

# The Plymouth Journal

VOLUME X, NO. 10.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., NOVEMBER 13, 1896.

## J. R. RAUCH & SON.

It is our business

To supply your wants; serve you courteously, and show you what we have for your examination.

PRICES Will BE Found REASONABLE.

Special Attention is invited to our

### FALL AND WINTER

Dress Goods, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Groceries, Crockery.

Great care has been given the selection of all our goods—you will find the styles and colorings correct.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

### BUY YOUR LININGS OF US.

We give this feature Special Attention.

TRY THE

**CRESCO**

OUR  
**Corset**

STOCK

MERITS

YOUR

ATTENTION.

YOU can be SUITED.

It Can Not Break at the Side or Waist.

## THE TWO BUSY BARGAIN STORES

Always catering to the wants of the people; Always having a reputation for handling nice, fresh, stylish stuff; Always first in the minds of the people, Here introduce a model in

### \* CORSETS \*

One which fits like the Gloves you buy of us. Carefully note the named advantages of the above Corset. You will find it to be as all goods from this place.

Ladies' Foster Kid Gloves.  
Our price only \$1 00

On account of the warm weather during the past few weeks, we will continue our Underwear sale through November. A heavy 50c underwear for 25c. A HEAVY Wool Fleece 75 and 80c underwear for 60c. Remember the time is Short—for these prices.

### Our Merchant Tailoring Department.

You can get the best value you ever had for your money by ordering that new FALL SUIT where the best of goods and workmanship will be used and the price will still be only

**\$15.00**

Five hundred new patterns to select from? Ask some friend who knows and he will tell you the most satisfactory place to buy FINE TAILORING is of us.

Look over our new line of Lamps and Fancy Crockery.

### GROCERIES.

We meet all prices made by others. Always fresh and quality the Best.

## HARD AND SOFT COAL,

FLOUR and FEED.

Lowest Prices,  
Prompt Delivery.



## L. C. HOUGH & SON.

Notes From a Mail Correspondent Who Left For the North Woods on Nov. 2, on a Deer Hunt.

Nine o'clock p. m., on board the boat at the Detroit wharf, two hours before starting, how about amusement? Plenty to all appearances. Passengers are visiting on upper deck, nothing exciting there but politics. We repair to the cabin, and are greeted with an "Ehaw-chee" from a bronzed son of old Germany, as sprawled out flat upon the cabin floor he rests his weary limbs and soars away in blissful dreams to the sunny shores of what is called the "German's fatherland," but again that "Ehaw-chee," it is anything but a nerve quieter. We feel the need of fresh air and go out for a stroll about the boat.

The D. & C. boats are indeed all that are claimed for them, simply a marvel both in construction and accommodation. Nothing was left undone by the officials on board the boat to make the traveller feel at home.

Little of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery along the Detroit and St. Clair rivers are observed owing to darkness of night. Still the twinkling lights like "will o'-the-wisps" flitting along the shore, the steady swish, swish of the boat as its prow cleaves the placid waters, the millions of planets and stars seen in the Heavens, the cool breeze as it fans your face, all combine to lure you from the more commodious interior of the boat, to the railing of the upper deck, where alone and undisturbed, one can enjoy these attractions to their fullest capacity.

Again returning to the cabin, we listen with interest, to a heated discussion between a small, dark featured man, who is on his way to Alpena, and a bright little Miss of perhaps 16 summers. The topic of course is the merits of the respective candidates for national honors. Mr. Bryan's superiority is claimed by our Alpena passenger, while the merits of Wm. McKinley are equally as well presented by the little Miss from Oscoda. The discussion becomes more animated and is only discontinued by a boat official informing the parties that they must make less noise as some people on the boat wished to sleep.

All the way thus far has the water been calm and even across lake St. Clair, not a wave noticeable.

Port Huron and daylight are here bringing, its bustle of passengers and freight. Beautiful looks the city in the grey light of early dawn, and the placid waters only disturbed now and then by a passing boat look a model of beauty and quietness, and as the sun peeps over the horizon, the view is intensified beyond description.

(Continued next week.)

### Carpenter—Woodman.

Married, in Lansing, Nov. 7, in the home of Rev. M. B. Carpenter, the officiating clergyman and brother of the bride, Hon. J. J. Woodman and Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter.

The wedding was informal, only a few near relatives and intimate friends being present. The gifts were numerous, valuable and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodman left on the evening train for Washington, D. C. They will be at home to all their friends after Dec. 1st, at Maple Avenue farm, Paw Paw, Mich.

### Alford Lapham.

Alford D. Lapham, an old and respected citizen of Plymouth, died at his home on Union street, on Thursday, Nov. 5th, after an illness of 8 weeks. The funeral was held at his late home Saturday morning at 10:30. Rev. Lee S. McColester, of Detroit, had charge of the services. He was buried by the side of his first wife in Clarenceville cemetery.

Mr. Lapham was born in Massena, Wayne Co., N. Y., in 1815. He was married in New York state at the age of 21 to Hannah Southwick, and soon after settled in Livonia. Three children were born to them, one of whom, Mrs. E. S. Rice, of Kansas, is still living.

His first wife died in 1870 and in 1873 he was again married.

His second wife with a number of relatives and friends remains to mourn his loss.

Mr. Lapham had spent the greater part of his life in Michigan and for 9 years resided in Plymouth.

Although born and brought up a Quaker, he regarded the Universalist idea of religion with much favor.

He was a kind and loving husband, a man of good habits and will be greatly missed in his home.

### Think it Should be Opened Earlier.

As I was passing by the school house one day last week, about 6:30 a. m., I saw ten or a dozen little ones standing outside shivering with the cold because they could not get in. It seems to me that our school house might be opened earlier because some of the children come from the country to school, and therefore have to come early.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### How Plymouth Township Voted.

During the past week, a number of our readers have asked why we did not publish the vote of Plymouth township for the various officers in the recent election. We thought the daily papers were so full of the results of election that people would not care to read it a second time in the MAIL, but upon being told that quite a number of persons were interested in certain candidates and were anxious to know how the vote stood in this township and in each precinct, we concluded to publish it this week.

Following is the vote of Plymouth township for the republican, democratic and silver candidates:

STATE	1st Precinct	2nd Precinct	Total
Governor:			
Pingree, r.	410	290	706
Sprague, d.	21	20	41
Sligh, sil.	158	163	321
Secy of State:			
Gardner, r.	410	290	700
Boyer, d.	11	9	20
Bruce, sil.	175	186	361
Treasurer:			
Steel, r.	406	290	696
Stevens, d.	11	9	20
Karste, sil.	177	163	340
Attorney General:			
Maynard, r.	408	290	698
Lothrop, d.	11	9	20
Murphy, sil.	176	174	350
Congressional:			
Spalding, r.	410	285	695
Barkworth, d.	177	191	368
Presidential:			
McKinley, r.	413	289	702
Palmer, d.	9	7	16
Bryan, sil.	174	191	365
COUNTY			
Judge of Probate:			
Durfee, r.	420	302	722
Sullivan, d.	167	173	340
Sheriff:			
Archer, r.	396	294	690
Chipman, d.	189	179	368
Treasurer:			
McLeod, r.	405	289	694
Hoyt, d.	180	182	362
Clerk:			
Reynolds, r.	408	290	698
Fenwick, d.	179	184	363
Register:			
Marschner, r.	413	326	739
Meyer, d.	173	160	333
Prosecuting Attorney:			
Frazer, r.	419	296	715
Barlow, d.	168	179	347
Auditor:			
Burt, r.	414	297	711
Deimel, d.	172	173	345
Circuit Court Commissioners:			
Hurst, r.	413	291	704
Woodruff, r.	413	290	703
Donahue, d.	174	184	358
Jeffries, d.	174	195	369
Coroners:			
Dickson, r.	411	289	700
Forth, r.	413	289	702
Barry, d.	175	196	371
Walsh, d.	173	186	359
Surveyor:			
Naumann, r.	411	289	700
Campau, d.	176	186	362
State Senator:			
Holmes, r.	411	290	701
Watson, d.	177	186	363
State Representative:			
Goodell, r.	398	288	686
Stewart, d.	190	169	359

There were 246 straight republican, 123 straight silver and 17 straight prohibition votes in this precinct.

### Getting Matrimonially Planted.

"A large percentage of what is ordinarily called love is about as safe a guide in the choice of a companion as a firefly would be trustworthy illumination in the intricacies of a deep forest on a dark night," writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "I am well aware that it is much easier to reason about these things in the abstract than it is to keep one's head cool and one's temper regulated in a season of severe exposure; but so much of the success or failure of a young man's after life depends on the way in which he gets matrimonially planted that it seems well worth while to preempt the ground with as much rational consideration as possible. If a man has accustomed himself to canvass the ground with some seriousness before the susceptible moment arrives there will be more likelihood of his being able to ride the storm when it breaks without the loss of ship, cargo and crew."

### Council Proceedings.

A meeting of the common council of the village of Plymouth was held on Monday evening, Nov. 9th.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid:

J. E. Knapp	\$ 6 30
C. Chambers	13 00
L. Lynde (pay roll)	71 71
Shaver Bros.	3 15
H. C. Robinson	6 40
Standard Oil Co.	19 45
L. E. Cable	3 00
O. H. Polly	26
D. W. Packard	5 25
Conrad Springer	1 00
Chas. Brems	3 00
F. H. Johnson	24 40
M. S. Stringer	20 00
W. J. Bradner	21 25
Leonard Atchison	85 00
Detroit S. L. P. Works	6 00

Adjourned for one week.

## Bassett & Son.

### Here is a Fair Proposition.

If we deserve nothing, give us you find our goods and prices knowledge it with your patronage adding new and very attractive stock.

Solid Mahogany Parlor Tables, only \$7.00

Solid Mahogany Inlaid on Other

Elegant Curly Birch Parlor Tables, Solid Oak and Imitation of Mahogany Tables, only 73 cents.

Elegant Bed Room Suites on

We have just received a large stock of

### EASELS

ranging in price from

49c up to \$2.50

Fine Goods at slaughtered prices.

Everything in the Furniture line will be sold accordingly at the

UP-TO-DATE Furniture House

## GALES

## WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.

GREAT 1-4 OFF

on all wall paper to make room for new wall paper. During the month of November

## I-4 OFF

on all wall paper sold. This is a rare opportunity for those who can use any wall paper. The best 1-4 off sale.

In the line of groceries, for a few days we are making a special drive in the following

- Best Home-Made Lard
- Clear Salt Pork per cwt
- Adam's Plymouth Butter
- Yerkes Bros' Flour
- Sweet Potatoes, per cwt
- Best Boneless Bacon
- Catawba Grapes, per cwt
- New Olives, per cwt
- Best Oysters, per cwt

All other goods in the grocery line at a good time to buy.

See our new line of

We have just received. Come in and see our

## J. I.



**PLYMOUTH MAIL.**  
BAKER & BAKER, Props.  
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

**COMMON COUNCIL,**  
VILLAGE OF PLYMOUTH.

J. M. COLLIER, President.  
L. C. LAUFFER, Clerk.

TRUSTEES:  
J. L. GALE, W. W. SMITHERMAN,  
L. C. ROBINSON, W. D. ALLEN,  
H. W. BAKER, A. J. LAPHAM.

Standing Committees, 1896.

WAYS AND MEANS:  
Gale, Baker, Allen

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS:  
Allen, Smitherman, Baker

STREETS:  
Baker, Lapham, Smitherman

PARKS:  
Robinson, Allen, Gale

HEALTH:  
Smitherman, Lapham, Baker

ORDINANCE:  
Gale, Allen, Robinson

POUNDS:  
Lapham, Smitherman, Robinson

LICENSE:  
Baker, Allen, Lapham

CEMETERIES:  
Allen, Robinson, Baker

FIRE:  
Robinson, Smitherman, Lapham

PRESEBYTERIAN CHURCH—W. D. ALLEN,  
CHURCH OF CHRIST—W. H. HUNTER,  
HEALTH OFFICER—DR. F. M. DEWEY,  
MARRIAGE—M. R. WEEKS.

**ANN ARBOR**  
RAILROAD

For . . .

Owosso, St. Louis, Alma,  
Mt. Pleasant, Clare, Cad-  
illac, Manistee, Traverse  
City and points in North-  
western Michigan.

WE OWN AND OPERATE

Our own Steamship Line  
across Lake Michigan be-  
tween Frankfort and Ke-  
wanee, Menominee and  
Gladstone, and are selling  
tickets to the Northwest  
CHEAPER than any all  
rail line.

The best trout and bass  
fishing in the state is  
found on our northern  
division.

Sleeping cars on night trains.  
Berths, \$1.50 and \$1.00.  
Free chair cars on day trains.

W. H. BENNETT,  
G. P. A.

**BUY THE BEST**



The "DOMESTIC"

Is absolutely the best Sewing  
Machine made. Leads in  
latest and best improvements.

**SIMPLE—  
PRACTICAL—  
DURABLE**

For over 30 years has been endorsed  
by the public as the most satisfactory  
of all sewing machines. We want your  
trade and can save you money. Write  
for free catalogue and prices.

**THE DOMESTIC S. M. CO.**  
233 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**CYCLE REPAIRING**  
and Extras for Cycles.

Pneumatic Tires, Inner Tubes,  
Cables, Chain Rings, Valve Stems,  
Valves, Steel Balls, Nipples,  
Air Pumps, Spokes, Tire  
Cement, Rubber Solution to re-  
-tire and Tubes, Pump-  
-ing Oil, Grease, Patching  
-Thread, Cork


Weights are exact.  
Guaranteed accurate.  
Endorsed by the Pope  
Mfg. Co.

1,000 or 10,000 Miles.  
Wash. D.C. 2000; Wash. D.C. 2000; Wash. D.C. 2000.  
For sale by all Dealers, Distributors, and  
VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.  
Delivery can now be made immediately.

**IS A FAMOUS ESTATE.**

A MAGNIFICENT FARM GOING  
TO RACK AND RUIN.


Hemstead Was Once an Elaborate and  
Stately Edifice of Judge Emmons of  
Michigan—Desolation Now Marks the  
Mansion, Outhouses and Grounds.



