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THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

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VOLUME XXV., No. 40 | PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1913 | WHOLE No. 1332

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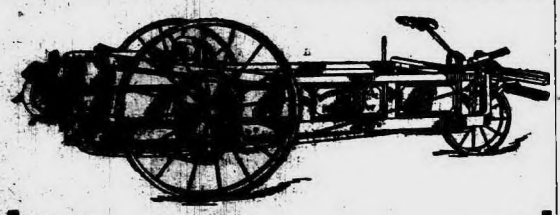

Mr. Farmer!

If you are going to purchase a Manure Spreader this fall don't fail to call at our ware rooms and look over the celebrated

Kemp Low Down 20th Century Spreader

Look this Spreader over carefully. There is no machine on the market which has greater merit. It is built of the very best material throughout and we fully guarantee it. See this Spreader and get our prices before you buy. It will pay you.

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Warerooms and Office at H. J. Fisher's Blacksmith Shop.
Plymouth North Village

TRY PLYMOUTH MAIL LINERS—IT PAYS

Railroad Man Fatally Injured

Gasper Carbullo, a young Italian, was fatally injured late last week Thursday afternoon while working on the track in the P. M. yards. The accident was unaccountable as his fellow workmen saw the approaching train and gave him warning, but he failed to hear and twenty freight cars passed over his body, severing both limbs and otherwise injuring him. He was put aboard a way car and started for a Detroit hospital, but died on the way. The remains were taken to Detroit where the funeral was held.

Plymouth Band Enjoy Annual Picnic

The Plymouth band and other friends were agreeably entertained last Sunday at Ed. Shafer's pleasant country home situated on Union Lake. Twenty-one automobiles carrried the party over, and the guests numbered nearly one hundred. Enroute to the lake our band boys entertained the residents of Northville, Farmington and Orchard Lake with some of their choicest selections. Geo. Taylor in his usual efficient way prepared and served a fine dinner. The entertainment of the afternoon was music. These affairs have become annual and are always looked forward to with great pleasure.

Memories of the Past

In This Paper Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

Dr. Kenning has planted a sign in front of his office door.

There will be a dance at Lapham's hall, on Thursday evening of the week of the fair.

The Record denies that the population of Northville is growing smaller, but on the contrary says that it is steadily increasing.

Plymouth fair Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

A new walk has been built in front of M. Conner & Son's store.

J. N. Eaton of Ypsilanti, is painting Mrs. J. D. Peck's residence.

W. J. Burrows went to Tecumseh, Wednesday, to visit his brother-in-law, F. B. Park.

Charles H. Bennett has sold his interest in the livery business at Tecumseh to his late partner, Frank Park, and has returned here.

The old gentleman, Ransom Wilkinson, who was at Dr. Hatch's several days ago for the purpose of having his leg amputated, had the operation made at his home near Perrinsville, Friday afternoon by Dr. Hatch.

Cool nights.

Terribly dry.

On Tuesday evening while L. D. Shearer was assisting in driving some cattle home, one of the animals became enraged and knocked Mr. Shearer down, bruising him considerably. Fortunately no bones were broken and at last accounts he was much improved.

Milford Times: "Harry Robinson, of Plymouth, was in town Wednesday."

The M. E. church was crowded last Sunday morning. A large number coming from Newburg. The occasion being the last service for the conference year. The Rev. J. M. Shank was at his best and delivered a very impressive sermon, appropriate to the occasion, being a review of the work of the year. The church here and at Newburg are in a very flourishing condition financially, having raised this year $750 for the pastor's salary, $145 for incidental expenses, and $137.18 for missionary and other benevolences. Mr. Shank has conducted the affairs of the church in a very satisfactory manner, and the congregation is unanimous for his return another year.

A Beautiful Woman

Always has a fine clear complexion. Many more women would be beautiful if they could only get rid of pallorness, pimples and blotches. These are symptoms of a torpid liver and the right remedy for a bad liver is DR. HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS. They put the liver in order, sweeten the breath and clear the skin of pallorness and blemishes. Besides they make you feel bright and cheerful. Price 25 cts. per box. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyers Pharmacy.—Advt.

The Grange School Fair

The committee in charge of the Grange school fair met last Thursday and completed the final arrangements. The fair will be held Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26 and 27.

The exhibit of antiques was so successful last year, the committee decided to repeat it, with the promise of a better and larger collection this year. That means an unusually fine exhibit, something no one can afford to miss.

The ladies are preparing a play to be given both Friday and Saturday evenings. W. H. Harmon has agreed to provide a musical treat also for the two evenings. The Grange boys are to have charge of an Indian booth, where the small boy can buy whistles, bows and arrows, squakers, tops, etc., to his hearts content. The Grange fathers will have a table on which will be exhibited their best products and which will afterward be sold at auction. There will be a bake sale and candy and popcorn sale Saturday afternoon.

All contestants will be admitted free, otherwise a charge of 10c. admission will be asked to the exhibits and 10c to the play. The townspeople will be afforded an opportunity to visit the fine and convenient hall which the Grange is very proud and fortunate to be in possession of. The Grange offers three prizes in each class of contests. Should there be but one entry for any one group of prizes, but one prize will be given. Some Plymouth merchants have expressed a desire to contribute to the prizes. If such prizes are contributed they will be entered for any particular contest chosen in order of their value and credit given to the doner. The prizes will be on exhibition in A. H. Dibble & Sons window during all of next week.

To the young people in the country schools, contests were announced in this paper last spring. There are contests in the growing of popcorn, watermelons asters, the making of quilt tops, book cases, bread, pillow slips, sheets and pillow cases for a doll's bed, according to grade classification. There is a special contest for the older Grange young people not in the country schools. Also a special prize for a medicinal herb collection, and a special prize for a garden contest for the children in the village. A prize will be given as last year to the school scoring the most points. Our young people made a fine showing last year and better results are hoped for this year.

Mrs. J. C. O'Bryan, Mrs. W. H. Harmon, Mrs. J. F. Root, Mrs. S. E. Campbell, Miss Bertha Warner, Mrs. Clifford McClumpha, committee.

Raviler Canning Factory Destroyed By Fire

Shortly after 3 o'clock Monday afternoon the canning factory of George A. Raviler in the north village was discovered to be on fire. The fire was located in the east cupola of the building and is supposed to have started by a spark from a passing Pere Marquette engine. The alarm was given immediately, but before the fire department apparatus could be got to the scene, the building was a mass of flames and beyond any possible chance of saving. By hard efforts, however, the firemen succeeded in saving a portion of the west end of the building. At two other times during the day the roof was discovered to be on fire and extinguished before the flames had made any headway. The canning factory had just been started by Mr. Raviler, and they were just getting nicely started with the season's run. About 15,000 quart cans and 5000 pint cans of tomatoes, 4000 pint cans of beans, 4,000 one gallon cans and 1,000 five gallon cans of tomato pulp which was stored in the basement of the factory were damaged by water. The loss will be in the neighborhood of $5,000. The contents and building were covered with insurance. This is the second time Mr. Mr. Raviler has had the misfortune to have his canning factory destroyed by fire. The building was formerly used as a cheese factory and was owned by ex-Governor Warner. The destroying of the factory will throw about thirty people out of employment and means quite a loss to the business interests of the village.

Auction Sale

Having decided to quit farming Mrs. I. D. Packard will sell at public auction on the premises two miles south and one-half mile east of Salem station on Wednesday, September 17, at one o'clock sharp, a quantity of farming tools, live stock and household goods. See bill for particulars. Frank Boyle, auctioneer.

Want Cemetery Vacated

A petition is being circulated for the signature of citizens and taxpayers asking the village board of health to cause to be vacated the cemetery known as the Presbyterian cemetery on Church street, and arrange for the removal of all bodies now interred there and have the grounds placed in a sanitary condition. This is something that should have been done long ago and we believe the movement will meet with the approval of the majority of our citizens and those who have relatives and friends buried in this now sadly neglected cemetery. During the past few years many bodies have been taken up and re-interred in Riverside cemetery and it would not be a great undertaking to remove those now remaining. In its present condition the cemetery is anything but a pleasing sight, situated as it is in the heart of the village.

The School Desires the Co-operation of Parents

Every year during fair week our school attendance is broken into a great deal by pupils attending the Fair. Some go Tuesday, some Wednesday, some Thursday, and some Friday. This year the Board of Education has kindly granted us one day off to attend the Fair. We have selected Friday, Sept. 19th, as the day that would least interfere with good school work and also one of the best days of the Fair. We wish to ask all parents to kindly cooperate with us as far as they can and plan to attend the Fair on that date. It will be better for the schools and better for the pupils if they go on this day.

W. N. Isbell, Sup't.

Annual Convention

The annual convention of the Grand Chapter of Michigan Order of the Eastern Star, convenes in Saginaw, October 8-9. A trip to the Michigan Masonic home at Alma has been arranged for the first afternoon, calling for an expenditure of $1.60 for the round trip, which will be made by special train. The usual reception is planned for the evening before the convention opens.

TODAY'S REFLECTIONS

Nothing wrong with this fresh September air.

••

Not many days till frost.

••

Then for the celebrated pumpkin quotation.

••

The crop of peaches always looks good Saturday evenings.

••

Live merchants are already planning their fall campaign.

••

The trouble with the average factory proposition that comes along and wants to settle with you is that their promoters are longer on ambition than they are on cash or business ability.

••

The schools are getting down to the regulation grind.

••

The straw hat approaches canning time.

••

The ice bill is presented just as you are ordering coal.

••

October already smells of burning leaves.

••

Soon be time to put up the blooming stoves.

••

The jingle of the coal in the chute is in our midst.

••

Indian summer is still ahead.

••

Ditto squaw winter.

Red Color of License Plates.

Automobilists will after January 1st be required to abopt revolutionary colors, as the style of automobile license plates will change with the first of the year, and a brilliant red will be the color. The background of the new plates will, however, be white, with red letters and numbers of the present year. Nearly 50,000 of the new plates will be required, and the order for them has already been given.

Through a recent ruling of the attorney general all persons driving automobiles for hire must, in addition to the machine license number obtain a license as chauffeur. The fee for this is $2. Police officers are charged with the enforcement of this law which applies in all sections of the state.

We are Going to Give You WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17

—WITH EVERY—

25c. or 35c. Tooth Brush

4000 VOTES

We have a large assortment of Tooth Brushes to choose from and their quality is unexcelled. Now is the time to get a new brush and at the same time give your favorite contestant a boost in the piano contest.

Another Gum Special for Saturday, September 13

We will give 200 votes with every 5c. package of gum on the above date.

Pinckney's Pharmacy
THE VAL DONA STORE
ALWAYS OPEN FREE DELIVERY

Made by *The Sherwin-Williams Co.* Is tough and elastic. Doesn't scratch or mar readily under foot wear. Can be walked on next day after application. Has a lasting lustre. Easy to apply.

We sell it.

CONNER HARDWARE CO., Ltd.

We Are Up-to-Date in Everything

Not only in Drugs and Medicines, but Sundries—for instance
Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Toilet Soaps,
Stationary, Brushes, all kinds Cosmetics, Combs,
Thermometers, Cigars, Face Powders, Face Lotions, Atomizers,
Syringes, Playing Cards, Sponges,
Chamois Skins, Teething Rings, Hot Water Bags,
Nursing Bottles and Fittings,
Toilet Paper, Etc.

And in fact, just a few more articles than you will find in most drug stores, and all of the best at moderate prices.

J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.
THE HOME OF PURE DRUGS.
'Phone 234. Open Every Night and Sunday

Bath Room Plumbing

is of the greatest importance and should be periodically examined to make sure that it is perfect. The health of the family demands that bath-rooms and water closets, sinks, etc., be in perfect order, with no chance of sewer gas or foul air existing. We are sanitary Plumbers and see to all such precautions. We put in the best materials, too, to ensure durability.

H. E. NEWHOUSE
'Phone 287 Plymouth, Mich.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," My Lady of Doubt", My Lady of the South", etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and as the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to track her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Dead Body.

That both McDonald and his daughter were involved in this strange puzzle was already clear. The disappearance of the one was as mysterious as that of the other. Whether the original conspiracy had centered about the Major, and Miss Molly had merely been drawn into the net through accident, or whether both were destined as victims from the first, could not be determined by theory. Indeed the Sergeant could evolve no theory, could discover no purpose in the outrage. Convinced that Dupont and his wife were the moving spirits, he yet possessed no satisfactory reason for charging them with the crime, for which there was no apparent object.

Nothing remained to be done but search the town, a blind search in the hope of uncovering some trail. That crime had been committed—either murder or abduction—was evident; the two had not dropped thus suddenly out of sight without cause. Nor did it seem possible they could have been whisked away without leaving some trace behind. The town was accustomed to murder and sudden death; the echo of revolver shots would create no panic, awaken no alarm, and yet the place was small, and there was little likelihood that any deed of violence would pass long unnoticed. With a few words of instruction, and hasty descriptions of both Dupont and Connors, Hamlin sent his men down the straggling street to drag out the occupants of shack and tent, riding himself to the blazing front of the "Poodle Dog."

Late as the hour was, the saloon and the gambling rooms above were all crowded. Hamlin plunged into the mass of men, pressing passage back and forth, his eyes searching the faces, while he eagerly questioned those with whom he had any acquaintance. Few among these could recall to mind either "Reb" or his boon companion, and even those who did retained no recollection of having seen the two lately. The bartenders asserted that neither man had been there that night, and the dealers above were equally positive. The city marshal, encountered outside, remembered Dupont, and had seen him at the hotel three hours before, but was positive the fellow had not been on the streets since. Connors he did not know, but if the man was Major McDonald's driver, then he was missing all right, for Captain Barrett had to employ a liveryman to drive Mrs. Dupont back to the fort. No, there was no lady with her; he was sure, for he had watched them get into the carriage.

The troopers were no more fortunate in their results, but had succeeded in stirring up greater excitement during their exploration, several irate individuals, roughly aroused from sleep, exhibiting fighting propensities, which had cost one a blackened eye, and the other the loss of a tooth. Both, however, had enjoyed the occasion, and appeared anxious for more. Having exhausted the possibilities of the town, the soldiers procured lanterns, and, leaving the horses behind, began exploring the prairie. In this labor they were assisted by the marshal, and a few aroused citizens hastily impressed into a posse. The search was a thorough one, but the ground near by was so cut up by hoofs and wheels as to yield no definite results. Hamlin, obsessed with the belief that whatever had occurred had been engineered by Dupont, and recalling the fact that the man was once a ranchman somewhere to the southward, jumped to the conclusion that the fellow would naturally head in that direction, seeking familiar country in which to hide.

The gray of dawn was in the sky as the three troopers, soaked to the waist, crept up the south bank and studied the trail. Behind them the yellow lanterns still bobbed about between the river and town, but there was already sufficient light to make visible the signs underfoot. Horsemen had climbed the bank, the hoof marks yet damp where water had drained from dripping fetlocks, and had instantly broken into a lope. A moment's glance proved this to Hamlin as he crept back and forth, scrutinizing each hoof mark intently.

"Five in the party," he said soberly. "Three mustangs and two American horses, cavalry shod. About three hours ahead of us." He straightened up, his glance peering into the gray mists. "I reckon it's likely our outfit, but we'll never catch them on foot. They'll be behind the sand-dunes before this. Before we go back, boys, we'll see if they left the trail where it turns west."

The three ran forward, paying little heed until they reached the edge of the ravine. Here the beaten trail swerved sharply to the right. Fifty feet beyond, the marks of horses' hoofs appeared on the sloping bank, Hamlin sprang down to where the marks disappeared around the edge of a large bowlder. His hand on the stone, he stopped suddenly with quick indrawing of breath, staring down at a motionless figure lying almost at his feet. The man, roughly dressed, lay on his face, a bullet wound showing above one ear, the back of his neck caked with blood. The Sergeant, mastering his first sense of horror, turned him over and gazed upon the ghastly face of Major McDonald.

"My God, they've murdered him here!" he exclaimed. "Shot him down from behind. Look, men. No; stand back, and don't muss up the tracks.

The Man Roughly Dressed Lay on His Face.

There are foot-prints here—Indians, by heaven! Three of them Indians!"

"Some plainsmen wear moccasins."

"They don't walk that way—toes in; and see this hair in McDonald's fingers—that's Indian, sure. Here is where a horse fell, and slid down the bank. Isn't that a bit of broken feather caught in the bush, Carroll? Bring it over here."

The three bent over the object.

"Well, what do you say? You men are both plainsmen."

"Cheyenne," returned Carroll promptly. "But what the hell are they doing here?"

Hamlin shook his head.

"It will require more than guessing to determine that," he said sternly. "And there is only one way to find out. That fellow was a Cheyenne all right, and there were three of them and two whites in the party—see here; the prints of five horses ridden, and one animal led. That will be the one McDonald had. They went straight up the opposite bank of the ravine. If they leave a trail like that we can ride after them full speed."

Carroll had been bending over the dead officer and now glanced up.

"There's sand just below, Sergeant," he said. "That's why they are so darn reckless here."

"Of course; they'll hide in the dunes, and the sooner we're after them the better. Wade, you remain with the body; Carroll and I will return to the fort and report. We'll have to have more men—Wasson if I can get him—and equipment for a hard ride. Come on, Jack."

They waded the river, and ran through the town, shouting their discovery to the marshal and his posse as they passed. Twenty minutes later Hamlin stood before the Colonel, hastily telling the story. The latter listened intently, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Shot from behind, hey?" he ejaculated, "and his clothing stolen. Looks like a carefully planned affair, Sergeant; sending that fellow through to Ripley was expected to throw us off the track. That's why they were so careless covering their trail; expected to have several days' start. It is my notion they never intended to kill him; had a row of some kind, or else Mac tried to get away. Any trace of the girl?"

"No; but she must have been there."

