

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Mrs. Bailey of Emery Junction, Iosco county, has brought suit for \$5,000 against Scott, a saloon keeper, for selling liquor to her husband.
Minnie Newman's second suit for slander against August Stein ended at Kalamazoo with a verdict for six cents in her favor.
The grateful citizens of Muskegon are buying a marble bust of C. H. Hackley on account of his gift of \$100,000 for the establishment of a public library in their city.

Asa Kingsbury was arrested at Deciple, Mecosta county, a few days since, charged with taking two letters from the postoffice addressed to two young ladies, opening, reading and then destroying them.
Justice Nolan of East Saginaw has a map of the United States which was published in 1835 and which recognizes but 14 towns in Michigan, all but Sault Ste Marie being in the lower peninsula.
The Battle Creek Moon tells of the latest swindle. A stranger calls to sell a fanning mill. During his conversation and walk about the premises with the farmer he is sure to see a horse that suits him and offers to pay a small sum down to secure the bargain.

The Freeman silver mining and smelting company has been organized at Grand Rapids, with \$100,000 capital, to do a general mining business at San Jose, Chihuahua, Mexico.
George Mason, a laborer on a construction train, had his scalp nearly torn off while loading iron at Roscommon.
Three of the dock men who organized the strike at Gladstone, have been held for trial.
Capt. I. C. Little, special pensioner examiner, located at Grand Haven for past year, has been ordered to Washington.

The Platform Adopted.
The prohibition national convention assembled in Indianapolis, Ind., May 30. The entire first day was occupied in preliminary arrangements, and nothing of any importance was accomplished.
On the morning of the 31st the convention again assembled and proceeded to get into a tangle on the rule limiting debate on the suffrage question, those most interested in this probable plank in the platform objecting seriously to so circumscribing debate.
Those favoring an extension of the time of debate were led by Rev. W. T. Mills of Ohio, and Delegate Bascom of Massachusetts.
The latter gentleman moved to extend the debate on the suffrage plank to four hours, the leading speakers to be selected by the two parties and confine the debate to them. On this the previous question was moved and it was voted down.
The rules were then adopted as reported, and thus the first battle on the suffrage question ended without a decisive victory for either side, as various delegates favoring the extension of time oppose woman suffrage.

Kansas, Sam Small's name, and G. C. Christianson of Chicago nominated John A. Brooks of Kansas City. All the names were then withdrawn but Brooks', and he was nominated by acclamation. Mr. Brooks was then called for and accepted in a neat speech.
The national committeemen were then chosen by state delegations, Rev. John Russell and Samuel Dickie being chosen from Michigan.
AT THE CAPITAL.
What is Being Done by the Law-Makers.
Epitome of Washington News.
The senate has passed the bill reviving the grade of "general of the army," and conferring it on Lieut. Gen. Sheridan.
Senators Berry, Coke, Harris, Reagan, Sallsbury, Vance and Wilson of Maryland voted in the negative.
Mrs. Sheridan has written to Senator Manderson thanking him for his agency in passing the bill restoring the grade of general.

DETROIT MARKET.

Table listing market prices for various commodities including wheat, corn, barley, malt, clover seed, feed, flour, apples, beans, peas, butter, cheese, dried apples, eggs, honey, hops, hay, malt, onions, potatoes, poultry, hams, and various meats.

FISK AND BROOKS

The Candidates for the National Prohibition Party.

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The Hawthorne Farm Mystery.

BY JEREMIAH L. M'CARTEHY.

It is with a feeling of diffidence that I sit down, pen in hand, to relate this story to the readers of *The Yankee Blade*, who, I feel sure, will receive it with utter incredulity. Did I not know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the story I am about to tell is the plain truth and nothing but the truth, these lines would never have been written, and the strange story, of which they form a part, would be locked fast in my heart just as it has been locked for seventeen years, and not exposed to the sneers and scoffs of a doubting world. Though, when I think the matter over, I come to the conclusion that the doubting world is not to be blamed so much after all, for my story does seem more like the offspring of a vivid imagination than the plain, truthful narrative that I declare it to be. Still, it is annoying to feel that a statement which you make in good faith, and which you know to be the unvarnished truth, not in any way adorned with the trappings of fancy, will be received as the merest falsehood, and the maker of it as an intentional deceiver. It is not pleasant, I repeat, to know this, and, therefore, I have hesitated long about giving my story to a skeptical world. However, I am now resolved to relate my strange experience, be it believed or not; I believe it to be my duty to do so. My story will prove to the reader, if he be not of a doubting disposition, how true is the saying that truth is stranger than fiction, and it will show what strange mysteries exist concealed from our knowledge in this very queer world of ours.

If anyone is qualified by experience to write about the queer sights and adventures of this life, I think I am the person, for no man, I am sure, has had a larger experience of both than the writer of these lines. Like many a man before me, who has set out to seek his fortune, I have traveled extensively in my time, and seen life in many climes and aspects. I have sought the fickle jade, fortune, in Europe and Australia, and in far off Africa and India, as well as in my native country. I have seen strange things, indeed, and met with stranger adventures, while wrestling fortune from mother earth in the gold mines of California and Australia, among the rough motly adventures of the one, and the convicts and bushrangers of the other. I have sought fortune in the diamond mines of Africa, and have seen queer things there, both among the miners, and the weird savages of that benighted region; and I have met with adventures in India—that paradise of murder and superstition—among the thugs and other fiendish demons of that accursed clime, which if related would cause people to stamp me as a romancer—not to use a stronger term—of the first water. But the strangest experience of my life was met with, not among the rough miners of California and Australia, nor among the fierce savages white and black of the South African diamond fields, nor yet the merciless Plasians of the land of the Hindoo. It was in a plain, commonplace farmhouse, in a dull prosaic New England village, that the weird experience, which I can truly say is the strangest and most mysterious I have ever met with in all my eventful life, and which forms the subject of this story, was encountered.

It happened this way. Seventeen years ago, when I was a much younger man than I am at present, I was engaged in farming in the little town of S—, in Massachusetts. The farm on which I lived was not a desirable one in some respects. The buildings on it were good enough, but the land was poor, being rocky and ill-adapted to agricultural purposes. I had rented it by an arrangement I had made with the owner, but I did not intend to settle on it permanently and was looking around for a more suitable location. One day, I heard of a farm which was offered at a figure which I considered very cheap. This farm was situated in the town of R—, about ten miles from the place I was living in. It was called Hawthorne Farm, owing to the profusion of hawthorne bushes growing about it, and when I examined it, in company with the agent who had charge of it, I was very much pleased with it. The farmhouse and the out-buildings connected with it were in excellent condition, and required but little repairing, while the land surrounding them was as well as I could judge, greatly superior to that of the farm I was occupying. I was surprised at the price, which I thought extremely cheap for such a place, and without further talk on the subject I purchased the farm, paying the price down. In the light of subsequent occurrences, I can see now why the place was disposed of so cheaply, but I

knew nothing about it then, and grasped eagerly at what I considered a bargain. I brought my wife to see it, and she was as pleased with the farm as I was, and approved the purchase. A day or two after we moved into Hawthorne Farm. It was a warm day in June on which we moved, and like all such work, especially in the country, it was a tiresome job. It was almost dark when the last of our things were conveyed into our new domicile and we were tired enough. So after supper was eaten we retired at once to bed, and were sound asleep in a few minutes. We arose early next morning much refreshed by our night's rest. We spent the following day in arranging our household effects and putting things to rights. It was pleasant labor with us, as we were delighted with our new home.

By evening we had settled about everything and were, as you may suppose, tired enough; so, when supper was eaten, we all went to bed early, looking forward to a good night's rest. Right here I will give the reader a diagram of the ground floor of Hawthorne Farm, in order that he will be able to clearly understand what follows. The rooms on the ground floor were two in number, a parlor and kitchen. The former was in the front of the house, and the latter in the back. We had made a bedroom of the parlor temporarily, and it communicated with the kitchen by a door between the two apartments, which, like those in all farmhouses, were large and roomy. The kitchen was the usual kind of kitchen seen in all farmhouses, and there was a door in it leading out into an entry at the side of the kitchen, at the end of which entry was a door leading to a large cellar underneath the house. There was nothing peculiar or worthy of especial mention about the rooms, they being the plain, old-fashioned apartments to be met with in all country houses, so they do not require any extended description here. Well, I was just dropping into a doze, when I heard a noise which filled me with amazement. It came from the stairs leading down into the cellar, and as I listened in momentary astonishment, I heard the sound plian. It was the most peculiar sound I ever heard. It was as if somebody were walking backward down the stairs dragging something after him which bumped at every step. Thinking it was some tramp who had gained access to the cellar, I got up and going out into the entry pulled the cellar door open, and in sharp tones asked who was there. No answer was returned to my question, even when I repeated it, nor could I see anything in the shape of man or animal. Yet the strange noise kept on while I stood there; bump, bump, bump, down the stairs, just as if you dragged a heavy object, such as a sack of potatoes down the stair. When it had apparently reached the foot of the stairs, the noise culminated in a sound like that of a heavy blow, followed by a smothered shriek, and all was still.

Going back to the bedroom I found my wife awake, she having been roused from sleep by the strange sound as I was, and telling her of the mysterious occurrences on the cellar stairs, we talked it over for a while, wondering what had caused it. While we were conversing, my two children, a boy and girl, aged respectively twelve and fifteen years, who slept in rooms overhead, came running down stairs, saying that a woman was crying up in their rooms, and sure enough we heard the sound of crying overhead. Hastily lighting a lamp, I went up-stairs and searched about, but though I hunted everywhere I could not find a trace of anything, man or beast. All the time, like the noise on the cellar stairs, the crying noise continued. It was a strange, sobbing sound, just like a woman crying. I thought it was a cat, but it could not have been caused by one, for not a trace of one could be seen, nor was there any way in which a cat could gain access to the rooms, the windows being tightly locked and shuttered. I searched both rooms thoroughly, but I was compelled at length to give up the search baffled. Suddenly, as if had commenced, the strange sound ceased, and after waiting for a few moments for it to begin again, I went down stairs, utterly mystified. I found all quiet below, although my wife and children were much frightened, and we stayed awake an hour or two awaiting further developments. Nothing occurred, however, and we went to bed again, the children occupying temporary beds in our room, as they were afraid to go up stairs again. At breakfast next morning my wife and I talked the subject of the queer noises over. Naturally we were greatly puzzled by them, and did not know what cause to ascribe them to, for we never dreamed that the sounds were caused by other than an earthly agency. Still, we did not attach any

importance to the matter, as we were plain, practical people without a particle of superstition in our natures, so concluding that the strange noises were mere temporary disturbances, caused by rats or cats, and that they would disappear finally, we dismissed the subject from our minds, and soon other matters engrossed our attention.

When bedtime came we retired as usual, I having previously locked every door and seen to every fastening. I had not the slightest thought that the strange noises would disturb us again, but I was disagreeably mistaken. Scarcely had we laid down, when, as before, the bumping sound commenced on the cellar stairs. There it was, clearly defined. Bump, bump, bump, down the stairs as before, winding up when the invisible disturbers had arrived at the bottom, with the sound of a dull, heavy blow and then a stifled scream.