(Detroit Letter.)  
HE decay of a  
once pretentious  
estate is a spec-  
tacle that has its  
melancholy fea-  
tures, although to  
the artist there  
may be found pic-  
turesque qualities  
in the contempla-  
tion of rack and  
ruin. Nature may  
be even more accept-  
able to many when  
the underbrush has  
grown wild and  
tangled and weeds  
desecrate the once  
well-kept lawn, but  
surely an atmos-  
phere of sadness  
surrounds the old  
hemstead, whose  
windows were once  
brightly lighted  
and whose portals  
were in the past  
hospitably opened  
to the visitor, but  
where now only  
desolation reigns.  
The hemstead, con-  
structed on broad  
lines of liberality,  
now appears but  
a great shell, wait-  
ing for the touch  
of time, and slowly  
crumbling away.

Only a care-taker  
now has charge  
of the old Emmons  
estate between  
Ecorse and Wyandotte,  
an estate in  
the hemstead and  
scholarly judge  
once took immoderate  
pride. It had  
been his pleasure  
for years to im-  
prove the grounds,  
and in this agree-  
able task he brought  
to bear a consider-  
able love for nature  
and a nice apprecia-  
tion for us all that  
makes a country  
estate most desir-  
able. A visitor to  
the estate at the  
present time, after  
wandering through  
the grounds, would  
instinctively realize  
that here at one  
time had presided  
someone who, per-  
haps, loved not man  
the less but nature  
more. The great  
trees, the variety  
of foliage, the willow  
lane, the admirably  
designed lawn, the  
attractive nooks and  
corners and many  
other details reveal  
the clear insight of  
the designer of such  
an estate. It was  
remote in the early  
days, much more  
so than now, when  
electric cars spin  
by at frequent inter-  
vals; the roads were  
sometimes almost  
impassable; but it  
represented a domain,  
or farm, which was  
more attractive to  
the owner than a city  
residence and here  
he lived after his  
own fashion for  
many a day. Had  
not old Judge Em-  
mons long since  
passed away, it  
would be of much  
interest to learn  
from him his early  
experiences in this  
comparative wild-  
erness; how he  
gradually converted  
an ordinary farm  
into a delightful  
domain and of the  
life he passed here,  
surrounded by the  
objects which were  
dearest to him.

The entrance to  
the old place is at  
present discouraging  
to the visitor. The  
car stops on the  
farther side of the  
road, and it is only  
after wading nearly  
ankle deep through  
the mud that one  
gains the lawn. Even  
the motorist is  
surprised when you  
ask him to stop at  
the Emmons house,  
and his look says:  
"What on earth do  
you want to stop  
there for? Nobody  
stops there." And  
really it is a heroic  
task to reach the  
lawn through the  
mud, and you do not  
wonder at his ex-  
pression of counte-  
nance. Passing  
through the gate—  
once a pretty detail  
in itself—you notice  
the line of huge  
evergreens which  
stand like a row of  
sentinels all along  
the road. The hedges,  
you furthermore  
observe, have not  
been kept up, and  
instead of present-  
ing anything like  
a symmetrical ap-  
pearance, are a mere  
barrier. The vari-  
eties of trees, hickory,  
maple, ash, elm,  
willow and evergreen,  
not to mention  
many others, would  
commend themselves  
to the observation  
of a lover of such  
sylvan details—not  
entirely because of  
numbers, but be-  
cause of the manner  
in which they are  
laid out. Here, per-  
haps, the attention  
will be primarily  
called by an ever-  
green of unusual  
proportions, entwined  
by some vine the  
leaves of which are  
lighter than the  
general color of the  
tree and afford a  
marked contrast.



**JUDGE EMMONS.**

to the prospect, suggesting just so  
much more life in the melancholy  
picture.


The farm now consists of 600 acres;  
formerly there were 634 acres, but  
the odd 34 acres, lying far from  
the river, have been disposed of.  
The early records show that H. H.  
Emmons bought in 1856 506 acres  
of land for \$17,000. The rest was  
acquired at different times. The  
value of the property today is  
probably considerably over \$200,000,  
but is not selling because real  
estate is almost a death on the  
market. When Judge Emmons first  
moved out here and erected the  
spacious and handsome home he  
began to plant great pines, "because,"  
says an old acquaintance, "he had  
lung trouble and looked for a  
remedy in the pines." Whether  
the judge's lung trouble was  
obviated the records do not  
specify, but as he lived to a ripe  
old age in the full enjoyment of  
life, it is to be presumed that  
the complaint did not bother him  
greatly. Judge Emmons had  
practiced in Detroit, the firm  
being known as Van Dyke &  
Emmons. A brother of Mr. Em-  
mons and a brother of Mr. Van  
Dyke established another law  
firm in Milwaukee, which was  
known as Emmons & Van Dyke.  
Judge Emmons was regarded as  
a brilliant and successful lawyer,  
one of the bright men of the  
day in this commonwealth.

A portion of his farm was  
acquired from one Thomas Smith,  
and thereby hangs a tale. This  
Smith was no ordinary Smith,  
but was an extremely foxy  
Smith. The government had  
been given grants of land, not  
exceeding 320 acres, to various  
settlers. Smith located his strip  
at a point where the river took  
a decided turn. The shape of  
Smith's strip was like the space  
included between two spokes  
in a wheel—narrow at the hub  
and expanding greatly far from  
it. Smith, when applying for  
this generous slice of real estate,  
merely sent the hub measure-  
ment. He asked for a strip of  
land so many feet on the river  
front and got it. The govern-  
ment was too obtuse to consider  
any such trifles as the bends of  
a river. Perhaps it thought that  
the Detroit river flowed without  
crook or turn, after the pattern  
of a canal. Smith's neighbors  
had farms but they were the  
same width in the rear as they  
were in front. But foxy "Yankee"  
Smith at once became a double-  
barreled land owner, having  
been awarded over 1,800 acres  
when the intention had been to  
give him but 320 acres. Great  
was the Smiths! When Judge  
Halmer H. Emmons died he left  
four heirs: Mrs. Clara G. Collins,  
Mrs. Elizabeth W. Faulconer,  
Halmer H. Emmons and Sarah  
C. Emmons (deceased).

Liberia a Bad Country.

Six colored men, who had just  
arrived in Philadelphia from  
Liberia, say that the country is  
anything but a paradise and  
they advise colored men not  
to emigrate to it. Provisions  
are high. Flour sells wholesale  
at \$15 per barrel and salt meat  
at 15 cents per pound. The  
only cheap thing to be had is  
bad whisky, which is sold at 4  
cents per gallon. It is brought  
there by German and English  
traders, and one drink is  
sufficient to put the most  
peaceful man into a fighting  
humor.—New York Tribune.

**THE GREATEST AUTHORITY IN THE WORLD**  
PRESCRIBES  
**CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER**



**COLDS IN HEAD, CATARRH,  
SORE THROAT, LA GRIPPE,  
HEADACHE or  
Any Head or Throat Trouble.**


DR. J. H. BROWN, LONDON.  
DR. BROWN is Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and  
Ear Hospital. He declares himself in a recent medical journal to be  
entirely satisfied with the use of Cushman's Inhaler. For  
further particulars, send to the inventor, Cushman's Inhaler, 10, Abchurch  
Lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

A CHRONIC BRONCHITIS IN EVERY BAD COLD!  
Then why do you go on in a delirious way trying to wear out your  
lungs with Cushman's Inhaler? It will relieve you instantly.  
It is the greatest remedy for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, and  
all other forms of Bronchitis. It is a powerful and refreshing  
stimulant to the system. Only a refreshing and beautiful aid to you,  
indispensable in relieving. It is the greatest aid to you,  
indispensable in relieving. It is the greatest aid to you,  
indispensable in relieving.

DR. J. H. BROWN, LONDON.  
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Lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

**THE ROCHESTER**  
HAY & GRAIN CARRIERS



RIGGED  
FOR  
SLINGS  
OR  
TWO  
FORKS  
**ONE ON  
EACH  
PULLEY.**

AGENTS WANTED.

Address,  
**W. G. RICKER,**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROOM 48, MOFFAT BLOCK.  
**Irving W. Durfee,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
DETROIT, MICH.

**DO NOT STOP TOBACCO.**  
How to Cure Yourself While  
Using It.

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

Cured By Bacco-Curo and Gained  
Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the origi-  
nals of which are on file and open to  
inspection, the following is presented:  
Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895.  
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse,  
Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used  
tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five  
years of that time I was a great sufferer  
from general debility and heart disease.  
For fifteen years I tried to quit, but  
could not. I took various remedies, among  
others, "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco  
Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc.,  
etc., but none of them did me the least  
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CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Nevertheless, the young people had the doubts about their coming bliss. Everything was going smoothly and pleasantly for them. Carriston had at once spoken to Madeline's aunt, and obtained the old Scotchwoman's ready consent to their union. I was rather vexed at his still keeping to his absurd whim in concealing his true name. He said he was afraid of alarming the aunt by telling her he was passing under an alias, whilst if he gave Madeline his true reason for so doing she would be miserable. Moreover, I found he had formed the romantic plan of marrying her without telling her in what an enviable position she would be placed, so far as worldly gear went. A kind of Lord of Burleigh surprise no doubt commended itself to his imaginative brain.

The last day of my holiday came. I bade a long and sad farewell to lake and mountain, and, accompanied by Carriston, started for home. I did not see the parting proper between the young people—that was far too sacred a thing to be intruded upon—but even when that protracted affair was over, I waited many, many minutes whilst Carriston stood hand in hand with Madeline, comforting himself and her by reiterating, "Only six weeks—six short weeks! And then—and then!" It was the girl who at last rose herself away, and then Carriston mounted reluctantly by my side on the rough vehicle.

From Edinburgh we traveled by the night train. The greater part of the way we had the compartment to ourselves. Carriston, as a lover will, talked of nothing but coming blips and his plans for the future. After a while I grew quite weary of the monotony of the subject, and at last dozed off, and for some little time slept. The shrill whistle which told us a tunnel was at hand aroused me. My companion was sitting opposite to me, and as I glanced across at him my attention was arrested by the same strange intense look which I had on a previous occasion at Bettwys-Coed noticed in his eyes—the same fixed stare—the same obliviousness to all that was passing. Remembering his request, I shook him, somewhat roughly, back to his senses. He regarded me for a moment vacantly, then said:

"Now I have found out what was wanting to make the power I told you of complete. I could see her if I wished."

"Of course you can see her—in your mind's eye. All lovers can do that."

"If I tried I could see her bodily—know exactly what she is doing!" He spoke with an air of complete conviction.

"Then, I hope, for the sake of modesty, you won't try. It is now nearly three o'clock. She ought to be in bed and asleep."

I spoke lightly thinking it better to try and laugh him out of his folly. He took no notice of my sorry joke. "No," he said quietly, "I am not going to try. But I know now what was wanting. Love—such love as mine—such love as hers—makes the connecting link, and enables sight or some other sense to cross over space, and pass through every material obstacle."

"Look here, Carriston," I said seriously, "you are talking as a madman talks. I don't want to frighten you, but I am bound both as a doctor and your sincere friend to tell you that unless you cure yourself of these absurd delusions, they will grow upon you, develop fresh forms, and you will probably end your days under restraint. Ask any doctor, he will tell you the same."

"Doctors are a clever race," answered my strange young friend, "but they don't know everything."

So saying he closed his eyes and appeared to sleep.

We parted on reaching London. Many kind words and wishes passed between us, and I gave some more well-meant and, I believed, needed warnings. He was going down to see his uncle, the baronet. Then he had some matters to arrange with his lawyers, and above all had to select a residence for himself and his wife. He would no doubt be in London for a short time. If possible he would come and see me. Any way he would write and let me know the exact date of his approaching marriage. If I could manage to come to it, so much the better. If not he would try, as they passed through town, to bring his bride to pay me a flying and friendly visit.

Some six weeks afterward—late at night—while I was deep in a new and clever treatise on symptoms, a man haggard, wild, unshorn, and unkempt, rushed past my startled servant, and entered the room in which I sat. He threw himself into a chair, and I was horrified to recognize in the intruder my clever and brilliant friend, Charles Carriston!

VI.

THE END had come sooner than I expected. These were the sad words I muttered to myself as, waving my frightened servant away, I closed the door and stood alone with the supposed maniac. He rose and writing my hand, then without a word, sunk back into his chair and buried his face in

he was, as he said, as sane as I was. "Thank heaven you can speak to me and look at me like this," I exclaimed. "You are satisfied then?" he said. "On this point, yes. Now tell me what is wrong?"

Now that he had set my doubts at rest his agitation and excitement seemed to return. He grasped my hand convulsively. "Madeline!" he whispered. "Madeline—my love—she is gone." "Gone!" I repeated. "Gone where?" "She is gone, I say—stolen from me by some black-hearted traitor—perhaps forever. Who can tell?"

"But, Carriston, surely in so short a time her love can not have been won by another. If so, all I can say is—"

"What!" he shouted. "You who have seen her! You in your wildest dreams to imagine that Madeline Rowan would leave me of her own free will! No, sir, she has been stolen from me—entrapped—carried away—hidden. But I his hands. A sort of nervous trembling seemed to run through his frame. Deeply distressed, I drew his hands from his face.

"Now, Carriston," I said as firmly as I could, "look up and tell me what all this means. Look up, I say, and speak to me."

He raised his eyes to mine and kept them there, whilst a ghastly smile—a phantom of humor—flickered across his white face. No doubt his native quickness told him what I suspected, so he looked me steadily in the face.

"No," he said, "not as you think. But let there be no mistake. Question me. Talk to me. Put me to any test. Satisfy yourself, once for all, that I am as sane as you are."

He spoke so rationally, his eyes met mine so unflinchingly, that I was rejoiced to know that my fears were as yet ungrounded. There was grief, excitement, want of rest in his appearance, but his general manner told me he would find her, or I will kill the black-hearted villain who has done this."

He rose and paced the room. His face was distorted with rage. He clinched and unclenched his long slender hands. "My dear fellow," I said, "you are talking riddles. I don't understand what has happened. But, first of all, as you look utterly worn out, I will ring for my man to get you some food."

"No," he said, "I want nothing. Weary I am, for I have been to Scotland and back as fast as man can travel. I reached London a short time ago, and after seeing one man have come straight to you, my only friend, for help—it may be for protection. But I have eaten and I have drunk, knowing I must keep my health and strength."