"So I think; got mixed up in the affair some way, and they have been compelled to carry her off to save themselves. Do you know why they were after Mac?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do; he carried thirty thousand dollars."

"What?"

"He was acting paymaster. The money came in from Wallace last evening, and he was ordered to take it to Ripley at once."

Hamlin drew in his breath quickly in surprise.

"Who knew about that, sir?"

"No one but the Adjutant, and Major McDonald—not even the orderly."

The eyes of officer and soldier met.

"Do you suppose he could have told her?" the former asked in sudden suspicion.

"That would be my theory, sir. But it is useless to speculate. We have no proof, no means of forcing her to confess. The only thing for us to do is to trail those fugitives. I need another man—a scout—Wasson, if he can be spared—and rations for three days."

"I'll do it for Miss McDonald, but not for the money," he said slowly. "I expect orders every hour for your troop, and Wasson is detailed for special service. But damn it, I'll take the responsibility—go on, and run those devils down."

"You know this man Dupont, Colonel?"

"Only by sight."

"Any idea where he used to run cattle?"

"Wait a minute until I think. I heard McDonald telling about him one night at the club, something Mrs. Dupont had let slip, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. Seems to me, though, it was down on the Canadian. No, I have it now—Buffalo Creek; runs into the Canadian. Know such a stream?"

"You think it was Dupont, then?"

"I've heard of it; in west of the North Fork somewhere."

"I haven't a doubt that he is in the affair, and that the outfit is headed for that section. I don't know, sir, where those Indians came from, or how they happened to be up here, but I believe they belong to Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes. His bunch is down below the Canadian, is it not, sir?"

"Yes."

"Dupont must be friendly with them, and this coup has been planned for some time. Last night was the chance they have been waiting for. The only mistake in their plans has been the early discovery because of Miss Molly's disappearance. They have gone away careless, expecting two or three days' start, and they will only have a few hours. We'll run them down, with good luck, before they cross the Cimarron. You have no further instructions, sir?"

"No, nothing, Sergeant. You're an old hand, and know your business, and there is no better scout on the plains than Sam Wasson. Good-bye, and good luck."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Pursuit.

The four men, heavily armed, and equipped for winter service, rode up the bank of the ravine to the irregularity of plain beyond. The trail, leading directly south into the solitudes, was easily followed, and Wasson, slightly in advance of the others, made no attempt to check his horse, content to lean forward, his keen eyes marking every sign. Scarcely a word was exchanged, since Hamlin had explained what had occurred as they crossed the river. Hardly less interested than the Sergeant, the sober-faced scout concentrated every energy on the pursuit, both men realizing the necessity of haste. Not only would the trail be difficult after they attained the sand belt, but, if snow fell, would be utterly blotted out. And the dull, murky sky threatened snow, the sharp wind having already veered to the northwest. All about stretched a dull, dead picture of desolation, a dun-colored plain, unrelieved by vegetation, matching the skies above, extending in every direction through weary leagues of dismal loneliness. The searching eye caught no relief from desolate sameness, drear monotony. Nowhere was there movement, or any semblance of life. Behind, the land was broken by ravines, but in every other direction it stretched level to the horizon, except that far off southward arose irregular ridges of sand, barren, ugly blotches, colorless, and forever changing formation under the beating of a ceaseless wind. It was desert, across which not even a snake crawled, and no wing of migrating bird beat the leaden sky above.

The marks of their horses' hoofs cutting sharply into the soil, told accurately the fugitives' rate of progress, and the pursuers swept forward with caution, anxious to spare their mounts and to keep out of vision themselves until nightfall. Their success depended largely on surprise, and the confidence of those ahead that they were unpursued. Wasson expressed the situation exactly, as the four halted a moment at an unexpectedly-discovered water-hole.

"I'd think this yere plain trail was some injun trick, boys, if I didn't know the reason fur it. 'T ain't injun nature, an' he's cock-sure that nobody's chasin' him yet. He's figurin' on two

"That's Nothin' Goin' to Happen to Her While This Bunch Is on the Move."

or three days' get-away, and so don't care a tinker's dam 'bout these yere marks. Once in the sand, an' thar won't be no trail anyhow. It's some kintry out thar, an' it would be like huntin' a needle in a haystack to try an' find them fellars after ter-night. This is my idea—we'll just mosey along slow, savin' the hosses an keepin' back out o' sight till dark. Them fellars ain't many hours ahead, an' are likely ter camp furst part of ther night anyhow. They'll feel safe onct hid in them sand-hills, an' if they don't git no sight of us, most likely they won't even post no guard. That's when we want ter dig in the spurs. Ain't that about the right program, Sergeant?"

Burning with impatience as Hamlin was, fearful that every additional moment of delay might increase the girl's danger, he was yet soldier and plainsman enough to realize the wisdom of the old scout. There were at least four men in the party pursued, two of them Indian warriors, the two whites desperate characters. Without doubt they would put up a fierce fight, or, if warned in time, could easily scatter and disappear.

"Of course you are right, Sam," he replied promptly. "Only I am so afraid of what may happen to Miss Molly."

"Forget it. That's nuthin' goin' ter happen to her while the bunch is on the move. It's that outfit was all Injun, or all white, maybe thar might. But the way it is they'll never agree on nuthin', 'cept how to git away. 'T ain't likely they ever meant ter kill the Major, 'er take the girl erlong. Them things just naturally happened, an' now they're scared stiff. It'll take a day or two for 'em to make up their minds what to do."

"What do you imagine they will decide, Sam?"

"Wall, that's all guesswork. But I reckon I know what I'd do if I was in thet sort 'o fix an' bein' chased fer murder an' robbery. I'd take the easy way; make for the nearest Injun village, an' leave the girl thar."

"You mean Black Kettle's camp?"

"I reckon; he's down thar on the Canadian somewhar. You kin bet those fellars know whar, an' thet's whut they're aimin' for, unless this yere Dupont has some hidin' out scheme of his own. Whar did you say he ranched?"

"Buffalo Creek."

"Thet's the same neighborhood; must 've been in cahoots with those red devils to have ever run cattle in thar. We've got to head 'em off afore they git down into that kintry, er we won't have no scalps to go back home with. Let's mosey erlong, boys."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Kinds.

"I'm going to the office now to pound my typewriter."

"I can't pound mine."

"Why not?"

"Belongs to an athletic club."

Wall From French Jurymen.

In France, as well as in England, jurymen have their grievances. The latest can easily be remedied. The French minister of justice has received an address signed by citizens figuring on the Paris jury lists, protesting against the bare appearance of the courts where they have to sit. They point out that if—tired of looking at the judges, counsel, witnesses and other parties to a suit—they turn their eyes upon the walls; nothing but an inartistic paper meets their gaze. In order to relieve this deadly monotony they beg that a print of Prudhon's famous picture, "Justice in Pursuit of Crime," may be hung in each court.

WATERY BLISTERS ON FACE

Smithville, Ind.—"Six months ago our baby girl, one year old, had a few red pimples come on her face which gradually spread causing her face to become very irritated and a fiery red color. The pimples on the child's face were at first small watery blisters, just a small blotch on the skin. She kept scratching at this until in a few days her whole cheeks were fiery red color and instead of the little blisters the skin was cracked and scaly looking and seemed to itch and burn very much.

"We used a number of remedies which seemed to give relief for a short time then leave her face worse than ever. Finally we got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed the child's face with very warm water and Cuticura Soap, then applied the Cuticura Ointment very lightly. After doing this about three times a day the itching and burning seemed entirely gone in two days' time. Inside of two weeks' time her face seemed well. That was eight months ago and there has been no return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. A. K. Wooden, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Banana Eaters.

Americans used to be called a nation of pie eaters. Today a more appropriate term would be a nation of banana eaters. The United States takes more than two-thirds of the bananas shipped to the handlers in the world.

Part of this pre-eminence in banana consumption is due to geography; the source of supply on the Caribbean is almost at our doors. Part is due to accident; a Boston skipper introduced the American public to this tropical fruit while it was still unknown in Europe. Whatever reason one may choose to give, the United States is the world's chief banana market, and though the use of this fruit is increasing abroad, the American boy remains the Jamaica grower's best friend.

Extremely Modest.

"Rather a modest, retiring fellow in a crowd, isn't he?"

"Yep. Pretty modest. Reminds me a whole lot of a governor on a state occasion surrounded by his staff of colonels—in uniform."—St. Louis Republic.

Hard Luck, Indeed!

"How's your son, the lawyer, who went to Texas, getting on?"

"Badly, poor fellow. He's in jail."

"How's that?"

"He was retained by a horse thief to defend him, and he made such a good plea that the judge held him as accessory."—Lippincott's.

Its Advantages.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Then it never becomes a moss-back, either."

Many a man puts his foot in it when he attempts to stand on his dignity.

The man who hides his light under a bushel is apt to think the whole world is in darkness.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptom of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, the best used in existence.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

50 cents and $1 a bottle $3 and $10 the dozen of any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

BIG GAME CARTRIDGES

The time of all others when reliable cartridges are invaluable is in big-game hunting. A miss-fire, an inaccurate cartridge, or one having poor penetration may mean the loss of a coveted trophy or even injury to the hunter. Winchester, the W brand of cartridges, smokeless or black powder, can always be relied on to be sure fire, accurate, and to have speed and penetration. You can help

MAKE YOUR HUNT A SUCCESS BY USING THEM.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00

SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Best Boys' Shoes in the World $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00

BEGAN BUSINESS IN 1876 ON $175 CAPITAL. NOW THE LARGEST MAKER OF $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES IN THE WORLD

Ask your dealer to show you W.L.Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing $5.00 to $7.00 — the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory. Shoes for every member of the family, at all prices, by Parcel Post, postage free. Write for Illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear. W. L. Douglas, 101 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

CAUTION! See that W. L. Douglas name is stamped on the bottom.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

Haste Unnecessary.

"Hurry up that order!" said a traveler in a railroad eating house down south. "I'm afraid I'll miss my train!"

"Yas, sah, boss!" the waiter answered as he hurried off.

After what seemed an almost interminable wait to the traveler, he returned with the food. As he set it down he asked:

"Is you de gentlemans what feared he'd miss de train?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you needn't be feared ob dat, sah, no mo'."

"Good! Is it late?" the traveler inquired.

"No, sah, it's done gone!" was the waiter's affable and reassuring response.

In Some Demand.

"My brand of cigarettes is selling very well."

"Candor, however, compels me to tell you that you could improve it, old man."

"I don't want to improve it. That brand is so bad that people are using it to break off on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Evening Things Up.

"Mamma," said four-year-old Thelma, "Harry wants the biggest piece of pie and I think I ought to have it."

"Why, dear?" queried the mother.

"'Cause," replied Thelma, "he was eating pie two years before I was born."—National Food Magazine.

Modern Method.

Maud—It's a paradox, isn't it?

Edith—What?

Maud—That the woman of position dances like a climber.—Judge.

Looney Season Begins.

"Golf? Why, man, you're crazier than a loon. The idea of a fellow on a hot day like this going out and clubbing around a little white pill in the sun!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Who, me? I'm going to get a rowboat and pull over the lake and try to get some fish."

"Fish? The last fish was caught out of that lake three years ago."

"Well, I know that. Suppose I don't get any fish, I've had a tiptop boat ride, haven't I?"

His Recipe.

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

But Bedmaking Done at Home.

He—Young Mrs. Newlywed just told me that she finds housekeeping a mere picnic.

She—No wonder! She has all her cooking sent in and all her laundry sent out.—Boston Transcript.

Interesting Beginning.

A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commencement exercises.

"Well," she sighed happily, "I am an A B now. Of course you have a degree?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I am only a B."

The fair grad pondered. The degree was puzzling.

"Why, what is that?" she asked.

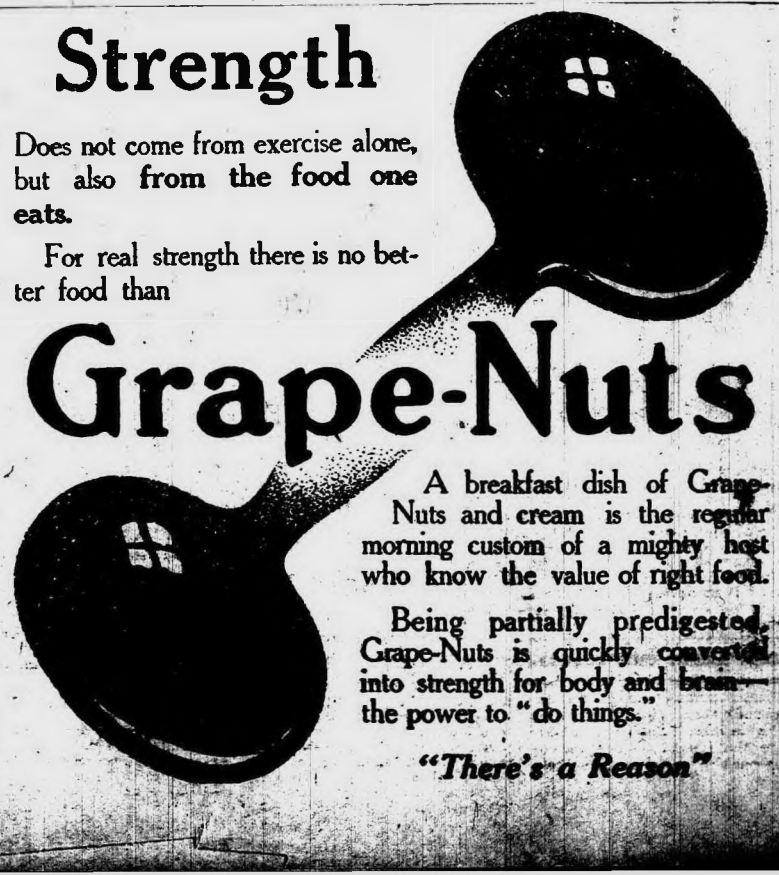
"Bachelor," he said.—New York Times.

Strength

Does not come from exercise alone, but also from the food one eats.

For real strength there is no better food than

Grape-Nuts



A breakfast dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is the regular morning custom of a mighty host who know the value of right food.

Being partially predigested, Grape-Nuts is quickly converted into strength for body and brain—the power to "do things."

"There's a Reason"

HALF BLIND, BUT THANKFUL

Real Philosophy Evinced by Man Who Is Happy to Be Allowed the Sight of One Eye.

Recently W. A. Morgan, the father of W. T. Morgan of Hutchinson, lost the sight of one of his eyes. "While I was at the hospital," says Captain Morgan, "I did a lot of thinking about how I would get along supposing I were entirely blind. I wouldn't be able to work, but have to sit in dark ness all the time I was not asleep. Then I figured that I would be nearly helpless. I would have to get somebody to lead me around wherever I went. But supposing that I couldn't get anybody, what would I do then? I remembered that I had seen blind men who were led around by dogs and I commenced to speculate on how long it would take me to train up a pup to have sense enough to lead me around. And then suppose that it should spy a cat on the other side of the avenue and take a sudden notion to catch it. That would mean that it would lead me out into the street where I probably would be run over by an automobile or a street car. And just when I had become desperate somehow the situation seemed to get ridiculous and I laughed. Now, I am feeling pretty well again and I have one good lamp left. Of course it is unhappy when some one comes up on the blind side, but it beats no eyes at all too bad to talk about. So I have a good deal to be thankful for. Anyway, I am not certain that I have not seen as much in my time as one man ought to see."—Kansas City Journal.

Lightning Lengthens Man's Body.

George D. Pittman, a ranchman, who was struck by lightning near Willcox, Ariz., measured five feet eight inches in height before death and six feet afterward. His vertebrae was uncoupled by the shock.

Pittman's hair was singed at the back of his neck, where the bolt entered. His neck was broken and shoulders crushed.—Omaha Bee.

SUFFERED AWFUL PAINS

For Sixteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MIDDLEBURY, Vermont.—"I was troubled with pains and irregularities for sixteen years, and was thin, weak and nervous. When I would lie down it would seem as if I was going right down out of sight into some dark hole, and the window curtains had faces that would peek out at me, and when I was out of doors it would seem as if something was going to happen. My blood was poor, my circulation was so bad I would be like a dead person at times. I had female weakness badly, my abdomen was sore and I had awful pains.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sensitive Wash and they certainly did wonders for me. My troubles disappeared and I am able to work hard every day."—MRS. W. H. SAWYER, River View Farm, Moretown, Vermont.

Another Case.

Gifford, Iowa.—"I was troubled with female weakness, also with displacement. I had very severe and steady headache, also pain in back and was very thin and tired all the time. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am cured of these troubles. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—MRS. IDA MILLSLAGLE, Gifford, Iowa.

Certain Relief

from headaches, dull feelings, and fullness of biliousness, comes quickly—and permanent improvement in bodily condition follows—after your stomach, liver and bowels have been toned and regulated by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, Nos. 1, 2, 3, is the **THERAPION** Used in French Hospitals with EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS in CASES of IMPOTENCY, CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESS, LOSS OF VIGOR & VITALITY, KIDNEY, BLADDER, DISEASES, BLOOD POISON, PELVIC DISTRESS, etc. PRONOUNCED BY MEDICAL MEN THE MOST EFFICACIOUS KNOWN. Nos. 1 & 2, 5 DOLLARS PER BOX, No. 3, 10 DOLLARS PER BOX. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. PROSPECTUS ON REQUEST. SEALED PARTICULARS FREE. ONE DOLLAR PER BOX. WITH EVERY FIVE DOLLAR ORDER WE GIVE WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO CURE OR REFUND THE MONEY. PROSPECTUS FREE. ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER BOX. TO BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM THE SOLE AGENTS, THE **THERAPION** CO., 1 HAVERSTOCK RD., HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG. THE THERAPION IS SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE. PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOX. EASY TO TAKE SAFE AND LASTING CURE. THE ONLY TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON THE GOVT. STAMP AFFIXED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS.

