

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

John Russell, Prof. Dickie, Mrs. Lathrop and Alfred Wise Delegates-at-Large.

Synopsis of Proceedings.

The prohibition state convention was held in Grand Rapids on the 16th inst. Hon. A. B. Cheney of Sparta, was made temporary chairman and was afterward continued as permanent chairman. After the appointment of the usual committees, the election of delegates-at-large was in order, and resulted in the choice of John Russell, Prof. Samuel Dickie, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop and Alfred Wise.

The following district delegates and alternates were announced:

First—A. D. Power, Northville; D. A. Waterman, Detroit. Alternates, Alexander, McVittie and Gildian Vivian.

Second—Charles Mosler, Hillsdale; E. P. Waring, Ridgeway. Alternates, D. T. Conrad, Washtenaw; G. C. Draper, Hillsdale.

Third—D. P. Sagendorph, Charlotte; M. J. Fanning, Jackson. Alternates, H. H. Sidwell, Spring Arbor; Traverse Phillips, Hastings.

Fourth—M. W. Haynes, Kalamazoo; F. P. Cooper, St. Joseph. Alternates, A. C. Northrop, Cass; D. C. Strickland, St. Joseph.

Fifth—A. B. Cheney, Sparta; T. A. Edsell, Otsego. Alternates, T. W. Richards, Ionia; Mrs. A. S. Benjamin, Ionia.

Sixth—S. R. Laing, Flint; Albert Dodge, Fowlerville. Alternates, L. H. Ives, Ingham; M. P. Brown.

Seventh—Orison Engells, Almont; Louis Granger, Armada. Alternates, J. H. Stevens, Romeo; C. H. Thurston, Macomb.

Eighth—Dr. A. R. Ball, Shiawassee; H. H. Greene, East Saginaw. Alternates, Dr. H. L. Bower, Greenville; E. A. Spence, Saginaw.

Ninth—E. S. Palmenter, Oceana; O. M. Bronson, Evart. Alternates, Thomas Jordan, Muskegon; Mrs. Woodward, Oceana.

Tenth—R. R. Atkins, Petoskey; Q. T. G. Parker, Vassar. Alternates, Harvey Baker, Bay; T. W. Howard, Emmet.

Eleventh—W. Heath, Traverse; D. B. Johnson, Menominee. Alternates, Rev. S. Sheele, Leelanaw; W. S. Moffatt, Benzie.

The following see the provisional delegates-at-large:

A. O. Crozier, Grand Rapids; R. A. Bailey, Hastings; W. A. Taylor, Ingham; George R. Malone, Big Rapids; E. S. Shaw, Washtenaw; Henry R. Allen, Schoolcraft; Robt. King, alternate Rev. W. H. Puffer, Grand Rapids; Mrs. A. M. Hood, Big Rapids; Mrs. Samuel Dickie, Albion; Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, Flint; E. R. Bright, Monroe; A. A. Abbott, Saginaw; Mrs. Robert King and Miss Eliza Bourne, Dowagiac.

The state central committee was then named and Alfred Dodge of Fowlerville was chosen chairman of the committee by acclamation and W. W. Wise of Lansing secretary.

The committee on resolutions declared unabating loyalty and devotion to the sound and sacred principles of prohibition, both constitutional and statutory, in the state and nation, against every form of merely regulative or permissive legislation on the subject. They condemned as derogatory to the honor of the state the temporizing, incongruous and partly unconstitutional legislation on the liquor question enacted by the legislature of Michigan at its recent session, nothing but the fact that the rum power has its hands on each of the two great political parties can account for the subject political trucking, the stupidity and moral blindness which marred their work, causing them to fritter away a splendid opportunity for thoroughly outlawing the abominable dram-shop system in this noble commonwealth. The constitutional amendment was manifestly lost chiefly through the perfidy of those who under the guise of friendship for temperance pursued the measure to its death for fear of disrupting the republican party.

They are unalterably opposed to local option as the settled policy of the state, because wrong in principle, illogical in law, ineffective in method and a failure wherever applied.

The resolutions declare a belief in impartial suffrage as the one principle in harmony with our free institutions.

Preference was expressed for Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey as the standard bearer of the party in the ensuing presidential contest.

The convention then adjourned. A mass meeting was held in the evening, largely attended, and addressed by Prof. Dickie, Mrs. Lathrop, Rev. J. Russell and others.

NULL AND VOID.

The Local Option Law So Declared by the Supreme Court.

The supreme court has unanimously declared the local option law unconstitutional. The ground upon which this decision is reached is very simple, viz: the law is a direct violation of article 4, section 20, of the constitution, although other points are touched upon, incidentally.

The article of the constitution violated provides that no law shall embrace more than one object, which shall be embodied in its title. The local option law is entitled "An act to regulate the manufacture and sale of liquor," which is not at all what the law is for.

The court also says the law requires the county clerk to call a special election upon the petition of one-fifth of the lawful voters of the county, but it does not provide a way by which the clerk may know whether the petitioners are lawful voters. Neither is there a provision that the petitions are to be preserved by the clerk, although they are the foundation for the suspension of the general law of the state.

The law also says the ballots shall be cast and counted and returned to the county clerk according to the law by which county officers are elected. This is a lame provision, and it is aggravated by the fact that there is no provision for a board of canvassers, nor for the promulgation of the result of a special election.

The opinion was written by Justice Champin, and three-fourths of it is devoted to the violated article of the constitution. The other defects might have been vital, but this one makes it certain that the law is totally collapsed.

Blows Into Eternity.

By an explosion of dynamite at the Palmer mine, near Negaunee, the other morning, Fred Hamberg and Chas. Sundberg were instantly killed. The men were in the powder house preparing cartridges, and must have seen some danger, for they appeared to be in the act of running when the explosion occurred. Sundberg's back was terribly torn and a staple from the door was found in it. Apparently every bone in Hamberg's body was broken.

The immediate cause of the explosion is unknown. There was almost 30 pounds of dynamite in the house, which was far enough from the big magazine to save that. Both of the unfortunate men leave families.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Work is being pushed vigorously on the Toledo, Saginaw & Mackinac road.

By the provisions of the bill passed by the senate a few days ago, allowing aid to the state soldiers' homes at the rate of \$100 for each disabled soldier and sailor maintained there, the Michigan home will get a nice little sum.

Several farmers in the vicinity of Lansing have been arrested for selling adulterated milk.

Inspectors of hulls and boilers in Michigan are to receive \$1,500 a year, according to the senate bill passed a few days ago.

Papers to the value of \$3,000 which were stolen at the recent Jennisonville burglary and thrown away by the thieves have been recovered.

The new board of directors of the F. & P. M. railroad is in favor of the construction of an independent line from Plymouth to Detroit, and arrangements have been also concluded whereby the purchase of the Port Huron & Northwestern may soon be completed. New cars have been ordered to the amount of \$35,000. W. W. Crape remains president of the road, H. C. Potter vice-president and general manager, and H. C. Potter, Jr., secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Watkins and daughter Frankie, the latter 18, the former 60, of Concord, were run away with the other day while driving a colt. The buggy was tipped over and both ladies thrown into a culvert. Miss Watkins died the same night at 12, and Mrs. Watkins could not recover.

Old settlers of Berrien county will hold a reunion at Berrien Springs June 6.

The branch railroad from Cadillac to Frankfort is to be called the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Lake Michigan while in course of construction. Branches connecting Manistee and Traverse City are also contemplated.

Dr. Duffield, Detroit's health officer, says the water in Lansing is unfit to drink.

The six-year-old daughter of Chas. Lafee of Carleton, attempted to start a fire with kerosene, when her clothing caught fire and before any assistance could reach her she was fatally burned. Her death ensued in about two hours. The family is in very poor circumstances.

A reunion of the eighth Michigan infantry will occur at Flint June 13.

Ira A. Lount has been convicted at Bay City of using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

The state central committee of the prohibition party has named Lansing and June 26-7 for holding the convention to nominate state officers.

The Handy school furniture factory in Grand Rapids was totally destroyed by fire the other morning.

Rush J. Coon, a boilermaker, aged 28, was killed at Wheeler's shipyard in West Bay City the other day by the falling of a large rudder on him. His wife is dead and he leaves an infant child.

In the past two months eight people in Menominee county have become insane over religious excitement.

High license has closed 12 saloons in Big Rapids.

Mills at Menominee cannot begin running until June 1, because of high water.

Fred Avery of Adrian, one of the oldest and best known conductors on the Lake Shore road, is dead.

Robert Hammond, an engineer on the Grand Trunk, was so badly scalded in an accident near Orchard Lake that he died two days later.

The residence of S. P. Jewett in Ann Arbor, together with its contents, including a fine library, was destroyed by fire the other night. Loss \$10,000.

The following counties had adopted prohibition under the law which has just been declared unconstitutional, and in a majority of them the saloons were either out of the business or going out: Antrim, Otsego, Leelanaw, Benzie, Grand Traverse, Kalamazoo, Isabella, Genesee, Shiawassee, Eaton, Ingham, Barry, Allegan, Van Buren, Calhoun, Cass, St. Joseph, Branch, Hillsdale, Gratiot, Osceola, Tuscola, Charlevoix, Lake, Ionia, Lenawee, Livingston, Newaygo, Clinton, Berrien, Emmet, Jackson, Mason, Oscoda and Montcalm.

The criminal case of the government against Wm. N. Brown of Mt. Pleasant, where Brown was charged with chipping timber on the Isabella Indian reservation, ended in a disagreement of the jury.

The damage to the Calumet and Hecla mine by the recent fire was confined to a small space around the No. 1 Hecla shaft.

Prof. Demmon of the University, says he can prove that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare.

Sixty-one veterans of the union army live in the first ward of Kalamazoo, and sixty-two reside in the second ward.

The mill of Sage & Co. of Bay City, is cutting 1,200,000 feet of lumber a week now.

Dr. J. A. B. Stone of Kalamazoo, whose name has been prominently associated with the educational interests of the state for half a century, died at the residence of his son James H. Stone in Detroit, a few days ago. Dr. Stone was for 20 years connected with Kalamazoo college.

Burglars are making matters lively (and expensive) for residents of Muskegon.

James E. Penniman, whose name is under arrest in Grand Rapids on a charge of bigamy, in his examination, said that he married a woman named Terrance in Chicago in 1871. He could not agree with her, and went to Arkansas, where he became insane. While *non compos mentis*, he married two other women, but he declares he knew nothing of the circumstances. Upon recovering his mental strength he came to Grand Rapids and led a Miss Low to the hymeneal altar. Yet James declares he has done nothing wrong.

June 3 is field day at the Michigan university.

The senior class of the university have ordered the commencement invitations from a Philadelphia firm.

There are 30 per cent. less saloons in East Saginaw this year than last.

A grain elevator is being built at St. Louis.

The Pine Lake summer resort near Lansing will be opened with *clat* on Memorial day.

Company C, second regiment, Michigan state troops of Kalamazoo, has been disbanded.

Gov. Luce says he will not call a special session of the legislature to consider liquor legislation in view of the supreme court's decision that the local option law is unconstitutional. The governor thinks that the preparation of new liquor legislation may be safely left to the next session of the legislature.

Ben. C. Johnson for several years a clerk in the auditor general's office at Lansing died in that city recently, as a result of disease contracted by 44 days' exposure in the trenches at Port Hudson. Johnson served through the war in the Sixth Michigan, and was widely known as a writer on U. S. A. matters and army topics.

Judge O. W. Prewer, formerly of Kalamazoo, was one of the most conspicuous workers in the Utah Democratic convention, and was instrumental in keeping the Mormon element from gaining control of the convention.

Sibs McCrumb the widow of Cornelius McCrumb, who served in the war of 1812, died in Novi a few days ago. With her husband she moved to Novi in 1822.

John Stead a farmer living near Flint, is in jail charged with committing a criminal assault upon his daughter.

W. H. Masteller, who runs a shingle mill near Harrison, shot himself through the heart the other night. He had been dependent some time over business matters.

Large amounts of hemlock bark are being shipped along the Mackinac division of the Michigan Central.

There is a prospect that the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena road will be extended through to Detroit from Alger.

Edward Williams and his wife, who live near St. Charles, Saginaw county, did not agree about religious matters, and Mrs. Williams left her husband and went to her father's home. The other afternoon Williams appeared at his father-in-law's, and finding his wife alone, pulled out a revolver and shot her through the breast. He then reversed the weapon and shot himself through the heart, dying instantly. Mrs. Williams' recovery is doubtful.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard moved to Pinneyville, Gratiot county, 20 years ago, they were worth \$18,000. Hubbard visited friends in Ireland several years ago and died there. By unfortunate investments Mrs. Hubbard has lost all of her property and must go to the poor house.

A condensed milk factory is doing a big business in Northville.

The soldiers' and sailors' association of Eastern Michigan will hold a reunion in Detroit July 2-5. A dominion cutter will take part in the review July 4.

William Schultz, a foreman on the D. G. H. & M. road, was injured near Davisburg a few days ago. He has since died of the injuries received.

Ex-Sheriff Kinney of Kent county had a horse valued at \$5,000 which had warts on its ears. Kinney let an itinerant horse doctor try to remove them, and the horse succeeded in removing the warts and—killing the horse.

A gang of Italian laborers who have been at work on the D. L. & N. near Grand Rapids have been laid off, and are beseeching the authorities to furnish them transportation to the "Soe."

Capt. A. C. Witcomb, a long time deputy U. S. marshal in the Western Michigan district, has been removed.

The report of the state weather bureau for the week of May 19 says: The low temperature of the past week has been very unfavorable to growing crops. Frosts were reported on the 14th, 15th and 16th, which damaged to some extent garden crops, and in southeastern Michigan fruit buds to a slight extent. The records of the signal service show that the average of the last killing frost in the south half of Michigan occur not later than May 1.

The St. Louis, Sturgis & Battle Creek railroad scheme has been revived.

John Cornwall of Flint has been invited to sing in a London church for \$1,000 per year. The offer is declined, for the reason that Cornwall wants to study a while longer.

A dry kiln containing 60,000 staves burned at Port Hope the other day.

A young son of John Junghans of Grand Rapids fell into a cistern the other day and was drowned.

