

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. SEPTEMBER 30, 1887

WHOLE NO. 3

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Punches Block, on South Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as
Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

The girl who hooks a fish will shriek
To see its frantic wiggles,
But when she hooks a man—queer freak!
She simply grins and giggles.
—[Charleston Enterprise.]

—The fair commences next Tuesday.

—Mrs. Jacob Westfall is on the sick list.

—Ray Turk, of Wayne, was in town Sunday.

—J. O. Eddy has gone on a business trip to Rochester, N. Y.

—Mrs. Marvin Berdan left last Friday afternoon for Erie, N. Y. on a visit.

—Lee Knowland has moved into the Dodge house, corner Main and Dodge streets.

—Mrs. A. W. Chaffee is spending the week at Ypsilanti, the guest of Mrs. Alf. Hammer.

—Ed. Wilbur and Roy Brown, of Howell, made their friends home a call Wednesday.

—Twenty additional horse stalls are being built this week. Also, a shed 16x80 for vehicles.

—The Baptist society will have a dining hall on the grounds this year. There's room for all.

—Mrs. J. J. Bunting and Mrs. H. Loss, of Wayne, were guests of Mrs. J. H. Steers, last Friday.

—A key that was found during the encampment has been left at our office, where it may be had.

—A. N. Brown, who is in the employ of Walker & Stellwagen, at Stockbridge, has been home this week.

—Mat Springer and Bert Panches left on Tuesday for Rose Centre, to pack apples for L. C. Hough.

—Mrs. E. G. Chamberlain and Mrs. J. V. Runyon, of Detroit, spent a few days with friends here last week.

—Samuel Potter formerly of this place, was here the first of the week visiting. He comes from Omaha.

—A tramp in town Sunday looking for lodgings was furnished the same by Marshal Dunn, in the cooler.

—F. C. Steers and wife, late of Detroit, were guests of his brother, J. H. Steers, Tuesday and Wednesday.

—The bicycle race will occur on Friday. Good wheelmen have entered the contest, and the race will be exciting.

—Irving, son of Chas. O. Durfee, left last Friday for Fort Wayne, Ind., where he will teach school this winter.

—Make sure of your family ticket before it is late. Remember none are sold after Monday of next week.

—The two children of Jean and Rose Clark, of Detroit, who died on the 22d, were taken to Northville for burial.

—All entries except those for speed close on Tuesday next, the first day of the fair. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

—Mrs. Melinda Chaffee left Saturday morning last for Pontiac, for a two week's visit, with her son Theodore Chaffee, at that place.

—Alvin McCartney, of Mayville, Tuscola county, has been visiting his old friends at Newburg and this place for the past ten days.

—Real estate transfers: R. L. Root to C. B. Root, land in this village; \$500. Elizabeth May to Roswell Root, land in Plymouth; \$100.

—A mail pouch containing letters for distribution along the M. C. R. R., was stolen from the Central depot, at Detroit, Sunday evening.

—Jesse Morea, of Mancelona, Traverse Bay region, formerly of Wayne, was in town Monday looking for horses to buy for the lumber woods.

—Harry Bennett is getting the material on the ground for a barn. We understand that it will be something of rather more than an ordinary affair.

—Fruit evaporating at Manchester employs twenty-five to thirty hands and dispose of about 200 bushels of apples per day. That would be a good business for some enterprising individual to start in this place.

—Mrs. A. A. Taft is quite sick.
The great drive on handkerchiefs at A. A. Taft's.

The finest Saxony and other yarns in town at Taft's.

—Mrs. J. H. Boylan was taken quite seriously ill on Tuesday.

—J. F. Brown attended a social gathering at Wayne, Tuesday evening.

The ladies of the Presbyterian society will serve meals on the fair grounds at twenty-five cents.

—Rev. Gifford has removed from the M. E. parsonage to the Hayward house, on Ann Arbor street.

—David G. Bradner, of Bradford, Penn., has been in town for several days past visiting among relatives.

Great closing out sale of boots and shoes at John L. Gale's. All goods sold at cost, and for cash only. Come in and price the goods.

—Remember the big dance at Lapham's hall, next Thursday evening, Oct. 6. Bill only fifty cents. Safford's orchestra will furnish music.

—Charis Paddock, of Howell, the photographer, spent the time of encampment, in town, visiting his parents, and taking views of the camp and posts present.

—Mabley & Company, of Detroit, tells us that the Plymouth fair is the only one at which they will make a display this season. They know where the best fair is held.

—Mrs. Annie Robinson, a member of the Baptist choir, and lately married, was presented with a nice set of glassware by the other members of the choir, Saturday evening.

—The first of a series of class parties, by Mrs. T. C. Sherwood's Sabbath school class, was given at her residence last Friday evening. The occasion was much enjoyed by those present.

—They swear very lightly over at South Lyon. When one of 'em stubs his toe on the rough sidewalk he says "darn it," and passes right along to the next stubbing place. They're all registered for the good place over there.