BLACK'S OPTICIANS

ESTD. 1852 - DETROIT — KODAKS — 115 WOODWARD AVE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Specialist.

"Officer," said the New York citizen, "there's a burglar in my house."

"I ain't got nothing to do with burglars," responded the policeman. "I'm on the traffic squad."

His Answer.

"The man I marry must have common sense," said the haughty one.

"He won't," the other answered bitterly.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Food Strike.

Mrs. Gotham—We never had a hunger strike in this country, I guess.

Mrs. Flathush—Didn't we? Weren't you ever approached at the back door by any of those hungry tramps for food?

Proving It.

"Men are worth much more than women."

"Is such thing!"

"Yes, they are. Husbands are not easy to get always, but brides are just given away."—Baltimore American.

Never Touched Him.

"Want to go to the theater tonight?"

"I have nothing to wear," said his wife pensively.

"That won't matter. I only meant one of those moving picture theaters, where it's dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed

because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

W. R. G., DETROIT, NO. 27-1913.

MELISSA WOULD NOT BE A HARVEST HAND.

"Men are not angels, my dear Melissa," observed Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane, threading her embroidery needle with a strand of moss-green silk and simpering a little as she spoke.

"'A little lower than the angels' we are told, I believe," agreed Mrs. Merriwid, whose nimble white fingers were occupied with French knots. "I should say that Mr. Uisterbee was quite a few notches below the angelic standard. That's what makes him so extremely entertaining."

"Exactly what I say," remarked Aunt Jane, with an air of triumph.

"But considered as a matrimonial proposition—"

"Yes?" said Aunt Jane.

"Well, you know what people say about him."

"People exaggerate," said Aunt Jane. "At all events, nobody can find any fault with his conduct now."

"I suppose not," mused Mrs. Merriwid, "and I suppose he has been just as much sinned against as sinning."

"No doubt of it," said Aunt Jane.

"And it's natural that a man should sow his wild oats."

"There are very few who do not, I'm afraid," sighed Aunt Jane. "The great thing is that he is reformed," she added.

"And they say a reformed rake makes the best husband," Mrs. Merriwid supplemented.

Aunt Jane said she had always heard so and was disposed to think it true.

Mrs. Merriwid laughed. "You lovely darling!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't think you knew how to wink, and here you are fluttering both eyes at Mr. Uisterbee's frailties. If a bad, naughty man wants a charitable judgment of his iniquities, his one best bet is certainly the nice, innocent lady who doesn't know what iniquity is. I believe you would approve of our engagement. You would, wouldn't you?"

"I don't see any good reason why I should disapprove," replied Aunt Jane.

"I believe that I'll take you down town with me this afternoon and get your eyes examined, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't seen the bilious tinge in Mr. Uisterbee's complexion? Haven't you noticed the lines around his mouth and the dark pouches under his eyes, and the little network of red veins in his handsome nose—or how unsteady his hand is? My dear, a rake never reforms until it has lost all its teeth, believe me. When that happens, you may use what's left of it for some domestic purpose, but you won't find it satisfactory. A rake is a rake just the same as a spade is a spade. As for sowing wild oats, that wouldn't be so bad if a man had to harvest his crop himself. The trouble is that his family and friends always have to turn in and help and there's never any telling when the job is done. Another thing, there's never a year when a clump isn't apt to spring up in some fence corner and need another patch somewhere else. I don't know much about agriculture, auntie dear, but I understand wild oats are meaner and harder to get out of the ground than Canada thistles."

"I don't know what Canada thistles are, but I think if a man is sincerely sorry for the errors of his past and tries to lead a better life, it is our duty to help him." Aunt Jane said this very seriously.

"I think he's sorry for the errors of the past," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "Poor man! It's pretty hard on him to be obliged to lead a strictly temperate and virtuous existence at his time of life. If he had only been vicious in moderation, he wouldn't be obliged to adopt regular habits now. Why, auntie, just think of the stale faced, bald-headed old reprobates that you see in every theater and restaurant sitting up to all hours of the night and dissipating in the most perfectly ridiculous way. And here's poor Mr. Uisterbee condemned to absolute sobriety in his prime."

"I think you take a very cynical view of the matter, my dear," Aunt Jane objected.

"Perhaps I do," Mrs. Merriwid conceded; "but there are so very many men who think it's awfully wrong to drink because it gives them such perfectly terrible headaches, and who daren't smoke because smoking is a filthy, disgusting and expensive habit and gives them acute nausea. Mr Uisterbee may be truly repentant, honey, but I suspect his liver has more to do with his reformation than any conviction of sin.

"Apart from that, I don't like people with shady pasts," Mrs. Merriwid continued. "A shady past always suggests to me a gloomy old swamp—slime and bad-smelling mud and dirty water with creepy, wiggly things in it and malaria and jungle fever. I like the sunlight and the open for past present and future, myself.

"And I don't want any husband with little red veins over his nose and a shaky hand," said the lady after a pause. "He may be distinguished looking and interesting and elegant and beautifully tailored and know no end of racy little anecdotes about people and have an annuity under his father's will and be able to order a dinner and have good taste in neckties and the very nicest kind of manners, but my gracious, auntie! He's too shaky to even hook up a dress for me."

"Hooking dresses isn't all there is to married life, is it, my dear?" asked Aunt Jane, gently.

"Poor dear Henry Merriwid used to intimate that it was," replied her niece. "Well, Henry couldn't order a dinner intelligently, but he could eat one all right, especially if it happened to be corned beef and cabbage. He was exceedingly partial to corned beef and cabbage, poor Henry was. You wouldn't have called him interesting and elegant, either, but he didn't have any past and never raised enough wild oats to make a dish of mush."

"Of course bad health is an objection," admitted Aunt Jane.

"Oh, it isn't Mr. Uisterbee's bad health that I'm worrying about," said Mrs. Merriwid. "It's the awful thought of what would happen if by any chance he got perfectly well."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I Think He's Sorry for the Errors of the Past."

Renaissance of Poetry.

That there is today—whatever may have been the case a few years ago—an increasing public which is eagerly on the lookout for new volumes of worthy verse by present day writers is evidently recognized by those whose business it is to know what literary wares are in current demand; and we must no longer be asked to believe that any hard of really appreciable talent need languish in enforced silence through inability to find a publisher. As for the cause of this agreeably unexpected revival, I am myself inclined to look for it—though this may sound paradoxical—in the very conditions which make it so surprising. What I mean is that I believe the working of the law of reaction to have set up a revived hankering after poetry as a kind of respite from the ultra-prosaic materialism and "practicalism," if one may coin such a word, of every day life in this machine ridden twentieth century.—Bookseller.

Talking.

"I hear Mrs. Blake is suffering from kleptomania," said the good old soul. "Are you giving her anything for it?" "No," replied Dr. Wise, "but I understand she is taking a number of things."

CHICKEN SERVED IN JELLY

Always Something New in the Preparation of This Thoroughly Appreciated Summer Dish.

Roast a plump tender fowl, basting to keep it tender. When cold remove the skin and cut in very thin small slices. Put the bones in a saucepan with three cups of water and cook for three hours, reduce to two and a half cups. Add one tablespoon each of chopped onion, celery and carrot, one sprig of parsley and thyme, a small sprig of savory, one-half bay leaf, one clove and six pepper corns. Cook for ten minutes, strain through a cheese cloth, cool. Soak one-half box of gelatin in half a cup of the cooled stock till soft. Warm the remainder of the stock and add the gelatin, stirring well. Add one tablespoon of lemon juice, heat to the boiling point, season with salt and cayenne. Beat the white of one egg till slightly foamy, add to it gradually one cup of the hot mixture, then add the egg and stock very gradually to the hot liquid; bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove to back of range and let stand for half an hour, strain through a jelly bag and let cool. Select a round pan that will be full when the chicken and jelly are added. Set the pan in ice water and pour in enough of the jelly to cover the bottom. When this is hard decorate the surface with hard cooked eggs sliced and cut in fancy shapes; pour in more jelly, a spoonful at a time, until the eggs are firmly fixed, then add enough to make the jelly three-fourths of an inch thick. When firm put in a layer of chicken, cut in small thin slices, first dipping them in a little liquid gelatin, then add the jelly a little at a time until the mold is full. If the mold is very deep two layers of chicken may be added. When the jelly is firm, turn from the mold on a fancy platter and garnish with parsley. It may be sliced and laid on lettuce or grape leaves for individual plates. A boiled fowl may be used in this way.

FUDGE AND WHIPPED CREAM

Delicacy Rich Enough to Tax the Digestive Powers of All but the Very Young.

Fudge with whipped cream is a delicacy rich enough to appeal to the palate of the most exacting boarding-school girl.

First, measure out a pound and a half of brown sugar—three cups—into a saucepan, and add to this a cup of milk, half a cup of butter, a pinch of salt and a half square of chocolate and cook the mixture till it hardens when tried in cold water.

Take from the fire and beat with vigor for three minutes. Have ready a half pint of cream beaten to a froth and add this to the mixture. Next add a little vanilla for flavoring and chopped walnut meats if desired. Proceed as with the usual fudge, beating till almost stiff and cooling on buttered tins.

For the Sewing Room.

When scissors become dull, put a pin between the blades and rub it up and down, working the blades as in cutting. This will put a new edge on the scissors and takes but a moment's time.

If one likes to have her towels marked, but has not the time to embroider them nor the money to spend on handwork, the sewing machine shops, where one has machine hemstitching done will embroider a monogram or initials by machine for 10 or 15 cents each, and, as each letter is stuffed as in the handwork, when carefully laundered and ironed on a blanket, the effect is quite as good as of handwork. Of course, the towel must be marked before giving it to the shop.

Raspberry Shrub.

A favorite old-fashioned drink:

Pour a quart of best cider vinegar over four quarts of red raspberries and let them stand four days. Then strain, and to every quart of raspberry juice add one pound of granulated sugar. Boil for twenty minutes, skimming carefully; bottle, seal, and keep in a cool place until needed. When serving put the desired quantity in a glass, add cracked ice and water. This is very refreshing and wholesome drink for hot weather

"Brula" With Pecans.

"Brula" is another name for caramel ice cream, and here is an unusually good recipe for making it: Make a custard, using a little less than a quart of milk to two eggs. Put one pound of dark sugar in a hot skillet and stir until it has become a rich, reddish brown. Then mix with the custard while the latter is still hot. When it has cooled, add a pint of cream and a half cupful of finely crushed pecan meats. Freeze as usual.

New Scrub Bucket.

The newest style in buckets is a great improvement over the old pail where a forgotten cake of soap sometimes dissolved and there was no place to lay the cloth. Now there is an improved pail, square in shape, with a small tin tray which fits into the top. This tray has a compartment for box of washing powder, soap, rag and brush, and is a great improvement over the old kind of house bucket.

To Keep the Pantry Cool.

Fasten two thicknesses of muslin over the pantry window; keep the window open and the muslin wet with salt and water. This will keep the flies out as well as cooling the pantry.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long, restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Trimmings.

"They say she's a luxurious dame."

"Very. Even her combs have gold filled teeth."

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Mix-Up.

"Those children can't be treated homeopathically."

"They are, indeed a pair of kids one can't handle with gloves."

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

Know Him?

"Why does Noknob wear that uniform?"

"He's a scout."

"What kind?"

"A good old."

Worth Keeping, Anyhow.

"You have some remarkable paintings."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "the art dealer said they were old masters, but to my eye some of them look as good as new."

Mistake Somewhere.

"What's this jar of cream cheese doing on my desk?"

"I thought that jar belonged on your desk. Gee whiz! I must have spread the sandwiches last night with paste."

Forty Years in Style.

City Cousin—But, Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grandfather wore those at least 40 years ago.

Country Cousin—That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party who saw him in them, do you?

Had No Use for It.

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"

Quite Simple.

"I know why Jupiter changed himself into a bull for Europa."

"Why?"

"Because he wanted to steer things his way."

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

No Need.

"In desiring a collegiate course for your son, do you have in view any idea of fitting him for a special walk in life?"

"Oh, no, sir! We can afford to ride in autos now."

Not All of Them.

"Do you think a man ought to pay any attentions to a married woman?"

"The average man does not pay attentions to a married woman, if she happens to be his wife."

Necessity.

"Life must have its trials."

"Of course it must. How else could the lawyers make their living?"

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

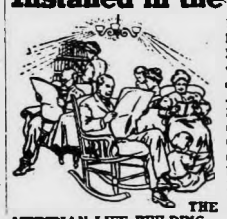
Brent Good

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

WISCONSIN At the State Fairs an exhibit of the farm products of the cheap land districts of upper Wisconsin may be seen at the Indiana State Fair, September 8-18, and Michigan State Fair, September 15-20. Be sure to see it. In meantime you might write for literature to WISCONSIN ADVANCEMENT ASSOCIATION, 31 Caswell Block, MILWAUKEE, WIS. Upper Wisconsin took World's Alfalfa prize 1913.

Installed in the Ground Like a Cistern



Far removed from the building, Fool-Proof, Frost-Proof, Safe and Convenient. Permitted by The National Board of Fire Underwriters. Backed up with an iron-clad guarantee. The best lighting system on earth for the least money. *The Improved Jenne Fit Acetylene Generator*—The up-to-date lighting system for country homes. Thousands in successful operation. Special inducements made to the first purchaser in each locality. Attractive sales proposition to farmers and dealers. Protected by patents. Infringers liable to prosecution. Full particulars for the asking.

THE JENNE ACETYLENE GAS MACHINE CO.
MERIDIAN LIFE BUILDING INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Up Against It.

Gabe—Speeder has broken all automobile records around here, but he broke his neck today.

Steve—How did it happen?

Gabe—He tried to break the broad jump record with his car.

Abandoned Project.

"Two hearts that beat as one." The museum manager mused.

"Oh, well," he went on, continuing his soliloquy, "I suppose we could get up a freak like that, but she wouldn't be in it with the two-headed girl, anyway."—Puck.

Compromise.

"Can't serve you with liquid refreshment, sir. This town is dry."

"All right. Bring me a bottle of something extra dry."

Make-Up Pieces.

"Did you ever help put a puzzle together?"

"No; my wife always assembles herself alone."—Judge.

Backward Student.

"What can you tell me about the rings of Saturn?"

"Nothin'. I ain't no bellboy."

Most of our relatives are about as useless to us as empty tomato cans.

Women wear short sleeves to prove that they have funny bones.

No, Cordelia, the game of bridge is not always a walkover

ALL TO HELP IN GOOD WORK

Aid of Everyone Interested in Fight Against Ravages of Tuberculosis Is Assured.

Churches, schools, labor unions, fraternity orders and other organizations to the number of 200,000 at least will be asked to join the anti-tuberculosis workers of the country in the observance of the Fourth National Tuberculosis day, which has been designated for December 7, according to an announcement by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The movement will be furthered throughout the country by more than 1,000 anti-tuberculosis societies working through various state organizations and the National association. Personal appeals will be made to clergymen, school principals and leaders of various organizations urging them to set aside a definite time during the week preceding or the week following December 7, for a lecture on tuberculosis.

Nothing in It.

"Did you see that slit skirt go by?"

"Yes, but I was on the wrong side."

"Why, man, you were on the side where the slit was!"

"I know, but it was a Boston girl."

His Instrument.

"I saw an inky razor in old Doem's office the other day."

"Maybe it is what he uses to shave his paper with."

A Delightful Treat

Post Toasties

and cream

Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit.

"Toasties" are ready to eat direct from package—Breakfast, lunch or supper—Enjoyed by old and young, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Post Toasties.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—

F. W. SAMSEN

L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Heide visited relatives in Ann Arbor the first of the week.

Miss Eva Herbert of Owatonna, Minn., visited her sister, Mrs. Carl Heide last week.

Roy Fitzgerald of Flint, was the guest of his aunt, Miss Flora Fitzgerald last week.

Miss Pauline Peck has gone to Cheboygan where she will teach in the public school the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Hoyt of Chesaning, visited at W. H. Hoyt's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Huston and children visited friends near Pontiac last Sunday.

Ruth Watson of Caro, is staying at Ed. Smith's and will attend school here this year.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Drake of St. Louis, Mich., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steinmetz the latter part of last week.

Mrs. W. W. Murray, Mrs. Wm. Felt, Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. Frank Gottschalk and daughter Julia entertained about thirty Lady Maccabees at Mrs. Murray's home last Saturday afternoon. Ice cream and cake were served and a most pleasant afternoon was passed.

In and Around Plymouth

Merritt Crumby is visiting relatives at Bay City.

Frank Rambo visited relatives at Alma and Caro this week.

Mrs. Theodore Chaffee of Pontiac, is visiting Mrs. A. W. Chaffee.

Mr. Condon of Detroit, was a guest last Friday at T. P. Sherman's.

Mrs. Don Voorhies of Detroit, is visiting her parents here this week.

A. L. Prince of Mexico City, was a guest of C. H. Bennett last week Thursday.

Miss Ruth Willett has gone to Clinton, where she has a position in a millinery store.

Rev. Joseph Dutton is attending the state conference held in Ypsilanti this week.

Miss Vera Hengsterfer will teach the school at Whellock's corners the coming year.

F. G. Adams of Lansing, was the guest of Gifford Chase Monday and Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Patterson entertained several friends at cards last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowley of Detroit, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schrader entertained several friends at a six o'clock dinner last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Hemenway and the latter's sister, Mrs. Western were Mackinac visitors this week.

Mrs. Geo. Love and Mrs. P. J. Davis of Charleston, W. Va., were guests at T. P. Sherman's last week.

Miss M. Blackburn of Rochester, N. Y., who has been visiting Mrs. Joh Patterson, has gone to Elm to visit her sister.

There will be a meeting of the M. E. Ladies Aid Society next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. D. McLaren.

