

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

STATE PIONEERS.

Interesting Papers and Reports—The New Officers.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the state pioneer society held in Lansing, was attended by over 300 of those who have helped to make the history of Michigan.

Biographical sketches of nearly all of the deceased members appeared in the reports of the memorial committees from the various counties.

In his annual address President Wing sketched at considerable length the early history of the state.

The president then gave an extended list of early Michigan pioneers, prefaced with the quaint remark that "the Lord seems to have sifted New England and New York that he might send choice spirits to our peninsula."

The literary programme of the evening, as carried out, was as follows: "The Finances of Mining in the Upper Peninsula," by John H. Forster; vocal solo, "Last Rose of Summer," Mrs. Maggie Porter Cole.

At the closing session Dr. M. M. Cullen delivered the opening prayer, followed by a vocal solo by Mrs. S. L. Roper.

The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, Talcott E. Wing, Monroe; recording secretary, Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing; corresponding secretary, George H. Greene, Lansing; treasurer, Ephraim Longyear, Lansing; executive committee, Albert Miller, Bay City; S. D. Bingham, Lansing; Charles Sheppard, Grand Rapids.

THOSE NORTHERN DENS.

Gov. Luce Wants to Know All About Them.

The following letter has been mailed to prosecuting attorneys and sheriffs of all upper peninsula counties:

Dear Sirs—Several months since I received from Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop of Jackson, Mich., several letters, and afterwards a letter from a gentleman at Marquette, relating that in the northern peninsula of our state existed a condition of society in certain localities, not mentioned, that, if true, would be a dark blot upon the fair name of our state.

While Martin Hansen, a sailor on the schooner McVea, was taking in a line at East Saginaw the other morning, he fell into the river and was drowned.

dates, names or other data that may serve to throw light upon the matter! If such rumors are sensational and without foundation they cannot be too quickly stamped as false, and these slanders removed from the law-abiding and law-respecting people of the northern peninsula.

The 2nd reunion of the legislative association occurred in Lansing on the 13th and 14th inst. A goodly number were present.

Edward Warren of Norway shot his wife Hattie in the left breast. He then picked her up and marched her through the street with the revolver in his hand, defying the officers and the mob.

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PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Owosso will spend \$40,000 for water works this summer.

Gov. Luce has written to Mrs. Obenauer demanding facts about the dens of infamy which she claims exist in the upper peninsula.

In the trial of Wm. Sneed for assault with intent to murder Cornelius Gibson, a tramp from Detroit, at Lawton, the jury found him not guilty.

Prof. Riley says that Michigan will have a visitation of the 17-year locusts this summer.

A 12-year old boy named Eddie Avery had his arm nearly cut in two at the elbow joint while working in Shairer's mill at Cedar Springs.

A 13-years old Nequanee boy robbed another boy, forcibly taking from him \$4.95. He went to Lapeer to see the circus, and will enjoy the rest of his fun in the reform school.

Seventeen young men received diplomas of graduation from the Michigan military academy this month.

The fifth reunion of the gallant old Eighth Michigan infantry volunteers, which was known during the war as the "wandering regiment," was held in Flint on the 13th, about 100 of the 400 surviving members being present.

Wenzel Matzke, who fatally stabbed John Puff during an altercation in a lumber camp near Newaygo last winter, has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

Congressmen Whiting and Fisher have returned to Michigan to look after personal and political business.

Joseph Goodsell, an employe in Beardell's drug store in Hudson, fell down the elevator shaft the other day, and was instantly killed.

Frank Keeler, a brakeman on the G. R. & I. road, was killed at Lima, Ind., the other night. The train broke and he fell between the cars.

Gladstone, the lake port of the Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic railway, has now 3,000 inhabitants, the pavement of two and a half miles of street has commenced, the railroad company has just finished a flour house 500 feet long and is shipping flour by vessel direct to Europe.

The office of the Traverse Bay Eagle was badly damaged by fire recently.

Paul Lux of Muskegon county, killed four bears last winter and three this spring, and has three more tied up in his yard to be killed during the busy season this summer.

One hundred and ten students will be graduated from the normal school this month.

John Sullivan of Wales, Oakland county, while driving across a bridge at Rochester, was dropped into the stream with his team. He wants \$5,000 damages.

Rosa Deitz and Frank Markle, in jail at Ionia, charged with eloping and stealing old man Deitz's horse, were married at the jail the other day, and then the justice's court committed them for trial in November.

Asa Kingsbury of Mecosta county, convicted of opening letters addressed to several young ladies, has had sentence suspended, since it appears that his father, who is a minister, has neglected the lad, not having visited him since his arrest.

President Julius Ropes of the Ropes gold and silver company, has issued a circular to the share-holders stating that \$300 per share will be paid for enough stock to secure a controlling interest in the mine. The company has 80,000 shares and stock is desired by a number of capitalists, who are interested in the district. It is rumored that Detroit capitalists are trying to secure a controlling interest in the mine.

Johnson's tub and barrel factory in Coldwater was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst., at a loss of \$10,000.

Prof. Beal of the agricultural college says that in a few years Alcona county will be a dairyman's paradise.

James Farrell of Cadillac, a patient in the Battle Creek sanitarium, cut his throat the other morning.

Andrew Muckle, a conductor on the G. R. & I. road, was killed by the cars at Leroy the other day.

Wenzel Matzke of Newaygo has been sentenced to 10 years in state's prison for killing John Puff during a row in a lumber camp.

A Lake Shore freight train broke in two while entering the yard at Adrian the other day. The engine put on steam to get away from the rear section and crashed into a standing train, wrecking 13 cars.

The following are the newly elected officers of the state Arbeiter society: President, Charles E. Breuner of Saginaw; vice-president, Joseph Anders of Grand Rapids; recording secretary, T. Langerhauer of Mt. Clemens; corresponding secretary, Fred Krause of Bay City; treasurer, Otto Ihling of Kalamazoo; trustees, Alexander Saenger of Detroit, Fred London of East Saginaw, L. Z. Foerster of Ypsilanti, Gustave Schuchart of Roseville, and H. Blocker of Grand Rapids.

State Senator Lewis T. Palmer of Big Rapids, has been appointed to represent Michigan and deliver an address at the centennial celebration of the settlement of the northwest territory to be held at Marietta, O., next month.

The State and Western Michigan horticultural society held a profitable meeting at Benton Harbor on the 15th inst. Another meeting of the two societies will be held at Fenville in December.

Salt has declined to 50 cents a barrel, the lowest price ever reached. Increased shipments of New York salt to the western market is stated as the cause of the drop.

John Phelps of South Jefferson was drowned in Bow Besse Lake, near Hillsdale, the other day. He was overcome by the heat and fell from the boat.

August 7, 8 and 9 are the dates of the Greenview encampment of the central G. A. R. association.

The Heddig silk factory now employs 175 females.

Ex-State Senator Charles C. Conger of California, who died recently, was a son of Judge Thomas Conger and the first white child born in what is now Benton Harbor.

H. C. Linberg, one of the earliest settlers of Pontiac, is dead.

M. B. Grant has been convicted at Ithaca of criminal assault upon his daughter.

The new land office at Grayling is doing a rushing business. Rarely a day passes that claims are not filed.

James Hickey, 15 years of age, was drowned in the river at Saginaw the other day.

Ernest Pearl, a 14-year old boy of Grand Rapids, was drowned while bathing in the river in that city.

Edward Edmunds of Tekonsha, was found dead beside the road the other morning. When found he was sitting upright against a pile of lumber apparently asleep. Heart disease is the supposed cause of his death.

Howard Fisher, a well known insurance agent of Adrian, was arrested a few days ago on complaint of the New York Underwriter's insurance company, charged with appropriating \$800 in premiums, and making no returns of same.

Rev. Dr. Kendall Brooks, ex-president of Kalamazoo college, has been offered a chair in Alma college faculty.

George C. Morton, Meriden farmer, lost his \$10,000 suit against Lansing, for alleged injuries received by tip over in alley, on ground that city isn't liable for accidents in defective alleys. Morton will appeal.

Louis Scribner, a minor, has been held for trial at Morley on charge of stealing a horse. He pleaded guilty, and said that he had been trained to that by his father, who used to whip him to make him commit that crime.

At the annual meeting of the state medical society in Detroit, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Simeon O. French, Kalamazoo; first vice-president, Dr. Charles A. Lewis, Jackson; second vice-president, Dr. E. B. Ward, Lansburg; third vice-president, Dr. David Inglis, Detroit; fourth vice-president, Dr. Simeon B. Niles, secretary, Dr. George Duffield, Detroit; treasurer, Dr. H. B. Hemenway, Kalamazoo; members of judicial council, Dr. William Brodie, Detroit; Dr. F. C. Owen, Ypsilanti; Dr. J. H. Bennett, Coldwater; delegates to the British Medical association, Dr. T. A. McGraw, H. A. Cleland and C. J. Lundy, Detroit; delegates to the Medical Society of Ontario, Drs. Mulherson, Maclean and Kaiser, Detroit, and Dr. George of the University of Michigan. Kalamazoo was chosen as the place for holding the next meeting.

Results of weather for week ending June 16, as given in Sergt. Conger's bulletin were "very favorable to all crops. The warm days and sufficient rain has made corn, wheat, oats, barley and potatoes grow rapidly. In the southern tier of counties, wheat is reported as heading out, while wheat in counties north of the third tier is not reported as heading out yet. Potato bugs are reported plenty in Lenawee, and Oakland counties. Cut-worms still working in the young corn to some extent. During the thunder storm of June 13 heavy rain fell and hail was reported in St. Joseph, Branch and Barry counties. The farmers generally are well pleased with the growth of all crops."

Mrs. William Brock and her 4-year old son were drowned in the Cass river at Care the other day.

The Grand Ledge chair company is shipping its goods into every state in the union.

The girls of the industrial home at Adrian have been organized into a fire brigade.

John Brooks of Waldron, Hillsdale county, was 102 years old on the 18th inst.

There is talk of resurrecting the Buchanan & Berrien Springs narrow gauge railroad.

Grand Rapids has 877 manufacturing, employing 18,187 males, 812 females, 283 traveling seamen and an aggregate of \$18,000,000 of capital, producing \$35,000,000 of an output. The imports of Grand Rapids are \$4,778,800.

The Michigan Arbeiter bund has resolved to fight prohibition.

Water sells for two cents a barrel at Benton Harbor.

Abram Young, for forty years a resident of Grant township, St. Clair county, is dead.

Eastern capitalists are negotiating for the Peninsula mine near Houghton.

The Michigan lumber company owns 200,000 acres of pine land in Arkansas.

Five horses dropped dead from extreme heat at a camp meeting at Willis Station, Sunday, June 17.

It is estimated that Muskegon will turn out 100,000,000 less shingles this year than last.

A party of four young men of Lake Linden went out for a sale the other afternoon. The boat capsized and two of the young men were drowned. The other two lashed themselves to the boat and drifted all night. The next day they were washed ashore in a perfectly exhausted condition.

Allen McLean, an old and respected farmer, died in Texas township, Kalamazoo county, a few days ago. He was a spiritualist and often asserted that he would die at his own funeral. His funeral obsequies occurred in a grove near his home. A coroner sang, and several children took part in the ceremonies. After the exercises, McLean's son danced a lively jig, and the body was lowered into the grave.