—Elsewhere in this issue we publish an act passed by the last legislature, and which came into effect the first of this week. It should be read by both parents and children, as possibly but few of them have knowledge of it.

—We have noticed quite a change in the appearance of W. F. Markham for a few days past. He has seemed to wear a smile of more than ordinary dimensions and to walk more erect. Not until Tuesday did we learn the cause—its a boy, and just one week old to-day.

—Next Monday evening, Oct. 3, all members of the Mutual Benefit Association, of Tonquish Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., are requested to be present, as the amendment of the by-laws is to be acted upon. Let there be a full attendance. By order of the president, W. A. Bassett.

—C. G. Curtis, Sr. has purchased the house from the F. & P. M. R. R. company, for a long time occupied by Mr. Baxter, and will remove it to another location and repair it. We understand that he has purchased a lot a few rods southwest of the Presbyterian parsonage for it.

—Camping out, at Straight Lake, is a very pleasant affair, but when by force of circumstances two-thirds of the party are obliged to walk home, a distance of eighteen miles, the romance is all taken out of the affair, and by the time they get home they have forgotten that they had any sport.

R. G. Hall & Son, Amity hall block, offer this week and during the Plymouth fair, extraordinary bargains in ladies' dress goods, velvets, trimmings, lace trimmings, buttons, and in fact any and all the paraphernalia belonging to a lady's or gentleman's wardrobe. Please look us over—our prices the lowest. R. G. Hall & Son.

—Next Sunday evening the Methodist church will publicly welcome their new pastor, Rev. J. M. Shank. The pastors of the Presbyterian and Baptist churches have been invited to assist in the services and an agreeable time is anticipated. Mr. T. C. Sherwood was selected by the Board of Trustees, of the church, to present the address of welcome.

—John Steele was much pleased on Monday by receiving a box by express from the Sheriff of Ionia, containing another invoice of his stolen goods. There were eight watches, twenty-two rings and a ten dollar necklace. As there was no explanation with them Mr. Steele could not tell whether they were secured from the same party from whom the first lot was taken, or whether another party was implicated.

(Note local on fourth page.)

PUBLIC SENTIMENT HAS DECLARED US ENTITLED TO FIRST PLACE IN THE RANKS!

—OF DEALERS IN—

Dry - Goods, - Hats - and - Caps, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, Millinery, Carpets, Wall Paper, Crockery and Glass- ware, Fancy-ware, Cutlery, Groceries, Etc.

We did not beg the place, but we did try to deserve it, and the steady appreciation of our efforts has been delightful. **FIDELITY TO HONEST, OLD TIME PRINCIPLES, JUSTICE TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS**

:: HAS :: PAID :: WELL, ::
And the measure of success which has been accorded us, encourages us to greater efforts than ever, to merit the good will of our patrons and always

Keep : to : the : Front!

Cannonading High Prices in behalf of you and your friends. Remember **OUR PRICES WILL BE THE LOWEST! OUR QUALITY WILL BE THE HIGHEST!**

And Remember it pays to investigate every statement made by

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.,

Who are in enterprise, the youngest; in good intentions, the oldest; in everything the best.

HOUGH

Pays Highest Market Price for Grain,

—AND—

All Kinds of Farm Produce,

—And Sells—

COAL, LIME, SALT, FLOUR,

Feed, Timothy and Clover Seed.

Homstead and Buffalo Fertilisers at live and let live prices

AT THE

F. & P. M. Elevator, Plymouth.

C. A. FRISBEE,

Dealer in

Lumber, Lath, :
: Shingles, :
: and Coal.

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth.

E. W. BEAM, WAGONMAKER,

Wishes to say to the people of Plymouth and vicinity, that he has re-opened his

WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,

And will do work in all its branches. Also, Horse-shoeing. Shop near F. & P. M. depot. 1-2

OBSERVE CLOSELY!

FIRST OF ALL,

—THE—

QUALITY!

And then the

PRICE!

And the "champions of low prices" will be found *de facto* in the

GENERAL STORE

—OF—

H. Dohmstreich & Co.,

Who have everything

Fresh, Best Quality, and in Abundance,

—IN THE—

Dry - Goods, - Carpets, - Gent's
Furnishing Goods, Crockery,
Glassware, and Grocery Lines.

—Call and inspect our stock—

HENRY DOHMSTREICH & CO.,

H. B.—H. D. & Co. are agents for the American Express Co., through which
Money, Parcels and Packages can be sent to any part of the World.

Churches.

Presbyterian - Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:15 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service at 10:45 a. m.

Societies.

Worshipers League L. O. O. F., No. 32 - Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock, p. m.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Thee is a young man of renown who has opened a new store in our town, with stock all complete, so fresh, and so neat.

Gloves and Mittens of all kinds at A. A. Taft's. Carpet and oilcloth, choice supply at H. Dohmstreich & Co's.

In fact it isn't safe to snub the American boy, whether he blacks your boots, runs your errands, or is met on his way to school.

BASSETT & SON ARE OFFERING BARGAINS IN FURNITURE! OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Bed Room Suites in Marble and Wood Tops, Parlor Suites, Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs, Ratan Goods, GREAT VARIETY OF LOUNGES!

