

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXVI., No. 23

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1914

WHOLE No. 1367

SPECIAL PRICE

Rexall
Sarsaparilla
Tonic.



Ideal blood purifier, aids digestion, appetizer, tends to invigorate the entire system and removes impurities that cause pimples, blotches, etc.

\$1.00 size for a short time 50 cents.

DON'T FORGET

The Fountain at the Rexall Store
BEYER PHARMACY

Phone No. 211 2R. **The Rexall Store** Block South of P. M. Depot

Young People's Day

A thoughtful writer has said: "We are told that the great discovery of the fifteenth century was the art of printing; that of the eighteenth century, the application of steam; that of the nineteenth century the great uses of electricity. A recent writer has expressed that in this age might be discovered childhood and the home. The greatest need of America is Christian fathers and mothers, establishing homes wherein the law governing the household is made sweet and strong and tempered by God's law. Homes wherein the bible and great books are read and taught by example and precept; homes wherein prayers are said; homes wherein parents are the companions and advisers and confidants of the children, and wherein the evening lamp and fireside, and the companionship of music, and pictures and literature, and thoughts and conversation take the place of the club and the street, for the social instincts of the boy and the social desires of the girl."

If America would continue her leadership she must look after the boys and girls. For THE GREATEST ASSET OF A NATION IS HER YOUTH.

We have had "Mother's" and "Father's" Days. Now let us have Young People's Day. It is most important for us to observe such a day.

Themes of pastor of FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH:

10 a. m.—"The Importance of Youth."

7 p. m.—"The Educated Eyes."

WELCOME

Poultry Remedies

We carry the famous Dr. Hess & Clark also Dr. Conkey's line of Poultry Foods and Remedies. If anything ails your poultry come to us for the cure. Are you having trouble raising little chicks? Then try a

25c Package of Conkey's Starting Food

and save your little chicks.

60c pound boxes of Val Dona Chocolates at 29c on Saturday, May 16th. Also Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, 3 packages for 10c on Saturday.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

THE VAL DONA STORE

ALWAYS OPEN

FREE DELIVERY

His First Lesson in ... Saving



THAT boy of yours is just at the age now when you should impress upon his mind the extreme necessity of saving.

If you inculcate the savings habit upon him now, the lesson will have its effect throughout his life, and he will thank you for it when he grows older.

Bring him to this bank with you—start him off with a small deposit—interest him in banking methods, and what they mean. It will be an education in itself.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank



The New Black Hawk No. 15 Variable Drop Corn Planter

as illustrated is the simplest and easiest operated planter on the market. Its entire construction is the acme of simplicity. For further particulars call or see

E. H. LANGWORTHY
Implement Store & General Auctioneer Wayne, Mich.

...REMEMBER...

The place when in need of those Bathroom Fixtures or that Steam or Hot Water Plant. I have with me a man with years of experience in the above work.

H. E. Newhouse

Ringling Circus is Announced

World's Greatest Shows and Spectacle "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" Now On Way.

Official information confirms the announcement that on May 29th and May 30th Ringling Brothers' circus will give two performances in Detroit.

Many new features have been added this year, the most notable of which is the spectacle "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." This classical production is presented with a cast of 1,250 people, a ballet of 300 dancing girls, 75 horses, 32 camels and a trainload of scenery, costumes and properties on the biggest stage in the world.

Following the spectacle, a circus program of unusual brilliancy will be presented, including an array of foreign and American acts new to the circus world. The menagerie contains 1,003 wild animals, 41 elephants, five giraffes and a "baby zoo." The circus is transported on 89 double length cars. Special arrangements have been made by the railroads to accommodate the crowds that will visit the circus from this city and the surrounding country.

Booster Envelopes

The Mail job department is busy turning out about 35,000 booster envelopes to be used by our business men as a means of boosting Plymouth. On the address side of the envelope is a group picture of the high school building, a residence street, Main street, the Markham Rifle Co. plant and the plant of the Daisy Manufacturing Co. On the back of the envelope is a description of the town and the many advantages that it has to offer to people who desire to live in a live town where progress is the watch word. These envelopes can be used by anyone who is desirous of helping to boost Plymouth in the matter of publicity. They are on sale at the following stores: C. G. Draper, J. L. Gale, H. W. Murray's post card and candy store, D. A. Joffe & Son, Gayde Bros. and A. J. Lapham's. Ask to see them and use them in writing to your friends. Be a booster for the best little town in Michigan.

The Epworth League of the M. E. church holds a social and annual election of officers at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Richwine Friday, May 15 at 7:30.

The Alter Motor Car Co. are about ready to commence work on another factory building. The new building will be built of cement and steel and will be 40x156 feet. Bert Crumbie has the contract for the erection of the new building.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.
"My sister's husband had an attack of rheumatism in his arm," writes a well known resident of Newton, Iowa. "I gave him a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment which he applied to his arm and on the next morning the rheumatism was gone." For chronic muscular rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by all dealers.—Adv.

Plymouth Wins Opening Game

The first ball game of the season at Athletic Park resulted in a victory for Plymouth over the Diamond Lodge I. O. O. F. team of Detroit, by a score of 8 to 6. The local team appeared in their new uniforms and presented a very nifty appearance. Tousey and Nimshack occupied the points for Plymouth and their work was very creditable indeed. The rest of the team gave them fairly good support considering the amount of practice they have had. With a little more practice and the strengthening up of several weak points the Plymouth Independents will give a good account of themselves before the season is over.

Primary School Money

From present indications the \$7.41 which each pupil in Michigan was entitled to draw from the primary fund this year, based on the primary school taxes for last year, will be slightly decreased.

The primary school fund at present amount to \$5,450,000. This time last year it was \$5,061,000. This time last year the Pere Marquette had settled its taxes, amounting to about \$500,000. This year it has not done so and yet the fund is increased without it. When the Pere Marquette and some others pay it is figured that the primary fund will be \$1,000,000 ahead of last year by July 1.

But last year there were 795,000 pupils and this year there are 809,000. As it stands now the per capita draw is practically \$7, but figuring on the July estimate, it will amount to \$7.23.

This money must be used either for the pay of teachers or for tuition to high schools. It cannot be used for buildings or repairs.

Base Ball Saturday

The Pere Marquette team of Detroit, will cross bats with the Independents at Athletic Park, Saturday, May 16. The Pere Marquette's have a strong team this season and a closely contested game can be looked for. Game called at 3 o'clock. Admission 15c.

Memorial Day.

With the fact in mind that only for a few years more will the commemorative exercises of Memorial Day be earned on by those who fought by the side of those who fall, Supt. Fred L. Keeler is most earnestly urging that schools, both normal and public schools observe the day with appropriate exercises. The spirit of patriotism and gratitude to those who answered the call of the nation, must be kept alive. How rapidly the host of the Grand Army is vanishing is shown by the pension rolls. During the year ending June 30, 1913, the number on the pension list was decreased by 36,064 deaths. The inheritance left by these men to the youth of today is a love for the flag and an unswerving loyalty. The inculcating of this spirit is a duty of the school of no small importance. Exercises should be held in every schoolroom of the state Friday, May 29. On May 29 schools should as far as possible assist in the exercises of the day. Memorial Day needs no proclamation. It is almost nationally observed.

Literary Club Held Interesting Meeting

The Woman's Literary Club held an open meeting in the opera house last Friday afternoon. Considering the unfavorable condition of the weather the attendance was good. As it was Arbor Day, it was the desire of the club leaders to meet with the school at this time and many of the teachers and pupils were present. The program of the afternoon was in charge of the VIII. division, with Mrs. W. N. Isbell as leader. The meeting was opened with two selections by the high school Glee Club, after which Rev. B. F. Farber gave an interesting talk on the origin and purpose of the boy scouts. Mr. Farber is the organizer of this movement in our village and is indeed, an earnest leader and an enthusiastic worker. Owing to the steady down-pour of rain Mrs. Bristol and her Campfire girls of Ann Arbor, were unable to be present. However, Mrs. Isbell had prepared a paper explaining the requirements and work of the Campfire girls, which was listened to attentively, especially by the young lady pupils of the high school. The Misses Hazel Conner and Marguerite Hough gave two beautiful duets with piano and violin accompaniment. An interesting paper, Luther Burbank at Home, was read by Mrs. George Richwine, and Mrs. F. F. Bennett presented a well written paper on the rose, telling the legend of the origin of the rose and coming down through the ages explained how many times the rose had been associated with historical events. The meeting closed with a well rendered selection by Mrs. R. E. Cooper.

M. K. Stevens sold 40 acres to J. J. Marty of Detroit, Monday. R. H. Baker negotiated the deal.

A Successful Farmer

Gives as much attention to his stock as he does to his crops. All stock loses condition at times and it is the good manager that applies the remedy before there is any serious loss of time. The successful men in the New England States use HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDER for stock and poultry. A package goes a long way because it is all medicine, not a food. It puts working animals in good spirits and flesh. Keeps poultry free from diseases and increases the yield of eggs. Price 25 cts. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy.—Adv.