Albert Rounds, aged 31, was drowned near Cedar Springs.

William S. McCarra, one of the first settlers of Collins, is dead.

Ered Wright of Grand Blanc, a promising pupil of the Flint high school, was drowned in the river near that place just before school time the other morning.

Hastings division No. 19, K. of P., won the first prize of \$1,200 at the world's competitive drill held in Cincinnati a few weeks ago.

The hotel in Wakefield was destroyed by fire a few days ago, and two children of Edward Bowler, the proprietor, perished in the flames.

Gen. Sheridan has sent a message to the G. A. R. post of Lansing, thanking them for their message of sympathy.

Chester Malloy of Palmyra was drowned while bathing the other afternoon.

Marshal McCrumb, aged 17, of Novi, was drowned while fishing in Strait's lake the other morning.

Table of Detroit Markets listing prices for Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, etc.

CATTLE—Market steady; inferior to choice, \$4 to \$5; cows, \$1.50 to \$2; Texas cattle, \$2 to \$3; stockers and feeders, \$2 to \$3.

HOGS—Market opened lower and closed firm; mixed, \$5 to \$5.50; heavy, \$5 to \$5.50; light, \$5 to \$5.50; pigs and culls, \$4 to \$4.50.

Wool—Market steady, native medium, \$4 to \$5; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$3.50; Texas, \$2 to \$2.50; Western feeders, \$3 to \$3.50; \$3 to \$3.50; lambs per head, \$2 to \$3.

Little Phil's Mother Dead.

Mrs. Mary Sheridan, mother of Gen. Phil Sheridan, died at her home in Sumner, Ohio, June 12.

Mrs. Sheridan was born in County Cavan, Ireland, came to the United States in 1823, and to Ohio in 1832. She was never robust in appearance. Her stature was small and her weight of late did not exceed seventy pounds, but she no doubt exceeded one hundred and twenty pounds in her younger years. Her eyes were gray, keen and searching; her utterance free and decisive. She lived in the home which the general purchased for the family prior to the war. In this house resided John Sheridan, wife and daughters, now at school. Mother Sheridan was provided with all the heart could wish of this world's store, and was fortunate in the care and society of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John L. Sheridan. Reports concerning the dangerous condition of her son Phil were studiously kept from Mother Sheridan, but she knew that he was sick.

It Wasn't a Piano.

R. D. Lancaster, surveyor of the port at St. Louis, the other day swooped down upon a piano-box at the Washab freight depot marked "Piano—handle with care; Mrs. L. Lewis, Tulare, Cal.," and deposited it in the government warehouse, where it was opened and found to contain 1,300 tin cans filled with opium aggregating 695 pounds. The opium is prepared for smoking and the duty on it amounts to \$2,850. The commercial value is \$28,975. Notwithstanding this fact, opium is selling in St. Louis for \$2.50 per pound, giving evidence that an immense amount of opium is now being smuggled into this country. Developments are promised that will implicate several custom house officials.

Stanley Wounded.

Advices from the Congo say that Arabs who have arrived at Kinshasa state that Henry M. Stanley was wounded in a fight with the natives, and that afterward only half of his escort deserted. Tippeo Tip had not sent the promised convoy to Stanley.

CAPITAL CULLINGS.

Matters of Interest From the Seat of Government.

Matters Before Congress.

The National Republican, after a career of nearly twenty-eight years, has suspended publication, the paper having been merged into the Washington Post, which is now printed as an independent journal. For the present and until the conclusion of other arrangements the Post continues under its old management, Mr. Stillson Hutchins retaining the business control and Walter S. Hutchins the editorship.

Indian Commissioner Atkins has resigned to go to Tennessee to canvass for reelection to the senate.

Secretary Fairchild will be examined, at his own request, in respect to the developments made by the Hale special committee when in New York.

The comptroller of the currency has approved the selection of the following banks as reserve agents for certain national banks in Michigan: The Metropolitan National of Chicago, for the Third National of Detroit; the Preston National of Detroit, for the City National of Lansing; the Chicago National of New York and the Continental National of Chicago, for the First National of St. Ignace.

The report of the auditor for the postoffice department for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1897, shows the receipts from all sources to have been \$13,643,992; and the expenditures \$13,781,791—deficiency \$137,819. The report shows that the receipts from this quarter were the largest for any quarter in the history of the government and the deficiency the smallest since the reduction of the rate of postage in 1883.

The postmaster-general is busily engaged preparing the postoffice department exhibit to be shown to the Cincinnati exhibition, which opens July 4.

The President has pardoned George R. Watkins, U. S. N., serving a term for fraud and embezzlement.

The senate has passed the agricultural department appropriation bill.

Among the amendments to the agricultural department appropriation bill passed by the senate is one appropriating \$100,000 for the continuance of experiments in making argilum sugar.

There is a marked improvement in the condition of Gen. Sheridan and all unfavorable symptoms have disappeared.

Gen. O. A. Howard, commanding the division of the Pacific, has sent the secretary of war the first formal objection to the newly established plan of monthly payments in the army. He says the new system has been followed by heavy diminutions of deposits by the enlisted men, the desertions have become more frequent and that the system has become prejudicial to the good of the service. The secretary replies that there will be no change until the system proves to be a failure.

Postmaster-General Dickinson's plans for his summer vacation aren't still matured. A proposition has been made to him to rent or purchase the historic Montpelier home of ex-President Madison, located at Orange Court House, Virginia. It is one of the loveliest spots south of the Potomac.

Gen. Sheridan continues to improve.

The president has recognized Jules Wegmann vice consul of the Swiss confederation for Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the northern part of Illinois, to reside at Chicago.

The senate has ratified the long pending treaty providing for an adjustment of the Venezuelan claims.

The president has settled the contest over the surveyorship of customs for the new port of delivery at Grand Rapids by the appointment of Andrew F. Shafer, who, it is understood, was recommended by Congressman Ford.

The President and members of the cabinet attended the services at the Lutheran church, in memory of Emperor Frederick.

The resolution to appropriate \$25,000 to aid in the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg was defeated in the house.

G. A. R. General Orders.

Commander-in-Chief J. P. Rea of the National G. A. R., has issued general orders No. 8, in substance as follows:

That part of the Indian Territory which is embraced in the Choctaw, Cherokee and Chickasaw nations, is hereby detached from the department of Texas and added to the department of Arkansas for all Grand Army purposes, which arrangement will date from May 1, 1888. All posts heretofore organized within the territory herein specified will report to the commander of the department of Arkansas, and will be subject to the jurisdiction of that department.

On the recommendation of Surgeon-General Florence Donohue, post surgeons are directed to transmit at once to the medical directors of their respective departments a brief statement of the number of destitute ex-soldiers treated by them during the quarter ending March 31, 1898, together with the sources from which money was procured to pay for medicines and surgical appliances.

Attention is called to the rule which requires that all proposed changes in the rules and regulations should be communicated to headquarters in time to admit of their being submitted to the members of the national encampment, at least thirty days before the meeting of that body. The date of meeting has been fixed for September 12, 1898. Propositions for changes should be in the hands of the adjutant-general not later than August 1.

Upon the request of the department encampment and officers of the department of the Gulf, the territory included therein will be designated hereafter as the Department of Louisiana and Mississippi.

By request of the national association of naval veterans, notice is hereby given that a reunion of the survivors of the union navy will be held at Columbus during the national encampment. Particulars as to time and place of meeting, rates, etc., will be furnished on application to William Simmons, secretary, care Naval Post No. 400, Philadelphia.

Killed in a Clay Bank.

Five Killed.

EQUINE SURGERY.

Removing a Snake From a Mare's Eye—Second Case in America.

Says a Baltimore special to the Cincinnati Enquirer: On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Thomas W. Spranklin, assisted by Veterinary Surgeon John S. Colton, successfully removed a living worm or "snake" from the eye of an old mare belonging to Mr. Stansberry, of Patapsco Neck, in this state. The animal, a dark bay, about fifteen and a half hands high, has been in the stables of Rice and Marshall, on North Frederick Street, for several days and has attracted a good deal of attention from the curious. The parasite, technically known as filaria oculi equinus, was 3 inches long and had the general appearance of a piece of gray silk thread. It had its abiding place in the aqueous humor of the mare's left eye, and was in a state of incessant motion, wriggling about after the manner of animalcules seen in a drop of water under a microscope. It was first noticed in the mare's eye about six months ago, when it was so small as to be barely discernible. It grew steadily until it attained its present size. It was never still a moment, but kept up its activity without pause day and night. The poor mare was kept in a state of perpetual nervous excitement by it and wasted away until her ribs almost protruded through her rusty coat and her flanks were as thin as it was possible for anything of flesh to be. Many showmen visited her and offered to buy her for exhibiting purposes, but the owner would not sell her to them.

This was the second authenticated case of the kind on record in America. The other was in New York and was operated on by Dr. Pomeroy at the New York American Veterinary College, on Fifty-fourth Street, about ten or twelve years ago. The animal was placed under the influence of chloroform and the worm removed, but having some heart trouble, it died under the operation.

Dr. Spranklin began his operation by securely binding the old mare so she could not move, and then laid her down on her right side. Then her left eye was treated with a solution made of ninety-three parts of rose water and seven parts of cocaine. Small quantities of this solution were dropped into the eye, at intervals of five minutes, seven or eight times, until partial anesthesia was obtained and it could be touched by the finger without pain to the animal. Then an incision was made in the eye from the outer canthus, or corner, between the cornea, or eye-ball, and the sclerotic coat, or white of the eye. The incision was made by means of a sharp lance shaped like an arrow-head. The incision was made at about right angles with the eyelid, so that it would be almost wholly covered by it when in its normal position. The instrument was kept in the wound until the aqueous humor had exuded. Then it was still retained in position and used as a guide for a pair of very delicate spring forceps, whose blades were inserted into the opening. The lance was then removed and Dr. Spranklin, placing the index finger of his left hand upon the opposite side of the corner, gently but firmly pushed the parasite toward the blades of the forceps. It was so very active that four or five times it wriggled away from their grasp. At last he was able to get a tight hold upon it and drew it out. It was very lively, and lived for several minutes—in fact, until it was placed for preservation in a small vial of alcohol. The lips of the incision were drawn together and closed in a flap, the aqueous humor again flowed into and filled the corner, and in less than three quarters of an hour the old mare was back in her stall eating as calmly as though such a thing as a delicate surgical operation was beyond her ken.

Dr. Spranklin is firmly of the opinion that unless inflammation should cease from want of proper nursing of the eye it will soon be as well as it ever was, both in appearance and strength of sight. As to how the worm got into the animal's eye, he inclines to the idea that its germ was taken into the mare's system through water which she drank.

Making Sport of Our Railroads.

"You don't know what fast traveling means in this country." An Englishman who had recently made a trip throughout the New England states and the west was discussing our railroad system with a friend at a cafe. "Don't, eh? What do you say to our limited express to Chicago?" "How fast do you claim it runs?" "Forty miles an hour." "Now listen and I'll give you some news. In England third-class passengers ride from forty to forty-five miles an hour and nobody pays extra fare on

account of the speed. From New York to Albany it is 145 miles by a splendid track. There are ten express trains daily between these cities and their average speed is twenty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Sheffield, 162 miles, the Great Northern runs nine trains daily, with an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. One train makes fifty miles an hour. Between New York and Boston the average speed is thirty miles an hour, and the fastest, a train composed exclusively of sleeping cars, makes thirty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Manchester, 203 miles, there are twenty trains daily, with an average speed of forty-one miles an hour, and some trains making fifty. Between London and Glasgow, 440 miles, there are thirteen daily expresses, and their average speed is almost forty miles an hour, one train being much faster than this."