Then happened what did not happen on the first night. Just as the scream died away on the cellar stairs, the door, which I have mentioned as standing in the entry leading down into the cellar, flew violently open, although I could have sworn I had fastened it securely five minutes before. I know by the sound the door made that something had banged it open, although I could not see, and as I hurriedly sprang out of bed, lit a lamp and investigated, I found that my surmise was correct. There was the door, which I was almost certain I had securely locked, wide open. Going downstairs, I explored the cellar thoroughly, but could see or hear nothing, not even a mouse.

Going up-stairs again I fastened the cellar door and went into the bedroom, where I found the children, having ran down a second time from their bed-rooms overhead, disturbed and frightened by the crying sounds, which, as before, had followed the bumping noise on the cellar stairs. Taking the lamp with me I hurried up-stairs and searched again in every direction for the source of the mysterious sounds, but as before I was at length forced to give up, completely non-plussed by the mysterious affair. I could discover nothing to throw any light on the matter. After listening to the strange noise, which was just like the sound of a woman crying and sobbing, until it suddenly ceased, I went down-stairs where I found my wife and the children very much frightened. They wanted to leave the house at once, but I quieted their fears, telling them that I would clear up the mystery soon.

And this I was determined to do. I made up my mind to solve the weird mystery if it was possible. Next night we awaited the manifestations with interest. Heretofore they had occurred soon after sundown, but this time they did not occur till late. Taking a loaded pistol with me, I went up-stairs, resolved to find the cause of the mysterious sounds, leaving my wife and the children below, where the bright light of a lamp served to keep up their courage. I took no light with me, thinking that I could solve the mystery just as well, if not better, in the dark. It was at seven o'clock when I took my position in the room overhead of the parlor, where I had noticed the sounds always came from. I sat in the dark for two hours, waiting to hear the strange noise. It did not occur very soon, and I thought it would not come at all, but just as the clock below in the kitchen was striking nine, it suddenly broke out. It sounded quite near me, though I could not make out from what direction of the room it came, and I had an excellent opportunity to hear it. It was a low, moaning sound, inexpressibly mournful to listen to. It seemed to be a woman who was in deep grief, and she appeared to be grieving and moaning about something. I strained my eyes through the darkness, with my weapon ready to shoot at any object which presented itself, but as before I could see nothing. I felt with my hands carefully along the walls of the room, but no door or opening of any kind rewarded my patient search. As before, I was completely puzzled by the queer sounds, which had now ceased as abruptly as they had begun. Before I could pursue my investigation further, piercing screams from down-stairs caused me to hurriedly run below, where I found that the bumping noise had commenced on the cellar stairs. Bump, bump, it went down to the foot of the staircase, where, as before, it finished with the sound of a heavy blow followed by a smothered scream, and it frightened the children so that they screamed with terror, while my wife was so worked up that she fainted dead away.

There was now no further use in closing our eyes to the plain truth. Hawthorne Farm was haunted. That

fact was plainly apparent. What caused the strange noises if not disembodied spirits? Next day I removed my family to a cottage some distance from the haunted farmhouse which I hired for their temporary reception. I then went back to Hawthorne Farm, determined to give the place a final examination before I left it forever. I searched every room from the garret to the bottom thoroughly, but daylight revealed no more to unravel the mystery than lamplight. The farmhouse was a two story building with two rooms on each floor, including two garrets, front and back. The garrets were dreary places, with sloping ceilings, partly lit by a scuttle overhead. I explored them thoroughly, but they contained nothing but dust and cobwebs. I then examined the other rooms, especially where the crying sounds occurred but no discovery rewarded my quest. I spent half a day exploring the rooms but to no purpose. Nothing could be found to throw any light on the mystery. I then descended to the cellar and examined it for several hours. I found nothing peculiar about the cellar. It was like the cellar in most farmhouses, excellently built. The walls which composed the foundation of the house were of strong masonry, closely cemented together so that not even a mouse could squeeze through. The floor was composed of stout planking, and two or three small windows in the walls admitted a meagre light into the cellar through their dusty and cobwebby panes. The cellar contained nothing but a few old boxes and earthenware jars. Thinking that the explanation of the strange affair could be found buried at the foot of the cellar-stairs, I had the ground dug up to the depth of several feet, but nothing was found.

I was dumbfounded; it was the most puzzling affair I had ever encountered. I kept the matter as quiet as possible, but it gradually leaked out, as such things will, and crowds of curious people came from the surrounding country to gaze at the haunted farm and glean what information they could in regard to it. I questioned the neighbors about the matter, but none of them knew anything about the farm, as they did not live very near it. All I could learn was that the last family occupying it had moved away some months ago, since which time it had remained vacant until I had taken it. Nobody could see why it should become the scene of supernatural manifestations, as there was no record of any terrible occurrence happening there. Nevertheless, Hawthorne Farm was haunted if ever a place was, and I had been shamefully swindled by a rascally real estate agent. The latter must have known the stigma on the farm when he disposed of the farm to me at such a cheap figure. I tried to hunt him up, but he had left for parts unknown. The farm was now a white elephant on my hands, for I could not occupy it myself, and I could not dispose of it to anybody, knowing the strange mystery connected with it. But while I was debating what to do with the place, the matter was settled for me in a manner quite unexpected. A terrible thunder storm arose one night, and a bolt of lightning, striking the farmhouse, set it on fire, and it was burned to the ground, outbuildings and all. And thus was settled forever, though not in the way it should have been, the mystery of the haunted farm. And do I believe that Hawthorne Farm was really haunted by disembodied spirits? Most assuredly I do; and furthermore, although I had been a great skeptic on such matters prior to my experience at Hawthorne Farm, ever since I have been a firm believer in the supernatural, and also in the theory advanced by Shakespeare, when the great bard makes Hamlet say: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

A Spring Hat and Its Mishap.

A Boston lady was informed by her servant girl that a box of flowers had been left at the door for her. Being occupied at the time, the lady told the servant to open the box, and sprinkle the flowers liberally with water and put them on ice, adding that she would attend to them when she went down to tea. Her surprise may perhaps be better imagined than described when upon going to the ice chest she opened the box and found that it contained a new spring hat which she had ordered, but was forgotten at the time the servant reported the arrival of the box. The hat was done up precisely like a bouquet and, as the flowers only were in sight upon opening the box, the servant's mistake was perhaps pardonable. The servant followed her orders explicitly, and the flowers were so thoroughly drenched that from "a perfect love of a hat" it became a limp and worthless mass of discolored ribbons and straw.—*Boston Traveler*.

LIGHT REFLECTIONS.

There are few things in life more touching than the umbrella of an average citizen in an art gallery.—*Burlington Free Press*.

After all, it seems that the doctors got ahead of the lawyers in securing a change of venue for Jacob Sharp.—*San Francisco Alta*.

You can frighten any potentate in Europe, just now, by stepping up behind him and shouting "Boo longzhay!"—*Springfield Union*.

A startled correspondent writes to ask if it is true that dog meat is sometimes canned. Certainly; we have seen dogs' tails canned many a time.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A little boy was told that there were no politics in heaven. He thought for a moment, and then said: "I guess that's because there are no politicians there."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer, who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer gruffly, "go to my clerk, he takes the fees."—*Tid-Bits*.

Elfrida wants to know "how many people read the best books?" Not over two hundred, my dear. At least, that is all the publisher sold of mine. But, of course, perhaps the publisher lied. There may be, perhaps, as many as two hundred and fifty, but not more than that.—*Burdette*.

First Tramp—"If I had my way I'd have 365 National holidays in this year." Second Tramp—"You would, eh? And then there would be one working day in every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley slave of the poor laboring man, wouldn't you?"—*Texas Siftings*.

"Excuse me, sir," said the business manager to the city editor, "but you promised to print that puff of Smith's dry goods store just as I wrote it." "Well, didn't I?" "No, sir. It wasn't published at all." "Did you write on one side of the paper only?" "Certainly." "Then I guess I must have published the wrong side of the manuscript."—*Washington Critic*.

Lady Daffodil

My dainty Lady Daffodil
Has donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head,
Sparkles her golden crown.

The conscious bluebells softly sway,
And catch the yellow light—
And violets, among their leaves,
Breathe low their young delight.

The sweet old-fashioned, almond flower
Brightens its pallid red,
And flings its petals, daintily,
Over the garden bed.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state
She reigns a queen alone.

And thus, my Lady Daffodil
In gorgeous, amber gown,
Holdeth her court this sun-warm day,
Wearing her golden crown.
—*Mary E. Sharpe, in St. Nicholas*.

Plantation Philosophy.

Without trust dar ain't nuttin' gained;
Without trust dar ain't nuttin' lost.
When er man puts hisse'f ter gre't
trouble ter show me dat he has tol' de
truff, I knows dat he has tol' me er
lie.

De 'oman dat donn hate kain't love;
an' de stranger she hates some man,
de stranger she lubs some udder man.

I neber did think dat de sharp man
does de country any good. De fox is
er good deal slier den de hoss but he
ain't nigh so straung.

We thinks 'mo' o' de man dat neber
would 'comerdeate us den we does de
man dat 'comerdeated us three times
but failed on the fourth.—*Arkansas
Traveler*.

Her Hour of Triumph.

Dr. Meanwell—And how are you feeling to-day, Mrs. Moribund?

Mrs. Moribund—Poorly, doctor, poorly. When I am gone, I hope you will look after the health of Johnnie and the baby.

Dr. Meanwell—Oh, I wouldn't take so hopeless a view of the case. You will get better.

Mrs. Moribund—No, doctor; I will not feed upon false hopes. In fact, I don't wish to live. Mrs. Suckles has always tried to make out that her health was more seriously affected than mine. When she sees my pulseless form, and all those rows of empty medicine bottles on the closet shelves she will have to acknowledge that I came out ahead.—*Fuck*.

A Sympathetic Heart.

Old Mrs. Bently: "I felt so sorry for a poor man to-day, Josiah. He told me that he had been deaf and dumb all his life, an' I give him a dime."

Old Mr. Bently: "How could he be dumb an' tell ye that he was dumb?"
Old Mrs. Bently: "Why, deary me, Josiah Bently, I never thought o' that."—*Epoch*.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. G. E. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.
METHODIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
BAPTIST.—Rev. —, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

THE W. G. 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.
GRANGE, No. 390.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Haddon block, O. R. Pattegenell, Master.
R. T. of T. Council, No. 27.—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. G. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. H. Evans, S. C., Mrs. H. C. Beale, Rec. Sec.
K. of L., LAFRANK ASSEMBLY, No. 5563.—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, C. G. Curia, Jr., R. S.
TONQUISH LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Jacob Streng, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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FOR LAUNDRY WORK, LEAVE ORDERS WITH
Fred Shafer, and it will be sent after, on Monday for noons. 39-64

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

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

—Miss Mary Hough is visiting in Detroit.

—Wm. Allen, of Pontiac, was in town Wednesday.

—Elias Briggs' two younger children have been wrestling with measles for several days.

—Miss Clara Steers returned home Wednesday evening, from a ten days visit at Northville and Wayne.

—Mrs. R.—Are yez on callin' turns wid our neighbor? Mrs. Murphy—Ave course I am. She called me a thafe, an' I called her another. —Texas Slittings.

—Young wife—"John, mother says she she wants to be cremated." Young husband—"Tell her it she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."—San Francisco Call.

—We would be pleased to hear from our correspondents every week. Many of our readers are disappointed when a correspondence is missing and we hope all will be more prompt.