Beautiful Monuments

are often marred by ill shaped and poorly cut letters. Note the work we have erected; or better still, visit our works and see the class of work we are turning out in this line.

All Raised Work

Every letter and figure raised, cut deep and on the best quality of granite obtainable. We have a reputation for doing good work, and we are bound to keep it. Before placing your order, call on the house where quality prevails and get the best.

LYON GRANITE CO.

Two Shops: Pontiac, Rear of Pontiac Steam Laundry. Phone 12221. Plymouth, Main street. Phone 265.

The Universalist Chapel

Sunday, May 17th

10:30 a. m.

Rector, Rev. Olivia J. C. Woodman

Subject, "A Leveling Up"

Text, John 6-66, John 8-32

In what do the American people excell the people in Europe?

Upon what does this superiority depend?

Two conditions, a leveling down and a leveling up.

Every individual owes it to himself to give the best there is within him, must feel his personal responsibility to his fellow men and to his God.

Will you line up with others? He who struggles alone, works at great odds.

The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, meeting Fort Harmor, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocious crimes. He meets Fort Harmor, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmor's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auway, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmor to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the return of the friendly Wyandots. The latter are demanding the return of Wap-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a spy. Hamilton's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene says Hayward is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. A white man is murdered in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auway, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots a chief. Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wap-tee-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them the American. They find escape from the island cut off by a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island cut off by a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island cut off by a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

I saw him now clearly, and he must have got his first fair glimpse of me, for he stared at my face in startled surprise that for the moment, held him dumb. It was like looking at my own reflection in a glass—the eyes, the hair, the nose, the contour of the face, the massive figure, all like the counterpart of my own. I would not have believed, except for the witness of my own eyes, that such similarity was possible. Even though fortified with sudden impression that this was the man for whom mademoiselle had mistaken me, the actual resemblance was so startling, as to leave me voiceless. We would have passed for each other anywhere, and yet as I stared at him, meeting his eyes fairly, I perceived a difference, faint, elusive, yet noticeable enough—his skin showed marks of disipation; there was a peculiar insolent sneer to his mouth, and he must be older than I by five years. My mind seemed to grip all this in a flash, before his voice broke the silence.

"Odds life, man! and what's this?" he roared. "Some play acting, or a dream? Never before did I know I was born a twin. Who are you?"

The look on his face, as if he half suspected he saw a ghost, made me smile.

"My name is Hayward—Joseph Hayward."

He gasped for breath, his eyes fairly protruding, as he stared at his feet.

"What! Say that again!"

I had full control of myself now, rather enjoying his consternation.

"I am Joseph Hayward," I answered with grave deliberation. "An ensign in the United States army, and a native of Maryland."

"Well, I be hanged! Say; do you know that's my name also? Is this some shabby joke?"

There was a gleam of anger in his eyes, a threat. I leaned on my rifle, and looked him in the face.

"I was better prepared for this meeting than you are. It's an odd thing, our resemblance, and the similarity of names, but I was told about you some time ago."

"By whom?"

"Mademoiselle D'Auway."

"Who? I never met—oh, her!" with a quick laugh, "you mean the Wyandot missionary?"

"I mean the daughter of Captain D'Auway," I returned with some sternness. "The man the Indians call 'Wap-tee-tah.' She mistook me for you."

"And was not very nice about it. I imagine—the little rixen will scarce give me a word."

"Possibly with reason."

"She told you so? She might be in better business than advertising my delinquencies among enemies. The girl has just enough white blood in her to make her act the fool."

"We may differ about that. Anyhow I advise you to hold your tongue. What I am interested in learning now is—who killed her father?"

He started back, bracing himself against the wall.

"Her father! D'Auway? Is he dead then?"

He was not acting; the surprise was real; the expression of his eyes convinced me.

"You had no connection with the murder?"

"Good Lord, no! I know nothing, man—not even how I came to be here. I woke up just now, lying in this corner with my body cold, my eyes closed, and my body cold. When I finally awoke, I found myself in a trap, and I got glimpses

of you there at the entrance, and sang out. I don't even feel certain who I am, let alone what I may have been up to."

"But surely you recall something," I insisted.

"Well," puzzled, "not much. See here, I'm willing enough to tell you all I know. Let's sit down; my head spins around like a top."

CHAPTER XVI.

I held a prisoner. He dropped back against the wall, but much of my old strength had returned, and I remained standing, leaning on my rifle. The man continued to stare up at me as if half doubting his own eyesight.

"Well," I said at last, growing tired of his silence. "You have my story—or, at least, a good part of it—and now it would seem the proper time for me to hear yours. Once we understand each other we will know better how to proceed."

He pressed his hands against his head in an endeavor to think.

"I was in there, unconscious and alone."

"No, not alone; there was a yellow-faced negro with you—a French mongrel, if I know the breed. He's there yet—dead; and I want to know the story."

"Oh, ay! I begin to get the straight of this at last," and his face brightened. "Not that it is altogether clear, but you furnish a clue, perhaps if we put the ends together we may make a tale. A French negro, hey! It would likely be the Kaskaskia half-breed, a treacherous whiskered dog. But how ever did he come to be here? Ay! I have it! The fellow must have trailed me from the council at Sandusky, suspecting I sought D'Auway; there was hate between them."

"Then 't is likely he killed the man."

"No doubt of it, if he really be killed. Listen to what I know; in truth it is not much other than rumor; D'Auway had the fellow lashed by Wyandot squaws for some dirty trick, and Picaud—that's his name—swore vengeance. Saint Denis! That was a year ago, and Picaud has ever since been in his own country. 'T was the coming of war that brought him back. I thought I saw him at Sandusky as we held council there, but his presence was nothing to me."

"He had no quarrel with you, then?"

"No, I saw him whipped; he was like a snarling cur. Listen, and I'll tell all I know. I am not proud of my job, understand, but out here in the wilderness, we work under a double set of orders—one open and above board, the other secret. 'T is poor work for a soldier, but there's no help for it, except to resign, and then someone else would turn the trick. You know the game we play—our countries at peace, this land formally surrendered to us Americans, and yet there comes to us—Hamilton—private instructions to retard settlement, and retain our military posts. Lord knows what the ministry means, what they hope to gain by delay; we are only

fallen, Hamilton went himself, but with no better success. You know the reason?"

I shook my head, afraid to interrupt for fear he might remember how convicting such a confession was, and refuse to continue. But apparently the man failed to conceive the depravity of his acts.

"The influence of D'Auway—ay! and that daughter of his, Saint Denis, but I believe she was the worst of the two. I actually made love to the witch hoping thus to win her over to our side, I might have married her—who knows?—struggling his shoulders, 'but she certainly wouldn't listen to anything else. Lord, the wench was proud as Lucifer; ay! and laughed in my face, and mocked me, until even Hamilton had to grin, when I told him the story. 'T was then I made up my mind to win in spite of her."

"To win her, you mean?"

"No, no! There was but one way of doing that, and it chances I possess a dislike for Indian blood. I mean the Wyandots to our scheme. 'T was Hamilton's plan, that I suggest to her a visit to the Wabash tribes, for she was ready for any sacrifice to spread her faith among the red-skins. Ay! and by good luck the scheme worked."

"That then was what took her south?" I asked, deeply interested.

"Pshaw! I fixed up a fine story, and the priest gave her his blessing. Oh, it was safe enough; no Indian would dare lay hand on her in any way."

"The rest is short enough, but the girl's actions puzzle me. Once we were rid of her, the father had to be attended to. 'T was no easy task, for D'Auway was a chief, and quick to quarrel. 'T is small odds now how the trick was played, but I knew of this cabin, and once here I held him prisoner, while Hamilton used his disappearance as a whip to drive the Wyandots to war."

"He spread the rumor then, that D'Auway was captured or killed by Americans, knowing what had occurred?"

"Partly that," with a chuckle. "He knew not where the man was, only that I had him safe."

"And by means of this lie you deliberately plotted to ravage the frontier with Indian outrage," I exclaimed indignantly.

"Nay, not so fast friend," his eyes hardening with anger. "'T was war; we but obeyed the orders that came from England; made use of the weapons at hand."

"I care nothing for the excuse. There was no war, and it was murder. Don't call me friend, I am no friend of yours. Though you may be of my own blood, of my own name, the act was murder—foul, treacherous murder. Yes! I wish I had left you to rot there in that hole."

He was on his feet, his face flaming with passion, but I flung forward my rifle.

"Ay! I mean it, Joseph Hayward, if that be your name. I went on, coldly enough now. "And I would say the same to Hamilton if he were here. Stand where you are, or I will kill you as I would a mad cur. Only a dead would boast of such an act of treachery. Now go on, and tell me the rest. I want no lie, but the truth—how did D'Auway meet his death?"

He stood glaring at me over the rifle barrel, his hands gripping in desire, yet knowing well that any hostile movement meant death.