Mrs. E. W. Chaffee entertained a few friends at bridge last Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Edward Hauss of Century, Fla.

The building committee of the Novi Baptist church has raised over $4,100 and the erection of a new church home will start at once.

Robert C. Lockwood and son Reginald have returned to their home in New York City after a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bennett.

Miss Winifred Sexton of Kansas City, and Miss Mildred Murray of Ypsilanti, were guests of Mrs. R. C. Safford and daughter Ada last Wednesday.

Special meeting of the O. E. S. next Tuesday evening, Sept. 16th. Practise Monday evening, Sept. 15th. All officers requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Henderson and little daughter have returned to their home at Mt. Vernon, Washington, after several weeks visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Kincaid of Kincaid, W. Va., are visiting at T. P. Sherman's. Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid expect to make Plymouth their home permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Markham of Hollywood, Cal., were calling on friends in town this week. Mrs. Markham left Tuesday evening to visit relatives in the east. Mr. Markham will remain here for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Patterson returned home last Saturday night from Colorado Springs where she was called two weeks ago on account of the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Fred Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Blue, who were also called there will remain for some time.

An alarm of fire was turned in last Sunday forenoon about 11 o'clock, caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove in the house of Wm. Blunk. The fire department responded promptly, but their services were not needed, as the flames were easily subdued by the prompt efforts of neighbors. Very little damage was done.

By the order of the health officer most of the abutting property owners on the creeks which flow through the village have complied with the request to clean them out and thereby place them in a more sanitary condition. Where property owners neglect to do the work it will be done by the village and the cost assessed against the property.

A competitive examination under the rules of the U. S. Civil Service Commission will be held at Detroit, Wyandotte and Plymouth, Michigan on Saturday, October 11, 1913 for the position of rural letter carrier in Wayne county. As a result of this examination it is expected that certification will be made for filling the position of carrier on a rural route from Wyandotte, Michigan.

Plymouth Grange held a regular meeting in Grange hall last week Thursday afternoon. This was a very interesting meeting. The lecture hour was given up to the discussion of public schools with Mrs. J. G. O'Bryan, Mrs. Paul Bannett and Mrs. Wm. Harmon as leaders. The dates for the coming fair were made and committees appointed. The fair will take place the last Friday and Saturday in September and will be held in Grange hall. Further notice later.

CHURCH NEWS

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

First Church of Christ, Scientist holds services at church edifice, corner of Main and Dodge streets, Sunday morning at 10:10. Subject, "Substance." Sunday-school at 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial service 7:10. Everyone welcome.

LUTHERAN.

Rev J. J. Roekle. Pastor.

There will be no services in this church next Sunday on account of the dedication of the new seminary at Saginaw. This church is invited to attend the dedication.

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. B. F. Farber. Pastor.

Services will be held in this church on Sunday, Sept. 14th, as follows: Morning worship at 10 o'clock. By request the pastor will repeat a sermon preached this summer. Theme, "The Supremacy of the Unseen." Sunday-school at 11:15 o'clock. Presbyterian Guild at 6 o'clock. Subject, "Favorite Verses. 4. In the Gospels." Leader, Mrs. Gage's Sunday-school class. This is the first meeting of the year. Help to make it a good beginning for the year. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Special music. Sermon by the pastor. Theme, "Compromising with God." Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. We extend a cordial invitation to the public to attend these services.

BIBLE STUDENTS.

Services Sunday, Sept. 14, at I. O. O. F. hall as usual. Subject for discussion, "Is it reasonable to believe that God has been trying for 6,000 years to convert the world, and has failed? Would we like to say that our Great God Jehova ever tried to do anything?" Ps. 33:9. Isa. 46:9-11. E. H. Nelson to lead this month.

Local News

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Arms and son of Milford, and Mrs. John Bennett of Calumet, were visitors at H. C. Robinson's this week.

About twenty ladies attended the thimble party given by the Lutheran Ladies Aid Society at Mrs. Wm. Blunk's home last Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Huston entertained twenty young friends at her home Tuesday evening at a garden party. Ice cream and cake was served and all present had a most enjoyable time.

WANTED—A baggageman at P. M depot. Wages, $50.00 and overtime Agent Pere Marquette.

FOR SALE—That desireable house and lot at No. 121 Ann Arbor street, Plymouth, Mich. Title perfect. Immediate possession given. Mrs. Clark Sackett, living next door south of the property, will take pleasure in showing the house to possible purchasers. For further particulars apply to Chas. H. May, 117 Erskine street, Detroit, Mich.

The Piano Contest Vote

The following is the number of votes given the contestants in the big piano contest which is being conducted by Pinckney's Pharmacy, for the week ending Wednesday, September 10. The standing of contestants will be published in the Mail each week during the contest:

No. 1	1096050	No. 78	1027910
2	920085	79	1012010
5	1062360	81	1000745
6	809815	82	984965
7	1196990	83	1008420
9	1180115	85	1017430
10	1012270	87	821060
12	1170365	88	691455
13	1113505	90	1007210
15	1114295	91	581520
18	991500	93	486005
19	1088410	94	982930
21	889495	95	770490
22	1198240	97	961405
23	604035	98	251430
24	985560	99	863425
25	744225	100	785310
26	1010530	103	1062540
27	759100	104	848175
28	1049925	105	899975
29	613720	106	897295
30	1039615	107	1022980
31	820545	110	600860
32	936735	115	1178965
33	989965	117	1009525
34	1001265	118	343510
35	919610	119	688135
36	624080	120	654425
37	985325	121	641685
38	639310	122	920365
39	901960	123	298675
40	974855	124	1004845
41	895525	126	938760
44	1024810	127	709640
45	1005450	128	992090
46	1012100	130	854360
47	619805	133	843810
48	1016800	134	682670
49	1209965	136	498135
51	821590	138	795730
53	756700	139	803860
55	914110	140	943568
56	1008130	141	1009050
57	837730	142	984870
59	1002810	145	984545
60	1052840	147	992710
62	859195	149	121735
63	1099365	150	894530
64	986570	151	1150735
65	1025085	152	1027860
66	1016105	153	1010860
69	645475	154	989745
70	1014295	156	1008820
75	699305	157	440840
76	789470	158	805200
		159	289215
		160	370830

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody.

Commissioner's Notice.

IN the matter of the estate of Wilhelmina Wilska deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Carl Heide, in the village of Plymouth in said county, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of October A. D. 1913, and on Friday the twenty-fifth day of December A. D. 1913, at 2 o'clock P. M of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 25th day of August, A. D. 1913, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated Aug. 28, 1913.

CARL HEIDE
ALBERT GAYDE
Commissioners.

DETROIT Business University

65 West Grand River Avenue, located in new premises and giving the most modern courses of training for business appointments invites you to write for a copy of its new calendar. Address, E. R. Shaw, President, Detroit, Mich.

Subscribe for th Mail now.

Mrs. F. J. Tousey announces a showing of early Fall

Street Hats and Children's Hats

Friday and Saturday Sept. 12 and 13

You are cordially invited to call and see our display of New Fall Millinery on the above dates.

NORTH VILLAGE **Mrs. F. J. Tousey**

We Sell at Right Prices

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Fencing, Sandee, Asphalt Asbestos Roofing, Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile

Our Coal Wagons

Traverse the High-ways and By-Ways of Plymouth. No street too good, no alley or lane too poor for us to navigate! We get there with the BEST OF COAL.

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

NEW CENTURY FLOUR

Don't forget to cut the Guarantee Label from every sack. When you have eight bring them in and we will show you a surprise.

R. G. Samsen Sole Agt.

Five Solid Reasons

FIVE solid reasons why each farm needs a manure spreader are these, in the words of a farmer who has devoted much time to correct soil-feeding. 1. It saves disagreeable and hard work. 2. It pulverizes and mixes the manure mass. 3. It distributes manure evenly over the field, insuring a good, even stand of grain. 4. It prevents loss of nitrogen through fermentation or leaching in the pile when manure is hauled directly from the stable. 5. Indirectly, the ease with which it can be handled encourages the owner to care for the manure and distribute it on the fields carefully instead of wasting it.

I H C Manure Spreaders

will work uncomplainingly for years making profits for the owners. You will find them all styles and sizes, high and low, endless apron or reverse.

I H C manure spreaders are exceedingly durable, strong, correctly built to stand all conditions and all strains they may meet. Each feature has its purpose. Up hill or down or cutting corners, they spread all kinds of manure evenly, in a fight or heavy coat at the will of the driver. The beater drive is strong and simple, beater teeth are square and chisel pointed to pulverize the manure, and the large diameter of the beater prevents winding. The rear axle, carrying a large percentage of the load, insures ample tractive power.

But see all these things yourself at your local dealer's. Find your choice in the I H C line. The dealer has catalogues for you, or, write the

International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated)
Chicago U.S.A. Mich.

$2,150 IN PRIZES

We are giving away with Trading Books at the time of purchase the following number of votes:

5000 Votes given with every $1.00 Trading Book
15000 Votes given with every $2.00 Trading Book
50000 Votes given with every $5.00 Trading Book

These Trading Books are good for one year from date of date of purchase.

NOMINATION BLANK
(GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES)
I Hereby Nominate
Name.....
Address.....
Present at Store or Mail.

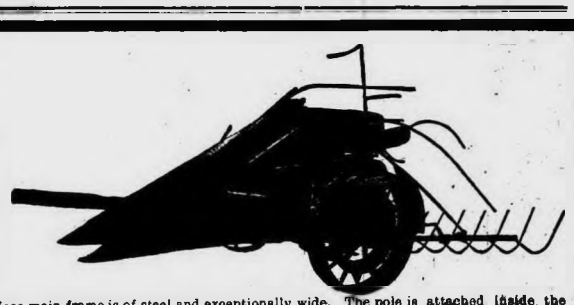
$2,150 IN PRIZES FREE
Cut this out and present it at
PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY
Plymouth, Mich.
and it will be exchanged for
100 VOTES FREE
Good until Tuesday, Sept. 16 (one week)

Another way to get votes is by subscribing or renewing your subscription to THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 31st

PINCKNEY'S PHARMACY
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Johnston Corn Binder



When we say the Johnston Corn Binder is without a peer, we say it because every farmer that has ever used a Johnston Corn Binder testify to its merited superiority over all other Corn Binders. It has many features which help to make this statement true. The one-piece main frame is of steel and exceptionally wide. The pole is attached inside the main wheel. The weight is evenly devided between the wheel and the operator on one side and the elevator and gearing on the other. The binder attachment is therefore in direct line of draft. The machine is always perfectly balanced and has absolutely no side draft. There is no danger of the machine tipping on side hills. A forty-inch drive wheel of the suspension patter nis used. Angle steel calks are placed at right angles the same as on the main wheel of the grain binder. Dust-proof roller bearings on the hub reduce wear and draft. The cutting apparatus consists of two stationary knives, and a sliding knife which cuts the same as a sickle. The method of cutting is very similar to that of cutting the corn by hand with a sickle. The stalks are cut at just the moment when bent and held in the taut position as when cut by hand. This feature of the cutting apparatus enables the Johnston to cut large, tough corn as easily as short and tender corn. No clogging or complete cutting attachments to give you trouble. The gathering chains with stationary fingers pick up the row knocked down in opening the field. They also handle tangled corn perfectly. Every Johnston Corn Binder is equipped with another exclusive feature that are known as automatic gates. The corn is carried to the binding attachment by conveyor chains with folding fingers. Just before the needle passes around the bundle, these automatic gates release the fingers which pass on as the machine moves, and resume their natural position again. This feature does away with all packers, and entirely does away with the knocking off of the ears than any other binder. The binder attachment can be adjusted to bind from eighteen inches to thirty- two inches from the buts. Can bind above or below the ears. For very short corn, the binder frame extension is removed and needle and knotter lowered. The stalk channel has a six-inch adjustment. Every lever is within easy reach of the operator. The machine is five feet, eleven inches wide, and will easily pass through any ordinary farm gate way. Sold by

E. H. Langworthy,
The Implement Dealer and Auctioneer, WAYNE, MICH — Bell Phone 36 2L 2S

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Notary Public
GEORGE C. GALE
PHONE 188 PLYMOUTH

W. E. Smyth
Watchmaker and Optician

OPTICAL PARLORS UP-STAIRS

American and Imported WATCHES

Repaired and Adjusted

Clocks and Jewelry Repaired

YOUR EYES TESTED FREE

All Goods Warranted

120 Main St.
Plymouth - - Michigan

Central Meat Market

Call Central Meat Market, 'phone 23, for

Choice Meats,

Smoked Meats of all Kinds,

Home Made Balogna and Sausages,

Try them and you won't eat any other.

FRANK RAMBO, Manager
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

READ THE ADS.

WONDERFUL

SEPTEMBER CLEARING SALE

15 Days, Beginning Saturday, Sept. 13.

E. L. RIGGS' entire stock must be reduced one-half in 15 days. On account of the late, cold Summer we find our departments all overstocked and must be closed out

REGARDLESS OF COST OR SACRIFICE

Every department is represented In this great Clearing Sale, priced so low you can't get away from it. Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Spring Cloaks, Suits and Skirts, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Curtains, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Trunks, Suit Cases, Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Laces, Embroideries, Silks, Trimmings, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings.

ENTIRE LINE OF

Men's and Boys' Suits

Going in this great Clearing Sale.

Men's $20 00 Suits and Overcoats	$14 75
" 18 00 " "	12 75
" 15 00 " "	11 75
" 12 00 " "	9 50
" 10 00 " "	7 50

All Boys' and Children's Suits at Clearing Sale Prices.

Men's $5 00 fine Pants	$3 75
" 4 00 "	2 95
" 3 50 "	2 75
" 3 00 "	2 25
" 2 00 "	1 50

Carpets & Rugs

Now is the time to buy Floor Covering for Fall.

85c all Wool Extra Super, per yd	69c
75c " " " "	59c
65c " " " "	49c
50c " " " "	39c
40c Half Hool	31c

All Cotton Carpets, Mstting, Room Size Rugs, Oil Cloths, Shades, Lace Curtains, Draperies and Linoleums at Clearing Sale Prices.

UNDERWEAR

This tremendous stock is still complete and all must be closed out.

Men's $2 50 Union Suits	$1 98
" 2 00 "	1 50
" 1 50 "	1 20
" 1 00 "	79
" 50 Shirts and Drawers	42
" 35 " "	25
" 25 " "	21

All Ladies' and Children's Underwear at Clearing Sale Prices.

Great Assortment of Ladies'

Waists and Wash Dresses

$6 00 at	$4 50	$2 50 at	$1 95
5 00 at	3 75	2 00 at	1 50
4 00 at	2 95	1 50 at	1 19
3 50 at	2 75	1 25 at	98
3 00 at	2 25		

All Ladies' Waists at Regardless of Cost.

BIG $3.98 SPECIAL

About 50 Men's and Youths' Suits, small sizes, 34 to 36 size only, one or two of a kind taken from our $10 and $12 line, just right for big boys or small men—**$3.98** is the price to close them out.

Fall Cloaks & Suits

$25 00 Cloaks and Suits	$16 50
20 00 Cloaks and Suits	13 75
15 00 Cloaks and Suits	10 50
12 00 Cloaks and Suits	9 25
10 00 Cloaks and Suits	7 25

All Children's Jackets at about half price.

$8 50 Dress Skirts	$4 95
7 00 Dress Skirts	4 50
6 00 Dress Skirts	3 95
5 00 Dress Skirts	3 50
4 00 Dress Skirts	2 95

Muslin : Underwear

$1 50 Night Robes	$1 19
1 25 Night Robes	98
1 00 Night Robes	79
75 Night Robes	59
75 Corset Covers	59
50 Corset Covers	39
25 Corset Covers	19
50 Drawers	39
35 Drawers	25
2 00 White Skirts	1 50
1 50 White Skirts	1 19
1 25 White Skirts	98
1 00 White Skirts	79

Men's Colored Handkerchiefs	4c
Men's Working Pants	79c
Boys' Short Pants	19 and 39c

------OUR FINE------

SHOE STOCK

Goes in this Great Clearing Sale.

Ladies' & Gents' $4 00 Shoes & Oxfords	$3 25
" 3 50 "	2 75
" 3 00 "	2 25
" 2 50 "	1 98
" 2 00 "	1 50

All Children's Shoes go at Clearing Sale Prices.

This is your opportnnity to lay in some

Table Linen and Napkins

$1 25 beautiful Linen, per yd	98c
1 00 " " "	79c
75 " " "	59c
50 " " "	39c
35 " " "	28c

Napkins at Closing Sale Prices.

All best Prints	5½c
Best 12½c Percale	10c
Good Unbleached Cotton	6 and 7c
Good Bleached Cotton	8 and 9c
Coats' Thread	4½c
Good Overalls	43c
Good Work Shirts	39 and 43c
Fine Dress Shirts	43c
Men's Good Socks	8c
Men's White Handkerchiefs	4c

Remember there are hundreds of things we have no room to mention, all go in this great Clearing Sale.

All Fall and Winter Clothing, Cloaks, Suits, Underwear and Dress Goods to be included in this great September Sale.

Save from 25% to 50% and do your Fall Trading NOW.

This great 15 Day Sale will be the Sensational Sale of the Season. We are overstocked and must turn a large portion of these new goods into cash in 15 days. No such value will be offered you again. Come and stock up for a year to come, for this is a great money saving proposition on new and dependable merchandise to you.

Remember, Sale begins Saturday morning, Sept. 13, at 8 o'clock, and lasts 15 days.

Store closes at 6 o'clock Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

E. L. RIGGS

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border", "My Lady of Doubt", "My Lady of the South", etc. etc.