"Yes, but that is only on favored lines." "Not at all. All over England and Scotland express trains composed of first, second and third class carriages, make from thirty-five to fifty miles an hour, while in America a thirty-five mile train is called a stroke of lightning. The fastest regular train in America, so I am told, is one on the Baltimore and Ohio, which makes the forty miles between Washington and Baltimore in fifty minutes. There are three or four fast trains between New York and Philadelphia covering forty miles an hour. Between Liverpool and Manchester there are fifty-two trains daily, none of them slower than forty-five miles an hour and four of them fifty-one and a third miles an hour.

The Hired Man of Old.

This is the day when the "hired man" who is engaged to work on a farm for the season reports for duty, provided, of course, that there is somewhere a farm on which such a relic of a by-gone age as the hired man is to be found this year. What an institution he used to be in the days when we were young! A thoroughbred Yankee; not a drop of imported blood in his veins; strong and lithe, and active and tireless, intelligent, fairly well educated, skilled in his business, and, as a rule, industrious beyond the belief of this ten-hour generation.

From the time he drove his ax into the woodpile in the door yard on the 1st of April until the close of the season, after harvesting, he expected to work, and he did work, not from sun to sun, but from dawn to darkness, and then did the milking and fed the pigs afterward. His day was fourteen, fifteen, even sixteen hours long, and it never occurred to him that it should be shorter. He was no specialist. He could do anything. He was smart with the cythe, handy with a hoe, cute with a cradle and experienced with an ax. He knew how much grain and grass seed were required to the acre, when grass was fit to cut, and when it was hayed enough to "go in," and he did not need to be told when to drop turnip seed in the corn field, or how to put corn in the shock.

He could build wall, make cider, shingle the barn, make a hayrack, or doctor a sick hog. It was safe to leave him to work alone. And he got for his services \$10, \$12, possibly \$15 a month for eight months, and saved three-fourths of it. Then when he had worked eight or ten seasons and accumulated a few hundred dollars, he probably married the "hired girl," who had been at work for \$1 a week and saved half of that, bought a farm, got out of debt little by little, educated his children and sent them the city to preach or to practice law, or work in the store or shop, while he stayed on the old homestead.—Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

The Craze for "Rough on Rats."

Dr. Thomas C. Miner, of Cincinnati, has made a scorching attack on druggists for the thoughtlessness with which they sell "Rough on Rats." The doctor says "it contains the tortures of the damned, and yet it is sold with as little restraint across the druggist's counter as is sugar in a grocery store."

Dr. Miner's argument is in consonance with the spirit of editorial expressions which recently appeared in these columns. There is no question as to the awful potency of the rat poison which can be fully as rough on man as it is on the ill-fated rodents that eat it. Its sale should at least be governed by the general restrictions in regard to the poisons of the prescription counter.

A provision of law suggested by Dr. Miner that the bottles of all suicides with "Rough on Rats" be turned over to medical students for dissection would be cruel to surviving friends, and would deter only the more sensitive victims of melancholia or other mental aberration.—Missaukee Wisconsin.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser's Trouble With Shirts.

When Mr. Bowser was courting me, I, girl-like, never noticed whether his shirt bosoms were white or black, or whether his collars were turned down at the ends or stood stiffly under his arms. I admired his nose and hair and eyes, and was in love with the shape of his head, and that was all sufficient. I supposed he wore clothes, and I supposed he had shirts and collars, but as to who made them, what they cost or how they set was a mystery I never sought to solve. Mother had her eye on that young man, however. After looking him over two or three times she said to me:

"Sarah, if you marry him you'll have trouble—lots of trouble."

"Why, mother?" "There's no why about it. He's too particular with his shirts and collars. If they don't set just so, he's as uneasy as a fish out of water. I cured your father and in the course of ten years got him so that he would ride out on Sunday with one of my stockings for a collar, but you can never cure this chap."

"But I can make shirts and collars, and you know how nicely I iron." "Oh, well, we shall see. I don't like the end of his nose and that sneer on his lip, but I shan't oppose a marriage. When he begins to jaw and tear around, you just remember what I said."

I had forgotten all about it long enough before the wedding, but two weeks after that event Mr. Bowser himself called my attention to it. We had just got home from our wedding tour when one morning as he was putting on his collar he blurted out:

"I'd like to know what in tin and rosin ails this infernal thing!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"And this confounded shirt sets as if it was made to go over a clothes-horse! It's a wonder to me I haven't killed somebody before this!"

"Do you have trouble with your shirts and collars?"

"Do I! Don't I! There isn't a human hyena on the face of the earth who knows enough to fit me? I've tried a dozen places, and every man in them is a malicious liar!"

"I'd like to try."

"Can you make shirts and collars?"

"Beautiful ones."

"Then you are a treasure, indeed. I'll get some cloth this very day."

He was as good as his word, and in the course of a couple of weeks I had several fine samples on hand. I hadn't a doubt of being able to please him. Mother smiled knowingly now and then, and now and then trotted her foot and observed that "we shall see," but the storm which burst found me totally unprepared. I finished and ironed three beautiful shirts and six collars and placed them in the drawer, planning to give Mr. Bowser a surprise. He gave me one instead. He woke me up one morning by snorting around in a great flurry, and before my eyes were fairly open he shook something at me over the foot-board and exclaimed:

"That's the kind of a housekeeper you are, is it! What's this flour-sack and dog-collar doing in my shirt-drawer?"

"Flour-sack? Dog-collar?" I repeated.

"Certainly! Here I've fooled away half an hour of my time supposing it was a shirt and a collar. Mrs. Bowser, when April fool day comes I shan't mind a little joke, but this is the twenty-third of January."

"And that shirt doesn't fit?"

"It might fit a telegraph pole or a convict."

"And the collar is—is—"

"Is a good fit for a pirate or some one else who wants choking!"

I cried, I sobbed, I boo-hoed. I just made a business of going all to pieces, and I made a grand success of it. When he had gone mother came in, saw the rumbled shirt and collars on the floor and quietly observed:

"I wasn't mistaken, you see. If ever a man needed cow-hiding, it's this husband of yours."

There has never been a change of linen on Mr. Bowser's part since then that he hasn't gone through a set programme. He pulls from four to six shirts out of a drawer, tumbles them over each other several times, selects one with a grab, and he gets into it about the way a man would climb out of a well. As soon as it is half on he yells:

"Mrs. Bowser, where are you?"

"Here, dear."

"Well, what in thunder ails this old shirt?"

"Is anything wrong with it?"

"Wrong! Why, I'd give a million dollars to be locked in a room with the man who made it for three minutes! It's—it's—"

He's got into it by that time, and

then it's pull here and haul there, and twist his neck this way and that, and he couldn't be more tired if he had been sawing wood. Then comes the collar. He tries at least four before he gets any sort of fit, and after he gets it on its too stiff, too limber, too long, too short, too high, or too low. He's a peaceful man, he says, and he has been brought up to respect the law, but if he ever meets the maker of that collar blood must flow in buckets. He's mad all the morning, and mad at breakfast, and mad when he goes away, and I suppose it takes him half the forenoon to get his placidity back.

After awhile I made up three more shirts and six more collars, brought them home one day as a store package, and asked him to try them as something new.

"Say! you've hit it at last!" he said next day when he put one on.

"Do they fit?"

"Splendidly."

For two or three days he was at rest, then, like a goose, I had to brag that I made the articles.

"You—you did!" he grasped.

"Of course."

"And deliberately deceived me."

"Was it deceit?"

"Mrs. Bowser, a wife who will do that will poison her husband! Don't speak to me again this week!"

He wore 'em all out, but from that hour he has never had one to fit—Detroit Free Press.

"Coon" vs. Cowslips.

A lady up on Prospect avenue, is passionately fond of cowslip greens, and has been looking forward all winter to the return of the balmy days of spring, that she might sally forth and cull the seductive cowslip. The balmy day's failing to balm she was about to give up all idea of tasting her favorite dish, when chance steered her on to a party in the person of her colored washerwoman, who agreed to bring her some the next morning.

The washerwoman said that she knew of "a marsh what was jes' dead yaller wif dem cowslips," and agreed to bring a basketful for half a dollar. The lady was in high glee, but hour after hour passed with no signs of the dusky maiden. About half past four o'clock in the afternoon, the maid informed the madam that the washerwoman had come, and she repaired to the kitchen to see her beloved cowslips. The sight that met her gaze was startling to say the least. In place of the neat colored woman of the night before, there stood in her stead a mass of mud. "What on earth has happened?" asked the frightened madam.

"I've dun fell in ter de mud, an' it tuck fo' men an' a dowg ter haul me out," was all the poor creature could say. The greens were safe however, and an extra dollar set things right.—Peck's Sun.

What Congress Costs.

There are just 401 members of the House and of the Senate, and to wait upon them and to run errands and hold open the doors as they pass in and out, and carry the cards of their callers and take care of the thousands of bills they put in they have employed about 400 people, who are paid the snug little sum of \$684,000 for doing so. Fact: Every member has one employe, and for the service of the same there is paid an average of about \$1,800 each. The snug little sum of \$380,000 is required to pay the salaries of the senators, and for the compensation of the members of the House \$1,695,000 are to be provided, and this brings the salaries of our national law-makers to a total of over \$2,000,000 per year. It costs a little less than \$150,000 per session to pay the mileage of members, and the country pays \$50,000 to purchase the stationery for members and officers of the House alone in any one session. The treasury pays \$52,000 for reporting the debates, whether Congress sits for one month or twelve, as the official reporters, like most of the clerks, are paid by the year, though they seldom do more than twelve months' work in the twenty-four months that make up the congressional term. Right here is where the political workers come in; over \$150,000 are appropriated for clerks to committees who have about the snuggest places in Washington. One day's time each week would in all fairness suffice for the performance of their duties, and that only when Congress is in session. When the adjournment takes place the good clerks go home, and on the first of every month the sergeant-at-arms forwards a check for the salary due him, just the same as if he were engaged in the government service every working day in the year. It requires \$684,000 to keep up the annual pay roll of the officers, clerks and messengers that stand under the dome of the capitol to do the bidding of 401 working congressmen.—Washington Cor. New York Graphic.

FACT AND FANGY.

Vichy and milk is a new beverage. Isaiah Walton, of Byron, Ga., has five bouncing daughters. Their average weight is over two hundred pounds.

While out for a day's fun, a hog in Green county, Ohio, amused herself by shewing off the tails of forty-four other hogs.

An Italian beggar arrested in New York confessed that he had not washed himself in fifteen years. He was afraid of the consequences.

A tiger weighing 250 pounds can carry off a horse weighing 1,050. It is mostly done by the power of the jaw. What a blessed thing that the tiger can't talk!

They broke up the hoodlums in San Francisco after twenty years of trying in a very simple way. They broke about twenty hoodlums' heads with police clubs.