"Hanged if I'll tell you!"

"Then you die where you are, you dog, and I mean it. 'You have said enough already to condemn you. I believe you killed D'Auway."

"I did not," he burst forth. "I did not even know he was dead. I am not afraid of you, or your threats, but I will tell you what occurred here. I'm ready enough, as you will discover yet, to answer for whatever I do, but I am not going to bear the blame for the dastard act of another. I was friendly enough with D'Auway, even if I did seek to trick him in this matter. There was no intent to take his life."

"Well then, go on."

"I held him prisoner here," he said sulkily, "although there was no violence or threat. The man did not even realize he was under guard, yet I saw to it that he retained no arms, and was never out of my sight. 'T was my order to hold him quiet until I had message from Hamilton. He suspected nothing, and there was no trouble; not so much as a word of controversy between us. Once a day I made circuit of the island to assure myself we were alone. Occasionally he went with me, but the last time I left him in the cabin asleep. It was dusk when I returned; I had seen nothing suspicious, and was careless. I remember approaching the rear door without thought of danger. I must have passed the opening of the cave here, when suddenly I was struck down from behind. I saw nothing, heard nothing of my assailant. When I returned to consciousness I was lying here. That is all."

"'T would be Picaud who struck you?"

"Beyond doubt, and then, thinking me dead, dragged me into this hole. Yet how came we both in there?"

"We can only guess at the rest. My theory was that the negro was interrupted by our arrival at the cabin.

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CHAPTER XVII.

An Effort to Save Brady.

The night had closed down without, but the remnants of fire still eating away the dry logs of the cabin, yielded a red tinge to the interior of the cellar. It was a spectral, eerie light, brightening as some breeze fanned the flames, and then as suddenly lapsing into dimness. Yet sufficient glow found way down the entrance to enable me to see my prisoner, and observe his movements.

A descending figure blotted out the red glare of the entrance. We both stared upward unable to decide who the visitor might be; I could perceive merely a dim, indistinct outline. The smudge of a figure descended quietly, yet with evident confidence that the dark cellar was deserted. I attempted to step back, so as not to be between the two, but something rattled under my foot, sounding loud in the silence. The intruder stopped instantly, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Who is here? Answer!" There was the sharp click of a gun lock; the words were French, the voice unmistakable.

"Hayward, mademoiselle."

She laughed in sudden relief.

"Peste! You startled me! How came you out here, monsieur?"

"The smoke of the burning cabin drove me out; else I should have suffocated. I burst open the door."

"Burst it open!" incredulously.

"Then it was not barred? Some one had entered from this end."

"So I discovered, mademoiselle; one of them is here with me—an old acquaintance of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Ay! Step into the cave so the light can find entrance; now, do you know the man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bit of First Aid.

In cases of shock and collapse it may be advisable in certain cases where collapse is imminent to administer a little stimulant in the shape of brandy and water, but it has to be noted that the use of alcohol under such circumstances must be carefully carried out, inasmuch as in certain cases (as in apoplexy, for example) the administration of alcohol is calculated to prove highly injurious.

of you there at the entrance, and sang out. I don't even feel certain who I am, let alone what I may have been up to."

"But surely you recall something," I insisted.

"Well," puzzled, "not much. See here, I'm willing enough to tell you all I know. Let's sit down; my head spins around like a top."

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"I was in there, unconscious and alone."

"No, not alone; there was a yellow-faced negro with you—a French mongrel, if I know the breed. He's there yet—dead; and I want to know the story."

"Oh, ay! I begin to get the straight of this at last," and his face brightened. "Not that it is altogether clear, but you furnish a clue, perhaps if we put the ends together we may make a tale. A French negro, hey! It would likely be the Kaskaskia half-breed, a treacherous whiskered dog. But how ever did he come to be here? Ay! I have it! The fellow must have trailed me from the council at Sandusky, suspecting I sought D'Auway; there was hate between them."

"Then 't is likely he killed the man."

"No doubt of it, if he really be killed. Listen to what I know; in truth it is not much other than rumor; D'Auway had the fellow lashed by Wyandot squaws for some dirty trick, and Picaud—that's his name—swore vengeance. Saint Denis! That was a year ago, and Picaud has ever since been in his own country. 'T was the coming of war that brought him back. I thought I saw him at Sandusky as we held council there, but his presence was nothing to me."

"He had no quarrel with you, then?"

"No, I saw him whipped; he was like a snarling cur. Listen, and I'll tell all I know. I am not proud of my job, understand, but out here in the wilderness, we work under a double set of orders—one open and above board, the other secret. 'T is poor work for a soldier, but there's no help for it, except to resign, and then someone else would turn the trick. You know the game we play—our countries at peace, this land formally surrendered to us Americans, and yet there comes to us—Hamilton—private instructions to retard settlement, and retain our military posts. Lord knows what the ministry means, what they hope to gain by delay; we are only

fallen, Hamilton went himself, but with no better success. You know the reason?"

I shook my head, afraid to interrupt for fear he might remember how convicting such a confession was, and refuse to continue. But apparently the man failed to conceive the depravity of his acts.

"The influence of D'Auway—ay! and that daughter of his, Saint Denis, but I believe she was the worst of the two. I actually made love to the witch hoping thus to win her over to our side, I might have married her—who knows?—struggling his shoulders, 'but she certainly wouldn't listen to anything else. Lord, the wench was proud as Lucifer; ay! and laughed in my face, and mocked me, until even Hamilton had to grin, when I told him the story. 'T was then I made up my mind to win in spite of her."

"To win her, you mean?"

"No, no! There was but one way of doing that, and it chances I possess a dislike for Indian blood. I mean the Wyandots to our scheme. 'T was Hamilton's plan, that I suggest to her a visit to the Wabash tribes, for she was ready for any sacrifice to spread her faith among the red-skins. Ay! and by good luck the scheme worked."

"That then was what took her south?" I asked, deeply interested.

"Pshaw! I fixed up a fine story, and the priest gave her his blessing. Oh, it was safe enough; no Indian would dare lay hand on her in any way."

"The rest is short enough, but the girl's actions puzzle me. Once we were rid of her, the father had to be attended to. 'T was no easy task, for D'Auway was a chief, and quick to quarrel. 'T is small odds now how the trick was played, but I knew of this cabin, and once here I held him prisoner, while Hamilton used his disappearance as a whip to drive the Wyandots to war."

"He spread the rumor then, that D'Auway was captured or killed by Americans, knowing what had occurred?"

"Partly that," with a chuckle. "He knew not where the man was, only that I had him safe."

"And by means of this lie you deliberately plotted to ravage the frontier with Indian outrage," I exclaimed indignantly.

"Nay, not so fast friend," his eyes hardening with anger. "'T was war; we but obeyed the orders that came from England; made use of the weapons at hand."

"I care nothing for the excuse. There was no war, and it was murder. Don't call me friend, I am no friend of yours. Though you may be of my own blood, of my own name, the act was murder—foul, treacherous murder. Yes! I wish I had left you to rot there in that hole."

He was on his feet, his face flaming with passion, but I flung forward my rifle.

"Ay! I mean it, Joseph Hayward, if that be your name. I went on, coldly enough now. "And I would say the same to Hamilton if he were here. Stand where you are, or I will kill you as I would a mad cur. Only a dead would boast of such an act of treachery. Now go on, and tell me the rest. I want no lie, but the truth—how did D'Auway meet his death?"

He stood glaring at me over the rifle barrel, his hands gripping in desire, yet knowing well that any hostile movement meant death.

"Hanged if I'll tell you!"

"Then you die where you are, you dog, and I mean it. 'You have said enough already to condemn you. I believe you killed D'Auway."

"I did not," he burst forth. "I did not even know he was dead. I am not afraid of you, or your threats, but I will tell you what occurred here. I'm ready enough, as you will discover yet, to answer for whatever I do, but I am not going to bear the blame for the dastard act of another. I was friendly enough with D'Auway, even if I did seek to trick him in this matter. There was no intent to take his life."

"Well then, go on."

"I held him prisoner here," he said sulkily, "although there was no violence or threat. The man did not even realize he was under guard, yet I saw to it that he retained no arms, and was never out of my sight. 'T was my order to hold him quiet until I had message from Hamilton. He suspected nothing, and there was no trouble; not so much as a word of controversy between us. Once a day I made circuit of the island to assure myself we were alone. Occasionally he went with me, but the last time I left him in the cabin asleep. It was dusk when I returned; I had seen nothing suspicious, and was careless. I remember approaching the rear door without thought of danger. I must have passed the opening of the cave here, when suddenly I was struck down from behind. I saw nothing, heard nothing of my assailant. When I returned to consciousness I was lying here. That is all."

"'T would be Picaud who struck you?"

"Beyond doubt, and then, thinking me dead, dragged me into this hole. Yet how came we both in there?"

"We can only guess at the rest. My theory was that the negro was interrupted by our arrival at the cabin.

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CHAPTER XVII.