Belleville.

Fred Miller has come to Fayette, Ohio, to visit an uncle.
 Mrs. Vina Vales, of Ypsilanti, spent the week at E. W. Moon's.
 Miss Calote Webber, of Romulus, has returned to this place.
 Mrs. D. J. Smith returned from Flint Friday evening of last week.
 Miss Clark, of Montreal, Canada, has a large class in painting class at this place.
 The B. C. B. dance at Grange hall, last Friday evening, was not very largely attended.
 Samuel Earing has lost his pet dog "Mike." He found a bone that had some poison on it.
 Our first nine beat the first nine of Plymouth, last Thursday, by a score of fifteen to two.
 J. Oslert talks of moving to East Saginaw, where his son, Palmer, is employed by the F. & P. M. R. R.
 Rev. R. L. Hewson is a happy man. He is the father of a four-month-old baby that weighs twenty-four pounds, measures twenty-four inches around the waist, and its arm above the elbow measures nine inches. Beat this if you can!
 Our second base ball nine went to Ypsilanti, last Saturday, and had a game of ball, but as the Ypsilanti boys kicked from the start, the umpire called the game at the end of the fifth innings, when the score stood ten to eight in favor of Belleville. Our boys took possession of the ball, but as the Ypsilanti "kids" had about 200 dusky warriors backing them, they thought they had better give it up.

Wayne.

Tony DeGabriel has moved into Joe Clark's house.
 George Newkirk, of Detroit, has been in town this week.
 John Brown, of Plymouth, spent the Sabbath in Wayne.
 Bert Baker will teach a winter school over in Perrinsville.
 Frank Allen has bought Jas. Bateham's house and lot for \$450.
 Dr. Swift, of Northville, was in town on business on Saturday last.
 Mrs. D. M. Doyle, who has been visiting with friends at Ypsilanti, has arrived home.
 Charles Frank, who has been confined to his home by sickness for a long time, is no better.
 John Marker, the champion-all-round base ballist, played with the Ann Arbor boys on Saturday last.
 Mr. Gordon, of the Tremont House, gave a dance at Palace opera house, on Thursday evening last.
 David Deacon, a non-compos mentis, well known around Wayne, died at the county house last week.
 Will Marker will assume his old quarters in Dr. Morrison's drug store shortly, and John will attend the University, as medical student this winter.
 Elder Nobles occupied the pulpit in the M. E. church, on Sunday morning and evening last. Elder McIlwain, the pastor, is confined to his home by sickness.
 John Frank, who has been away from Wayne over eleven years, and whom everybody supposed dead, turned up in Wayne, on Friday last, hale and hearty. He says that he has been living in Arizona.
 Jacob Farley was taken by surprise on Monday last. His youngest daughter sought him out while at work, and introduced her new husband. They are a nice looking couple, and look as if the world was well begun with them.
 Two natives of France, and a performing bear came into town on Sunday morning last and collected quite an audience of boys and dogs near the Tremont house, and would have given an exhibition had they not received notice to move on.
 A young man working in Wilson & Harris' livery stable was quite badly injured by a kick from a horse on Monday morning last. He heard a horse loose in the barn and got up to attend to him when he accidentally fell over onto another horse's heels and was kicked.
 Jess Morey, who has been buying up work horses for the lumber camp, near Mancelona, Antrim county, Mich, left for home on Monday morning last. He bought a fine black team on the county farm and two other teams near Plymouth. He intends to drive all the way home.
 Samuel Cogswell, living at Inkster, died on his farm, on Monday last. He was seventy years of age, and a bachelor. His funeral was held on Wednesday last. He left several thousand dollars worth of property to be divided among his nephews and nieces. Mrs. Mary Chase is a sister.
 Wm. Blain hired a man to dig some potatoes for him a few days ago, and sent him as he supposed, into his field to work, but through some misunderstanding the man got over into Jake Farley's patch and turned out over fourteen bushels of potatoes. Before the mistake was discovered. Now the question is, "who is the lawful respondent to the mistake, Blain, Farley or the man who dug the potatoes?"

THE MAIL.