A canvas boat has been made at Battle Creek and shipped to Alabama to be used in exploring caves in that state.

The new state capitol at Austin, Texas, which was dedicated recently, is furnished throughout with furniture from Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Artemus Allen, one of the oldest residents of Coldwater, is dead.

Amos Smith, the oldest person in Van Buren county, died at his home in South Haven a few days ago.

George Diety, a farmer living near Greenville, had a valuable team and wagon stolen from his barn the other night, and the young man who took the team took his daughter also.

Nels Hammon, living eight miles from Greenville, while experimenting with giant powder in blowing up stumps, had his forehead torn open to the skull and was internally injured by a premature discharge.

Lillie Turner, aged 15, was drowned in the St. Joseph river at Niles the other day. James Turner, her grandfather, aged 84, took Lillie and two other girls for a row on the river. The boat struck a stump, the top of which was about six inches below the water, and was capsized. The old gentleman and the two girls were saved, but Lillie was drowned.

May 11 Gov. Luce issued a requisition on the governor of Illinois for L. J. Baker, formerly a prominent business man of Big Rapids, now of Chicago, who was charged with embezzlement for failing to account for a large sum of money received for the sale of lumber. Investigation led to the fact that Baker was not guilty and the requisition has been withdrawn.

V. P. Delude, school assessor of Carrollton township, is short in his accounts in the sum of \$266. He turned over \$295 and disappeared.

The reunion of the northeastern Michigan soldiers' and sailors' association will be held in Saginaw August 8, 9, 10.

Work will soon be commenced on the new \$20,000 G. R. & I. depot in Grand Rapids.

A 20 horse power peppermint still is being put up at Canton.

Mrs. Frank Parish of Clare, brought suit against Fred Hickey, a saloonist, and his bondsmen, claiming damage in the sum of \$5,000. Hickey has settled the matter by paying her \$500, besides the doctor's bill and attorney's fee.

The eighteenth annual conference of the general secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and the British provinces will be held in Grand Rapids May 29 to June 4.

Retained by Rodents.

It has been decided to close the Vatican exposition at once, owing to the great damage which has been inflicted upon the Pope's presents by rats. Financially, the exhibition has been a failure. Each cathedral in the Catholic world will receive one of the exhibits as a jubilee memorial.

To Help Crofters.

The British government has granted \$50,000 for the transportation of Crofter farmers to Manitoba, the money to be loaned on mortgages by a board on which Canada will be represented.

To Exclude Chinese.

A law has been passed by the New South Wales assembly prohibiting the naturalization of Chinamen, and restricting the landing of the Celestials to one for every 500 tons of merchandise.

A RADICAL MEASURE.

Mr. Blair's Bill for the Observance of the Sabbath.

Epitome of Washington News.

Senator Blair has introduced a bill to "secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, as a day of rest, and to promote its observance as a day of religious worship." The bill provides that no person or corporation shall perform or authorize any secular work, labor or business to the disturbance of others—works of necessity, mercy and humanity excepted—nor shall any person engage in any play, game, amusement or recreation to the detriment or disturbance of others on the first day of the week in any place subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and it is made unlawful for any person or corporation to receive pay for labor or service rendered in violation of this provision. Mails shall not be transported in time of peace over any land postal route, nor shall any mail matter be collected, assorted, handled or delivered during the first day of the week. But it is provided that whenever any letter shall relate to a work of necessity or mercy, or shall concern the health, life or decease of any person, that fact shall be stated on the face of the envelope, the postmaster-general shall provide for its transportation in packages separate from other mail matter, and he shall make regulations for the delivery thereof, the same having been received at its place of destination before the first day of the week, during such limited portion of the day as shall best suit the public concern and least interfere with the due observance of the day as one of worship and rest. All liturgical and nautical drills and maneuvers in time of peace and all unnecessary work in the army and navy are prohibited on Sunday. The transportation of perishable food and other articles is permitted on Sunday as a public necessity.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland have taken possession of Oak View. President Cleveland has but two engagements for the summer outside of Washington. On July 21 he will go to Germantown, Pa., and attend the 25th anniversary of the Presbyterian church. On decoration day he will be in New York and Brooklyn and will take part in the celebration of the Grand Army in both these places. On June 1 he will be the guest of the Manhattan Club, of New York.

Senator Stewart has introduced a proposed constitutional amendment to allow the passage of a bill over a presidential veto by a majority instead of a two-thirds vote.

By direction of the secretary of war, under the act approved June 3, 1884, and the act amendatory thereof approved Feb. 3, 1887, and to complete the record, the discharge of First Sergeant Chauncey E. Koon, company B, Eleventh Michigan infantry volunteers, Jan. 31, 1863, is amended to take effect Nov. 26, 1862, his musters into service as second lieutenant, first lieutenant and as captain same company and regiment Jan. 22, 1863, Aug. 3, 1863, and July 17, 1864, are amended to take effect Nov. 27, 1863, March 19, 1863, and June 17, 1864, respectively; and he is mustered for pay in grades during the period embraced between the aforesaid dates.

The senate has passed a bill appropriating \$150,000 for additional barracks at the national soldiers' home.

The name of John Batchelder of Blackman, Jackson county, Mich., has been placed on the pension roll as a dependent parent. Mr. Batchelder was the father of Samuel Batchelder who was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing while a member of company D, Fifty-third Illinois volunteers. He applied for a pension about three years ago and his case has been held up for one year or another.

Detroit brewers, through Congressman Chipman, ask congress to put granulated rice on the free list.

C. H. T. Townsend of Michigan, has been appointed assistant entomologist of the agricultural department, with a salary of \$1,400.

The senate has passed the Vest resolution to appoint a special committee to inquire into the subject of the meats and the meat products of the United States. Mr. Vest said during the last year the price of cattle had been steadily declining to the producer and increasing to the consumer. He attributed it to an illegal conspiracy between the transportation companies.

Senator Sherman said five Chicago dealers have a virtual monopoly of the beef business and that they divided up \$54,000,000 among them last year.

The senate has passed the pension appropriation bill. This bill now awaits the President's signature.

Michigan members are much alarmed at the action of the senate commerce committee in materially reducing the state's share of the river and harbor bill. Cuts have been made throughout. Monroe's allowance for harbor improvements is cut out. There is much opposition to the half a million going to Hay Lake channel and that may be cut. Senator Palmer says the committee's action will be reconsidered and the items restored, but the present outlook is dubious.

President Cleveland has sent his congratulations to Brazil on that country's abolition of slavery.

Senator Sherman has introduced a bill appropriating \$25,000 for a monument to George Rogers Clarke, the monument to be erected in Washington.

The inter-state commerce commission has rendered a decision allowing railroad companies 60 days in which to adjust their tariffs.

A republican senatorial caucus held the other night was outspoken in its opposition to the fisheries treaty. At the same time it was practically agreed to refer the tariff bill, if it comes from the house, to the finance committee.

Indian Commissioner Atkins has handed in his resignation to take effect June 1.

The bill extending the jurisdiction of the United States District court to the Great Lakes in criminal cases has been favorably reported.

The long tariff debate in the house came to an end on the afternoon of the 19th inst., at which time was gathered one of the largest audiences of the session. Among the many present was a distinguished gathering of Michigan men, including Postmaster-General Dickinson, Gov. Luce, Senator Stockbridge and Representatives Burrows and Brewer. Representative Reed of Maine made the first long speech of his congressional career, and defended the theory of protection in an able and earnest manner. Speaker Carlisle closed the debate in a masterly argument in favor of reform, de-

claring that the United States should not be the only nation in the world to have a tariff. The fate of the bill is, of course, uncertain. There will probably be a long debate upon several amendments.

The bill making the bureau of agriculture a department and creating the commissioner's cabinet officer, has passed the house.

Through the efforts of Senator Palmer and his co-workers, all Michigan appropriations have been restored to the river and harbor bill, although the Portage Lake canal purchase project does not go in.

The senate has passed the bill to make Grand Rapids a port of delivery, and Senator Palmer's bill to extend to the port of Sault Ste. Marie the privilege of inland transportation in bond.

President Cleveland sent in another big batch of pension vetoes the other day, among them being two Michigan cases. No. 1 is Nancy F. Jennings, widow of Wm. Jennings, Thirteenth Michigan cavalry, who died in 1862 of apoplexy. The president says that the evidence showed no connection between Jennings' death and army service. No. 2 is that of Royal J. Hoar of the First Michigan engineers and mechanics. President Cleveland says that his injuries resulted from an accident while logging.

The house has passed the bill creating a department of agriculture, the vote standing 233 for to 13 against.

Land Commissioner Stockbridge, has rendered a decision restoring 85,838 acres to the public domain in Colorado. All entries or filings on the land heretofore rejected will now be allowed.

Mrs. Sawyer, wife of Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, died in Washington a few days ago.

W. L. Bankcroft has been appointed superintendent of the railway mail service, and will take possession of the office about June 1. The salary is \$4,500 per year and there are 5,000 assistants under the superintendent, and many thousand minor employes.

GREAT FLOODS.

Thousands of Acres of Farming Lands Submerged.

The great flood that now prevails along the Mississippi river has never been equalled except in 1851. Above and below Quincy are over 100 miles of levees for the protection of fully 200,000 acres of land—the most productive farming lands in the valley. When the first break occurred in one of those great embankments, known as the Indian Grove levee, the farmers had barely time to save their families, so sudden and overwhelming was the onrush of the torrents. Outside the embankment was the great river, a solid body of water 30 feet deep, and as soon as a crevasse was made it poured through the opening with a roar that could be heard for miles.

The Sny carte levee, an embankment commencing just below Quincy and extending south a distance of 45 miles, gave way between Hannibal and Louisiana, and the scenes enacted the day previous were repeated and intensified. Early in the week the levee at Alexandria, 30 miles above Quincy, gave way, completely flooding the former city. A crevasse was made in the Sny levee at East Hannibal, followed soon after by another break a mile south, and in a few hours the destruction in all the levee districts was complete. Not an acre of ground in this vast territory can escape the flood and the loss to farming interests is simply incalculable.

The river above and below Quincy is from 10 to 15 miles broad, covering all the farms on both sides and extending from the bluffs on the Illinois side to the high bluffs in Missouri. The scene of desolation between Quincy and Hannibal is simply pitiable. What was a few days ago a fertile valley, teeming with abundant crops, is a vast expanse of water, deserted by every living thing. On the dry places on the embankment are hundreds of cattle. Far across on the opposite bluffs are gathered hundreds of men, women and children, in small groups, desolate, forlorn, despairing. Many of them are utterly destitute, having neither sufficient clothing nor shelter, and some suffering for food. Steps have been taken to aid them and the spirit of charity is already pouring its abundance to give them every necessary of life. Communication to the west from Quincy is entirely cut off, every road being under water.

In Quincy factories and warehouses along the river are seriously embarrassed and large buildings are being gradually undermined by the rushing waters.

For two or three days helpless people have been coming to Quincy in boats, a single rowboat often containing an entire family with such household effects as could be quickly gathered together. For ten days it rained steadily to add to the suffering. At a mass meeting money was freely subscribed to provide provisions and clothing to be delivered north and south of Quincy in charge of citizens' relief committees. Committees were also appointed to solicit aid from citizens generally.

United Labor Party.

The United Labor convention met in Cincinnati May 16. Dr. McGlynn from the conference committee reported the failure of the effort to unite the Union Labor and United Labor conventions. He said the alternative of the United Labor party had been rejected by the Union Labor committee on platform, and the joint committee dissolved. The resolutions presented were adopted, and also one in opposition to fusion with the republican or democratic parties. M. D. Streeter of Illinois was nominated as their candidate for president by acclamation. A ballot for vice-president resulted in the selection of Samuel Evans of Texas. Evans declined to accept and Cunningham of Arkansas was nominated in his place.

In Favor of Insurance Companies.

In the case of the state of Wisconsin vs. the Pelican Insurance company of New Orleans, appealed to the Federal supreme court from the state supreme court, for \$8,546 penalties for failure to make an annual statement of its business in that state to the insurance commissioner, the state denied the appeal, the decision in effect being that under the present statutes of Wisconsin foreign insurance companies may do business in Wisconsin without licenses with perfect impunity. Suits for a total of \$320,000, brought by ex-Commissioner P. L. Spooner, depended on this decision.

A New Phase of the Question.

Judge Shiras, in United States district court at Sioux City, Iowa, has made a ruling remanding the cases against two Sioux City breweries back to the state court, declining to take original jurisdiction on the ground that by so doing the federal court would be obliged to enforce the policy regulations of the state, as cases arising under the prohibitory laws are quasi-criminal in nature.

MRS. PRESCOTT.

A Boston Story of Clubs and Culture.

The next meeting of the club will be held at the house of Mrs. Webster Delano, and the discussion will be upon Tolstol's 'Political Economy.' This announcement was made by a tall, thin, dark-eyed man, who was addressing 20 ladies, members of the Intellectual Advancement Society. Dr. Stuart Margetson, who gave the notice, was the leader and teacher of the club. He instructed them in history, considered with them the possibility of a great American epic, and read Shelley until he was regarded as a universal genius; his word was law, and his dictum the unquestioned authority on any disputed subject. The ladies who composed the club were among Boston's oldest families; they all had wealth, position, and not quite enough to do. Some enterprising spirit among them had proposed the formation of a society for mutual culture. The plan was received with fervor; and soon after, when Dr. Margetson, young, good-looking and brilliant, became known to them, he was at once accepted as their leader. Meetings were held every week at the houses of the different members. The discussions, which were always followed by an elaborate luncheon, were usually somewhat one-sided, because they generally amounted to a monologue by the leader, while the ladies simply admired him. As had been said, many of Boston's oldest families were represented in this club. There were Mrs. Appleton Sears, Mrs. Fullerton Hovey, Mrs. Edgar Lawrence, Mrs. Francklyn Lowell, Mrs. Richard Prescott, and others equally well known; but our story deals with Mrs. Richard Prescott, and we must pass by the others and restrict our attention to her.

