enter-
 tained their children and grandchildren
 Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Parsons of Lewis-
 ton, Mich., visited Mr. and Mrs. W. N.
 Isbell last week.

Howard and Gilbert Brown were
 home from Flint Christmas and the
 first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Williams and
 daughter of Detroit spent Xmas with
 the latter's parents.

Miss Marion Nash is home from
 Yale, Mich., where she has been teach-
 ing, for the holidays.

Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Jack entertained
 the former's Sunday-school class at
 their home Tuesday night.

Rev. E. W. Caster, and wife and Mr.
 and Mrs. Edward Atkinson of Detroit
 spent Christmas with Mr. E. E. Caster
 and family.

Supt. and Mrs. W. N. Isbell spent
 Christmas and the first of the week in
 Ann Arbor, where they attended a fam-
 ily reunion.

Roy and Glenn Hendrick of Muske-
 gon and Mr. and Mrs. Alva Coulter of
 Ann Arbor, visited their uncle, E. Jay
 Burr, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Robinson and
 daughter and Mrs. O. M. Whipple of
 Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday at
 H. C. Robinson's.

The present circuit court jury panel
 made a trip to Jackson state prison last
 Monday. Henry Wright of Plymouth
 accompanied the party.

H. C. Robinson begins Jan. 8 holding
 auction sales of horses in Toledo one
 day in each week and also at Fort
 Wayne, Ind., beginning Jan. 8.

Mrs. Dora Cole and daughter Ade-
 laide of Ypsilanti and Edwin Corwin
 and wife of Princeton, N. J., visited
 Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bennett Monday.

A. E. Ransom and daughter of Flush-
 ing and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Riggs
 and children of Pontiac will spend New
 Years with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riggs.

Postmaster Ladd reports that the
 stamp receipts at the postoffice Christ-
 mas week were just three times any or-
 dinary week. The sales amounted to
 \$210.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shattuck had a
 family reunion at their home Christmas.
 W. C. Howlett and family and F. C.
 Howlett and family of Ypsilanti and H.
 A. Roe of Flint were out-of-town guests.

W. B. Roe will be at W. W. Murray's
 store every Friday during the month
 of January to collect the water tax.
 Positively no extension of time.

All members of the Presbyterian Go-
 to-Church club who have been present
 at church at least nine out of the past
 twelve Sundays, are invited to the club
 party at the manse, from 2 to 4 o'clock
 this afternoon.

At the annual meeting of Plymouth
 Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M., last
 Friday evening, the following officers
 were elected for the ensuing year:

W. M.—D. F. Murray
 S. W.—George Gittins
 J. W.—Timothy Promenschenkel
 Treas.—George Richwine
 Sec'y—E. C. Lauffer
 S. D.—Robt. Chappel
 J. D.—Myron Willett
 Tyler—John Wilcox
 Rep. Grand Lodge—E. C. Lauffer

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer entertain-
 ed the following guests at a Christmas
 house party from Friday until Sunday:
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wakely and daugh-
 ter Lucile, Mrs. Fannie Judson and
 Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer and
 daughter Louise, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 W. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barker,
 Miss Gladys Barker, Miss Satie Spicer
 and Mr. Norval Ayers.

A large
 Christmas tree was one of the features
 of entertainment enjoyed by all on
 Christmas morning.

At a recent meeting of the Foresters
 of America the following officers were
 elected for the ensuing six months:

C. R.—Chas. Lundy
 S. C. R.—Plato Hough
 Treas.—Wm. Arthur
 Phys.—Dr. Patterson
 F. S.—Chas. G. Curtis
 R. S.—Jas. McKeever
 S. W.—Wm. Rorabacher
 J. W.—Fred Wagonshutz
 S. B.—Merritt Hanchett
 J. B.—Emil Shilling
 Lec.—Matt Fahrner
 Trustee—Barton Brown

The peculiar properties of Chamber-
 lain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy
 have been thor-
 epidemics of in-
 taken in time
 single case of
 Pharmacy.

A sprained ankle will usually disable
 the injured person for three or four
 weeks. This is due to lack of proper
 treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment
 is applied a cure may be effected
 in three or four days. This liniment is
 one of the best and most remarkable
 preparations in use. Sold by Bayer
 Pharmacy.

A Happy New Year.
 Earl VanDeCar was home from Flint
 over Christmas.

Miss Celia Brown is home from Flint
 for the holidays.

Elmer Jarvis was in Ann Arbor Sat-
 urday and Sunday.

Miss Anna Brown has resigned her
 school at Dearborn.

Roy Armstrong is home from Detroit
 for a short vacation.

Mrs. Esther Loomis of Detroit is vis-
 iting Mrs. O. A. Fraser.

Special meeting of Eastern Star Chap-
 ter next Tuesday evening.

George McGill of Detroit spent Xmas
 with his father and sister.

Miss Jessie Bradshaw of Belleville is
 spending the week with her sister, Mrs.
 Roy Lane.

Mrs. Milton Lipman of Salt Lake
 City, Utah, is visiting her mother, Mrs.
 Dr. Knight.

John Lundy received a handsome Ma-
 sonic watch charm from his men as a
 Christmas gift.

Misses Ethel and Gertrude Myers of
 Detroit spent Wednesday at Mrs. Ar-
 thur Tilston's.

Miss Carrie Schiefele, sister of Fred
 and August Schiefele of this village,
 died at the home of her sister in Wayne
 Wednesday. Funeral to-day.

Kenneth Broadfoot died Wednesday
 morning from typhoid fever at the home
 of his father, Henry Broadfoot in Can-
 ton. Funeral to-day at 2 o'clock.

The 1857 photo of Main street, Plym-
 outh, printed elsewhere, is kindly
 loaned The Mail by the Conner Hdw.
 Co., who used it for printing calendars.

The Mountain Hunting Trip, printed
 in another column, was written by
 Claude Bennett to his father, L. H.
 Bennett of this village. Claude is lo-
 cated at Seattle.

Mrs. Lydia Durfee and daughters,
 Lina and Mrs. Sarah Armstrong, leave
 next Thursday for Los Angeles, Cal., to
 spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. C. H.
 Armstrong go on the 10th.

Miss Elsie Eddy gave a miscellane-
 ous shower for Miss Anna Brown Tues-
 day night at her home on Bowery street.
 About a dozen guests were present.
 Light refreshments were served, the
 table being tastefully decorated with
 hearts. Miss Brown received some very
 pretty and useful presents.

When Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hudd re-
 turned from Bay City, where they had
 spent Christmas, Monday, they found a
 telegram awaiting them notifying them
 of the death of Mr. Hudd's brother at
 Fargo, N. D. The remains were ship-
 ped to Kensington, Ohio, for burial,
 and Mr. Hudd went there Wednesday to
 attend the funeral.

Crossing Accident and Fire
 A fire alarm was sounded about one
 o'clock Christmas morning, the blaze
 being caused by a burning caboose at
 the Mill street crossing of the Pere
 Marquette. The department responded
 promptly and the fire was soon extin-
 guished by the north side company.

The fire started in a peculiar way.
 The crew of the last car coming from
 Northville that night undertook to
 make the crossing at that point of the
 road just as a Pere Marquette freight
 was backing down the track. The re-
 sult was disastrous to both electric car
 and caboose. The collision threw both
 cars from the track and overturned.
 The stove in the caboose also
 overturned and set fire to the car.

There were no passengers on the elec-
 tric car and no one was hurt, the mo-
 torman jumping from his cab.

The freight crew blame the conductor
 of the electric for throwing the switch
 and setting the semphor against the
 freight, when the latter was in motion
 and almost upon the crossing. The con-
 ductor claims the freight was not mov-
 ing when he set the signal against it.

Mabel Smith Becomes a Bride.
 At the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs.
 Fred Bogert Wednesday evening occu-
 rred the marriage of Miss Mabel
 Smith, sister of Mrs. Bogert, to Ira H.
 Morrow, of Birmingham, the ceremony
 being performed by Rev. Leonard of
 Belleville. Only a few friends of the
 interested parties were present. Pearl
 Jolliffe acted as bridesmaid and Orville
 Morrow, brother of the groom, as best
 man. The bride was dressed in Alice
 blue silk and carried white carnations.
 Winnie Jolliffe played the wedding
 march and the ring ceremony was used.

After the ceremony, all partook of a
 bountiful wedding supper that marked
 a most enjoyable hour. The happy
 couple later took a train for the west
 and expect to spend the honeymoon in
 California, later making their home in
 Detroit.

Mrs. Morrow has been a life long re-
 sident of Plymouth, and for the past
 three years has taught school in Bir-
 mingham. Mr. Morrow is first mate of a
 freighter running between Buffalo and
 Duluth.