What Other Papers Think and Say of It.
Pontiac Democrat: The Plymouth Mail, by J. H. Steers, is the latest as well as one of the newest papers placed on our exchange list.
Brighton Citizen: Volume 1, No. 1, of the Plymouth Mail has been received. J. H. Steers is editor and publisher and it is a well gotten up five column quarto.
Millford Times: The Plymouth Mail is the name of the well gotten-up new paper published at Plymouth. Its publisher, J. H. Steers, has our best wishes for its success.
Ann Arbor Courier: The Plymouth Mail is the title of a five column quarto published by J. H. Steers, Vol. I., No. 1, of which has just reached our sanctum. It looks as if the people of Plymouth had Steer-ed into a pretty good thing.
Utica Sentinel: The initial number of the Plymouth Mail, published by J. H. Steers, of the Wayne Review, comes to us this week. It is full of news and looks very much as if Mr. Steers meant business, and we sincerely wish him success.
South Lyon Excelsior: The Plymouth Mail is a young plant in Plymouth, having made its bow last week. Its columns are well patronized by home merchants. It's form is the same as the Excelsior, a five column quarto. J. H. Steers is editor and proprietor.
South Lyon Picket: Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Plymouth Mail is on our table. It is a neat looking five column quarto, well filled with ads., and is published by J. H. Steers, formerly of Wayne. May it grow and prosper, and finally go the way of all males by hooking up with a female.
Saline Observer: The Plymouth Mail is a neat and new paper just started by J. H. Steers, formerly publisher of the Wayne Review, which paper has been merged into the new sheet. [Not so Brother Hawkins, the MAIL is entirely separate and has no connection with the Review.]
Rochester Observer: The "Plymouth Mail" is the name of a newspaper just started at Plymouth, Wayne county, by J. H. Steers. It is the same size as the Observer, has a very neat make-up, and every appearance of being a successful venture—not the least being, five columns of home advertisements. If good wishes count for anything the Mail is heartily welcome to our's.
Northville Record: Plymouth at last has what she has long been wishing for, a paper of her own, published at Plymouth, and for Plymouthites. J. H. Steers, late of the Wayne Review, is managing its destinies. The first issue of "The Mail, published at Plymouth, Mich." appeared last Saturday. We wish the paper any quantity of success and lots of satisfaction to the people of that village.

Newburg.
 N. Bovee & Co. began making cider last week.
 John L. Smith began selling milk at Stark Station this week.
 Harmon and Nora Smith spent Sunday with friends at Ypsilanti.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tuttle visited friends at South Lyon last week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Mead, of Tuscola county, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. King.
 Hodge and Armstrong are having all they can do at bridge building this season.
 Mr. Geo. M. Barker, of Grand Rapids, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.
 Mrs. Chandler, of Plymouth, has so far recovered from her illness as to spend a few weeks at Mr. Jas. LeVan's.
 Alvin McCarney, formerly of this place, now of Mayville, Tuscola county, is spending a few days with friends here.
 Rev. J. M. Shank will preach at the M. E. church next Sunday, at 2:30 p. m. Sabbath school immediately after services.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong, of Romulus, visited friends here and took in the G. A. R. encampment, at Plymouth last week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Brown and Reuben Brown, formerly of this place, now of St. Johns, were at the G. A. R. encampment and visiting friends here last week.
 The Newburg singing society will have a fine entertainment in a few weeks. A cast has been made for excellent and laughable farces, Jumbo-Jum and Betsy Baker.

Births.
MARRHAM.—To the wife of W. F. Markham, a son, on Friday last. Mother and child doing well.
STEVENS.—To the wife of Cal. Stevens, a son, on last Friday evening.
WEEKS.—In Plymouth, Thursday, Sept. 29, a daughter to the wife of Wm. Weeks.
WEEKS.—On Monday, to the wife of Geo. Weeks a daughter.

Marriages.
FARRAND-ROCKER.—At the Baptist parsonage, in Plymouth, Sunday afternoon, by the pastor, Rev. H. Burns, Wm. Farrand to Miss Annie Rucker.

Deaths.
WOLGER.—At Denton, on Sunday, September 25, Joseph Wolger.
NEWMAN.—At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Hendrick, in Plymouth, Wednesday morning, Sept. 23, 1887, Eiram Newman, aged seventy-nine years. The deceased had been very ill for some time and his demise was not unexpected. The funeral was held this afternoon, at the M. E. church, and the remains taken to Riverside cemetery for burial.

Amendment to the School Laws of the State of Michigan, 1887.

[ACT No. 222.] AN ACT TO PREVENT CRIME AND PUNISH TRUANCY.
SECTION 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That any girl between the ages of ten and seventeen years, or boy between the ages of ten and sixteen years, who shall run away, or willfully absent himself or herself from the school he or she is attending, or from any house, office, shop, farm or other place where such person is legitimately employed to labor, or shall frequent saloons or other places where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale, or shall be found lounging around the same, or shall be found lounging upon the public streets, or other public places of any city or village, against the command of his or her parents or guardian, or shall, without the permission of his or her parents or guardian, attend any public dance, skating rink or show, shall be deemed to be a truant and disorderly person.
SECTION 2. Upon complaint upon oath in writing made before any justice of the peace by the parent or guardian of any girl between the ages of ten and seventeen years, or of any boy between ten and sixteen years of age, or by the supervisor of any township, or mayor of any city, or president of any village, and in cities of over eight thousand population, by the chief of police, that any such minor has been guilty of any of the acts specified in section one of this act, such justice shall issue his warrant for the arrest of such minor, and upon such conviction, such minor, if a boy, may be sentenced by such justice to the Reform School for boys at Lansing; and if a girl, to the State Industrial Home for girls at Adrian; boys until seventeen years of age and girls until twenty-one years of age, unless sooner discharged according to law: *Provided,* That no person or persons shall be sent to said Reform School for boys, or the Industrial Home for girls until the sentence therein has been submitted to and approved by the circuit judge of the circuit or the judge of probate of the county in which such conviction shall be had.
SECTION 3. The same proceedings shall be had upon the trial of any person charged with being guilty of any of the offenses mentioned in section of this act before the justice before whom such person is brought as are had in trials for misdemeanor, as far as the same are applicable, and the State agent for the care of juvenile offenders of the county wherein such offenders may be on trial shall have authority and take the same action in the premises as is provided by act number one hundred and seventy-one of the session laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-three of this State.
 Took effect September 26, 1887.