She had been married to Dick Prescott, as he was already called, four years, and had been very happy in her charming home on Newbury street. But she had not quite enough to do, so she joined the Intellectual Advancement Society and undertook to improve her mind. She joined chiefly because the majority of her friends were members and she should enjoy being with them, but with the advent of Dr. Margetson her ideas became more serious and she determined to study and improve. She brought home to her husband accounts of the club, but he was not much interested. Honest, well-bred, handsome fellow as he was, and in spite of the fact that he had been brought up among literary people, Dick was not intellectually brilliant. He had a wonderfully clear head for business, and was by no means uneducated. He had gone through Harvard, but while there had been chiefly interested in the Hasty Hudding Club and the Athletic Association. He had taken his degree without honors, but he had left college with the proud reputation of being a very popular man and a fine print runner. He religiously escorted his wife to all the Symphony Concerts, but for his own pleasure he preferred to hear "Ermine" or "The Corsair." It was trying, when Margaret was delighted with Irving and Terry in Shakespearean comedy, Dick went for his own enjoyment to "The Rag Baby." Now, when a woman has schooled herself to reading "Esoteric Buddhism," it is hard for her to know that her husband is not elevated above baseball matches and Cribb Club entertainments. Margaret Prescott began to feel this, and talked to Dick seriously, in hopes to bring him to her ideas. He listened patiently, and finally, patting his wife's hand indulgently, said: "I'm sorry, my dear, I can't oblige you, but no one can do many things well. If he can do one successfully, he'd better stick to that. Don't you see, Margaret, no player in the league can pitch and catch equally well. The fellow that can run bases the best is apt to be a mighty poor short stop, and when a man is a pretty good all-around player he isn't great in any specialty. Now, I can't be everything at once. I'm said to be a good business man, and if I can't be a philosopher you will have to forgive me."

Mrs. Prescott sighed quietly. She loved her husband, and she knew he worshiped her, but the thought would arise that if Dick had but Dr. Margetson's intellect how much more he would be to her. But poor Dick, not knowing how seriously his wife regarded his failings, continued in his usual course, giving his wife all the attention she could desire, lavishing his wealth upon her, but yet attending sparring matches and betting on the yacht race. Dr. Margetson, on the contrary, was ever ready to discuss the most abstruse questions or to enter into any advanced scheme of intellectual or moral improvement. This man was dangerously pleasing to Mrs. Prescott, and she began involuntarily to contrast his fine

taste with the sporting proclivities of her husband.

One day Margetson talked before the club upon "Altruism a Practical Theory of Life." Mrs. Prescott was deeply impressed, and then and there vowed to become a thorough altruist, to devote her life to others, and so attain that immortality which Dr. Margetson said came only from a subjugation of self, an obliteration of specific personality, and a gradual merging into the perfect whole of spirit. She remembered seeing in the transcript an appeal from the Associated Charities for visitors to the poor, and she determined to respond to this demand.

She dressed as plainly as possible, and took for her guide a small messenger boy, upon consulting whom she found that they could reach the Chardon-street Home, where volunteer visitors were to apply, by a West End car. Filled with enthusiasm for the good work, she hastened to prepare such a basket of food as a Lady Bountiful should always carry. Here she met with her first discouragement in the sarcastic remarks of the cook, who saw with disgust the freshly-rolled croquettes, saled and pastry disappear into the basket. Suspicious that perhaps she had not chosen suitable food, Mrs. Prescott resorted to questioning the messenger boy as to the diet of the poor people. She was a little disappointed and somewhat incredulous when he informed her that liver and onions was, in his estimation "im-mense." Determined, however, to be practical, she relinquished with regret her pretty basket, and on the way down town sent James into Johnson's market on Boylston street, to buy as much liver and onions as he could carry. Meanwhile she looked into Hollander's window for a solution of the problem of what to wear. She thought she would have that pretty diagonal cloth in the corner, and would have some handsome braiding on the back, because her seats for the Symphony Concerts this year were well forward, and it would be silly not to give a little thought to that fact when she had her gowns and bonnets made. Just then she felt a slight pull at her overskirt, and looking round met the pale blue, expressionless eyes of James, who was carrying a huge parcel of liver and a monstrous bag of onions. "To be sure James," cried she, remorsefully, "I had forgotten about you," and reproaching herself sternly she turned from the window to follow her small mentor to the car he had just hailed. Finally, reaching the Chardon-street Home somewhat out of breath from the ascent of the long stairs and with misgivings as to her capabilities for the new field of action, she wore a tired and confused expression, which was mistaken by the woman in charge for the proud reticence of genteel poverty. Margaret was considerably chagrined to find herself the object of kindly solicitude instead of the overpowering thanks she had rather expected for her voluntary assistance, and she corrected the false impression with some asperity. She learned with impatience that she would be obliged to go to the agent of charities in her own district before she could be assigned a family to visit, and she at once determined to seek for herself some object for her charity.

She explained her desire to James, who said she knew just the place, and would guide her to the "Slum Flats." After a short walk she found herself in a dismal looking alley. Entering a tenement and directing James to remain within call, she ascended the stairs and rapped softly at the first door, through whose shrunken casement a stifling odor of smoke from fried fat was oozing. A poor woman, whose appearance indicated poverty, sorrow and discontent, threw open the door and pushed some children out of the way as she hurriedly inquired of Margaret:

"What did you come for?"
"To see if I could help you."
"Who sent you?"
"No one; I came because"—Margaret felt a little delicate about saying "because it looked so wretchedly poor here," so she weakly finished, "because I thought I would."

"Have you got work for me?" demanded the woman.

"No, no. I would like to give you anything you need."
The woman interrupted her. "Oh, yes, you would like to amuse yourself at my expense, to give me your castoff finery and cold victuals, so as to ease your conscience for having so much of 'em. No, marm," with an ugly sneer. "I've seen enough of the likes of you; it's such as you that has brought me shame and sorrow. It was another such as you that came to my decent home one day, and to amuse herself, brought the fine clothes that led my Katie to ruin. She never had the likes of 'em, and contented enough

the poor child was with the plain clothes I earned for her. But as soon as she got to wearing that woman's silly feathers, God knows the thoughts she got into her head, and to-day she's in the Woman's prison! 'Twas the same woman gave my husband money till the poor fool thought it was easier to get it by whinin' than by workin' for it, and it warn't long before he was sleepin' on the streets instead of workin' on 'em, and its only six months now since he was killed in a row, God be merciful to him! All has been took from me by you rich folks; two of my family and my decent pride, and now you come with your smooth words, to ease your conscience by playin' at charity. No, I want no help. I've got one friend as is a friend, he got me good honest work, and I get my pay for it; he never insulted me with a cent I hadn't earned. 'Twas him that got little Jimmy Kelly a good job, and made Dan Murphy's boss raise his wages so he could send his girls to school instead of running cash in some God-forsaken store." Then the woman seemed to soften a little. "You musn't mind my rantin', marm.—thank you for comin', but I don't want nothin' but work."

"May I give you some work?" said Margaret, timidly. "Will you—will you come to my house and do some cleaning?"

"Thank you kindly, marm, I will." Mrs. Prescott told Dr. Margetson of this family with real pleasure, and urged him to accompany her on her next visit. He expressed a deep interest, but always declined to see the poor people, on the ground that too many visitors embarrassed them. In her acquaintance with the poor widow, Margaret heard much of the kind gentleman whom the woman proudly called her friend. Mrs. Prescott became much interested in the accounts of the stranger, and wondered that she had never met him in the course of her charitable rounds. One day a bright idea flashed across her that Dr. Margetson was this unknown visitor. "Ah," she thought, "that was the reason he would never go with me. His modesty did not wish to see the gratitude of his poor dependents. His charity has been so quietly done that I never suspected him. How good, how noble thus to hide his work!" Pondering this discovery, Margaret Prescott could not help contrasting Dr. Margetson's perfection with her husband's shortcomings. "Dick," she said, "is as happy as possible at a steeple-chase. His soul is satisfied with sparring matches. Our leader is continually seeking to improve himself. What sympathy has Richard with charity? His idea of it would be to give ragged boys tickets to the base ball games. Alas, early marriages are a fatal mistake. If I had not bound myself to him before I was old enough to understand my own possibilities, perhaps—"

But such colloquies are dangerous, and Margaret was woman enough to check thoughts of this evil character. But she wanted Dr. Margetson to learn that she knew of his kindness to the poor family, and so formed a plan to have him meet his beneficiaries unexpectedly at her own house and be overwhelmed by their gratitude and his own modesty.

In agreement with this idea, Mrs. Prescott prepared a splendid supper, and invited the poor widow and her children to come and enjoy it at her house. Dr. Margetson was also asked for the same time, ostensibly to view some valuable autographs. The plan was arranged for a day when Mr. Prescott would be away. All the arrangements were carried out; the widow and her children were enjoying a luxurious tea in the dining room, Mrs. Prescott was entertaining the literary lion in the drawing-room, preparatory to leading him to the unexpected meeting with the poor people, when suddenly, to upset all calculations, Mr. Prescott appeared.

Thoroughly astonished, his wife could only say: "Why, Dick, you said you were not coming home to-night!"

"I finished my business in Lowell earlier than I expected. Apparently my entrance is inopportune," replied her husband. There was a sarcastic dignity in Prescott's voice which filled Margaret with vague alarm. She nervously introduced him to Dr. Margetson, and the latter's low bow seemed weak beside her husband's distrustful nod.

Turning to his wife, Dick said: "If Dr. Margetson will excuse you, we will go to dinner."

"But, Dick," responded Margaret; "a poor family are at tea in the dining-room. I wanted them to have for once a satisfactory meal in a pleasant room. I did not know that you were to be at home, or you should not have been inconvenienced."

"Poor people?" replied her husband,

"very well, Margaret, let us come in and see them. It's great sport to see hungry children with all they want to eat before them."

Here Dr. Margetson put in a few words, to the effect that he must take his leave, but poor, obtuse Mrs. Prescott could not have her scheme so spoiled. As there was no escaping her urgency, Margetson followed into the dining-room where the poor scrubbing woman and her children were ecstatically happy in the enjoyment of a luxurious supper.

What was Mrs. Prescott's satisfaction as soon as they entered the room to hear a simultaneous cry from the hungry party. "It's the kind gentleman." The poor widow rose to make a low courtesy and mumble, "Many thanks for your goodness to a poor woman, sir." But what was this? She addressed all her remarks not to Dr. Margetson, but to Dick; Margaret could hardly believe her eyes and, turning doubtfully to her husband, she said: "Richard Prescott, have you been helping these people?"

"I know them a little, my dear, but I never did anything for them that was worth mentioning, and so never told you." Even yet Margaret could not relinquish her cherished theory. Turning to the poor woman and calling her attention to Dr. Margetson, she said, "But don't you know him, has he not visited you?" Before Margetson could interrupt came the woman's reply. "Liked, marm, I know him too well. He owes me a good bill for washing I did for him, and never a cent have I had for it."

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott turned to the object of this accusation in horror, but he had fled. Margetson, the brilliant, intellectual leader, fled before the honest indignation of a poor, defrauded washerwoman. He disappeared from Boston entirely, and at his departure many outstanding debts came to light, and several thefts were found to be due to him. Even in his haste to avoid the poor widow's accusation he had found time to take from the Prescott's home and autograph letter from Robert Browning.

Margaret was a different woman after this. She went to her husband and told him of her weakness. She confessed to her almost wicked admiration of his showy talents, she had almost scorned her faithful, loving husband. In her deep humility she felt as if she had sacrificed Dick's affection, and he could never care for her again. But Richard Prescott, if not intellectual, was great hearted and truly magnanimous. Drawing his wife toward him, he stroked her hair as he responded characteristically: "Maggie, my dear, we have both done badly; we've both thought too much about our individual records, and not played together well as a team. There were lots of errors in the past innings, but now we'll start a clean score card, dear, and begin the tally with a home run," with which statement Dick calmly caught his wife up and kissed her, and strangely enough, Margaret always liked to hear her husband talk of base ball after this reconciliation.

Stopped His Paper.
Stay, foreman, stay that ruthless speed,
At task of type arranging,
For at this moment there is need
Of multifarious changing;
Turn all the brazen column-rules,
Take out the head and drape'er
With signs of woe—that prince of fools,
Old Sneakley's stopped his paper
Stay, pressman, in thy busy flight,
And heed this admonition;
The labors are abridged to-night—
We'll run a small edition;
And join, O comrades, in our tears
At this untimely caper.
By which we lose the fruit of years,
Since Sneakley's stopped his paper.
—Chicago News.

Strawberry Oranges.
Consumers of oranges have no doubt noticed that it is an easy matter to procure any quantity of "strawberry oranges." Years ago a strawberry orange was as rare as a red ear of corn, but now the dealer has learned that he can puncture an orange and squirt in a little coloring matter and have a red orange. It is a very poor counterfeit of the natural red orange. It is announced from Florida that oranges are being grown with a pine apple flavor. The fact probably is that the pineapple flavor is inserted with a syringe. In that way an orange can be flavored with anything from vanilla to kerosene. The plain orange is the healthiest and best, but everything is adulterated now a days.—Peck's Sun.

A Lucky Find.
Customer: "Walter, I find a hair in the soup."
Walter: "Yes, sah? I specs it belongs to Vanderbilt's \$10,000 chef."
Customer: "Is that so? Bring me a bit of paper, it's worth preserving."
—Epeck.

PERTINENT-POINTS.

'The girl who won't be won usually remains one.—Washington Critic.

A howling swell—Toothache.—Burlington Free Press.

Now the trout fisherman will begin to reel in his line and to reel off his lies.—Boston Post.

You can kill a stream by damming it, but you can't kill a cat that way.—Yonkers Statesman.

With regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.—Texas Siftings.

A man has just died from the effects of Kentucky whisky. He was not a Kentuckian.—Detroit Free Press.

Allegheny had a Kindersymphonie last night. Does not this name kind o' seem funny?—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Fall River bank is called the Metacomet. Many of the Cincinnati depositaries look as if they had, too.—Puck!

Teacher—"John, give me a sentence containing the word contents." John—"The contents of a cow is milk."—Teacher.

Jack Goodfellow's small brother—"Jack, is there any past tense of due?" Jack (glpomy)—"Yes, due."—Harvard Lampoon.