An Effort to Save Brady.

The night had closed down without, but the remnants of fire still eating away the dry logs of the cabin, yielded a red tinge to the interior of the cellar. It was a spectral, eerie light, brightening as some breeze fanned the flames, and then as suddenly lapsing into dimness. Yet sufficient glow found way down the entrance to enable me to see my prisoner, and observe his movements.

A descending figure blotted out the red glare of the entrance. We both stared upward unable to decide who the visitor might be; I could perceive merely a dim, indistinct outline. The smudge of a figure descended quietly, yet with evident confidence that the dark cellar was deserted. I attempted to step back, so as not to be between the two, but something rattled under my foot, sounding loud in the silence. The intruder stopped instantly, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Who is here? Answer!" There was the sharp click of a gun lock; the words were French, the voice unmistakable.

"Hayward, mademoiselle."

She laughed in sudden relief.

"Peste! You startled me! How came you out here, monsieur?"

"The smoke of the burning cabin drove me out; else I should have suffocated. I burst open the door."

"Burst it open!" incredulously.

"Then it was not barred? Some one had entered from this end."

"So I discovered, mademoiselle; one of them is here with me—an old acquaintance of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Ay! Step into the cave so the light can find entrance; now, do you know the man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bit of First Aid.

In cases of shock and collapse it may be advisable in certain cases where collapse is imminent to administer a little stimulant in the shape of brandy and water, but it has to be noted that the use of alcohol under such circumstances must be carefully carried out, inasmuch as in certain cases (as in apoplexy, for example) the administration of alcohol is calculated to prove highly injurious.



He discovered the entrance to the tunnel, and dragged you into it, thinking to escape himself. To make sure who we were he crept into the cabin, and recovered your jacket—you left it there, didn't you?"

"Ay! It was a warm night."

"The fellow must have seen something that frightened him, that drove him into hiding. Later I stood there in the cave mouth, looking about. Perhaps it was then he crawled into the tunnel, and replaced the door. Ah, I have it—he did that later when he recognized the voice of mademoiselle."

"Of who? Mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle D'Auway; she joined me as I stood there. Her presence would account for his fear."

He leaned forward, as if endeavoring to decipher my face.

"Are you telling me truth?" he asked hoarsely. "Is that girl here? What could have brought her to this place? What does she suspect? What does she know?"

"That I cannot tell, except that she believes you killed her father; the discovery of your coat convinced her of that. As to how she came here—she traveled with Girty from Fort Harmor, seeking to reach the Wyandots in advance of me. She came to the cabin alone, hoping to find her father, but instead found us in possession, and D'Auway's dead body. It was she who thrust me into the tunnel, and saved my life."

"And now, man, where is she?"

"With those Indians who attacked us, and burned the cabin—she may be a prisoner."

He laughed uneasily, shifting his position.

"No fear of that. She is a wonder worker with these savages; they are afraid of her; they think her cross will work miracles. Saint Denis! I would rather have her with me than all the chiefs."

"Could she save a man from the torture, the stake?"

"She has done it, ay! I saw it done, and it took some courage. But she might fall with these renegades. Who is the man?"

"Brady; the scout who accompanied me."

"I know of the fellow; she would have small chance of saving him." He paused, then asked suddenly: "What about me? Am I a prisoner, or free to go? Do you absolve me of murder?"

"Of killing D'Auway—yes. But your hands are bloody enough without that crime."

"Then I may go my way?"

"To more treachery? To those Indians to report my presence here?"

"No, I swear."

"I accept no pledge from you. You say 't is already war on the border; then I will act accordingly. We will wait here until she comes."

"She! Not Mademoiselle D'Auway?"

"Yes," I answered tersely. "Mademoiselle D'Auway."

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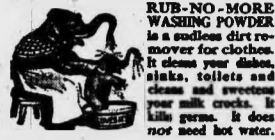
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It's ODD to see one woman rub away for dear life—working hard—wasting time—while another takes it easy—makes dirt fall away more rapidly and "worklessly" with RUB-NO-MORE.



RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudanic dirt-remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes, sinks, toilets and drains and sweetens the water. It does not need hot water.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES advertisement featuring an illustration of a man's face and a shoe.

FIGHT PLAGUE IN THE ORIENT

American Anti-Tuberculosis Society Has Been Active in Movement for Health Preservation. Tuberculosis is one of the most serious public health problems of the Orient.

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D. (Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)



SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME

Melbourne, Australia. — On the first pages of the morning newspapers in Melbourne which follow the conservative British custom of excluding news from first pages — may be seen an advertisement with this opening sentence: "We will relieve you of the worries of managing your own affairs."

Paternalism of the State. To enumerate the enterprises in which the government of the Commonwealth or of one or more of the Australian states has engaged, would be to supply a long catalogue. Private contract between employer and employe has been abolished as far as it affects a minimum wage.



Reaping Oats in Australia.

street car system of Sydney. Its chief city. If the state of Missouri owned and operated the street car system of St. Louis or the state of Illinois the street car system of Chicago, the case would be a parallel one. The telegraph and telephone lines are state owned and state operated.

close to their daily work. They would soon lose their socialistic inclinations." And the liberal prime minister of the Commonwealth, Joseph Cook, remarked: "The picture drawn of socialism would be beautiful if it were not for the black blotches on them. Against that kind of socialism the liberals are united."

It is a curious paradox that the so-called anti-socialists of the liberal party have enacted as much socialistic legislation, laws directly opposed to individualism, as the avowedly socialistic section of the Labor party when in control.

Individual Initiative Lags. And what are the results? Generalization is dangerous. Certain results, however, are apparent. The working day of long hours is passing away. There is less work and more play in Australia than in any other civilized country.

Play First, Then Work. "Will you describe the Australian as developing under your moderate socialism?" I asked a distinguished colonial author. "In what respect does he differ from his conservative British ancestors?"

SHARE FARMING IN AUSTRALIA. Plan That Seems Worth Copying Is Especially Successful With Big Wheat Crops. In view of the fact that the estimate of the present season's wheat crop of New South Wales is set down at nearly forty-two million bushels, exceeding last season's record by nearly nine and one-half million bushels, it is proof of the value of the share farming that a considerable number of the wheat farms of New South Wales, and particularly the large ones, are worked on what is known in Australia as the "shares" system.

Under this system a farmer possessing the necessary team and implement arranges with the land owner to crop a certain area for a season or for a number of seasons. The usual form of agreement provides that the land owner shall provide land, seed, two-thirds of the manure, where manure is used, and bags for his share.

Stadstone's Persuasive Power. Stafford house was the Garibaldi headquarters in London during the visit of 1864; and a society pleasantry of the time was a proposal to marry the hero to the old duchess of Sutherland. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells how some severely practical people objected that this was impossible, because Garibaldi had a wife already.

The Way of It. "So the man you dunned for that money was very angry? Did you manage to placate him?" "No, I tried to, but he got the struggle hold first."

SORROWS OF THE SEASON

By GRACE SPARROW.

"O, thank you," said the girl who likes to talk. "No chocolates for me! If you have any lemon juice handy, however, I'd be obliged!"

"What's the idea, now?" everybody demanded. "I've been down to the spring opening," explained the girl who likes to talk. "And everything is designed for fragile ghosts and attenuated bean poles. A perfect lady this season will be able to take shelter behind a lath in case of storm."

"The first garment that met my eye looked like an explosion in a ruffe factory. Starting at the middle, it was a vigorous young ruffe that began winding around snakily in a diagonal manner. It continued until it hit the ground, still traveling diagonally. One side was up and the other down, but nobody's skirt hangs straight these days, so that apparent difficulty didn't count."



"Looked Her Square in the Eye."

ruffles. The saleswoman said it was the latest thing. I looked her square in the eye and asked her if she could conjure up a vision of me in it. No one would ever think that I weighed less than the 160 that I do. I don't think that the saleswoman had, for her eyes faltered and she turned pale.

"Just then I paused, horror stricken, in my tracks. Before a mirror pivoted a strange sight. It was composed of pale blue taffet, all bunched up around the hips like a washer-woman's skirt. There was a million yards in that bunch. Streaming over it were garlands of little roses and tufts of tulle and above it a sea of tulle and puffs and roses and rosebud silk with more blue. It looked somewhat like a broad expanse of sunset sky and then I saw that there was a woman inside it. She had a red face and double rolls on her neck and she was exactly four feet broad. Before her a hardened young slip of a salesgirl, without the hint of a blush, was cooing that it was so chic and became her marvelously.

"I fled from that pool of iniquity. I felt that nothing less than flight could save me from a like horrible fate!" "I wish," said the girl who likes to talk, in a voice positively shaken with emotion, "I wish that you could have seen me in the dress they put on me in the next place! Gathered around the waist were exactly fifteen yards of green taffeta, which on my heroic form looked like thirty yards cut generously. Bulging over each hip was what they called a pannier.