Mead's Mills.

The school is prospering under the management of Meritt Lermur.
 James Downey took in the Flint fair last week, he reported an enjoyable time.
 The G. A. R.'s of this vicinity who attended the encampment last week were not very much elated with the affair.
 Mrs. Loud returned last Saturday from a seven weeks visit at her daughter's, at Chicago, looking very much refreshed.
 Work commenced Tuesday morning on the break in the bank of the Ramsdell pond, under the supervision of Mr. David Baker.
 Mrs. Ramsdell and her two daughters Eva and Madge will start for Laingsburg, Wednesday, where they will spend the winter with her sister and, Miss Eva will attend school there.
 Next Friday there will be a quilting party at the residence of Mrs. King. As the quilt is designed for a certain young gentleman, look out ye fair maids and see who shall be the lucky one to win the prize.

Ladies', mens' and childrens' underwear, finest quality, at H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s.

Salem.

School began Monday with a large attendance.
 Kate Walters returned from Dakota last Wednesday.
 Another little boy of Henry Stanley's died last Sunday.
 Rev. J. R. Sutherland, of Canada, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Frederick.
 A. F. Van Atta began work again last Monday for the Buckeye binder works.
 Rev. J. J. Mills returned from a summer's visit in Ogemaw county Tuesday.
 Mrs. Judge Cheever and Mrs. Noble, of Ann Arbor are visiting at G. S. Wheeler's, this week.
 Miss Nina Walker returned to Ann Arbor Wednesday to continue her course in the university.
 J. J. Jourdan and Myron Blood are to open a tobacco store and barber shop the first of next month.
 Bert Cook was in town last Wednesday taking orders for clothing to be made by a merchant tailor at Ann Arbor.

—GO TO—



PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN,

Where may be found a complete assortment of

Drugs and Chemicals,



Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Day or Night.

A CHOICE LINE OF CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Toilet and Fancy Articles,

*Paints, Varnishes,
 Oils, Glass, and Putty,
 Dyes and Dye Stuffs,
 Sponges, Wall Paper,
 Flavoring Extracts,
 Surgical Goods,
 Pure Wines and Liquors.*

COMPLETE STOCK OF
School Books and Fine Stationary.

Everything in the Grocery Line, including Smoked and Salt Meats, Fish, etc. Also Fruits and Seeds in season. Everything found in any First-class Grocery Store, at prices which defy competition. The "RED FRONT" will not be undersold.

BOB'S ACTIVE CORN PULLER
Guaranteed to Cure Corns.

ROBES

OUR PLUSH CARRIAGE ROBES

—ARE—

SELLING FAST!

Please call in and

Look at Them.

We can suit you sure.

A. MELVIN POTTER, the Harnessmaker.

**NEW HARDWARE STORE,
 ANDERSON & CABLE, Prop's**

Just Received for Fall Trade, a

**Full Line of Stoves, Shelf Hardware,
 Tinware, Nails, Glass, Putty, Etc.**

Call and See Us Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

Hedden Block, Main street.

Plymouth.

The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STRENS, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

Dr. Herbert W. Yeamans of Detroit, who has for the past five years been absent and during the most of that time has been on the Alaska station, having passed one year in Sitka, made two cruises on the revenue cutter Corwin, going through Behring's Straits nearly as far north as where the Jeannette was lost, visiting Point Barrow, the northernmost of the United States possessions, and also cruising along the entire coast and the islands which form the most valuable portion of the territory as far as is known, says of the resolutions passed at the recent session of the Prison Congress in Toronto recommending the use of Alaska as a penal settlement: "Laying aside the fact that the United States government has never favored the scheme of penal settlements, the scheme is impracticable. The only possible place in the territory to establish penal colonies are the Aleutian islands and they are too valuable for fishing colonies to be used as a stamping ground for convicts." Regarding the future development of the territory, Dr. Yeamans says: "The present governor, Hon. A. P. Swineford of Michigan has done all he could to improve the condition of things in the territory, but unfortunately congress did not see fit to grant his requests. Alaska, of all the territories, is alone denied representation in congress, and what is worse, there is practically no civil law there. The United States land laws do not apply there, and there is but one way of obtaining valid title to property and that is by purchasing from some one who holds a good Russian title. To obtain government lands there is but one way, and that is under the mining laws which give a possessory title only, the holder only retaining title as long as he does a certain amount of work on the claim each year. If Gov. Swineford could only get what he asks for, the development of the country would be immense.

