

MIDDLE AGE IS BEST

THAT REALLY IS THE HAPPIEST TIME OF ONE'S LIFE.

Strength, Wisdom and Experience All Combine to Make It More Interesting Than Youth, With Its Selfishness.

To be middle-aged is to be depleted. All young creatures wonder what we have to live for. Poets and novelists are agreed in condemning or ignoring us. Youth is wonderful and beautiful, and old age has its mild wisdom, but middle age is a desert that no one cares to explore. French novelists will take an interest in women up to 40 if they are sufficiently careful of their appearance and sufficiently careless in their morals. After that, poof! van! And I do not see that English novelists greatly differ in this particular. Mrs. Oliphant alone has attempted to create interest in the woman of middle age, but only to commiserate her innumerable cares and anxieties or to depict her sentimental jealousy of the blossoming time of a young girl.

Youth, with all its reputation for joy and interest, is really usually full of sorrow and boredom. When we are young we expect so much of life, we are absolutely wrapped up in ourselves, so completely selfish in our ideals of happiness, that the disappointments and disenchantments are always correspondingly bitter and deep. You expect everything—you get perhaps a little, perhaps nothing, of what you expected. The world does not hasten to bring joy and interest and love to your feet, and you lie down to weep and despair, and cry that the times are out of joint. Youth very seldom remembers that it has to do the giving itself. It expects everything and gives nothing, and it is therefore constantly unhappy.

Middle-aged people are, or should be, still strong and full of life; and all the energy that used to go into dancing and chasing balls begins to be used for something outside themselves; it may be for an idea, it may be for persons, or for the community at large. Women have an immense fund of energy, which, if switched off themselves, where it may do mischief, makes them tireless and invaluable workers. What a man will do conscientiously, for duty's sake, a woman will do for the sheer pleasure of it.

Middle age, in short, has found out that the blue bird was at home all the while; that the effort to be of use to others in every day life is what brings happiness. The effort to reach happiness through being amused, excited, loved, through power, through success, is essentially the effort of youth. When people have learned to take

a back seat, to love other people, and to work for them, they are happy—and middle-aged!

Indians in Maine Legislature.
There are two Indian representatives in the Maine legislature, who represent the Indians of that state. They are assigned seats in the rear of the chamber, but have no vote in the proceedings.
They are selected by their tribesmen because of their prominence, and their purpose in the legislature is to give the Indians' side when various matters pertaining to their constituents' welfare are under discussion.
These Indians have had recognized representatives for years, who are treated with courtesy and consideration by the other members, and in all matters affecting the Indians do much good. The two representatives in office at present are Lola Coly, who lives on Indian Island in Oldtown and represents the Penobscot tribe, and Lewy Minkell, who represents the Passamaquoddy tribe.—From the Red Man.

Why He Killed Her.
Daniel J. Shern, who practices law when he isn't guiding the house of representatives, was reminded of a story when he read the verdict in the breach of promise case against young Walling in New York.
"I was counsel for the girl in a case once," said the lawyer, "and I thought we had a good case. One of the strongest points was the ardent wooing of the defendant. We stipulated at least 1,244 kisses he had planted upon the fair one's ruby lips. Imagine our surprise when the defendant admitted it."
"That's true," said he, testifying, "I had to do it," he explained.
"Had to do it?" roared, hoping to embarrass him.
"Yes," he answered, "I either had to keep kissing her constantly or permit her to sing, and—well, I preferred the kissing."—Philadelphia Times.

Evangelist Enthusiastic.
Gypsy Smith, the famous revivalist, is now in Paris, planning the evangelization of the gay capital. He thinks it is ready for repentance and is willing to lead the penitents. Speaking to a correspondent of the Chicago News he said: "Paris is hungry for an evangelism which it has not had heretofore. I believe that the American churches could unite to build a great hall in Paris, seating from 1,000 to 2,000 persons, put a scholarly evangelist speaking French and English at the head, and hold purely evangelistic meetings, not only Sundays, but on the evenings of week-days. I am sure that a sincere evangelist able to speak French could sweep Paris with the simple words of Jesus, which all are eager to hear."