Pay Your Taxes.
 I will be at Harry Jolliffe's shoe store
 in north village on Thursdays and at
 Gittins Bros. grocery on Friday of each
 week in the month of December and up
 to January 10th, to collect taxes for
 Plymouth township. Four per cent
 added on and after the tenth day of
 January. E. J. BURR, Twp. Treas.

THE MARKETS
 Wheat, red, \$1.18; white \$1.18
 Hay, \$10.00 to \$11.00 No. 1 Timothy.
 Oats, 43c.
 Rye, 70c.
 Beans, basis \$1.80
 Potatoes, 25c.
 Butter, 30c.
 Eggs, 32c.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.
 5c. per Line, One Insertion.

House to Rent—On Bowery street.
 Enquire of Arthur Huston.

FOR SALE—Dry wood delivered in 3
 or 4 cord loads very cheap. A. L. Innis.
 Phone 917, 2S-1L.

FOR SALE—Two single harness and
 one cutter. L. DEAN.

Sewing and dressmaking wanted.
 Ora Rathburn.

FOR SALE—All kinds of hand-made
 fancy needle work. Will also give
 lessons in French embroidery and Ar-
 menian lace. Mrs. Burgess, one door
 east of Caroline Bennett's.

Try The Mail want column.

ONE KILLED, 30 INJURED

D. U. R. Wreck Near Wayne
 which Many Plymouthites are
 More or Less Hurt.

The citizens of Plymouth were start-
 led Sunday evening about eight o'clock
 when a 'phone message was received
 stating that the electric car for Detroit
 had been thrown off the track at Cady's
 corners, three miles north of Wayne,
 and that many Plymouth people had
 been injured. Dr. Patterson was sent
 for and he and several others immedi-
 ately hastened to the place and did what
 they could for the injured, nine of whom
 returned to Plymouth on the ten o'clock
 car, all more or less cut and bruised
 and suffering from shock. Others went on
 to Detroit, their destination.

It seems to have been the same old
 story. The motorman in charge of the
 car was comparatively "green," having
 been on the road only a few weeks and
 he was but 22 years old. He says he
 "mised his mark," which means that
 he failed to see the sign post which tells
 the car crew that a curve is near and to
 slow up. The result was that he struck
 the sharp curve at the corner running
 at a speed of 30 miles an hour. The
 car failed to take the curve, jumped the
 track and running some fifty feet struck
 a telephone pole and toppled over.

Frank Kendel, a young farmer whose
 home is near Newburg was instantly
 killed, the back of his head being crush-
 ed in. Kendel was employed for the
 winter months in Detroit and was going
 back to the city.

Floyd Bassett, also of Newburg, and
 son of E. C. Bassett, was seriously in-
 jured internally and for several days it
 was believed he would not live, but he is
 now improving. He is a motorman on a
 city line.

Mrs. Mary Strong, a sister of Mrs.
 W. W. Murray of this village, on her
 way home to Detroit, was also severely
 hurt internally and Jimmie Williams
 also sustained internal injuries which
 were at first thought to be fatal, but
 are out of danger.

A. R. Jackson of Plymouth had his
 hand badly crushed, and his daughter,
 Mrs. Lee Jewell, had two ribs broken,
 the result she says of a man stepping on
 her in his frantic efforts to get out.

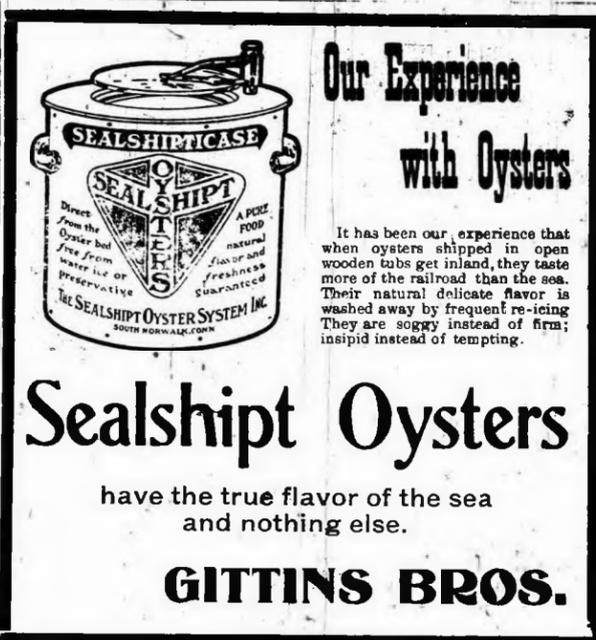
Miss Blanch Gentz had four teeth
 knocked out, an ear nearly torn off and
 her head cut.

Mrs. Robt. Youngs had a rib broken
 and sustained cuts from flying glass.
 Robt. Youngs, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
 Promenschenkel, Walter Eberts and
 Claude Verkerk, all Plymouth people,
 were cut by glass and bruised by being
 thrown against the side of the car when
 it went over.

A seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs.
 H. Roe of Detroit had one hand cut off,
 but was the grittiest little man among
 them all, trying to cheer his mother
 with the remark "that he wasn't dead
 yet, and what's the use of crying."

Other passengers going to Detroit,
 Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti were also in-
 jured, the car containing about 35 per-
 sons.

All of the seriously injured were
 taken to a near-by farm house, where
 in fact most of them gathered to get
 out of the cold. The motorman, P. D.
 Collar, of Ypsilanti, managed to get
 out of the wreck unhurt, and immedi-
 ately took to his heels. He never stop-
 ped running until he reached his home.
 About noon next day he reported to the
 railroad officials, who have accepted the
 explanation he gave and pass it off as
 "one of those lapses" which will occur
 to any one. It is a "lapse," however,
 that doesn't bring back the dead nor
 heal the wounds of the injured—a lapse
 that will cost the D. U. R. a big bunch
 of money and ought to bring them to a
 realization that it is a poor policy to al-
 low inexperienced boys to have the re-
 sponsibility of so many human lives.



Our Experience
with Oysters

It has been our experience that
 when oysters shipped in open
 wooden tubs get inland, they taste
 more of the railroad than the sea.
 Their natural delicate flavor is
 washed away by frequent re-icing.
 They are soggy instead of firm;
 insipid instead of tempting.

Sealshipt Oysters
 have the true flavor of the sea
 and nothing else.

GITTINS BROS.



TRY OUR
GROCERIES
THIS
COMING YEAR

The
Right
Way

To get good Groceries this coming year and be sure of
 your correct weight is to buy them in our establishment.
 Here quality and quantity go hand in hand. We keep
 all the standard lines of Groceries and have them deliv-
 ered here fresh so as never to carry any old stock. If
 you have not yet dealt here it will be to your advantage
 to place a trial order and save money.

We Wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year

Brown & Pettingill,
THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY
 Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery



HOLIDAYS

Holidays
 are nearly over, but we are
 still here and doing business
 in the same old way. Maybe
 you don't have to eat turkey
 or chicken, but you need gro-
 ceries and this is the place to
 get them, for we give you the
 right prices with

HONEST GOODS

We Wish to Thank
 the public for their kind patronage since we opened up in our
 new stand and further favors will be just as greatly appreciated. Our mot-
 to for 1910 will be "Doing all we can to aid the people of Plymouth in
 a successful year by saving them money on their grocery bills." That
 you will all have

A HAPPY NEW YEAR
 is the sincere wish of

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON
 Both 'phones. Free Delivery.

New Years Gifts

After the Christmas rush, comes the dem-
 and for presents for New Years Day.

Many receive gifts unexpectedly and New
 Years gives an early opportunity to show
 appreciation.

Our beautiful stock suffered delightful de-
 pletion the last few weeks of the holiday
 rush, but there's something left in nearly
 every desirable gift line.

Our stock has been rearranged and put in
 order and we are ready to supply appropri-
 ate gifts for New Years.

G. G. DRAPER
 Jeweler and Optometrist.

JARRED HEAD OF THE HOUSE

A Brief Discussion Between Mr. and Mrs. Billtops on the Subject of Divorce.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops to the gentle Mrs. Billtops, "what would you think of getting a divorce from me?"

Mr. Billtops had just been reading an account in the paper showing the felicity and privacy with which divorces may now be obtained, and this was just a little joke of his to Mrs. Billtops.

"Why, Ezra," she said, "what would be the sense of my doing that? I never could collect \$10,000,000 from you, could I, even if I should get a divorce?"

"But at the same time he thought to himself that he wouldn't right away again try to joke with Mrs. Billtops on the idea of getting a divorce from him."

It is only by continually keeping in our minds all the facts of nature that we can possibly realize and comprehend the great problems presented by the "world of life"—its persistence in ever-changing, but unchecked development throughout the geological ages.

Mules and Religion.

Wallace's Farmer raises this interesting question: "Can a farmer retain his church membership and raise mules?"

Chance for Poor Girls.

An interesting order regarding the marriage of officers has been made by the Russian military authorities.

Couldn't Sleep without Harmony.