Illustrations by Y. L. Barnes

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27

SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to accompany his daughter, Molly, who is bound for the west. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is travelling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain La Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"If the woman has not ensnared him by her usual methods," he said soberly, "and I think myself you are right about that, for I watched them together in the dance hall—I did not comprehend what it meant then, but it seemed to me he actually disliked being in her company—then she has uncovered something in his past of which he is afraid, something unknown to you, which he does not desire you ever to know."

"Yes," softly, "that must be true."

"No; it may not be true; it may all be a lie, concocted for a purpose. A clever woman might so manipulate circumstances as to convince him she held his fate in her hands. We must find that out in this case."

"But how, Sergeant Hamlin? He will not tell me."

"Perhaps she will tell me if I can reach her alone," he said grimly, "or else that husband of hers—Dupont. He'll know the whole story. It would give me pleasure to choke it out of him—real pleasure. Then there's Connors, just the sort of sneaking rat if he can be caught with the goods; only it is not likely he knows much. I shall have to think it all out, Miss Molly," he smiled at her confidently. "You see, I am a bit slow figuring puzzles, but I generally get them in time. You've told me all you know?"

"Everything. It almost seems silly when I try to explain what I feel to another."

"Not to me. I knew enough before to understand. But, perhaps, you had better go—hush, some one is entering the parlor."

She got to her feet in spite of his

The Two Started Back at His Rather Abrupt Entrance.

restraining hand, startled and unnerved.

"Oh, I must not be seen here. Is there no other way?"

"Yes; lie still for a moment; step back there in the shadow, and let me go in alone."

He stepped forward, his grasp already on the curtain, when a woman's voice spoke within:

"Yes, that was what I meant; he does not know you—yet. But you must keep away."

CHAPTER XXI.

Molly Disappears.

The speaker was Mrs. Dupont, but Hamlin's one thought was to prevent any discovery of Miss McDonald. Without an instant's hesitation he drew aside the curtain, and stepped into the room.

"Pardon me," he said quietly, as the two started back at his rather abrupt entrance, "but I did not care to overhear your conversation. No doubt it was intended to be private."

The woman stepped somewhat in advance of her companion, as though to shield him from observation, instantly mastering her surprise.

"Nothing at all serious, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin," she retorted scornfully. "Don't be melodramatic, please; it gets on the nerves. If you must know, I was merely giving our ranch foreman a few final instructions, as he leaves tomorrow. Have you objections?"

"Assuredly not—your ranch foreman, you say? Met him before, I think. You are the fellow I ordered out of this room, aren't you?"

The man growled something unintelligible, but Mrs. Dupont prevented any direct reply.

"That's all right, John," she broke in impatiently. "You understand what I want now, and need not remain any longer. I have a word to say myself *to this man.*"

She waited an instant while he left the room; then her eyes defiantly met Hamlin's.

"I was told you had driven every one out of here," she said coldly. "What was the game?"

"This room was reserved—"

"Pish! keep that explanation for some one else. You wanted the room for some purpose. Who have you got out there?" she pointed at the window.

"Whether there be any one or not," he answered, leaning against the window frame, and thus barring the passage, "I fail to see wherein you are concerned."

She laughed.

"Which remark is equivalent to a confession. Dave," suddenly changing, "why should we quarrel, and misjudge each other? You cannot suppose I have forgotten the past, or am indifferent. Cannot you forgive the mistake of a thoughtless girl? Is there any reason why we should not be, at least, friendly?"

There was an appeal in her voice, but the man's face did not respond.

"I cannot say that I feel any bitterness over the past," he answered lightly. "I am willing enough to blot that out. What I am interested in is the present. I should like to understand your purpose here at Dodge."

"Surely that is sufficiently clear. I am merely an exile from home, on account of Indian depredations. What more natural than that I should take refuge in my uncle's house."

"You mean Major McDonald?"

"Certainly—he was my mother's only brother."

"I think I have heard somewhere that the Major's only sister married a man named Counts."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"Yes, of course—her first husband."

"You were a daughter then of her first marriage?"

"Of course."

"But assumed the name of Carson when she married again?"

"That was when you met me."

"The change was natural enough," he went on. "But why did you also become Vera in place of Sarah?"

"Oh, is that it? Well, never attempt to account for the vagaries of a girl," she returned lightly, as though dismissing the subject. "I presume I took a fancy to the prettier name. But how did you know?"

"Garrison rumor picks up nearly everything, and it is not very kind to you, Mrs. Dupont. I hope I am doing you a favor in saying this. Your rather open flirtation with Lieutenant Gaskins is common talk, even among enlisted men, and I have heard that your relations with Major McDonald are peculiar."

"Indeed!" with a rising inflection of the voice. "How kind of you, and so delicately expressed." She laughed. "And poor Major McDonald! Really, that is ridiculous. Could you imagine my flirting with him?"

"I have no recollection of using that term in this connection. But you have strange influence over him. For some reason the man is apparently afraid of you."

"Afraid of me? Oh, no! Some one has been fooling you, Dave. I am merely Major McDonald's guest. I wonder who told you that? Shall I guess?"

Before he could realize her purpose the woman took a hasty step forward, and swept aside the curtain, thrusting her head past to where she could gain a view outside. Hamlin pressed her back with one hand, planting himself squarely before the window. She met his eyes spitefully.

"I was mistaken this time," she acknowledged drawing away. "But I'd like to know why you were so anxious to prevent my looking out. Do you know whom I thought you had there?"

"As you please," rejoicing that the girl had escaped notice.

"That little snip of a Molly. You made a hit with her all right, and she certainly don't like me. Well, delightful as it is to meet you again, I must be going." She turned away, and then paused to add over her shoulder: "Don't you think it would be just as safe for you to attend to your own business, Sergeant Hamlin?"

"And let you alone?"

"Exactly; and let me alone. I am hardly the sort of woman it is safe to play with. It will be worth your while to remember that."

He waited, motionless, until assured that she had passed down the hall as far as the door of the dining-room. The sound of shuffling chairs evidenced the breaking up of the party, in preparation to return to the ballroom. If Miss McDonald's absence were to escape observation, she would have to slip out now and rejoin the others as they left the house. He again turned down the light, and held back the curtain.

"The way is clear now, Miss Molly."

There was no response, no movement. He stepped outside, thinking the girl must have failed to hear him. The porch was empty. He stepped from one end to the other, making sure she was not crouching in the darkness, scarcely able to grasp the fact of her actual disappearance. This, then, was why Mrs. Dupont had failed to see any one when she glanced out. But where could the girl have gone? How gotten away? He had heard no sound behind him; not even the rustle of a skirt to betray movement. It was not far to the ground, five or six feet, perhaps; it would be perfectly safe for one to lower the body over the rail and drop. The matted prairie grass under foot would render the act noiseless. No doubt that was exactly the way the escape had been accomplished. Alarmed by the presence of those others, suspecting that the woman within would insist on learning whom Hamlin was attempting to conceal, possibly overhearing enough of their conversation to become frightened at the final outcome, Miss McDonald, in sudden desperation, had surmounted the rail, and dropped to the ground. The rest would be easy—to hasten around the side of the house, and slip in through the front door.

Assured that this must be the full explanation, the Sergeant's cheerfulness returned. The company of officers and guests had already filed out through the hall; he could hear voices laughing and talking in the street, and the band tuning up their instruments across in the dance hall. He would go over and make certain of her presence, then his mind would be at ease. He passed out through the desert hallway, and glanced in at the dining-room, where a number of men were gathering up the dishes. Beyond this the bar-room was crowded, a riffraff lined up before the sloppy bar, among these a number in uniform—unattached officers who had loitered behind to quench their thirst. Hamlin drank little, but lingered a moment just inside the doorway, to observe who was present. Unconsciously he was searching, for Dupont, half inclined to pick a quarrel deliberately with the fellow or with Connors, determined if he found the little rat alone to frighten whatever knowledge he possessed out of him. But neither worthy appeared. Having assured himself of their absence, Hamlin turned to depart, but found himself facing a little man with long hair, roughly dressed, who occupied the doorway. The hooked nose, and bright eyes, peering forth from a mass of untrimmed gray whiskers, were familiar.

"You keep the junk shop down by the express office, don't you?"

"Yep," briskly, scenting business in the question. "I'm Kaplan; vot could I do for you—hey?"

"Answer a question if you will, friend. Do you recall selling a haversack to a traveler on the last stage out for Santa Fe in June?"

"Vel, I do' no; vas he a big fellow? Maybe de von vat vas killed—hey?"

"Yes; his name was Moylan, postsutler at Fort Marcy."

"Maybe dot vos it. Why you vant to know—hey?"

"No harm to you, Kaplan," the Sergeant explained. "Only I picked it up out there after Moylan was killed, and discovered by some writing on the flap that it originally belonged to a friend of mine. I was curious to learn how it got into your hands."

The trader shrugged his shoulders.

"Vud it be worth a drink?" he asked cannily.

"Of course. Frank, give Kaplan whatever he wants. Now, fire away."

"Vel," and the fellow filled his glass deliberately, "it vas sold me six months before by a fellow vat had a black beard—"

"Dupont?"

"Dat vos de name on de billar, yes. Now I know it. I see him here again soon. You know him?"

"By sight only; he is not the original owner, nor the man I am trying to trace. You know nothing of where he got the bag, I presume?"

"I know nothing more as I tell you already," rather disconsolately, as he realized the big drink was all he was going to receive.

Hamlin elbowed his way out to the street. He had learned something, but not much that was of any value. Undoubtedly the haversack had come into Dupont's possession through his wife, but this knowledge yielded no information as to the present whereabouts of La Fevre. When the latter had separated from the woman, the old army bag was left behind, and, needing money, Dupont had disposed of it, along with other truck, seemingly of little value.

The Sergeant reached this conclusion quickly, and, satisfied that any

Hamlin Elbowed His Way Into the Street.

further investigation along this line would be worthless, reverted to his earlier quest—the safety of Miss McDonald. Merely to satisfy himself of her presence, he crossed the street and glanced in at the whirling dancers. There were few loiterers at the doorway and he stood for a moment beside the guard, where he was able to survey the entire room. Mrs. Dupont was upon the floor, and swept past twice, without lifting her eyes in recognition, but neither among the dancers, nor seated, could he discover Miss Molly.

Startled at not finding her present, Hamlin searched anxiously for the Major, only to assure himself of his absence also. Could they have returned to the fort as early as this? If so, how did it happen their guest was still present, happily enjoying herself? Of course she might be there under escort of some one else—Captain Barrett, possibly. He would ask the infantryman.

"Have you seen Miss McDonald since supper?"

The soldier hesitated an instant, as though endeavoring to remember.

"No, I ain't, now you speak of it. She went out with that kid over there, and he came back alone. Don't believe he's danced any since. The Major was here, though; Connors brought him a note a few minutes ago, and he got his hat and went out."

Hamlin drew a breath of relief. "Girl must have sent for him to take her home," he said. "Well, it's time for me to turn in—good-night, old man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Manhattan Manners.

"Roofers are said to be going out of fashion. Know what a "roofer" is? It is the letter you write to people, after you have been a guest at their house, telling them what a delightful time you had "under their hospitable roof," and thanking them for all the generous favors you enjoyed at their friendly hands, and expressing the sincere hope that the baby has got over her cold. Nowadays, instead of writing this graceful letter, you generally call your friend up on the telephone, you tell him that the train made good connections, and you add: "My that was a bully time I had out there, old man!" Not so nice as the old epistolary way, but better than nothing; for when you have had a friend at your house and he has taken his departure you do not like to feel that he has gone into the outer void that he has fallen off the edge of the world into echeless space. That is what it amounts to when he gets home and writes not nor telephones and gives no sign.—New York Mail.

Seek Something to Replace Coal.

Coal offers to mankind solar energy in its most concentrated form. Indeed modern civilization may be said to be the daughter of coal. But the supply of coal is not inexhaustible and every ton of it taken out of the earth leaves just that much less for the future needs of the world. Hence it is that today we are looking about us so anxiously for some other source of fuel.

EUGENIC MATING HIT

Separation Ends Union of First Massachusetts Couple.

Health Certificates Were First Class, But Both Husband and Wife Neglected to Have Their Dispositions Passed Upon.

Boston.—While health may be the keynote of the eugenic marriage, there is no provision which insures the contracting persons against discord and dissension, is the deduction of the first eugenic bride of this state, Mrs. Catherin Wills Perron, who is parted from her husband after one month of wedded life.

Edwin Perron, the other principal in the unhappy match, also comes to the same conclusion, and thus, while the physicians stamped the contracting parties as physically fit, Dan Cupid did not attend to his part of the contract as well as the medical gentlemen.

Two months and a half ago Rev. C. Thurston Chase, pastor of the Central Congregational church of Lynn, issued the ultimatum that from that time on he would not marry couples unless they produced certificates as to their physical fitness and good health generally.

Five weeks later Edwin Perron and Catherine Wills were married at his home after they had satisfied him that they had each passed the physical test.

The marriage was heralded as the first along the line of eugenics that had taken place in Massachusetts, if not in New England, and followed the agitation of many leading scientists, physicians and clergymen in this direction.

It is said that the groom after the ceremony was very jubilant and talked freely about his marriage, declaring that both he and his young wife were happy.

He said that his bride preferred the eugenic marriage, since she had a decided opinion on the question, and he had acquiesced in her desire and procured his necessary physician's certificate.

The couple went to live in a cozy flat on School street, in a residential part of the city of Lynn, and they seemed happy.

One Sunday night, shortly before 12 o'clock, Perron rushed into the Lynn police station and informed the officer in charge that he had been assaulted by a strange man whom he had detected with his wife in the sitting room of their home.

It is said that his lip was bleeding and he declared that this was the result of his being struck by the man, saying that he wanted protection while he went back into his home to get his belongings. An officer was sent to the flat with him, but when they arrived it is said that there was no one in the place and that the family cat had sole possession of the room.

When questioned as to what he thought of the working out of a marriage under eugenic principles, Perron declared: "I do not say that eugenic marriages are a failure. It was a failure in my case, but eugenics are not supposed to be a guarantee of domestic happiness."

Mrs. Perron denied the allegations of her husband in every particular and gave an account of her movements on the night that he asserted that he was assaulted, which would appear to take her far away from the scene of the trouble at the time.

"The charges that my husband of a month has brought against me are absolutely untrue," she declared. "On the night he says that he had trouble with a man in our former home I was with a married couple in whose home I stayed the whole night.

"It was the first night that I had stayed away from the home that we had made after we were married, and the unhappy ending of our short married life must necessarily attract attention to our so-called eugenic marriage.

"While this form of marriage was required by the pastor of my church and he would not marry couples unless they could show a certificate of health from a doctor, I am convinced that since I have lived with my husband the marriage was not truly a eugenic one.

"Now, it is really a case of the same old story. My husband tired of me the minute he thought he owned me and I felt he had no real love for me very soon after we went to our flat to live.

"Before we were married he sent me a letter telling me that I was the only girl for him, that he loved me better than he did any other girl on earth and that he wanted to marry me as soon as possible.

"While I had kept company with him only a few weeks, I thought he was sincere and so consented to be married."

IDAHO THE BEST BATTLESHIP OF THE YEAR

The battleship Idaho, it is announced, was the leader in the United States navy in efficiency in gunnery and engineering during the last year, its figure being 94.6. The Idaho's commanding officer is Capt. W. L. Howard.

LORD COMOYS AND U. S. BRIDE

Former Mildred Sherman and Her English Husband in Their British Home.

London.—Typical old English scenes were witnessed at the little village of Stoner, near Henley-on-Thames, when Lord Comoys took his American bride for the first time since their marriage, nearly two years ago, to his ancestral home at Stomer Park. The villagers cheered to the echo when they saw the coming of their lord and his lady and the three weeks' old baby of the titled pair. Lady Comoys was the former Mildred Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Watts Sherman, well known in New York and Newport society, and was bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Gould and Lord Decies. Lord Comoys, the first man at the wedding, was charmed by the beautiful bridesmaid, and the romance started then culminated later in their mar-

Lord and Lady Comoys.

riage. Stoner Park is an immense estate, comprising 3,400 acres, with gardens full of unimproved English flowers, sweet peas, foxgloves, hollyhocks and marigold.

PAY TRIBUTE TO BEBEL'S LIFE

Twenty Thousand Socialists Attend Funeral of German Leader in Switzerland.

Zurich, Switzerland.—August Bebel, the German Socialist leader, was given an impressive funeral here. Twenty thousand Socialists followed the body from the city hall, where it had lain in state, to the cemetery, where it was cremated.

The streets through which the procession passed were densely crowded. A majority of the Socialist members of the German reichstag and representatives of the Socialist party from most of the nations of the world attended the funeral. Morris Hillquit of New York represented the United States.

There was a long series of addresses before the body was incinerated. Mr. Hillquit said that socialism was introduced into the United States by

August Bebel.

German immigrants and that the American Socialists were greatly indebted to Bebel and the German Social Democrats. There was a great open air meeting, attended by thousands of persons, at the conclusion of the funeral services.

Heat Didn't Bother This Man.

Boston.—While the street thermometers registered nearly 100 here, a man, aged and fat, wearing a heavy winter suit, a heavy ulster that reached to the ground, heavy shoes and a fur cap with the lops turned down over the ears, was seen swimming about the ocean [illegible]

MEETS CHILD HE HAD N'T SEEN

Daughter Born After He Had Separated From Wife Twenty-Three Years Ago.

Kansas City, Mo.—A young woman walked back and forth past Joseph C. Hume's office, No. 547 State avenue, Kansas side, glancing before the door once or twice, and then walked in. She addressed Mr. Hume hesitatingly.

"I want to speak to Mr. Hume," she said.

"You're speaking to him," he told her.

"Mr. Joe Hume?" she asked with an air of uncertainty.

"Yes, ma'am."

Then she hesitated a minute, seeming at a loss for something to say.

"Do you know who I am?" she finally asked.

"Yes; you're Helen. Sit down and let's talk."