A candidate for Alderman in Cincinnati promised a certain petty office to fifty-six different men, and when elected gave it to his brother, the fifty-seventh.

It has been decided in Sacramento that a pocket-knife can be classed as burglar's tools—even a reporter's knife, which hasn't been sharpened in seventeen years.

The number of first-class crackmen in the United States has been reduced to thirteen, and as that is an unlucky number one of the gang should go hang himself.

Holland reclaims an average of eight acres per day from the sea and the salt water is no sooner crowded out than cabbage is crowded in. Sauerkraut is King of Holland.

Baltimore gas companies have consolidated in defiance of the ordinance and put up the price, and they coolly demand to know what the people are going to do about it.

The smallest elephant in this country drinks eight gallons of water per day. How wise Nature was when she gave the elephant a diaphragm for the taste of lager beer.

A Philadelphia saloonkeeper went crazy when the authorities refused to renew his license. The thought of having to go to work again added the poor fellow's brains.

Coleman, the borax man of California, said not more than three months ago: "It is only the rascals and sapsheads who fall in business." Which class does he come under?

Every striking "Q" engineer has lost \$338 in wages to date and has used up at least \$200 while idle. Each one is therefore at least \$538 out of pocket, and the strike is a flat failure.

Mrs. Livermore was thrown from her carriage and had her mouth enlarged two inches by a cut. She hopes to save the increase, but the doctors want to sew her whole mouth up.

There is not an idle horse-collar maker in St. Louis, where the bulk of the goods are made, and every horse with horse sense will prepare himself for an active summer campaign.

A barrel of Ohio river water which took the place of a barrel of Cincinnati whiskey traveled 11,000 miles and was kept in a store-house seven years before the fraud was discovered.

After the signal service has said, "Cooler, with rain, and warmer, with rain," and "increased cloudiness, with rain," it really ought to rain sometime that week, but it doesn't always do so.

The Rev. Edward Hopper, of New York, was found dead in his chair with an uncompleted poem before him, and the woman who found him had to read the verses before she gave the alarm.

The orange wine on the market last summer as a hot weather drink was made of alcohol and chemicals, and was only sweetened with orange oil. Shake the bottle several times before using.

Russian papers savagely attack Kennon's contributions to the Century on Russian prison life, but not one of them denies his allegations. Turkish barbarity has its equal and more in Russia.

The item that Vermont has a law against Sunday smoking on the streets is incorrect. It was repealed with the old Puritanical ordinance making it a misdemeanor to court a girl Sunday evening.

The big Lick telescope brings the moon within 200 miles of the observer, but they have thus far failed to hit anything to startle the country. The nearer it comes the less mystery there is about it.

Last year the fad was to go through the rapids at Niagara in a barrel. It isn't settled yet what particular craze will break out this summer, but a man astride of a saw-log won't be far out of the way.

A strange decision was made the other day by a Milwaukee judge. A woman had been arrested for trying to poison a neighbor's chickens. The judge discharged the prisoner on the ground that chickens are not domestic animals.

Sam Jones is mad because a Chicago paper asserts that only one convert out of ten made by him "sticks" to his religion longer than four weeks. Mr. Jones said it is worth a great deal to make a good man out of a bad one even for a week.

It is singular, says a Kentucky paper, that in the regular semi-annual black flat published by the railroad officials of those who loan or sell their passes, no names appear this time but those of clergymen, judges, and legislators—the very men who, of all persons, should not be guilty of such acts.

The nine children of John F. Pfeiffer, of Cantonville, Md., with a number of other guests, recently assembled at his house, to commemorate the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth. He exhibited the cradle in which the nine had been rocked. He has 77 grandchildren, and 30 great-grandchildren.

A pleasant discovery was made by the wife of Wm. Johnson, in Wilmington, N. C. He had bought two shad for twenty-five cents. On cleaning it his wife found in the entrails of one a five-cent silver piece, and upon further examination came across fifty cents in silver. The half-dollar piece was so corroded that it was almost black.

Colonel T. W. Oliver, Jr., of Eyraville, Ga., wanted some plowing done in his garden, and not wishing to have a horse trampling around on his vegetables, he hitched himself to the plow, and his sister-in-law, Miss Emma Matthews, played plowman. She drove him for all he was worth, and plowed up about half an acre in the afternoon, which is good work even for a horse.

Churches.

Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. PELHAM, Resident Dentist, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN. Electric Vibrator for extracting teeth without pain.

IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South, Call on—

GEORGE D. HALL, Agent, F. & P. M. R. B., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information.

L. F. HATCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham.

J. F. BROWN, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office over Postoffice, 22-29 Plymouth, Mich.

FOR LAUNDRY WORK, LEAVE ORDERS WITH Fred Shafer, and it will be sent after, on Monday mornings.

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

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH!

WE CELEBRATE IN THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED STYLE.

Everybody Invited to Come and Participate.

GRAND FIRE WORKS DISPLAY.

Our citizens have decided to celebrate the coming Fourth in the grand old-fashioned way and invite everybody who love to enjoy themselves to come to Plymouth and join with them in making this the greatest affair of the kind in the history of the place.

The following is the program laid out: Grand salute of one hundred guns at sunrise.

Reading of Declaration and address at ten a. m., in the park. Music by Plymouth Cornet band throughout the day.

Exciting base ball contest on the fair ground at four p. m., between Plymouth and Northville clubs.

One hundred yard foot race at 1:30 first prize, \$5.00; second, \$3.00.

Climbing greased pole at 2:00 p. m.; prize \$2.50 in gold.

Fifty yards sack race at 2:30 p. m.; first prize \$2.00; second \$1.00.

Tug of war at 3:00 p. m.; prize \$5.00.

Catching greased pig, with pig for the prize, at 7:00 p. m.

All entries free.

Grand display of fire works at 8:00 p. m.

Big bowery dance in the evening in the park.

Remember there are excursion rates on all railroads.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changed advertisements: H. Dohmstreich & Co., general merchants.

Newburg.

Miss Lizzie King is very sick. Two of E. C. Bassett's children have the scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Radcliffe, of Detroit, are visiting her parents at this place.

Vincent Loomis, of Ypsilanti, visited friends here and tuned a number of pianos last week.

Newburg association hall will be formally opened in grand style, Wednesday evening, June 27. Exercises will consist of speaking and recitations, by Rev. J. M. Shank, T. C. Sherwood and others.

Mrs. Sarah Armstrong is violently insane, so that it requires four or five strong men to take care of her nearly all the time.

Dr. Hatch, of Plymouth, and Dr. E. Q. Bennett, of Wayne county asylum, have the case in charge. She has been for some time past under the care of Dr. J. P. Safford, metaphysician, until she got very bad.

It is very doubtful about her recovering.

Graduating Exercises.

The graduating exercises of the class of '88, of the High school took place last Friday evening, June 15. As usual the church was crowded to suffocation, while the multitude swarmed round the doors and windows like bees.

There was some fine decoration in flowers, potted plants, and designs of various kinds. The platform may be said to have been a bower of beauty, especially so when the fair graduates enriched it by their presence and sweet voices.

The graduates were six in number, four young ladies and two young gents. They were Nettie Ladd, Anna Baker, Nellie Crosby, Retta Collins, Harry McClumpha and Bert Bennett.

The neat little programme arranged for the occasion was as follows and fully carried out:

- 1. Duet, "Moonlight on the Rhine," Newland. MARY BOHMER, OLIN PECK. Prayer by Rev. M. W. Gifford. 2. Quartette, "We Rock Away," Emerson. MESSRS. McCUMPHA, BENNETT, HOGGS, MOORE. 3. Essay, "Firstly," etc., to "Fifthly" and "In Conclusion," Anna Baker. 4. Cornet Solo, "Tour du Mont," THELON HARMON. 5. Essay, "Pandora's Box," KETA COLLINS. 6. Trio, "Mermaid's Song," Glover. EVA LEACH, MAY BENNETT, CARRIE HOGGS. 7. Oration, "Invention and Their Uses," HARRY McCUMPHA. 8. Solo, "Academus," GEORGE D. HALL. 9. Essay, "Honor Waits Beyond the Gates," NELLIE BOBBY. 10. Octette, "Sweet Hour of Night," White. MRS. HALL'S CLASS. 11. Essay, "Four-leaved Clovers," NETTIE LADD. 12. Solo, "Leaf from the Spray," Augusta Mey. MRS. J. W. TAFFT. 13. Oration, "Class History and Prophecy," BEAT BENNETT. 14. Presentation of Diplomas. 15. Presentation of Adrian College Scholarship. 16. Quartette, "Whip-poor-wills Calls," White. MESSRS. TUTTLE, PECK, BENNETT, CARWELL. Benediction by Rev. George H. Wallace.

It is unnecessary to go into particulars regarding the ability of each. Suffice it to say that the outside talent being well known need no eulogizing here. The orations of the graduates were well rendered. Praise is due them for the prompt full-voiced and distinct utterance that characterized them, making it a pleasure for the audience to listen. The matter and mode of handling was no doubt equal to the usual graduation exercises, though there were a number of statements made in several of the orations which their teachers ought immediately to have run their pen through.

Nettie Ladd received the Adrian college scholarship as the best student in the class entitling her to a money consideration, should she choose to attend that school.

After presentation of diplomas, and the benediction, the happy graduates, their lovers and their friends, dispersed, well pleased to their homes.

Wayne.

Chas. Cady was in Lansing last week. The street sprinkler is no more, and the clouds of dust roll gently by.

Earl Goldsmith attended the coal dealers convention at Cleveland last week.

The inter-lock switch at the junction, went into operation on Monday last.

Mr. Smith, father of Joe and William Smith, of this place, is dangerously sick.

Wm. Clark and family, of Dearborn, were guests of James Jamieson, on Thursday last.

Mr. Vance, of Port Huron, was in Wayne on Friday, visiting his family at Mr. Sines'.

Mrs. Frank Stringer, of South Lyon, is in town. Her son George is to be confirmed in the Catholic church here soon.

Fred Logan, who formerly attended the crossing at the junction, has been assigned to a similar position at Grand Trunk Junction, Detroit.

The base ball game between the Wayne and Denton clubs, here on Saturday last, resulted in a score of 15 to 9 in favor of the Denton club.

Woodmancy of the Tremont house, has moved his household furniture to Saginaw City, where he will again engage in the hotel business.

Mr. Sines has been in Detroit for two or three weeks as U. S. juror. Joe Bennett has taken his place as salesman for Hosie & Stellwagen, during Mr. S.'s absence.

A special Gov. Alger train passed through here on Monday, bound for Chicago. Large streamers were attached to the whole length of the cars on both sides giving his record from the cradle to the Chicago convention.

James Keebault died of consumption at the residence of John Wallace, on Thursday, aged 30 years. The funeral took place from the Congregational church and the remains were interred in the Ganong burying ground on Saturday last.

The graduating exercises for Wayne High school, takes place at the Palace Rine, on Friday evening. There will be eight graduates, Hugh Morrison, Myrtle Baker, Edith Sweeting, Hattie Collins, Frank Edmunds, Salome Egeler, Jessie Eddy, Stephen O'Connor. Hattie Collins will read and class essay, and the class history will be read by Hugh Morrison.

That Rarest of Combinations.