The Crown Princess of Germany rarely smiles. How different from the Crown Prince of Great Britain.—Boston Transcript.

A Pittsburg editor says: "Husbands are not made to order." We'll bet he can't convince most wives they are not.—Washington Critic.

"You are a jewel," said the gushing young man to his girl; "and I'm going to have you set." And then he quietly took her in his lap.—Yonkers Statesman.

"What are the elements that will save our country?" asked an orator, pleadingly; and a man in the audience responded: "The American element for one."—Texas Siftings.

He was a base ball player, and he asked a girl to marry him. "Out on first," she said, with a cold, rejective smile. "Don't flatter yourself," he replied, as he picked himself up, "it's out on third."—Washington Critic.

The elder of the two: "Hol' on, boy! Don't put no water in dem cans to-day. Fill 'em up wid snow. Dat's de same color as de milk; an' we must be jes as hones' as we kin whenever we git the chance."—Harper's Bazar.

"All things come to those who wait." Foreman Printing Room: "The devil's fallen in the big press, an' is all chewed up!" Local Editor: "That's some thing like. I've got just an inch space left in the obituary column."—Tid-Bits.

"BILLY" COOK DEAD.

One of Tweed's Lieutenants Closes His Career—A Very Expensive Clerk.

"Billy" Cook, who left New York with \$300,000 at the time of the Tweed scandal, is dead in Paris, says *The New York Herald*. For years past he had been an invalid. His sealed will is in the hands of M. Valois, a Paris lawyer.

When the Tweed ring came to grief early in the 70's Cook was clerk in the department of public works at a salary of \$2,000 a year, but lived at the rate of at least ten times that amount, and was spoken of as an open-handed liberal fellow.

His apartments in the upper part of the city were fitted up with ebony furniture of the best make and filled with rare paintings and bric-a-brac. The tableware was of solid silver and everything was of the most expensive kind. But as his bills were promptly paid by Comptroller Connolly, after they had been raised 100 per cent. or so, "Billy" was not called upon to practice economy, and entertained his friends in right royal style.

Cook was very near to Tweed in these balmy days, but as he never came to trial the exact amount of his pilferings was never known. It was said that he had realized at least \$500,000. When the crash came he was indicted in company with Peter B. Sweeny, Andrew S. Garvey, William M. Tweed, and the other members of the ring, but receiving the "tip" in time, fled to England.

Just before his departure he married a ballet girl abroad. After remaining in England for a time Cook went to Paris, where he had since resided.

Early in 1882 "Billy" returned to this city, but not until the time fixed by the statute of limitations had expired. Soon after his arrival a nolle prosequi was entered in his case, as in that of Peter B. Sweeny, and he became once more a New Yorker. His long residence abroad, however, had unfitted him for life in his native country, and he soon returned to Paris.

A good base ball pitcher, like a pretzel, is noted for his twist.—New York Journal.

Churches.

Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Methodist.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Baptist.—Rev. Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhies, President.

Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

Shawnee, No. 224.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. B. Fitzhugh, Master.

E. T. of T. Council, No. 27.—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. C. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. H. Burns, S. C., Mrs. H. C. Beale, Sec. Sec.

K. of L. Lapham Assembly, No. 5595.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, O. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

Tombston Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 22.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Jacob Strong, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Sec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Resident Dentist
PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Electric Vibrator for extracting teeth without pain. All work of the best and at prices to suit the times.

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East, West, North or South,
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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.
Advertisers desiring changes in their advertisements must have their copy in on or before Tuesday noon to insure their publication.
PUBLISHER.

WHAT THEY SAY.

(Continued from first page.)

—Concert to-night at the M. E. church.

—Miss Matie McCann, of Wayne, was in town Wednesday.

—John Quartel, of Canton, is putting up a peppermint distillery.

—John Lumbart has been appointed postmaster at Oak, this county.

—Miss Emma Coleman left on Wednesday, for a three weeks visit at Jacksonville, Ill.

—Miss Jessie Steers is sick, having been confined to the bed the most of the time since Sunday.

—The village board of review were in session yesterday and to-day, at the store of Chaffee & Hunter.

—Miss Agnes Batchelor, of East Saginaw, was the guest of Miss Emma Coleman, Monday and Tuesday.

—Who can say that Plymouth is not a lovely place, with its beautiful shady streets, well kept lawns and lovely parks?

—Mrs. Orange Butler and Prof. J. H. Smith and wife, of Northville, were guests at J. H. Steers' several days this week.

—Some of the boys who think this is rather a slow town are forced to acknowledge that morning comes remarkably soon after midnight.

—O. A. Fraser and R. L. Root have been appointed commissioners in the estate of Chester B. Root, deceased, and their first day of Meeting has been set for the 30th of June, at the First National bank.

—Richard Doran, of Detroit, who is traveling in Dakota, is said to have prevented a railroad disaster by discovering the danger and giving the alarm. Doran formerly resided at Wayne and is a printer.

—One of our far-sighted citizens has conceived the idea that a row of nicely cushioned seats in front of the stores would be a drawing card, and suggests that we call the attention of our merchants to the fact; and he further believes that the passing around of soda water, lemonade, etc. occasionally would tend to make the place a still greater attraction. We are somewhat inclined to that belief ourselves, but whether the investment would be a paying one—for the merchants—is somewhat doubtful, though we shouldn't like to discourage any such enterprise.

—We clip the following from the Wichita (Kan.) Republican. Mr. Skeed, who is mentioned in the item, is well known both at Wayne and Ypsilanti, where he formerly resided: "On the 23d of March the officers and employees of the Culver Crow water motor construction company met at Derby and presented Capt. Wm. H. Skeed, superintendent of the works, with an elegant gold watch. The presentation speech was made by Albert Law, president of the company, in the presence of thirty employees and a large number of citizens. The magnificent gift was a complete surprise to Capt. Skeed, but was accepted with thank-hearty though imperfectly expressed, owing to the surprise of the occasion."

Pure drugs at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Mrs. H. E. Heywood, of Wayne, is visiting at Geo. A. Starkweather's.

—Mrs. J. P. Woodard, of Detroit, is in town this week, calling on her numerous friends.

—Elmer Sears, aged 25, and Annis Corwin, aged 20, of Canton, have taken out a marriage license.

—Charles J. Van Valkenburg, aged 24, and Lottie R. Allen, aged 21, of Northville, have obtained license to marry.

—Miss Nettie Morrison, of Mu-kegon, a student at the Normal school, at Ypsilanti, died there on Monday, from measles.

—Married, Charles Heath to Miss Eliza Nichols, both of Plymouth, at M. E. parsonage, Wednesday evening, May 23, by Rev. John M. Shank.

—A. N. Brown, of Stockbridge, was here with his family Wednesday. Mr. Brown says he has lost but five days in the year he has been working there.

Night Prescription work a specialty at the new drug store of Chaffee & Hunter. Parties wishing our services will find an electric bell at the right of our door.

—For telling a regular old "whopper" we commend the Niles Star. In a recent issue it spoke of a pile driver hammer weighing "several hundred tons."

—The new board of directors of the F. & P. M. R. R. company are reported to favor the construction of an independent line from Plymouth to Detroit.—Milford Times

—The remains of Mrs. Thos. Cohoon, of Milford, who died some time ago, were brought here Monday for interment. Mrs. Cohoon was a sister of Mrs. Robert Hunter, of this place.

—On account of the poor health of Sheriff Littlefield, there is some doubt of his accepting the nomination this year. He has been sick a great deal during the past year and much of the time confined to the house. He has made a good Sheriff however.

—Milford is all excitement over the sudden departure last week of Frank C. Calhoun, a young law student and insurance agent. He is said to be \$1,500 or more short in his accounts with the insurance companies, and a special agent going there and looking over his accounts, hurried his departure. He is supposed to be with the missing bank cashiers.

—We learn that the drain law has been made operative so that lands upon which drain taxes have been levied and not paid will be sold. There is much money due people for work upon drains which have been the making of the farms through which the drains passed, and against which the levy was made, who have been unable to get it on account of the law being defective.

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Memorial Services.

On Sunday afternoon, May 29, the Rev. Geo. H. Wallace, preached a memorial sermon at Livonia Centre. It will be remembered that a couple of months since this neighborhood was ravaged with diphtheria, and so terrible was the disease, and so insidious its spread, that the bodies of its victims were encased and buried almost as soon as the breath was out of the body.

Among these unfortunates was Duane Stringer, a young man just entering his twentieth year, the son of Abram and Elizabeth Stringer.

Bravely volunteering his services to take care of a family so completely stricken, he entered the home of pestilence, nursed them faithfully in their affliction and finally succumbing to the disease himself, he too was carried out and buried at dead of night. It was the heroism of self-sacrifice and devotion, an everlasting remembrance of the young man's worth of soul. The services were in commemoration of his death, the paying of the last sad tribute to his memory, which could not be done before.

A large concourse of people gathered from the surrounding country, about twenty of whom were from Plymouth, and so great were the numbers, that many were unable to gain admittance to the church. The preacher took for his text Job 7-1, demonstrating that every life is outlined, and every death, its time and manner, foreordained and written out in God's own records. Our duty here is so to live and act, that however, or whenever the summons comes we may die like men and heroes.

Duane Stringer was a youth of just and generous spirit, of pure character, of kindly and genial disposition. In him everyone had a friend and helper, a champion and a defender. All that knew him speak to his praise.

His parents have lost a noble son, but they can justly feel proud of his record. His companions have lost a pleasant friend, whose example in many things they can worthily follow.

After the services a procession was formed, headed by a number of young ladies and the school children, bearing emblems of flowers to lay upon his grave, after which a short address was made by Mr. Wallace. Cal Hillmer and Miss Mary Rodgers, of Plymouth, and Albert Durfee and daughter, formed the choir on this occasion, and sang several appropriate anthems.

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Save the Cents,

And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Commence Trading with

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

THE FINEST STOCK, THE LARGEST CHOICE, THE TRUEST VALUE,

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodore, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

We also carry a Large Stock of

Moldings and Picture Frames, Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

And a Full Line of Burial Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt Considerate and Reliable.

Red Front Drug Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Drugs, Chemicals,

Perfumery and Toilet Articles,

Paints, Oils and Brushes.

Choice Family Groceries!

Field and Garden Seeds!

School Books and Stationery!

Tubs, Pails, Brooms, Etc.

Headquarters for

MICHIGAN AND MINNESOTA ROLLER FLOUR.

All goods of the Very Best Quality and sold at Bottom Prices. All goods delivered.

Plymouth, April 2, 1888.

JOHN L. GALE.

CALL ON

ANDERSON & GABLE,

- Gasoline Stove. -

We also have in stock

Fence Wire of All Kinds, Glass Nails and Putty.

Decorative Paints for Household Use. ALL SHADES!

White Lead.
Linseed Oil.
Varnishes.
Neal's Carriage Paints.
Floor Paints.
Liquid Paints.
Alabastine

Whiting.
Paint Brushes.
White Wash Brushes.
Colors in Oil.
Wood Stains.
Tube Colors and Brushes.
Putty.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

Wayne.

Mrs. Vining is quite sick. Dr. Morrison has gone to Niagara Falls. James H. Rodgers was in town last week. Myron White and family, of Northville, has moved here. Alba Hayward billed the town for his show on Tuesday last. The Arbor Club give a dance at Palace ring, this (Friday) evening. Mr. Corlett has added a new feature to his business, that of furniture. Mrs. Charles Williams and children, of Plymouth, were guests at the Varney house on Monday. Mr. Schmidt, who formerly kept saloon in the "White Mule," has gone into the same business at Bridge water. D. B. Newkirk was in town over Sunday. We understand that Mr. Newkirk will move back to Wayne in the not far future, and build upon his lot here. The Tremont house has a new landlord, by the name of Yap. He is the gentleman who has bought Mr. Woodmancy out. He and his family took possession on Monday last.

A re-hearing of the peppermint suit of Ed. Utter and Alapson Newton, which was tried before Justice Deming a week ago, and in which trial the jury failed to agree, came up for a second hearing before the same justice, on Monday and resulted in another disagreement of the jury. The root of all evil—is peppermint. William Shield's horse got away from him at the carriage factory one day last week, and ran away bringing up in Mrs. Vining's vacant lot north of John Stellwagen's store and fell down, and while being liberated slipped down an uncovered well, nine feet deep, feet first. A trench was dug down to the horse and by the aid of ropes the animal was snatched out, none the worse for his bath, and with but a few slight scratches.

Burglars entered the store of J. D. Bunting, Wm. Steers, the postoffice, R. Coy's, Hosie & Stellwagen and Dr. Morrison's on Monday night last. They seemed to want nothing but cash, as but a very few goods are missed. The money drawers were ransacked, but they contained but a few bits of small change. An entrance was gained to the buildings by the front doors being pried open and the tools were selected from among James Houston's blacksmith tools and D. L. Adams' carpenter tools. No clue to the thieves could be got.

Tonquish.

The farmers are very busy getting in corn. Lem and Milton Blount killed a pair of blue racers last week, which measured five feet and five feet seven inches. The suit between Utter and Newton was tried for the second time last Monday before Esquire Deming, who took four days in which to render a decision.

Are Publishers "Pirates" and Readers "Receivers of Stolen Goods"?

The issue of Literature, Alden's illustrated weekly magazine, bearing date April 21, containing a full reprint of the rather remarkable paper on international Copyright, recently published by Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, together with an extended and somewhat spicy review of the same by Mr. Alden. Senator Chace, being chairman of the committee which has charge of the bill now before the Senate, is naturally the one of all others to be looked to as an authority, and his paper on the question is an able, and ever brilliant one. Mr. Alden is not antagonistic to the measure, but is in hearty sympathy with the copyright movement; he undertakes however, "in the name of the American people," to resent the charge so commonly made, and by Senator Chace stated in the strongest terms, that the publishers, buyers and readers of cheap editions of Dickens and Tennyson, for instance, are "pirates," or "thieves," or the "receivers of stolen goods." The case according to Mr. Alden, is able to stand on honest and common-sense grounds, even better than on a false and libelous basis. People who are interested to see the merits of a live topic presented, in a novel and vigorous way from different stand points, will be glad to lend a postal card for a free specimen copy; and a good many of them, when they receive it and see what a light, entertaining and wonderful cheap magazine it is, will be glad to send \$1.00 and get it regularly during the year. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York; 218 Clark street, Chicago.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Write W. C. Hazard & Co., of Colby, N. C.—(a free trial) bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changed advertisements: G. A. Starkweather & Co., general merchants. Real estate sale, Estate of Wm. A. Ramsdell, deceased. Commissioner's no ice, Estate of Chester B. Root.