"They acted really annoyed when I inquired just how I was going to get from one room to another. "They showed me a hat that reminded me of the old cellar door on the farm. It tilted up in the back at sixty degrees and dipped down in front till it hit my nose. Perched precariously on it, hit or miss, were tight little bunches of undecorated flowers. Why, all the little dicky birds would have whooped at the sight of that hat if I had worn it out, and gone tobogganing down the slide. Somehow, with it on, I reminded myself of a woman who had been in a fight and smashed over the head with a rolling pin. It was what you might call a disheveled hat. They put a wrap on me, too, and murmured that it had just been unpacked from its Paris box that morning. It was ten feet in diameter when I had it on.

A Boon to the Farm Housewife

The kitchen loses its terrors with the NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame cook stove. Does exactly the work of the coal range without the terrible exhaling heat and the dirt and trouble. Burns clean, convenient, economical oil; almost saves its cost during the season.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove. Note, in the picture, the cabinet top, the fine, big oven, the shelves and the towel racks. Roasts, bakes, toasts and broils to "perfection."



For Best Results Use Perfection Oil

Spiritual. The new minister in a western parish was making his first call, and when he reached the home of the Peevys he said to Mr. Peevy: "I don't think that I have seen Mr. Peevy at church yet, have I, Sister Peevy?"

ERUPTION ON CHILD'S BODY

R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Mo.—"Our daughter who is ten months old was suffering from an eruption all over the body. In the beginning they were small red spots and afterwards turned to bloody sores. We tried all sorts of ointments but they did not procure any relief for our child. She cried almost day and night and we scarcely could touch her, because she was covered with sores from head to foot.

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

Cars to Have Noiseless Brakes. A brake shoe having a strip of asphaltum let into the surface has been adopted for use on street cars in New York recently. The new brake is said to be practically noiseless, while having good wear-resisting qualities.

Emile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss. Adv.

Doing beats washing, but it's more like work.

ADDRESSED TO WOMEN

In the Expectant Period

Before the coming of the little one—women need to be possessed of all their natural strength. Instead of being harassed by forebodings and weakened by nausea, sleeplessness, or nervousness—if you will bring to your aid

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

you will find that most of the suffering will not make its appearance. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of a life study of ailments, disorders and irregularities peculiar to women. Its continued supremacy in its particular field for more than forty years is your assurance of the benefit to be derived from its use.

SPORN MEDICAL CO. advertisement for Pink Eye, Echinococcus, Shipping Fever, and Catarrhal Fever.

GO TO WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed. Canada offers a hearty welcome to the settler, to the man who is family looking for a home, to the farmer's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.



OWNERS OF MAXWELL-BRISCOE 2-Cylinder Cars. May Now Purchase Repair Parts for These Cars Direct from Us. ALL LITIGATION WITH THE CARLSON MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY HAS BEEN TERMINATED.

BLACKS OPTICIANS

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. With FREE SAMPLE. BORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LAM., BUFFALO, N.Y.

GOODRICH

Safety Tread TIRES

Best in the Long Run

There is no sound reason for paying more than the Goodrich schedule for any high-grade tires:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices
30x3	\$11.70	\$12.65
30x3 1/2	15.75	17.00
32x3 1/2	16.75	18.10
33x4	23.55	25.25
34x4	24.35	26.05
34x4 1/2	33.00	35.00
35x4 1/2	34.00	36.05
36x4 1/2	35.00	37.10
37x5	41.95	44.45
38x5 1/2	54.00	57.30

CONNER HARDWARE CO. LTD.

The Spreader Sensation of the Year we have it, it is the **Steel Frame New Low Manure...Spreader...**



Surface conditions and lay of the land do not affect the New Low Manure driving mechanism. It is a positive type. The multiple disk, and worm gear type. We can tell you more about this if you will call. It will stand the most critical inspection. We also carry a full line of TILLAGE TOOLS, HARVESTING MACHINES, WAGONS, GAS ENGINES and REPAIRS. Come in and see them. Remember the place

OPPOSITE PARK **D. L. DEY** TELEPHONE 336.

Dresses Dresses

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Why add to your burdens the task of making your own house and street dresses. Come in and let us prove to you the folly of wearing out your eyes and nerves by sewing. We carry exclusively

The Famous Princess Dresses

unexcelled in workmanship and pattern. We have already sold hundreds of these dresses to Plymouth's most tasteful dressers and we can please you too, as well as your pocket book.

Spring HOSIERY Summer

Something new in a strictly high grade Silk Hosiery with cotton toes, heels and tops. The very latest at the moderate price of

Men's 25c Ladies'

Step in and see them. They are sure to please. Also representative of the HOLEPROOF HOSIERY.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON PHONE 99 FREE DELIVERY

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10%

on any Standard make of Automobile Tire

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Bonafide Mfg. Co.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Try Them---They're Fine

CALL PHONE NO. 237

Salt Rising Bread
Rye Bread
Mother's Bread

Holsum Bread
Tip-Top Bread
Fried Cakes, 10c doz.

Phone No. 237

R. W. SHINGLETON

FREE DELIVERY

Local News

Mrs. A. E. Patterson is driving a new Ford runabout.

Roy Mott of Detroit, was calling on friends here Sunday.

Chas. Dickerson has begun work on his new home on Harvey street.

Queen Esther bake sale at Lombard's office Saturday afternoon, May 16.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Leach visited friends in Grand Rapids over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alexander of Detroit, visited relatives here Sunday.

Walter Gorton of the M. A. C. visited his brother, Forest Gorton over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Russell of Jackson, visited at Coelle Hamilton's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Chaffee of Pontiac, were week-end visitors at L. B. Warner's.

Julius Willis of Grand Rapids, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Willis, over Sunday.

Miss Arbutus Wolfe of Detroit, was a guest of Mrs. Stanley Chambers last Sunday.

A. H. Dibble was confined to his home the first of the week on account of illness.

Mrs. Chas. Smith Allen of Detroit, visited at Lee Nowland's the latter part of last week.

Warren Perkins and family have moved into Mrs. Krumm's house on Depot street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rauch entertained Mrs. Elizabeth Harger of Detroit, this week.

Mrs. Henry Auer of Cadillac, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bennett over Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Voorhies has moved into the east part of her double house on Penniman avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Patterson and Mrs. P. H. Yorton of Detroit, visited friends here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. VanHove and little son of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Willis, over Sunday.

Frank Brown has moved into his house on Depot street recently purchased from Mrs. Lewis Westfall.

Frank Brown has improved the appearance of his house on Depot street by the addition of a new porch.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Curtis, Sr., who have been living here for the past year, have returned to their home at Wayne.

The bridge club was agreeably entertained last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Albert Gayde and Mrs. J. L. Gaie at the latter's home.

One way to save tire money is to keep out of ruts. Another way is to get out the rut and buy Goodyear No-rim-cut tires, which on the average, give more mileage and less trouble than any other. We sell them. Bonafide Mfg. Co.

The Daisy base ball team will open the season at Wixom Saturday, May 16th. They have a good strong team as in past years and expect to put up several fine games of ball this season.

Mrs. E. C. Bowling and daughter Lorena, who have been living in the Sherwood house for the past winter, have moved their household goods to Detroit. They expect to go to Mackinac for the summer, and in the fall will again locate in Detroit.

Postmaster Ladd has received notice that Wm. Hetsler, who is now a mail carrier in Detroit will be transferred to Plymouth as carrier when the free mail delivery service is inaugurated here July 1st. All the requirements called for by the postoffice department will be met, so there will be no delay in the starting of the service July 1st. The council has ordered that street signs be placed on all street corners in the village, and houses that are not already numbered will be by the time the service starts and our citizens will be only too glad to furnish a receipt in which their mail may be placed by the carrier.

Most Prompt and Effectual Cure for Bad Colds.

When you have a bad cold you want a remedy that will not only give relief, but effect a prompt and permanent cure, a remedy that is pleasant to take, a remedy that contains nothing injurious, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all these requirements. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the sore throat and restores the system to a healthy condition. This remedy has a world wide sale and use, and can always be depended upon. Sold by all dealers.—Adv.

Watch for an automobile story next week.

See what the Bonafide Mfg. Co. say on page five.

Earl Trinkhaus is building a new house on Oak street.

Miss Iva Hench of Benton Harbor, is visiting relatives in town.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanchette, a son, Wednesday, May 6th.

Mrs. Joseph Foster of Scottville, Mich., is visiting Mrs. Luther Peck.

George Henry of South Lyon, was calling on friends here last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schaufele of Ann Arbor, visited at Fred Schaufele's last Sunday.

Choice selected Early Dent seed corn at \$1.00 per bushel. Louis Hillmer, phone 81. 23-36

Aruna Cady of Ann Arbor, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cady, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fukalek and little son were guests of friends at Dearborn last Sunday.

Marian and Hazel Williams of Detroit, are visiting their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Willett.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Rowland died at their home west of town last Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Elsie Bovee has given up her position in J. R. Rauch's store and is now clerking for A. J. Lapham.