However, I insisted upon some wine being brought. He drank a glass, and then with a strange enforced calm, told me what had taken place. His tale was this:

After we had parted company on our return from Scotland, Carriston went down to the family seat in Oxfordshire, and informed his uncle of the impending change in his life. The baronet, an extremely old man, infirm and all but childlike, troubled little about the matter. Every acre of his large property was strictly entailed, so his pleasure or displeasure could make but little alteration in his nephew's prospects. Still he was the head of the family, and Carriston was in duty bound to make the important news known to him. The young man made no secret of his approaching marriage, so in a very short time every member of the family was aware that the heir and future head was about to ally himself to a nobody. Knowing nothing of Madeline Rowan's rare beauty and sweet nature, Carriston's kinsmen and kinswomen were sparing with their congratulations. Indeed, Mr. Ralph Carriston, the cousin whose name was coupled with the such absurd suspicions, went so far as to write a bitter, sarcastic letter, full of ironical felicitations. This, and Charles Carriston's haughty reply, did not make the affection between the cousins any stronger. Moreover, shortly afterward the younger man heard that inquiries were being made in the neighborhood of Madeline's home, as to her position and parentage. Feeling sure that only his cousin Ralph could have had the curiosity to institute such inquiries, he wrote and thanked him for the keen interest he was manifesting in his future welfare, but begged that hereafter Mr. Carriston would apply to him direct for any information he wanted. The two men were now no longer on speaking terms.

Charles Carriston, in his present frame of mind, cared little whether his relatives wished to bless or forbid the nuptials. He was passionately in love, and at once set about making arrangements for a speedy marriage. Although Madeline was still ignorant of the exalted position held by her lover—although she came to him absolutely penniless—he was resolved in the matter of money to treat her as generously as he would have treated the most eligible damsel in the country. There were several legal questions to be set at rest concerning certain property he wished to settle upon her. These of course caused delay. As soon as they were adjusted to his own, or rather to his lawyer's satisfaction, he proposed going to Scotland and carrying away his beautiful bride. In the meantime he cast about for a residence.

Somewhat Bohemian in his nature

Carriston had no intention of settling down just yet to live the life of an ordinary moneyed Englishman. His intention was to take Madeline abroad for some months. He had fixed upon Cannes as a desirable place at which to winter, but having grown somewhat tired of hotel life wished to rent a furnished house. He had received from an agent to whom he had been advised to apply the refusal of a house which, from the glowing description given, seemed the one above all others he wanted. As an early decision was insisted upon, my impulsive young friend thought nothing of crossing the Channel and running down to the south of France to see, with his own eyes, that the much-lauded place was worthy of the fair being who was to be its temporary mistress.

He wrote to Madeline, and told her he was going from home for a few days. He said he should be traveling the greater part of the time, so it would be no use for her writing to him until his return. He did not reveal the object of his journey. Were Madeline to know it was to choose a winter residence at Cannes, she would be filled with amazement, and the innocent deception he was still keeping up would not be carried through to the romantic end which he pictured to himself.

VII.

THE DAY before he started for France Madeline wrote that her aunt was very unwell, but said nothing as to her malady causing any alarm. Perhaps Carriston thought less about the old Scotch widow than her relationship and kindness to Miss Rowan merited. He started on his travels without any forebodings of evil.

His journey to Cannes and back was hurried—he wasted no time on the road, but was delayed for two days at the place itself before he could make final arrangements with the owner and the present occupier of the house. Thinking he was going to start every moment he did not write to Madeline—at the rate at which he meant to return a letter posted in England would reach Cannes almost as quickly as if posted at

He reached his home, which for the last few weeks had been Oxford, and found two letters waiting for him. The first, dated on the day he left England, was from Madeline. It told him that her aunt's illness had suddenly taken a fatal turn—that she had died that day, almost without warning. The second letter was anonymous.

It was written apparently by a woman, and advised Mr. Carr to look sharply after his lady-love or he would find himself left in the lurch. The writer would not be surprised to hear some fine day that she had developed with a certain gentleman who should be nameless. This precious epistle, probably an emanation of feminine spite, Carriston treated as it deserved—he tore it up and threw the pieces to the wind.

But the thought of Madeline being alone at that lonely house troubled him greatly. The dead woman had no sons or daughters—all the anxiety and responsibility connected with her affairs would fall on the poor girl. The next day he threw himself into the Scotch Express, and started for her far-away home.

On arriving there he found it occupied only by the rough farm servants. They seemed in a state of wonderment, and volubly questioned Carriston as to the whereabouts of Madeline. The question sent a chill of fear to his heart. He answered their questions by others, and soon learnt all they had to communicate.

Little enough it was. On the morning after the old woman's funeral Madeline had gone to Callendar, to ask the advice of an old friend of her aunt's, as to what steps should now be taken. She had never been to his friend, nor had she returned home. She had, however, sent a message that she must go to London at once, and would write from there. That was the last heard of her—all that was known about her.

Upon hearing this news Carriston became a prey to the acutest terror—an emotion which was quite inexplicable to the honest people, his informants. The girl had gone, but she had sent word whether she had gone. True, they did not know the reason for her departure, so sudden and without baggage of any description—true, she had not written as promised, but no doubt they would hear from her tomorrow. Carriston knew better. Without revealing the extent of his fears, he flew back to Callendar. Inquiries at the railway station informed him that she had gone, or had purposed going, to London, but whether she ever reached it, or whether any trace of her could be found there, was, at least, a matter of doubt. No good could be gained by remaining in Scotland, so he traveled back at once to town, half distracted, sleepless, and racking his brains to know where to look for her.

"She has been decoyed away," he said in conclusion. "She is hidden, imprisoned somewhere. And I know, as well as if he told me, who has done this thing. I can trace Ralph Carriston's cursed hand through it all."

I glanced at him askance. This morbid suspicion of his cousin amounted almost to monomania. He had told the tale of Madeline's disappearance clearly and tersely; but when he began to account for it his theory was a wild and untenable one. However much he suspected Ralph Carriston of longing to stand in his shoes, I could see no object for the crime of which he accused him, that of decoying away Madeline Rowan.

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I never knew an old bachelor yet but who thought he could marry any woman he had a mind to, nor an old maid who hadn't refused mummy fust-klass bids, and wasn't issuing sealed proposals for more.

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Salt the sheep regularly and not in too large doses.

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Thought in spring poetry does not wear well. Sore feet are often caused by high boots.

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Nature has provided a certain amount of work for every organ of the human body; overtax them and disease eventually follows. There is not one portion of our organism that is so overworked as the kidneys; on them is placed the important function of filtering the blood of the impurities which naturally form in the regular action of life and digestion. The kidneys are consequently termed the sewerage of the system; clog up this sewer, and the blood becomes tainted with poisonous uric acid, which brings on disease in many forms. The back is the first to show this stoppage. From there comes the warning note; it should be heeded, and the kidneys receive prompt attention. Doan's Kidney Pills will right the action of the kidneys quickly, relieve the back of pain and aches, and cure all troubles of kidneys and bladder. Read the following:

Mr. Wm. Nelson is a well-known business man of Kalamazoo, he resides at 823 Portage Street, and his business is that of a grain buyer. He says:

"For five years I have suffered from an inability to urinate, which resulted from what was said to be a stoppage of the bladder. During these years I have taken mineral and electric baths and used other means in expectancy of getting better, but they all proved unavailing. Some months ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, which I had heard highly recommended, and I can now say that the flattering reports were not greater than they deserved. I got better right along, and I am free from any trouble now. I feel better than I have done for three years past. If Doan's Kidney Pills were well known all over they would do an immense amount of good."

Sold by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Sheep eaten more readily if they are kept quiet and warm, especially during the winter.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by DRUGGISTS, 75c.

Good young sheep always command a market.

An Important Difference. To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a restorative condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

Self-denial is the closest friend.



IAN MACLAREN, ONE OF THE COMPANION'S MOST PROMINENT CONTRIBUTORS FOR 17. See Special Offer Below.

IAN MACLAREN, RUDYARD KIPPLING, HALL CAULFIELD, FRANK R. STOCKTON, HAROLD FREDERIC, MADAME LILLIAN BORDICHA, CHARLES DUDLEY WALKER, STEPHEN GRAY, HAMILTON GARLAND, MAX O'NEIL, W. CLARE RUSSELL, ALICE LANGFELLOW, AND MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED OTHER EMINENT WRITERS.

For the Whole Family.

THE COMPANION also announces for 1897, Four Absorbing Serials, Adventure Stories on Land and Sea, Stories for Boys, Reports for Girls, Reporters' Stories, Doctors' Stories, Lawyers' Stories, Stories for Everybody—all profusely illustrated by popular artists. Six Double Holiday Numbers. More than two thousand Articles of Miscellaneous—Anecdote, Humor, Travel, Timely Editorials, Current Events, Current Topics and Nature and Science Departments every week, etc.

52 Weeks for \$1.75. Send for Full Prospectus.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it to our office with name and address and \$1.75 (the subscription price) will receive FREE—The Youth's Companion every week from the subscription to January 1, 1897. FREE—The Youth's Companion and New Year's Double Number to subscribers to January 1, 1897. FREE—Our Artistic 4-Page Folding Calendar for 1897, illustrated by Twelve Brilliant Artists. FREE—And The Youth's Companion 25 Weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1897.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Advertisement for SANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. Includes text: '12-Color Calendar FREE', 'ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED', and 'Walter Baker & Co. Boston, Mass.'

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. Cocoa and Chocolate. Includes text: 'FOR one hundred and fifteen years Walter Baker & Co. have made Cocoa and Chocolate, and the demand increases every year. Try it and you will see why.'

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, manly, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac. The wonder-working No-To-Bac makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 40,000 cured. No No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Our duty to God is measured by our ability. Just try a 50c box of Camels. The finest ever and bowen regulator ever made. A revival means a recovery of lost power.

When bilious or constive eat a Cassaret candy (sugar), cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Choose a high, dry place for your poultry yard.

Advertisement for Blood Bubbles. Includes text: 'Blood... Bubbles. Those pimples or blotches that disgrace your skin, are blood bubbles. They mark the unhealthy condition of the blood-current that throws them up. You must get down to the blood, before you can be rid of them. Local treatment is useless. It suppresses, but does not heal. The best remedy for eruptions, scrofula, sores, and all blood diseases, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.'

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water.

OPUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book and FREE. Dr. R. H. WHEATLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PATENTS. 25 years' experience. Send sketch through. Vice (L. L. Deane, 1516 prin. examiner U.S. Pat. Office; Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash. D.C.)

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pat. Office. 27 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, city, coun.

WE PAY SALARY to men and women to work for us. day or evening, at their homes; nice, pleasant work; no canvassing. Experience not necessary. Enclose stamp for particulars. STANDARD CO., 143 W. 23rd St., New York.

Advertisement for The Acme Lamp Stove. Includes text: 'The Acme Lamp Stove. Will warm your room at a cost of 3 cents per day and not affect the light. Delivered on receipt of \$1. ACME COMPANY, 33 Wendell St., Boston, Mass.'

AVOID BUCKET SHOPS! TRADE WITH A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. E. S. MURRAY & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, 124 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in good standing, who will furnish you with their latest Book of statistics and reliable information regarding the market. Write for it and their Daily Market Letter, both FREE. References: A. K. NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.

W. N. U. D.—XIV—46. When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

July 20th of the Most Famous Men and Women of both continents have contributed to the next year's Volume of

Advertisement for The Youth's Companion. Includes text: 'The Youth's Companion. Celebrating its seventy-first birthday, The COMPANION offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. The two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter. Distinguished Writers. For the Whole Family.'

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Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. Cocoa and Chocolate. Includes text: 'FOR one hundred and fifteen years Walter Baker & Co. have made Cocoa and Chocolate, and the demand increases every year. Try it and you will see why.'



**PLYMOUTH MAIL.**  
**BAKER & BALON,**  
 PROPRIETORS.  
**\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.**  
 Single copies 3 Cents.  
 Entered at Plymouth, P. O. as second class matter.  
 Second of Thirds class.  
 Postoffice at Plymouth, P. O. as second class matter.  
**Friday, Nov. 13, 1896.**

**FAR AND NEAR!**

IMPORTANT EVENTS FROM OUREXOMANG-ES CONDENSED AND RECORDED HERE.

Tell me, ye wandering winds,  
 That soon will chill and gnaw me,  
 Is there a place where no one sings  
 "Just tell them."  
 —Jackson Citizen.

A Milan saloon-keeper voted the prohibition ticket—by mistake.

Pinckney's curfew bell rings at 7:30 p. m. sharp now, and the small boy makes his spontaneous evaporation at the first stroke.

The French are going to introduce a "nickle currency," imitating Uncle Sam's nickle in size and style. This is complimentary to our system.

An epidemic of black diphtheria prevails in Wright township, Hillsdale Co. Several persons have already died, and others are seriously ill.

The Globe says an Oxford young man didn't vote for McKinley because he was not born soon enough. Strange things do happen there at Oxford.

In one column of the Oxford Globe may be found the three following suggestive headings: "Watch for the doctor," "The wind up," "Death of Robert Modaviss."

There are 516 medals awarded at the World's Fair, for which owners cannot be found. One was addressed to Fred Zerly, Ann Arbor, but as no one knew of such a man it was returned to the treasury department.

South Lyoneses are up in arms because the D. L. & N. Co. have located a new freight depot just where it would block up their main street with freight cars and be a constant nuisance to the safety of passers-by. A protest has been signed and sent to headquarters. In the meantime work on the building has been suspended.

J. J. Palmer, of Liberty, has a potato that found the missing link of a log chain a portion of it growing through one end of the link, turning and uniting with the rest of the tuber, holding the link and potato firmly together. It is not remembered that a log-chain had been used in the field for the past thirty or forty years.

—Jackson Patriot.

Millford citizens will look after the boys of that village who destroyed property, etc., on Halloween. They have raised the necessary money and engaged an officer for the work. They offer to let the master drop if the boys will pay for the property destroyed, but whether the offer will be accepted or not remains to be seen.

A farmer hauled in 1000 bushels of corn to the village of Blissfield last week for \$10 and used the money to pay the interest on a \$1000 mortgage. Did he vote to continue the gold standard? Well, no, but the fellow who holds the mortgage, whooped 'er up for sound money, McKinley and prosperity.—Adrian Press.

Seven cents a bushel. Why, Bohemian oats would pay better than that.

A successful farmer gave a note of warning the other day in regard to the apple crop. The short crops of the past two years have had the effect of almost exterminating the worm. The apples this year are remarkably sound and free from grubs, and to prevent a recurrence of the evil, fruit-growers should not allow the fruit to lie under the trees for any length of time.—Milford Times.