MEMORIES OF MUTINY

SCENES THAT RECALL HORRORS OF INDIAN OUTBREAK.

Massacres by the Treacherous Nana Sahib—Black Hole of Calcutta and Other Places of That Historic Nightmare.

At Cawnpur was a large native prison, and when they mutilated, Nana Sahib put himself at their head. The Europeans, including more women and children than fighting men, were besieged for two weeks, and then, trusting to a safe-conduct from Nana Sahib, they surrendered. They embarked on boats on the Ganges, the boats were set afire and shot at by the natives from both banks, and only four escaped. The women and children were massacred a few days later, some of them being pitchforked living upon the bayonets of their murderers.

Delhi was besieged for months from the surrounding ridge, over which it was walked and driven, but it was only in September, that the Kashmir Gate was blown in, and Nicholson fell at the head of the storming party.
The chief commissioner of Oude was Lawrence, and not a Lawrence for nothing. He prepared for a siege in the residency at Lucknow, and was mortally wounded there, but his intelligent provision saved his companions till at last Lucknow was relieved.

It is one of the ghastly nightmares of history to see that Black Hole of Calcutta, that well at Cawnpur, that cellar in the residency at Lucknow, that grave-dotted ridge at Delhi. Women and children outraged, suffocated, pitchforked on bayonets, burnt, stabbed, starved and strangled; it is a horrible tale. Say what one will of all that, it is British business, British vengeance, not ours, but it is a disgrace to the whole white race that British callousness and lack of taste and reverence, should permit these graves to be overgrown with weeds, should suffer that miserable little graveyard on the ride above Delhi should allow the lettering on the Kashmir Gate to become defaced. The only monument to all India that is not a travesty is the statue of John Nicholson, and more than one of the statues of the white emperors and the black—From "Mughal to British," by Prince Collier, in Scribner's.

Life Saving Contests for Miners.
Mining men from all parts of the country attended the second annual inter-company meet of first aid teams held recently at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., under the auspices of the National Red Cross society. United States army

officers acted as judges in the contests in which various teams demonstrated their skill in rescuing miners under most difficult conditions.

An all-right mine rescue contest was held in an open field for the contest, and charged with various kinds of forces such as are met with in coal mines, and it was in this that the first teams did their rescue work, including their task of restoring the rescued men out in the open air.
Teams from the Lehigh Valley Coal company, Pennsylvania, Hillside, Teagle and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western competed in the event, which were in charge of Maj. Charles Lynch of the United States army.
For the first time in the history of the movement there was a display of first aid work by engineers from the government experiment station at Pittsburgh.

How the Spirits Spell.
"Judging by spiritistic communications I have received lately simple spelling must be more popular in the world beyond than it is in this," said a man who patronizes mediums. "Half the messages received from the spirit world nowadays are spelled in a way to bring joy to the hearts of the simple spellers. Not one medium, but many, transmit them thus. Mediums who know the old-fashioned spelling book well enough to spell down a whole room full of folks have gone over to the revised edition."

"Whatever force it is that guides their hands when transmitting messages must be impressed with the utility of the new system. At the last session I attended I received a communication from a man who fought new-fangled spelling with his dying breath, but since he passed over he must have learned something to make him change his mind, for he now writes like a disciple of Artemus Ward."—New York Times.

Modes and Madness.
A considerable stir is being caused in scientific circles by a lecture delivered before the Psychological Society of Berlin by Prof. Rudolph Foerster, in which the lecturer declared that insanity can be judged by dress. Especially is this so in the case of women.

Insane women, said Dr. Foerster, nearly always love bright colors, and wear them in disorder. Nearly all women who are extravagant in dress are mentally abnormal, and bower on the verge of mental breakdown. Whereas, a man's insanity usually begins by excessive anxiety about his professional interests, that of a woman indicates itself by too much attention to personal appearance. Dr. Foerster added that insanity itself follows fashions. Types of insanity which make their victims violent are decreasing. Nowadays the insane tend to be quiet and harmless.

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