Because he found that the wallpaper in the room to which he was assigned did not match his new vest, a man who gave his name as Hugo Masauri and who says that he generally lives in the Hotel Astor, decided to fight a duel with the night clerk in a New York Sixth avenue hotel.

Where Silence is Golden.

"You are an American, and yet you don't believe in free speech. How's that?"

Unfortunately Expressed.

The Daily Chronicle tells us that "the king will go to Brighton at the end of this month for a few days' rest after the visit of the king of Portugal."

Rockless, Indeed.

"That fellow seems to be extravagant."

Hopelessly.

"He spends his own money just as if it were the government's."

APPEAL LAW OF 1909 IS INVALID

Deprives Courts of Right of Self-Government.

DECISION BY SUPREME COURT

Equalization Powers Taken from Supervisors—Contests in Bay, Muskegon and Manistee Counties Are Settled by Ruling.

Lansing.—The supreme court handed down a decision declaring unconstitutional the law enacted by the legislature last winter, providing for appeals from the equalization between townships as fixed by the boards of supervisors.

The validity of the law was attacked on the grounds that judicial power is conferred on the committee, that it deprives counties of the right of self government, that the tribunal or agency created is not an impartial one and that the act as amended is incomplete and defective and not a workable law.

In the opinion, the court holds: "We are constrained to say that the legislature, in the act in question, has constructed neither a stable, nor a local agency of taxation, but has, inadvertently no doubt, delegated to aggrieved parties the selection of a committee empowered to undo what the regularly elected officers of the townships and wards have done officially. A privately constituted and officially irresponsible committee is empowered to review and perform the duties of responsible officials. We are required to and do affirm the order of the circuit judge of Bay county."

Indians Got \$15 Each.

More than 7,000 Michigan Indians, or persons of Indian descent, will get a pot of money from Uncle Sam before many weeks. Their names are registered in the Indian office in a monster new roll, upon which the finishing touches are being placed.

Persons with skin as white as full-blood Yankees and with cheek bones betraying nothing else than Anglo-Saxon ancestry have searched through the musty traditions of the past, and with its help, pieced out by the evidence of aged tribesmen, have proven that Indian blood courses through their veins.

The government has had the time of its life in making this roll. This difficulty in taking a census of the old Ottawas and Chippewas is evidence of the success of the government's policy of trying to break up the tribal integrity of the Indians.

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Puts Man on Prize Fights.

Gov. Warner has sent by registered letter to every sheriff in the state a letter calling attention to the provisions of sections 11 to 132; 11 of 733; 11 to 734, and 11 to 735, of the compiled laws of 1897.

"In a number of the counties of the state," he says, "there have been reports in the press that arrangements were being made for prize fights, and I have deemed it my duty to send telegrams to the sheriffs of two counties recently, calling attention to the provisions of the Michigan laws prohibiting prize fighting, and directing them to take whatever measures were necessary to see that the laws were enforced."

"It is your duty to see that our state laws, prohibiting prize fighting, are enforced in your county. If it is generally understood that the local authorities will enforce the law it is not probable that any attempt will be made to violate the provisions. Should any arrangements be made in your county for a prize fight you will be expected to take whatever steps are necessary to see that the law is enforced."

Fight Nurse in Supreme Court.

It is evident from an action taken by Attorney General Bird, that the fight against the retention of Miss Alfreda Maude Galbraith of Cheboygan on the state board of examination of nurses, to which she was appointed in September by Gov. Warner, is far from being a dead issue.

The move was the application to the supreme court for a writ of mandamus to compel the Cheboygan woman to show cause why she should not be removed from the board. The petition is based on the state law which requires that a member of the board shall have had at least five years experience as a nurse, before they are allowed a seat. It has been claimed that Miss Galbraith has not had the necessary experience, and that she is therefore ineligible for the position.

Judge Grant Made Regent.

Gov. Warner announced that he will appoint Probate Judge John H. Grant of Manistee regent of the University of Michigan, to succeed the late Arthur Hill.

Judge Grant is a graduate of the law department of the university, class of 1882, and is an official of the State Association of Sunday Schools.

The appointment returns to northwestern Michigan its full representation on the board of regents, which was lost when Henry W. Carey of East Lake was defeated for re-election by George P. Codd of Detroit.

Will Investigate Vagrancy.

Gov. Warner has named the commission provided for in the Turtle act passed last session to investigate the subject of vagrancy, habitual drunkenness and disorderly persons, and report their findings to the next legislature, together with recommendations for a revision of the statute to rid the state of this class of undesirables.

Arbitrators Decide on Course.

The arbitration committee selected some time ago to settle the differences existing between the employees of the M. U. R. and the company at Kalamazoo, will ask the employes to file a statement setting forth their grievances on or before January 15, and within 20 days after the filing of their statement the M. U. R. Company is to file its answer.

Civic Federation Delegates.

Gov. Warner has named the Michigan delegation to the National Civic Federation meeting in Washington, to be held January 17 to 19. The list is as follows: George W. Bates, Detroit; Alfred J. Murphy, Detroit; Cyrenus P. Black, Lansing; Rancon E. Olds, Lansing; Willis B. Perkins, Grand Rapids; Joseph H. Steers, Sault Ste. Marie; Alexander Groesbeck, Detroit; Frank H. Ellsworth, St. Joseph; Frank D. Scott, Alpena; John O'Keefe, Saginaw; Mrs. Huntley Russell, Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Clara B. Arthur, Detroit.

Detroit Accountant Reappointed.

Nerval A. Hawkins of Detroit has been reappointed by Gov. Warner as a member of the state board of accountants. The governor also reappointed Edgar A. Honey of Kalamazoo as a member of the state board of dental examiners.

Look into D. U. R. Milk Case.

The state railroad commission has granted a stay of proceedings until January 25 in the case of the Detroit United Railway Company against the milk and cream shippers. So much contradictory evidence has been introduced at the previous hearings that the commission has decided to investigate the proposition thoroughly before arriving at another decision and Chairman Glasgow stated that Mr. Darwin head of the rate department, will start on the work at once.

SEEN AND HEARD IN MICHIGAN

Marshall.—A slander case which has stirred up the whole town of Homer and brought large delegations from that place daily to Justice Willitt's court, where the airing has been in progress the last three days, resulted in a verdict of guilty against Mrs. Maud Tuckenhagen.

Pinckney.—The Pinckney Creamery Company, which has been doing business here for the last eight months, has closed its doors and farmers are wondering if they will ever receive about \$4,000 due them for milk delivered and unpaid for.

Filnt.—The new sheet metal plant being erected by the Bulck Company will be twice as large as any other sheet metal plant in existence. This new building is fast approaching completion, and is located on industrial avenue, at the rear of the Weston-Mott, No. 1. The walls are up and the bricklayers are putting on the cornices just at present.

Port Huron.—The Whistler Manufacturing Company filed articles of association with County Clerk Brown, and within a few weeks the concern will be manufacturing Whistler magnets and other devices in Port Huron. It having been decided to locate the plant at South Park. The capital of the concern is \$100,000, \$50,000 paid in. The stockholders are Ralph H. Whistler, Walter K. Robinson and William L. Baker, all of Detroit.

Niles.—Benjamin F. Earl, mayor of Niles, has begun suit at South Bend for \$10,000 damages against the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company on account of the killing of his 17-year-old son in a crossing accident at Mishawaka, Ind., in August, 1909. The boy was driving his father's automobile and waited for a freight to pass, but did not see or hear the limited train coming from the opposite direction.

Kalamazoo.—It was announced by officials of the Lincoln club that Senator J. C. Burrows will be the toastmaster of the annual banquet to be held here in February. This banquet is the largest held in southwestern Michigan during the year, and the occasion this year will be especially important, owing to the fact that Kalamazoo intends to give its great statesman every honor possible at the time of the banquet.

Union City.—The dedication of the new quarters of the Young Men's club here proved an interesting event, participated in by citizens generally. The organization is along Y. M. C. A. lines, and is fostered by the Congregational church, which has built a fine structure adjoining the church building. The structure contains a big gymnasium, reading rooms, etc., and will be kept open every day in the week.

Pontiac.—Mrs. F. H. Hall, 24 Chandler avenue, foiled the cleverly laid plan of a sneak thief to get into her home. The man represented himself as a telephone inspector and said he had been sent to the Hall home to make repairs. Mrs. Hall was not aware that the telephone was out of service and denied the stranger admission. The matter was at once reported to the officers, who are investigating.

Pontiac.—A majority of the stockholders of the South Lyon Creamery Company, doing business at South Lyon, this county, have petitioned the circuit court to name a receiver to close up the affairs of the company on the ground that the venture is a losing one. They ask that Ross C. Sprague be named receiver. The company was organized September 30, 1905, and is capitalized at \$4,800.