A Modern Doctor.

A physician who had put his professional card into a country paper requested the editor to give him a notice.

"Just sit down there at the desk, Doc, and write out what you want," said the editor.

"Oh, dear, no; I can't write about myself."

"I think you can. Just give me the points, if you are too modest to say what you want, and I will throw in the necessary strength."

The doctor sat down, and after much spluttering, produced the following modest piece of work:

"Dr. Abe Collier, whose card we print to-day is without doubt the finest physician in our city. He is a perfect gentleman, and is one of the best surgeons in our city, if not the best. His charges are reasonable for a man who never loses a case, and we are glad to know that he has refused a lucrative practice in another town in order to remain in our city, where he is so highly esteemed for his skill and gentlemanly qualities. He is not an old man, but he is thoroughly experienced and rarely loses a case. We congratulate the people of our enterprising and beautiful city that he will remain in our city. His office hours are from morning until night when not engaged, and this of itself is an accommodation to the people of our city."—Arkansas Traveler.

Livonia.

A memorial service, in memory of Duane Stringer, who died last February, of diphtheria, was held at the Union church, Sunday, May 20. Rev. G. H. Wallace, of Plymouth, officiated, and delivered a very able and eloquent address. The music, which was furnished by A. Durfee and daughter Sarah, assisted by Miss Mary Rodgers and Cal Hillmer, of Plymouth, was very finely rendered. After the services at the church the procession proceeded to the cemetery, where after a few well chosen words, in which honor and praise were given to the last noble acts of the deceased; some beautiful emblems of flowers were placed upon the grave by the ladies and children. The church was crowded to its utmost, some being obliged to remain outside. Many friends from Plymouth, Northville, Redford and Farmington were present.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

The mosquitoes are not very bold yet. Snow fell at this place last Sunday morning.

John Stringer has taken out his license to huckster.

Charles Bentley has a gang of carpenters at work putting up his new barn.

Our school teacher, Miss Sophia Lauffer, visited her friends in Plymouth, last Saturday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stringer visited her sister, Mrs. H. S. Millard, in Detroit last week.

John Gow has improved his place by building an addition on his house, a kitchen and wood-shed.

Mr. Stockfleit placed a nice monument at the head of his wife's grave last Monday. Mr. Hoyt, of Plymouth, done the work.

We are sorry to hear the sad news concerning Mrs. Alexander Tinham, who died Monday morning at Northville. Mrs. T. was a resident of this town for a number of years, and highly respected by all who knew her.

It looks nice to see the little girls in the cemetery placing flowers on the graves of their schoolmates, who died last winter. Such are the kind of little girls we have in this town, and God will reward them some day for their kindness.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Boylan, druggist. 63

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, and indigestion, which cannot be cured with Ward's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give relief. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, etc. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 262 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of CHESTER B. ROOT, deceased. We, the undersigned, executor appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the First National Bank of Plymouth, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1888, and on Monday, the first day of October, A. D. 1888, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 21 day of April, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

OSCAR A. FRASER, ROSWELL L. ROOT, Commissioners.

Dated, Plymouth, May 21, 1888.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Wayne ss. In the matter of the estate of William A. Ramsdell, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned executrix of the estate of said William A. Ramsdell, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the said County of Wayne on the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1888 there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the old foundry building, on the premises hereinafter described, in the township of Plymouth, in said Wayne County, on Tuesday the tenth day of July, A. D. 1888 at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following described lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to-wit: The property commonly known as the Meade Mills site and consisting of all those certain pieces or parcels of land situated on sections eleven and fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, mentioned and described in a certain quit claim deed made and executed on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1870 by Gannett Ramsdell and Anna P. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. Ramsdell and recorded in the register's office of said Wayne county in Liber one hundred and fifty of deeds, on pages thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three and thirty-four to which said deed and the said record thereof reference is here made for a full, complete and particular description of the lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to be sold as aforesaid and the said deed and the said record thereof are made a part hereof for that purpose. The said lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements being the same that were sold and conveyed by Noah Ramsdell and wife to Jabesh M. Mead and Samuel E. Mead in June 1887. Also all that other piece or parcel of land the same being a part of the north-west quarter of section number fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and beginning at a point twenty-one chains and thirty-three links north, measured on the east line of section number fifteen from the quarter section stake on the east line of said section fifteen, thence ten chains and nineteen links east at right angles to said section line to a place of the forward end of a cast iron plow beam about twelve inches long by four inches wide and one inch thick with three holes through it, which is placed in the ground as a corner and place of beginning; thence south two and three-fourths degrees, east two chains; thence north eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees east two chains and fifty links; thence north two and three-fourths degrees west and parallel to the west line, two chains; thence south eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees west along the center of the highway to the place of beginning, containing one-half an acre of land, excepting and reserving from off the west side thereof, a strip of land forty-five feet in width east and west and extending the whole length of said parcel north and south.

Plymouth, May 24th, 1888. ANNA P. RAMSDPELL, Executrix.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, IN THE WAYNE CIRCUIT COURT. In Chancery. Eugene Stephenson, Plaintiff, vs. Elva Stephenson, Defendant. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file, that the defendant is not a resident of the State of Michigan, but resides in the State of Nebraska. On motion of J. F. Brown complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that said defendant appear and answer the complainant's bill of complaint within four months from the date of this order.

Dated, May 9, 1888. GEORGE S. HOSMER, J. F. Brown, Complainant's Solicitor. Circuit Judge. 35

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, October 2, 1887.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Rows include Detroit, Plymouth, Howell, Trowbridge, Lansing, Portland, Ionia, Greenville, Howard City, Ionia, Sheridan, Stanton, Elmore, Blanchard, Big Rapids.

CONNECTIONS. Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. South Junction with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago Junction with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R. Howard City with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Elmore with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R. R. Big Rapids with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. J. B. MULLIKEN, Gen'l Manager. W. A. CARPENTERS, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Detroit.

Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President. DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. R. Pattengill, William Geer, L. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer, L. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Bickie, Alfred D. Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

The Homeliest Person! IN MICHIGAN.

As well as the Handsome can get a FINE PORTRAIT!

If photographed at our Studio. INSPECT OUR WORK!

And you will be convinced that it is Second to None in Excellence!

We Invite Criticism. We Defy Competition. We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Gibson & Brown, PHOTOGRAPHERS-NORTHVILLE.

H. F. Steers,

REAL ESTATE Bought and Sold.

LAW, Conveyancing and Insurance.

NEW STORE! NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

CHAFFEE & HUNTER.

Having leased what is known as the Fraser store for a term of years, and refitted the same throughout, we have placed therein a New, Clean, Fresh Stock of Everything usually found in a

FIRST-CLASS

Drug & Grocery Store!

INCLUDING

PAINTS and OILS,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Cigars and Tobaccos.

Fine Confections, Stationery, Etc.

Groceries!

AND

Provisions!

Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Farinaceous Goods,

Raisins, Prunes, Oat Meal, Rice, Spices, Etc.

PORK, LARD, COD FISH,

Mackerel, Hams, Dried Beef,

Tubs, Pails, Buckets, Wool Twine,

Garden Seeds, Dairy Salt.

FULL LINE OF FLOUR

Including Magnolia, Green Seal, Albion Roller, Detroit Fancy Roller, Pillsbury's Best Minnesota, and the Celebrated "Royalty," which has taken the first premium at the Plymouth fair for two consecutive years. Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs in exchange for goods. Goods delivered to any part of village free of cost.

FINEST LINE OF CANNED GOODS EVER IN PLYMOUTH!

TOMATOES, PUMPKIN, RASPBERRIES, BAKED BEANS, SARDINES, PEAS, WARREN'S COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON, LIMA BEANS, MACKEREL, HONEY DEW CORN, SUCCOTASH, TABLE AND PIE PEACHES, COVE OYSTERS, CANNED BEEF, POTTED HAM, FRENCH PEAS, CALIFORNIA APRICOTS AND PEACHES, SNYDER'S CATSUP, SPANISH QUEEN OLIVES, BULK AND BOTTLED PICKLES, AND CHOW, BOTH BRANDS CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S GOODS, TABLE SAUCE, SALAD DRESSING, ETC.

CHOICE

Oranges and Lemons!

Bananas, Vegetables, Fruits in Season, Etc.

BEST LINE OF

DRUGS IN THE MARKET.

Having spared no trouble and expense in purchasing this, the most particular necessity of mankind, from producers whose name is a sufficient guarantee of their QUALITY and ABSOLUTE PURITY. Our Prescription Department is complete in every particular, being constructed in the most approved modern style and stocked with the Best Line of Drugs which the market affords. We make our prescription work our specialty and have no hesitancy in saying that, with our New, Pure, Fresh Line of Drugs compounded with the Greatest Possible Care and Accuracy by ourselves Strictly Without Substitution, we may be instrumental in administering to the wants of the sick and afflicted in a perfectly satisfactory manner as we have complied with every restriction of the law and stand Second to None in our profession as Pharmacists. No prescription work done by unregistered clerks. We give this work constant study and are familiar with the latest Pharmaceutical products, which fact has enabled us to select our Stock of Drugs from sources which manufacture their products in accordance with the demands of the times. NIGHT PRESCRIPTIONS have special care and persons wishing our services will find us at our place of business at any hour of the night, ready to cheerfully attend to your wants. Kindly thinking the public for favors shown us in the past and hoping by strict attention to business and judiciously department, combined with low prices and our personal guarantee on all goods bought at our store to merit a continuance of the same, we are ever at the service of our friends.

ELMER W. CHAFFEE, GEO. W. HUNTER.

The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Stevens, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

Trusts, combinations, pools, etc., organized to limit production and enhance the cost of articles of necessity, are by no means of modern origin. They are in fact, about as old as human greed, and that is exceedingly ancient. More than five hundred years ago the parliament of King Edward III. of England, undertook to remedy by law certain evils of that sort described as follows: "The merchants do ingress all manner of merchandise vendable, and suddenly do enhance the price of such merchandise within the realm, putting to sale by ordinance made betwixt them, called the Fraternity and Guild of Merchants, the merchandise which be most dear, and keep in store the other till the time that dearth or scarcity be of the same." To correct these "mischiefs" very stringent regulations were imposed, but some of the remedies prescribed were vastly worse than the disease. It is easier to diagnose the trouble than to prescribe a safe and radical cure.

Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., is in mourning over the loss of a favorite student, Clarence G. Scudder, who was killed in the gymnasium while practicing a high jump. He displaced the horizontal pole he wished to leap, and the shaft literally passed through his body, a distance of twenty-one inches. In his last words he said he should meet his beloved class ('89) beyond. He was related to the well known missionary family, late of Chicago, where a sister now lives. Mr. Scudder was about to follow ancestral footsteps after his proposed seminary course had fitted him for his work in India.

Engineer Charles S. Homer of the Old Colony road, who recently died in Providence, R. I., was a soldier under Gen. Butler. When the troops occupied Annapolis in 1861, the general found that all the locomotives had been taken away except a broken down one. He called on the ranks for some one to repair it, and Homer stepped out and reckoned he could fix it and he did, using wood mainly in the repairing. The locomotive did good service, and as a reward Gen. Butler offered the engineer a lieutenant's commission, but he refused it.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe now scarcely weighs more than a hundred pounds, and is not much larger than a good sized 12-year-old girl. Her face is most expressive, and always bears a gentle and kindly look. Her thin gray hair is neatly arranged over a broad and thoughtful brow, beneath which are eyes that always twinkle merrily when she speaks of a subject of interest. Her mouth is more expressive than any other feature. It constantly speaks, though no word is spoken. She enjoys a good joke at all times.

The weather bureau is about to attempt a novel experiment. Carrier pigeons are to be pressed into the service where unreliable telegraphic communication exists. With this end in view pigeon coles have been established at Key West, Fla., and at other points along the Florida coast. If the trials to be made turn out successfully a regular carrier-service will be established between the main land, the Bahama islands and Cuba.

One of the most sensational events recently occurring in Washington was the purchase of a new straw hat by Attorney-General Garland. The fact that Mr. Garland has worn his discarded hat for twelve long years, as he himself testifies, makes his late purchase an event of considerable interest. But men do reckless things in a presidential year.

It is now given out that Harry A. Garfield, son of the late president, will marry Miss Belle Mason on the same day that his sister is married to J. Stanley Brown. The double wedding is to take place at their homestead at Mentor. Miss Mason is a relative of Mrs. Garfield, and the two families have always been on terms of the closest intimacy.

After many trials the international copyright bill has passed the senate, and is now before the house for final action. When the bill becomes a law American writers and authors will have the product of their brains protected from the piracy of foreign publishers. If anything needs protection to-day it is American literature.

A prosperous business man of Syracuse, N. Y., was recently sued for breach of promise and \$10,000, and determined to fight it out. When the fair and aggrieved maiden turned into evidence a satchel containing 300 of his love letters he threw up his hands, and the jury gave her 50 cents on the dollar for damages.

Hamarck is the man to whom credit is due for the settlement by arbitration of the trouble between the United States and Morocco. Much as the old fellow dislikes American pork, he doesn't want the United States to abandon hog raising and go into the fighting business.

MEMORIAL DAY.

O'er Soldier's Graves.



And, on this gloomy day, when all the past—its tragedy, its glory, passion, woe—When memories rush upon us thick and fast,

Kindling to life the scenes of long ago; Come we, a race of brothers, bound with ties Cemented by the blood these heroes shed, To muse in reverence, with moistened eyes,

And pay our tribute to the silent dead. Soldier, the glowing wreath that left your hand To lightly fall upon that cherished grave,

Has sanctified the turf on which you stand And smoothed the pillow of the sleeping brave.