The man who gets the fewest letters complains the most of the post-office; the man who complains of the preacher pays him the least; the man who complains most of his neighbor is generally the meanest in the neighborhood, and the man who has the least sense is as a rule the most conceited. And it may be added with truth that the man who will not take his home paper is the man to find the most fault with the way it is run.

"Farmers who feed pumpkins to hogs should see that the seeds have been extracted" said a prominent farmer "as at several points over the state, hogs have been dying off by hundreds on account of indigestion caused by pumpkin seeds. Cholera was supposed to have been the cause of the deaths, but a postmortem examination of several hogs disclosed the fact that the stomachs were filled with undigested pumpkin seeds."—Ann Arbor Argus.

A strong feeling for a constitutional amendment which will abolish the board of supervisors is gaining ground every year. But few states now have the system planned here. New York and Massachusetts from whose laws our statutes were copied, have changed to county commissioners. So have Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. The supervisor system is one of those things that have been tried and found wanting, both on account of expense and quality of work performed. It is feared that three county commissioners do more and better work, in far less time and at less expense. It is not only a saving to the taxpayers, in money, but also in the substantial character of their government.—Ann Arbor Courier.

Wayne is to have 20 new street lamps. My, but isn't she puttin' on airs.

Only one exchange has been received at this office that didn't have the same old chestnutty, machine-made kick about young America on Halloween night.

Eddie Gidley, Holly, received a \$3 pair of shoes from Frank, Marks & Frank for writing the best advertisement for their show window. The whole school was included in the competition.

The following unique notice is to be seen on a barr in Huron county: "If any man or woman's cows or oxes gets into my pasture, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be. I am a christian, pay my taxes, but d—n the man who lets his animals loose."—Ex.

When a man is on the up grade the world gets behind him and pushes him up, when he is on the down grade the world again gets behind him and kicks him on. The world is bound to help a man going either way. This is an accommodating world after all.—Ex.

To think that a person—and that person a woman—could be sacriligious enough to get drunk when she gets into "New Jerusalem" is almost enough to make a person believe in the doctrine of "Bob" Ingersoll, but such is the case according to the Wyandotte Herald of last week.

Postmaster-general Wilson has issued an order prohibiting such notices as "please send out" or "please post up" being placed on the wrappers of third class matter. Such notices will subject the matter to first class rates. The words "personal" or "to be called for" are deemed a part of the address and are permissible.

Sixteen of our exchanges last week mentioned "the first snow of the season" which came Oct. 17.—Northville Record. Well, what of it? Every paper should have mentioned such an exceptionally early fall of snow. What's a newspaper for, if it isn't to have a complete record of the year? The paper that didn't note the occurrence fell short. The item wasn't one of news but of record.—Michigan Bulletin.

The unwritten law of the road, "Keep to the right," has had a strong affirmation by Judge Cox, of Indianapolis, in a decision that a man driving a horse on the left side of the street who ran into a young man riding a bicycle on the right side of the road, was responsible for the accident. The man who drives on the wrong side of the street is presumed by Judge Cox to be guilty of an intention to commit assault and battery. The same guilty intention is ascribed by the judge to a bicyclist riding on the sidewalk. He does so entirely at his own risk, Judge Cox says, and in case of collision must be held guilty of intentional assault and battery.

Neuralgia is the prayer of the nerves for pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve builder.

In the Wrong Place.

The following unique explanation appeared at the head of the editorial column of the Mt. Olivet (Ky.) Advance during the last days of the late campaign:

"Editor McDowell is still confined to his room with fever, and that is why I am editing the Advance this week. If I lack interest, and if the editorial column has not its usual spice and customary silver ring, please think of my very trying situation—a sound money, single gold standard, William McKinley republican, in charge of a free-silver, William J. Bryan democrat paper. Two or three years in the newspaper business have not entirely deadened that monitor. But the consistency of the policy of this journal shall be maintained at all hazards. Pray for me. Very truly, T. H. Deming.

How to Ward Off an Attack of Croup.

In speaking of this much dreaded disease, Mr. C. M. Dixon, of Pleasant Ridge, Pa., said, "I have a little girl who is troubled frequently during the winter months with croupy affections. Whenever the first symptoms occur, my wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the result is always prompt and satisfactory." This remedy is used by thousands of mothers throughout the United States, and in many foreign countries, and always with perfect success. It is only necessary to give it freely when the child becomes hoarse or as soon as the croupy cough appears and all symptoms of croup will disappear. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Dr. J. G. Meller.

For those who believe in the fatality of the number 13 the American quarter dollar is about the most unlucky article to carry. On the said coin there are 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll which the eagle holds in its claws, 13 feathers compose its wings, 13 feathers are in its tail, there are 13 parallel lines on the shield, 13 horizontal stripes, 13 arrow-heads and 13 letters in the word "quarterdollar."—Ex.

Sore Throat Quickly Cured.

Not long ago in speaking of sore throat, and the difficulty experienced in curing it, Mr. J. E. Thomas, of Uniondale, Pa., told how he had often cured it in his family. We give it in his own words: "I have frequently used Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my family for sore throat and it has effected a speedy cure in every instance. I would not think of getting along in my home without it." Pain-Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains and bruises. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Dr. J. G. Meller.

**BAKERY and RESTAURANT!**

**CHAS. H. NEVISON**  
 wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a  
**BAKERY and RESTAURANT**  
 in 77 Sutton street, where he will keep constantly on hand a full line of  
**Fresh Bread, Buns, Pies, Cookies**  
 and all kinds of cake, also Home made Confectionery.  
 Please give us a call.

**Chas. H. Nevison.**

**REMOVED.**

Having removed my stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver ware to the

**Dohmstreich Block,**

on Sutton Street, and added to it some of the latest designs and patterns, I am now prepared to furnish almost anything you may wish in that line.

Special attention is called to the large assortment of **RINGS** just received. Call and examine and get prices.

Watch and clock repairing a specialty.

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

**Blankets! Blankets**

From 80c to 7.50.

- 76x80 5lb. Jumbo \$1.00
- 80x84 6lb. Jumbo 1.25
- 86x90 7lb. Jumbo 1.50
- 76x80 5lb. All Wool \$4.50
- 84x90 7lb. All Wool \$5.00 to \$7.50
- All Wool Lap Robes from 2.00 to 7.25
- Plush Robes from 2.50 to 9.00
- Fur Robes from 5.00 to 12.00

Harpess Repairing a Specialty.

**F. E. LAMPHRE, PLYMOUTH.**

**SUITS, PANTS, OVERCOATS.**

I am now located in the Coleman Block, over A. H. Dibble's store, and am ready to do all kinds of

**MERCHANT TAILORING**

at Very Reasonable Prices. We have purchased our New Fall Stock and invite your inspection.

**We can give you Latest Styles And a perfect Fit**

**J. TESSMAN,**  
 Merchant Tailor.

**We SELL**

**Farm Implements, Buggies, Wagons, Pumps, Wind Mills, Etc., Etc., Etc.**

All goods guaranteed as Represented.

\* Licensed Plumbers. \*

**W. J. & H. E. BRADNER,**  
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.

**Notice of Foreclosure.**

Default having been made in the conditions for payment of a certain mortgage made by ADJUST ZIPPERT, of Detroit, Michigan, to the Industrial Building and Loan Association, of Detroit, Michigan, dated the first day of July, 1895, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, in Liber 224 of mortgages on page 41, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1895, and said Association having by resolution of its board of directors elected to consider the whole amount remaining unpaid on said mortgage as due and payable at once, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of twenty-two hundred and thirty-six dollars and forty-six cents (\$22,364.46) and an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars (\$35.00) provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof, or for the foreclosure of said mortgage.

NOW THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgagee will sell the premises described in said mortgage at public sale on a venue, to the highest bidder thereof, at the western front door of the City Hall, in the city of Detroit, Michigan, (that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said county), on the 23rd day of November, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or so much of said premises as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs on the day of sale, together with said attorney fee as aforesaid, and the said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: Lots sixteen (16) and seventeen (17) of Walk subdivision of part of certain thirty-two (32) thirty-three (33), and thirty-four (34) subdivisions of George Hunt farm, Detroit, Michigan.

Dated Detroit, August 27, 1896.  
 THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,  
 Detroit, Michigan.  
 Mortgagee.

FRANK R. LELAND, Att'y for mortgagee. 48-50

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Detroit, on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1896, the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six: Present, EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of the Probate Court, in the matter of the estate of JOHN BHERWOOD, 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-fourth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.  
 (A true copy.) HOERA A. FLINT, Register. 47-80

**Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss. In the matter of the estate of EDWARD LARKINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Edgar O. Duffee, Judge of Probate for the county of Wayne, aforesaid, on the twenty-ninth day of September, A. D. 1896, there will be sold, at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Postoffice, in the village of Plymouth in the county of Wayne, in said state, on Saturday, the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the following-described real estate, to wit:

Lot number twenty-seven (27) and twenty-eight (28) in S. W. Kellogg's addition to the village of Plymouth, Michigan, and lot number thirty (30) (32) S. W. Kellogg's subdivision of the village of Plymouth. All situate and being in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan. Dated October 28th, 1896.

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER,  
 Administrator of the estate of Edward Larkins deceased. (47-80)

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of JOHN F. SAO, deceased. We, the undersigned, duly appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, ss. 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 Edward Mainard in the town of Livonia, in said county, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1897, and on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of said month, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1896, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

CHARLES KUHN, EDWARD MAINARD, Commissioners. (47-81)

**F. & P. M. R. R.**

TIME TABLE. In effect Sept. 29 1896. Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

Train No.	Time	Train No.	Time
Gorme South	Gorme North		
No. 4, 10:14 a. m.	Train 1, 3:00 a. m.		
" No. 6, 2:22 p. m.	" 3, 9:10 a. m.		
" No. 8, 8:55 p. m.	" 5, 2:00 p. m.		
" No. 10, 6:38 a. m.	" 7, 6:35 p. m.		

Trains Nos. 8 and 9 run through to Alpena.

Train No. 8, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.

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

Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East.

For further information see Time Card of this company.

ED. PALTON, Local Agent.

**Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. In the matter of the estate of MARGARET BURWELL, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased on the twenty-ninth day of September, A. D. 1896, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the front door of the post-office, in the village of Plymouth, in the county of Wayne, in said state, on Saturday, the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the following-described real estate to wit: All that parcel of land bounded on the east half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-seven (27) in the village of Plymouth county of Wayne, state of Michigan, containing three-fourths of an acre more or less, and bounded north by the east and west center line of said section, on the east by lands now owned by Sarah J. Hood, on the south by Sutton street and on the west by lands now owned by William H. Bassett and formerly known as the school house lot, and being the same lands as sold and conveyed to said Margaret Burwell by two several deeds, one of which said deeds was made and executed by John N. McFarlan and wife to Margaret Burwell, bearing date the 22nd day of September, 1894, and recorded in the Register's office of said Wayne county in Liber 100 of deeds on page 225, the other of said two deeds was made and executed by William H. Burwell to said Margaret Burwell on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1895, and recorded in said Register's office, in Liber 163 of deeds, on page 100. To which said deeds and said records there of reference is made for a more detailed description of said parcel of land to be sold as aforesaid.

Dated October 28th, 1896.

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER,  
 Administrator of the estate of Margaret Burwell, deceased. (47-80.)

**Easy to Take Easy to Operate**

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

**Hood's Pills**

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." Zec. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**COAL. COAL.**

Give us your orders NOW, as Coal will not be so cheap in a short time. We have never sold on so small a margin, and therefore must have

**CASH.**

The price is \$8.25 delivered. Don't forget we can sell you Lumber as Cheap as any retail yard in Michigan. Detroit not excepted. We also Sell

Tile, Sewer Pipe, Sash, Doors and Lath, in fact Anything in our line. See our \$2.10 Pine Shingles.

Respectfully,  
**C. A. FRISBEE,**  
 Plymouth

**A. PELHAM,**



**DENTIST.**

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent. Protect your ideas they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

**National Exchange Bank**

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted

**4 PER CENT.**

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

**O. A. FRASER, CASHIER**

**CHAS. BREMS**

Is the place to buy

**A Good Buggy**

**AND IF YOU WANT**

General Blacksmithing

Done on

Shortest Notice

Call and See Him

He keeps all kinds of

Farming Tools.

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

Eli drives the bus

But says it is no fun.

The horses cannot go you know Unless he gets the "mun."

**12 Bus Rides for \$1.00.**

If tickets are purchased in advance.

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

**DR. VET'S ASPARAGUS WINE** very pleasant to the taste, yet cures Kidney and Blood Diseases, Rheumatism, Gout, Bladder Troubles, Constipation and Dyspepsia. no pills or other medicines required. Price \$1.00 per bottle at your druggist; or by express prepaid on receipt of price. New Fall Catalogue, 20-page pamphlet, free by mail. NATURE'S REMEDY CO., Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Ill. TO BE HAD OF Geo. W. Hunter & DRUGGISTS, Plymouth, Mich.



# Cures Talk Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.  
cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 2c.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

A poor ad. will sometimes pay. But it won't pay much. It's good enough in its way. But it don't weigh much.

Thursday, Nov. 26, Thanksgiving Day. Young People's Temperance Movement at the Methodist church. Nov. 15 at 3 p. m. Welcome.

Chas. Pitcher and family are domiciled in the Fuller house, corner of Main and Ann Arbor street.

Frank Hueston and family have moved into the Marshall house recently vacated by Sidney Ashton.

We have just purchased a new stock of calling cards, all styles and sizes. Call at the Mail office and get prices.

The cost of a Sunday dinner at the Hotel Plymouth is only 25 cents to home people. The bill of fare will be found in the Mail every week.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will serve chicken-pie supper in the chapel on Saturday evening, Nov. 21, from 5 to 8 o'clock. Supper 15 cents.

Trains will begin running south to Toledo, Monday morning, Nov. 18th. There will probably be two trains a day each way. New time cards will be issued Sunday.

The drawing of the quilt prepared by the ladies of the Presbyterian Aid Society will be held at village hall, Nov. 18. Everyone invited. A fine program of music and recitations has been prepared. Admission free. Entertainment begins at 7:30 o'clock.

An auction sale of stock and farm implements will take place on the premises known as the old Blount farm 1/2 of a mile east of McCormick's lake on town line, between Salem and Superior, on Thursday, Nov. 19th, at 1 p. m. sharp. Wilson Proctor, proprietor; Chas. Kingsley, auctioneer.