Mrs. John Oldenburg and daughter Ethel of Salem, were guests of Mrs. Myron Willett last week Thursday.

The Misses Gladys Bell, Uma and Ruth Willett were over Sunday guests of Miss Flora Cook at Ann Arbor.

The Misses Caski, Ruby Lyke and Mattie Kruger of Northville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Caski last Sunday.

Paul Wood's new bungalow on Oak street is nearing completion. The second story is finished and Mr. and Mrs. Wood moved in the first of the week.

Miss Ward wishes to announce that anyone desiring to have any milk tested may bring it to the high school building, Open Night, May 22nd, where it will be tested by the Agriculture class.

Mrs. Mary Cahoon of Alma, has purchased the Passage property on E. Ann Arbor street. She expects to move the old house through to Maple avenue and erect a new house where the old one now stands.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Peck attended a meeting of the Michigan State Homeopathic Medical Society held in Saginaw Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The Dr. gave an address before the assembly on Tuesday evening.

The fish supper at the Baptist church Tuesday evening was well patronized, about 200 meals were served. About 8 o'clock Pastor Bell came into the dining room and requested the people to come up stairs into the auditorium for a few minutes, where a surprise awaited them. No sooner had the people taken seats when Miss Hilda Smye sat down to the piano and began playing a wedding march, and the pastor ushered to the front of the rostrum a young couple whom he united in marriage. Frank Vesterfelt, the bridegroom and Miss Freda Cotton, the bride, came here recently from Grand Ledge, Mich., and will make Plymouth their future home. After the words pronouncing them husband and wife had been pronounced, a large number gathered around them showering them with congratulations for the future. Afterwards they all repaired to the basement where an excellent fish supper was served the contracting parties.

Next Sunday is Young People's Day.

Tomato cans are flourishing better than the new plants just now.

If the weeds would teach the vegetables how they grow, we'd be much obliged.

Father's day was well attended in the local churches last Sunday.

Poor old dad.

Twenty acres of corn ground and ten acres of potato ground to rent on shares. Will rent all or part. Within one mile of Plymouth. Call before Sunday, R. H. Baker, Northville. Phone 4V. 23-1t

NOTICE! Having secured a man to run my ice wagon during the summer, I will fill ice boxes for those beginning before May 20th, for \$3.00 per month and on and after that date \$3.50 per month. Don D. Packard

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

FOR SALE—House and lot on Main street. Enquire of E. K. Bennett. 15

FOR SALE—Hay and Rhode Island Red eggs. N. L. Moore. 18

FOR SALE—House and lot, 11 Mill street. Enquire of H. B. Jolliffe. 18

FOR SALE—Eighty acres in Oakland county, twenty-five acres timber. Will exchange for city property. Mrs. Chas. Greenlaw. 21-3t

FOR SALE—Mrs. Wm. Bradner's place on Main street. E. N. Passage. 22

FOR SALE—First class cement building blocks. F. F. Chilson. 23-5t.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Mill street. A bargain. E. N. Passage. 22

FOR SALE—One set of double light driving harness and one rubber tire road wagon. G. C. Raviller, phone 177. 23-1t

FOR SALE—House and lot. Enquire of Mrs. A. Sweet, 56 Depot street.

FOR SALE—Roll-top office desk, cheap. Enquire at Mail office.

FOR SALE—Horse. Enquire of Plymouth Milling Co. 23-1t

House to rent. Enquire of George H. Wilcox. 23-1t

FOR SALE—Good top buggy, two horse harness, see nearly new. Dandy plush robe with rubber lining. \$25 will take the above outfit. We also have a good light double work harness for sale cheap. C. O. Dickerson 23-1t

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Note These Points

That Foley Kidney Pills are successful everywhere with all kidney and bladder troubles, backache, weak back, rheumatism, stiff and aching joints, because they are a true medicine, honestly made, that you cannot take into your system without having good results.

They make your kidneys strong and healthy again, they remove the poisons. Tonic in action, quick in giving good results. Try them.

For Sale by

J. W. BLICKENSTAFF & CO.

GALE'S.

For Fruit of all kinds go to Gale's. You will find the best quality and good prices. Oranges, Bananas, Pine Apples, Apples, Canned Apples, Cocoanuts.

In Vegetables we have Lettuce, Asparagus, Pie Plant, Green Onions, Texas Onions, Radishes, Cucumbers, New Potatoes, Carrots, New Cabbage, etc.

Sugar has struck bottom and is going up for a few days. We will sell 100 pounds of Cane Sugar for \$4.75.

We have a new stock of Post Cards, Birthday Cards, Motto Cards, Local Views, etc.

We have a new stock of Pocket Books.

We have a fine stock of Pipes and a large stock of Tobacco.

For Chick Feed, Hen Feed, Oyster Shells, Grit, Etc, give us a call.

People who have been trying all kinds of Bread find, Detroit bread is the best. It runs good every day.

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE



THE HOME of Quality Groceries

THOSE AFTER MEAL SIESTAS With Cigar or Pipe in Easy Chair

Will Be Found Much More Enjoyable if Said Meals

Consist of Our Quality Groceries

Brown & Pettingill,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40.

Free Delivery

The Best Watches In the World



Are those that measure out the time most accurately. Different men have different notions of what watch will do this.

The answer is that no one make of watch is better than all the rest.

Any accurate time-keeper is a desirable watch to own.

Our aim is to sell the best watch that we can buy for the money.

One that will give the best satisfaction to the wearer and the least trouble to us through our guarantee. We have a large stock to select from. You are invited to look them over

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler and Optometrist.

148 Mainst.

Phone 247

FERTILZIER

Homstead, Horseshoe, Best Potato Fertilizer, 10 Per Cent. Potash Fertilizer, Pure Winner

Goods that can stand the test at rock bottom prices,

..SEEDS..

Clover Seed, Alfalfa and Alsike

Enquire for our prices.

BENTLEY BROS.

Telephone

ELM, MICH.

CITY OF MANILA BOUNTIFULLY MERITS THE NAME OF BEAUTIFUL

Americans Have Made the Philippine Metropolis One of the Finest in the Far East—Yankee Efficiency as Shown in Islands Surpasses That of Germany in China—First Impressions Are Good.

Manila, P. I.—The city of Manila lies on very low ground and is therefore not visible to the voyager until his ship enters Manila bay. Then its massive city walls, its churches, cathedrals, monasteries, forts and palaces spring suddenly into view. The whole effect is entrancing. The domes and spires of the churches, the grand, old Spanish residences and government buildings, are visible above the tall gray walls and stand out clearly against the blue sky. The centuries have given the stone buildings a tint of bluish gray. Many of the brick buildings have been covered with stucco, painted either white or pink. These colors together with the soft verdure of the tropical vegetation afford a picture pleasing to the eye and restful to the soul. Above the battlements of old Fort Santiago, the cruel Bastille of the Spanish regime, floats the stars and stripes, guaranteeing peace, liberty and justice to the various tribes and peoples of the Philippine islands.

Manila was an interesting city long before the Spanish-American war. It was reserved for the Americans to make it a beautiful and a beautiful city. The plans which D. H. Burnham of Chicago drafted for the adornment of the city are being carried out and Manila is fairly on the way to become the most beautiful city of the Orient. In that part of the city which lies outside the walls a great deal has been done in the way of draining the swamps, widening the streets, establishing parks, and reserving a desirable site for the government buildings.



Fountain in Manila.

The great ocean liner, heavily laden with the products of American industry and skill, crosses the placid bay where Admiral Dewey and his brave men sixteen years ago won glory for the American navy and empire for their country. The ship swings around and is made fast to the pier. Above the snoring of donkey engines and the rattling of cranes are heard the strains of a Filipino band welcoming the travelers to "the land of the palm and the pine." As soon as one steps ashore in Manila one notices everywhere the visible signs of American occupation. The new, up-to-date docks are able to accommodate the largest liners afloat. Broad, well paved streets stretch across and around the Luneta, the great front lawn of the city. This great carpet of grass extends right up to the walled city. The old moat, where stagnant waters formerly menaced the health of the city, has been filled in and the walled city is faced on two sides by a lawn which covers many acres. This is the playground of the city of Manila.



Governor's Palace, Manila.

Not far from the walls of the old Spanish city a great crowd of people has assembled. Now and then ear-splitting yells rend the air. At a distance one might suppose that the Filipinos were holding a mass meeting and yelling for independence, but on coming closer one hears a clarion voice ring out above all the others. "Out, on first." The Manila high school boys are playing the crack trade school team from the island of Cebu. "What's the score?" I inquired excitedly. A Filipino, who wears a white starched shirt outside of his trousers, answers, "Two to one, favor Cebu, and the ninth inning." It's like being home in the dear old United States.