—The common council at its meeting last Tuesday evening appropriated \$250 to be used in fixing up Riverside cemetery. They also gave the owners of poor sidewalks ten days more time in which to repair them and if not done in that time they're going to see about it.

—The sermon that the children were to have at the M. E. church, next Sunday morning, will be postponed for one week, on account of the Baccalaureate sermon, but the concert to be given by the Sunday school will be held in the evening, this being the regular "Children's day," of the M. E. church.

—South Lyon had a \$15,000 fire Tuesday night, burning out Alford & Co., agricultural implements, \$10,000; T. Dunlap, drugs, \$1,500; D. Dunlap, general merchandise, \$1,500; D. Bennett, \$300; L. Mosher, tin shop, \$300; A. G. Barnes \$500; James Duncan, \$500; J. McDonald, shoe shop, \$150; S. Godfrey, engine house, \$300. There was little or no insurance. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—Wm. Riddle was brought home on the cars from Detroit, Wednesday evening, in a bad condition. He took a load of hay to the city and while in there the load was tipped over, throwing him off and the load on him, crushing him down and injuring his feet or ankles, so that they were partially paralyzed. We trust that nothing seriously will result from it. Word was sent here and a vehicle was at the depot to convey him home.

—Pete White's little girl was severely bitten in the face by a dog, at the child's grandmother's, near Newburg, Tuesday. A doctor was summoned and the wounds dressed. There were several incisions made by the teeth of the animal on each side of the nose, near the eyes. The animal was considered very kind and had never before shown a disposition to bite the child. The dog was eating and upon the child going to it, it made the attack.

—Mrs. E. H. Brown, of East Saginaw, is visiting her parents here.

—There is no particular change in Stark Durfee's condition up to this writing, Thursday.

—A. Hackett, of Los Angeles, Cal., has our thanks for several copies of late California papers.

—Mrs. George M. Burnett and Mrs. Hackett, a lady relative, of Detroit, who has been visiting here for several weeks, have been spending a few days at Lansing. They are expected home Monday.

—The board of directors of the First National bank met Tuesday and declared a dividend of five per cent, from the earnings of the previous six months. This is certainly gratifying to the stockholders.

—We have received the announcement for the summer trotting meeting of the Detroit driving club, showing 153 entries, with purses aggregating \$33,000. It begins Tuesday, July 24 and lasts five days. Railroads will sell tickets at one fare for round trip.

—The Palmer cartoon entertainment at the Presbyterian church, Wednesday evening was not as well attended as could have been desired. However, there was a fair turnout and the pictures produced, good. He could improve his entertainment much by more rapid changes and—talking less, or in a livelier strain.

—The real inventor of Decoration Day was a Michigan woman, Mrs. Evens, whose home was at Medina, Lenawee county. She went to Washington, where her husband was stationed, a private in a Michigan regiment. On one pleasant May day she, with the wife of a Captain of the regiment, went out and dressed some of the soldiers' graves with flowers. The idea was contagious. It was caught up by others, and in a few years grew into a general custom, which has ripened into Decoration Day. Mrs. Evens died a few years ago at Hudson and her grave is now yearly decorated in honor of the interest she took in the soldier boy's welfare.—Ex.

An Open Letter.

Editor Plymouth Mail.
DEAR SIR:—You no doubt will grant me space in your home paper to convey my appreciation of hospitality extended by your citizens.

Coming among them as I did of recent date to visit a sister from whom I was separated in childhood, almost a stranger to her, the entirely unknown to you all, from the first, I have felt the vibration of sympathy and had extended to me the right hand of friendship. This kind of reception under clear skies has been followed by increasing warmth as the future becomes clouded by coming events of adversity, misfortune, sickness and the last mystic change we call death.

To say "I thank you" to the kind friends who assembled and especially to the bearers and singers, and others who came with their assistance, their sympathy and beautiful flowers, and to Mr. Shank, the pastor of the M. E. church, who officiated at the funeral services of my husband. To simply say I thank you all, would not convey the intense feeling of an almost broken heart. Allow me then instead for myself and in behalf of the aged and absent parents of the departed to congratulate you in the manifest possession of principles as taught by the Great Teacher, who gave to us this one crucial test for recognizing his followers, when He said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one to another."

Could the absent mother, who bade me choose the last resting place for his tired body, realize as I do the surrounding environment, or been present and heard the words of sympathy for us uttered by your dear pastor, whose heart is overflowing with love for every one, she would approved my choice and laid her boy to rest in your beautiful Riverside cemetery. My heart desires blessings for you all.
EMILY P. BELDING.

Tonquish.

L. T. Blount has returned from Kansas. Mrs. H. Bradford is still dangerously sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Showers buried a baby recently.

Mrs. Oliver Warner has gone to visit her daughter, Mrs. O. Brown.

George Snyder has been entertaining his father and mother from Ohio.

Three new members were received by the Union grange at last meeting. Union grange will have a picnic in Mr. Shultz's woods, "Children's day," June 9. Miss Cora Pattegenell was lately the recipient of a handsome present from her father in the shape of a fine saddle and carriage horse.

Renew Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Paterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am seventy-three years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own household work. I owe my thanks to Electric Hitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all diseases and pain." Try a bottle, fifty cents and \$1, at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

RENOMINATED.

With One Voice Cleveland is Chosen for the Presidency,

Amid the Wildest Enthusiasm.
In the national democratic convention in St. Louis on the 6th inst., Grover Cleveland was renominated for the presidency. The high honor was unanimously conferred, amid the wildest enthusiasm. Daniel



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Dougherty presented Cleveland's name to the convention, in eloquent words which called forth cheer upon cheer. For over 20 minutes the applause lasted, when Daniel Mackenzie of Kentucky seconded the nomination, and his speech, in which he paid a glowing tribute to Mrs. Cleveland, called forth great applause. Judge Twiggs of Georgia, and Byron G. Stout of Michigan, also seconded the nomination. After the nomination of Cleveland the convention adjourned until the next day. A full report of convention proceedings will be found in our next issue.

Thurman received the nomination for Vice-President yesterday afternoon.

—On the first page mention is made of a Miss Cobb, who underwent a surgical operation—removing a tumor weighing forty pounds. We regret to state that the young lady died yesterday morning.

—Mr. McHenry is very sick.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changed advertisements: Chaffee & Hunt, drugs and groceries, fifth page. Fred Shafer, laundry, first column, fourth page.

Newburg.

Mrs. Nichols Bovee, who has been quite ill, is reported as improving.

The children of Ed. L. Crosby, who have had scarlet fever, are convalescent.

Cold nights and cool days are retarding the growth of corn; wheat and grass doing finely.

The apple trees in this vicinity give promise of the largest fruit crop for several years.

The old M. E. church, now the property of the Newburg hall society, has been removed from its old site to a nice location just south of the corner, and is being put in perfect repair with a view to its future use by the community as a public hall, for socials, lectures, concerts, dramatic entertainments, etc. The situation is convenient and all interested are well pleased with the effort of those who have performed the work.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgun, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.

Buoklen'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, acid headache, indigestion, constipation or flatulency we cannot cure with our Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 321 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 57

C. A. FRISBEE,

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

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

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

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

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.

A few of the things you can buy cheap at the above store.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Paints and Oils!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

DRY :: PAINTS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Smoked and Salt Meats, Salt Fish, Field and Garden Seeds, Perfumes and Toilet Articles.

Five Kinds of Mixed Paints!
Ten Kinds of Lubricating Oils!
Five Kinds of Choice Roller Flour!

In fact everything that may be found in a First-class Drug and Grocery Store. We also pay the Highest Prices for Butter and Eggs at all seasons of the year. All goods promptly delivered. We cater to the wants and wishes of our patrons.
JOHN L. GALE.

CALL ON

ANDERSON & GABLE,

If you want a

- 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.	Whiting.
Linseed Oil.	Paint Brushes.
Varnishes.	White Wash Brushes.
Neal's Carriage Paints.	Colors in Oil.
Floor Paints.	Wood Stains.
Liquid Paints.	Tube Colors and Brushes.
Alabastine.	Putty.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE

MICHIGAN EDITORS.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS ASSOCIATION AT DETROIT.

How the Editors and Their Ladies were Feted by the Citizens of Detroit.

ONE ROUND OF PLEASURE.

The Twenty-first Annual meeting of the Michigan Press association, was held in the city of Detroit, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, about 175 members of the press being present and nearly as many ladies.

The Light Guard armory in which the meetings were held is a large and handsome hall, corner Randolph street and Jefferson avenue. The first meeting was called to order sometime after two o'clock on Tuesday and after a session of an hour or so adjourned to take a drive through the principal streets of the city, bringing up at the House of Correction, through which we were shown. The institution is a city concern and under the efficient management of Capt. Nicholson, is a paying affair. We expected to find things neat and in order, but we must say that we were surprised at the exceeding neatness of everything about the institution. While passing through the female ward we found Miss Eva McKinney, daughter of James McKinney, of Livonia, who is head matron of the institution. We have known Miss McKinney since childhood and had quite a pleasant visit with her. She stated that she was well pleased with her position, and we afterwards learned from the management that they were more than pleased with her. From here we were led across the street to the spacious residence of Capt. Nicholson, where the visitors were invited to "lunch"—and such a lunch—we'd really like to know what a Nicholson banquet would consist of? After being fed all repaired to the beautiful grounds where some time was spent in visiting before returning to hotels.

THE RECEPTION

At Governor Alger's on Tuesday evening was one of the most pleasing of the entertainments. The large and luxuriously furnished mansion was lighted from top to bottom; the guests were numbered by hundreds and after being presented to the General and Mrs. Alger, enjoyed themselves in pleasant conversation and viewing the many beautiful works of art, and especially the large and elegant painting of "The last hours of Mozart." The reception was an informal one and all were given liberty to enjoy themselves, and they did. Refreshments suited to an epicure were served and at about ten o'clock the company began to depart, bearing with them pleasant remembrances not soon to be forgotten.

Wednesday forenoon an interesting session of the association was held and in the afternoon an excursion was taken on the steamer Sapho to the water works, which are located up the river about four miles. The grounds are beautiful, the buildings excellent and the machinery massive and a source of interest and wonder to those not familiar with such ponderous engines. The Jefferson avenue street car will take you within a short distance of the works, which are well worth a visit. After a half hour's visit here, the Sapho was again boarded and a trip taken to Lyke St. Clair, back and around Belle Isle, landing at the latter place. Refreshments were served during the trip. At the island there was an immense throng of people, it being Decoration day and many of the citizens were there. Six companies of the Fourth Regiment State troops were there and gave an exhibition drill, which was duly appreciated. After this the party with much difficulty, on account of the immense crowd of people on the dock, who wished to get on the Sapho, but were only prevented by calling a guard of soldiers with guns to keep them back, again took the steamer, accompanied by the troops and returned to the city.

Wednesday evening was spent in numerous ways; some accepted the invitation of the Detroit opera house managers to visit that popular place of amusement; others took occasion to rest, while about one hundred attended the meeting of the Sanhedrim, the press society, forty new members being taken in.