The Baltimore council of the Catholic church has recently issued a decree commending the societies called the "Catholic union for promoting total abstinence," and admonishing those engaged in the liquor traffic that it is surrounded by great dangers and occasions for sin. The decree declares that whenever "the faithful" can, they must choose a more honest means of making a living; but in cases where this cannot be done, under no circumstances must they sell to children, those who are not their own masters, nor to those whom they foresee are going to abuse drink. Bar-rooms must be closed on Sunday, and swearing, cursing and immodest conversation within the walls of their saloons, must be strictly prohibited, and the prohibition rigidly enforced. The decree concludes by saying: "If through their culpable fault or co-operation religion is brought into disrespect for men dragged into ruin, let them remember that there is a Vindicator in heaven who will most certainly visit on them the most awful punishment."

A young clergyman who has been laboring in the mountain regions of Kentucky says: "The ministers in the mountain regions are ignorant. They never preach when there is an educated person in the congregation, which seldom happens. The Methodist ministers are a little better than the Baptist. They generally own a Bible concordance, but they think they know all there is to know. One minister who listened to the debate on the shape of the earth said I ought to be drummed out of the place for teaching such infidelity. A man asked me to go home with him and fix his clock. He thought because I had been to college I could do anything. Luckily for me I happened to fix the clock so it would go. The ministers preach about once a month but never think of doing so every Sunday. One minister I knew had been in the penitentiary, and it was my impression that he ought to have remained there. The religious fervor of many of them is above 100, while their morality is at zero."

Prof. Lucy M. Salmon, the new occupant of the chair of history at Vassar college, is an alumna of the university of Michigan and a fellow of Bryn Mawr college. After graduation eleven years ago she became principal of the public schools at McGregor, Ia. Thence she went to be professor of English history in the state normal school at Terra Haute, Ind.

THE ABORIGINES.

Bill Nye in the Role of an Ute Indian Jenkins.

Society Gossip—Tollets of the Ladies—Aboriginal Dinner Menu—Etc. Etc.

Bill Nye in New York World.



HE following Ute society gossip is full of interest to those who have personal acquaintances and friends among that set. I have only just received them, and hasten to give them as early as possible, knowing that the readers of The World will all feel an interest in what is going on in and about the reservation.

This season at White River will be unusually gay this winter, and soon there will be one continuous round of hilarity, indigestion, mirth, colic and social hatred. Red Horse the smoke-tanned, horse-fiddle maestro, will play and call off again this winter for Germans, grub dances and jack-rabbit gorges as usual.

The Ouray War Club will give a series of hops in November under its own auspices, and in December it will hold two Germans. In going through these Germans no favors will be shown by the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Mexican Hairless-Dog-upon-whom-there-are-no-flies have been spending the summer at their delightful hostile home near White River. They have just returned for the winter, beautifully bronzed by the elements, and report one of the most exhilarating outbreaks they were ever to.

Lop-Ear Son-of-the-Cyclone received a cablegram last week, on his return from the warpath, offering him a princely salary to come to London and assist in robbing the Deadwood coach. He says the legitimate drama is certainly making wonderful strides. He has heard the American Opera company in "Nero," and says that no one who has lived on the reservation all his life can have any idea of the rides that are being made on the stage. He has not decided whether to accept the offer or not, but says that if the stage they are going to rob is the operatic stage he will not assist at any price. He says he knows what it is to suffer for clothes himself.

The members of the Chipeta Canoeing club have just returned from a summer jaunt, and are in good spirits. They report that a good time was had and health greatly improved. The club will give a sociable and gastric fete at its grounds next week. The proceeds will go towards beautifying the grounds of the club and promoting a general good feeling. Each member is permitted to bring one cash friend.

Fall-Man-Who-Toys-with-the-Thunderbolts will start to-morrow for the home of the Great White Father, at Washington. He goes to make a treaty



INDIAN DUDE.

they resembled her father, who was tight half of the time and blown up the rest of the time. Little Casino was the life of the party, and it would be hard to opine of anything more charming than her bright and cherry way of telling a funny story, which convulsed her audience while she quietly completed a fractional fush and took home the long-delayed jack pot to her needy father. She is an intellectual exotic of which the Uncompahgres may well be proud, and is also one of those rare productions of nature never at a loss for something to write in an autograph album. In the album of a young warrior of the Third Ute Infantry she has written: "In friendship's great fruitage, please regard me as your huckle-berry, Little Casino."