There are few cities which portray ancient, medieval and modern life and customs so clearly as Manila. In the suburbs one sees the shacks and huts of the common people. The framework of the humble abodes is made of bamboo poles and the roof and walls are simply mats of ripe palm leaves. As the floor is several feet from the ground the huts have the appearance of being on stilts. Such have been the homes of the Filipinos since prehistoric times.

The walled city is the old Spanish Manila. Here one sees the solid, austere architecture of the middle ages, and the more ornate styles of the renaissance. The pulleys of drawbridges are still in the walls over the city gates.

Between the walled city and the outer suburbs lies the modern city of Manila. This part contains the main business streets and the residential section. In this part of the city one sees a strange mingling of all that is ugly and beautiful in modern architecture. The paved streets, the car lines, the telephones and electric light wires, and especially the Pacific river with its traffic, all blend the two parts of the city together into an economic whole throbbing with life and energy.

any nation will try to take the Philippines away from us, but if we give the world to understand that we do not want these fair islands there will be inaugurated an era of intrigue for the "Pearl of the Orient" resembling that which has despoiled China of all her harbors and much of her territory. No fragile paper treaty, no open door agreement will ever be sufficient to protect the Philippine islands from a fate similar to that of China.

KING HUMBERT WAS ADMIRER

Duchess Bolognini-Litta's Death Calls to Mind Her Most Romantic Career.

Rome.—The death of Duchess Eugenia Bolognini-Litta in her villa at Lambro, revived the memory of her most romantic career. She was an extraordinary beauty and had many admirers, her last and one real love being King Humbert.

Although the late king had somewhat roving affections he remained faithful to her for many years, and until his death went to her for advice and companionship. These she gave him freely, thereby arousing the jealousy and pride of Queen Margherita.

So strained were the relations at one time that the then Princess Margherita insisted that her father-in-law, King Victor Emmanuel II, banish her rival from court. She obtained her wish.

However, as she grew older, she forgave and even brought herself to admire the fidelity of this woman, who never looked even on her own husband after knowing Humbert. In Rome the duchess lived separated from her husband, and received Humbert every evening at a certain hour.

Duke Litta did not take kindly to this passion of his wife for his sovereign, and, after remonstrating with her and even separating from her, he decided upon heroic measures. He threatened that if she did not break with King Humbert he would resign from the army and make a scandal. This did not move her, and he did what he had threatened.

Paterson, N. J.—Awakening from a dream that her missing daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Pralavia, had committed suicide, and that her body lay at the bottom of an abandoned well in the yard, Mrs. Julia Pralavia of 69 Lake avenue, Clifton, arose from her bed and going out to the well found the dream to be true.

Mary Pralavia disappeared some time ago. It was then believed that she had either fallen or jumped into the Passaic river. The belief now is that she deliberately walked to the old well, lifted the cover, and dropped in. Her death leaves three children motherless.

FURNACE IS BED; ARRESTED

Red Bud Farmer Surprises Police Captors by Showing \$3,000 in Currency.

St. Louis.—Because his clothes were mused and his face dirty the police here the other day arrested Edward Pelzer as a "suspicious character." At the police station they were shocked to find all his pockets stuffed with greenbacks and goldbacks totaling \$2,949.

Pelzer, a farmer of Red Bud, Ill., 60 years old, said he had stopped off in St. Louis on his way to the home of a niece at Naylor, Mo. Fearing he would be robbed if he went to a hotel, Pelzer spent the night in the abandoned furnace of a zinc factory. The police decided to hold the farmer until his relatives can be heard from.

PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT CEREMONIES OVER HERO-DEAD AT NEW YORK

Bluejackets and Marines who Gave Lives in Occupation of Vera Cruz are Honored by City, State and Nation when their Remains are Brought Home

New York.—The dead from Vera Cruz were landed on American soil Monday, and city, state and nation paid their tribute.

Two hours before the city was astray, 17 flag-draped coffins were removed from the boat deck of the armored cruiser Montana and placed on caissons on the plaza in Battery park. Few witnessed this ceremony, for the sun was hot and bright; but thousands later lined the streets to watch the slow procession wind its way to the navy yard. Perhaps not since the Dewey parade has there been such a spontaneous demonstration. That however, was a noisy tribute to a returning victor; this a reverent one to the returning dead.

Great Throng Witness Procession.

Silent thousands long before 9 o'clock began making their way toward lower Manhattan; others massed about the city hall, where the procession was to halt briefly; still others lined the approaches to the Manhattan bridge, and finally a great throng gathered at the navy yard, where eulogies were to be said. Many wore little bows of black; others wore bands of black on their sleeves.

President Wilson arrived in the city from Washington shortly after 7 o'clock almost unobserved. He was taken immediately to the home of his friend, Col. E. M. House, and thence to the Battery to take a place in the procession. It had at first been arranged that the president was to go to the navy yard to receive the nation's dead on government ground, but at the last moment Mr. Wilson changed his mind and was driven to the Battery so as to participate in the ceremonies from beginning to end. When he reached the Battery the hero-dead were on gun caissons, police had lined the way and the procession was ready to move.

Twenty-four picked mounted police led the way. Behind them were the combined bands of the dreadnaughts Wyoming and Texas, and behind the band, 600 bluejackets from these ships.

Next came the coffins, in single file. At the side of each rode a policeman, and at the corner of each caisson trudged a national guardsman. The Stars and Stripes alone covered the caaskets.

Behind the last caisson came the carriage bearing the president, the secretary of the navy, senators, congressmen and representatives of the state and city.

Such a Scene Never Witnessed Before.

Never had the battery witnessed such a scene. Noiselessly almost, tugs nosed up to pier A and with a precision that is the navy's, the 17 dead were landed, grouped on the caissons. Immediately the bluejackets who were to march began to assemble. The men from the Texas came by tug from the navy yard whence their ship was to sail later in the day for Mexican waters. The Wyoming's men came ashore in their own boats. It was the Wyoming that conveyed the funeral ship into the harbor Sunday, and all night long, outlined in lights, she swung at anchor 300 yards ahead of the Montana's bow.

The cortege began to move at 9 o'clock, the ships' bands playing a funeral march; bluejackets with arms reversed. The crowd stood with bared heads, silent. Through the skyscraper canyon of lower Broadway, past old Trinity church and into the city hall plaza the procession passed.

Services Simple and Brief.

At city hall, whose columns and portico were draped in black, the cortege halted while Mayor Mitchell placed on a caisson a wreath of orchids, the city's tribute. As he did so the bluejackets stood at present arms, and 800 school children sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Gathered at the city hall were perhaps 10,000 spectators.

From there the route lay north, across Manhattan bridge to Brooklyn and the navy yard. There the ceremonies, as arranged, were simple and comparatively brief. A hymn by

the battleship bands, an invocation by Chaplain William G. Casrrod, of Annapolis; then President Wilson's address. Prayers by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Fr. John P. Chidwick, chaplain of the Maine, followed. Three volleys fired by a detachment of marines from the Texas, and "taps" by a bugler concluded the program.

Address of President Wilson.

President Wilson had no formal address prepared for the ceremonies. Secretary Daniels read to him the names of the 19 American dead, in whose honor the services were held. The president's reply was delivered with slow impressiveness. His voice was low and fervent and his face was grave.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "I know that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me are not feelings that can be expressed in eloquence or oratory. For my own part I have a mixture of feeling.

"The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death. But yet I feel a profound pride and envy that they should have been permitted to do their duty so nobly.

"Their duty is not an uncommon thing. Men are performing it in the ordinary walks of life, but what gives these men peculiar distinction is that did not give their lives for themselves, but gave their lives for us because as a nation we called upon them.

"Are you sorry for the lads? Are you sorry for the way they will be remembered? I hope to God none of you will join the list, but if you will, you will join an immortal company, and while there goes out of our hearts and affectionate sympathy for them we know why we don't go away from this occasion with our hearts cast down, but with confidence that all will be worked out.

"We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans; we want to serve them.

"A war of aggression is not a thing in which it is proud to die, but a war of service is a war in which it is a proud thing to die."

The president referred then to the cosmopolitan personnel of the victims.

"I listened to the list," he added, "with profound feeling, because they were not Irishmen, or Germans or Hebrews when they went to Vera Cruz. They were Americans, and no matter where their people came from they did the things that were American.

"War is only a sort of dramatic representation, a symbol of a thousand forms of duty. I never was in battle or under fire, but I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you, for when they shoot at you they take your natural life and when they sneer at you they wound your heart.

"As I think of these spirits that have gone from us, I know that the way is clearer for the future, for they have shown us the way."

Tribute of Mayor Mitchell.

Mayor John Purroy Mitchell's tribute to the memory of the heroes was as follows:

"The people of New York pay their solemn respects to the honored dead, to the stricken families of these men. Their loss is irreparable. Nothing that we can do can mitigate it. But to the American people, their loyalty and sacrifice is a new inspiration. Their deaths have driven home to the entire nation the awful significance of war, but the sacrifice they have made will be gloried by the part these men, who gave up their lives at Vera Cruz, have played to a sister republic.