The last meeting of the association was held Thursday forenoon and in the afternoon an excursion was taken, on the beautiful steamer Greyhound, across Lake St. Clair to the Star Island House. The party included a large number of Detroit's most prominent gentlemen and their ladies. Schreiber's orchestra furnished delightful music and notwithstanding there was a strong, cool breeze, the trip was much enjoyed. At the Star Island House a banquet was given in which some 500 people took part, and yet there was room for more. The tables were neatly decorated and the menu of the highest order. Bishop Harris said grace; a bell rang and

the seventy-five waiters marched to the kitchen in single file. At the ringing of the bell all came back taking their allotted positions, and at the third ringing of the bell those seated at the tables were served with the first course, and in like manner through the remainder.

The banquet was presided over by Gov. Alger who made some very happy remarks that kept all full of laughter. A. G. Boynton acted as toastmaster, and Tom Applegate, of Adrian, was called upon to answer to "Michigan, our beautiful peninsula, and its happy homes." W. P. Nisbet, Big Rapids, spoke on "The outlook." Levi T. Griffin, Detroit, answered to "Our guests," after which he presented Col. Fred Farnsworth, who did so much to make the affair the great success that it was, with an elegant mystic shrine emblem, a gift from a number of the editors. A. McMillan, Bay City, spoke on crops, but on account of the fullness of his own, and the screeching of the Greyhound's steam whistle, his remarks were cut short. C. F. Leidy, Detroit, answered to the toast, "The City of Detroit," but the continued whistling of the steamer and the cry of "All aboard," cut him short and he finished it on board the boat during the return.

Speech making, dancing, etc., occupied the time during the return to the city.

An invitation from Mrs. Col. Rodgers, of the Michigan Military academy, at Orchard Lake, to visit that institution on Friday morning and a generous offer from the Grand Trunk railway company to furnish a special train for the purpose was gladly accepted and about one hundred and fifteen took advantage of the offer and were much pleased with the trip; a beautiful location and, as far as we could judge, excellent management of the academy, the splendid exhibition drill of the cadets and last, the bountiful supply of refreshments, fit for a king. Our stay here was limited on account of arrangements made to visit Senator Thos. W. Palmer's stock farm and famous log house, seven miles out Woodard avenue, Detroit, which those who were able to remain took advantage of. We are sorry to say that we were unable to accompany them on this trip, for which special street cars were provided.

The managers of the "Battle of Atlanta," gave an invitation to visit that place, and many of those who accepted the offer found it so interesting that they called the second time. One can spend two or three hours there with great satisfaction.

Probably at no time since the organization of the press association has there been a more pleasant meeting than the one last week. The citizens of Detroit raised several thousand dollars for entertainment purposes and did everything possible to make it pleasant and they succeeded most admirably.

Livonia.

Mrs. A. F. Millard is on the sick list. Luther Wait is preparing to build a large barn this summer.

Christian Meinig is building a stone cellar under his house.

They are making sixteen large cheese a day at the Branch factory.

The recent rains have improved the wheat and grass very much.

One day last week Levi Joslin shot a blacksnake over seven foot long.

The town board was busy the latter part of last week making out road warrants.

Why can't the correspondents of the MAIL have a picnic as well as everybody else.

Luther Wait refused four hundred dollars for his team of horses one day last week.

A. Mr. Brown, of Wayne, has moved into the house of L. G. Pierson, at the Centre.

Minnie Green, of Hillsdale county, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Maria Leach, of this place.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of visiting Waterford Sabbath school, last Sunday, and found it very nicely conducted.

We hear that the cut worms are very numerous, and they are doing a great deal of damage by cutting off corn and potatoes in this town.

Some people think money is the greatest thing in the world, but find me a man or woman who would trade health for money, and if it could be done they would find plenty of customers.

Died, last Sunday morning, at the home of his granddaughter's, Lewis Peltier, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Peltier had lived in this town about fifty years and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Last Sunday at Fred Sump, wife and little boy and A. Stringer, wife and son John were returning home from G. P. Benton's, in a four-spring wagon, and when near the Union church, one of the bolts that held the tongue in, came out, which frightened the horses and it was impossible to hold them. When in front of Luther Briggs' house all of them were thrown from the wagon with violent force. They were all hurt more or less; Mrs. Sump being hurt very bad in the side. It is almost a miracle how they escaped and without someone being killed.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of CHESTER B. ROOT, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been 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 thirteenth 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 2d 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. 37-40

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 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 Meads 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 county in Liber one hundred and fifty of deeds, on page 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 P. Mead in the year 1857. 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, from the east line of section number fourteen 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 piece 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 eight degrees 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. RAMSDELL, Executrix.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. IN THE WAYNE CIRCUIT COURT. In Chancery. Eugene Stephenson, complainant, vs. Elva Stephenson, defendant. It is ordered, that the defendant in this cause do stand 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 forty months from the date of this order.

Dated, May 9, 1888. GEORGE S. BOSMER, Circuit Judge. J. F. BROWN, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss. As a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-fourth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight:

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of DANIEL BRONSON, deceased.

Lorenson Bronson, the administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account:

It is ordered, that Thursday, the 26th day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.—By virtue of an execution issued in Justice's Court, I have seized and taken one bedstead and bedding, one couch, one clock, one stove, one organ and stool, one table, one rocking chair, one case of books, one commode, one lamp, one double barreled gun, which I shall sell at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder at the German Lutheran Parsonage, in the village of Plymouth on the 12th day of June, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon. Dated the 7th day of June, 1888. 39w1 FRED DUNN, Constable.

FOR SALE.

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on Norris street, nine rooms, excellent cellar, cistern, woodshed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Review. The vacant lot west of the Review office. The first dwelling west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Plenty of time given if desired. Want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. H. STREBS, Plymouth, Mich.

YOU WILL FIND!

—All the— Latest - Newspapers, and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, Etc., At the Postoffice News Depot, PLYMOUTH.

Subscriptions taken for any Publication.

Agents for the Parisian Steam Laundry, of Detroit. W. J. BURROW, Proprietor.

The Homliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN, As well as the Handsome one 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, KANSASVILLE.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!

CHAFFEE & HUNTER. DRUGS

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS, PAINTS, OILS, TOILET ARTICLES, Brooms, Pails, Tubs, Brushes, Pork, Lard, Salt Fish, Flour, Etc.,

In short everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS Drug & Grocery Store!

Remember that Everything is NEW! CLEAN! AND FIRST-CLASS!

And will be sold as cheap as First Quality goods combined with Low Expenses will permit. Goods delivered promptly, free of charge. Having no old, worthless, shelf worn goods to work off, we offer to the public a line of goods

SECOND TO NONE

NEVER EXCELLED!

Which we put upon the market at the Lowest Prices and on their Own Merits, backed by Our Own Guarantee. More especially do we call your attention to our unusually Fine Stock of Drugs and Medicines, realizing that in drugs above all other human necessities

QUALITY AND PURITY! SHOULD PREDOMINATE!

And thinking that our past experience in our line of business has taught us the demands of the people of Plymouth and vicinity, viz:

"Not How Much But How Good!"

We have experienced great care in purchasing this Choice Stock of Drugs from producers whose products stand at the head of products of a Pharmaceutical character, and are standard the world over. Having complied with the letter of the law, we stand second to none in our profession as Pharmacists, and shall give prescription work our personal attention and will tolerate no deception, giving you just what is called for or nothing.

No Substitution or Illegal Workmanship! Night Prescriptions Carefully Compounded!

Persons desiring our services during the night please touch the electric button at the right of our door and your wants will be promptly executed.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

Remember we are sole agents for the Peninsular Paints of the Best Quality, viz: Peninsular Tinted Lead and Zinc Paints, Peninsular Floor and Roof Paints, Peninsular Carriage and Domestic Paints, Eckstein & Hill's White Lead, Green Seal Zinc, Oil, Turpentine Dryer, Etc.

FULL LINE OF PAINT AND VARNISH BRUSHES! White Wash Heads, Etc.

FULL LINE OF DRY PAINTS.

Kindly thanking our patrons for past favors, and hoping by close attention to your wants and wishes to merit a continuance of the same, we remain. ELMER W. CHAFFEE, GEO. W. HUNTER.

That great philanthropist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran of Washington, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, made it a rule to preserve all letters received by him. A few years before his death he selected those that he considered the most important and interesting, and had them published in book form for private circulation among relatives and friends. He prefaces the book with a very touching letter to his grandchildren in which he begs them to treasure a good name as a jewel above price. The letters in the book are from a very diversified class of persons—politicians, diplomats, cabinet officers, supplicants for charity, business men, etc. The society of Mr. Corcoran was much sought after, for there are in the book many letters of introduction to him from distinguished people in Europe and America. The book furnishes ample proof of the strong friendship existing between Mr. Corcoran and nearly all of the prominent people of the times, and shows plainly the beautiful traits of character which made Mr. Corcoran so honored and beloved.

When a Grecian army, pressing hard its foe, finally turned him in defeat and flight, then and there, upon the spot where the enemy was checked and routed, the Greek put up a memorial, a trophy, from 'trepho,' to turn. The chiefest champion of secession, slavery and disunion was 'turned' at Gettysburg. How numerous and beautiful the monuments to the dead and victorious which will be dedicated on Gettysburg field this summer we shall scarcely have time to realize in the excitement of the presidential campaign. New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Michigan, Maine, and Pennsylvania are erecting the memorials, and the Battle Memorial Association has been busy making lands and improvements and avenues of transit. The field of Gettysburg will come in time to hold place in popular love and reverence with the tombs of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. It was no common event when the enemy 'turned' the third day of the fight and the third day of July 1862.

Mothers who have worn out numerous pairs of slippers in their efforts to train incorrigible youngsters in the way in which they should go, may learn something from the mother of the children's home of San Francisco, who cured the boys of that institution of the habit of tramping by applications of mustard to their backs. After a single treatment the boys never had sufficient courage to risk a repetition of the dose. As a stimulant to a boy's memory mustard is several laps ahead of the maternal slipper.

The rush of American tourists to England is something unprecedented at this season of the year. It is estimated that 2,800 American embarked on one day last week for England on eight big foreign steamships. As each of these tourists will spend from \$500 to \$1,000 while abroad, at least \$2,000,000 of hard earned American money will be carried out of the country, and this is but a small estimate of the amount which will be represented by the sum total ere the tide turns homeward again.

The boys who enjoy sensational reading invariably pay dear for it. Such has been the experience of a 12-year old lad of Chicago, who was recently returned to his home after a brief incarceration in Kalamazoo jail. The boy's mind had become so impaired by the reading of lurid African romances that he started for the dark continent to find Stanley and capture lions and algers. His ardor cooled by the time he reached Kalamazoo, when a cruel officer took him in charge as a vagrant.

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, began his work in a clothing store at a salary of \$1.50 per week, all of which he gave to his mother. Each year his salary was raised, and at the time he was twenty he had saved \$300, and this sum furnished the corner-stone for the colossal fortune which he has since built up by the same untiring industry and strict adherence to the principles which underlie success in any undertaking, which he displayed in his boyhood.

The Presbyterians in Philadelphia have been having trouble with one Dr. Woodrow, who contends that man has been evolved from a frog. The reverend doctor defiantly says that they cannot disprove his theory from the Bible. Some of the more liberal of that faith keep mum when Darwin's theory is brought up, but silence is no longer pardonable when the evolutionists go lower down in the scale.

The house in which Gen. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river, has been leased by a gentleman who intends taking it around the country for exhibition purposes. The people of Point Pleasant are naturally indignant that the birthplace of their famous citizen should be made a side show of and they doubt if it will ever be returned to its original site.