Chauncey Rauch and Bert Bennett made an election bet by which the loser was to wheel the other around the park in a wheelbarrow. On the night the bet was to be paid, the roads were in a poor condition and wheelbarrows were a scarce article, so they compromised on an oyster supper.

A report has been circulated about town, to the effect that Byron Burdick has sold out his laundry business. Mr. Burdick says the report is false and that it has been circulated to hurt his business. He also says that he is going to remain in Plymouth and do first-class work at moderate prices.

A change in station agents will be made at the F. & P. M. depot, Monday. George Hall, who has been agent here for a number of years, has been requested by Supt. Potter to open the new Monroe depot and take charge of it at an increased salary. A gentleman from Birch Run will take Mr. Hall's place here.

It is a long time since Plymouth people have had an opportunity of seeing a good play by "home talent" and every one will be delighted to learn that a three act comedy entitled, "Between the Acts," is now under rehearsal and will soon be presented for the benefit of the Universalist society. The play is one of the brightest, most mirth-provoking pieces ever put on the boards and, with its excellent cast, will no doubt be the event of the season.

Wm. E. McClintock, who has been a resident of Plymouth for a number of months, and Miss Alpheia Corkins, of Ypsilanti, were married Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Hyzer, 220 Huron street, Ypsilanti. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the Ypsilanti M. E. church, Rev. Daniels, in the presence of the immediate relatives. Mr. and Mrs. McClintock will reside in Plymouth during the winter.

FREE—64 page medical reference book to any person afflicted with any special chronic or delicate disease peculiar to their sex. Address the leading physicians and surgeons of the United States, Dr. Hatha way & Co., 70 Dearborn street, Chicago. (456-508)

Thos. Patterson is building a new barn. J. R. Rauch & Son are doing quite a business in their merchant tailoring department.

A number of our merchants are reporting a large increase of trade during the past week.

Will Mott and family moved into town last week and are occupying one of the rink houses.

The Epworth League held its regular monthly business meeting on Monday evening last.

People of Grand Rapids were out in cutters Monday. It snowed hard there all day Sunday.

Will Brown resumed his position in the "93" pharmacy, Thursday, after a month's lay-off occasioned by sickness.

It may interest some of our readers to know that M. F. Gray, former editor of the MAIL, is editing a republican paper at Cass City.

Those wishing to join the Epworth League in a trip to Palestine should be present at the home of Miss Nellie Church on Friday evening, Nov. 30th.

A full attendance of Tonquish lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., is requested on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th. Nomination of officers for ensuing term will take place. E. PELTON, N. G.

Jacob Streng and Wm. Gayde drove to Northville Wednesday night to attend the republican celebration. While returning home they collided with another rig containing James Leslie and wife. The occupants of both rigs were thrown out and the rigs badly broken up.

W. F. McKim's new house, on Ann Arbor street, is nearly completed and within a week or ten days he will be settled and living in the same. It is newly furnished throughout and is a model of convenience and comfort. It has steam heat, is lighted with gas and the very best workmanship and material has been used in its erection.

The republicans of Northville and vicinity let themselves loose Wednesday night and celebrated the election of McKinley in grand style. The procession formed in line at the Globe furniture factory and marched through the principal streets of the village headed by the Northville band, "Bryan's band" from Plymouth, a little "out of tune since Nov. 3rd," was given the next prominent place in the parade. The members of this band were dressed in white duck suits and rubber boots and attracted considerable attention. A "coon" band from Salem also had a share of the fun. One float contained two immense church bells furnished by the Bell Foundry Co., of Northville, and they made more noise than all the other "music" combined. Following next was another float containing three smaller bells and still farther down the line was another float loaded with a score of belles who claimed they "liked the McKinley boys the best." A company of about 50 on horses was also a special feature. Torches, colored fire and Roman candles were used profusely. The streets were crowded with people who had turned out to witness the demonstration and everyone seemed to enjoy the fun.

### Card of Thanks.

I wish in this manner to express my sincere thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted me during the sickness and death of my beloved husband.

MRS. LAURA A. LAPHAM.

### Wood For Sale.

Sound, soft wood \$1.25 per cord, second rate wood, 90 cents. Delivered in two cord lots. Hickory is all sold. (280-50\*) T. S. CLARK.

### NOTICE.

The Plymouth cider-mill will be open to receive custom work on Thursday and Friday of each week only after Nov. 14th, until further notice. (479-30\*) THOS. SHERWOOD, Proprietor.

House and lot for sale on Forest street. Inquire of Fred Schiffs. ff.

WANTED—A woman to do small family washing. Inquire at this office.

### The New Girl.

There is a "new girl" as well as a "new woman." She has not been much talked about and she would not like to be, but she exists—strong of muscle and keen of intellect; modest and dignified; fearless yet tender; self-reliant yet never aggressive; a girl more often beautiful than otherwise, for beauty is the divine, right of every woman properly bred and nourished. She is well groomed and dressed, unconsciously expressing her harmony of thought in harmony of appearance. She is a loving, lovable girl, with a splendid capacity for romance, but none for sentimentalism. She is the newest growth of a new country—an exponent of the freshest and strongest civilization in existence.—From *Mary Annabel Fanton, in Demorest's Magazine for November.*

E. P. Baker will be at his studio in Plymouth every weekday hereafter and will make photos at very reasonable rates for guaranteed work. A special feature is made in baby photos. ff.

H. K. LUM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at Residence—Cor. Dear and Ann Arbor streets, opposite the park, PLYMOUTH, Mich. 477

## AS THEY COME AND GO!

### Purely Personal Paragraphs Promiscuously Picked.

Clay Hoyt was in Detroit Thursday. Fred Dibble spent Sunday in Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt spent Monday in Detroit.

Miss Emilee Howlett, of Ypsilanti, was in town this week.

Mabel Hamilton and Sadie Penziman were home over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Ward and Miss Maud Vrooman spent Thursday in Detroit.

R. L. Root left Saturday morning for a few days sport in the north woods.

Mrs. E. Pelton left Wednesday for a week's visit with friends in Jackson.

"Wink" Scott was in town Monday. He is at present working in Port Huron.

Mrs. Church, of East Tenbrock, N. Y., visited her cousin, Albert Lyon, during the week.

Mrs. J. V. Perkins, of Syracuse, N. Y., spent last week with her cousin, Mrs. Marvin Lerdan.

Misses Mildred Greer and Lida Coldron, of Northville, called on friends here Thursday evening.

Mrs. C. M. Duntley returned Saturday from a six months' visit with relatives in Traverse city and Grandin, Dakota.

Mrs. Dr. Murray, of Tonawanda, N. Y., and Mrs. Chamberlain of Elkhart, Ind., are visiting their sister, Mrs. M. Stringer.

James Cooper expects to leave Saturday for a ten days' visit in Indiana. Some of his acquaintances assert that he will set up the cigars when he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brier and daughter, Harve Millard and Miss Loretta Millard, all of Detroit, attended the funeral of the late A. D. Lapham here Saturday.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services held in Safford's Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every Friday evening at 7:30. All are most cordially invited to attend.

### Horses Wanted.

Horses wanted for winter keeping. (2w\*) MRS. FAIRMAN.

### Crop Report.

The average condition of wheat in the State on November 1 was 50, in the southern counties 88; central 93, and northern 95, comparison being with vitality and growth of average years. The average condition in the State in previous years has been: 1895, 78; 1894, 94; 1893, 89; 1892, 87; and 1891, 91. The average condition in the southern counties is 16 per cent higher than in 1895, 3 per cent lower than in 1894, the same as in 1893 and 1891, and 5 per cent higher than in 1892. The plant appears to be in healthy condition, but is of small growth owing to the unusually cold and dry weather of October.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers since the October report was published is 1,237,417, and in the three months, August, September and October, 3,399,174. This is 476,459 bushels more than was reported marketed in the same months last year.

The average yield of corn per acre in the State is estimated at 72 bushels of ears, equal to about 36 bushels of shelled corn. The estimate for the southern counties is 74, central 70, and northern 67 bushels of ears. These are remarkably high estimates for the State and each section and indicate the largest crop ever grown. The average yield per acre in the sixteen years, 1879-94, was 51.65 bushels of ears, or about 26 bushels of shelled corn.

The clover seed crop is light. The estimate is 1.61 bushels per acre on less than three fourths the acreage in average ears. Potatoes are estimated to yield 80 per cent of an average crop. The excessive rains during the growing season did much damage to this crop.

Hog cholera is reported from a few localities, mostly in the extreme southern counties, but stock generally is in good condition.

The mean temperature of the State in October was 44.9, and in the southern counties 46.2 degrees. It was 1.6 degrees below the normal in the state, 1.7 degrees below in the southern counties, and about 1 degree below in the remaining counties.

The average precipitation during the month was, in the State, 1.50 inches, and in the southern counties 1.28 inches. Compared with the normal there was a deficiency in the State and in each section in the lower peninsula as follows: State, 1.92 inches; southern counties, 1.03 inches; central, 1.73 inches, and northern, 1.25 inches. The rainfall in the upper peninsula amounted to 3.46 inches which is 0.71 inches in excess of the normal.

### Peeling of the Carpet.

"When I came out of the sanitarium," said the woman who had been taking a rest cure, "my first act was to order all the carpets in my house taken up. After I had been a daily witness of the exquisite neatness of wooden floors, wiped up every twenty-four hours with a damp cloth, carpets seemed unspeakably dirty. And I believe my family has been the better for the change."

Carpets have long been the get of hygienists, both because of air dust and germ-collecting ties and their disease-dispensing ones when sweeping day arrives. The wise and progressive woman resolutely banishes from her floors woolen coverings too large to be shaken, aired and sunned at least once a week.—New York World.

# RIGGS.

## A VERITABLE WHIRLWIND OF BARGAINS.

I am Overstocked and goods must be sold regardless of cost. The Greatest and most Sensational of all Reduction Sales of the season. I am free to admit my mistake, that in the eagerness of purchasing goods as cheap as money could buy them, I accepted the flattering proposition of manufacturers to buy in large quantities, and plunged in, to find myself greatly overstocked. Now I fully-realize the only way out of a bad fix is to give my patrons, and buyers in general, the benefit of my mistake and move the stock at all hazards, and at prices unheard of before. A visit to my store will convince you of my situation, and corroborate my assertion. What do you think of the following Bargains, are they not Stunners?

### Clothing.

A few Men's Cotton Suits, former price \$5.00, now \$3.00. A great snap.

Men's Cashmere, Heavy Weight, Well Made and Stylish, former price \$7.50, now \$5.00.

Men's blue and black, all wool, English serge Suits, good enough for everybody, former price \$10.00, now \$7.00. A great bargain.

Men's all wool, English Suitings, sewed with silk. Never rip. Former price \$12.00, now \$8.00.

Men's heavy, all wool, cheviot, stylish and fine fitting, good enough for a king \$8.50

Men's all wool black English style worsted, former price \$15.00, now \$10.00.

Men's fine O. creases and Ulsters from \$4.50 to \$15.00.

Men's wool Pants from \$1.00 up.

Boys' suits from \$2.50 up.

Children's Suits from \$1.00 up.

Boys' short cotton pants, 2cc. Wool.

### Underwear.

Men's natural gray, Random; heavy Underwear, 25c.

Men's fine natural gray and brown, one-half wool and fine three thread, heavy fleece lined, 50c.

Men's natural wool and camel hair, well made and good weight, 65c.

Ladies' natural Jersey, good weight and fleece lined, 25c.

Ladies' extra fine, trimmed in silk, a fine garment; 39c.

Ladies' Combination Suits, natural and black, Bargain price.

Children's Underwear, gray mixed, good weight, from 10c up.

### Mackintoshes Capes and Jackets.

Mackintoshes for \$3.50, double texture, blue and black, worth at least \$5.00.

Mackintoshes for \$6.50, double texture, serge and cheviot, blue and black, worth \$10.00.

Ladies' Mackintoshes for \$3.00, worth double the money.

### Dry Goods.

Standard Check Gingham 4c

Heavy Outings, all colors 4c

Standard Prints 5c

Lawrence L. L. Sheeting 5c

Good yard wide Sheeting 4 1/2c

Bleached Cotton 5, 7, 9c

Extra heavy Outings 8 1/2c

Teazel Dam Flannel 10c

Guinea hen Flannel 10c

Good, heavy cotton

Suitings, 38 inches wide 12 1/2c

Atlantic Cashmere, all wool filling, 32 inches wide 22c

All wool Serge and Henriettas, 50 inches wide 50c

Fancy Suitings 15c up, an endless variety of novelties.

### Shoes.

Two hundred pair, French kid, hand finished, the finest and best Shoes, sold from \$4 to \$5 a pair, now \$2.98.

78 pair, all solid, fine turned goods, worth \$3.00 everywhere, now \$1.98.

120 pair Ladies' fine Shoes was \$2.00 and \$2.50, now \$1.48.

Men's \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes, now \$3.00.

Men's \$2.00 and \$2.50 Shoes, now \$1.50.

# RIGGS,

The BARGAIN STORE of Plymouth.



# TWELVE THE LAKES.

## MICHIGAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

### Belonged Washburn Founders in a Gale

Of Muskegon and of the Crew of Seven but One Man Escapes—Drunkard Captain and Crew Responsible.

### Schooner Sank—Six Men Drowned.

The three-masted schooner Waukesha, of Chicago sank off Muskegon at night during a gale. Six of the crew, including the captain, were drowned and only one man was rescued. The survivor is Frank Dolach, aged about 30. He was a seaman on the ill-fated schooner, and had the life saving crew been 15 minutes later he would not have lived to tell the story.