Sister, who placed your simple garland so: Son, mother, wife, whose eyelids still are wet; Your daisy gift has stolen half your woe, And told the lost that you can not forget.

Aye, as you grave-eyed dame forbears to weep While strewing forth her fragrant blossoms there, Her hero, in his everlasting sleep, But rests the calmer 'for her loyal care.

No soldier's heart may burn with anger here; The past lies buried, like its noble dead; And from these flowers, with radiance grand and clear, The light of an abiding peace is shed.

To thought of strife and hate arises now In the fulfillment of this sacred trust; For blue and gray at last join hands and vow Eternal friendship o'er each other's dust.

—Harold R. Vyne.

What the Rose Bush Did.

UST look at the bower of roses!" exclaimed Daisy Raymond, as she paused before the gate leading to Aunt Placidia's cottage. "Did you ever see such a bower or beauty?"

"Such roses are not to be found anywhere," replied Julia Dent; "but if we stop to admire them much longer we will not finish our wreaths before dark."

"Let us go in and ask for some of the roses and honeysuckles that have almost closed both door and window of the wee house," urged Daisy.

"You do not know Aunt Placidia or you would not think of entering within her enclosure," said Julia. "Why, she was going to throw scalding water on Jimmie Lyons for daring to cross her yard the other day. Oh, you don't know her, Daisy, or you would not think of risking your life by intruding upon forbidden ground," exclaimed Alice Gray, looking very sober.

"Mother says she used to be like other people, but her son was killed at Lookout Mountain, and ever since she has been a little beside herself," explained Florence Marks.

"Then, if her boy lost his life in the service of his country, she will be interested in strewing the soldiers' graves. I am sure she will give us one rose for each grave. She will never miss twenty, and I am going to brave the lioness in her den," persisted Daisy as she opened the gate and walked into the yard.

"If you are determined to carry out your foolishness, I will go along, although you will have your pains for nothing I assure you," said Julia, following the wilful girl.

"We will wait around the corner, and if the old woman begins to abuse you we will be near at hand," said Alice, as she hurried away to the place of concealment.



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU AFTER?"

Though Daisy had been so brave, it was a timid knock that aroused the old dame from her habitual reverie. She was so long in making her appearance that the girls, supposing that she would not admit them, were about to retire. At that moment they heard the thump of her crutches on the floor, and presently the bolt slipped back, and a very cross-looking face appeared at the door.

"What on earth are you after?" snapped the angular creature in a querulous voice.

"You know to-morrow is Memorial day, and we came to buy a rose for each soldier's grave. Yours are so beautiful,"

Daisy began, trying to control the quiver that ran through her frame.

"Roses for soldiers' graves and my own poor boy Billie a nameless one in the far-away, forgotten field! No, indeed! Didn't my Tommy carry that rose bush all the way home from Tennessee a score of years ago, and wasn't it planted by his own hands. 'Now, mother,' said he, 'take care of the rose-bush, and when I come home again it will be in bloom.' But when war was over and other mothers pressed their boys to their hearts, mine called on, for Tom, my boy, had been left among the slain on the mountain. I vowed then that his rose-bush should never be disturbed, and from that day to this I have watched it night and day. Never have my hands plucked a single bud; and you have the impudence to ask me for his roses to spread over the graves of rich men's sons, while ever a flower is laid on his own. You need not be a waitin', for not one rose will you get. I gave my boy to die for the country, and a mighty poor return did I get. While I was able to work I managed to get enough to eat and wear, but since I have been crippled up with the rheumatiz I often have to go to bed cold and hungry. A poor return, a poor return, I say."

"I am really sorry for you," said Daisy, ready to cry.

"Sorry won't put clothes on my back and food in my mouth, I can tell you," snapped the old woman impatiently.

"You ought to have a pension, and I am sure if the President knew how badly off you are, he would give you one," ventured Julia, not knowing just how a pension could be obtained.

"I am really sorry for you," said Daisy, ready to cry.

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"THEY ARE FOR THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES."

"A pension! the price of blood. Girl, what do you mean? Would I take money for the life of my boy?" cried the infuriated creature, raising her cane in a threatening manner.

"No, no! we did not mean that, but is there nothing we can do to help you?" explained Daisy.

"Yes, you can take yourselves off and let me alone," was the sharp rejoinder.

"No sooner had they turned away than the door was shut with a bang, and the bolt slipped back to its place.

Julia was grateful to be out in the free air once more, but Daisy's tender heart tempted her to plead the cause of the lonely old woman with so much eloquence as to enlist the sympathies of the villagers; and that night a dozen girls, headed by Julia and herself, knocked for admittance again at Aunt Placidia's door.

After considerable grumbling, the old woman hebbled across the room and demanded what they meant by disturbing her. "If you've come thinking to tease me out of them roses you'd better be off," she began; but Daisy assured her that they had not come for that purpose, and asked if they might not go in.

Aunt Placidia granted the desired permission, muttering that she wished their call to be short, for it was near her bedtime; but when she saw the contents of their baskets, and knew that food and clothing to last her a long time were before her, the fountains of her heart were opened, and the grateful tears streamed down her withered cheeks. As soon as she could speak she asked: "Why did you do all this for the cross old creature who had only words of abuse for you?"

"Because you did so much for us in giving your son for our dear country," cried Daisy. "Father says we owe all this and a great deal more to you, and to all the mothers whose sons fill soldiers' graves."

"And we want to be your friends and come to see you, too, sometimes," faltered Julia, feeling that it was her duty to say something, and not knowing just what she ought to say.

"Come when you can, my dears, and right glad will the old crone be to see your bright faces. But I can't give you Tommy's roses, for I could not bear to break 'em off, because he was to have the first one that bloomed, and it would break my old heart to have his flowers a-cov'ring other soldiers' graves, and his'n all grown up to weeds," said the old woman, as she opened the door for them to file out.

"We will not ask them, chorused the girls, too well pleased with their victory to trouble about her treasures.

After her visitors had gone, and she had fully satisfied her hunger, the old woman could not realize that the strange occurrence had actually taken place, and more than once she raised the covering on the table, and feasted her eyes on the abundance spread out before her there, to convince herself that she was not laboring under a delusion.

When, at last, she did sleep, it was to dream of people strewing flowers upon the graves of soldiers, and Tommy's still left without a single blossom. A new thought seized her, and gathering an armful of her own roses, she started in search of the lonely grave. In her vision she passed over hills and through valleys, crossed rivers and waded through marshes, until the mountains where she knew her dead reposed, rose up before her like a mighty giant.

At first she feared that her search would be fruitless, but the sound of heavenly music suddenly filled the air, and two shining angels bearing immortal flowers flew swiftly past her, and pausing beneath the sheltering branches of a great oak, began to water the blossoms over an unmarked grave. Drawing nearer, she inquired whose dead was buried there. The reply was: "This is the grave of Private Thomas Henny, one of the many unknown

which God and the angels watch over, then a rustle of their wings awoke her, but the blessed in use of their presence remained. When Daisy and Julia came to leave memorial wreaths for her dead boy, she placed a basketful of roses in their hands, saying: "They are for the soldiers' graves. I cut 'em this mornin' before the dew was dry, so they would keep fresh and sweet." Then she repeated her dream, adding: "So you see, if God and the angels are sending to Tommy's grave, I have no need to be selfish with his roses."

Though her aches and pains kept her from going to the cemetery that day, she did not bar her doors and blind her windows, as had been her wont on similar occasions; but from her easy chair on the porch she enjoyed listening to the music and watching the procession as it moved along.

Though she persistently refused to apply for the pension that belonged to her by rights, from that time forth she was cared for by the villagers, and Tommy's mother never again lacked for friends. When next the loyal people turn out to honor the dead heroes, Aunt Placidia's white face will be missing from the wind woe, for she has gone to join her soldier boy on the other side; but Tommy's roses she bequeathed to the children for Memorial Day.—Bell V. Chisholm.

HER TWO BOYS.

AN INCIDENT OF DEcoration DAY. BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

She was a stern-visaged woman, with many lines graven deep on her face by those two sculptors, time and care. Her form was somewhat bent with the weight of years, but it bore the uprightness of resistance yet. Her hair, drawn back under a mourning veil, was as white as snow. She did not look tender, loving and loyal, but she was all three.

Accompanied by a young girl, she moved slowly through a crowded cemetery to the lodge of the old sexton.

"How are my two boys?" she asked when they reached him.

Her lips quivered, and you saw then that the luster had gone out of her eyes forever, and that the little maid whose hand she held was eyes for the blind.

"The boys are all right, ma'am," said the sexton with deep respect, "they're safe and tidy. I've put a bit of decoration there myself, for I thought maybe ye might not come to-day."

"When I do not come, it will be because my feet are stayed here," answered the blind mother. "I have the flags and flowers with me. Are t'air graves green?"

"As green, ma'am, as June, which it nearly is. An' the o'wers a-growin' of their own accord as thick as stars in a clear sky."

They moved together to the part of the cemetery where the little flags studded the grass above the boys in blue.

"Here they are: just feel of them a bit, ma'am. The grass as soft as a baby's cheek to the touch, ma'am. I warrant."

The mother knelt reverently by the two graves that were so exactly alike no eye could detect the difference. She laid her withered face against the cool growing grass, and remained motionless a long time. And I she were crying out in rebellion in her heart, or if she were praying, there were none to know, save God, who could see and hear.

"Boys," she called softly at last: "boys, mother's come."

Other mourners came bringing their flowers and passed on. An old man whose four soldier lads slept near stopped to look at this lonely, crouching figure.

The sexton informed him in pantomime that she was not in her right mind—out of her head.

"She doesn't know the difference," he said in an undertone, "but the two soldier boys buried here are not hers. They are rebels. They came north and died in the hospital. They knew of her boys, and were the first to tell her that they died at Chattanooga. She was sick a long time after that, and has never been right since. When these two died of their wounds and were buried here, she found it out and said they were her boys and she's always believed it. An' it don't do her a bit of harm, as I can see."

The old man turned away, shaking his head sadly, while the mother arranged the flowers on the two graves to suit her sightless touch.

When they were finished they were just alike in their decorations, even to the two flags crossed at their heads. "My boys" murmured the stricken mother, "my dear, dead soldier boys, whom God hath in His most holy keeping. Mether will be with you soon. It is almost time. I cannot see your faces, or even your dear graves, but He will tell you that mother is coming soon."

Oh! divine passion of human love and sorrow! Who shall say that Thou, too, hast not a miracle of transubstantiation for this mother's faith! That while she weeps by these two graves wherein lie sleeping the two brave soldier boys, some unknown mother may not be watching her brave lads in some southern bivouac of the dead. And that for this day and hour, each was given to his own, by order of the Great Commander, to whom the soldiers of the south and the soldiers of the north, the boys in gray and the boys in blue, have alike surrendered.

Modern Improvements in Devotion.

A friend of mine has a telephone in his East End residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter some four years in age, of winning ways, sweet face, and artfully artless manners.

When bedtime came a few nights ago the mother of this little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery; and, carrying on the search, her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, heard the babe's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters she was surprised to see tiny Miss Mabel standing on a hall chair and talking into the telephone in a loud voice.

"Hello! Hello! Hello, Central!" the child was saying in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, Central! Give me heaven, I want t' say my prayers!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FACT AND FANCY.

Post Stoddard can handle a vicious horse with ease.

Yon Moltke says that Boulanger "knows something."

Sir Charles Dilke is going on a tour in Afghanistan.

Capt. Mayne Reid's widow is engaged on a sketch of his life.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, is athletic and over six feet.

Mrs. Daniel Bandmann will shortly play "Lady Macbeth."

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake thinks women would make good soldiers.

C. P. Huntington owns more miles of railroad than any other man in America.

Fitz Greene Halleck's poem, "Marco Bozaris," has been suppressed in Turkey.

Miss Rose Coglian has the smallest foot for her size of any woman on the stage.

Gladstone plays the violin, but he does it as he chafe down trees, by main strength.

Cardinal Manning is preparing a magazine article on "Darwin's Life and Letters."

An autographic manuscript of Burns' poems was sold recently at Sotheby's for \$1,075.

Each of Worth's employes is allowed one dress a year made up to suit themselves.

Belva Lockwood has a great admiration for "the brave, honest, moral and frugal Mormon."

Andrew Lang has been chosen lecturer on Natural Theology at St. Andrew's University.

F. C. Burnand, of London Punch, has decided not to come to this country on a lecture tour.

There's no mystery about the Farmer's Trust. The farmer's trust is an summer boarder.

Rev. Dr. W. DeLoss Love, of Hartford, Conn., is collecting material for a history of the Love family.

"Ouida," who is sixty years of age, wears her yellow hair flying loose, and light-colored décolleté dresses.

The Prince of Wales has charge of a monument fund to erect a memorial to the late Col. Valentine Baker.

Grace Hawthorne sends from London an explicit denial of the story that she had married the manager, W. W. Kelly.

Miss Mollie Garfield is said to be an exceptionally well informed girl, and takes an especial interest in scientific matters.

"What's an amateur, Helen?" asked Robbie of his elder sister. "I think it's a person who isn't very mature," was the wise reply.

A Denver man had been arrested for stealing three boxes of cigars of the value of eighty-three cents a box. The defense will be insanity.

"What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.

W. O. Stoddard has added to his series of "Lives of the Presidents," a volume containing biographies of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

"Can't some little boy tell me what animals lie in wait for their food?" said the teacher, and little Johnny Blinks piped out: "Please, teacher, the coal dealers!"

A memorial of the late Daniel Manning has been placed by his widow in St. Paul's Church, Albany. It is a large Latin Cross of polished brass, appropriately inscribed.

Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, has gone into retirement in a cottage about five miles from Los Angeles, Cal. He can afford to sit under his own orange and fig trees there.

Murphy, moight of ax yez whudder it's natheral or artificial fuz yez to be dat bow legged?" "Artificial, Moltke: of rode up in a b'loon wan toime an' walked back."

Woman (who has given something to eat to a tramp)—"You have a very awkward way of eating, man." Tramp—"Yes, ma'am, I guess it's 'cause I'm out of practice."