Grand Rapids.—Determined to check the continual spread of scarlet fever, board of health officials caused the arrest of John Wolma, a tinsmith, on a charge of violating the quarantine laws. The officials say they intend to hold Wolma up as an example.

Mount Morris.—Two old pioneers of Mount Morris village are dead. Mrs. Jane Berry, aged 80, and Jeanette Palmer, aged 94. Mrs. Palmer was the oldest woman in this section of the county.

Marshall.—Proprietor of pool and billiard rooms and cigar stores have been notified not to allow any school-boys in their places of business. Now the school boys are forming clubs and equipping clubrooms.

Mount Clemens.—The new telephone exchange, which for a while seemed a certainty here, is evidently doomed to the fate of most other enterprises of the kind. Most of the business men seem to be entirely against its establishment, considering it as a nuisance under present circumstances. All local papers are declaring radically against the enterprise also, and the council, which has referred the matter to a committee, evidently intends to squelch it.

Negaunee.—Mak Makki, a Finnish miner, was killed by a falling timber at the Lily mine.

POLITE EVEN IN EXTREMITY

And No Doubt This Time There Was Abundant Truth in the Customary Formula.

William was a little country boy who had been reared to the age of four by a careful grandmother of the old school, who had paid particular attention to the child's table manners.

"Plenty, thank you, plenty. No, thank you, I don't keer for it!" always to the family's great amusement.

But William developed on his own account an independence of conduct that required curbing, and that at length grew so alarming that one day, after a particularly exasperating exhibition of importance, he and his father took a walk around behind the barn, hand in hand, father armed with a slender switch that was calculated to produce a good moral effect if used judiciously, and his small son sliding along with great reluctance on toes that caught at every foothold on the path.

Then his father's voice was heard saying: "I'll teach you, sir, not to be saucy to your mother!" and swish swash went the slender switch, landing with a whack-whack on William's plump anatomy. The little boy endured it in silence for a moment, and then a polite protest went up.

A Literal Interpretation. A traveler riding in a rather wild part of Scotland came to the edge of a morass.

Ha! a peasant lad who was not far away, he asked if the bog was hard at the bottom.

"Ay, quite hard," responded the youth. So the traveler rode on, and presently his horse began to sink with alarming rapidity into the mire.

"You rascal!" he yelled to the grinning urchin. "You told me the bog was hard at the bottom."

Rough on Rats in Out Buildings.

In setting Rough on Rats in out buildings after mixing it well with any food decided upon, separate into small bits, place on several pieces of boards, and put these here and there under the floors. Close up all openings large enough for Dogs, Cats or Chickens to enter, but leave some small openings for Rats to get in and out. One 25c. box of Rough on Rats, being all poison, will make enough mixture to clear out in one or two nights the settings, hundreds of Rats and Mice. 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

Eve's New Costume.

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is too great to be justified by any temporary relief from them.

Take for LaGrippe. Add to a half-pint of good whiskey, one ounce compound fluid balsamwort and two ounces glycerine, shake well and take in tablespoon doses three to six times daily. This will check, prevent and cure colds and lagrippe quicker than anything known. Any druggist can supply it.

Always at it. Mrs. Benham—Woman's work is never done.

Benham—That's so; even after she is married she is trying to make men fall in love with her.

Salesman—Best Commission Offer on Earth. New—all retailers—samples, coat pocket. "Boston," Dept. C. 1, Iowa City, Iowa.

When a man trades his money for experience, it is difficult to convince him that a fair exchange is no robbery.

Elucidated. Stella—What is the law of heredity? Bella—That all undesirable traits come from the other parent.

Hamlin Wizard Oil will knock the spots off a sore throat. It's use makes tonsillitis, quinsy and diphtheria impossible. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation.

Compliments should be thoroughly Fletcherized before they are swallowed.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itch, Eruptions, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

A woman dailies being jealous almost as much as she likes making some other woman jealous.

BEAK UP THE... with AD... look...

ONE KILLED; 32 HURT IN D. U. R. WRECK

CAR JUMPS TRACK, KILLING ONE AND INJURING NEARLY TWO SCORE.

MOTORMAN WALKS HOME

Passengers Say Motorman Did Not Slow Up at Danger Point Four Miles North of Wayne on a Sharp Curve.

One killed, two perhaps fatally injured and 30 hurt more or less seriously—that is the toll taken by a D. U. R. Interurban car on the Detroit, Plymouth & Northville railway at 7:30 Sunday evening when it jumped the rails at Cady's Corner, four miles north of Wayne, plowed 50 feet, careening through the snow, and after hitting and breaking a telephone pole, turned on its side, jumbling its occupants in confused heaps among broken glass, iron and wood.

The car was occupied for the most part by jolly home-comers who had spent Christmas and the following day with friends and relatives in Northville and Plymouth. About half were from Detroit. The car left Plymouth 15 minutes late and according to the passengers was running at a high rate of speed.

Motorman Walked 14 Miles.

The D. U. R. obtained a statement from Motorman Collar.

Collar says he lives in Ypsilanti with his sister. He has run on the road, night and day, for two months, and admits that he should be familiar with the route. He was aware that about 700 feet from the curve there is a sign warning motormen of the bend in the track. He says he does not know how he happened to miss the sign, but did not see it.

"We were on the curve before I knew it," he said. "I shut off the current and put on the air. Then we went off."

Collar picked himself up dazed and bruised. He says he helped carry the injured from the car. Then he disappeared, leaving his hat behind. He was unaccounted for till morning, when he arrived in Ypsilanti, bare-headed. He had walked the 14 miles between that city and the scene of the wreck. He was still dazed when he arrived home.

The D. U. R. officials have accepted Collar's statement as to the cause of the wreck.

The car was crushed in such a way that most of the injured had to be taken through the smoker.

Cooley Begins on Phone Revision.

Prof. M. E. Cooley and his assistants have commenced to work revising the figures made three years ago showing the valuation of telephone and telegraph companies' properties in this state. The computation is to be completed by Jan. 10, that Attorney-General Bird will furnish the information to the state tax commission in time to be of use in completing the first tentative assessment of these corporations, which has to be completed on Jan. 15 by the commission.

To assist Prof. Cooley in the work he has brought with him H. E. Riggs, of Riggs, Sherman & Co. Toledo engineers; W. C. Polk, telephone consulting engineer of Toledo; T. C. Hinchman, Jr., of Detroit, and R. D. Parsons, assistant professor of telephone engineering at the university.

To Look into Trolley Rates.

The railroad commission has ordered a stay of proceedings in the matter of the freight rate on milk charged by the D. U. R., and will do some investigating in other states to learn how the rates run there as compared with those charged by steam roads. R. R. Darwin, of the commission's rate department, will make a tour to get this information. Meantime the D. U. R. is to continue charging the old rate.

Y. M. C. A. Gets Hill's Money.

Atorney F. E. Emerick has announced that the Saginaw West Side Y. M. C. A., which was disbanded some time ago, had never legally gone out of existence, and therefore is entitled to the \$25,000 bequeathed it by the late Arthur Hill. The former members of the organization asked the attorney to look the matter up, and now plans will be made for the revival of the association.

Succeeds Arthur Hill as Regent.

Gov. Warner has announced the appointment of John H. Grant, of Manistee county, to succeed the late Arthur Hill, as regent of the university for the unexpired term. The new regent is judge of probate for Manistee county.

Detroit Accountant Reappointed.

Norval A. Hawkins, of Detroit, has been reappointed by Gov. Warner as a member of the state board of accountants. The governor also reappointed Edgar A. Honey, of Kalamazoo, as a member of the state board of dental examiners.

The Arcade Company, owners of the old Burdick house, Kalamazoo, announced that during the next year a new structure will be erected on the site of the old building.

Henry W. Curtis, 69 years old, a member of company C, of the Twenty-seventh regiment of Massachusetts, walked into police headquarters at Port Huron, today and said he had been sent to jail for 90 days for a man, who has been arrested with \$200.

SERIAL STORY

The Wizard of Oz

By L. Frank Baum

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SYNOPSIS.