Dolach tells a terrible story of this his first trip on the Waukesha. He says: "Capt. Duncan Corbett was in command of the Waukesha, which was loaded with 600 tons of salt in bulk and 25 barrels of apples, and bound from Ludington to South Chicago. We left Ludington with a slight wind, but the old ship sprung a leak and in a short time we were working the pumps with four feet of water in the hold. We ran as far south as Grand Haven, but the captain and mate were drunk and said it was not Grand Haven. We kept at the pumps all night, and in the morning were 30 miles off shore. I told the captain if he kept going that way we would sink in midlake, and urged him to keep well to the shore. The weather continued good and we reached Muskegon. My partner and I knew it was Muskegon, but the captain and mate said it was not. We wanted to run in but the captain was stubborn and would not do so. The ship was fast filling with water and my partner and I became desperate and told the captain we would make him run in. The mate advanced on us with clenched fists, and cursing us, said he would like to see us make him. As there were but two of us, and all but one of the other sailors were drunk, we kept still; there were then six feet of water in the ship. At 7 o'clock the life boat left us. I begged the captain to signal for the life crew but he would not. I tried to get the signal torch but he locked it in his cabin so that I could not get it. My partner and I let the anchor go so that we might drift ashore, but it was too late. The ship commenced to sink and we all took to the rigging of the foremast. The sea was now running high and it was 9 o'clock at night. The mast snapped and we were thrown into the water. One by one my partner and I saw the other members of the crew go down to death. We had managed to lash two spars together and tried to help them but as they were helpless themselves they were washed from the spars as fast as we pulled them on. At 8 o'clock in the morning my partner died and I was going to sleep myself when I awoke with a jerk to find the life boat coming from the shore. I stood up on the spars to let them see me and I was soon in the boat. Thank God."

Dolach was in the cold water for 12 hours. He says one of the men was a Swede, aged about 50; the mate was an American aged 40, another American about 45; the Negro cook was 36, and the other member of the crew besides the captain was a young Irishman, 29. The Waukesha was one of the old fleet of "canalers." She was owned by F. H. Head, of Chicago and was formerly known as the Nabob. She was built in Manitowoc in 1864 and was valued at \$3,500.

### Young Woman Whitecapped at Cape.

Miss Louisa Roy was brutally treated by about a score of whitecaps at Cape, because of her alleged fondness for the society of H. P. Jenney, a well-known lawyer. Louisa Roy has been a clerk in Jenney's office about six years. Mrs. Jenney became jealous, and frequent family quarrels resulted. Recently the fellow has spent much time at the Roy home and finally the citizens visited the house, ordering Mr. Roy to surrender both Jenney and his daughter. Upon his refusal to do so, they hurled stones through the windows. Miss Roy came out and threw herself on the mercy of the mob, and they partly divested the girl of clothing, rolled her over in the mud and escorted her up Main street yelling, "Hang her," "tar and feather her." She was finally allowed to go home. Mr. Jenney left the Roy house and skipped the town.

### Griffith's May Sals Niles Waterworks.

The city of Niles is in a predicament. With an outstanding debt of nearly \$340,000 there are prospects that some of the creditors are may seize the electric light and water works system. The council is unable to pay bonds long past due held by N. W. Harris & Co., of Chicago, who declare they will sue the city. As the treasury is empty and tax is not due until December, there is no way to meet the obligations except to hold a special election to vote bonds. Last June a special election was held, but the taxpayers voted the proposition down, and there is every prospect they will do so again.

### Mrs. Amanda Dion Died at Saginaw.

From an overdose of morphine.

Saginaw lumber firms report a lively improvement in business. A. C. McLean, who operates a line of lumber lighters on the river, has put on 125 more men, and wanted as many more, but could not obtain them. Wicks Bros., machine and boiler builders, have added 50 men to their force.

The deer hunting season opened and 20,000 licenses have been issued up to date, which is 1,000 more than the total number issued in 1905. Reports who have counted every deer in the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan declare that this mark is about 500 hunters to every deer in the forests.

### George W. Whipple, a butcher, living at 923 Twenty-fifth street at Detroit, has been away from his wife and family for some time, because he is not able to agree with them. He returned and went to his home. Shortly afterwards he was arrested on an old warrant, charging him with being a tippler. He was taken to the Vinewood-ave. police station. About an hour after being put in a cell Doorman Charland heard a peculiar sound in the cell. He found Whipple hanging to the bars at the top of his cell by a cord. He died in a few minutes. He had taken off his shoes so that his movements could not be heard by the doorman. The cord he hanged himself with was one he had been using as a belt to keep his trousers up.

### Young Lady Paid Her Election Bet.

Miss Metta Owens, a clerk in the Pennock & Marvin store, wheeled Frank Bauer, assistant cashier in Lilley's state savings bank, from one end of the business portion of Tecumseh to the other and return, in payment of an election wager. The wheelbarrow was gaily decorated and a box covered with old gold served as a seat.

### Old Soldiers Preferred Death to Disease.

Asbury T. Long, an old resident of Harbor Springs, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. Mr. Long had suffered six months from cancer, and the knowledge that he could not recover prompted the deed. He was a member of the G. A. R.

## NEWS FOR MICHIGANDERS.

The annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of the Fourth district was held at Decatur.

Black diphtheria is raging in Wright township, Hillsdale county, and several persons have died.

Two girls who escaped from the state industrial school at Adrian, were recaptured at Manchester.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John McEldowney, of St. Clair, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

Judge Maxwell threatens to call another grand jury, to investigate alleged irregularities in the government of Bay City.

The Lenawee circuit court has ordered the sale of the Adrian street railway Nov. 30. The line may be abandoned.

As an alleged result of the election the Dowagiac Manufacturing Co.'s drill works has begun operations. They employ 150 men.

John Kuffahl, aged 73, committed suicide by hanging himself in his woodshed at Saginaw. He had been an invalid for 25 years.

Charles Shields, a D. G. H. & M. brakeman, while making a coupling at Pewamo, slipped and fell under the tender, and was killed.

Bert Collins, a farm hand, aged 19, committed suicide by hanging at Mendon. Despondency over Bryan's defeat is assigned as the cause.

The Whittemore foundry, at Bay City, which has been idle almost a year, will resume operations Nov. 15 with 50 men, a full force.

The four large barns owned by Andrew Brown, living west of Brown City, were destroyed with their contents. Loss \$2,500, partly insured.

J. M. B. Sill, formerly principal of the state normal school at Ypsilanti, now minister to Corea, has sent a collection of valuable natural history specimens to the school.

The semi-annual apportionment of primary school money is made by Supt. Pattinill. The total sum to be distributed is \$547,637.87, or 77 cents for every child of school age in the state.

The football teams of the University of Michigan and the University of Minnesota fought a hard battle at Minneapolis for the championship of the west. Michigan won by a score of 6 to 4.

The apple growers of Kent county have a surplus of more than 20,000 barrels of apples on hand that they cannot dispose of. The local price is 40 cents per barrel, and this will not pay the expense of shipping them.

Diphtheria is now prevalent in a number of towns in the copper mining district of the upper peninsula, and despite the vigilance of health officers and physicians for the past six weeks now cases are constantly appearing.

Negotiations have been closed for the bringing to Muskegon from Chicago the Princess knitting works, a large institution employing between 300 and 400 hands, when an annual payroll of \$75,000. Its manufacture is ribbed underwear.

George Tietboth, an aged inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids, is in a very dangerous condition as a result of his demented action. He filled a bath tub with scalding water and then jumped into it, receiving such severe burns that he will probably die.

Robert Porteous, auditor of the Maumee & Northeastern railroad paid a novel election bet at Manistee, in the presence of a large number of spectators, eating a dish of genuine crow at a table, which was garnished by pictures of the Republican candidates, Republican mottoes, etc.

Three banks of Greenville which refused to negotiate loans before election are celebrating by loosening up, and loans can be obtained in any kind of money. The Ranney Refrigerator Co., which has been running on short legs, has also started up again.

The whole crew of a steambarge loaded at Bay City, were arrested for alleged illegal voting. Six officers went out on the fire tug and made the arrests. The prisoners were released on bail. Their names are William G. Ginn, captain; Fred Evans, Thomas McGraw, Edwin Kean, John Qualey and David Maxwell.

Tonie Foucault, whom it is alleged was betrayed by Adior La Rose, at Bay City, wreaked vengeance on her faithless lover by throwing a pail of concentrated lye squarely into his face. La Rose suffered intense agony and was taken to a physician's, who pronounced the sight of his left eye to be entirely destroyed, and the right eye seriously injured.

The schooner A. J. McBrier went ashore above Port Hope and was released by the tug Thompson, after jettisoning the deck load of lath. While they were shifting the tow line the schooner capsized, but no one was lost. The vessel remained afloat and was towed into Sand Beach on her beam ends. Everything moveable was lost the bottom was damaged.

Fire destroyed four business buildings, at Lake Odessa. John Lowery, two stores, loss \$1,500, not insured; L. Hadgley & Son, building and agricultural implements, \$1,000; Mrs. Hines, store building, \$600; S. S. Kart, tin shop, \$700; J. S. Scheidt, cigar shop, \$500; A. M. Flint, law books, \$400; H. H. Tupper, cigar factory and house; hold goods, \$600; and a few smaller losses.

William F. Gilmartin, an actor is lodged in the county jail at Bay City, having been bound over to the circuit court for pleading guilty to uttering a forged marriage license. He lured from her home Lettie Sutherland, the only child of her widowed mother, and pretended to marry her at Saginaw, but used a second-hand marriage license with the names changed to fool the girl's mother.

Many hogs have recently died throughout the state and the cause has been generally attributed to cholera. A post mortem conducted by a farmer near Grand Ledge has disclosed the real cause of death. Pumpkins have been a plentiful crop and farmers have been feeding them to their hogs. The seeds of the pumpkin remain in the animal's stomach undigested and death invariably results.

Early in the morning a party of young men went to the residence of J. L. Anderson in Battle Creek, to serenade him. They threw stones through the windows, and with burns, etc., created a disturbance. He ordered them away, but they returned in a short time with a larger crowd. He fired two barrels of a shotgun into the crowd, wounding Harry Dewitt and H. H. Stevens. He was arrested and placed in jail. He was released on bail.

## NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

The Jacob Fisher pottery at Lyons, N. Y., is now running full blast for the first time in many months.

A Madrid dispatch says that the Spanish government will send 20,000 more recruits to Cuba before the middle of December.

Two persons were killed and three fatally injured by the explosion of one of the 24 boilers at the Centralia colliery, Centralia, Pa.

Napoleon Sarony, the famous photographer, died at his home in New York City. Mr. Sarony was 76 years of age and a native of Quebec.

Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the silver campaign committee, was tendered a reception upon his return to his home at Hope, Ark.

In Cincinnati the Hall Safe and Lock Co., who have been working with reduced forces will put on a full force on account of numerous new orders.

Emery Evans and wife were frightfully and probably fatally burned by a gas explosion in their house at Kenton, O. The house and contents were destroyed.

The town of Spencer, W. Va., was almost destroyed by fire; 39 stores and houses being burned. The people were terror stricken and thrown into a panic. The total loss is estimated at \$200,000.

Two men and a boy who were stealing a ride on an Erie car loaded with iron piping were instantly killed at Wellsville, N. Y., by the jarring of the car by a switch engine and the shifting of the pipes.

The Maumee Rolling Mill Co., at Toledo, has increased its force by 200 men. The sheet iron mills have been closed for several months. The men are all high priced skilled workmen and will go to work at the regular scale.

The U. S. supreme court has affirmed the judgement of the lower court awarding to Harriet Monroe \$5,000 damages against the New York World for alleged premature publication without her authority of the World's Fair ode composed by her.

Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court Stephen J. Field celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth. The justice did not go to court but spent the working hours in his library, where a constant stream of visitors came to offer their congratulations. The supreme bench, headed by the chief justice, paid its respects to the distinguished member.

The viceroys of India, cables that there has been no rain anywhere in the famine districts during the past week, and test relief works have been opened in all the Madras and Decan districts and in parts of the Bombay Decan, as well as in Kamatak, Konkan, Chappur, etc. Prices are still rising slowly. About 67,000 men are already engaged on the relief works.

A Berlin correspondent says: "The czar has ordered all documents connected with the Russo-German secret convention (which Prince Bismarck has recently made public through the Hamburger Nachrichten) in the possession of the Russian foreign office or of the family of Count Schouvaloff, who was Russian ambassador at Berlin in 1890, to be submitted to him forthwith. Emperor William is also indignant at the disclosures made."

After working one-half a force on one-half time for several months the Missouri Pacific shops at Sedalia, Mo., are running a full force on full time.

# BUSINESS REVIVAL.

## PROSPERITY KNOCKING AT OUR DOORS AGAIN.

The Good Tidings of a Revival of Trade and Manufacturing Coming From All Parts of the Country Bringing Good Cheer to Every Class of People.

Dispatches have been received from nearly every section of the eastern, southern and Mississippi valley states showing that the country's business, which have been at a standstill for many months and especially pending the presidential election, is opening upon a period of general prosperity.

From Chicago it is announced that traveling men from the commercial houses are starting out by the hundreds, and the railroads of that city say that they checked more commercial baggage the week following the election than in any week in 1896. The industries about Hammond, Ind., will resume operations with at least 1,500 workmen. The United States Rolling Stock Co.'s plant has advertised for 700 men at Hegewisch, near Chicago. At West Hammond the Western Starch association announces an increase of 10 per cent in wages and will increase the force with 200 more employes.

At Cleveland, O., the Britton Rolling Mill Co., manufacturers of tin plate, whose plant has been idle for some time, will resume shortly with 150 men. The Lake Shore Foundry Co. have received orders from a number of their customers to begin shipping on contracts. The big Vandorn Iron works have started up on nine hour time instead of five hours. The Cleveland Rolling Mill Co. are now running full time. The Muhlhauser woolen mills have received large orders and about 150 hands will be added to the help at once. A number of other manufacturers in various lines report having received numerous inquiries which indicate a revival of business.

At Columbus, the King, Gilbert & Warner steel plant has partly resumed, having stopped July 1. The A. K. Rarrig machine works had orders contingent on election and is again running. At Dayton, a number of the manu actories have already resumed work with a full force of workmen. All will be actively engaged for a long time in filling conditional orders. The Barney & Smith car works will begin operations at once with a force of 2,000 men. In Toledo the Snell bicycle works have added 400 men and are now running full time. The Lozier bicycle works, which opened up with partial force some time ago, have doubled their hands. The Milburn wagon works have largely increased their force of employes.

Many evidences of improvement in business have been announced throughout Connecticut, notably at New Haven, Meriden, Bridgeport and New Britain. Several Massachusetts cities report hundreds more of men going to work, particularly at Ipswich, Springfield and Worcester.

President-elect McKinley touched an electric button at Canton which lighted a fire in the furnace at the Tonawanda (N. Y.) iron and steel works. This means work for 450 men.

A Chicago firm which makes a specialty of recording car construction estimates that orders for from 40,000 to 60,000 freight cars will be placed within the next 60 days.