A FREAK OF AGES.

When I was eight and she was ten, How good those two years made her; She told the difference loud and oft, No audience delayed her.

And still she glories in her years— And called me "Little Boy," When she was sixteen, fourteen I— To no life's one alloy.

When I away to college fled, Her airs were still maternal; Her letters teemed with good advice To her "young friend, fraternal."

At twenty-one I sought the maid, (My heart was fast consuming), And told my love; she scorned my suit— "So young, and so presuming."

To heal my wounds I roamed abroad; And time my woes did leave.

I'm married now, and forty-four; Miss Nancy's—twenty-seven.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

STORY OF A PORTRAIT;

Or How Circumstances Make the Man or Woman.

HE holidays found us, a gay company of young ladies, guests at the hospitable home of a friend of ours, who had recently married a distinguished lawyer. Our days were spent in talking over old times together, in reading, and in gaining new ideas and experience in the important field of fancy work. Our evenings were usually enlivened by the presence of numerous young gentlemen from the city, and tableaux, charades and music had by turns engaged our attention. But on this particular evening of which I write I was the victim of that foe to beauty and good temper, influenza, so I had persuaded my young friends to go to a party, to which we had been invited, without me. Every thing had been done for my comfort, and I was cozily ensconced in a large easy chair, in front of the library fire. My host had been reading to his wife and me, and I think I must have been dozing, for when he stopped I suddenly jumped up and exclaimed in the prim style of my childhood: "Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Ralston ran to me, and said: "What are you talking about, Jean?"

"I thought that lady spoke to me," I said, rubbing my eyes and joining in the laugh at my expense, as I pointed to the portrait of a handsome lady, hanging over the mantle. I had often noticed it. The face was handsome, not beautiful, the eyes were black and piercing, the mouth and chin showed decision, while the splendidly-shaped head and high forehead denoted intellect of no mean order. Her abundant hair was dressed high, and profusely powdered. She wore a scarlet satin robe with an immense train, over a white satin petticoat. The waist was filled in with lace, the sleeves were short with large puffs, while long, white silk mitts covered her hands and arms. The figure was tall and well developed, the position was dignified and graceful. You felt that here was a woman born to command, and with ability to do it wisely, too.

"Oh," said Mr. Ralston, "my stately ancestress summoned you, did she? She is a regular aristocrat, isn't she?" "Yes," I replied, enthusiastically; "she looks like a born Queen. Please tell me about her."

"Well," he said, "I will tell you the story as I have heard my grandfather tell it. His father was a circuit judge in Western Pennsylvania, and at the time of which I speak was about thirty-five years old, and very handsome, of course. His duties led him to travel through his district, and at that day he journeyed on horseback. On one of these jaunts he found himself in a lonely spot in the mountains, and as both he and his horse were tired and hungry, he was glad to see in the distance a small farm-house. Putting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the fence opposite the door. The sound of his approach drew the family to the door; so he politely accosted the mother and asked if he could get some refreshment for himself and horse. She agreed, and a tall, lithe girl of about fifteen darted out and, resting her hands lightly on the fence, vaulted over it, and, as he had dismounted, she, with an alertness which amazed him, leaped into the saddle, and saying: "I will take your horse to the stable and feed him, sir," rode off.

He conversed with the woman, and found her a shrewd, sensible person, though uncultured. That they were poor, he could see for himself.

The father, he learned, was not strong, but did his best to support his family, and as the woman proudly said, "they had neither starved or begged, and she reckoned they never would." She enjoyed the opportunity of talking to the handsome stranger, and so he learned most of her history, how Margaret, her oldest girl, loved to study, and how there was no chance for her, and how Tommy was "the picture of his father, and as good a boy as ever lived," and about the twins, etc., etc.

The judge skillfully included the black-eyed Margaret in the conversation, and was delighted with her wit and intelligence. He left her a book which he had in a pocket, and after awhile resumed his journey.

But the memory of that bright girl lingered with him. She ought to be educated,

and how Tommy was "the picture of his father, and as good a boy as ever lived," and about the twins, etc., etc.

But the memory of that bright girl lingered with him. She ought to be educated,

thought. "My, what a woman she would make, such a figure, too; how she leaped that fence; what a pig she shouldn't have a chance to develop that intellect. I've a notion—"

Now, the judge, an eccentric man, had no one to consider but himself, and cared not a rush for public opinion. So it came to pass that he stopped at the little farmhouse several times, each time bringing some literary food to the eager girl, who so enjoyed it. On one of these visits he said to the mother: "Your daughter ought to be educated; give her to me, and I will send her to school and give her every advantage of culture, and then, 'I will marry her.'" The mother said: "If you take my child from my protection to yours, you must have a husband's right, or I will let her go with you."

After some talk the judge agreed; the girl was already in love with him, so the nearest minister was sent for and they were married. "Now, Judge Ralston," said her mother, "she is your wife, and you have a right to clothe and educate her."

So he took her to Philadelphia to a friend of his, and asked her to order a suitable school outfit, and then he took her to a celebrated boarding-school, and she was instructed as a young lady, and he was supposed to be her guardian. For four years she studied hard, and her improvement was wonderful. At the close of that period the judge took her home to her mother, and their marriage was made public. I went to housekeeping in his native city, and was surprised at the ease and grace with which his wife presided over his elegant establishment. He soon found that her executive ability greatly exceeded his own, and so resigned all financial matters to her. She found his affairs needed attention, for the judge was very careless about money matters, and she soon found that if

"YOU MUST HAVE A HUSBAND'S RIGHTS," bored him to ask his advice about little things, so she took counsel of her own wit and common sense and evolved order out of what threatened to be chaos. At the same time she continued her studies, and her husband was proud to bring his learned friends to his house, sure that his beautiful young wife would do the honors royally.

They spent a winter in Washington, where she drew around her the choicest spirits of the time, and some how it came to pass that her husband was appointed Minister to France. Of course she went with him, and her residence abroad gave her manners that perfect finish which distinguished her. That portrait was painted there by a distinguished artist of that day.

They had quite a large family, and she lived to a ripe old age. One of her sons won a fine literary reputation, being the author of several legal works, which are to-day quoted as authority on the subjects of which they treat.

With the exception of the years she spent abroad, she made annual visits to her old home, and very materially improved the condition of affairs there, though she would not allow her husband to do as much for the family as he in his careless generosity would have done. Her brothers were assisted so far as to help them to become independent in their own sphere, not lifted above it, for as the mother grimly remarked: "Judge Ralston married Margaret, not the whole family."

She was a faithful wife and nurse to her husband, who died some years before she did. He often said she was the builder of his fortune as well as the joy of his life. At his death he left her the sole executor of his large estate, and when she died it was found that her affairs were in perfect order, and her will bequeathed the property so justly that none of the heirs could complain. This is only another illustration of how circumstances make the man or woman.

"I fear," added Mr. Ralston, "that I have wearied you with my long story." I eagerly disclaimed all fatigue, and after thanking Mr. Ralston for the pleasure he had given me, I returned to my room to think and dream over the tale I had heard, and to wonder if Mr. Ralston's younger brother had inherited any of the traits of character which distinguished his ancestors, for I privately confess some interest in said brother. Mrs. L. B. LAVELY.

Nailing a Lie. There was a statement in the paper about Noodleby that he swore was false. "Then why don't you nail it?" roared his bucolic friend. "Do you think it would do any good?" feebly replied Noodleby. "Good! Of course it would. Nail it, man, nail it!"

When Fiddlee came around a little later he found Noodleby tacking something white in a conspicuous place on the board fence. "What you doing?" he shouted. Noodleby paused, with hammer in hand, long enough to answer: "I'm nailing that lie. Come to think it over, it wasn't such a whopper after all, and I thought the editor wouldn't get so mad at this, you know."

Always Had a V on Hand. "Here's something that goes to prove my theory that the densest ignorance of a subject never seems to debar a man from writing about it," said the literary reviewer on a daily paper. "What have you struck now?" questioned the boss reporter. "Oh, nothing new; merely a reference to an old-time book on 'Money,' written by Henry V. Poor. What does a poor man know about money, I want to know!" "Henry should have known something about money; he always had something on hand that you seldom have, and would like continually to be borrowing."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Some Queer Exemplifications of the Depth of Feminine Affection for Masculinity.

A lawyer friend of mine was visited at his office one day, says The San Francisco Chronicle, by a lady who said she had been badly treated by her husband. She had at one time a few thousand dollars and she met a man who was "broke." He was good looking. She loved him so dearly that she gave him her hand, heart, and bank account. He squeezed the first, gracefully accepted the second, and grabbed the third. He started in business and made a fortune, and they had a good time for a year or two. He took advantage of her absence in the east to switch his affections on to another woman. The man was very wealthy, and the poor but brilliant lawyer saw a big contingent fee. He accepted the case for that contingent fee and undertook, to put up the necessary preliminary expenses. The case moved along. He was out \$20, and she was to come down and sign the papers. She came.

"Are the papers ready?" "Yes. Here they are, madam. If you will put your name there—" "Well, you can just tear them up." "Tear them up! Why?" "I don't want to go on with the case. I love him too well."

"Very well, madam. In that case—" "I'm very much obliged to you, and I am so sorry you've had all this trouble." "Yes, madam. My bill will be \$50." "What! You said it wouldn't cost me a cent to begin the suit." "But you haven't begun the suit, and I am out a good deal for expenses." "I won't pay it." "If you don't, it will be \$100 to-morrow."

"She wouldn't pay. Next day he sent up a sheriff with an attachment as a threat, at least. She came down, offered him \$20, then \$30, then she proposed he should take her lace parasol. Finally she paid him \$50, gave him a parting shot of polite language, and went out. The curious part of the story was that inquiry elicited the fact that she had gone through the same process, except paying, with thirteen different lawyers in the city, all on the same proposition.

But it really does seem as if a woman never loses her vanity sufficiently to resist a man's effort at reconciliation if he will only do wild enough things. A well-known lawyer told me a few days ago of a story of a late experience.

"I've had a funny case lately. It was a divorce case, and I was counsel for the lady. I never knew two people to abuse one another so. I never knew two people to make such a bitter, hard fight as those two. The property was considerable, and I had it tied up with an injunction. All efforts at compromise were no good; at last, I thought the man was trying to cheat the woman, and so I stopped negotiations for a compromise and prepared to put the case into court. The lady came to see me. It's no use, madam. I'm going to put the case straight through court."

"I wish you would, it's what I want. I never will compromise with that man—never, never, never!"

"All right. You will call here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, and we'll see about the witnesses."

"Next morning at 10 o'clock she was there. She was nattily dressed in great style, and she sat down with a pleased assurance.

"Well, madam, let us proceed." "I want the case dismissed." "Dismissed! How's that?" "Well, we've fixed it."

"You have?" "Yes. It's all settled."

"May I ask how you settled it?" "Well, last night he came up to my rooms. The door was locked, and when he knocked I said: 'Who's that?' 'It's me.' 'You can't come in.' He kept knocking. I told him he couldn't come in, and he knocked harder, and I told him louder he couldn't come in, and he kicked the door down and came in, and we sat down and fixed it all up."