Dorothy lived in Kansas with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. A cyclone lifted their home into the air, Dorothy falling asleep amidst the excitement. A crash awakened her. The house had landed in a country of marvelous beauty. Groups of queer little people greeted her to the Land of Munchkins. The house had killed their enemy, the wicked witch of East. Dorothy took the witch's silver shoes. She started for the Emerald City to find the Wizard of Oz, who, she was promised, might find a way to send her back to Kansas. Dorothy released a scarecrow, giving him life. He was desirous of acquiring brains and started with her to the wizard to get them. The scarecrow told his history. They met a tin woodman who longed for a heart. He also joined them. They came upon a lion, who confessed he had no courage. He decided to accompany them to the Wizard of Oz to get some. The scarecrow in pushing them, fell into a poppy field, which caused Dorothy to fall asleep. The scarecrow and tin woodman rescued her and her dog from the deadly sleep. The lion awoke and belted Dorothy heavily to lift her. On the search for the road of yellow brick which led to the Emerald City they met a wild cat and a dog. Dorothy awoke from her long sleep. The queen mouse became friendly. She sent thousands of her mice subjects to draw the lion away from the poppy field. Dorothy awoke from her long sleep. They started again on the Emerald City road. They came to a fence, painted green. There search for the green, houses of green and people dressed in green. It was the Land of Oz. They met the guardian of the gates. He described the power over the Wizard of Oz. All put on green spectacles as the brightness and glory of Emerald City blinded them. Dorothy decided to receive one of the party each day. All wore put in green rooms. Dorothy went to the throne room. In a chair sparkling with emeralds she beheld an enormous head without body, legs or arms, bigger than the biggest giant. "I am Oz, the great and terrible," said the head. Oz told her what she should do. The wicked witch of the East he would send her home. The scarecrow, admitted to the presence of a beautiful lady, who said she was the wizard. The wizard promised to give Dorothy a heart if she would give him the witch. The witch beheld a terrible beast with a head of a rhinoceros and two eyes. The wizard promised to give Dorothy a heart if she would give him the witch. The lion saw a ball of fire and a voice from the object promised him courage if he would give the witch to the wizard. The witch saw the party when it entered her domain and caused a pack of wolves to attack it. The woodman killed the wolves. She sent her army of the scarecrow and killed. Bees were dispatched next, but the woodman received the stings. Finally winged monkeys took them prisoner and conveyed them to the witchery. Dorothy threw water on the wicked witch, destroying her. Dorothy rescued the lion, woodman and scarecrow. She found a charmed golden cup and started back to Oz. She became lost. She used the cup to call the winged monkeys who took them to the Emerald City. The charmed cup's story was told Dorothy discovered the wizard to be a humbug. He told his life story. The wizard gave the scarecrow brains, the woodman a heart and the lion a courage fluid. The Wizard of Oz constructed a balloon to take Dorothy home. The air craft broke loose and the wizard was carried away without the girl. Dorothy called the winged monkeys, but they were powerless.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

So the soldier was summoned and entered the throne room timidly, for while Oz was alive he never was allowed to come further than the door.

"This little girl," said the Scarecrow to the soldier, "wishes to cross the desert. How can she do so?"

"I cannot tell," answered the soldier. "For nobody has ever crossed the desert, unless it is Oz himself."

"Is there no one who can help me?" asked Dorothy, earnestly.

"Glinda might," he suggested.

"Who is Glinda?" inquired the Scarecrow.

"The Witch of the South. She is the most powerful of all the Witches."



The Winged Monkey.

flies over the Quadlings. Beating the air with his wings, he stands on the edge of the cliff, as if he may know a way to the Witch, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is good."

"How can I get to her castle?" asked Dorothy.

"The road is straight to the south," he answered, "but it is said to be full of dangers to travelers. There are wild beasts in the woods, and a race of queer men who do not like strangers to cross their country. For this reason none of the Quadlings ever come to the Emerald City."

The soldier then left them and the Scarecrow said:

"It seems, in spite of dangers, that the best thing Dorothy can do is to travel to the Land of the South and ask Glinda to help her. For, of course, if Dorothy stays here she will never get back to Kansas."

"You must have been thinking again," remarked the Tin Woodman.

"I have," said the Scarecrow.

"I shall go with Dorothy," declared the Lion, "for I am tired of your city and long for the woods and the country again. I am really a wild beast, you know. Besides, Dorothy will need some one to protect her."

"That is true," agreed the Woodman. "My ax may be of service to her; so I, also, will go with her to the Land of the South."

"When shall we start?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Are you going?" they asked, in surprise.

"Certainly. If it wasn't for Dorothy I should never have had brains. She lifted me from the pole in the cornfield and brought me to the Emerald City. So my good luck is all due to her, and I shall never leave her until she starts back to Kansas for good and all."

"Thank you," said Dorothy, gratefully. "You are all very kind to me. But I should like to start as soon as possible."

"We shall go to-morrow morning," returned the Scarecrow. "So now let us all get ready, for it will be a long journey."

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CHAPTER XIX

Attacked by the Fighting Trees

The next morning Dorothy kissed the pretty green girl goodbye, and they all shook hands with the green soldier with the green whiskers, who had walked with them as far as the gate. When the Guardian of the Gate saw them again he wondered greatly that they could leave the beautiful city to get into new trouble. But he at once unlocked their spectacles, which he put back into the green box, and gave them many good wishes to carry with them.

"You are now our ruler," he said to the Scarecrow; "so you must come back to us as soon as possible."

"I certainly shall if I am able," the Scarecrow replied; "but I must help Dorothy to get home first."

As Dorothy bade the good-natured guardian a last farewell, she said:

"I have been very kindly treated in your lovely city, and every one has been good to me. I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

"Don't try, my dear," he answered. "We should like to keep you with us, but if it is your wish to return to Kansas I hope you will find a way." He then opened the gate of the outer wall and they walked forth and started upon their journey.

The sun shone brightly as our friends turned their faces toward the Land of the South. They were all in the best of spirits, and laughed and chatted together. Dorothy was once more filled with the hope of getting home, and the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were glad to be of use to her. As for the Lion, he sniffed the fresh air with delight and whistled his tail from side to side in pure joy of being in the country again, while Toto ran around them and chased the moths and butterflies, barking merrily all the time.

"City life does not agree with me at all," remarked the Lion, as they walked along at a brisk pace. "I have lost much flesh since I lived there, and now I am anxious for a chance to show the other beasts how courageous I have grown."

They now turned and took a last look at the Emerald City. All they could see was a mass of towers and steeples behind the green walls, and high up above everything the spires and dome of the palace of Oz.

"Oz was not such a bad Wizard, after all," said the Tin Woodman, as he felt his heart rattling around in his breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

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Tale of Brittany Folklore

Piper Who Played for the Unholy Korrigans, and the Curse Thereby Entailed.

The korrigans are the black dwarfs of Brittany who dwell in the sacred Druidic circles of the menhirs and count their cash in the moonshine. When mere mortals encounter them by night the korrigans force their visitors to dance with them around and around, singing monotonously the names of the days of the week from Monday to Sunday. This is the theme of the best known tradition dealing with them, the story of Lao and the korrigans. Lao was a prize piper and came to set the dance at the pardon of Armor. Women, terrified at their discovery of a korrigian town, besought him to avoid the little black folk, but he laughed them down. Bravely enough he went to the korrigian town, but terror came over him in the dark when he heard whispered sounds and dimly saw dark shadows rising in the gloom. He rose and the little black folk played for their money. He played upon the pipe and the people capered about him on the grass. Not a note did he miss until the moonlight faded and the cock crow, sounding dawn, gave the signal for his companions to vanish. All the night he had played, obedient to the magic cry "Pipe, prize piper, pipe and set the dance of the korrigans!" Exhausted with the coming of the day, the bag-piper left his pipes and he fell asleep at the foot of the menhir, and the last sound which fell upon his drowsy ears was "Sleep, prize piper, sleep! Thou hast set the dance of the korrigans; never more shalt thou set a Christian dance!"

Tough Luck.

"Talk about drawing a blank prize in a lottery while de fellow next to you draws de capital," sighed the fat messenger boy, "I know how it feels now."

"What yer been up against, pal?" asked his friend.

"Why, toity-nine an' me was engaged at de same time an' he got a message to carry out to one of de White Sox while de game was goin' on an' I got a job to air a pug dog for two bossa."—Chicago News.

"He knew how to give me brains, and very good brains, too," said the Scarecrow.

"If Oz had taken a dose of the same courage he gave me," added the Lion, "he would have been a brave man!"

Dorothy said nothing. Oz had not kept the promise he made her, but he had done his best, so she forgave him. As he said, he was a good man, even if he was a bad Wizard.

The first day's journey was through the green fields and bright flowers that stretched about the Emerald City on every side. They slept that night on the grass, with nothing but the stars over them; and they rested very well, indeed.

In the morning they traveled on until they came to a thick wood. There was no way of going around it, for it seemed to extend to the right and left as far as they could see; and, besides, they did not dare change the direction of their journey for fear of getting lost. So they looked for the place where it would be easiest to get into the forest.

The Scarecrow, who was in the lead, finally discovered a big tree with such wide spreading branches that there was room for the party to pass underneath. So he walked forward to the tree, but just as he came under the first branch they bent down and twined around him, and the next minute he was raised from the ground and flung headlong among his fellow travelers.

This did not hurt the Scarecrow, but it surprised him, and he looked rather dizzy when Dorothy picked him up.

"Here is another space between the trees," called the Lion.

"Let me try it first," said the Scarecrow, "for it doesn't hurt me to get thrown about." He walked up to another tree, as he spoke, but its branches immediately seized him and tossed him back again.