True delicacy of flavors with true efficiency of action has been attained in the famous California Liquid Fruit Remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its pleasant taste and beneficial effects have rendered it immensely popular. It cleanses the system, cures Constiveness, etc. Sold in fifty cents and \$1.00 bottles by all the leading druggists.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Attorney, Clay county, Texas, says: "Have used Electric Bitters, with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of the medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters."

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price fifty cents and \$1. at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

—Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Barker and son, of Canton, Sun-ayed with her sister Mrs. H. A. Spiker.

SPOT CASH!

On and after July 1, I shall sell meat for spot cash only, and in doing so cut you meat at lower prices. CHAS. F. BENNETT.

NOTICE.

Parties having wheat in the Phoenix Mills are requested to call and draw out flour enough to last them until the middle of August as the mill is to be overhauled. J. M. SHACKLETON.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid indigestion, constipation or colic, if we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, which 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 counterfeiters and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 862 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 67

The Beam Road Cart!

With its late improvements, is now complete, and I believe it to be the

BEST IN THE MARKET!

I have applied for a patent on the same and intend to make the manufacture of them a business and have now Twenty-five of them Under Way. Anyone wishing a Good Cart, should see the "Beam Road Cart" before buying.

E. W. BEAM, Plymouth, Mich.

DETROIT LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, October 2, 1897.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Lists routes and times between Detroit, Lansing, and other stations.

CONNECTIONS.

Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway.

LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY

Secure 12 Complete New Novels, besides Essays, Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc. Each number is complete, and a volume in itself. One year's subscription makes a

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND PAGES

Of the choicest works of the best American authors. Among the Complete Novels already published are: "Bruce's Boy," "Miss Deferge," "Sinhire," "A Self-Made Man," "Kenyon's Wife," "Douglas Duane," "The Deceiver," "The Whistling Buoy," "At Anchor," "A Land of Love," "The Red Mountain Mine," "Argie Seed and Brier Thorn," "The Terra-Cotta Bust," "From the Ranks," "Check and Counter-Check," etc. etc. The subscription price of this "King of the Most City" is but \$1.00 a year. Sample copy sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, PHILADELPHIA.

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

TO MACKINAC. Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates. Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND. Special Sunday Trips during July and August.

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, Commodes, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

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.

CALL ON

ANDERSON & GABLE,

- Gasoline Stove. -

Fence Wire of All Kinds, Glass, Nails and Putty.

: Decorative Paints for Household Use. : ALL SHADES!

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

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Bert McCrumb, of Novi, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. J. P. Wood left for Detroit Tuesday to remain.

C. B. Crosby and Frank Park are attending the convention at Chicago.

The wife of Jacob Sreng, who has been sick so long, died during Wednesday night.

Mrs. Clarissa Steers, of Wayne, returned home yesterday, after a couple of days visit here.

Mrs. James McGraw got a tack in her throat on Monday, and it was with much difficulty that the doctors removed it.

Mrs. Oscar Hix, of Wayne, returned home yesterday after a two days visit here with her mother, Mrs. Henry Selleck.

Quite a number from Wayne attended the graduating exercises here Friday evening. Also several from Northville.

The Phoenix Mill are soon to undergo extensive alterations, to the amount, we are told, of about \$7,000. Rollers are to be put in.

The wind of last week Thursday, blew down considerable timber north and east of town. In Mr. Bradner's woods several acres was laid low.

Mrs. Armstrong, of Nankin, who became violently insane a few days ago, was removed to the asylum early yesterday morning. She became so bad that a half dozen strong men were lately able to control her during her ravings.

Married, at M. E. parsonage, Wednesday afternoon, June 20, Ellison Doby to Miss Elouche McKim, both of Superior, by Rev. J. M. Shank. Mrs. Dr. Hatch and Mrs. Dunn, assisted by Misses Isabel Bern and Cora Rea, arranged the floral decorations. A canopy of flowers and numerous bouquets were by much pains very tastefully arranged. All who were present enjoyed the ceremony as a pleasant affair not soon to be forgotten.

A. K. Hunton, of Detroit, evidently knows a good thing when he sees it. He sold to Senator Stockbridge, to take to Washington, a span of horses for \$1,000. When Ex-Governor Baldwin went to Europe, Hunton bought the Governor's team, and not being just satisfied with one of them, bought Marcus Miller's bay horse "Gip," to match the best one of them, for \$200. Hunton says that the team he has now is a better matched and he thinks will make a better team than the one sold to the Senator.

Mrs. Susan L. Chandler, mother of Mrs. Henry Baker, of this place, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. T. Zedyard, at Grand Rapids, on Tuesday morning. Her body was brought here for interment Wednesday. The funeral services were held in the afternoon at four p. m., at the residence of H. B. Baker, Rev. John M. Shank, officiating. Her son F. S. Chandler, of Toledo, was unable to reach Plymouth in time for service, hence the interment was postponed till Thursday morning, when a private family service was observed. She was sixty-four years of age.

Mead's Mills.

G. P. Benton returned home from Laporte, on Monday to look after affairs.

Miss Clyde Clarke is quite sick at this writing. She was taken while at school on Monday.

Mrs. J. Cranston and son, of Northville, are spending the week at the home of her brother, Mrs. Wm. A. Ramsdell.

Our school continues for three weeks more to make up for the loss of time when the school was closed on account of diphtheria.

H. S. Burdick has made improvements on his cooper shop preparatory to the business of barrel making, under the firm name of Sutton & Burdick.

The Northville Record says the school board of Northville have engaged Prof. Houghton for the ensuing year, that he comes well recommended, and if he can receive the hearty and united support and co-operation of the patrons of the school, he undoubtedly will succeed. Perhaps had the patrons of the school had the same support of the board and principal which the Record suggests, the school would have been a greater success last year.

Your correspondent noticed in the last week's issue of the MAIL a suggestion that the council look after scenes enacted on the fair grounds. There is another place in the corporation where scenes are enacted, located on the bank of Wilcox's mill pond. It must be very mortifying to men and boys to be exposed to the gaze of passers by, when they are in bathing, let alone the feelings of young people who slide on the road coming north; it is simply outrageous, and it should be prohibited or else something put up to screen the bathers, who are exposed to the view of every one passing, from the bridge to the top of Mr. Allen's hill.

Tonquish.

Miss Bell Bills has returned to her father's.

Mrs. J. Hough and daughter Anna, are guests of Mrs. Hayward.

School in district No. 1, Canton, and No. 4, Nankin, closed last Friday.

Union grange celebrated Children's day by a picnic in Mr. Shultz's woods, and had a very pleasant time.

The Todwaddle baseball nine went to Wayne last Saturday to play the Wayne 31 nine and vanquished them 23 to 22.

Livonia.

Will McGraw was in town Monday.

A. D. Power was in town last Sunday.

One hundred in the shade last Sunday.

Mrs. Myers is no better at this writing.

H. Wollgast is breaking a fine colt to drive single.

Report says H. Smitherman has a young horse very sick.

H. P. Millard, of Plymouth, has removed to Elm Station.

George Smith has nine acres of cucumbers planted this season.

A. Turnbull is laying tile for Wm. Eckles, of Plymouth township.

John and Maggie Bentley are rejoicing over a new son, born on the 14th of June.

Our township is called very poor land, but we think we can show some of the finest fields of wheat in the county.

Why is some of our dairymen like the whale that swallowed Jonah? They have taken a great profit out of the water.

Mr. Wright, of Canton township, had a valuable horse taken sick at E. Packard's last week. He returned home with him Saturday.

C. H. Potter reports the finding of five to twenty wire worms in one hill of corn, and we hear they are very destructive all over the town, on the low land.

Why pitch into the farmers for watering milk, and not say a word about a thousand other things being adulterated? We think all such devilry should be stopped.

There will be memorial services held at the Union church, June 21, at three o'clock p. m., for the Galbraith children, who died last winter of diphtheria.

We had two heavy showers last week, the wind doing some damage, we hear, in the north part of the township, blowing down trees and fences. It moved two barns off their foundations.

Oh get out! We think a lady looks as well with a bustle on, as a twelve-year old kid does behind a cent's worth of clay, or a man's side coat pocket puffed out as though he had a large wen or tumor.

Young men! Before you start out to ask your best girl to go to the Fourth of July with you, just call at A. Stringer's store and purchase one of those nicely scented artificial flowers and pin it on your necktie, and we will bet money she won't give you the mitten.

Paul Helm has been sick for a long time. He says he suffered a great deal with the headache. The doctor's medicine gave him no relief so he tried a remedy of his own. He took a small piece of camphor gum, rolled it in a small cloth, put it in his ear and has not been troubled with the headache since—a cheap remedy indeed.

A Curious Use for Cyclopedias.

It is generally admitted that a good Cyclopaedia is a desirable possession for every home. As to which Cyclopaedia is the best for popular use, the "Doctors disagree." Evidently the matter of choice should depend somewhat upon the use for which it is intended. A customer of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia writes to the publisher as follows:

"I have been exhibiting the Manifold among my friends and acquaintances, and expatiating on its excellence and wonderful cheapness. There is no reason why every young man in the land who has occasion to refer to a cyclopaedia should not possess it. The laying by of but five pennies a day for six months will put him in possession of a work that will be of lasting benefit. Among those to whom I have shown the volumes I found but one young man who did not need the Manifold. He has a cyclopaedia; a number of large volumes; he did not know how many, nor did he know the name of the editor or publisher; but they are very large, heavy volumes. Believing he did not frequently consult them, I asked if he ever used them."

"Certainly," said he "I use them every day."

"What can you possibly do with them?"

"Why, I press my trousers with them."

"My dear sir," said I, "you do not need the Manifold. Mr. Alden publishes books for the purpose of developing and improving the intellect, and not to give shape to the legs. Do you stick to your ponderous, unwieldy volumes they are well adapted to the purpose for which you use a cyclopaedia; but the dainty volumes of the Manifold—how delightful to handle, and how beautiful to behold are made with a view to ease of reference and convenience of consultation, and can not be successfully converted into a substitute for trousers' stretchers!"—EDWARD EBERBACH, Washington, D. C.

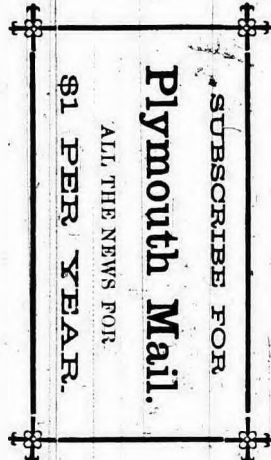
The fifth volume of the Manifold Cyclopaedia, which has just been published, more than sustains the good reputation of the previous issues, being, especially, more full in its vocabulary, and the entire workmanship, both literary and mechanical, apparently being of a higher grade. It is certainly not only a wonderful cheap, but a thoroughly excellent Cyclopaedia for almost any conceivable use except that of a "trousers' press." The publisher will send sample pages free to any applicant, or specimen volumes may be ordered and returned if not wanted. Reduced rates are offered to early purchasers. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York; 218 Clark street, Chicago.

The books may be seen and orders left at the MAIL office, if desired.

G. C. Smith, mentioned in our Wayne correspondence as being very sick, died yesterday morning. Funeral to day.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.



PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

In the matter of the estate of William A. Ramsdell, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned executrix of the estate of said William A. Ramsdell, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the said County of Wayne on the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1888 there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the old foundry building, on the premises hereinafter described, in the township of Plymouth, in said Wayne County, on Tuesday the tenth day of July, A. D. 1888, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following described lands and premises, rights, privilege 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 Ganett Ramsdell and Anna P. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. Ramsdell and recorded in the register's office of said Wayne county in Liber one hundred and fifty of deeds, on pages thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three and thirty-four to which said deed and the said record thereof reference is here made for a full, complete and particular description of the lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to be sold as aforesaid and the said deed and the said record thereof are made a part hereof for that purpose. The said lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements being the same that were sold and conveyed by Noah Ramsdell and wife to Jabesh M. Mead and Samuel P. Mead in June 1867. Also all that other piece or parcel of land the same being a part of the north-west quarter of section number fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and beginning at a point twenty-one chains and thirty-three links north, measured on the east line of section number fifteen from the quarter section stake on the east line of said section fifteen, thence ten chains and nineteen links east right angles to said line, thence north two chains and fifty links; thence north two and three-fourths degrees west and parallel to the west line, two chains; thence south eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees west along the center of the highway to the place of beginning, containing one-half an acre of land, excepting and reserving from off the west side thereof, a strip of land forty-five feet in width east and west and extending the whole length of said parcel north and south. Plymouth, May 24th, 1888. ANNA P. RAMSDELL, Executrix. 37-42

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Samuel Lyndon, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the Plymouth National Bank, of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the twenty-first day of July, A. D. 1888, and on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims; and that six months from the 24th day of May, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated June 15th, 1888. THEODORE C. SHERWOOD, AARON R. CADY, Commissioners. 40-43

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

In a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the eleventh day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ZENAS NASH, deceased. Elford Z. Nash, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administrative account: It is ordered, that Tuesday, the tenth day of July 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. 40-42

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.

The Plymouth Mail.

J. E. Brown, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

Mrs. J. Gould rides down town in a Broadway car and goes shopping afoot.

Wm. Sherwood, of Baltimore, will go to prison for a year because he stole a Bible.

took ten tons of paper for the new edition of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

Gen. Boulanger has sold the manuscript of his book on the German invasion for \$40,000.

Miss Amelia Rivers is said to have been offered \$30,000 for a new novel by a New York publishing house.

Philadelphia is talking of a statue of Roscoe Conkling for Fairmount Park. One citizen offers to contribute \$10,000.

Phred L. Ripley, professor of German in Yale, has resigned his position and will enter upon the banking business in Boston.

In Western military circles Mrs. Howard is a great favorite. She dresses in a modest fashion, and has unobtrusive manners.

A new diamond has been discovered in Wakja Kavor, in the presidency of Madras. It weighs over 67 carats and is valued at \$75,000.

The New York Press club has passed a resolution forbidding the playing of any game whatever for a money stake in the rooms of the club.

"You should know my wife," Mr. Matthew Arnold once remarked to an acquaintance; "she has all my sweetness and none of my conceit."

The latest fad in cigarette chromos is a picture of the Prince of Wales, John L. Sullivan and Buffalo Bill, with arms linked, each smoking a cigarette.

Johann Strauss is at work on a new opera, it is reported, the libretto of which is by Ludwig Döcsy, a Hungarian, who has been successful in comedy writing.

A cynical Englishman, who has been spending some time in New York city, says that half the citizens are honest and reputable people, and the other half are politicians.

Mrs. D. L. King, wife of David L. King, attorney-at-law, at Akron, O., is one of the few descendants of George Washington's only sister, she being Betsy Washington's great-granddaughter.

Vermont's maple sugar crop this spring is in quantity and quality above the average, owing to recently introduced improvements in its manufacture. The yield is estimated at 15,000,000 pounds.

Dr. Charles E. Simmons, the medical advertiser of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has just rendered a bill against the estate for \$143,000 for devoted eight years of almost devoted service to his distinguished patient.

Congressman McKinley, Ohio, bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, while the profile of Representative Baker, of New York, is almost an exact reproduction of George Washington's side face.

Gen. Abham Dally, a ninety-two-year-old resident of Brooklyn, is to receive a pension of \$600 a year from that city under authority of a bill that has passed the New York Assembly. He is a veteran of the war of '12.

In 1856 the proceedings of the Legislature at Augusta, Maine, were reported for the *Kennebec Journal* by James G. Blaine, while the same duty was performed for the *Augusta Age* by Melville Fuller, just appointed Chief Justice.

Matthew Arnold's grave is close by those of his two eldest sons, and near those of relatives, amongst whose tombstones are to be read the names of members of the Buckland family, and that of Mrs. Delafield, sister of Dr. Arnold, and aunt of the late poet.

Mark Twain's new "Library of Humor," just published, has the following introduction over his signature: "Those selections in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. This is why there are not more."

"THE AGE."

A Journalistic Wooing; Being a Romance of To-day.



For at least an hour he remained closeted with his charming daughter, engaged in one of those conversations in which she emerged and descended by the elevator, the managing and city editors entered the sanctum and consulted with the chief about the duties of the day. Then the manager apportioned editorial work among the sub-editors, and the city man issued instructions to the reporters.

Miss Carolyn was the divinity of the staff of the *Age*, and the editor's and reporter's hearts beat with renewed activity as she passed silently to and fro in the office. When it became rumored that she read the sheet from beginning to end each morning, detecting and reporting its weaknesses to her father, like an experienced journalist, there were instantaneous and perpetual efforts to elevate the standard of fine writing. To inspiration was added conjecture as to whether she ever saw the manager's copy of the paper which had the name of the author blue-penciled across each article. Whenever one of the staff was commended or praised, he wondered if she were the author of his notice from the sanctum.

One day a brilliant piece of news was found among Mr. Field's mail. Enclosed was a note which read:

"At your disposal,
JAMES WOOD."
"Field vs. Wood," mused the great editor. He read the manuscript entire, contrary to his custom, and showed it to Miss Carolyn, whose brown eyes sparkled with interest as she perused it. The editor himself arranged the copy with headlines, and sent it through the pneumatic tubes to the composing rooms. Contemporary journals were intensely annoyed the next morning at their rival's exclusive presentation of an important piece of news. During the night the Associated Press and correspondents, who had access to the proof-sheets of the paper, telegraphed the news everywhere, credited to the *Age*. Mr. Field appreciated the "beat," and instructed the manager to send Wood in to him when he appeared.

Mr. Wood did not put in an immediate appearance at the *Age* office. For two weeks daily he sent in big news articles, which showed splendid newspaper energy. He seemed to find "beats" where the commercial, railroad, marine, real estate, religious and social reporters in their monotonous daily routine signally failed. What to them was overlooked and seemed trivial, to him, when traced to proper sources, developed into an extensive mine of news. His news was not only supplemental to that which the *Age* procured through its regular channels, but it naturally made the paper a per cent stronger.

Two weeks after the appearance of the first news article, Mr. Wood stepped out of the elevator as Miss Carolyn entered. He paused an instant to look at the young lady, then turned and entered the manager's room. "Well, sir!" exclaimed the manager as abruptly as is usual with machine editors. "My name is Wood."
The manager took a slip of paper, wrote a few lines and handed it to the young man, who glanced at it and started for the door. The slip was an order for two hundred dollars.

"I should like to attach you to the staff," remarked the manager.
"How much?"
"We can afford fifty dollars per week to you."
"I accept."

Newspaper men are given to brevity in conversation. No doubt Mr. Wood had received some training in journalism. His acts and his conversation stamped him as having been aptly educated for the sanctum. He entered the services of the *Age*. He continued to furnish a quote of exclusive news in addition to his daily assignments. He drew one salary and earned two, for which, in any profession, the reward is at the top in the end. He sought no favors and was consequently favored. He succeeded.

Mr. Wood had one particular weakness. He managed to meet Miss Carolyn every day at the door of the elevator, but the only sign of recognition was the evident glance of mutual interest.

Every time an editor stepped down and out Mr. Wood walked in and up. As he was gradually promoted, his salary correspondingly grew. His sarcasm, originality, sense of justice, keen sense of news and good judgment combined to shape him as a journalist.



During two years' occupation on the paper no word passed between him and Miss Carolyn. One day Mr. Field left the office and called in Mr. Wood to act for him. At last he sat in the executive chair of the sanctum sanctum. He seemed to fill it comfortably so far as measurement was concerned. He paused for a moment to speculate on the probable successor of Mr. Field. Certainly the owner of the paper would not let the *Age* go out of the family at his death. Who was to be the future editor?
Had Field any relatives or kin for the place, or would some man be employed for the editorship by the estate? He turned his attention to the news of the accumulated business. Men entered and spoke to him, but he referred them to different departments without looking up. He was playing editor. There was silence for a time, then the door opened. Still the pencil flew and the brain throbbed at its post.
"Is Mr. Field in?" spoke a sweet voice that had all the music of nature in it. Still the head bent low and the pencil flew as the man replied: "He has stepped out for a time. If it is about poetry, Miss, please see the literary editor in room 23; if about type-writing, try room 24 in the corner."
"Suppose it is not about those subjects?"
"If it is a subscription for a pair of slippers for the pastor, try the cashier on the first floor." Still not looking up.
The young lady laughed heartily, shut the door and took a vacant chair beside the desk. "I will sit here, if you don't mind, until papa comes in."
Mr. Wood looked up very suddenly and quite sheepishly. Then he arose, took his hat and started for the door. "I resign the office to your charge, Miss Field. You are more capable than I to fill the editorial chair."
"Did papa not tell you to remain here until he returned?"
"I believe he did, Miss Field."
"Then sit down. You must do as he says, always. Permit me at the same time to protest that I have no fitness for the editorial place. Next to papa I think you the most capable editor."
The man drew his seat nearer to her and searched for news in her eyes. She was a beautiful, refreshing vision to him on this crisp, frosty, January day. He felt a small Dakota blizzard sweeping through him. It seemed to him like a Waterloo day, on which he must play the part of Wellington or Napoleon. Had he not always acted according to the motives of expediency which prompted him?
"I appreciate that compliment most," he remarked, "because it comes from you. This is the abode of journalism and a journalist's methods are like to those of the heathen Chinee, 'peculiar.' You are the daughter of a journalist and fully con-

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Quarterly Review, June 24, 1888.

The last Sunday of the quarter may be devoted to temperance, or to a review of the previous Sunday's studies. The temperance lesson is based upon 1 Cor. 8:1-13; Paul's rule of practice being that the thing which might be harmless to him if indulged in, he would avoid. If it is example should prove a stumbling stone to a weaker brother he would change that example. Hence he says, in thought: "If eating meat leads my brother to idolatry, I will eat no meat at while the world stands." So the Christian says: "If tasting wine leads my brother to drunkenness, I will taste no wine while the world stands." For the temptation, on the ground that the drinking habit is injurious to all, (2) my example would be misleading if I allowed myself to occupy an equivocal position on this momentous question, (3) to destroy the source of evil is the surest means of effecting a good result.

OUTLINE OF THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER.

LESSON I.—The quarter opens with a joyous occasion. What is it called, and to what is it likened?
A. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son.

LESSON II.—The title of this lesson! How is the character of the Scribes and Pharisees portrayed?
A. Outwardly righteous unto men, but within full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

LESSON III.—What two classes of servants are named?
A. A faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season; and an evil servant, who said in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming, and began to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken.