Thus a father and daughter met who had never seen each other. Mr. Hume recognized her instantly, he said, because of her resemblance to her mother.

"Those large, blue eyes were her mother's too," he said. "I would have known her by her eyes alone, but in every other way she looks just like her mother when I married her."

Mr. Hume, now forty-three years old, separated from his wife almost twenty-three years ago, and has remained single ever since. A girl was born a few months after the separation. By reports Mr. Hume kept himself informed of her progress as she grew to young womanhood, but because he feared she would meet any advances by him coldly he never tried to visit her.

Last week she was visiting friends in this city. She decided to call on her father at any cost. Her fear lest her father would greet her coldly, she says, made this act the most difficult of her life.

But each one's dread of the other's unwelcome was dispelled in the pleasure of meeting. They spent the day together. When they parted they agreed to be a real father and daughter hereafter.

Miss Helen Hume is now twenty-three years old. She is teaching school in Joplin, Mo., her mother's home. At the end of the next term she plans to come to Kansas City to make her home. And her father plans to make the coming years of his life the happiest he has ever known.

Two Extremes in Life.

The saddest thing in the world is to feel that we are alone; the best thing in the world is to feel that we [illegible] and loved.—A. C. Benson.

RARE PAPERS FOR 4 CENTS

Autograph Letter of Peter the Great Found in Sausage Shop at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg.—The story of how documents worth thousands of dollars were sold for four cents has just come to light. The documents in question were autograph letters of the Czar Peter the Great and they were discovered in a herring and sausage shop, where they were being used as wrappers.

Peter the Great had a long correspondence with Count [illegible] president of the government mines in the Ural mountains, over the question of the disposal of the riches contained in the mines. These letters of the czar were bequeathed by the count to the official museum of the mines in Ekaterinburg. The present management of the mines recently conceived the idea of selling all the old deeds, but they did not feel called upon to satisfy themselves as to the contents and purport of the literature unearthed. The deeds were all heaped together and three weeks ago were put up at auction. The whole lot—supposed "waste paper," which was really worth scores of thousands of pounds, went for four cents.

The buyer was the proprietor of a large number of provision shops, including some sausage shops. One day a professor who was an antiquarian noticed that the girl behind the counter in one of these shops was wrapping to his customer fish packed in sheets of paper with a crown on it. He looked at it more closely and saw that he held in his hands a most important autograph letter of the Czar Peter. He went at once to the sausage dealer to find out how such extraordinary literature came into his place.

COMPLIMENT THAT WAS REAL

Not in All Her Days Will Dowager Queen of Italy Receive Praise That Is More Honest.

Children, as a rule, have a natural sense of courtesy too often misunderstood as [illegible] by the unthinking [illegible] sweet politeness sometimes is discouraged by the prevailing belief that such conduct must be insincere. Yet the simplest "little citizens" not infrequently rise to an unexpected or trying situation with surprising, but quite untutored, grace. A pretty little tale is told, for instance, of the time when the present dowager queen, Margherita, of Italy, was the bride of the young [illegible] reception by the residents. A little boy was to present the usual bouquet, and he, coming of fine literary family, had been taught a brief poem offering graceful praise of the princess. But when came the moment for delivering flowers and verses the little fellow, overcome by nervousness or some similar emotion, stood mutely gazing at the great lady, saying never a word. [illegible] The little fellow, waking to life suddenly, yielded them gracefully, explaining confidentially the while:

"There were verses to be said, but you are so beautiful that I can't remember a line!"

In the International Family.

"You don't figure very strongly in diplomatic relations," said the great [illegible] "No."

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Local News

State Fair Sept. 15-20.

Mrs. Elizabeth Terry is visiting friends in Detroit.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James Barlow, a girl, Friday, Sept. 5th.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs visited friends at Island Lake last week Thursday.

Mrs. P. E. White has gone to Kalamazoo for a months stay with friends.

Several from here attended a dancing party at Eloise last Friday evening.

Mrs. H. M. Jackson of Detroit, visited friends in town the first of the week.

W. Shuart of Battle Creek, was a visitor at Dr. Pelham's last week Thursday.

Mrs. John Krumm has returned home from a few days visit with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Parker and Mrs. Jean Albro of Detroit, were Plymouth visitors last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reed have gone to Grand View cottage on the St. Clair river for a two weeks stay.

Mrs. Geo. Shafer, Mrs. J. L. Gale and Mrs. C. Pinckney were week-end visitors at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mrs. M. A. Patterson and Mrs. Arthur Todd were guests at Clarence Patterson's in Detroit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett of Detroit, were guests at Sewell Bennett's over Sunday and the first of the week.

Miss May Mary Briggs has returned home from Hudson where she has been visiting friends for the past few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Morgan and little daughter motored out from Detroit last Sunday and were calling on old friends.

The Misses Madeline Bennett and Athalie Hough returned Tuesday to Monroe where they will attend school the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs spent a few days this week at their cottage on the St. Clair river, and were also Richmond ane Port Huron visitors.

Mrs. F. A. Dibble and daughter Dorothy have returned home from Walled Lake where they have been staying for the past summer.

The 33rd annual Milford fair will take place September 23-26. The officers of the fair association are planning on a bigger and better fair than ever this year.

Caught a Bad Cold.

"Last winter my son caught a bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan, of Tipton, Iowa. "We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

Leon Chriswell is taking a vacation this week from Pinckney's Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. John LeMunion of Gagetown, are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Louis Steele and little daughter of Detroit, are guests at B. B. Bennett's this week.

Mrs. W. T. Conner and family have returned home from their cottage at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Bert Norton and little daughter of Rochester, visited at Dr. A. E. Patterson's this week.

Miss Inez Millroy of Columbus, South South Carolina, visited Mrs. Christiansen at John Shaw's last week.

Miss Irene Loomis has returned to her home in Omaha, Neb., after spending the summer with her grandmother, Mrs. Thos. Patterson.

Mrs. John Henderson was hostess at a dinner party last week Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Henderson of Mt. Vernon, Washington.

Mrs. C. E. Penney and daughter Czarina entertained several friends at six o'clock dinner last week Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Henderson.

Our readers will have no difficulty in locating the large ad of E. L. Riggs in this issue of the Mail. He announces a big September clearing sale that means a saving of dollars to you.

The contract has been awarded for removing the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry., tracks from the streets of Wayne to a private right-of-way. The contractor has started making the grade. It will require the removal of 31,000 cubic yards of dirt to make the grade and the course of the River Rouge will be slightly changed in the construction of the new line.

There are merchants who take the wrong course in order to head the farmers off from going to the mail order houses by trying to club them back. Won't do. They're from Missouri and will have to be convinced there are bargains for them here at home, and that means persistence, patience, good salesmanship and the expenditure of a little money. Farmers nor nobody else is coming here because they love the merchants. It's a business deal and a number of contractors in the field after the job.

Frank Stephens, of the Michigan Conservatory of Music, intends to visit Plymouth weekly for the purpose of accomodating those who wish the quality of instruction in piano-playing that has made many successful concert pianists and teachers. Students of all grades of advancement will be accepted. Those interested please notify Miss Czarina Penny.

AVOID THE BRONCHIAL COUGHS OF EARLY FALL

The changeable weather of early fall brings on bronchitis and a hard cough that is wearing on the system, and seems to tear open the bronchial tubes and mucus lining of the throat. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. For it will soothe and heal the inflamed mucus lining, relieve the the cough quickly, and help to expel the cold. It contains no opiates. Get the genuine in the yellow package, and refuse substitutes. J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.—Advt.

TRICK TURNED BY DIPLOMAT

Nicaraguan Postage Stamps, Issued at Unfortunate Time, Lost That Country the Canal.

A postage stamp which played a part in history is told about by M. Bunau-Varilla in his book on the Panama canal. The incident occurred when the discussion over the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua routes was at its height. Bunau-Varilla had been working vigorously for the Panama route, making use of the two arguments of less cost and immunity from active volcanoes.

One day he recalled that Nicaragua had issued a handsome stamp, showing a volcano in full activity. He at once sent to the dealers in foreign stamps in Washington, and obtained ninety of these stamps, which he forwarded to the ninety senators, along with bits of paper bearing the words: "Postage stamp of the republic of Nicaragua; an official witness of the volcanic activity of Nicaragua."

The catastrophe at St. Pierre took place about this time, to deepen the impression of volcanic danger, and the Panama route was adopted by the narrow margin of four votes.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.

5c. per Line, One Insertion

FOR SALE—At a bargain a good house and lot on Dodge street. Enquire of Mrs. E. L. Riggs.

WANTED—An apprentice girl for millinery. Giles & Bartholomew.

WANTED—Girl for general house work. 'Phone 179.

FOR SALE—The old Wilske homestead, corner Mill and Spring streets. Nov. 15.

FOR SALE—A house and lot at 22 Harvey street. Enquire of Eli Nowland.

FOR SALE—An 80 pound vice with solid jaw. Also some general carpenter and machinist's tools. Byron Willett, 95 Holbrook Ave.

WANTED—To find board for child 3 years of age. Enquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Indian Runner ducks. M. S. Miller. 'Phone 115.

FOR SALE—A farm horse. Wm. Gayde.

FOR SALE—White seed rye. Yielded 26 bushel to the acre this year. A. H. Van Voorhies, Route 1. 2t 41

FOR SALE—A good couch. Enquire of Mrs. E. O. Huston. 2t 41

STRAYED—A sheep strayed into my field recently. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice. I. W. Hummel, Ann Arbor road.

FOR SALE—Peaches, Prolific, Albertas and other varities. F. S. Power, Northville, Mich., Bell 'phone. 39-2

FOR SALE—Cheap. 5 thin 2 year old heifers and 68 good 2 year old heifers. E. O. Huston.

FOR SALE—Some household furniture including a buffet, leather davenport and dining chairs. Mrs. G. B. Brink. 'Phone 221.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Union street. Enquire of Felix Freydl.

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It Tickles Us To Deliver at Your Homes

Our Palatable Table Goods

Because We Know They'll Tickle Your Palates!

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery

An Invitation to Save Money

The Peoples Legal Stamp sign is an invitation for you to save money. Whenever you see it displayed you can make up your mind that the merchant is willing to give his customers something extra for their money. That "something" is hard CASH. You can easily fill a book with Peoples Legal Stamps—and then it will be redeemed for $2.00 in money or $2.50 in merchandise. What kind of goods can you get for the book? Any kind you want; just pick them out at the store where you received some of your stamps. Instead of counting out $2.50 you hand your stamp book to the clerk. That's all.

These Coupons Good for 10 Stamps Each

We will give 10 Extra Peoples Legal Trading Stamps for this coupon on a purchase of a pound of Tea or Coffee.

Todd Brothers

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FERTILIZER

Homestead and Horseshoe Brands

Darling Sure Winner

Prices that are Right.

Headquarters for all kinds of FEED. Try the Ground Cookies for pig feed.

Milwaukee Corn Binders
Champion Potato Diggers
None Better

Come and enquire our prices on all kinds of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Meats, Hardware, Fence, Etc.

If it is cheap elsewhere, it is cheaper at

BENTLEY BROS.

Both 'Phones ELM, MICH.

A SIGN of FRESHNESS

Central Grocery

Everything we carry that should be fresh is fresh.

In package goods especially we have avoided the habit of carrying too large a supply on hand. Small orders frequently placed mean fresher food for your table.

The above is all true, we purchase in small quantities and purchase often. Why? To insure freshness. We believe in signs. DO YOU?

READ THE ABOVE SIGN

Just follow the crowd and get your moneys worth or your money back. Everything guaranteed.

Order a package of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes today. Kellogg's furnishes the most shining example of how freshness improves food.

Fall Millinery

—BEGINNING—

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12 and 13

A line of early Fall Millinery will be on display.

Giles & Bartholomew

Millinery and Dressmaking. Plymouth

Every Boy Should Own A Watch

By rights it should be a most worthy time piece, too.

A good watch exerts an influence for or good on any boy.

It makes him punctual. It makes him to school on time.

It prevents him being late in performing any duties with which he may be entrusted.

And this punctuality lays the foundation for his future success.

If you think of "watching" your boy, the first move to make is to examine our watch stock.

You'll find here something to please the boy beyond expression. Something reliable. Something lasting—and still at a reasonable price.

HAVE A LOOK.

Open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Evening's.

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LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

COMMISSIONER HELME FINDS WAY TO FORCE SWIFT & CO. TO PAY LICENSE.

TONAGE TAX WILL BE URGED AT NEXT SESSION.

New Law Governing Hotels Is of Little Effect on Account of No Appropriation for Enforcement of Same.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.]

Lansing, Mich.—Dairy and food commissioner, James Helme, who has been kicking up considerable dust in Detroit recently by his investigation of meat markets, bakeries and cold storage plants, claims to have "put one over" on Swift & Co., during the past session of the legislature and he says that thereafter the big packing house will pay its regular fee for operating creameries in Michigan.

For a number of years there has been a law on the statute books which provided that every creamery, milk station and condensory should pay a yearly license of $5. However, there was no penalty clause attached to the old law and Swift & Co., which controls about 400 creameries and milk stations in Michigan, refused to pay. The smaller concerns paid rather than go to court as legal services would have cost them more than the license fee.

During the last session Helme had a bill introduced to amend the old law so that it would be possible to prosecute. While the attention of Swift & Co. and the other big concerns was drawn to this bill, another measure was slipped in by Helme giving him authority to condemn impure cream. Apparently this bill was overlooked by those who represented the interests of the big companies, and it was not until the statute took effect August 14 did Swift & Co. discover that Commissioner Helme was in possession of a weapon that would compel them to do business.

Helme says that it was the intention of the companies to refuse to pay their license fees, Helme stationed some of his dairy experts and at their creameries and confiscated several hundred gallons of impure cream. After the siege had continued for three days Swift & Co. remitted and other concerns are paying up. Helme says the department will collect more than $5,000 from the creameries this year.

It was learned here that the state grange will redouble its efforts at the next session of the legislature to bring about the passage of a tonnage tax and owing to the fact that it has already cost the state $200,000 to maintain the militia in the copper country to protect the mines during the strike trouble, it is believed that a tonnage tax will stand a better chance of passage than any time in years.

Auditor General Fuller has already paid out $200,000 from the general fund of the state to the military authorities in the copper country and the cost to the taxpayers is mounting each day the troops are kept in the upper peninsula.

"The copper properties of Houghton and Keweenaw counties are owned largely by eastern capitalists and the taxpayers of Michigan are paying the freight," said a prominent granger who has always boosted for a tonnage tax on the output of the mines.

Under a law passed at the last session of the legislature the cost of maintaining troops in a county is placed upon the whole state. It is claimed that the grange leaders will use this as an argument when the tonnage tax bill comes up for consideration at the next session and it is believed here that the bill will have the support of all labor leaders in the house and senate who will not be kindly disposed towards the mining interests.

Clifford Vetter, of Grand Ledge, who sustained a broken wrist while playing baseball with the Reo team in the factory league of this city, has applied to the industrial accident board for compensation.

Vetter claims that it was his intention to go home the afternoon of the accident, but he says he was ordered by a foreman to play with the Reo team. Owing to the fact that Vetter is not regularly employed as a ball player, there is considerable question as to whether he is entitled to any compensation from the Reo Motor Car company.

When State Treasurer Hearer unlocked the vaults of the state's strong box at the beginning of the September business, there was a balance of $1,[illegible] in the general fund available for immediate use.

The specific tax fund was credited with $37,065.01 and the primary school interest fund contained $4,715.32. However, within an hour after the treasury was opened, $177,000 was drawn from the general fund by the various state hospitals.

[illegible] month of August, $1,[illegible] was drawn from the general fund [illegible] state hospitals [illegible] $2,[illegible] to [illegible] the state [illegible] to [illegible] the state [illegible] to [illegible] the state [

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, sends a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is expected for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

He tramped along the brightly illumined street, and out upon the dark road leading up the bluff to the fort, his mind occupied with the events of the evening, and those other incidents leading up to them. There was no doubt that Miss McDonald and her father had returned to their home. But what could he do to assist her? The very knowledge that she had voluntarily appealed to him, that she had come to him secretly with her trouble, brought strange happiness. Moreover his former acquaintance with Mrs. Dupont gave him a clue to the mystery. Yet how was he going to unravel the threads, discover the motive, find out the various conspirators? What were they really after? Money probably, but possibly revenge. What did the woman know which enabled her to yield such influence over McDonald? What was the trap they proposed springing? The Sergeant felt that he could solve these problems if given an opportunity, but he was handicapped by his position; he could not leave his troop, could not meet or mingle with the suspected parties; was tied, hand and foot, by army discipline. He could not even absent himself from the post without gaining special permission. He swore to himself over the hopelessness of the situation, as he tramped through the blackness toward the guard-house. The sentinel glanced at his pass, scrutinizing it by the light of a fire, and thrust the paper into his pocket. Hamlin advanced, and at the corner saluted the officer of the day, who had just stepped out of the guard-house door.

"May I Ask If Major McDonald Has Returned to the Post?"

"Good evening, Sergeant," the latter said genially. "Just in from town? I expect they are having some dance down there tonight."

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly, and then venturing the inquiry: "May I ask if Major McDonald has returned to the post?"

"McDonald? No," he glanced at his watch. "He had orders to go east to Rigby on the stage. That was due out about an hour ago."

"To Rigby? By stage?" the Sergeant repeated the words, dazed. "Why—why, what has become of Miss McDonald?"

The officer smiled, shaking his head. "I'm sure I don't know, my man," he returned carelessly. "Come back with Barrett and his ladylove, likely. Why?" suddenly interested by the expression on the other's face. "What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Deepening Mystery.