"This is strange," exclaimed Dorothy, "what shall we do?"

"The trees seem to have made up their minds to fight us, and stop our journey," remarked the Lion.

"I believe I will try it myself," said the Woodman, and shouldering his ax he marched up to the first tree that had handled the Scarecrow so roughly. When a big branch bent down to seize him the Woodman chopped at it so fiercely that he cut it in two. At once the tree began shaking all its branches as if in pain, and the Tin Woodman passed safely under it.

"Come on!" he shouted to the others; "be quick!"

They all ran forward and passed under the tree without injury, except Toto, who was caught by a small

branch and shaken until he howled. But the Woodman promptly chopped off the branch and set the little dog free.

The other trees of the forest did nothing to keep them back, so they made up their minds that only the first row of trees could bend down their branches, and that probably these were the policemen of the forest, and given their wonderful power in order to keep strangers out of it.

The four travelers walked with ease through the trees until they came to the further edge of the wood. Then, to their surprise, they found before them a high wall which seemed to be made of white china. It was smooth, like the surface of a dish, and higher than their heads.

"What shall we do now?" asked Dorothy.

"I will make a ladder," said the Tin Woodman, "for we certainly must climb over the wall."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Chopped at It So Fiercely That He Chopped It in Two.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Chef of the Belton Castle

By JAMES C. PLUMMER

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Capt. Briggs, as he gazed up the harbor from the bridge of the iron tramp steamer Belton Castle, expressed his feelings in profanity that went on down wind to the skipper of an American schooner, who looked toward its author, envying him his command of language.

With cargo stowed, steam hissing from the escape pipes, and everything in readiness for a start on a voyage to Hamburg via La Guayra, the Belton Castle was detained in Cartagena harbor by a very prosaic matter—she had no cook. Ratcliff, or "Rats," as he was familiarly styled by the crew, who had presided over the galley of the steamer, had gone ashore and stayed there. In place of returning, he had sent a note to the captain saying he had been taken very ill, most likely with yellow fever, and it would be impossible for him to return to his post. He had, however, engaged a substitute, a skillful French cook, to take his place, and he would join the ship early the following morning. Hence the captain's wistful looks shoreward and hence his profanity as the cook came not.

Capt. Briggs had not accepted the statement of Ratcliff as a fact; he had denounced it with many lurid adjectives as a fake, and expressed a desire to come up with his former cook; but the mate was optimistic.

"Rats wasn't much of a cook," said he, "and these French cooks are wonders. They can make a fine soup out of an old gum boot if you but give 'em the chance."

Unconvinced, the captain continued his watch from the bridge, consigning Ratcliff and the substitute to a warmer climate than even Cartagena enjoyed that very hot morning, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Here comes the lubber."

From out of the steaming mist that overhung the harbor, a boat shot toward the steamer, and in a few min-



utes the French cook stood on deck, and the captain was ringing full speed ahead.

The substitute was a man of medium size, clad in garments bearing a remarkable similarity to those worn by the late Mr. Ratcliff. He also wore a red handkerchief bound very low over his forehead, and, with his swarthy complexion, resembled a Spanish pirate more than a peaceful French cook.

"Looks like a Spanish dago," remarked the captain, with discontent. "I can smell the garlic on him."

"He's a Frenchman all right," replied the optimistic mate.

"Tell him to go forward and get to work," growled the much-tried captain. "Tell him in Hebrew, if you like, but tell him."

In response to this suggestion, the French chef hastened to the galley, bearing with him a bulky package.

"Captain Briggs," said the mate, thoughtfully, "do you remember those hot biscuits that American cook used to bake when we were running between Mexico and New York?"

"I should say I did," replied the captain with eagerness. "I could eat a half bushel of 'em right now."

"I'll bet this Parly-vo can bake those biscuits so they'll melt in your mouth. S'pose we have 'em for dinner. 'Rats' couldn't make 'em, and I am sick of those bloody tortillas on shore."

"Good," assented the captain, "have 'em. Smokin' hot, you know."

"Here, Parly-vo," he cried, "bake biscuits for dinner. You know, bliskee, hot, crisp, in little lumps, you know."

"Si, Senor," replied the chef, with a smile, "bliskee, littee lump, bake for deener. I bake 'em," and he started at work with such enthusiasm that the mate went off exultingly.

"That chap's a cook. I can see it with one eye," said he.

"He don't seem to know the ropes very well," remarked Capt. Briggs. He certainly did not. He handled the utensils as awkwardly as one could imagine a man who had never seen a pot or a pan, and the way he set about making the biscuits would have stricken a housekeeper with wonder.

But the mate refused to be discouraged.

"Those cooks are queer fellows," said he; "I knew a splendid cook in London who would bust a half dozen dishes a day, and nothing was thought of it."

"You seem to know a lot about cooks," growled the captain enviously.

It was well for the chef that the desire for hot biscuits made the officers less exacting than usual, otherwise he would have been overwhelmed with a storm of invective, for he spilled dirty water on the deck, and cast refuse in the wind's eye, and so bespattered the ship. He was, however, unrebuked.

As the Belton Castle was sailed on economical lines, she carried no steward, and the chef himself bore the dinner to the cabin, followed closely by the officers, their faces red with longing. With a graceful flourish the chef placed on the table two fowls, presumably stewed, but looking like two rocks surrounded by slimy shoal water, and a plate piled up with unwholesome looking lumps of dough, exhaling a greasy steam. Then, apparently well satisfied with the result of his skill, he retired to the deck, while the officers gazed at the table in stony silence.

Presently the mate emerged from the cabin, his brow corrugated with wrath. He approached the chef until in front of the galley, and then dropped one of the biscuits on the deck, where it fell with the dull sound of a piece of putty.

"You herring-gutted son of a Parly-vo," shouted the mate, "what kind of a thing do you call that?" pointing to the biscuit.

"Not neeces?" exclaimed the chef, with a look of surprise.

"Neeees!" belittled the mate, do you think we can eat putty?" and he kicked the biscuit against the hatch combing.

"Eat was accedent, Senor," explained the chef, "he want more vat you call 'im to make 'im raise."

"Why didn't you put it in, then?" snarled the mate.

Before that chef could frame a reply to this query the captain darted up the companion ladder and vengefully hurled a biscuit at the chef's head. It fortunately missed him and fell with a plump into the sea.

"Sank like a lump o' lead," muttered the mate, gazing at the spot where it fell.

"See here, Mr. Dago," snorted the captain. "I don't want any more good flour spilled or I'll spile you. And I don't want no more such cooking, or I'll put a half dozen of these putty balls to your head and heave you overboard."

"And you'd sink to bottom if it was a million fathoms with that ballast aboard," chimed in the mate.

In spite of all these reproaches and reflections on his skill the chef did not allow his temper to be ruffled. He waved his arms, insisted it was an "accedent," and that next time it would be "ver much neeces."

"I wonder if he billed or baked those biscuits," pondered the mate. The captain shook his head gloomily: the problem was beyond him. The cooking did not improve, it became worse. The officers munched dry ship bread seasoned with many oaths, while even the crew, used as they were to bread shortened with slush, turned up their noses at the production of the chef and became mutinous.

"Just wait 'till we reach La Guayra," said the captain, with a deep aspiration, "I'll kick this dago down the gangplank."

"Dump him over the side," suggested the mate. "It 'ud be a Christian act, fo' he'll cook for some other ship and drive 'em mad."

However tempted he was, the captain refused the drastic method of the mate, and swore thankfully when La Guayra was only a night's journey away.

It was on a hot, soggy morning that the Belton Castle dropped anchor off La Guayra, and the captain was just about giving orders to lower a boat and have the unwelcome cook put ashore, when his ship was hailed by a skiff, evidently headed for her.

"What do those bloody dagoes want?" growled the captain.

"General De Lima!" General De Lima! shouted the occupants of the skiff, waving a Colombian flag and gesticulating as if mad.

"By the holy pope, look at the cook," screamed the mate.

The captain hastily gazed in the direction intimated, and beheld his cool arrayed in the glittering uniform of a Colombian officer, with a gleaming sword dangling at his belt. Removing his chapeau, he advanced to the ship's side and bowed to the men in the boat.

"I thank you to bring me to La Guayra on your sheep, Captain," said he, bowing low; "I sorry you no please my cooking."

"Who are you, anyway?" gasped the mystified mariner.

"General De Lima, of the patrol Colombian army, Senor Captain," replied he. "I oblige fly from Cartagena to save my life. I pay Senor Ratcliff ten dollar, he fall sick, I take he place on your sheep. Carrambo, I no cook I try cook save my life. I thank you Senor Captain."

"I'd like to meet Ratcliff," said the captain longingly.

DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL CANADA

THE STORY OF BIG YIELDS OF GRAIN COMES FROM EVERY SECTION.