Our genial townsman William H. Colorow, is home again after a prolonged hunting and camping trip, during which he was attacked and cordially shot at by a group of gentlemen who came here to serve a writ of replevin on him. Col. Colorow does not know exactly what the writ of replevin is for, unless it be for the purpose of accumulating mileage for the sheriff. Few were killed during the engagement, except a small papoose belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon who returned last evening with the remains of their child. A late copy of a New York paper alludes to this as "a furious engagement, after which the Indians carried off their dead according to their custom." Mr. and Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon were warned against taking the baby with them on an extended camping trip, but they seemed to think that it would be perfectly safe, as the child was only seven weeks old and could not have incurred the hostility of the war department. This was not improbable at all, for, according to the records, it takes from nine to eleven weeks to officially irritate the war department. The little one now lies at the wigwam of its afflicted parents on Cayvo street, and certainly does not look as though it could have stood out so long against the sheriff and his posse. Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon has a pain-

ful bullet wound in the shoulder, but feels so grieved about the loss of Little Cholera infantum that she does not make much fuss over her injury. The funeral of the little one will take place this evening from its late residence and friends of the parents are cordially invited to come and participate. Wailing will begin promptly at sundown.

Crash-of-the-tempest, a prominent man of the tribe, laid a large tumor on our table last week, weighing four pounds, from which he was removed on Wednesday. So far, this is the largest tumor that has been brought in this summer to apply on subscription. Call again, Crash.

Soiled Charlie and Peek-a-Boo, delegates of the Ute nation sent to the Great White Father at Washington, returned yesterday from Red Top, the great tepes of the Pale Chief. They made a great many treaties and both are utterly exhausted. Peek-a-Boo is confined to his wigwam by the hallucination that the air is full of bright red bumble bees with blue tails. He says he does not mind the hostility of the white man; but it is his hospitality that makes him tired.

A full-dress reception and consomme was tendered to the friends of Labor at the home of Past Worthy Chief Fly-up-the-Creek of White River, by his own neighbors and Uncompahgre admirers on Tuesday evening. At an early hour guests began to arrive and crawl under the tent into the reception-room.

A fine band, consisting of a man who had deserted from the regular military band, played Boulanger's March on the bass drum with deep feeling.

The widow of Wampo the Wailer and affianced of old Fly-by-Night wore a dark coiffure, held in place by the wish-bone of a sage hen, and looked first rate.

Miss Wampo the elder, wore a negligible costume consisting of red California blanket, caught back with real burdock burs and held in place by means of a hame strap.

The younger Miss Wampo wore a Smyrna rug, with bunch grass at the throat.

Mrs. D. W. Peek-a-boo wore a cavalry saddle blanket with Turkish overalls and bone ornaments.

Miss Peek-a-boo wore a straw colored jardiniere, cut V shape, looped back with a russet shawl strap and trimmed with rick rack around the arm holes. Her eyes danced with merriment as she danced with most anybody in the wigwam.

Little Casino, the daughter of Fly-Up-the-Creek, of the Uncompahgres, wore the gable end of an "A" tent, trimmed with red flannel rosettes. It had veneered panels and the new and extremely swell sleeves, blown up above the elbow and tight the rest of the way, in which, she said in her naive way,



COLOROW AND THE DOG.

There lived near Alexandria, in Virginia, an old colored man and woman, whom their acquaintances called Daddy and Mammy Williams. He had had educational advantages, and could read in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his wife, although lacking as regards erudition, possessed great force of character, which she often displayed in a manner that was very irritating to her husband. When she became particularly fractious Daddy would take the Bible and open to that chapter in Revelation beginning, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet," etc. With impressive solemnity he would read as follows: "And there I heard a great wonder in heaven, a woman slowly closing the book, he would gaze sternly at his now subdued wife, for the passage never failed to produce the desired effect.—Harper's Magazine.

Incense Instead of Prayer. A minister who is at present sojourning amid the verdure-lad hills of Greenbush, tells the following: Somewhere in the country a number of ministers were wont to meet together on stated days for purposes pertaining to their calling. As might be supposed, each meeting was opened with prayer. But one day they met at the house of a brother, who had a stock of excellent cigars, which he passed around freely. Soon all the brethren were puffing away, and before they knew it they had taken up the business of the meeting. Suddenly one of them remembered the forgotten prayer and suggested that somebody make up for lost time. But one of the brothers was equal to the occasion: "Never mind now, brother X—," he said, "we have opened this meeting by offering up incense. Let that suffice."

Major Santee says that he hopes it will be many a long day before the sheriff organizes another Ute outbreak and compels the Utes to come and bring their families. He says that human life here is now so cheap, especially the red style of human life, that sometimes he is almost tempted to steal \$200,000 and go to New York, where he will be safe.

A CIRCUS RIDING EMPRESS. Austria's Queen Can Do More Tricks than a Professional. It is well known that the Empress of Austria possesses the most magnificent jewelry of any crowned head in Europe, which, however, she scarcely ever wears, and whenever she does her jewels are invariably made either in the form of a jockey's hat or a horseshoe. There is an amusing story told of one of the little arch-duchesses of Austria who was taken to a circus. Nothing amazed her and very little pleased her. On her return home the Emperor asked how she had enjoyed the performance. "Oh! very well," the young lady replied, "only mamma does everything the circus woman did and a great deal better; why, I have seen her jump through six hoops." It appears that this is really true, and that the Empress has on more than one occasion given a strictly private entertainment to her intimates, in which she has surprised them with feats rivaling those of the most skilled circus riders. Her Majesty started in life with a double intention—first, of proving that she was not only the most beautiful woman in Europe, but the most eccentric; and, second, that she was the finest horsewoman the world has ever seen. The Emperor adores the Empress, but she scarcely ever allows him to be in her company, and goes her own way rejoicing.—Court and Society Review.