The Big Four, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and the Baltimore & Ohio railroads have ordered all of their shops in Ohio opened with full forces. The Ensign car works at Huntington, W. Va., have resumed. The car works at Mt. Vernon, Ill. got an order for 300 cars from the Louisville & Nashville road and resumed work. The Niles tool works and other shops at Hamilton, O., announce increased forces.

Furnaces at Ironton, Ashland and other Ohio river towns will go into blast. The Griffith wood works and the Powell brass works at Cincinnati have resumed and several others will increase their forces.

In Peoria, Ill., the Peoria cordage works put on a night force; the Culter & Proctor stove works will resume operations; the Peoria Rubber & Manufacturing Co., will resume operations on the 15th with 400 men; Selby, Starr & Co., manufacturers of agricultural implements, have resumed; Rouse, Hazard & Co., manufacturers of bicycles, will have a force of 400 men by Dec. 1; the Peoria Grape Sugar Co. will resume by Nov. 15 with several hundred men; the Avery Planter works and other manufacturing concerns announce increased forces.

Syracuse, N. Y. has several large manufacturers who will place 3,000 more men at work by Nov. 15. Several Buffalo firms will help prosperity along in the same way. Over 1,200 men are returning to work in factories resuming at Indianapolis. Hundreds of Detroit and Michigan workmen are rejoicing in returning prosperity. These reports are duplicated in dispatches from many other cities and states.

Warren R. Mason, a commercial traveler, died at Chicago from the effects of his folding bed closing up on him.

At Manchester, Conn., the big silk mills of the Cheney Bros., have begun a full time schedule. The works have been running at a reduced time for more than three years. The change affects 2,500 employes.

The monthly comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States shows the total receipts during October to have been \$26,282,859, as compared with \$27,901,758 for October, 1895. The disbursements during the month aggregating \$33,978,277, showing a deficit for October of \$7,695,418, as compared with the deficit of \$6,901,687 for October last year.

# GERMANS BITTER AGAINST BISMARCK.

Berlin: The Hamburger Nachrichten upon that paper, which is accused of making "traitorous revelations" in having disclosed the existence of the Russo-German neutrality treaty during the period extending from 1884 to 1890, has not in the slightest degree pacified Prince Bismarck's assailants, nor has it stilled the clamor that the government take immediate and decisive action to suppress the revelations.

There seems now to be no doubt that the fall of Prince Bismarck was associated with the emperor's denunciation of the Russo-German treaty, and his majesty's appointment of Count Caprivi as imperial chancellor followed. Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, and Count Kaloky, the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, had got wind of the secret convention between Prince Bismarck and the Russian foreign office, probably through St. Petersburg, and the emperor feared that Germany's implied infidelity to the dreibund would cause a rupture of the relations of the allied powers and leave Russia master of the situation, consequently he dismissed Bismarck and thus cemented the alliance with Austria.

U. S. Battleship Texas Sank.

The U. S. battleship Texas, while lying at the cob dock, Brooklyn navy yard, had a 13-inch hole stove in her side caused by the breaking of her sea-cock and she now lies on the bottom of the dock with her engine room full of water. The Chapman Derrick & Wrecking Co. were notified of the accident and sent their wrecking tugs to the navy yard to raise the sunken battleship.

## BRIEFS.

The corrugating iron works, the rolling mill, the Snyder bentwood works and the Orr Lined mill, all at Piqua, O., have started up, giving employment to 500 men. The American strawboard works will start as soon as repairs are made.

The Hawaiian government has granted a full pardon and restoration of her civil rights to ex-Queen Lilioukalani. The pardon is based upon the fact that during her parole she has faithfully kept the terms of her partial freedom.

The Chilean cabinet has resigned in consequence of the passage through the chamber of deputies of a vote of censure of the government. The crisis grew out of a disagreement between the cabinet and President Errazuriz over appointments to office made by members of the cabinet.

The Porter brickyards at Chesterton, Ind., which have been idle for six months, have resumed operations and 1,500 men returned to work. The syndicate operating the Porter yards control immense brickmaking industries in Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, and the resumption of work furnishes employment to over 5,000 men.

The trial of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle, of San Francisco, charged with shoplifting, in London, resulted in Mr. Castle being acquitted and Mrs. Castle being sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labor. Physicians declare that Mrs. Castle is afflicted with the phase of insanity termed kleptomania. Her sentence to prison caused her to become violently hysterical and it is feared she may become dangerously ill. It is said that Mr. Castle spent \$50,000, and it is thought that she may receive a royal pardon.

## THE MARKETS.

### LIVE STOCK.

New York	Cattle	Sheep	Lambs	Hogs
Best grades	\$13.40	7.00	4.00	8.00
Lower grades	2.50	4.10	2.00	4.25

### Chicago.

Best grades	4.50	3.25	3.40	4.65
Lower grades	2.75	4.00	1.85	3.00

### Detroit.

Best grades	3.65	4.00	3.11	4.25
Lower grades	2.00	3.40	1.60	3.00

### Cincinnati.

Best grades	3.75	4.15	3.21	4.25
Lower grades	2.00	3.30	1.75	3.00

### Cleveland.

Best grades	3.61	4.00	3.00	4.10
Lower grades	2.00	3.50	1.50	3.00

### Pittsburg.

Best grades	3.80	4.00	3.50	4.00
Lower grades	2.00	3.30	1.75	3.25

### GRAIN, ETC.

Wheat	Corn	Oats
No. 2 red	No. 2 mix	No. 2 white
New York 85 1/2	30 1/2	21 1/2
Chicago 81 1/2	24 1/2	21 1/2
Detroit 88 1/2	25 1/2	21 1/2
Toledo 80 1/2	26 1/2	21 1/2
Cincinnati 87 1/2	25 1/2	21 1/2
Cleveland 87 1/2	25 1/2	21 1/2
Pittsburg 87 1/2	25 1/2	21 1/2
Detroit-Timothy Hay, 810	Postoats, 20 1/2	

Live chickens: turkeys, ducks, etc. Eggs, fresh, 10c. Butter, creamery, 10c; dairy, 14 1/2c.

### REVIEW OF TRADE.

A great revolution has been effected in the conditions which control business. It could not be in any far degree reflected as yet in transactions or in records, but there is ample evidence already that a crushing weight has been lifted and rolled away and the business world has begun to adjust itself to a state of freedom and security which it has not known for years. A growing disposition appears among farmers to hold wheat for better prices than are now realized, although at present any advance checks buying for export. Speculation in cotton was also excited on the theory that mills would now start up, as many have done, and would meet a large demand for goods. But the advance was met by falling rates and a slight reaction. It will be all the better for business if bright hopes do not burst prices too fast. The election immediately affected prices of pig iron, and the certainty that many large orders for buildings and bridges and other finished forms would now become operative justified some advance. Practically no change has yet appeared in woollens, but the reported purchases of wool, including eleven million pounds by a syndicate, amounted to 18,400,000 pounds the past week, against 5,621,000 the same week last year, and \$215,000 in 1895. Failures the past week were 230, against 231 the corresponding week of last year.

A novelty in cut glass is a mammoth cigar jar, in shape resembling a pickle jar, but with the distinguishing feature of a large hollow space in the cut stopper, in which a moist sponge is placed to keep the fragrant Havanas in just the proper condition.

A novel ornament for the drawing-room is a hanging flower jardiniere. Suspended from a wrought iron bracket are half a dozen vases of Italian falence, in odd flower-like shapes, resembling tulips, orchids, etc., and these when filled with delicate trailing vines look as if part of the luxuriant growth.

# CASUALTIES.

D. Miller, a German residing at the Great Western Mine, was mistaken for a deer while out hunting near Sagola, Mich., and was shot dead by a companion.

Rev. J. D. Crenshaw, pastor of the M. E. Church at Makanda, Ill., fatally shot himself. He was rabbit hunting. John Butler, aged 40 years, a drainage canal employe, was run over by an electric street car at Joliet, Ill., and killed.

Joseph Rosenthal of Peru, Ind., a well-known capitalist and manufacturer, was stricken with paralysis at Kokomo, Ind., and is in a critical condition.

Frank Klear, a farmer near Napoleon, Ohio, accidentally shot and killed himself while examining his gun. He was blowing in the muzzle, with his foot on the hammer, when it slipped and a bullet went through his head, killing him instantly.

While Jeff Jackson, John Adams, William Taylor and Robert Allison, negro laborers, were working at a sugar cane mill near Wild Fork, Monroe county, Alabama, they were fired upon from the darkness by unknown persons. All but Taylor were instantly killed. He will die. It is supposed to have been done by a gang of white caps, who have been engaged in running all negroes out of that section.

Mayor McClelland of Roanoke, Va., was run over by an electric car and fatally injured. The mayor stepped in front of the car when it was less than five feet from him.

The board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad met in Philadelphia and declared a semi annual dividend of 2 1/2 per cent upon the capital stock of the company, payable on and after Nov. 30.

## FOREIGN.

Reports are current at London that a massacre has occurred in an Armenian province near Kaiseria and that sixty persons have been killed.

The officials of the British foreign office decided that there was any truth in the report that the Marquis of Salisbury has decided to evacuate the island of Cyprus, and that this decision has cleared the way for common action upon the part of the powers in Turkey.

It is understood that Rev. Father Forbes, a Scotch minister of the Society of Jesus in this city, has been summoned to Rome, where he will be offered the appointment of papal legate to Canada.

Duke William of Wurtemberg died at Meran of syncope. He was born in 1828.

The Earl of Selborne, parliamentary secretary for the colonial office, in a public address said that before parliament reassembled the Venezuelan boundary question will be satisfactorily settled.

The Mexican minister has informed the secretary of state that American cattlemen will be permitted to cross into Mexico in rounding up their herds under the same conditions as are applied to Mexican cattlemen by the United States customs.

A special article in the London Times on the wheat question expresses the opinion that the price will continue to advance, and advises English wheat producers not to play into the traders' hands by overstocking the market.

Advices from Sucre are that the Bolivian congress has been prorogued after having approved the latest treaties made with Chile. The discussion of the Tacna-Arica question between Peru and Chile is approaching a critical stage.

## CRIME.

While the republicans of Shelburn, Ind., were jollifying over the election Spencer Hlatt and Pearl Bolinger, aged 13, engaged in a quarrel in which young Hlatt stuck a knife in Bolinger's back to the depth of two inches.

William Clark has confessed that he and William Dempsey, both now under arrest at Akron, Ohio, murdered Joseph Lupinek in Cleveland, October 24, 1895, the motive being robbery.

Frederick J. Farr, president of the Farr-Ward company, manufacturing chemists, which recently closed out on assignment, was arrested at Saratoga, N. Y., charged with forgery.

William Jackson, a colored man who cut Clara Rambo, also colored, in Lockport, Ill., Monday, was arrested for murder, the woman having died.

Bert Comins, an employe on Ex-Congressman Yapple's farm, near Lagrange, Ind., committed suicide while temporarily insane.

Edward Fennelly, the defaulting treasurer of Ashland county, Wis., has been pardoned by Governor Upman. Fennelly's stealings were very large. Several applications for his pardon have been made and denied by the governor until now.

Harrison Tiffin, a well-to-do farmer living about ten miles northwest of Marshall, Ill., was found dead in his barn, with his throat cut from ear to ear. It is not known whether it is suicide or murder.

James French, indicted for the murder of his wife at Rockford, Ill., July 19 last, who, it was expected, would be tried at the present term of court, was granted a continuance by Judge Crabree until the January term. Insanly will be the defense.

A street fight occurred at Winchester, Ky., Wednesday, in which one negro was killed outright, two fatally wounded and a deputy sheriff was shot in the leg. The trouble was caused by a party of negroes taking a bundle of newspapers containing election returns away from a newsboy and stamping them in the mud.

Constable Chris Steinback, prominent in Sioux City, Iowa, republican politics, was assaulted late last night, and a bullet fired through his hat. He attributes his attempted murder to political opponents, whom his emphatic expressions have offended.



## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1896.—Clear out of the ordinary style of sermonizing is this remarkable discourse of Dr. Talmage. His text is Rom. 9: 3: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All-absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are, up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmaries, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skillful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh, it is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and ever-intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes! May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work. But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donas, have been those of whom it may be said: "They had a passion for souls."

You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall, who in the last, the eighteenth century, were so characterized. All the names of those you could recall in our time as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it, if this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been sinking and foundering for near nineteen centuries. And the betterment had better begin with myself and yourself. When a committee of the "Society of Friends" called upon a member to reprimand him for breaking some "small rule of the society," the member replied, "I had a dream in which all the Friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meeting-house cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members rose and said: 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be clean.'" So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own soul. Some one whispers up from the right-hand side of the pulpit and says: "Will you please name some of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Oh, no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one whispers up from the left-hand side of the pulpit: "Will you not then mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of three hundred years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal and the public burning of his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his two hundred and fifteen unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passion for souls. Richard Baxter, whose "paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries, who howled at him as "a rascal," and "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing one hundred and sixty-eight religious books, his "Call to the Unconverted" bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the Gospel, and his "Saint's Everlasting Rest" opening heaven to a host innumerable. Richard Cecil, Thomas-a-Kempis, writing his "Imitation of Christ" for all ages, Harlan Page, Robert McCheyne, Nettleton, Finney. And more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overtowering passion for souls. A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. L. S. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp had it. Dr. Bachus, president of Hamilton College, had it, and when told he had only half an hour to live, said, "Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees, and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known only

in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What affection they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer-meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard of felt was a peasant in the far east, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings, one for the neck, and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodic mania out of his native land, to live awhile under the shadows of the sphinx and Pyramid of Gizeh, afterward confounding the L.L.D.'s of Jerusalem, then stopping the paroxysm of teempest and of madman. His path strewn with alain dropsies and cataplexies and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain, and ascending from another mountain—the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts who heard our Savior's prayer: tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your surf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, ye mountains who heard the stroke of the hammer on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnoon, did anyone like Jesus have this passion for souls?