Startled and bewildered as Hamlin was by this sudden revealment, he at once comprehended the embarrassment of his own position. He could not confess all he knew, certainly not the fact that the girl had met him secretly and had vanished while he was endeavoring to turn aside Mrs. Dupont. He must protect her at all hazards. To gain time, and self-control, he replied with a question:

"Did not Connors drive them down, sir?"

"Yes, the four of them."

"And Major McDonald knew then that he was ordered East?"

"No, the order came by telegram later. An orderly was sent down about ten o'clock. But, see here, Sergeant, I am no Bureau of Information. If you have anything to report, make it brief."

Hamlin glanced at the face of the other. He knew little about him except that he had the reputation of being a capable officer.

"I will, sir," he responded quickly; "you may never have heard of the affair, but I was with Miss McDonald during a little Indian trouble out on the trail a few months ago."

The officer nodded.

"I heard about that; Gaskins brought her in."

"Well, ever since she has seemed grateful and friendly. You know how some women are; well, she is that kind. Tonight she came to me, because she didn't seem to know whom else to go to, and told me of some trouble she was having. I realize, Captain Kane, that it may seem a bit strange to you that a young lady like Miss McDonald, an officer's daughter, would turn for help to an enlisted man, but I am telling you only the truth, sir. You see, she got it into her head somehow that I was square, and—and, well, that I cared enough to help her."

"Wait a minute, Sergeant," broke in Kane, kindly, realizing the other's embarrassment, and resting one hand on his sleeve. "You do not need to apologize for Miss McDonald. I know something of what is going on at this post, although, damn me if I've ever got on to the straight facts. You mean that Dupont woman?"

"Yes, she's concerned in the matter, but there are others also."

"Why couldn't the girl tell her father?"

"That is where the main trouble lies, Captain. Major McDonald seems to be completely under the control of Mrs. Dupont. He is apparently afraid of her for some reason. That is what Miss Molly spoke to me about. We were on the side porch at the hotel talking while the dancers were at supper—it was the only opportunity the girl had to get away—and Mrs. Dupont and her husband came into the parlor—"

"Her husband? Good Lord, I thought her husband was dead."

"He isn't. He's a tin-horn gambler, known in the saloons as 'Reb,' a big duffer, wearing a black beard."

"All right, go on; I don't know him."

"Well, I stepped into the room to keep the two apart, leaving the girl alone outside. We had a bit of talk before I got the room cleared, and when I went back to the porch, Miss Molly had gone."

"Dropped over the railing to the ground."

"That's what I thought at the time, sir, but what happened to her after that? She didn't return to the hotel; she was not at the dance hall, and hasn't come back to the post."

"The hell you say! Are you sure?"

"I am; I searched for her high and low before I left, and she could not get in here without passing the guard-house."

Kane stared into the Sergeant's face a moment, and then out across the parade ground. A yellow light winked in the Colonel's office, occasionally blotted out by the passing figure of a sentry. The officer came to a prompt decision.

"The 'old man' is over there yet, grubbing at some papers. Come on over, and tell him what you have told me. I believe the lass will turn up all right, but it does look rather queer."

The Colonel and the Post Adjutant were in the little office, busy over a pile of papers. Both officers glanced up, resenting the interruption, as Kane entered, Hamlin following. The former explained the situation briefly, while the commandant leaned back in his chair, his keen eyes studying the younger man.

"Very well, Captain Kane," he said shortly, as the officer's story ended. "We shall have to examine into this, of course, but will probably discover the whole affair a false alarm. There is, at present, no necessity for alarming any others. Sergeant, kindly explain to me why Miss McDonald should have come to you in her distress?"

Hamlin stepped forward, and told the story again in detail, answering the Colonel's questions frankly.

"This, then, was the only time you have met since your arrival?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this Mrs. Dupont? You have had a previous acquaintance with her?"

"Some years ago."

"You consider her a dangerous woman?"

"I know her to be utterly unscrupulous, sir. I am prepared to state that she is here under false pretenses, claiming to be a niece of Major McDonald's. I do not know her real purpose, but am convinced it is an evil one."

The Colonel shook his head doubtfully, glancing at the silent adjutant.

"That remains to be proven, Sergeant. I have, of course, met the lady, and found her pleasant and agreeable as a companion. Deuced pretty, too; hey, Benson? Why do you say she masquerades as McDonald's niece?"

"Because her maiden name was Carson and the Major's sister married a man named Counts."

"There might have been another marriage. Surely McDonald must know."

"Miss Molly says not, Colonel. He has known nothing of his sister for over twenty years, and accepted this woman on her word."

"Well, well! Interesting situation; hey, Benson? Like to get to the bottom myself. Damme if it don't sound like a novel. However, the thing before us right now is to discover what has become of Miss McDonald." He straightened up in his chair, then leaned across the table. "Captain Kane, make a thorough examination of McDonald's quarters first. If the girl is not found there, detail two men to accompany Sergeant Hamlin on a search of the town."

"Very well, sir; come on, Sergeant."

"Just a moment—if we find the trail leads beyond the town are we authorized to continue?"

"Certainly, yes. Adjutant, write out the order. Anything more?"

"I should prefer two men of my own troop, sir, mounted."

"Very well; see to it, Captain."

The two men walked down past the dark row of officers' houses, the Sergeant a step to the rear on the narrow cinder path. McDonald's quarters were as black as the others, and there was no response from within when Kane rapped at the door. They tried the rear entrance with the same result—the place was plainly unoccupied.

"Pick out your men, Hamlin," the Captain said sternly, "and I'll call the stable guard."

Ten minutes later, fully equipped for field service, the three troopers circled the guard-house and rode rapidly down the dark road toward the yellow lights of the town. The Sergeant explained briefly the cause of the expedition, and the two troopers, experienced soldiers, asked no unnecessary questions. Side by side the three men rode silently into the town, and Hamlin swung down from his saddle at the door of the dance hall. With a word to the guard he crossed the floor to intercept Mrs. Dupont. The latter regarded his approach with astonishment, her hand on Captain Barrett's blue sleeve.

"Certainly not," she replied rather sharply to his first question. "I am not in charge of Miss McDonald. She is no doubt amusing herself somewhere; possibly lying down over at the hotel; she complained of a headache earlier in the evening. Why do you come to me?"

"Yes," broke in the Captain, "that is what I wish to know, Hamlin. By what authority are you here?"

"The orders of the Colonel commanding, sir," respectfully, yet not permitting his glance to leave the woman's face. "You insist then, madam, that you know nothing of the girl's disappearance?"

"No!" defiantly, her cheeks red.

"Nor of what has become of Connors, or your ranch manager?"

She shrugged her shoulders, endeavoring to smile.

"The parties mentioned are of very small interest to me."

"And Major McDonald," he insisted, utterly ignoring the increasing anger of the officer beside her. "Possibly you were aware of his departure?"

"Yes," more deliberately; "he told me of his orders, and bade me good-bye later. So far as Connors is concerned, he was to have the carriage here for us at two o'clock. Is that all, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin?"

"You better make it all," threatened the Captain belligerently, "before I lose my temper at this infernal impertinence."

Hamlin surveyed the two calmly, confident that the woman knew more than she would tell, and utterly indifferent as to the other.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I will learn what I desire elsewhere. I shall find Miss McDonald, and discover what has actually occurred."

"My best wishes, I am sure," and the lady patted the Captain's arm gently. "We are losing this waltz."

There was but one course for Hamlin to pursue. He had no trail to follow, only a vague suspicion that these plotters were in some way concerned in the mysterious disappearance. Thus far, however, they had left behind no clue to their participation. Moreover he was seriously handicapped by ignorance of any motive. Why should they desire to gain possession of the girl? It could not be money, or the hope of ransom. What then? Was it some accident which had involved her in the toils prepared for another? If so, were these unexpected orders for Major McDonald a part of the conspiracy, or had their receipt complicated the affair? The Sergeant was a soldier, not a detective, and could only follow a straight road in his investigation. He must circle widely until he found some trail to follow as patiently as an Indian. There would be tracks left somewhere, if he could only discover them. If this was a hasty occurrence, in any way an accident, something was sure to be left uncovered, some slip reveal the method. He would trace the movements of the father first, and then search the saloons and gambling dens for the two men. Though unsuccessful with Mrs. Dupont, he knew how to deal with such as they.

"I Am Not in Charge of Miss McDonald."

The stage agent was routed out of bed and came to the door, revolver in hand, startled and angry.

"Who?" he repeated. "Major McDonald? How the hell should I know? Some officer went out—yes; heavy set man with a mustache. I didn't pay any attention to him; had government transportation. There were two other passengers, both men, ranchers, I reckon; none in the station at all. What's that, Jane?"

A woman's voice spoke from out the darkness behind.

"Was the soldier asking if Major McDonald went East on the coach, Sam?"

"Sure; what do you know about it?"

"Why, I was outside when they started," she explained, "and the man in uniform wasn't the Major. "I know him by sight, for he's been down here a dozen times when I was at the desk. This fellow was about his size, but dark and stoop-shouldered."

"And the others?" asked Hamlin eagerly.

"I didn't know either of them, only I noticed one had a black beard."

"A very large, burly fellow?"

"No, I don't think so. I didn't pay special attention to any of them, only to wonder who the officer was, 'cause I never remembered seein' him here before at Dodge, but, as I recollect the fellow with a beard was rather undersized; had a shaggy buffalo-skin cap on."

Plainly enough the man was not Dupont, and McDonald had not departed on the stage, while some other, pretending to be he, possibly wearing his clothes to further the deceit, had taken the seat reserved in the coach. Baffled, bewildered by this unexpected discovery, the Sergeant swung back into his saddle, not knowing which way to turn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Land of Small Opportunity.

Census reports from the Panama canal zone give the population there today as 62,810, of which about 42,000 are employes of the canal commission, the Panama railroad and of the various canal contractors. Generally speaking, the soil is not suitable for farming. It is not likely that Americans will be attracted, and since other occupants than Americans, for obvious reasons, are not desirable, Colonel Goethals is in favor of the depopulation of the zone, except so far as it will occupied by canal operatives and by the military necessary for the protection of the canal.

TRANCE LASTED LONG

SWEDISH WOMAN SPENT THIRTY-TWO YEARS IN BED.

Awakened in Perfect Health and With Complete Possession of Her Faculties, With No Memory of Her Sleep.

There are many cases on record of people remaining in a sleep-like trance for several years, these trances being often caused from injuries to the head, but no one has had so long a sleep as a woman named Caroline Allson, who lives in the little island of Okuo, off the coast of Sweden.

The sleeper of Okuo was born in 1861; she was a perfectly normal child, and for the first 14 years of her life she was strong and healthy. She did not go to work till just before her fourteenth birthday. One day she came home complaining of toothache and went to bed. Soon afterward she fell into a deep trance, which lasted from 1875 until 1907, a period of 32 years.

While in this state she did not seem to see or hear, nor did she show any trace of feeling, for though her arms were pricked with pins, needles and other sharp instruments she was not once observed to wince. Only once or twice did she seem to wake from her lethargy. On one occasion, in response to a cry from her mother, she moved her lips as if to try and speak. When her mother died Caroline must have been conscious of the fact, for she burst into tears, though there was no other change in her condition. Two years later, when her brother was drowned, she also had a fit of weeping. For 30 years and more her only nourishment consisted of two cupfuls of milk a day.

After the death of her brother she was left to the care of a housekeeper, and then gradual signs of awakening intelligence began to dawn. Once she was left alone for several hours with food near her, and the food was seen to have gradually disappeared. There was no doubt that her trance had been broken. A few months later she regained consciousness, asking for her mother. She did not recognize her brothers at all, for she only remembered them as tiny boys. Gradually she regained possession of her faculties, until at the age of forty-six, she had completely recovered from her trance, being in perfect health and well and hearty in every way.

She only remembers her early life, but nothing that happened during her long illness. Her case has completely mystified the doctors, who cannot explain it in any way.

Rebate on His Jail Sentence.

A San Francisco lawyer tells of the following quaint administration of justice in a sparsely settled district in Arizona.

A man was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars or spend ten days in jail. Inasmuch as he possessed but three dollars, the court accepted that amount in lieu of three of the days of imprisonment.

Now, by some carelessness on the part of the jailer, this person was detained in the lockup for the full ten days. Naturally the man filed a claim for redress.

When this was presented to the court the presiding judge admitted that the man should have some "allowance and return," but his honor could not see any way to accomplish this. But after due reflection he made the following suggestion:

"You might get sentenced again for something. Then we could give you three days for a kind of rebate. That's the only way I see to fix up the matter."

Close Corporation.

Josephus Daniels, Jr., son of the secretary of the navy, has been receiving nearly all of his father's presents to the exclusion of the other sons in the family. Because his initials are the same as those of his distinguished father, he has a sort of a right of eminent domain to the property.

Recently the secretary of the navy received a gavel which Josephus, Jr., was about to appropriate by and with his father's consent.

"This will not do," announced Mrs. Daniels.

The secretary of the navy inquired why.

"Because," said Mrs. Daniels, "I don't want you to forsake your life-long principles and establish a close corporation in the family at this late day."

Josephus, Jr., gave the present to Worth Bagley Daniels and the close corporation was forever broken.

Mysticism of the East.

You hear a great deal of the "Mysticism of the east," writes Ed. W. Howe in his Travel Notes. This mysticism is as foolish as the doggerel used by children when they count the buttons on your coat: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," and so on. Mysticism never means anything. The west solves riddles and discovers how to produce a hundred bushels of corn to the acre; the east pays great attention to mysticism and has more poor, dirty and ignorant people than any other part of the world. When the plague breaks out in the east, as a result of foolish pilgrimages to Mecca or Benares, the pilgrims say the plague is part of the mysticism of the east, and continue to drink holy and dirty water. But the men of the west have a better doctrine. Its chief tenet is, "Clean Up," and the plague disappears before it.

HOLE IN THE FENCE

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY.

"The hole in the fence!" murmured Wade Rayner, in his sleep.

"Poor fellow!" spoke David Rose, leaning solicitously over his fever-stricken comrade. "He is thinking of home—dreaming of the dear old spot we may neither of us ever see again."

It was a chill, dreary scene, one calculated to banish the remotest suggestion of home and its comforts, its serenity, its fond strong shelter.

An Alaskan winter held a grim frozen landscape locked in the embrace of pitiless ice and snow. Where a shelf of rock protruded the two prospectors had sought refuge the evening previous—ill, half famished, worn out.

It had been at the suggestion of Rose, the older of the two, that his chosen friend had invested his all in an outfit and joined him in braving the rigors of the great Nome trail in quest of the wonderful gold fields that were making princes of paupers daily.

Thus far it had been all experiment, disappointment, vain fruitless effort. Three days previous, however, they had met a sick crippled miner going home to die. He told of a partly developed claim upon the Yukon, workable the year round. He showed his papers of ownership, he told a seemingly straight story. The partners ventured their last capital, a bare five hundred dollars, and had started out to locate their treasure.

And now, for twenty-four hours poor Wade had been stricken with fever, delirious a part of the time, no medicine available, not even a decent shelter.

But he was dreaming, and the glories of his fancy kept at bay all the grim realities surrounding him.

The hole in the fence! How it came back to him—the break in the palisade at the edge of the home village that seemed to shut in that little world to itself. Beyond it was the great unknown of boyhood's days. Even when he and Rose had left on their great adventure, to the broken barrier May and Ida Woolson had come. May to kiss him a sorrowful good by, for they were engaged, Ida to shyly bid Rose good luck as she promised to write to him.

"Another's!" He Breathed.

In the vagaries of delirium that rude board fence was a frame of rarest gold for the picture of the last time Wade had seen the girl he loved.

Rose covered up his restless charge as best he might. He too was thinking of the past dreams of the wealth he would some day lay at the feet of Ida with his heart's best love. Moodily as he reflected he watched the snow begin a new downward swirl. His soul sickened as he reflected what another foot of snow would mean in that sterile wilderness.

And then—chaos!

It had come so suddenly that afterwards neither of the two dauntless prospectors could have described the primal catastrophe or its later developments. David Rose seemed to see the great mountain slide into a plunging distorted mass. In the arms of an avalanche he was carried thousands of feet, to be flung senseless into a frightful chasm. To his unconscious comrade it was a dim sense of motion and then nothingness.

Six months after that event a thin ragged man entered the trading post at Vitma, with a brief mournful story and a simple earnest request.

"Where from?" the superintendent had asked him.

"Picked up after an avalanche, my partner gone, penniless, sick, friendless, and taken in by an Indian family. I have tramped it 350 miles to get this far and beg work to start on my way home."

Thus Wade Rayner, this as an end of his hard earned savings. This the home coming with the bright yellow gold that had lured him to peril and suffering, and, most mournful of all, the loss of the best friend he had in the world.

"There's a pack train starting next week," explained the trader. "It's all tramp, for the dogs are light, the trail bad and the sledges carrying all they can stand. Will you try it?"

"I would travel over the trail on my hands and knees, but I must get home!"

"We'll help you do it," said the superintendent, but in his secret mind he doubted if the applicant would survive one-half the journey planned.

Ambition was dead in Wade Rayner, hope pretty near, but love—pure, true, beggard, still did love seem to shine, a beckoning beacon at the far distant end of the lonely desert trail.

At last! Heaven seemed near when finally the wearied pack train reached the first post of civilization. Wade Rayner had received a little package of gold dust for his services as an attendant on the train. In an inside pocket he carried two nuggets. They represented all he had found in the land where he had expected to gather the yellow treasure all along the highways.

He converted these small possessions into current coin. Then a train for the east. More dreams, rapid, eager, suspenseful, and one evening—home!

The train ran five miles from the village and he had to cover the rest of the distance on foot. How staggering to near the old sand pits, the dock stretch and then the hole in the fence! Ah! beyond that the loved one. Here had he seen May Woolson last. She seemed to beckon him on and he crossed lots to the little garden surrounding the Woolson home.