It is very extraordinary what impetuosity, cruelty, demonstrations of all kinds a girl will stand when she knows it is love that is driving a man to it; and how much of unforgivable suffering she will forgive after. She had not decided to sail along life's ocean in the same boat with him, but she did not object to a little trip on the other side of the bay. They were two in the boat. He rowed; she held the tiller ropes. When he got her away from the shore he began to tell her he loved her. He was quiet and moderate at first, but he gradually warmed up to the subject. The subject did not respond. She was quiet. He implored her to marry him. She declined. He entreated, he wept, he went down on his knees in the boat.

She was immovable. Then he grew kind of fierce, he shook the boat to terrify her into acceptance. She did not accept. He rose up and began to rock the boat very vigorously. It tipped over and they both went in. The young lady got to the surface at once, righted the boat and got in, and when he arrived at the top of the water she had seized the oars and was rowing for shore. He could swim, and he had to. The procession went along until the girl, not noticing, drove the boat into the mud. She could not get on shore without wading. Her lover was nearing her all the time. She feared he was going to do her an injury, but before she could make up her mind to wade he clambered into the boat. They got it off the mud and landed it upon the shore safely. Then they retired to a solitary place in the sun, where they sat and dried themselves, and before they were dry had their arms around one another's neck and she had consented. She knows he loves her because he tried to drown her, I suppose.

Excuse Bad Writing. One day last week one of our young lawyers was asked by a colored man to write him a letter. After consenting, he said:

"What must I write?" "Well, tell her your kind letter found us all well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

"What else?" "Well, tell her we expect to make a good crop of rye and wheat, and will tend fifteen acres in corn and cotton."

"Well, go on." "Tell her John is married and has a nice wife. They live at the Matthews place."

"Anything else?" "I believe not; only tell her to excuse bad writing, and close."—Atlanta Constitution.

Practical Art for Girls.

Think of five hundred girls painting eggshells! Three shells are suspended from windows and mantels by silken threads, or they are used as breakfast or German favors. It is alleged that decorative painting is more remunerative than any other branch of art and is at the present time more popular in refined society than piano-playing or dancing. Another lad is embellishing the table china with portraits of the family and relatives. At one of the large art institutions I found that another branch of remunerative art was the designing of quaint and artistic costumes not alone for the stage, but for indoor occasions of fashionable persons.—Boston Post.

Old Chinese Superstitions.

A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previos to her marriage sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving. If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations. A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices and the "White Tiger" likes sweets. A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within 100 days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within 100 days after a funeral. A bride while putting on her wedding garments stands in a round shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well-rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oven to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life. A bride must not for four months after her marriage enter any house in which there has recently been a death or birth, for if she does there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that might follow.

The Art of Gum-Chewing.

The Hickman girl has a way of chewing gum that makes it an art. She keeps time to the music at the theatre, chewing hard and snapping her jaws together when the villain is in sight, chewing softly when the hero is on, but stops short at all love scenes and gently poises the black jack and tatti fruit on her finger tips; but when the orchestra strikes up it is thrown back into the caviar, and Gee, whiz! how her jaws fly.—Hickman's (Ky.) Courier



Lady Dilke makes \$2,000 a year by her drawings.

Mrs. Ayer, widow of the pill man, is worth \$25,000,000.

Barons of Bismarck and Von Moltke adorn Boulanger's office.

Miss Jenny Flood personally manages her fortune of \$5,000,000.

A daughter of Wade Hampton is a professional nurse in New York.

Senator Morrill started in life behind the counter of a country store.

Senator Payne has not varied a pound in weight for twenty-five years.

Bishop Wilson is the oldest preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Hamilton Douglas, of Atlanta, is the only woman lawyer in Georgia.

Sir Charles Dilke confidently expects to return to his former high position.

Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only bachelor in the United States Senate.

Congressman Kelly, of Pennsylvania, started on his career as a proof-reader.

The street cars of Rio Janeiro are not compelled to turn out for royal carriages.

Queen Christina of Spain has a mania for being photographed with her children.

Dan Rice, the old showman, owns 350,000 acres of land in Texas and New Mexico.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has worn the crown during 40 years of the 58 he has lived.

Rev. Robert Collier, at the age of 27, came to this country with his bride in the steerage.

King Humbert's favorite recreation is riding on horseback through the parks of Rome.

Sullivan lost none of his brag, it seems. After another defeat he'll want to fight in a barrel.

Mr. Bonner will not put a monument at the head of Dexter's grave. He stops at poor relations.

United States Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, is a millionaire—made so by saw mills and lumber.

Mrs. Hicks Lord will sail for Europe soon to flash her diamonds in the courts of the effete monarchies.

Jenny June (Mrs. Croft) is 57 years old. The first ten years she spent in England; the rest in this country.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong says that to make a Christian out of an Indian is much easier than to make him work.

The wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, has given \$500 for a public clock in her native city of Tula, Jamsauplas.

The Chinese Minister, accompanied by his suite, will soon leave Washington for a three months' tour through Peru.

George M. Pullman has a high opinion of women's executive ability and pays them men's wages for men's work.

Ex Senator Conkling was known by none of his friends of the years of manhood well enough to be called "Roscoe."

It is charged that Rhode Island has more ghosts than any other State in the Union. Ghosts and clams go hand in hand.

Taken all together, seven feet of snow fell in Minneapolis last winter, and most of it was worn off the sidewalks by strangers.

"I have been a prescription clerk for twenty-six years and this is my first mistake." It was in New Orleans, and he killed his man.

There is an old law on the statute books of Connecticut making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$100, to fish on Sunday.

Oscar Wilde declares that no married man can become a dude, and he might add, that no one of common sense would be if he had the chance.

French flats have had their day in New York. It is about the same thing as hotel life, and one howling baby can disturb a dozen families.

It takes a Chicago belle thirty-five minutes to work a pair of gloves on her hands, and then she must keep every finger straight until they come off.

If the sympathy which is wasted on criminals was bestowed upon the rich they might be brought to look upon the world as not altogether heartless.

The New York News offers \$100 reward for any well authenticated case of faith-cure. It is a perfectly safe offer. There never has been one—except in somebody's eye.

One branch of the New York Legislature favors electricity as a means of executing while the other doesn't seem to care how, where or when they are got rid of.

"The year 1893 will be a year of war," is the prediction of a seventh son in New York. Show us a year in the last twenty in which there has not been war somewhere.

Lady Collin Campbell will not deliver two lectures in America for \$5,000. She doesn't exactly want the earth, but she wants \$10,000, and she will want for a good while.

A railroad passenger from New York to Chicago is expected to give the sleeping car porter at least \$1 and to spend three more for fruits, candies and reading matter.

It may do you some good to learn that there is no country on the face of the earth without horse-flies and mosquitoes. They are worse in Iceland in summer than in winter.

King Humbert, of Italy, goes out at night in disguise to hear what the people say of him, and he often hears criticisms that lead to reforms. He is, in the main, a bully boy.

Pinkerton counts up 138 American hoodlums; large and small, in Canada, and he adds that 175 of them would make almost any sort of sacrifice to be restored to home and country.

A Tennessee farmer plowed up a jug containing \$800 in gold and went crazy over his good luck. Had the jug contained an even thousand he would probably have died on the spot.

A Pennsylvania mining boss offers to wager \$500 against \$100 that he can so place one pound of dynamite in the center of a block as to blow every building in it into one grand heap of debris.

King Solomon's wisdom was all right as far as it went, but the trouble is he didn't live long enough to decide anything worth arguing over. This day and age would prove a stump for him.

The Conductor's Romance.

Come out with me a moment while we pass slowly at first and gradually faster through the street of an old-fashioned town. You will observe that the dapper Pullman car conductor, with his blue uniform and gilt buttons, is also on the rear platform.

Very proper, indeed, you say, for the conscientious conductor to be keeping a lookout for that second section of our train.

Well, I didn't insinuate that the conductor was misbehaving himself, but I must disabuse your mind of the conception that he is looking for nothing more interesting than a locomotive and a train of cars, which the admirable block system of the Pennsylvania road is certain to keep at a safe distance from us. He didn't button up his coat just now and brush it; he didn't set his cap knowingly over his blonde bang, or pull up a tag of his white handkerchief so as to set off his manly chest for the purpose of impressing you or me.

Now please keep still and see what our good looking young guardian in blue is up to.

He is on the platform with us—that is, he has one foot on the platform and one foot on the first step below it. Now comes the critical moment!

Did you see him lift his cap? More, did you see that graceful girl leap out from a doorway, shoot a sheaf of arrows in a second from her eyes, wave a handkerchief and dart back again into the old red brick house with its white portico of wood?

A romance on the rail to be continued, perhaps to the altar, from day to day. That is all.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Saved by an Ace of Hearts

Did you ever hear of a man's life being saved by a pack of cards? Well, here is an incident that is vouched for by many who saw the occurrence. One of the best known and most popular drummers who come here, and he comes often, was one of a merry party who were engaged one night in a friendly game of "draw," which drummers sometimes play. After concluding the game our friend placed the cards in the left-hand pocket of his coat, which brought them directly over his heart. Soon thereafter one of the party while carelessly handling a pistol discharged it, and now comes the strangest part of the story. The bullet struck the drummer in the left breast, going through his clothing and also through every card in the deck except one, this one being the bottom card, or the last one of the deck. This card, strange to say, was the ace of hearts, and the character in its very centre was indented by the bullet.—Americus Republican.

An Effective Contribution Box

A new contribution box is an ingenious application of all the reasons which should induce a person to give out his means to the church. At St. Jarlath's street, Chicago, a reporter saw the new device at work. If one could imagine a cigar box apothecized and put to better uses, with its cover cut off and partly sunk into the box, with an expectant expression at its front end and a long wooden handle at its rear, one could form a very good idea of its appearance. It seems to be a very harmless, ordinary sort of substitute for the common plate, but it is in its simplicity that its effectiveness lies. For instance, Mr. A. in pew No. 1 at the head of the center aisle is approached by the collector. He puts upon the flat, sunken top of the box his contribution—say a nickel. The coin remains in plain view as the collector carries the box horizontally until pew No. 2 is reached. The box is then passed before Mr. B., who is thus advised of what his neighbor in the seat ahead has given. Before B. can put in his offering the box is turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and A's coin slides through the opening into the interior of the casket and is no longer on exhibition. This done the box returns to the horizontal, with the cover blank and empty for B's coin to rest upon until the evolutions are performed once more at C's pew.

"Isn't this rather a new idea?" whispered the reporter to a worshiper at his elbow.

"Yes, but it's great," was the reply. "You see, when you know the man, and especially the woman, behind you is going to see what you give—well, you won't give a cent, anyhow—nor a button. It works on a man's ambition—kind of puts him on record, don't you see? And then when there's any rivalry between two families, as there most always is, the people in the second pew are not going to be outdone by their neighbors. If they see a quarter on the slide they'll give a half. Knowing this the people in the front pew will naturally make it as expensive for them as they can from the start as they are able. The church is so much the better off."—Chicago News.

VETERANS' DEPARTMENT.

"LOGAN'S MUS FEROUT."

BY JACK CRAWFORD "THE POET-SCOUT."

When Gen. Logan died Capt. Jack was out at his copper mines in the San Andres mountains in New Mexico. A letter from Corporal Tanner brought the news to his home, and Mrs. Crawford, knowing the poet Scout's great love for Logan, sent her son Harry 50 miles with the letter. The following poem was the result, and is here published for the first time.

