

The Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH., JAN. 27, 1899.

WHOLE NO 594.1

INVENTORY!

Yes we are getting our stock in shape to take our annual inventory and in order to do so, we shall make a special effort to have our stock as low as possible and to do this we shall sell some goods at, and even below COST price.

OUR CLOAK AND JACKET SALE.

this year has been much better than we expected and as we have but a few of these garments left we will close them out below cost.

PERFUMERY.

For the next ten days we will sell any of our Perfumes, Face powders, Face Bleaches, Hair Tonics, Tooth Powders, etc. at cost.

All colored shirts, soft or stiff bosoms, at cost. Don't miss this.

Our Grocery Dept.

is always well stocked with fresh goods.

If we don't have in stock what you want ---we will get it for you.

Free delivery to any part of the city.

Leave your orders for Buttermilk, fresh every morning, Whipped Cream and Cream. Also Condensed Milk in Bulk.

Fresh line of Lowney's Bon Bons and Candies always on hand. In bulk or fancy package.

J. R. Rauch & Son

H. P. CHAMBERS, M. D.

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Office over Plymouth Savings Bank.

Plymouth, Mich.

Surgery and Surgical Diseases

.....a Specialty by Preference.....

Night Calls Answered from Office.

POTATOES WANTED

We will pay the Highest Market Price at all times. Bring 'em along. We can take them in anytime as we have storage in case we are out of cars.

C. HOUGH & SON,

Plymouth.

F. & P. M. ELEVATOR.

LITTLE HABITS THAT WE HAVE

People Who Potter with Something in Their Mouths.

Many people have some little trick or habit which they always adopt when engaged in trifling pursuits, says the Pall Mall Magazine. I have known a child who always pattered with the tip of her tongue out, like a cat. Many people find it a help to have something in their mouths. A pipe answers the purpose for a man; a flower, a twig or a blade of grass for a woman. And it is a common habit among women to sing when absorbed in trifling occupations. This is sometimes a tiresome habit for other people. I have a friend who invariably sings "God Save the Queen" when she tidies her writing table. She is not a person who suffers from excessive loyalty and I have often wondered what is the connection in her mind between "God Save the Queen" and pottering. On one occasion when I spent a week with her, I found this habit of hers got on my nerves so much that I asked her why she did it. "Was I singing 'God Save the Queen'?" she replied. "I did not know. I am so sorry. I will not do it again." But in less than five minutes she was singing it again and continued to do so till I interrupted her, and was met by the same query and apology. I came to the conclusion at last that she did it unconsciously—that her subconscious self did the singing, while her ordinary self tidied the writing table, or vice versa. What made the habit the more disturbing in this case were the long pauses that came, often in the middle of a bar, or a word, and which signified greater absorption in some object. She would begin, "God save our gra—" Then would come a pause, so that when you began to flatter yourself that she would sing no more. Then, when you had entirely forgotten it, you would be startled by a sudden burst of "—cious queen," signifying generally that some knotty problem had been solved, some difficulty triumphed over. These pauses and sudden bursts I found especially trying; for I got into the habit of waiting nervously for the continuation, as one does for the crow of a cock in the middle of the night.

CANINE MAID OF HONOR.

A Baltimore Wedding Recently Introduced Some Startling Novelties.

Do you want to hear the latest sensation in wedding ceremonies? Have you grown tired of the orthodox bride and groom and the conventional attendants? Here is a story of a Baltimore marriage which simply overturned popular traditions and set all Baltimore in conversation. The benedict was Francis B. Stevens, Jr., of Hoboken, N. J., while Miss Adele Horwitz played the Beatrice of the startling occasion. There was neither maid of honor nor bridesmaid, but the bride entered the drawing room accompanied by her pet fox terrier, Jock, around whose collar were entwined orange blossoms, from which streamers of white ribbons flowed. During the ceremony Jock, after viewing the guests, sat upon the floor at the feet of his mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Horwitz gave their daughter diamond clasps for her slippers, and her gown was so arranged that these confections of white liberty velvet and their jeweled fastenings could be seen by the guests. After the wedding the friends of Mrs. Stevens paid her back in her own coin for the many practical jokes which she had been wont to play upon the society people of her native city. The carriage which conveyed the bridal party to the station was decorated with various wedding articles and created a sensation as it drove through the streets of Baltimore. Long streamers of white ribbon were tied at every possible point of vantage and placards announcing that the occupants were bride and bridegroom were attached to the sides and rear.

Friesland's Lost Language.

Friesland's language, one of the most musical tongues of Northern Europe, is falling into disuse in its own country. A litterateur from Friesland complains that instead of the "Frijse taal" his compatriots in the cities as well as in the country districts use a rough mixture of Fries and Dutch. The dialect is harsh and distressing to the ear. The Fries language, he says, is particularly suited for poetry. While it is true that the language is being neglected in Friesland, it is respected and preserved elsewhere in regions to which Frieslanders have migrated. In Amsterdam, in Groningen, and even in Pretoria the Frieslanders have organized clubs for the perpetuation of their native language. But it is predicted that the disappearance of the Fries language is only a matter of time. The efforts of far-away Frieslanders can not save it, if it is condemned at home.

Furs Wanted.

I will pay the highest market price for all kinds of furs, horse hides, beef hides, sheep skins, etc. Bring them along.

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"Doc" PARSONS, Bowery st.

CAT VERSUS COYOTE.

A Lively Scrimmage in the Sage Brush Country in Which the Cat Won.