"These men gave their lives not to war, but to the extension of peace. Our mission in Mexico is not to engage in conquest, but to help restore to a neighboring republic tranquility and order, which are the basis of civilization."

Michigan News in Brief.

Capt. J. C. Taylor, who has been in the newspaper business for 40 years, has announced that he will retire from the Ionia Standard, of which he is part owner.

The recount of the vote on the proposition to bond Gogebic county for \$65,000 for a new courthouse was finished Saturday. It shows the proposition carried by a majority of 100, while by the original count it was defeated.

The Tamarack mine, the last to reopen after being closed since last July, because of the copper strike, has employed 100 former strikers and is operating two shafts. There are now in Michigan copper mines nearly 18,000 men, 2,900 more than when the strike was called.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

The two and one-half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Ziekobich, of Jackson, wandered onto the Michigan Central tracks Saturday and was killed by a passenger train.

Attorney-General Fellows Friday started suit against the Traverse City, Leelanau & Manistiquie railroad to collect \$1,718.92 taxes for 1913 and 1914.

Fire Wednesday evening destroyed the Carroll foundry in Houghton, with a loss of \$500,000, on which there is \$250,000 insurance. It is not known how the fire started.

Port of unknown origin damaged the Fort Huron Lumber Co.'s plant at Port Huron Wednesday. Fireman James Nelson was seriously injured. The loss is \$30,000.

FLOODS DAMAGE MUCH PROPERTY

THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF RAINFALL BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN MICHIGAN.

MANY FACTORIES CLOSED

In Suburbs of Detroit Many People Are Driven From Their Homes and All Business Is Paralyzed.

Detroit.—Thirty-six hours of almost steady rainfall, the heaviest May downpour recorded in Detroit in 42 years, Tuesday sent swollen rivers foaming over banks that formerly rimmed mere creeks, inundated vast spaces within and just beyond the city limits, flooded countless basements, transformed streets into streams, paralyzed trolley and steam traffic in the districts affected and created a property and industrial loss of millions of dollars. Many people were rendered homeless. The great Ford factory was forced to close down for three days.

The mill dam in the Battle Creek river at Olivet, has gone out and a flood swept down on Bellevue and Battle Creek. Adrian was without fire protection for several days, the Standish dam at Tecumseh is gone, several factories in Kalamazoo have been closed, and scores of farms in southern Calhoun and Kalamazoo counties have been devastated as a result of the wind and rainstorm that swept over southern Michigan Monday and Tuesday.

CHARGE AND PRESIDENT TALK

O'Shaughnessy Tells Wilson of Conditions in Mexico City.

Washington.—Nelson O'Shaughnessy, charge d'affaires of the American embassy at Mexico City, Tuesday night told President Wilson the story of what happened in the Mexican capital during the days immediately preceding and following the occupation of Vera Cruz, and gave him an intimate picture of Gen. Huerta. It was the first time Mr. O'Shaughnessy had seen the president since his arrival in Washington last week. He was at the White House for more than an hour, and went away highly pleased with his reception.

The charge advised the president that General Huerta was a very stubborn man and not apt to surrender his position as dictator easily. He expressed the opinion, however, that any government set up in Mexico which has the support of the United States, will stand.

FINE PORTRAIT IS SLASHED

English Suffragette Uses Hatchet on Likeness of Duke of Wellington.

London.—A militant suffragette, armed with a hatchet, Tuesday seriously damaged a valuable portrait of the duke of Wellington in the Royal academy.

The woman was standing looking at the painting when she suddenly drew the hatchet from her muff and slashed the canvas three times. An attendant promptly seized her and took her to the police station, where she said her name was Mary Ansell. The painting was by the late Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, who died March 31 this year. It was considered one of his finest works.

Frazer Is Wayne Prosecutor.

Detroit.—Allan H. Frazer has been appointed by the circuit judges as prosecuting attorney of Wayne county to succeed Hugh Shepherd, resigned.

In a letter to the judges Tuesday morning, Mr. Frazer announced his acceptance.

The new prosecutor, who held four terms in the same office in the 90's, took his oath of office before County Clerk Thomas Farrell at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Annual Rally in Hastings.

Hastings, Mich.—The annual rally of the eighth grade graduates of all the rural schools in Barry county will be held at the fair grounds in Hastings on Thursday, June 4. It is expected that 1,000 persons will be present. About 400 pupils will receive certificates. When it was discovered that some children had grown up in Barry county without ever having been in the county seat, these field days were originated two years ago.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

The big dry kiln of the East Jordan Co-operative Co. was totally destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning, with a loss of \$5,000, covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Catherine Swartout sued the city of Monroe for \$2,500 for injuries sustained when she fell over a wire placed at the edge of the curb to keep bicyclists off the grass. A jury awarded her \$250.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle—Receipts, 541; bulls and heavy grades steady; others 10@15c higher; best steers and heifers, \$8.25; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.50@7.75; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7@7.25; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50@7.15; choice fat cows, \$8.25@8.75; good fat cows, \$5.75@6; common cows, \$4.75@5.25; canners, \$3.25@4.50; choice heavy bulls, \$6.75@7; fair to good bologna bulls, \$6@6.50; stock bulls, \$5@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50@6.75; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50@7; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6@6.25; stock heifers, \$5@5; milkers, large, young, medium age, \$65@80; common milkers, \$40@55.

Veal calves—Receipts, 361; market strong to 50c higher; few choice, 10c; general market for good, \$9.25@9.50; others, \$7@8.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,651; market steady; best lambs, \$7@7.25; fair lambs, \$6.50@6.75; light to common lambs, \$4.50@5.80; fair to good sheep, \$4.50@5.25; culls and common, \$3.50@4.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,916; all grades, \$8.50.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 4,000; market steady to strong; prime steers, \$8.75—9.36; best 1,200 to 1,200-lb steers, \$8.50@8.85; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers \$8.25@8.60; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.75@8; fancy yearlings, baby beef, \$3.40@3.75; medium to good, \$3@3.25; choice handy steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$3@3.25; fair to good, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$2.75@3; extra good cows, \$7.25@7.50; best cows, \$6.50@7; butcher cows, \$5.50@6; grassers, \$5.35@5.75; trimmers, \$3.75@4.25; best heifers, \$7.75@8.25; medium butcher heifer, \$6.75@7.25; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.80; best feeding steers, \$7.50@7.85; fair to good, \$7@7.25; best stock steers, \$7.25@7.50; common light steers, \$6.50@7; extra good bulls, \$7@11; bologna bulls, \$6.25@7.50; common to good, \$5@6; best milkers and springers, \$75@80; medium to good, \$50@60; common, \$30@40.

Hogs—Receipts, 17,000; market 10 @15c lower; heavy mixed and yorkers, \$8.80@8.85; pig, \$8.85@9.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 12,000 market 10c higher; top lambs, \$3.25@3.35; yearlings, \$6.50@7.50; wethers, \$6.75@8; ewes, \$5.25@5.50.

Calves strong; tops, \$10.50; fair to good, \$8@9.50; grassers, \$5.50@7.

Grains Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red 99 3/4c; May opened without change at 99 3/4c, declined to 99 1/2c and advanced to 99 3/4c; July opened at 87c, declined to 86 3/4c and advanced to 87c; September opened at 86 1/2c, advanced to 86 3/4c and closed at 86 1/2c; No. 1 white, 99 1/4c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 69c; No. 3 yellow 1 car at 70c, 10 to 70 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 1 car at 69c.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 41 1/2c; No. 3 white, 2 cars at 41c; No. 4 white 39 1/2c@40c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$2.08; Mar., \$2.13; July, \$2.16.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, 10 bags at \$7.65; October, \$7.80; prime alfalfa, \$10.

Timothy—Prime spot, \$2.30.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, \$8.

Hay—Carrolla, truck Detroit: No. 1 timothy, \$15.50@17; standard, \$15.50@16; No. 2 timothy, \$14@15; high mixed, \$15.50@16; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@14; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—in one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lbs. jobbing lots: Best patent, \$3.30; second patent, \$3; straight, \$4.75; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bbl.

Feed—in 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$28; standard middlings, \$30; fine middlings, \$32; cracked corn, \$29; coarse cornmeal, \$30; corn and oat chop, \$26.50 per ton.

General Markets.

Apples—Steele Red, \$6@6.50; Spy, \$5.50@6; Baldwin, \$5@6; Ben Davis, \$4@4.50 per bbl.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1/2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, \$2@2.25 per crate; in bulk, 2 1/2@3c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.19 per hamper.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 12 1/2@13c; common, 10@12c per lb.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 6@7c per lb.

New Potatoes—Florida, \$4.75@5 per bbl and \$2.25 per bu; Bermuda, \$4.50 per bu and \$7 per bbl.

GERMAN ROYALTY IN SOUTH AMERICA



Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who are making a tour of South American countries, are being lavishly entertained. Their journey is believed to be due mainly to Germany's desire to capture most of the trade of the southern continent.