Dedicated to his noble wife and to all
Who loved him for the love he bore
For honor truth and worth,
And for the loving heart he wore
For all that's good on earth.

I sat on the crest of a mountain high
Overlooking Jornadaa Plain,
The mocking-bird sang in the woods close by
In a glad and sweet refrain,
And the doves were cooing among the trees,
And the deer browsed at my feet,
With the scent of wild flowers perfuming the breeze
It was Nature in Nature's retreat.

And my heart just danced to the song
The bird's tune,
And forgotten was every care,
And it seemed that balmy and flowery June
Instead of Winter was there,
And I roled in the grass and laughed and sang
In a joyous and glad refrain,
Till the deer ran off and the old woods rang
And the echo came back again.

Then a shot rang out and a bang, bang, bang,
And my heart leaped again with joy,
And I laughed once more till the old woods rang,
For I knew it was Harry, my boy,
Then up to my side on his foaming mare
He stopped, and I held my breath,
His face was the picture of cold despair
And as white as the face of death.

"Speak out, Great God, don't look like that,
With your white face dusty and grim,
Then he said, as he raised his broad-brimmed hat,
"Here's a letter from Corpl Jim,"
And he stole away to a tree close by,
With his head dropping low on his breast;
I knew it was death by the tear in his eye—
Jim's letter must tell the rest.

The blood in my veins seemed its course
To retrace,
And the song birds of Heaven were still,
An eclipse came over the sunny face
Of that joyous and gladsome bill,
All nature seemed hushed as I be'd in my hand
That mes' age from comrade of mine,
And I can't explain it, and I don't understand.

But some how—it started the brine,
With eager eyes and trembling hand
I gazed for an instant, and then
My heart stood still; the writing I scanned
Was from one of God's own noble men,
The seal was broken, and the mist arose
In my eyes while I read it out:
Who'll champion us now, God only knows,
Since Logan is mustered out.

Oh, comrades of mine he was dearer to me
Than the wealth of my western wild;
And the soft balmy breeze and the doves
Seemed to moan, while I wept like a child.

Yea, boys, and I want you to understand
What I say I will never take back,
And I thought it was noble and brave and grand
To cry for a heart like Jack's.

To cry in the wildwood, when no one was near,
Save my boy, and he joined me, you bet,
For the child of a soldier to Jack was most dear,
And his grave with their tears will keep wet.

And what if not I, should inscribe to the name
Of that hero now gone to his rest,
A obig from the wildwood the mountain and plain,
For Jack Jack was a son of the west.

Our Great Alexander, our mightiest chief,
Ever heart thro' that beat in his breast
Was the music that chimed in his heart
For relief.

For our widows and orphans distressed,
Sincere in his friendship, from trickery free,
With honesty stamped on his face,
And we ask, as we bow low to Heaven's decree,
"Lord, raise up a man in his place."

A man whom the comrades can love and revere,
A soldier and statesman combined;
Upright in department, unconscious of fear,
Yet modest and gentle and kind.

A man who stood with us on many a field,
When the shots wildly shrieked in the air,
A man whose convictions never would yield,
A duplicate Jack, as it were.

The Fortunes of War.

The tide of war penetrated for the first time into Kentucky in the summer of 1862. The armed neutrality which the state had declared as its policy, and which it had striven to maintain, had proved a failure. The confederates entered the state, hoping and expecting to find her ready to come at their call.

But she was not ready, and every inch of the ground was fought over, till step by step the confederates were driven back from the blue grass region, through the dense wilderness of the Cumberland Mountains, on to the Great Gap, through which the broken and routed army passed into the Valley of East Tennessee.

The silence of the forest was broken by the tramp, tramp of thousands of feet; the hills swarmed with the Blue and the Gray; the divide of the Columbia river, in its deep, rocky bed, rolling between. Giant trees, the growth of centuries, were felled to make room for batteries and rifle-pits. The scanty crops of corn and potatoes were soon exhausted, and forage for man and beast became every day more scarce.

Supplies were brought up the river on steamboats, then transferred to wagon-trains, and when the roads became impassable, were carried on pack-mules.

So the advancing federal army under Burnside had no lack. But for General Bragg's men, who were retreating, weary, discouraged, footsore and ragged, there was no recourse but to ravage the surrounding country, and this they did with such effect, that the natives, who are always abjectly poor, were reduced to extremities particularly when the "bread-gritter," as they call the head of the family, was serving in the army.

Communications with home was cut off, and mails were irregular and infrequent. It was a question whether to be glad to be sorry when a mail did come, so

pitous were the tales of destitution and need that it brought.

The early twilight was settling down, a light fall of snow had sprinkled the hills with white, the wind whistled drearily through the pine trees. Shivering, the men drew closer to the roaring camp-fire, which with

"Rude humor painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard form and face,
That drooped and fainted
In the fierce race."

Suddenly one of the group started up, and dashing a letter he had been reading to the ground, exclaimed, "Boys, I'm bound ter git a leave an' go home fur a week!"

"Git a leave in the face uv the Blue Jackets? Why, John Rowsey, air ye crazy?"

"I tell you, fellers, I'm bound ter go—my wife an' the young uns they's starvin', ain't got nuttin' ter eat at all."

He groaned, as he walked away, to present his petition to General Breckenridge, his brigade commander.

With orders and adjutants on guard, it is by no means easy for a private to approach his chief, but a motive such as impelled Rowsey would have overcome even greater obstacles than these, and he was in a short time standing in the general's tent.

"Beet pardon, general," said the aide, "I tried to keep the man out, but nothing would do but he must see you himself."

The young officers who filled the tent smiled and by the appearance of the ragged, unkempt shoesless man, who presented himself among them. But in General Breckenridge's veins flowed the blood of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and he remembered that the battles of the revolution had been fought by just such men, and he was too polite to find matter for merriment in genuine distress, however humble. With a glance of stern rebuke to the esters, he turned, and, with the same gracious, sweet courtesy that marked his manners to everyone, he said, "Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I would like a week's leave, general, if you please."

"Why, my good fellow, don't you know that in the face of the enemy no one can have a leave?"

"Read that, general, if you please."

It was a torn and soiled half-sheet of coarse paper. The general took it, and these were the penciled lines he deciphered:

"DEAR JOHN.—Can't you come home and help us? We ain't had nothin' ter eat since day before yesterday, 'cep' some dry crusts uv corn-bread. The soldiers hev took every-thing. They've kilt the cow, an' the meal's all gone; if you can't come soon we'll all be starved. Good-by, an' God bless you if I don't see you no more."

MARY.

No petition from high official had ever moved General Breckenridge as did that simple little letter.

"My poor fellow," said he, laying his hand on the soldier's shoulder, "I will indorse your petition and send it up to headquarters. You know that when we are so near a battle as now no one but the commanding general can grant a leave, but you shall have it if I can get it for you."

"God bless you, general," sobbed the poor fellow, as he sank on his knees. "God bless you, and thank you kindly!"

There were few dry eyes in the tent as Breckenridge read the letter to the officers who surrounded him, after Rowsey had gone, and he lost no time in sending it with his own indorsement to Bragg.

John Rowsey slept with troubled dreams of love and Mary, and awoke, stretching out his arms and crying, "I'm a-comin', Mary, I'm a-comin'!"

"Fore feller!" said his comrades, "he's all dazed w' his trouble."

"A message for private John Rowsey, Company E,—th K. V. M.," called out a gay-looking officer, galloping down the line.

Flushed with hope, he came forward, received the packet, and tore it open eagerly; but when he saw his wife's letter enclosed with General Breckenridge's indorsement, while across the paper were written the fatal words, "Request disallowed," he dropped heavily to the ground.

"I tell yer, boys, I must go!" he said an hour or two later to a group of friends.

"But yer'll be caught."

"Et I am they can't do nothin' but shoot me, and I'd ruther be dead than stay here. Good Lord, you don't know what 'tis ter feel as them as yer love better'n yerself a starvin' ter death, and yer can't do nothin' ter help em'!"

After that no one said anything to hinder him but all gave him money to help him.

"Give my respects to General Breckenridge, Jim," he said to a comrade, as he started, "and thank him fur what he tried to do fur me, an' tell him I hed ter go." Then he turned and walked quietly down the line, into the thick words patrolled by the boys in gray.

Fast the first and second sentry he went unchallenged no one taking notice of the man who walked alone so coolly, and seemed to be minding his own business. Only one more picket, and then—freedom and Mary, when—

"Who goes there?" called a stentorian voice.

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

A dash through the woods was the only answer. What odds, however, had one against half-a dozen? The sentry's gun gave the alarm, and John Rowsey was surrounded and lodged in the guard-house.

The tidings soon penetrated to the little group who were so anxiously awaiting the result.

"Serves him right," said a burly Tennesseean, "fur desartin' his country's flag."

"Shet up, 'ake Larkins! Country well'nough, but if them what's bone o' yer bone s-a-starvin' and callin' fur ye, I reckon ye wouldn't be a-thinkin' bout countr'." said Jim, as he strode off to Breckenridge's quarters.

"S it any use, General, do ye think, axin' fur a pardon? I know as it's a mighty bad case, but jes' yer think what was pullin' the poor feller t'other way?"

"I'll see, I'll see," said the general, with a tremble in his voice. "My God, I wish I had given him the leave and taken the risk myself!"

And "see" he did, for he got up a peti-

tion which was signed by half-a-dozen brigade commanders; but all to no effect.

"Desarter John Rowsey to be shot a high noon," was the sentence issued.

The prisoner sat in the guard-house, trying to write a letter by the dim light of a slat, as they call the lights used in the mountains. It is a rude iron cup on a stem, and is filled with lard, in which a twisted strip of cotton serves for a wick. As he was writing, General Breckenridge opened the door and came in.

"My poor fellow, I am sorry for this."

"I knowed you'd be, General, I knowed you'd be. I love my country, too, but couldn't help doin' it. I was bound ter go, you see."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you'd find my Mary, General, an' tell her how I tried ter come, an' give her this letter, an' if you could help her a bit."

"I will, I will," was the answer. "I will find her myself."

"And, General, you don't think I run away cos I was a coward?"

"A coward? No!" and the kindly blue eyes shone with moisture.

"I ain't afeard ter fight, an' I ain't afeard ter die, but there's some things as takes the heart out a feller."

"I'll tell Mary that you died like a brave man," said the General, as he grasped the horny hand of the soldier.

"Bless you for that word!" cried the other, springing up eagerly. "An' God bless you now and alwiz, an' keep you from trouble like mine." And there they stood hand in hand, the general and gentleman, and the uncouth mountaineer, whose ideas were limited to his native hills. Of one blood hath He made all the inhabitants of the earth.

Around a large, partially cleared space, where the stumps of the trees showed that the wilderness had but lately given away before the advance of man, the battalions were drawn up to see—what?

The solitary man standing in the centre of the circle, with eyes blinded, a target for the bullets of half-a-dozen bright, glittering rifles fifty yards away.

"I'll not do it," said one. "I came to fight the enemy, and not to murder a defenceless man."

"Orders is orders," said another, "and he's a deserter."

"Deserter, indeed! Wouldn't you have done the same in his place?"

"Well, I wasn't in his place, and how do I know what I would have done if I had been?" with which piece of philosophy he turned away.

The signal given, a flash, a discharge, a muted scream and all was over. No one noticed that one of the shots was fired into the air.