When the man in the States was told that he could get 160 acres of and in Central Canada—comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—that under cultivation would produce from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, or if seeded to oats the yield would be 40 to 60 bushels, he was skeptical. The same story was told the man who wished to get nearer to existing lines of railway, and was only asked to pay \$10 to \$12 an acre. But many tried it, some one plan and some another. The man who accepted the 160 acres as a free gift, as a homestead, and was willing to put in the required residence duties of three years has now a farm worth from fifteen to twenty dollars an acre. The man who chose to purchase, and did so, took up his residence just the same. He has land, that, in many cases, is worth twice the money he paid for it. Both have found that the story of splendid yields was verified. They have had crops exceeding that promised; they have seen oats that yielded 100 bushels to the acre, and have grown wheat that averaged 40 and as high as 50 bushels to the acre. Their wheat was not a 57 lb. to the bushel article but 62 and 63 lbs. They have seen within the past year or two trunk lines of railway constructed through their district, and throwing out branch lines to the gates of their farm. They have seen schools established in their neighborhood and the Government contributing largely to their expense. Churches have been erected, villages have been established, towns have sprung into existence and cities are rapidly springing up, as if the magic hand of some unseen conjurer was at work. But it was not; it was the legitimate offering of the wealth of the field which made all these things come about, naturally, and easy. The prairie that three years ago was merely prairie, a patch of brown, just waiting for the ploughman, is to-day dotted with tilled farms and splendid homes. The line of elevators with their glittering metal sides and roofs, indicate the location of the town and the railroad. There is the glow of newness about it all, but the elevator, the splendid store buildings and the comfortable hostleries denote wealth, beyond that of the strength of the man who fashioned and built them but the wealth of the soil, which means that the newness will be followed by a steady growth. The writer recently was a passenger over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest factor in this great marvelous field of development. The rapidity with which towns were being built up, the farmsteads occupied, was something even his experienced eye had not looked for. Everywhere along the line of this new transcontinental was the distinguishing mark of progress. There was not a mile of the length of the road from Winnipeg to Edmonton and west that did not bear token of its ability to pay tribute to the revenue of the road. Mention is made of this line, not because it is the last in the field, but because it is one of the best built roads on the Continent and traverses one of the best districts of an excellent country. It is well operated, and already has gone into active service as another means of making it possible to secure more speedily transit from the grain fields to the shipping centres. It had been the intention in this article to have spoken of some of the yields of grain that have made the farmers of Central Canada contented this year, but space will not permit, so that delightful task will be taken up in another issue. In the meantime it would be well for the reader, if he is interested, to put himself in touch with some official of the Canadian Government and get information that might be useful in making a selection for a home in Central Canada, and become one of those who will be instrumental in building up a great country to the north. In doing so, you will be assisting the United States. In a few years' time the United States will be a wheat importer. Canada will supply the wheat and you will be one of the producers.

WAS A CASE OF EMERGENCY

Here, if Ever, Was a Time When Telegraphic Limitations Were to Be Deplored.

Wilbur Wright was discussing in Dayton a very imaginative magazine story about aeroplanes.

"The story," he said, "was full of errors. Aeroplanes can't do what this chap claims. He doesn't understand them."

"In fact, he's like old George Kettle of Trotwood. George rushed into the Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm.

"Telegraph this to my wife down to Dayton, Harvey," he said to the telegraph clerk, thrusting the package through the little window.

"No, no, George; we can't do anything like that," laughed the clerk.

"Dra't ye," said George, angrily, "ye got to do it. It's my wife's teeth."

Cupid's Cynicism.

"Is it so, that you used to call regularly on that girl?"

"Yes; she always sang a song to me that I loved."

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"I found I could get the song for 50 cents."—The Circle.



One Foot of Good Lumber

Is worth two of the other kind. Think of that fact when you require stuff FOR BUILDING OR REPAIRING. Don't stop at thinking either. Put your thought into practical use by getting your lumber at the place where only the good kind is handled. That place is right here. Once you find the way you won't have to be told again. Your experience with our lumber will be too pleasant to be forgotten.

Plymouth Lumber & Coal Co.,
CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

Central Meat Market BARTLETT & RATTENBURY

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GAYDE BROS.

BURIED IN BEAUTIFUL SPOT

Grave of William Penn Situated in One of England's Most Charming Localities.

By deep lanes which are jeweled with violets in spring, through rich glades of beechwood, pilgrims come every year to a quaint, high-roofed, green-robed meeting house called Jordans. In the rough little burial ground behind it lies William Penn, the most famous of all the people called Quakers, the founder of the state of Pennsylvania and the author of a book which has not yet come into its own. All this country is rich in memories of the great work of English literature. One to these silent woods young Milton came. The greatest man since Milton, according to sound Whig doctrine, Edmund Burke, chose to live hard by in that house which he "hung from top to bottom with pictures" and whose splendor Johnson was content "not to envy, but admire."

Americans, the most zealous pilgrims of the modern world, are naturally foremost in their devotion to the founder of one of their greatest states, says the London Telegraph. The spirit of William Penn, powerful in Benjamin Franklin, counted for much in shaping the destinies of the young American republic. It would not be difficult to trace his influence in some of the statesmen who guided the United States through the dangers of the great contest. The reverence of America is natural, and it may well extend the project of which we bear to remove Penn's ashes to an American shrine. But an explanation is not a justification. It is neither vulgar jealousy nor ungracious sentiment which demands that the grave at Jordans should be destroyed.

No man in America could have the same share in the humble burial ground at Jordans, with its memories of the great work of English literature, than the man who has followed the

by the powers of the day, were fighting their battle for freedom and the dignity of man. In England the fight was won, and to England belongs the dust of the victors. If any other country than the land of his birth and his death, of his work and of his sufferings, is to claim the shrine of Penn, let America alone, but all the civilized world might well appeal. To him as much as to its founder, George Fox, the Society of Friends owes its power, and the strenuous philanthropy of the Friends has left its mark all over the world. The poor in every country, the savage, the criminal, and the lunatic, owe much to the spirit of William Penn.

The Gift of Memory.
A writer in an exchange speaks in warm admiration of the power, possessed by certain people of remembering faces and again recognizing persons they have met in the most casual way. He regards it as a great gift and one much to be desired. It is a gift, but it is by no means rare; in fact, a very common possession. What is far more rare, and not less to be desired, is the ability to associate the name of the person with his face. Innumerable are the men and women who remember faces well—150 well, also—who find it a trial of their lives that the names belonging to the persons identified by their eye vanish from their memory stores at the critical moment.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be able to recognize instantly the people one has met, but only when this ability is accompanied with a fairly trustworthy memory for names. Otherwise it may be a questionable gift and even an affliction. For you may often accept a stranger for not recognizing the acquaintance at sight, but when you have friends of long standing whom you encounter almost daily and then forget their names, you are sure to be in a sorry state of mind. It is a good thing to be able to recognize faces and with confidence.

LIST OF WOMEN AERONAUTS

Many of the Gentler Sex Have Distinguished Themselves by Their Temerity in Ballooning.

Women aeronauts are not only of to-day. The first woman of note was Mme. Nadar, who lost her life with her husband by being cast from a balloon at Nieubourg, Hanover. Next we find Mme. Sage crossing the channel in 1785. The party set out with the intention of surprising a friend in the country, and descended very near their objective. Mme. Garperin, sister of the inventor of the parachute, in five years made 40 ascents. This was from 1815 to 1820. Mme. Blanchard was the star under the empire. She had charge of the aeronautics at the coronation fetes, in consequence of Garperin having incurred the displeasure of the emperor, the aeronaut having been the creature of misfortune. He ascended at Milan with a balloon carrying an imperial crown. The air currents carried him out of his course, and the next day, in making his descent, he broke the crown on the tomb of Nero. This untoward event cost him the emperor's displeasure, for the coincidence in some quarters was considered significant. Mme. Blanchard during her career achieved some notes. At the marriage of the emperor with the archduchess of Austria, she cast flowers on the procession from her balloon, and she did the same on the carriage of Louis XVII on his entry into Paris. She perished in her seventy-seventh ascent, in 1819, through an explosion when aloft. Notwithstanding that husband and wife perished in their balloons, this did not deter other women seeking similar fame. In 1827 Mme. Johnson crossed the Mississippi in a balloon. Then for a time the novelty waned, and has just been revived, its second advent being marked in France by the foundation of a woman's club, under the direction of Mme. Surcouf.

A Portrait.