Algernon—"Why, Charley, you seem to have a good appetite this morning. Been taking any exercise?" Charley—"Yaz, dean b'boy, twied on feshw new coats this mawnin'."

Mrs. Bascom—"They say that Jim Simpkins lost all his money in a Pharaoh Bank in New York. I tell you, them Egyptians air a graspin' lot. The children of Israel found that out."

Clinton Scallard, the archaeologist, has finished his studies in the land of the Pharaohs and will shortly return to this country. He will, in all probability, embody the result of his investigations in a book.

A window from Munich has been placed in Christ Church, Georgetown, D. C., as a memorial to Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," who was one of the original ten incorporators of the church.

The Emperor William during his lifetime saw disappear from the scene six Popes, eight Emperors, fifty-two Kings, six Sultans, and twenty-one Presidents. Four of these are still alive, but the remaining eighty-nine are dead.

Life Insurance Agent—"Madam, our company has never failed to pay a single claim, and when you consider that one-sixth of our holders die every year, you—" Madam—"So many die! Really I can't think of taking a policy; I don't think it would be safe."

Among the gentlemen who attended the recent convention in Denver of the International Range Association was ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who is one of the largest cattle owners in New Mexico. His holdings of ranch lands at one time aggregated 104,000 acres.

Webster Appleton Edgar, son of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte by her first marriage, and great-grandson of Daniel Webster, is about to marry a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. The young lady's mother, a widow, is a clerk in the Quartermaster General's office.

Haughty Stranger (at St. Peter's gate)—"Ah there, Pete! Get a move on you; open her up!" St. Peter—"Who are you, sir?" Haughty Stranger—"I'm from the Gale plow works at Albion." St. Peter—"Yes, exactly; you're the man that wants the earth. Well, you can go to the devil. He's got the most of it."

New York Republicans Enthusiastic for Blaine.

The New York republican state convention was held in Buffalo May 16. When the names of Blaine and Depew were spoken there were deafening cheers for one as strong as the other. Upon the conclusion of the routine proceedings the usual committees were appointed and the convention took a recess until 4 p. m. The committee on resolutions met during recess and considered resolutions. George Bliss, chairman, offered this resolution which was adopted for presentation to the convention: The republicans of New York, in convention assembled, certain that the national convention at Chicago will present candidates for president and vice-president, whose devotion to American ideas and to the protection of labor, agriculture and manufactures, will commend the approval of the people, pledge to the republican standard bearers in the national contest their united and zealous support and enter upon the canvass confident of victory. Resolved, that all questions relating to the policy of the republican party as to national and state policy be referred to the republican national and state conventions respectively to be held during the present year. After the convention re-assembled, the committee on resolutions reported the platform given above and the following additional: Resolved, that we approve the action of the republican members of congress in opposing the Mills tariff bill, so called and we urge them to persevere in defeating every device intended to place upon the statute book the free trade theories of Mr. Cleveland's annual message. The report was approved. Resolutions were then presented by individual members of the convention and adopted: Paying tribute to the memory of the late Roscoe Conkling, and providing a uniform method for the choice of presidential electors by congressional districts hereafter. Chauncey M. Depew, Frank Hiscock, Warner Miller and Thomas P. Plant, were endorsed and elected by the convention as delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention. The district delegates had already been chosen at district conventions. Electors-at-large will be named by the gubernatorial convention. Resolutions endorsing the state league of republican clubs was passed, and the convention adjourned.

Female Horse Thieves.

Katie Phillips of Cleveland, and Annie Johnson of Atlanta, Ga., both pretty and elegantly dressed, were arrested at Akron, Ohio, the other day for horse stealing. They had hired a livery rig at Bolivar, O., and failed to return it. They spent last night in jail. The girls treated the matter as a big joke, and said they had simply started out to have a good time. Miss Johnson says she has been visiting Miss Phillips in Cleveland for the past few weeks. The names given by them are thought to be fictitious. Both are exceptionally bright, and their innocent manners puzzle the officers.

New in the Field.

The united labor (single tax) convention at Cincinnati, nominated Robert H. Coudrey of Chicago, for president of the United States, and W. H. T. Wakefield, of Council Grove, Kas., for vice president. Coudrey is a native of Indiana, but has resided in Chicago since the fire, and is a practical chemist and editor of the "Druggists' Journal." He left the republican party in 1878. Wakefield was born in New York, is a lawyer and farmer, and was one of the original Kansas pioneers.

His "No" is Final.

B. F. Jones, chairman of the national republican committee, declares that Blaine has appointed no residuary legate and has expressed a preference for no candidate, but is anxious only that the best man may be nominated. Mr. Jones further deposes and says that Blaine's letter from Florence is final, and that there is no concerted action among Blaine's friends to force his nomination.

Terrible Wind Storm.

A terrific wind storm swept over the mining town of Aurora, Mo., the other morning, almost entirely demolishing the town, and leaving hundreds of people without shelter. A great deal of stock perished, but no loss of human life occurred.

Tennessee for Blaine.

Tennessee republicans endorse the position taken by Blaine in his Paris letter on the protection of American labor, and adopted a platform favoring protected industries and the repeal of internal revenue. The delegates chosen are all Blaine men.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including wheat, corn, oats, barley, malt, clover seed, rye, flour, apples, beans, butter, cheese, maple sugar, eggs, honey, hay, mill, onions, potatoes, peaches, turkeys, ducks, provisions, hides, and live stock.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Market strong; beefs, \$4.00; steakers and feeders, \$3.00-3.25; cows and mixed, \$1.75-2.00; Texas cattle, \$2.00. HOGS—Market weaker; mixed, \$5.00-5.50; heavy, \$5.00-5.25; light, \$5.00-5.25; pigs, \$3.00-3.50. SHEEP—Market weak; common, \$2.00; lower, \$1.50; western, \$2.00-2.25; inferior to fair, \$2.00-2.25.

George D. Prentice and George Francis Train.

One afternoon about twenty-two or thirty years ago, a debonair young gentleman walked into the editorial rooms of the old Louisville Journal and asked to see Mr. Prentice. He was clad in a handsome blue broadcloth coat of the swallow-tail style, with smooth and glittering brass buttons. His trousers were of black doeskin, his shoes shiny, patent leather, his vest of some heavy buff material over which his coat was buttoned so that it doubled in front, and showed an inch or two below the front of the coat; and in his hand he carried a rich-looking soft hat. His hair was black, wavy and plentiful, and his upper lip was covered with a luxuriant and well-kept moustache. Altogether there was an air of elegant negligence about him. The man was over the medium height and build, and presented a card which bore the words "George Francis Train. Civis Americanus Sum."

Being then Mr. Prentice's amanuensis and private secretary, I presented Mr. Train to the immortal George D., w. t. post and editor. Train seemed to be a little staggered. I presume he expected to see a large, imposing and severe man and he beheld "a lean and slippared pantaloon." Mr. Prentice was peculiarly a slouchy man then, in his dress, and altogether careless of his personal appearance. Indeed, I believe he never had been "dressy." His hair, which had once been jet black, fell on his shoulders and even about his cheeks, well mixed with gray, and his whitening beard, which was also very long and which covered nearly all of his face, except the nose, eyes and forehead, was tied as close up as possible with a cotton twine and his ears were stuffed with cotton. Tobacco juice stained his vest and he had a habit of using his fingers for a paste-brush and of wiping them on his pantaloon. He had taken off his long, black frock-coat and replaced it with a brown, somewhat ragged and altogether disreputable-looking old yarn pea-jacket, or what was commonly called, in Kentucky, a "warmus." On the table near him stood his hat. This was a slouch with a tall crown and it answered the place of pockets in his clothes, which sort of receptacles he never used. He carried in his hat everything that other men carry in their pockets, and more too. Being unable to write more than a word or two at a time with his own hand, he would, with both of his trembling, writers-palsy-stricken hands make out to scratch memoranda of such things as he desired to consider, upon the margins of newspapers, and these little bits he would throw into his hat for future reference. He usually had the old felt about half full of them. He also carried his pocket-knife, pencils, scissors, keys, etc., in the hat, and I have often seen him, absent-mindedly, drop a well-masticated quid of tobacco into it instead of throwing the "old soldier" away.

This was the famous editor, the author of "The Life of Henry Clay," the champion and bosom friend of "Prince Harry of the West," during the latter's glorious and brilliant career as a statesman; the writer of "The Closing Year," and other grand poems; the man whose keen wit, caustic sarcasm, eloquence, and terse epigrammatic force drove giants before him with his pen. Yet his quiver was filled with arrows of all sizes, from the quill of the humming-bird, to that of the indite a fierce philippic, in prose, or tune his sentence to a sweet and tender song of sympathy or love, in poetry. Train exhibited his astonishment for an instant, unobserved by Mr. Prentice, however, and at once the two fell into earnest conversation. Train was in Louisville with Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony and a number of other leading woman's right women; and was assisting in their suffrage crusade. After a pleasant stay of a half-hour or so, Twain withdrew and Prentice proceeded to dictate a pen-picture of his late visitor.

For many years Mr. Prentice had been forced to write by an amanuensis, being as before intimated, a sufferer from "scrivener's cramp," or writer's palsy, known in surgery as chorea scriptorum. He would walk the floor in a slipshod way, with his hands clasped behind him, and in a somewhat piping voice, with a nasal twang—being also afflicted with catarrh—he would dictate to his amanuensis, punctuating the matter as he went. He always began his articles with what is known in typography as a "fist"—a little cut of a hand with the index finger pointing, and thus his pen-picture of George Francis Train was like this:

(F st) A locomotive that has

run off the track (comma) turned upside down (comma) with the cow-catcher buried in a stump and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute (full stop) A kite in the air that has lost its tail (dash) a human movel without a hero (dash) a man who climbs a tree for a bird's nest (comma) out on a limb (comma) and in order to get it saw the limb off between himself and the tree (full stop) A ship without a rudder (dash) a clock without hands (dash) an arrow shot into the air (dash) a sermon that is all ext. (dash) a pantomime of words (dash) the apotheosis of talk (comma) the incarnation of gab (full stop) Handsome (comma) v. vacuous (comma) muscular (comma) as neat as a cat (comma) a judge of the effect of clothes (comma) frugal in food and regular only in habits (full stop) A noonday mystery (dash) a solved conundrum (dash) a cypher hunting for a figure to pass for something (semi-colon) with the brains of twenty men in his head (comma) all pulling in different directions (semi-colon) not bad as to heart (comma) but a man who has shaken hands with reverence (full stop) This is George Francis Train (full stop).

Thus did Mr. Prentice draw a picture of the restless agitator which photographs him inside and out, even to-day. Will Vischer in Arkansas Traveler.

GENIUS AT WORK.

The Eccentric of Some of the Famous Men of the World.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

The great romancer, Balzac, after a frugal dinner at 6 or 7 o'clock, was called at midnight, when he took a cup of black coffee, or green, rather, and extremely strong, and worked till noon.

Turgot never worked but when he had dined heartily.

Pitt never ate but at his own table, which was frugal; only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Peruvian bark.

Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly round one of his thumbs all the time his speech last. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse.

Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate of London always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead.

Girodet never loved to work during the day. At night, when inspiration came to him, he arose, lighted candles, and, half muffled up, painted.

Michael Angelo did nearly the same, but with a single candle.

The historian, Mezeray, would work only with a candle, even at midday and midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Gretty, to animate himself when composing breakfast and took coffee, and then applied himself day and night to his piano.

Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

It is said that Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water.

Guido Reno painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged about him.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work; and thus, during long life, they accomplished marvellous works.

Some persons can think only standing or in walking, the room with swift strides. Some, like Montesquieu, compose in a post-chaise. One has need of complete isolation, profound calm; another of the open air and the noise of the crowd.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt-sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" in a large arm-chair and his head thrown back.

When Fox had eaten heartily he would retire to his study, envelope his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled upon each other, and this little pile of papers stitched together were the first form of his manuscripts.

Napoleon had his partolar mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council he staid in his study, talked to himself and sung, or like a child, out the arms of his chair; then suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.

Fifty years ago the country then known as Canada East was sparsely settled, especially that portion lying east of the St. Francis river and bordering on Maine. The animal commonly known as the Canadian gray wolf was then the scourge of the country. They often gathered in large numbers, apparently under the guidance of an acknowledged leader, and attacked whatever came in their way. Not only sheep and small animals were slaughtered, but horned cattle, horses, and even human beings fell prey to these bloodthirsty scourges. The wolf is scarcely, if ever, known to attack any creature except some of the smaller species, singly, as he has ever been noted for his cowardice, but when pressed by hunger and an available opportunity for securing a good round meal is discovered by the leader of the pack, he at once begins to howl. This is understood and answered by others, until, in an incredibly short time, they are all assembled, when, under the guidance and at a well known signal from the leader, the frightful and ominous war cry, known as that of the chase, is sounded. Then whatever happens to be the object of pursuit is generally doomed to destruction. The leader when he becomes feeble by reason of old age or other disabilities, is generally vanquished in an encounter with some younger, and more vigorous male and then set upon by the entire pack and driven out to die alone. The wolves sometimes seen singly, or in pairs in northern Maine are said to be refugees from northern Canada and perfectly harmless, as their defeat and exile has rendered them so cowardly that no danger need be feared, as they will never attack anything larger than a partridge or rabbit.

In the autumn of the year 1832, near the close of a bright, sunny day, a traveler alighted at a little wayside inn situated on the borders of one of those extensive Canadian forests, known as the Crown lands, and called for a feed for his horse and a lunch. He was a powerfully built man, of fine personal appearance, in the prime of life, and evidently one who had seen much of the world. The horse he rode, whose symmetrical form, finely-shaped head and lofty mien plainly indicated his careful breeding, was unsaddled, neatly groomed and placed in the stable. A frugal meal of deer-steak, potatoes, buckwheat griddle cakes and maple honey was soon placed on the table, to which the hungry traveler immediately proceeded to do ample justice. To this was added a tumbler and small decanter of whisky, as at that day a drink of some kind of liquor, especially among gentry and travelers at least, before each meal, was not only considered respectable, but almost indispensable. Of the latter, however, the guest declined to partake, remarking that he had never yet tasted liquor of any kind, and hadn't the least desire to commence now. In reply to interrogatories, he stated that he was agent of a large publishing house in Philadelphia, and bound to Quebec; that he must hasten, as he wished to pass the long woods that night.