The house was lighted. How gladsome, how welcoming it looked! And there was a light in May's own room—and May herself.

She stood before a mirror dressed in bridal attire, wedding flowers in her hair. A chill struck the heart of the gazer.

"She believes me dead and—"

He tottered away. A man passed him by, stared at him, went on, looked back. In a vague baffling manner Wade Rayner made his way slowly back to the hole in the fence. There, leaning against the aged timbers, he looked out on the dark world beyond. Its cheerlessness seemed all there was left for him.

"Another's!" he breathed. "It must be true. I will go. What right have I, a beggar, a broken man, to intrude upon her welfare?"

He turned at the sound of footsteps. The man who had passed him with a stare was hurrying with a white robed form towards him.

"I was not mistaken, Miss Woolson," he said. "See, it is, it must be—"

"Wade! oh, my lost darling, Wade!" and May Woolson was in his arms.

He had come back—oh, that was all, enough, everything—she sobbed out her heart's devotion. Beggared?—oh, what was that against the flowing wealth of love! love! love. He was ill—she would nurse him, she would win back brightness to the dimmed eyes, courage for the wavering soul. Come! come! to waiting hearts—sister, friends, partner—

Partner! Then David Rose?—returned after searching far and wide for his dear friend he gave up as dead. But rich—the great claim! He had gone to it, sold it, and the share of his dead partner safely set aside.

But she in bridal costume? Oh, how her glad heart laughed! My dear! my dear!—the attire for the wedding of Rose and Ida.

A bride? yes, upon this, the joyous night of his return, his only, and now! this golden hour, and the very angels seemed to sing in echo of her pure, ravishing joy!

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

FIRST REWARD OF AMBITION

Polish Writer Tells of Emotion Produced by Sight of and Contact With an English Ship.

Joseph Conrad has told in his book, "A personal Record," how he happened to become an English writer. What is perhaps not so well known is how he, a Polish aristocrat, entered the British marine. From his fifteenth year, though he "had not six words" of the language in which he afterwards wrote "Nostromo" and "The Mirror of the Sea," his ambition was to be an English seaman. After much opposition he began to see his way clear and he has recorded his sensations when his hand first touched an English ship. "There are ships," he says, "I have known well by sight whose name I have forgotten; but the name of that ship seen once so many years ago in the clear flush of a cold, pale sunrise. I have not forgotten. How could I—the first English ship on whose side I ever laid my hands. The name—I read it letter by letter on the bow—'James Westoll.' Not very romantic, you will say. The name of a very considerable, well-known, and universally respected North-country ship-owner, I believe. 'James Westoll.' What better name could an honest hard-working ship have? To me the very grouping of the letters is alive with romantic feeling of her reality as I saw her floating motionless and borrowing an ideal grace from the austere purity of the light."

Plain Facts.

"Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac."

"That feat was overrated."

"Who ever credited it?"

"Washington himself, the time he threw 2,000 troops across the Delaware."

That's Why.

The Lawyer—If marriages are made in heaven, why are not divorces made there, too?

The Client—Because it takes a lawyer to get a man a divorce, and I don't suppose there is any lawyers up there.

TOUCH OF COUNTRY IN CITY

Squirrels in Indianapolis Accorded Freedom and Made Pets by All Classes of the Citizens.

In several parts of the city it is noted that there are more squirrels in evidence in the parks and about the lawns than ever before, and that they show little or no fear of any one, even those having come to treat them interesting relics of the primeval forest with kindness and consideration. Many of these squirrels are lively young fellows, born last April, who in the early spring will set up housekeeping for themselves. These squirrels are Chickarees, which sounds much like the name of a tribe of red men. This variety is found from Maine to Minnesota, and through the middle west and as far south as Tennessee and Virginia. It is the hardiest of the American squirrels and seems to enjoy the winter. It may be seen trundling under the snow, shaking its fur clean when it emerges, as if coming from a bath. It is on the alert from dawn to sunset and on moonlight nights such as we now have it may be seen having high fun disporting itself under the trees. It does not hibernate, and while it may have many enemies in the forest it has in the cities practically only one, the cat.—Indianapolis News.

Didn't Improve Situation.

There was a certain master of foxhounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets the M. F. H. rode up to the awkward hunter and, in the most chilling tones, said: "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the pack today, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so, "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me."

Economy in Painting Your House

does not mean buying the paint sold at the lowest price per gallon. It means getting the paint that covers the most surface per gallon and gives the greatest number of years of service —in other words, the *best value* for your dollar.

ACME QUALITY
HOUSE PAINT

costs less because it takes less and lasts longer. Let us show you pleasing color combinations, estimate quantity needed, or be of any other service we can, *whether you buy or not.*

PAINTS ACME QUALITY VARNISHES

Come in and get an Acme Quality Painting Guide Book and some color suggestions.

Gayde Brothers, Plymouth

At Detroit
Sept. 15-20

Michigan State Fair

Mammoth Exposition
Of the Wolverine
State's Industrial
And Agricultural
Interests

$100,000 In Premiums and Purses

Some of the many Interesting Attractions:

CONQUEST OF THE AIR. Korn's Giant Tractor Biplane will carry passengers on daily trips to the clouds. Practicability of the air machine at last demonstrated. Thrilling and instructive.

HORSE SHOW. All the spectacular features of the Eastern Show Rings. Sensational feats of horsemanship. High steppers. Chariot Contests. Something worth while every evening.

AUTO RACES. Most powerful machines. World's most famous pilots. Oldfield, Mulford, Burman, Resta, Disbrow, Endicott. Competitors, and not merely exhibitions. Electrical timing Devices used insuring accurate time.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. WORTHAM & ALLEN'S enormous circus. No fakes. Clean, wholesome entertainment. Music by WEBER'S Prize band every Afternoon and Evening. Thrilling fireworks display. Live stock competitions and parade. Gigantic exhibit of Michigan game birds in wooded surroundings.

RACING PROGRAM. Grand Circuit Races. With $40,000 in purses. World's greatest Pacers and Trotters. Foremost Reinsmen, "Pop" Geers, Murphy, Cox and many others.

ACCOMMODATIONS. Tented City with all Sleeping Comforts and Properly Policed. Hospital and Rest, Tents for the women folks and little ones.

Write to 501 Bowles Building, Detroit, for Premium Lists and further information.

Plan Your Vacation In Detroit at the

Michigan State Fair
Sept. 15-20, 1913

A Lecture on Christian Science

By VIRGIL O. STRICKLER, C. S.

Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

However much people may differ in their attitude towards Christian Science every one will admit that it has done many good things. Entirely apart from the question of physical healing, it is generally conceded that it produces a happy and contented mentality, that it destroys fear, and makes people loving and kind.

When we add to this the fact that it has healed many sick people who had previously been unable to find relief under other systems, that it has cured many of the drug habit, and of the liquor habit, has restored harmony in many homes that were discordant, and has given hope and courage to people who were discouraged, it is easy to understand why Christian Science has spread from one end of the earth to the other with such wonderful rapidity.

Why should any one not wish to believe that God heals the sick? Is it not a thing to be desired? And is it not something for which humanity has been praying through the centuries? Now that it is here why should any one not wish to except it? Let each one ask himself that question.

As time goes on humanity exhibits an ever decreasing interest in theories about God that are not helpful and practical. This tendency has been deplored by the churches as indicating a loss of interest in religion, but it is not so. It indicates a tremendous desire for a religion that is practical.

THIS IS AN AGE OF PRACTICAL THINGS

The demand for practical things also demands a religion that is practical. People are no longer satisfied with theories about what is to happen in another world. What is desired is a demonstrable religion that saves from present troubles—from sickness, and sin, and failure, and unhappiness, and the countless ills of every-day human experience—and if there is a religion that will do that, it can be safely trusted for the future.

Christian Science is essentially a practical religion. It has been called applied Christianity. There is the same difference between Christian Science and other systems that there is between mathematics and engineering. Mathematics does much good in many ways, but it is not until the rules of mathematics are applied to human affairs that we see brought out great bridges, railroads, subways, lofty buildings, and other things that are of public utility, and which contribute to the well-being of mankind. So it is only when the teachings of Jesus are understood and applied to human affairs that we see the sick healed, sinners liberated from bondage to evil habits, and other practical things done for the betterment of humanity.

When viewed from any point Mrs. Eddy stands as one of the great characters of this age. She has made a discovery in the realm of metaphysics that exerts and must continue to exert a more far-reaching influence upon humanity than any discovery ever made in the physical realm. She has founded a religion that has restored to mankind the spiritual healing as practised by the primitive church. Within the brief space of one generation her teachings have so impressed themselves upon the public that it would be difficult to find a place where there is not a Christian Science church or society, or at least where there are not some Christian Scientists.

Sooner or later every person will adopt that system of religious teaching which brings the largest measure of help and hope and consolation, and so long as any remain who are suffering from unhappiness or sickness or sin, Christian Science will offer to them a sure means of finding divine help.

Advertisement.

ELM.

Clyde Bentley and Henry Pankow went to Wayne on business last Friday.

Mrs. John Krumm of Plymouth, called on friends and relatives at Elm last Friday.

The pipe line gang is busy again in this vicinity running a telephone along their oil line.

Ira Wilson was a Plymouth visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas entertained Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ruthenbar at dinner Sunday.

James Glass is building a new barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Wright entertained relatives from Farmington Sunday.

Ira Wilson attended the Plymouth band picnic at Union lake Sunday.

Mike Thied called on relatives at Wyandotte Monday.

Our boys put one over on the Michigan State Telephone team last Sunday to the tune of 21 to 3. Some class to our team.

Linton Proctor is repainting his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirschlieb were Plymouth visitors Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Manzel entertained the Lutheran Aid Society at their home near Clarenceville last Thursday.

Chas. Hirschlieb and August Roering were in Detroit on business Wednesday.

A large crowd attended the Sunday-school picnic at Beech Sunday.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Orbisonia, Pa. This is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

NEWBURG.

There will be no church service this coming Sunday as the pastor Rev. Dutton is attending conference at Ypsilanti.

Two canning factories are running full blast in our neighborhood. One at E. Bassett's farm and also one at Floyd Bassett's.

Newburg stores present a neat appearance with their coat of white paint. Now if some of the other buildings were done likewise with, the place would begin to look like a new-berg.

Harold McFarlan of Flint, spent two days last week with his aunt, Mrs. C. Pickett.

Mrs. Esther Loomis and Winnie Pickett are visiting at the Pickett home.

Margaret Holloway of Plymouth, spent Monday night at the LeVan home.

W. R. LeVan has just purchased a Buick motor truck.

Rev. Dr. Caster, wife and daughter Florence of Plymouth, were guests at the Ryder home Tuesday afternoon.

Horse for sale. Enquire of C. E. Ryder.

Profits in Poultry.

People who make money out of chickens, ducks and other fowls speak highly of the conditioning and fattening qualities of HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDER. It makes your chickens thrive, keeps away disease and increases the yield of eggs. The successful poultry raisers nearly all use it. Price 25 cts. per package. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyers Pharmacy.—Advt.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS

Miss Ethel Gracen of Plymouth, spent the week-end at the home of her uncle, Chas. Blaich.

H. C. Packard and C. H. Bovee were in Plymouth on Saturday.

Mrs. Cynthia Wycoff and Mrs. Wm. Tait visited at H. C. Packard's on Friday of last week.

K. Rich was in South Lyon Tuesday.

K. Rich and family spent Sunday at Fred Fishbeck's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard went to Jackson Tuesday to attend the reunion of the 20th Michigan Infantry, of which regiment Mr. Packard is a member.

C. H. Bovee and wife and son were in Ann Arbor Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Whittaker entertained her aunt, Miss Smith from Minnesota, last week. She is a deaconess and a teacher among the Indians.

Mrs. Henry Whittaker and mother, Mrs. Hollis expect to start for Flint, West Branch and other northern parts Saturday to visit relatives.

E. H. Nelson was at Howell again Sunday and reports another good meeting for the I. B. S. and a nice class started there.

J. D. Nelson is erecting a nice new building for his automobile and other purposes.

J. D. Nelson has started a second silo filler this week to aid the farmers in storing the corn before it gets to dry.

When You Are Doubled Up

With cramps, cholera morbus, rheumatism or pluriesy, you need a bottle of RENNE'S PAIN-KILLING MAGIC OIL. It gives relief. It is a powerful pain-killer. Eases rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and all internal and external aches and pains. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyers Pharmacy.—Advt.

WEST PLYMOUTH.

Will Heeney, Melburn Partridge and Ed. Shuart are erecting silos this week.

Mrs. Ed. Shuart entertained the following guests last Sunday: Mrs. Warren Moore and daughter of Sault Ste. Marie; Elwin Pooler and family and Bert Shuart and family of Canton, and Professor W. L. Shuart of Battle Creek, and Will Heeney and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray and daughter Elizabeth are spending a week in Detroit visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Helen Smith visited Saturday and Sunday at J. R. Brown's in Superior.

Emory Shook spent Saturday and Sunday in Vassar at J. J. Lucas' formerly of this place.

Roy Jewell and wife and Ford B. Becker and wife of Plymouth, and Mr. Hix and wife and Theda Hix of Fenton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Becker Sunday.

Mrs. Dan Murray entertains the Helping Hand Aid Society next Wednesday the 17th. Would like a good attendance.

Floyd Lucas of Vassar, is visiting Emory Shook this week.

Mother of Eighteen Children

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 165 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in the past. I refer to any one in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers.—Advt.

AMERICA'S GREATEST PACERS AND TROTTERS WILL COMPETE FOR RICH PURSES AT THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, SEPT. 15-20.

STARK.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow spent Monday in Detroit.

Some from here attended the S. S. rally at Beech and it was a success. The weather being bad it was held in the church.

John Krumm bought a road scraper house of the town and moved it to his home for a woodhouse.

George Kuhn and family spent Sunday at John Rattenbury's, also Will Rattenbury and family of Detroit, spent the evening there.

Mrs. Sweeney returned the boys to Detroit last Saturday that she has been boarding for the summer.

Charley Millard was in Ecorse Saturday.

Mrs. Selloff entertained company from Detroit Sunday.

Charley Johnson of Detroit, was at C. E. Maynard's last Friday.

Della Kuhn of Detroit, and cousins of New York, visited at Geo. Kuhn's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Griffen entertained his brother and family from Canton Sunday.

Fourteen of John Oldenburg's friends from Detroit, gathered at his pretty little country home last Sunday to remind him that he had passed another milestone, it being his sixty-ninth birthday. The Mail wishes him many more happy birthdays.

Henry, buy a sheet of sticky fly paper and sit on it and then you will not fal out of the wagon.

TONQUISH.

Henry Gowdy's house, barn and henhouse burned Monday. Mrs. Gowdy was at the neighbor's when the fire was discovered. It is thought that it started from a defective stovepipe. A few things were saved from the barn. Mr. Gowdy is working on the good roads.

Miss Ethel Proctor, who has been quite sick is better at this writing. She is staying at her brother's near Wayne.

A new pump was put in at the Patchin school this week.

Mrs. Geo. Miller entertained company from Detroit and Northville last week.

The Plymouth Grange will give a "Penny Social" at Frank Tillotson's in Canton Friday evening.

The primary class of the Tonquish Sunday-school will have a picnic at the home of their teacher, Miss Bertha Warner, Saturday.

Despondency

is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For Sale by all dealers.—Advt.

FRAIN'S LAKE

Harvey Proctor and family have returned home after spending several days with friends near Lansing.

Albert Staebler is making daily trips to Ann Arbor to have his eyes treated.

Kenneth Rich and family spent Sunday with Fred Fishbeck.

Mrs. E. H. Spence of Belleville, is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Lyke.

School opened Monday with Miss Margaret Smith of Ann Arbor, as teacher.

Howard and Clifford Fishbeck have commenced their second years work at Ypsilanti high school.

Austin Whalen is spending a few days with his sister in Detroit.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the eighteenth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of William Hake, deceased.

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

It is Ordered, That the twenty-third day of September next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE
(A true copy) Judge of Probate
Albert W. Pipp, Register.

EASILY TOWED CANAL BOAT

Remarkable Strength Displayed by Three Hundred Pound Carp, According to Captain.

With a big piece of fried carp as his corroborative evidence, Capt. Tom Moore of canal towage boat No. 5, in service on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, related a fish story of some magnitude when his boat reached here recently, says a Cumberland (Md.) correspondent of the New York Herald.

"We were slipping along in the Big Pool," said Captain Tom, "when I saw an enormous carp swimming near the boat. I eased my rifle and fired, stunning him. Up he comes, belly up.

"Then I jumped ashore and slipped a mule collar over the fish's head and back to just behind the gills. It fit snug. He couldn't shake it off. Then I tied one end of a line to the collar and the other to the boat and got aboard.

"In a few minutes the carp came to and started like a flash down the canal, and he yanked the old boat along with ease. I yelled to the driver to unhitch his mules and trot along behind and the carp pulled us clear into Cumberland. When we got to the basin here I killed the carp. It weighed three hundred pounds. And there," concluded Captain Moore, pointing to the dish of fried fish, "is a piece of it, if you don't believe me."

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Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses.
Prices Reasonable. Give me a trial.
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Detroit United Lines
Plymouth Time Table
Effective May 27, 1913
EAST BOUND
For Detroit via Wayne: Mail and factory hours to 7:00 p m; also 9:44 p m and 11:00 p m change at Wayne.
NORTH BOUND
Leave Plymouth for Northville 6:00 a m and every hour to 7:00 p m; also 8:00 p m, 10:00, 11 p m.
Leave Detroit for Plymouth 6:30 a m and every hour to 5:30 p m; 7:30 p m; also 9 p m, 11 p m.
Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:44 a m and every hour to 6:44 p m; 8:44 p m; also 10:44 p m and 12 midnight.
Cars meet at Wayne for Ypsilanti and points west to Jackson.