"Evidently this is a wrong tiger, but it is an original animal." Such was the verdict of a discerning Japanese critic, given at a time when the subject of our sketch burst upon the literary firmament. He was born in 1865, educated in the school that he afterward made ridiculous in "Stair & Co.," and was famous in Indian journalism before he was 20. Ten years ago he filled the whole stage of contemporary letters, but there has been an adjustment of values. In a sense not to be emphasized, he is the "Man Who Was," though his grip is still irresistible. A great critic has called his characters vulgar, though admitting him to be an artist. When he is not politician or theorist or philosopher, he is a fully a genius. In a crisis his voice can be the nation's, and it is then that it is most impressive. That is why his appeal is usually general and not personal. His biggest effect of laughter or tears is departmental. The fire and the whirlwind are his, and the still, small voice is such rare utterances as the "Recessional" and "Spessex." Mr. Thomas Atkins would go through fire and water for him. That is because his name is Rudyard Kipling.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

Perpetual Motion.

Not a few seekers after perpetual motion have seen their error, and have risen up to warn their fellows against a waste of hope and time. One of them came to the prosaic conclusion that if a perpetual motion machine could be invented it would have no utility whatever, as it would require all its energy for its own movement. Another discovered that the Bible forbids the quest, and begged all investigators to read Colossians 2:8: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world." This view did not occur to John Wilkins, a seventeenth-century bishop of Chester, who gave much attention to these speculations, which, he said, "do ravish and subvert the thoughts with more clear angelical contentments." Perhaps, the best apology for the perpetual motion craze was made by Hancock, the inventor of the London steam carriage, who said that if he had a hundred sons he would like them all to study perpetual motion, because it would acquaint them with mechanics.—John O' London in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

Millions for New Schools.

Twenty-eight new schoolhouses, with accommodations for 66,000 pupils, are provided for by latest appropriations made by the New York board of estimates, and with money for sites, a total of \$2,457,550 is appropriated. With the appropriations made a week ago the board of education now has \$10,000,000 which it can spend at once for new school buildings and sites. It will go for the 25 new school buildings and the new sites mentioned. The Brooklyn high schools will also get a portion of the money. The boys' high school will get \$400,000, the girls' high school \$400,000, and the Erasmus high school \$400,000.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Lesson from the Past.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was visibly impatient. "Well," he said, "I can't be always assisting you when you get into trouble, but I'll see that your account with your grasping landlady is squared this time—on one condition. You've got to turn out something in the literary line that will sell as well as one of my Scotchmen's books."

Her Friends The Enemy

Dot read about it in a book. There was a story of a little girl who had enemies and she made the enemies her friends by doing kind things for them. It was a beautiful book with red covers and it was entitled "Coal of Fire," though Dot wondered what other kinds of coals there were.

The story in the book appealed to Dot particularly because she had enemies herself and it struck her that applying kindness to them was a very simple cure, within the reach of any one.

Her enemies were ten little girls who lived on the next street and passed her house in a troop every day on their way to school. Generally they contented themselves with making faces at her, but sometimes they stopped to talk, which was worse. They asked her name, but when she ventured to ask theirs they answered, "Puddin' 'n' tame, if you ask me again I'll tell you the same," which was beyond her understanding and quite appalling.

Once they told her that there was a hole in her stocking and when she searched in mortified haste for it they informed her she was "stung," for the hole was at the top where she put her foot in. Another time they said her mother ought to let her have a reception in order to allow her stockings and her skirt to meet. This remark, Dot knew, showed they did not admire her halcyon. Her independent declaration next morning that she must have real stockings surprised her mother a good deal.

The leader of the ten girls wore a blue dress, a red hat and a white apron, a flaglike combination that was very pleasing to Dot, so she was more than anxious to make friends with that brilliant personage. This was the girl who made the witty remarks which were received with cheers by her following and with embarrassment by her victim.

Now that revenge was within Dot's grasp she felt a keen joy at the thought of humiliating her adversaries with liberal applications of kindness. The only question was the means she should employ. Many and marvelous were the plans she harbored, the dreams she dreamed respecting the crushing of the formidable ten. Then, of a sudden, her birthday loomed in sight and her mother announced that she might have a party.

Dot asked for the privilege of making out the list of guests, but her mother felt it best to see to that herself. Thus Dot was able to secure only a few envelopes and sheets of paper for her own use, and these were obtained in secret.

She wrote five invitations with her new yellow pencil and then awaited the coming of the enemy on their way home from school. To the flag girl and her four dearest cronies went the invitations Dot had written. To the others she delivered oral, but none the less cordial, requests that they attend her birthday party the following afternoon. Some of the girls giggled, but most of them were silent. This silence might have meant almost anything, but Dot preferred to consider it an indication of shame and remorse. They had been so mean and she was so kind!

The afternoon of the party was all that heart could wish. Dot, however, did not feel content. The small guests invited by her mother on entering reported a mob at the entrance that commented freely upon their costumes and asked questions not usually rated as polite. Upon one little girl's arriving in tears, Dot's mother dispatched the maid to the front walk and there seemed to be a commotion there immediately afterward. As Dot refrained from looking out of the window, she was not sure who was responsible for the chorus of yells and whoops that accompanied the scattering of the mob, but in her heart she thought she knew.

Not one of the ten little girls she had invited put in an appearance at the party, though Dot looked for them all, one anxious eye regarding the generous plates of ice-cream with fear lest the missing ones should not get any if they came in later.

The party was a joyous success, however, and Dot forgot for a happy hour her friends the enemy. These were brought to her remembrance again as the guests departed. Derisive spots from across the street greeted their departure. Dot then heard her mother speaking about something.

"I don't know where those little ruffians heard about the party," said Dot's mother. "They have given us such a lot of trouble! One of them stole a loaf of angel food and they have left all sorts of trash on our back porch labeled birthday gifts for Dot. Two of them dug up the lilac bush and another broke the cellar window. It has been dreadful!"

Dot stole softly upstairs and then came down a moment later, clasping a book with a violent red cover and a gold title, "Coal of Fire." On the landing she met her small brother.

"Here, Tommy," she said, thrusting the book at him. "You can have this. There's not a word of truth in it. The pictures are lovely and you'll like 'em, but it's lucky you can't read, 'cause the story's an awful whopper."

Speaking of Justice, Rayway remarked the moralists, Justice is blind.

Yes, rejoined the demagogue, but not so much so as he believed men who go to law with the law that he is sure to get justice.

TOM ROCKET

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Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British constitution was being pulled up, root and branch.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured 36 inches across his chest. He was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned engaged in a great title cause that was to be tried at Warwick spring assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and, being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone.

He had ridden ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "Stand and deliver!" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire!

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your



"STAND AND DELIVER!"

purse without any more ado, or by G—d! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there!" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead, just between his eyes.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly handed over his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said, "for there's only three-and-six-pence in it."

"Now for your pocketbook," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocketbook?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Aye, pocketbook!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father; "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth!"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half-a-dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law papers—not worth a rush to you or anyone else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "I don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend me," he continued in an altered tone. "Do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the center, isn't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold in a bag amongst these stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocketbook and all its contents in the same place two hours afterward."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining eyes at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocketbook upon his person, "and what I mean, I say, and what I say, I stick to. Now, get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall try to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I hang you in jail," said my father, angrily.

"Oh—"

"Good night," said Tom, with a flourish of his hand, and turning away, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father to trap Tom Rocket, baited with five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a wayside inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m. on the day my father's pocketbook was to be returned.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting, but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a jowlish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging a gate hard by.

"Good night, maister," said my yoker.

"Good night to you," said my father. "Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the yoker, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yoker, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be telling. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yoker, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father, "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with it suit you?" asked the yoker.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yoker, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "Fraser, sir, and your Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocketbook containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Mr. Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

This was his plan: Two of his men were to lie hidden on such a hardie, while he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocketbook left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-places, and secure whoever it might be. If he happened over the railing of the causeway, he took to the water, there was the best in which to follow him.

My father gave him the bag, and him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let him self down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by Fraser.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a tone.

"Do you think he will come?" asked my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "he will; hush! we must not talk, sir; this is up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the yoker lay stretched out on the broad of his back upon those hardie, waiting for Tom Rocket to come and get the money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the boat, not a sound but the wash of the river was heard. By the time the clock struck three, my father had been nodding for the last five minutes, fell fast asleep as he supposed in his clock, for it was a cold night; but was very much aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were a-drift.

My father was for returning to the bridge, and so was the yoker, but somehow or other, they were other in the dark, and when they arrived there, having run some way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officer had left. He took to the heap of stones, and the first thing that caught his eye was his pocketbook—the money was gone!

"Determining to have it out of the runners for shorting their post, he rushed on to the inn. The innkeeper, Chitro, head and foot, trusted so many Christmas turkeys, and gave him five months' notice, and the pair of eyes glaring at him, at the real Mr. Fraser, who had managed the business, and the bridge himself!

"Upon examining his pocketbook, my father found all his documents, papers on which was written words:

Be destroying these papers have ruined you. I have injured your eyes. For his sake I keep these papers. I have played me true."

"Here Mr. Fraser," said my father, "I'll never rest till I hang you in jail."

"Oh—"