"Pass the woods to-night?" exclaimed the landlord in surprise. "Indeed you must do no such thing. The woods are filled with wolves, and they are uncommonly fierce. If you encounter a pack, as no doubt you will, your life must pay the forfeit; so please stay where you are in welcome, but I beg you will not bazzard your life in this reckless manner."

The traveler, thinking his host over anxious, and as he carried a large sum of money, began to mistrust danger from another source. The more he pondered, the firmer became his conviction that mischief was meant, and the story of the wolves one of their invention to suit the occasion and their own wicked purpose. Furthermore, knowing the moon to be near the full and a smooth road before him, besides being well mounted, he anticipated nothing but a pleasant ride.

Bidding his host a hasty goodby, he mounted his horse and was soon lost to sight in the distant forest. Nothing of interest occurred to disturb the monotony of his journey until several miles or perhaps more than half the distance had been passed, when he descried a dark object at a short distance ahead, which he at first took for some stray dog. The creature trotted along for some distance in a leisurely manner, occasionally casting a backward glance at the horse and rider, then with a sudden bound disappeared in the forest. But a few moments intervened when a short distance to his right he heard the prolonged howls of a wolf. This was immediately answered by another at his left, and then another another in different directions, till the whole surrounding forest seemed alive with them.

The horse, as though apprehending

his pace, the howls still continuing and apparently coming nearer each other, all in his rear. The poor traveler heartily wished he had heeded the advice of his landlord, which he now, alas! too lately discovered was kindly given. Soon that frightful and ominous cry known as the chase war whoop sounded far and wide through the surrounding forest, enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

Casting a hasty glance to his rear he discovered the whole pack in full chase. The horse now began to run at the top of his speed, but his master soon found him no match for these bloodthirsty wretches, encumbered as he was with a weight of at least over 200 pounds. Drawing one of his pistols as they neared him he fired a random shot among the pack. A quick, short yelp or kind of scream told that his shot had taken effect, causing a halt.

The entire pack pitched upon their wounded comrade, tearing him in shreds, and devoured him piecemeal. Meanwhile our hero made the most of his time, cheering his now frantic horse until he almost seemed to fly. But this availed but little, as he was soon again overtaken. The wolves completely maddened by the taste of blood, now became more fierce than before. He now fired his remaining pistol, which was disposed of in the same manner as the first. Could he have but maintained a running fight in this manner by reloading he could possibly have gained the open country, but this was before the days of revolvers, repeaters and breech-loaders. Beside, in his agitation, thinking his pistol of no further use after being discharged, they were thrown away as useless.

What to do now was a hard question. Both pistols gone, and wolves all around him, miles from the open country or any shelter or habitation. The noble beast now began to pant for breath, and as he imagined, to faller in his gait. The wolves were snapping on either side of him, snapping at his legs and the flanks of his horse. Knowing that he couldn't hold out much longer at this rate of speed, he, in his affection for his faithful steed, was actuated by the thought of severing the girths of his saddle, throwing himself among his savage purgurers, and thereby giving his companion a chance for his life. Patting his arched neck he exclaimed: "Poor Pompey, I fear they will pick your bones tonight!"

The wolves had now got in advance of the horse, some jumping for his nose and throat, while others were trying to seize him by the hamstring, their distended eyeballs flashing fire, and their horrid fangs glistening in the moonlight.

He was about to give over in despair, when, like a shock of electricity, the thought came to his mind, his snuff box! To think was to act. Being an inveterate snuff taker, and being quite an epicure in that way, he had taken the precaution before leaving home to provide himself with a package of prime old Macaboy. Seizing his saddle bags, he tore them open, crushed the package at a grasp, and cast the contents in their upturned faces.

The scene that followed beggars description. All the fiends of the infernal region let loose could never more than equal it. A momentary silence and then with an unearthly cry of mingled rage and pain they abandoned their object of pursuit and pitching into each other they commenced tearing and fighting in the most horrid manner.

The horse continued his flight, soon arriving at a farm house, where every attention was paid to both horse and rider that kindness and their limited means could furnish.

The next day, the horse seeming somewhat jaded, he concluded to stop a few days and recruit; also try and recover lost property, his money, pistol, clothes and papers of much value all being gone. Accompanied by two of the neighbors he returned to the scene of his adventures. All his lost property was found just where it was dropped, but the scene of the conflict was a sight to behold; by counting tails, ears and feet, all that seemed to be left, they judged that over twenty wolves were killed and devoured by their bloodthirsty comrades. The wolves soon disappeared from that neighborhood never to return, except now and then a straggler.—Ez.

Litera Scripta Manet.

Fred had been repeatedly told he must not ask people for money. One day he met Mr. Williams, who could never resist an appeal from the small boy.

"Mr. Williams," said Freddy, "do you ever give five centes to little boys what don't ask for 'em?"

"He got the money.—Derroll Free Press.

PERTINENT POINTS.

The statement that "all's fair in love" is repudiated by the brunettes.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Congressmen are willing to work sixteen hours a day to pass an eight-hour law. *Labor vincit omnia.*—*Washington Critic.*

It is a queer thing that in the ethics of kinship a man usually rushes for his uncle after bidding good-by to his wife.—*Tid-Bits.*

The proper way to go up-stairs is to step leisurely and hold the body erect. A better way is to take the elevator.—*Washington Critic.*

Impetuous and embarrassed bridegroom (to wealthy bride): "With this ring I thee wed, and—and—with all thy worldly goods I me endow."—*Puck.*

"Pa," said Bertie the other day, "Why do they call a ship 'she'?" Because, my son, she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."—*Judge.*

A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington, has a very thin wife. The boys have nick named them "enough" and "too spare."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Boston says Sullivan was over-trained. This is like John Randolph's description of some Virginia land—"poor by nature, and ruined by cultivation."—*Baltimore American.*

Visitor (to convict): "What are you in for, friend?" Convict: "For taking cold, sir." Visitor: "For taking cold?" Convict: "Yes, sir. I nipped a freezer full of ice-cream."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A prize-fighter can get along all right with a broken arm or leg, but if his jaw should happen to be fractured or his tongue cut off what in the world would become of him?—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It costs \$2,000,000 a year to maintain the imperial family of Germany. This statement leads us to believe that the imperial family must keep at least two girls in the kitchen.—*Spencer's Journal.*

Crossing-sweeper to dude with young lady: "Please, mister, gimme a cent." Dude (angrily): "Aw, go away, boy; I haven't any cents." Young lady smiles and dude doesn't know why.—*Washington Critic.*

So it was "just for fun" that Hoodlum Carey murdered the inoffensive Chinaman, Moy Ny Ding, was it? Well, Sheriff Matson should now be permitted to have his little fun with Carey and a piece of rope.—*Chicago Times.*

George Gould says he cannot tell much about the Blackshear railroad wreck—it came about so suddenly. This is about what happens when his father sets out to wreck a railroad. All the victims know about it is that there is a crash and several millions of dollars have gone from their pockets into Jay Gould's.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"What is an assessor?" asked Rollo. "He is a man," replied Mr. Holliday, who goes around and guesses at the value of people's property." "Does he guess pretty well?" "Ye-es," replied Mr. Holliday, "he strikes a pretty fair average. He guesses two low on men of his own party and too high on the property of the opposition, and so comes out about right." "Is he a sworn officer?" "Indeed he is; he is sworn at."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Rubbing Pet.

Men have made pets of all sorts of creeping things. Even fleas have been so domesticated as to work for their trainer's profit. A noted Frenchwoman seeks amusement in the society of a pet lion, who, being young, is allowed the run of her departments.

An Englishman, sojourning in Northern Australia, found, one day, a black fellow at his quarters, with a young alligator in a sack, which he was anxious the white men should buy for a pet. The "new chum," as strangers are there called, first made inquiries into the habits of the reptile when domesticated, and received this information:

"At first the alligator tries to bite and lashes with his tail, but soon becomes tame and fawns upon his master like a dog; then the trouble begins.

"On hearing his master's voice, the reptile, to show his pleasure, rubs against him. The difference between a rub from an alligator and that from a crosscut saw is trifling."

The Englishman didn't buy much to the disgust of the black fellow.

The Study of "Ben Hur."

General Lew Wallace's study in his home at Crawfordsville is not furnished and decorated in the latest modern style. It is a barren room, with no furniture in it, but a table and a chair. On this table are pen, ink and paper and pile of a books, most for reference, the others a copy of the New Testament, a Life of Christ, and "Ivanhoe." When General Wallace is at work, the door is closed; when work is over, it is opened for play. General Wallace's methods of writing are different from those of most authors. "Ben Hur" was first written on a slate, then on soft paper with a lead pencil. The final copy was made on large unruled paper, in violet ink, and written in a copper-plate hand that was as easy to read as print. When the weather permits, General Wallace writes out-of-doors under the big trees that surround his house.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Professional gamblers have a great many superstitions. One of the most practical is that if they deal the cards themselves they have a much better chance to win.—*Somebody's Journal.*

Prof. Jowett, Master of Balliol, is at seventy years of age as active and light-hearted as ever. He walks miles every day, singing or whistling most of the time. He is an enthusiastic amateur musician.

JOAQUIN MILLER is living at present in a little redwood house, about twelve feet high by something like thirty feet in length, perched away up on the side of a naked and rocky mountain near Oakland, Cal.

An Englishman has discovered the ancient porphyry quarries, where the Romans obtained the stones used in their famous buildings. The quarries are ninety-six miles from the Nile and 3,650 feet above the level of the sea.

THE toppers of Dawsonville, Ga., found out that Jamaica ginger was a very good substitute for whisky, the sale of which was prohibited; and ginger drunkards became so plentiful that Dawsonville has prohibited the sale of Jamaica ginger.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, in his lecture on "Literature as a Profession," at Cambridge the other night, said there were more than 1,200 authors, lecturers and literary men in the country, excluding journalists, who would raise the number to 13,000.

EDISON'S latest is a harmonic telegraph, by means of which any number of messages may be sent over the same wire simultaneously in either direction. He has been eleven years perfecting it. The Western Union people have purchased its exclusive use.

WHAT is supposed to be a Confederate gold dollar was found in an ash-heap in Atlanta recently by a colored boy, and sold for \$30. It is said that only six such coins were issued by the Confederate Government, and if genuine, this specimen would be worth \$650.

THE oldest man in Germany, and probably in the world, is named Wapniarek. He lives in the village of Hutta, near Gnesen, in the province of Posen. He was born in 1754. He is therefore 124 years old and still shows no sign of being in a hurry to die.

A PLASTER cast of a fossil egg, found in the tertiary strata of the Island of Madagascar, the original of which is in the Paris Academy of Science, belongs to the National Museum at Washington. It is thirty-four and one-half inches one way and twenty inches the other.

A PECULIAR circumstance connected with Chief Justice Waite's confirmation was the fact that Senator Sumner made a two hours' speech against him, and that the vote taken immediately at its close showed sixty-two votes in Waite's favor and none against him, Mr. Sumner not voting.

AMONG the "fowls of the air" are three, the eagle, swan and raven, which live to the age of one hundred years or more. The parrot and heron attain the goodly age of sixty years. The sparrow-hawk, duck and pelican may live to be forty, while the peacock and finnet reach the quarter century, and the canary twenty-four years.

DURING the sinking of large pits and wells in Nevada strata of rock salt were cut through, in which were found imbedded perfectly preserved fish, which are doubtless thousands of years old, as the salt field occupied what was once the bottom of a large lake, and no such fish are now to be found in any of the modern Nevada lakes. The specimens are not petrified, but fresh, and all are preserved in perfect form, and after being soaked in water for two or three days can be cooked and eaten, but are not very palatable. After being exposed to the air and sun for a day or two they become as hard as wood.

GAWALOWSKI recommends as a harmless red coloring matter for confectionery, and all sorts of eatables the extract of the flower of the red poppy. The leaves when dried yield about 40 per cent. of red dye which may be used as it is, or the pure color may be extracted from the fresh-gathered leaves, by putting them in a clean bottle, pouring sulphuric ether on them and allowing the bottle to remain well corked and undisturbed for about two hours in a cool place. The ether, which may serve twice or three times for the same operation with fresh leaves, is then poured off and undiluted alcohol poured over the leaves. After three or four hours the entire coloring matter of the poppy flower has been extracted and is contained in the alcohol, and may be used either as it is, in the alcoholic solution, or after having been evaporated and re-dissolved in water containing sugar (syrup).

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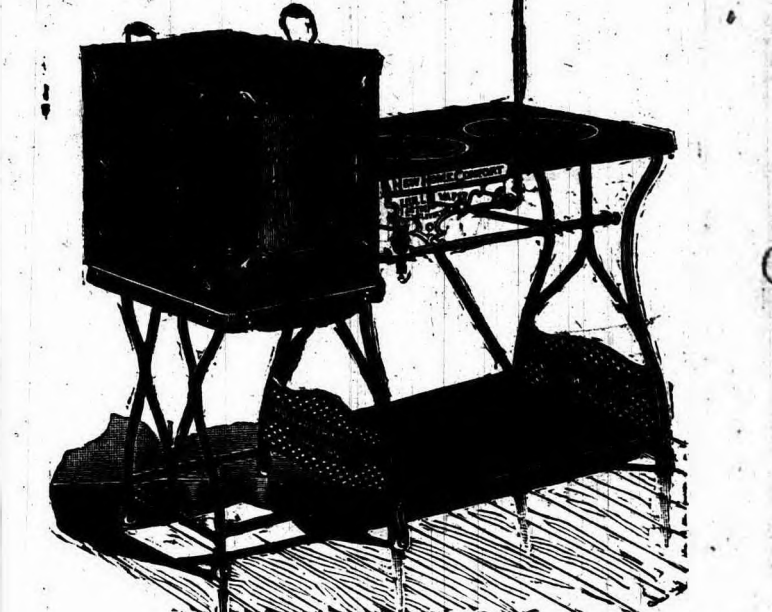
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