LESSON IV.—Is concerning what parable? How is it introduced?
A. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

LESSON V.—Our next lesson also is a parable. What division of talents was made?
A. Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability.

LESSON VI.—Pictures what wonderful scene?
A. The Judgment. When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him. And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.

LESSON VII.—What two commemorative feasts are named in this lesson?
A. The Passover and the Lord's Supper.



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED, versant with the men concerned and the methods which enter into and govern the profession. I am something of a journalist myself. Suppose I should tell you something in a journalistic manner, would you listen?"

"Nothing could give me more pleasure, coming, as you say—"

"Journalism is a convent in which I am buried from the world. My only reputation in this office and the only value I attach to it is the pleasure of giving it to someone very dear to me. Since the first day of my entrance into this building two years ago, I have felt as I did that day when I passed on inside to look at you, that I would like to give my name and reputation to you. That is my journalistic narrative.

"You said you would listen and you have done so. We can never know each other any better than we do now through a mere introduction and parlor acquaintance. Your daily glance has been my inspiration and it is due the fact that I am where I am. Here is my resignation ready to sign. Scorn me if you will. Let me sign it and go; but if you can return a little love for my idolization of you, accept what I have and aid me to rise higher—speak. I can endure those days of silence no longer."
"But this is blackmail."
"How?"
"You compel me to marry you in order to give the paper from ruin."
The man laughed in spite of himself. "My services are of no importance to a paper the moment I leave it. The paper always moves on with thousands ready to push it, but the man goes out leaving no vacuum behind. Pardon the abruptness of my proposal and tell your father the truth. He knows I venerate him next to my love for you. See! I have signed, Adieu."
Miss Carolyn took the resignation and set it on fire while one hand lightly placed on his shoulder detained him. "Since this romance is to be conducted on such a strict journalistic basis," she said, softly, "I would like to have a little something to say in the matter. I have had both eyes on you since the day you mention. I have thought sometimes you might make an effort to get acquainted, but when I considered that the good of the paper was concerned I forgive you and loved you. You ask me to take your good name from you. I can not do that—but you can take mine from me."

The door opened and Mr. Field entered. His daughter was in the arms of the young man he had entrusted with the chair and he was certain their lips were very close, suspiciously close together.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.
"A wedding very soon, papa."
"Well, young man, we appreciate your services on this paper call for any thing else than the cash-box and my own daughter I hope you won't fail to mention it. He seems to be struck dumb with a sudden attack of modesty, Carolyn. What do you suppose he wants?"
"The *Age*, papa."
"Well, he can have it," said the old man, turning to go. And in time he did.

lament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

What, then does the Lord's Supper commemorate?
A. The Lord's death till he come.

LESSON VIII.—We are told that after singing a hymn, they went out from the Supper to the Mount of Olives, where was a garden called Gethsemane. Who went apart from the rest with Jesus? What next occurred?
A. And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

On his return to the disciples, he found them asleep. A second and third time this was repeated. What admonition did he make?
A. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Then followed the betrayal and the arrest of Jesus. The Golden Text.

LESSON IX.—A sad story is given in this lesson. Of whom?—What is it called?—Where did it occur?—What had Peter previously declared?
A. Peter had said: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee."
How many times did Peter now deny Jesus?—But when he saw the tender gaze of Jesus upon him, what followed?
A. He went out and wept bitterly.

LESSON X.—We next review the most solemn lesson of the quarter. Its subject? The Golden Text?—What writing was placed above Jesus, on the cross?
A. They set up over his head this accusation: THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Who reviled Jesus while he was on the cross?
A. The chief priests; the scribes and elders; the thieves and they that passed by.

How did the dreadful scene end?
A. Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

LESSON XI.—From the humiliation of Jesus to his glory was but a step. In the title of this lesson is stated the hope of the world. What is it? How does the lesson open?
A. In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

An angel had rolled away the stone, and bade them look into the empty tomb, saying to them—what?
A. Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said.

What followed?
A. They departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, He not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee and there shall they see me.

LESSON XII.—What is the language of the Great Commission given the disciples?
A. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

A man who is begging in the streets of Mobile the other day is said to have lost and paid \$75,000 in wagers on Tilden's election.

At present there are over one million people out of employment in the United States. In New York alone there are 67,000 men and 50,000 women who are idle.

There is excellent sport above the state dam of the Hudson, where wild ducks are flocking in great numbers. A sportsman in one morning shot eight of the water fowl.

A three-year-old Maine boy, while sliding down hill two or three weeks ago, ran into a barbed wire fence and cut the corners of his mouth fully two inches on each side.

The Kennebec lumber season, which has just closed, has been an unusually favorable one. The cut about the shores of Moosehead Lake will amount to about 10,000,000 feet.

It is said that Henry Irving's "Faust" has had its day in London, that the brewing of the hell-broth is considered a tedious occupation, and that the scene on the Brocken falls.

The New York Mail and Express speaks from fashionable society in saying: Gentlemen whose vocation is to repair neglected educations are greatly needed in fashionable society.

A New York woman recently appeared at the theatre wearing a blue silk waistcoat with gold dollars for buttons. It is said that she did not appear to mind the sensation she created.

Miss Laura Webster, of Santa Clara county, California, is awakening from a nine months' trance, during which time the only nourishment she received was forced down her throat.

Things grow worse and worse in Russia. The latest outrage was at a concert in St. Petersburg, where two selections were played by forty-eight pianists upon twenty-four grand pianos.

Edward Farnham, a lad of fifteen, at North Newport, Me., got a shot at a number of crows a few days ago and killed six at one discharge of his gun. This, it is said, discounts all previous records at crow killing.

Six small boys played "cowboy" at Burgestown, Pa., the other, and one was lassoed so vigorously and effectively that when his captors took the rope from his neck he was as dead as Julius Caesar. He had been choked to death.

The ship Palgrave, said to be the largest sailing vessel afloat, arrived at New York, Tuesday, from Calcutta. Her length is 223 feet 5 inches; breadth of beam, 46 feet 2 inches, and was drawing 23 feet 2 inches of water on entering the port.

Brunswick, Ga., has invested in a new 50 cent Bible for swearing witnesses on. The reason for this is that the old Bible has had the first four chapters of Genesis kissed away and the lawyers are in doubt whether an oath made on a Bible minus its first four chapters is binding.

In a Japanese play some characteristic figures of speech are: "His attempts at love-making are as awkward as a puppy on a slant roof," "said one rival to another; and "the sparrow cannot comprehend the mind of the eagle," when one character asks another to explain a remark he has made.

How is the award finally stated in the Golden Text?
A. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

LESSON VII.—What two commemorative feasts are named in this lesson?
A. The Passover and the Lord's Supper.

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this my body. And he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. For this is my blood of the new tes-

DEAD.

Emperor Frederick of Germany is No More.

Sketch of His Career, and of the New Emperor, William II.

Emperor Frederick died in Berlin on the morning of the 15th. All of the royal family, numerous ministers of state and foreign ambassadors were present at the time of his death.



Frederick William, Nicholas Charles, first son of the late emperor of Germany, was born in the New Palace at Potsdam, Oct. 15, 1831. He entered the military service at an early age, after having received a thorough scientific education and a doctor's diploma at the University of Konigsberg. In the army he rose to the rank of general, and had already held several important appointments before the war broke out between Prussia and Austria, 32 years ago.

In that struggle he had under his command three army corps, besides the guard corps, commanded by the Prince of Wurtemberg, a force aggregating 125,000 men. In the later part of July, 1870, the Franco-Prussian war was at its height, and the now dead emperor, then in command of the third German army, 200,000 men in all, was repulsing the French at Weissenburg. He crossed swords with Canrobert and MacMahon, and defeated them, as much by superior force, however, as by superior tactics. At Sedan he was leading against MacMahon's forces, and by a skillful move crossed the River Meuse. On Sept. 20, 1870, he was in Versailles and began the investment of Paris, which occupied him until the peace of Versailles was concluded.

The late emperor was married 30 years ago to the Princess Victoria Adelaide, daughter of Queen Victoria, a woman of more than ordinary brilliancy. The marriage was opposed by Prince Bismarck and by Von Moltke, who did not quite fancy the close union with England which it involved. As a result she has had a hard time of it in Germany, even her son doing her grave in suit by his contemptuous references to his English extraction when called on to speak in public. Bismarck and she were mortal enemies, and the opinion had been entertained that she would find a way to crush the power of the chancellor and his old field marshal if sufficient length of life were spared her imperial husband. On her assumption, with him, of the imperial dignity, she showed the superior kind of a woman she was by her organization of the relief system for the flood-stricken people of the valley of the Vistula, to whose aid she gave her personal attention and large contributions from her private purse. She has borne her husband seven children, the Princesses William, Henry and Frederick Ernest, and the Princesses Victoria, Frederick, Sophia and Margaret, the youngest girl now sixteen years old.

During the illness of the emperor the empress insisted on having Dr. Mackenzie, the distinguished Scotch surgeon, attend him, in preference to the German court physicians. This caused a great storm of abuse to break against her, but she kept her dogged and she kept her husband alive long enough to make him an attendant of the throne, and her dowager empress of Germany, with immense allowances from the state.

The New Emperor.

Emperor William II. is about 39 years old and has chiefly distinguished himself as the representative of the most objectionable type of the young military Prussians. He is the pride of Prussia's military party and the hope of Bismarck. The chancellor was not in any sympathy with the peaceful aspirations of the dead emperor, and both he and did Kaiser Wilhelm get their minds to making out of young William a young man who hates everything that is not German.



His hatred of Russia is no less bitter than that of France. During the last 50 years, and especially since the creation of the empire, the relations between Prussia, Germany and Russia have been regulated to a certain degree by the family relationship existing between the two ruling families. Kaiser William's sister was the wife of Czar Nicholas. The late empress was a princess of Darmstadt. The Kaiser was the grand uncle of the czar. It was always the conviction that war with Russia would never take place as long as the old emperor was alive. But Prince William knows nothing of sentiment. His boon companions are the crown prince of Austria, a young gentleman morally as disreputable as himself, and young Count Herbert Bismarck.

Prince William is well educated, however. He was carefully trained as a boy. He received private instruction in the classic languages, mathematics, physics, religion, gymnastics. He was then sent to the gymnasium at Cassel, where he passed his examination for the university with credit. He was then sent to Bonn, where he studied diligently. The prince's latest military rank was colonel commander of the hussars of the guard. He is very popular with the army, and doubtless has the capacity of a great general. From all reports he is very anxious to have an opportunity of proving himself as his grandfather wished him to be, a second Frederick the Great. At present, however, he is only a reckless, hot-blooded soldier, continually getting into scrapes. But the old Kaiser was very fond of him, nevertheless. He married on Feb. 7, 1881, Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, to whom, however, he has not been a model husband.

The Crown Prince.

Prince William, the eldest son of the new emperor, and the next in line of succession, was born May 6, 1882, and ranks as lieutenant in the Prussian army. Although a boy, Germany's new crown prince has shown unmistakable evidence that he has inherited many soldier-like traits of his father. His education will be carefully watched by the new emperor, and the Crown Prince taught to hate everything that is not German.



EARTH TO EARTH.