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it—would only let it. The stranger hired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop three hundred years were necessary. That was a practical deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unending ages. I see the author of my text seated in the house of Galus, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary, namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirit, I bring the consecration of 2,990 foreign missionaries. It is usually estimated that there are at least 3,000 missionaries. I make a liberal allowance, and admit there may be ten bad missionaries out of the 3,000, but I do not believe there is one. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy, and Peking as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after their monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the barest necessities, and most of them do not lay up one dollar in twenty years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat, and cobras, and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at 130 and 140 degrees of oppressiveness, twelve thousand miles from home, because of the unhealthy climate and the prevailing immoralities of those regions compelled to send their children to England, or Scotland, or America, probably never to see them again? O, Blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce; and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants—not all of them, but many of them—who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations. Oh, I would like to be at the gate of heaven when those missionaries go in, to see how they will have the pick of coronets, and thrones, and mansions on the best streets of heaven. We who have had easy pulpits and loving congregations, entering heaven, will, in my opinion, have to take our turn and wait for the Christian workers who, amid physical sufferings and mental privation and environment of squalor, have done their work; and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrificing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their celestial prerogative.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York, or London, Bible in hand, and a little package in which are small vials of medicine, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among these "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat today, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud, her every act of kindness for the body accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy

street along which she walks and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, but she is accompanied by an unseen cohort of angels with drawn swords to defend her, and with garlands twisted for her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts. I tell you there was not so much excitement when Anne Boleyn, on her way to her coronation, found the Thames stirred by fifty gilded barges, with brilliant flags, in which hung small bells, rung by each motion of the wind, noblemen standing in scarlet, and wharf spread with cloth of gold, and all the gateways surrounded by huzzabing admirers, and the streets hung with crimson velvet, and trumpets and cannons sounding the jubilee, and Anne, dressed in surcoat of silver tissue, and brow gleaming with a circlet of rubies, and amid fountains that pored Rhenish wind, passed on to Westminster Hall, and rode in on a caprisoned palfrey, its hoofs clattering the classic floor, and dismounting, passed into Westminster Abbey, and between the choir and high altar, was crowned queen, amid organs and choirs chanting the Te Deum—I say, there was not much in all that glory which dazzles the eyes of history when it is compared with the heavenly reception which that ministering spirit of the back alley shall receive when she goes up to coronation.

In this world God never does his best. He can hang on the horizon grander mornings than have ever yet been kindled, and rainbow the sky with richer colors than have ever been arched, and attune the oceans to more majestic dogologies than have ever yet been attuned; but as near as I can tell, and I speak it reverently, heaven is the place where God has done his best. He can build no greater joys, lift no mightier splendors, roll no loftier anthems, march no more imposing processions, build no greater palaces, and spread out and interjoin and wave no more transporting magnificence. I think heaven is the best heaven God can construct, and it is all yours for the serious asking. How do you like the offer? Do you really think it is worth accepting? If so, pray for it. Get not up from that pew where you are sitting, nor move one inch from where you are standing, before you get a full title for it, written in the blood of the Son of God, who would have all men come to life present and life everlasting. If you have been in military life you know what soldiers call the "long roll." All the drums beat it because the enemy is approaching, and all the troops must immediately get into line. What scurrying around the camp and putting of the arms through the straps of the knapsack, and saying "Good-bye" to comrades you may never meet again! Some of you Germans or Frenchmen may have heard that long roll just before Sedan. Some of you Italians may have heard that long roll just before Bergamo. Some of you Northern and Southern men may have heard it just before the Battle of the Wilderness. You know its stirring and solemn meaning; and so I sound the long roll today. I beat this old Gospel drum that has for centuries been calling thousands to take their places in line for this battle, on one side of which are all the forces beatific and on the other side all the forces demoniac. Here the long roll-call: "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Quit yourselves like men." In solemn column march for God, and happiness, and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed," and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole convention of heavens—heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven—and while I dwell upon the theme I begit to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever! Amen!

## SUN AS A HAIR DYE.

Sailors Have Light Locks and Luxuriant Ones.

The latest use to which the sun has been put is to make it dye human hair, and on the head of the pretty bathing girl at that, says the New York Journal. This fashion began last summer. A fashionable physician recommended bright sunshine and sea ozone as the best means of making the hair light-colored, healthy and strong. The young person for whom this prescription was given found it very efficacious. The end of the resort season has by no means caused a subsidence of the fad. Never before were there in New York so many young women whose golden hair hangs down their backs once every day—that is, every sunny day. A queer fact, too, is that the idea, simple as it is, seems to have the result of producing the desired effect. It is certainly a much more harmless way of bleaching the hair than that which requires the use of chemicals. "It seems to be a very intelligent idea," said a physician, when questioned regarding it. "All sailors will tell you how rapidly the hair grows when on board ship in the tropics. I have had some opportunity to observe the color, or rather the average color, of sailor's hair. I have found that the fair-haired mariners outnumber their dark-haired shipmates by two or three to one. I suppose the sun has something of a bleaching power, as well as forcing the growth of the hair, by causing an increased circulation of its 'sap.' In this respect it stands to reason that each individual hair must be somewhat like a plant in its nature."

The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, archbishop of Canterbury, died suddenly Oct. 11, at Hawarden. He was taken ill during service, and died shortly after being removed from the church.

## WHICH WAS WHICH?

Maj. Fleming's pretty, delicate little wife sank on a couch of oriental stuff, almost exhausted. She had come from the remote army post, away off on the frontier, to see the wonders of the world's fair, and for many weary but delightful days had tramped through the winding paths and the wonderful buildings of the great exposition. Now her time was almost gone; she must soon join the rest of the tired things that trains and boats were carrying to their several homes, with full hearts and souls and empty purses. Amid all the wonders she had seen the mystical scented rooms of the East Indian building attracted Marjory Fleming most. She would sit for hours in the divan covered with rich old cloth and lose herself in dreams of a misty perfumed past. The wonderful products of the far-off land, the crowds of pleasure seekers, would melt away, and gazing into the dusky faces, the dark passionate eyes of the strange men about her she would feel herself wafted away into a palace on the banks of the Ganges; fancy herself, mayhap, a Begum or an Indian princess, and only be brought back to plain, prosaic surroundings by the cravings of a world's fair appetite or the sound of some familiar, high-pitched voice urging her departure. But all this was practically over now. To-morrow she must leave the dear, dirty old city, the scene of so many joyful reunions and so many magical hours, for her far-off home. Her room at the hotel was full of the confusion of an incipient packing. Her trunks stood open. Many a paper bundle or broken box showed that her time had not been entirely spent in looking, and through the coming winter, when snow and hail should beat on the window panes of her western home, from wall and mantel would shine out these evidences of her taste. Still she was not happy.

Almost on her first visit to the East Indian building she had spied on a wonderfully carved sheath a dagger. It was not a beautiful thing. What its composition was nobody could tell. It looked like onyx. It was a dark green, veined with white and purple lines, and on the tip there was a dash of deep red that glowed and glittered in the sun. It looked exactly as if it had been dipped in blood, and Mrs. Fleming's bright eyes grew big and round as she looked at it. It haunted her. The crafty attendant withdrew it from its sheath of carved sandal wood and held it silently before her, saying something, but looking at her with deep, observant eyes. He had not been born in the land of mystery, of hypnotism, and of cunning in vain. The price of the dagger was extravagant. At least it seemed so when she thought of how little she had left in her flabby purse; but she could not turn her back on the coveted object. It haunted her dreams, as well as her waking hours. To her excited fancy the jeweled blade seemed full of enchantment, of fascination, and time after time, as she wandered sadly away and went slowly home her heart felt heavy within her. To-day she turned to the major, who stood patiently near, wondering why on earth women were so slow, and thinking how much better a hot dinner was than all this trumpery.

"Tom," she cried, "I must have it! Do get it for me. I promise it is the last thing I shall ask for. I will go home as contented and as meek as any lamb if you will get it for me. I feel, that it has some history connected with it. That must be blood on the blade."



HER CRY OF AMAZEMENT.

The wily Indian heard and understood, perhaps, though his impassive face showed nothing. He dangled the precious toy before her and said smoothly: "Madame has heard, I am sure, the tragedy connected with this dagger. No? Well, perhaps, then, I had better not relate it. Is madame superstitious?"

Madame quivered with delight. A history? Oh, she was sure of it!

"Yes, tell it to me. I am delightfully superstitious."

So, while the major listened critically, his wife enthusiastically, the son of Buddha, told his tale.

"Many years ago, in our sunny land, this jeweled dagger formed a part of the belongings of a certain beautiful princess. She had a lover in whom she believed, but who was nevertheless unfaithful to her. At last she learned his treachery, and, following him one night, unseen, unnoticed, she beheld his meeting with her rival. And there, under the golden moon, the silver stars, she went mad with jealousy and pain, and, snatching this dagger from her belt, she plunged it first into the heart of her false lover, then into her rival. And, turning, she held the blade, dripping with blood, high above her head and cursed the dead and the sword. Then, taking a tiny bottle of subtle poison, she drained it and fell on the ground beside the man she had once loved."

The dusky son of Brahma paused.

Had he woven a sufficiently horrid tale?

"What was the curse?" cried madame in delight.

He hesitated, looked at the major's cool, gray-blue eyes, at his pretty, delicate wife, and said, slowly:

"That the dagger should exist till it had fulfilled its mission and rid the earth of many unfaithful ones, but when it fell into the hands of a man or woman whose lover, husband, or wife was absolutely true in work or deed, it should then be resolved into its original elements and return to the sun-god, whence it came."

There was a gleam of malice in Mohamba's dusky eyes as he finished his story. Of course Marjory Fleming did not believe this nonsense, but her little head was half-turned with mystical odors and sights, and her woman's heart set on the dagger. The major drew out his pocketbook with a sigh.

"I suppose there must come an end to all this some time," he said, rather impatiently. "If I buy this trashy dagger, will you go home without another word? I'll wager we'll get no dinner now."

To this irreverent, almost sacrilegious speech Marjory refused to listen. For a woman can hear what she will and shut her ears to almost anything, to get her heart's desire, and the pair left the sacred building and the enchanted grounds for the last time, with the precious blade, in its carved sheath, done up in many careful wrappings. That night at the hotel down town a tired couple sat and viewed in dismay a room full of articles to be packed in the small space of two trunks.

"Let us hope," said Mrs. Fleming, with a mischievous smile, "that when we get home there will be nothing left of my magical blade. I should be so proud of the possession of such a husband that I should not even sigh for its loss."

The major was tired, and alas! just a little cross, and muttered viciously under his mustache, as he pulled an unruly strap:

"Magic humbug, my too confiding wife!"

The next day the visitors set off for their western home. Many weary miles they traveled over prairie and mountain before they arrived at the little frontier station where the old United States ambulance met them, into which they were loaded, people and baggage, to be jolted and pounded over the last thirty miles, as the driver whipped up his mules, and they tore along in the reckless, desperate fashion of army ambulances.

When the major and his wife had rested and refreshed themselves the task of unpacking the trunks began. Mrs. Fleming unlocked the one in which the sword was placed. As she opened the lid a peculiar odor greeted her. The articles on top seemed as they did when put in, but in the second layer she noticed little round spots and holes. They looked exactly as if a shower of sparks had fallen on them. At last they reached the silken gown. As she lifted it out and held it at arm's length her cry of amazement was echoed by everyone in the room. It is necessary to say that all the women in the post except Mrs. Moody, the doctor's wife, and one or two others with whom a feud existed, and who were not on speaking terms with each other, were in the room. The delicate lace, the silken folds, simply dropped from her grasp, a mass of scorched and torn fragments, and the dagger with its silk envelope, where was it? Nothing remained but a few rubies and turquoise and emeralds. Nothing but a charred, smoke-stained mass. The magic dagger had returned whence it came. Mrs. Fleming was tired and nervous and excited, no doubt, but was that any reason she should rush to her husband and embrace him so frantically and hail sob:

"I am so glad, Tom; I knew it would go."

The major thought of his vanished dollars and muttered sotto voce:

"Celluloid, as I thought. Spontaneous combustion."

But he was too wise a man to say any more.—Farm and Fireside.

A Biography.

The world awoke in gusty spring To hear the song bird carolling, With madrigals the south wind strayed;

And every dell and every glade Echoed the melodies he made.

Then came the ardent summer hour, When cherished buds burst into flower, When reveling roses drank the dew; When days were long and skies were blue

And Fortune bade our dreams come true.

And next the days of autumn sent The dignity of calm content, And frosty tints touched the wood, And nature, all beloved, stood Garbed in a glory vast and good.

And last of all comes the career, The slumber touch of weariness; And to his couch of sheltering snows With duty done, the old world goes: And smiles that he shall find repose.

—Washington Star.

Behind the Throne.

Colonel—Yes, that silver plate was handed down to me by my great-grandmother, dear soul, who has, been in heaven these sixty years. How Perverse—Bless me! How awfully behind the times they are up there, ain't they?

—New York World.

Literal.

Female Admiration—How delightful it must be for you to make your living by your pen?—Modern Author—But I don't; I make it by my typewriter.

Buffalo Express.

# Eyes

Ear, nose are more or less affected by catarrh, which is caused by impure blood. Can catch by purifying the blood.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists sell.

It cost no more to feed, to sustain and no more to slay a good sheep than a poor one.

"I have nothing in the store that sells so well or gives such general satisfaction as Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry. I always recommend it in cases of summer complaint or bowel trouble of any kind." C. A. West, Rainsborough, O.

Profit comes from making pork with young stock and especially so with the spring pig.

All those creeping, crawling, stinging sensations that combine to make up the tortures of any itching disease of the skin are instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment. Take no substitute. Doan's never fails.

There is no use referring to the symbol of mercy with a frowning face.

No need to fear the approach of crop if you have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson.

The secret of happiness, "Keep your liver right." Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's remedy for complaints of the liver or bowels.

The plow would not go deep if the team had anything to say about it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The devil has his hand over the eyes of the man who does not give.

Begeman's Chamberlain with Glysterine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chafing, Itch, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

When we get in the wrong place our right place is empty.

Cascara stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip.

We are sure to lose what we try to keep God from having.

I believe my prompt use of Fio's Care prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Fifty sheep make a good flock to keep together.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25¢

Miss Younger, of Perry, O. T., says that if Bryan is elected she will marry T. J. Stanton. If McKinley is elected she will not.

Old Gotrox (savagely)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)—I—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.—Puck.

"Here, waiter!" roared the long-whiskered customer, pushing the plate from him. "Take this punkin pie away and bring me a glass of milk. Darn a silver man that ain't true to his colors!"—Chicago Tribune.

## HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone.

Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands.

Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their hearts and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask me, can you tell if the doctor cannot? Restless, no than living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, tends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lysia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

—Washington Star.

Behind the Throne.

Colonel—Yes, that silver plate was handed down to me by my great-grandmother, dear soul, who has, been in heaven these sixty years. How Perverse—Bless me! How awfully behind the times they are up there, ain't they?

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