General Breckenridge's face grew whiter and whiter, as he sat immovable on his horse at the head of his troops and watched the preparations. And when the faint cry was heard, he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

What mattered it to the thousands in that camp, who might themselves meet death in the next twenty-four hours, that one soul had gone on before? But, happily, there is One who says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. The "extenuating circumstances" that availed naught at the camp of the Cumberland may have weighed heavily at the bar of heaven.

When General Breckenridge sought out that once happy little home on the spar of line knob, he found only an empty and deserted cabin. Whether Mary had heard the tidings, and gone to the settlement in the valley away down below, or whether she had wandered into the wilderness in pursuit of sustenance for herself and little ones, and perished there, no one will ever know.

S. L. YOUNG.

Courtesy Most Rare.

Two ladies made their way toward the center of the crowded car to a vacant seat, says the New York Telegram. The lady who reached it first was about to take it, when, noticing the lady following her, and who was evidently disappointed, she instantly relinquished it, and, turning to her said with most exquisite courtesy, as though indeed she were offering a seat to a guest in her own drawing-room, "Won't you take this seat?" and with ut giving time for a refusal turned away.

The other lady dropped thankfully into the offered place in a daze of mingled gratitude and amazement.

But it was a Brooklyn woman who finally overthrew the opinions of a lifetime. The woman later was comfortably seated away in the corner of a crowded Greene avenue car. Seated near him was a little woman in costly but not faultlessly tasteful attire; one hand, loaded with heavily jeweled rings, was left ungloved, purple, of course—so the man in the corner musingly commented.

Presently a lady entered and, unable to secure a seat, stood clinging to a strap immediately in front of the little woman with her rings. The latter in a few moments rose and quietly offered her seat to the other.

"Going to get out," thought the cynical reporter; but, no, for many blocks the little woman stood, holding onto the strap for which she had volunteered a good seat, so long that the recipient of her kindness began to feel uncomfortable, and softly demured against retaining the place.

The patient sweetness of the smile with which the little lady met the other's protest transfigured her somewhat worn face and made it beautiful with the gentle grace of a loving spirit.

A Confidence Game.

Woman (to tramp)—And if I give you a nice plate of hash, you promise to saw some wood?

Tramp—Yes, 'm.

Woman (doubtfully)—I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not.

Tramp (reproachfully)—You ought to, ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat the hash.—Harper's Bazar.

Bishops-elect Vincent, Fitzgerald, Goodsell, Joyce and Newman, and Missionary Bishop Thoburn were consecrated at the general Methodist conference May 29.

There are 130 miles of electric railroads in operation in the United States, and 150 more have been contracted for. The greatest area of miles is in Pennsylvania.

True History of Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, and lived on the banks of the Nile, which was better than trying to live on the banks of Cincinnati that went up the fine a spell ago. She was a blonde of exceeding beauty, and all the newspaper correspondents who congregated at the capital during the sitting of Congress, vied with each other in singing her praises. They wrote up the parties she had—especially an old party named Pompey—and described her various costumes very elaborately.

Previous Egyptian sovereigns were obliged to gather fleets and organize armies to achieve conquests. Not so, however with Cleopatra. She had only to send some neighboring prince or potentate whom she wished to overcome and as soon as he came under the fascination of her lovely orbs he was a gone snicker. He surrendered at indiscretion and she immediately gave him an appointment under her administration as slave, and he was content to remain so.

Great Caesar himself wore her livery for a time, and, great Caesar! how she made him step around. But Caesar's wife, who should have been above suspicion, was not wholly, for she suspected what was going on and sent for him to come home, and she didn't let him go outside of the yard without her for weeks.

Cæsar, it may be remembered by some of our older readers, was subsequently assassinated by the Bald Knobbers, who were jealous of his bald knob. Antony delivered a very effective funeral oration over the body of his friend, in which he took occasion to indorse the opinion of Bob Ingersoll that there is no hell. But it must be recollected that this was before Antony had met Cleopatra.

After the death of Cæsar Octavius, his son, took the reins of power. Then Antony made a trip to Egypt, ostensibly to inspect the Suez Canal, but really to see Cleopatra, of whose beauty and fascinations he had heard so much. Antony reconciled Fulvia, his wife, to his departure by promising to bring her a nice mummy for a hat rack to decorate the hall.

Once in Alexandria and meeting Cleopatra, Antony surrendered like the rest. He neglected all business and gave himself up to one continual round of pleasures. We say round because they were not wholly on the square.

In the meantime among the Roman cubes trouble was brewing. News came to Antony that Pompey, a pompous old gentleman, having taken up arms, was also picking up his feet very lively in his march against Rome. Besides being fleet of foot on land he had an additional fleet upon the water, with which, to employ Antony's own words, which seem to be out of a job just now, "he bath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands the empire of the sea."

Following this came intelligence of the death of Fulvia, and Antony determined to "break those strong Egyptian fetters," fetter or no. He proceeded to Rome and had an interview with Octavius Cæsar, who wasn't much pleased over his long absence, nor did Antony's statement that he had negotiated to bring Cleopatra's Needle to Rome serve to mollify him.

"It seems," said Octavius, venturing on a pan, "that Cleopatras need all my generals," which wasn't so very far from the truth.

They made it up, however, and Cæsar, sympathizing deeply with Antony on account of the death of his wife, gave him his sister, Octavia, to wed as a partial consolation. Then together they put down Pompey; but did Antony, on his return from the war with a pension, hang up his sword and buckle and buckle down to a quiet domestic life with Octavia? Not much he didn't. He knew several octaves above Octavia. He sneaked off to Egypt again and renewed his relations with Cleopatra. Cæsar, enraged to have his sister scorned in this manner, declared war against Antony. Their fleets met, Antony being reinforced by Cleopatra in her steam yacht. At the very moment when victory was about to perch upon the banner of Antony, if it did not climb the mast and stand on its head, Cleopatra took a sudden fright and put back to Alexandria, followed by Antony's fleet, and Actium was lost.

Their fate is well known. Antony, filled with shame because, instead of following up an advantage he had followed off a woman, fell upon a sword. He was conveyed to Cleopatra and died in her arms, his last words being, as his eye fell upon an empty hair-dye bottle on the mantle piece, "I'm dyeing, Egypt, dyeing," although the time for dyeing his whiskers was forever past and gone. Then Cleopatra took a deadly asp (from Aspinwall) and fastening it upon her bosom its poison ended her life. Thus perished the last Queen of Egypt.—Texas Siftings.

Whips Vs. Apples.

In training horses whips stand for brute force and apples for brains and kindness. Which represents the best course? Most certainly the latter. While this is true, too many men in attempting to "break" colts forget that the horse is an intelligent animal and may be coaxed much easier than driven.

We know of a lady who has trained, we do not like the word "broken," a fiery and stubborn colt by the use of apples. The colt was a large and high-headed animal and it was impossible to put a bridle on it as it would persist in holding its head so high. It was coaxed to hold its head down by giving it apples to eat when it was lowered, and to keep it there by feeding it apples, of which it was very fond. After a few trials it would hold its head down with a look as "much as to say, 'Give me the apples and I will be good.'"

When it had been mastered in this gentle way, and there was no more trouble about getting on its bridle, it was given a lesson in another direction. At first it took three persons to hitch this colt to a wagon. One person held it by the head, and with a person on each side to keep it in place it was with difficulty kept quiet long enough to put it between the thills and make it fast. The apples were tried again, and while the lady fed it these one person could make it fast to the wagon. It was never struck with the whip; and in a little while it so far got over its naturally restive and excited condition that it would stand quite still, and at last the lady was able to hitch it up all alone; and, by giving it an extra apple as a reward, it would stand still and eat it, patiently waiting for the mistress to get into the carriage, and would start when bidden. On the road, when it was required to stand, it was restive, but here an apple would make it quiet.

This kind of generous treatment won the confidence of this colt, and made of it a safe and grand horse. What would the cruel whip have done? Nothing less than ruin this valuable animal. A horse must be taught one thing at a time, and this teaching must be done patiently and gently.

Another horse, purchased from a drove of untamed animals, was made friendly by a lady with crackers and sugar, until he actually caressed the gentle trainer and indicated his affection by putting his nose on her shoulder. A saddle was put on his back and the lady mounted. Kindly and safely he bore his mistress anywhere, but no other person could ride him. He would stamp and rear and refuse to be controlled.

We do not believe in whips. How does the uneducated colt know for what it is punished?—Our Country Home.

The Infant Prodigy.

A proud father had, just before dinner, been telling the visitor how clever his little daughter was. He said it was not precocity. It was intelligence; when she learned a thing she knew its value, and she never was known, like other children, to ask foolish questions. "You'll see now. If that child asks a question about anything it will surprise you with its sense." At dinner the conversation among the elders turned on Austria. The intellectual child was taking it all in. In a pause in the talk she piped out: "Papa!" "What is it, my dear?" said the proud parent with a pleasant smile, as he looked at the visitor, as much as to say, "Now's your chance; you listen." "Papa, are they all ostriches in Austria?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Hermit and Veiled Woman.

Eight years ago a handsome man of dignified bearing and refined appearance passed through St. Helens, Columbia county, and took up his abode in a deserted cabin on the Nehalem. Here he lived like a hermit. A beautiful dog which accompanied the stranger into the woods died about five years ago, and the fashionable clothes which the recluse wore when he made his retreat were replaced by coarse fabrics and strong country shoes. Twice each year the hermit was visited by a woman of graceful form and easy manners, who always dressed in black and was thickly veiled. No one knew who this woman was or whence she came. She remained with the hermit about an hour, and for three or four days after her departure the recluse remained within his cabin. When at last he appeared he looked much sadder and more aged than before. Last Tuesday morning the cabin was found in ashes. The hermit was not to be found. His mysterious visitor called on him about a week ago. He may have burned with the cabin, but there is no trace of him to be found.—The Astorian.

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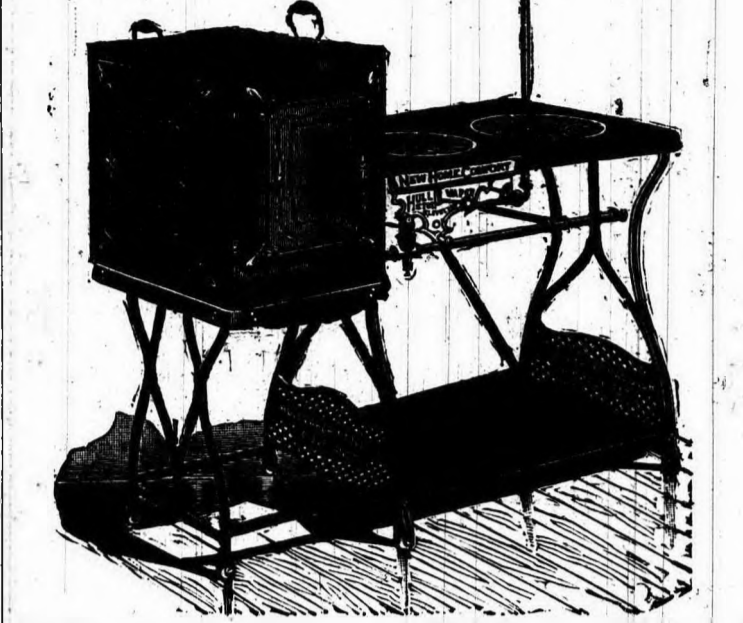
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