From the Idaho Daily Statesman: A Boise gentleman passing over the sage brush plains near Meridian the other day was treated to an exhibition that was as strange as it was interesting. It was a battle between a cat and a coyote. It was early morning, and plainly the night's prowling over the prairie had netted the coyote nothing in the way of a good, square feed. When first seen he was stealthily gliding about, his nose to the ground, searching, as they always are, for something to appease his insatiate appetite. He stopped and was surveying the surroundings from a slight knoll, when there appeared on the scene a great tomcat, a burly fellow, who also seemed on a quest for breakfast—some toothsome morsel, as a cottontail or a young grouse. When Tom hove in sight the coyote smiled a satisfied smile. All things come to the patient, he must have thought; and at once he prepared to take unto his inner self the bounties that nature provided. Tom had not at first seen the coyote; in fact, was not aware that a foe was near until the first charge, when the coyote sprang at him. But, quick as a flash, he parried the first thrust, then squarred for action. With back up and fur on end, the cat stood his ground for the second onslaught. Ruffian-like, the coyote plunged into the battle intent on bearing down his antagonist with brute force alone, and this probably saved the day for Tom. This time Tom got in a left swinging blow on the coyote's jaw, getting first blood; then jabbed with the right, bringing the coyote to a stand. The coyote went to his corner under a sage brush, bleeding. In the second round, the coyote sprang into the fight much as in the first and with about the same result to him. The cat uppercut him as he rushed in, then, swinging, mauled him with left and right until the air was full of brown-gray hair. The round was furious throughout, with honors clearly for Tom. The coyote might have been counted out if the gophers that watched the bout had counted. He deliberated long before coming in for the third round, but his belly ruled his mind, and to the scratch he came, slowly this time. Tom was ready and rushed the fight. He crowded the coyote and backed him over the knoll, planting a left or a right whenever and wherever he pleased. Finally, after much sparring, Tom got in a deadly knockout blow. The fight was his, but he took no mean advantage. When the coyote was down he stood over him, giving more than the limit of time for him to come up, but Canis latrans had enough. He slunk away to his sage brush, and Felis domestica, his back still up, with his head over his shoulder, to see that he was not made the victim of treachery, sidled off to continue his hunt for a nice young cotton-tail.

BATHS NOT HER SPECIALTY.

Hospital Patient Had Not Had One in Six Months.

This actually occurred in one of the hospitals in the city where a number of patients from the lower walks of life are brought for free treatment. One night the police ambulance brought a young woman who was suffering from a severe case of rheumatism. The first part of the treatment accorded patients is a thorough bath before they are placed between the clean sheets, and the unpleasant task of administering the scrub is a part of the duty of the probationers, as the nurses are called during the first six months of their training. The one who attempted the work in this case found a hopeless job on her hands and after much vain labor she went to one of the older nurses for advice. It being a case of rheumatism they disliked to risk putting her in a tub, but there seemed to be no help for it, so they soured her into the hot water and used soap, soda, alcohol, and everything else the place afforded, and they rubbed, scrubbed and scoured with but little success. At last the elder nurse exclaimed: "I don't believe you ever had a bath before, did you?" "Yes, I did," answered the patient in tones of indignation. "When was it?" "Just before I was married." "How long ago was that?" "A little over six months."

Vegetarianism.

The vegetarians may be expected to deny the recent statement of an American physician in Porto Rico, who says that the Porto Ricans have become physically degenerate because they eat vegetables and not meat. The vegetarians can bring up the authority of the Bible, for it relates of Daniel that after eating nothing but pulse and water for ten days his countenance "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."—New York Tribune.

—WANTED—An agent to sell tea, coffee, and baking powder in Plymouth and Northville for the Grand Union Tea Co., 29 Michigan ave., Detroit. Write for terms.

GEO. W. HUNTER & CO.

Coffees

When you want a delicious Coffee try our

30c Java and Mocha Blend

And you will not be disappointed.

Don't buy Package Coffees expecting straight goods. They don't put them up in that way.

Our 15 cent Rio

In bulk will please you better than any package coffee.

G. W. Hunter & Co

J. L. GALE.....

I am going to make a slaughter on all the high priced Lamps we have in the store. Two large lamps, very cheap at \$6.00, will sell now at \$4.50.

One \$5.00 Lamp at \$3.75
One \$3.50 Lamp at \$2.72

We have but one of those beautiful pictures left. The price was \$2.50, will sell it now for \$1.85.

One Beautiful Brass Clock valued at \$14.00, will sell for \$5.00. We continue to sell

18 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1.30
9 bars Queen Anne Soap, 25 cents
A good black Molasses, 20c per gal
Finest N. O. Molasses in town, 50c gal

We are headquarters for Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Oysters, Celery and Lettuce.

In Drugs we take the lead with the Largest Stock in town. We are constantly buying all the new remedies in the Drug line.

John L. Gale's Rheumatic Tablets are having wonderful success in the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

These Tablets have genuine merit, and actually cost three times the price of any other tablet on the market to make. If you have a pain in the back caused by derangement of the kidneys be sure and try these tablets. Railroad men, who are troubled by Rheumatism and pain in the back caused by riding on the cars, will find them of great benefit. If you are wakeful at night and suffer from nervousness and darting pains through the body, try Gale's Rheumatic Tablets. For sale by all Druggists. People having the grip will find them a great benefit through their alterative effect in driving away the pain and bringing the system back to a healthy condition.

J. L. GALE.