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An Early Riser. Mrs. Van Cover (to caller)—I have such a splendid cook, and she is such an early riser. The ice man leaves ice at 5 o'clock, and she is always there to bring it in. She is a perfect treasure. I don't know what I should do without her.

Splendid Cook (opening the door—Plaza, maam; it's a wake's notice I'm giving you. I'm to marry Dennis, the ice-man, in a month come Thursday.—New York Sun.

In New Orleans. The singular dual life of the Crescent City took vehement hold of the imagination of the old clergyman. On one side of its great artery, Canal Street, is a powerful American city, firmly established, fully abreast of the trade and industry of the time, and clutching eagerly for its share of the commerce of the world. It is vitalized now with an energy which, if not pure Yankee in character, is very closely akin to it.

Here are miles of wharves heaped with cotton and sugar; thoroughfares massively built, through which the endless tides of human life ebb and flow all day; magnificent avenues stretching away out to the country, lined with modern hotels, club-houses, and huge dwellings, each flanked by one or two picturesque towers, which, on inspection, turn out to be only cisterns.

There is the necessary complement of black shadow below these vivid high lights. Poverty and Vice live more out-of-doors in New Orleans than in Northern cities. There they are, barefaced, leering, always on the familiar pave, to be seen and known of all men. Back of all signs of wealth and gaiety, too, is the mud, a material, clammy horror. The water, a deadly enemy here, perpetually fought and forced back, rushes in, whenever a day's rain gives it vantage, at every crevice, floods the streets and clogs the drains. It oozes out of the ground wherever you step on it, drips down the walls of your drawing-room, stains your books a coffee-color, clings to you, chilly and damp, in your clothes and in your bed, turns the air you breathe into a cold stream, and washes your dead out of their graves.

"This Queen of the South has soiled and muddy robes," said Mr. Ely; "but she is still a queen." He delighted to stroll in the afternoon with the Colonel across Canal Street, to find this lusty American city vanish suddenly, and to enter a quiet French provincial town of the days of Louis XIV. Here was no stir, no clamor.

"Voila la vraie Nouvelle Orleans!" I sped little Betty, as she guided him for the first time into the labyrinth of narrow streets branching off of La Rue Royale. It was her old home, and very beautiful and dear to her. Madame de Parras was confined to the house with rheumatism, and was willing to trust her to the escort of her reverend friend. So the old man and the girl, being about the same age ("as old as the Babes in the Wood," quoth Mrs. Ely), fell into the habit of strolling in the early morning or gathering twilight through the network of oddly silent streets, so narrow that the overhanging eaves nearly met over the cobble-stone pavements. Steep roofs, sealed with earthen-tiles and green with moss, hooded dormer-windows peeping out from them like half-shut eyes, rose abruptly from the one-storied houses. Here and there a cobbler sat on the bench in the street plying his awl and singing to himself, or a group of swarthy, half-naked boys knelt on the banquettes, flinging their arms about in a gambling game for punies, and shrieking in some wild dialect, half negro and half French.

The walks usually ended on the Boulevard Esplanade. Even that wide thoroughfare fell into quiet in the afternoon, as the long shadows of the trees lay heavily across it. Within the close walls they would catch a glimpse of the court about which the houses are built, the glitter of fountains shaded by orange-trees and broad-leaved tropical plants. Sometimes a jalousied window would be left open, and they would catch the tinkle of a guitar or the sound of a woman's voice singing.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.

People Would Miss It

Business houses fail and customers go elsewhere and buy, without delay or discomfort; trade goes on, after the little ripple of excitement dies out, pretty much the same as before; huge structures burn down, and in a short time others rise in the r places, and the neighborhood soon forgets the loss; but when the presses of an old journal stop, and the face of the accustomed counselor, guide and friend fails to be seen at the morning meal, fresh, clean, attractive and full of matter for study and entertainment, an exclamation of surprise is heard in thousands of households. "Where is the paper?" would be the expression from the child to the gray-head. If it were announced that the presses would revolve no more, many a father would feel like putting a peg in the door-knob for an old, familiar and well-beloved friend, whose face would never be seen again. Happily this rarely happens. When a journal wins its way by merit and faithfulness in the performance of duty into the heart of the family, they are loth to turn it from the door as time goes on. One generation loves it as the preceding one did. It is the old friend who has seen the faces of all the ancestors, and its presence is always welcome. It knows their history. Men who make newspapers wear out and die like other people. A black line or two along the paper and a few words in a column tell that the writer has laid down his pen, and that the weary hand and once whirling brain have stopped work forever. But such an one leaves his mark and example behind. His work has gone into the journal as a part of its character, and the man who takes up the worn pen he dropped strives to preserve its individuality and its strength.—Baltimore American.