Funeral Services of Emperor Frederick.—The New Emperor's Address.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the ministers who were to officiate at the emperor's funeral took their places around the coffin in the palace. The choir sang the hymns: "Son, Thou Callest Me to Higher Joys," and "Jesus is My Trust." Chaplain Koegel blessed the corpse and the mourners, after which the choir sang the hymn "If I Am to Die." The commander of 13 regiments, of which the late emperor was the chief officer, carried the coffin to the hearse. Eight majors then took the horses by the bridles and the procession started for the church.

Chaplain Koegel offered a prayer, in which he alluded in feeling terms to the double grievous visitation upon the imperial house and upon the nation. He thanked God for all he had done for the departed monarch and implored heavenly consolation for the sorely tried members of the imperial family and for the nation. The choir then sang, "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden" was then sung, after which the coffin was removed from the castle and placed on the funeral car, the choir singing, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

Upon arriving at the church the usual service was pronounced; after which Chaplain Koegel pronounced the benediction. After the firing of volleys and minute guns by the troops the mourners took their departure. Before leaving the widowed Empress bent over the coffin and took a solemn farewell look at her dead husband's face. Court preacher Pernaus requested the closing prayer and the choir intoned a dirge.

The Emperor William has issued a proclamation to the Prussian people. His Majesty says: The grave had scarcely closed over the Emperor William I, before my father, Frederick III, is called away. The Emperor Frederick bore a hard fate and showed a heroic Christian resignation. He remained faithful to his kingly duties in the few months allotted to him. His victories on the battlefields will be remembered as long as German hearts continue to beat. I have taken the government, looking to the king of kings, and pray God, like my father, to be a just and lenient prince; to foster piety and the fear of God; to guard the peace; to promote the welfare of the land; to be a helper of the poor and distressed; to be a firm guardian of the right, and to progress in my kingly duties in unison with the people, who in good and in evil days have stood true to their kings. I count upon the people's fidelity, and conscious of my purpose reiterate it heartily as a true prince to a true people, both equally ready to make sacrifices for the fatherland.

Prince Bismarck did not attend the funeral of the emperor. He is so exhausted by the excitement which he has recently undergone that he is compelled to rest, and Emperor William expressly commanded him to spare himself from attending the funeral. The post mortem examination of the deceased portion of the emperor's body revealed that the larynx was destroyed by cancer, a cavity as large as a man's hand existing. Death was directly caused by paralysis of the lungs.

A Double Wedding.

A large number of guests, including many well known people from the cities of Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Buffalo, New York, Boston and Washington, assembled on the 14th inst., at the pleasant country home of Mrs. James A. Garfield, near Mentor, Ohio, to witness the double marriage of Mr. Harry Garfield and Miss Belle Mason of Cleveland, O., and Mr. J. Stanley Brown of Washington, D. C., and Miss Mary Garfield. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. William V. W. Davis, who is now pastor of the Union church at Worcester, Mass., but who was at one time pastor of the Euclid avenue Presbyterian church in Cleveland, of which Miss Garfield and Miss Mason are members.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Garfield will go to northern New York for their honeymoon, while Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown, after a short trip to the western states, will sail for Europe.

Among the well known people who were present at the wedding ceremony were ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes of Fremont, O.; Mrs. and Mr. Thomas P. James of New York; Prof. E. M. Galendet, Mrs. Galendet and Miss Galendet of Washington, D. C.

A Mother's Confession.

A decided sensation was created in the coroner's office in Philadelphia when Mrs. Sarah Jane Whittling voluntarily confessed that she had poisoned her two children, and she had furnished her husband with the poison with which, she declares, he took his own life, on account of despondency, caused by poverty. Mrs. Whittling's victims were her husband, John Whittling; her nine years old daughter, Bertha, and a boy, Willie, 2 years old. She insists that she did not give the poison to her husband, and says that she killed her daughter because she was afraid that she would grow up in sin and crime, and that she killed her little boy because he was in the way. Certificates of death from natural causes were given by the attending physicians in all three cases.

Our Sympathy.

Intelligence of the death of Emperor Frederick III. was received by Secretary Bayard by a cable message from the United States legation at Berlin. The secretary immediately informed the president, and the following telegram was sent to Berlin: DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 15. Pendleton, Minister, Berlin?

The president desires you to make expression through the foreign office, of the respectful sympathy felt throughout the United States for the German nation in the loss of their emperor, who has at last yielded with such lofty courage and calm resignation to the divine decree.

(Signed)

BAYARD

Worth \$5,000.

The case of Mrs. Anna Lee against the Vacuum Oil Company of Rochester, N. Y., for \$5,000 damages for the death of her husband, killed in the naphtha explosion of December 21, 1887, and the first of a large number of damage suits brought against the same concern, resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff of the amount asked.

A Backs Zephyr.

A heavy wind storm passed over Tiffin, O., early the other morning, blowing down the walls of the Beaver Falls glass factory and gas well derricks. Thousands of dollars of damage was done to fruit and grain.

Joan's Denial.

The rumor that Chairman Jones of the national republican committee had received a letter from Blaine, in which that gentleman declared in favor of John Sherman for the presidency, is denied.

Supposed to be Lost.

Advices from Jeddah say that the German steamer Pemptos, from Singapore, with 1,000 pilgrims on their way to Mecca, has been lost, and the entire party drowned.

Russia declines to take part in the exhibition to be held in Paris next year.

Who Won the Wager?

BY IDA IRWIN.

"Yes, I am a confirmed old bachelor. Queer, you say? You would not think so, if you had seen women in as many different phases as I have. I have been in the company of a society young lady, when really I would have left her with pleasure, and he boiled or frozen, or even eaten by cannibals, than remain in her flirtatious society. I have heard women more than scolding their husbands for the mere fragile trifle of his being late for a meal, or for having remained at his club later than the usual ten o'clock. I have been bored by so-called literary women until my ears have ached. I have sit in silent ecstasy with a bashful young lady until I have felt like screaming aloud to exercise my vocal organs. Have I never had a mother? Well; I'm not like Topsy, I ken. I suppose that I did have a mother long ago—but so long ago that I have ceased to remember her. She died when I was two months old, so no wonder that I cannot recall her features. The aunt who took her place and acted mater to me was a regular old Tartar—raw boned, red-headed, bleary eyed, and cross. Women! I hate them. Did I never see a pretty, piquant girl face with yellow hair curling over her white forehead, and big, blue eyes upraised full of wonder, at a man who would dare to say that he hated her sex? No. I have never seen such a paragon. Have I never seen a coquette who expects to have men fall in love with her, as much as she expects the sun to shine? Yes, I have met such ladies, and have had no trouble to resist their so-called charms. Have I never met a sensible young lady, who could talk of the latest news, and interest one? Oh yes—but I have failed to be interested. I tell you, man, I hate them all! I have no ideal. I abhor the whole set of false, whimpering women!"

Harold Clemens looked at his sinister friend in amazement. He sees a tall, straight, grandly proportioned man, stretched at full length on the grass. His hat shades his dark eyes from the sun, but his brown, handsome face is fully exposed.

Truly this woman hater is a favorite of the gods, if beauty be considered the criterion. But the expression is a discontented one and the eyes seem full of longing. Harold Clemens and Ralph True are spending their vacation by wandering over Italy together. Both are rich Americans and college chums.

"Ralph, I'll make a wager with you!" and Harry springs to his feet in his excitement.

"Well?" lazily. "I have a sister whom I know you cannot resist. She is a charming coquette. I will give you just three weeks from the time you meet her, until you fall in love with her, and ask her to marry you, or vice versa—it's all the same."

"No man? I will be an exception. I take your wager. Five hundred dollars down to one hundred that I win." "Granted. Come down to Hazeldene on Christmas and I know that you will leave an engaged man."

Hazeldene on the Hudson—a home as pretty as its name. The winter snows are falling and the deep waters of the blue Hudson are frozen, enticing skaters to glide on its smoothness. Hazeldene sparkles in the wintry sunshine, a grandly built, modern mansion of white stone. The rooms within are bright with roaring fires and the laughter of a gay party, gathered around the open fire-place in the ample entrance hall.

One figure is the center of the group. One merry voice is heard above the din. One merry piquant face is ever turning toward the door, as if in expectation of an arrival.

"So, he is coming to-day!" Geraldene Clemens says, turning her glorious dark eyes upon her brother, lounging upon a rug before the fire. "Oh, I can scarcely wait. The great, overgrown baby. Thinks no one is so good as he. I'll soon teach him that I am of some importance, too. Oh, what fun it will be!"

"Be merciful, Geraldene," cries one manly voice after another. "Zounds! I pity the man!" murmurs some one.

Geraldene tosses her brown ringleted head.

Harry, remember that two hundred and fifty dollars of that wager belongs to me!" "Gerry," a soft voice whispers at the beauty's elbow, "don't do it. Let the poor man be happy in his ideas. Don't make his heart ache, for fun,

Gerry. Don't do it, sister, it's wicked."

Geraldene laughs. A small, childlike creature it is, who is thus pleading. A fair-haired, blue-eyed, delicate girl, as unlike her brilliant sister, as water is unlike wine.

The face of the elder sister softens. "Daisy," she says, "I won't hurt him. He has boasted so long that he hates us all, it will do him good to be caught once. Don't worry little girl. We'll have our fun, and only Mr. True will be the wiser. Oh, I long to see him! The great, boasting, woman hater of the period!"

"Whom you can now see by using your eyes," a quiet voice observes at her elbow.

He has entered so quietly that Geraldene, in her excitement, did not hear him.

She turns to him now, and her laughing eyes do not fall beneath his lackadaisical gaze.

Daisy's blue eyes fill with surprised tears.

"Well, the old adage, that listeners hear no good of themselves, holds true in your case," Gerry's saucy voice cries.

Ralph True laughs. "Miss Geraldene, how delighted am I that I could grant your desire at the right moment."

"Mr. True is truly kind. Come to the fire. You are surely cold."

"No—your warm reception has refreshed me already."

Is she at a loss what to say? All listen eagerly. She straightens her slight figure and looks at him soberly.

"Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. I see that we will have no trouble in entertaining you, True."

"Why?" "Show this lad to his room, John," —to the servant who has answered her ring—"Come down stairs tonight with a hundred questions and I promise to answer every one. For the present—adieu." And Ralph True leaves the room, his face puzzled, his brow clouded.

"Gerry, I'm afraid it's all up with you now," Harry observes dolefully.

"Nonsense, man! Can't you see that he is interested already?"

The next day dawns bright and clear and cold. Gerry informs them at breakfast that a skating party is to be formed directly after the meal. All those not prepared with skates will be supplied, she says.

Ralph True turns to her. "I do not skate. Will I stay at home?"

"No indeed! Poor little boy. I will teach you how."

Daisy looks pity from her blue eyes, and Ralph thinks how rarely pretty these same eyes are.

"You do," Jerry says, "come!" And the all rise from the table. An hour later a merry group is on the river.

Ralph is awkwardly trying to stand on his skates while his eyes follow a little figure, skating alone, some distance beyond the others.

"Watch your feet! Look out!" Gerry is expostulating, when with a cry, her awkward pupil dashes over the ice as only an experienced skater can, to where a little figure is struggling in the water. Gerry forgets her vexation in her fright for her sister.

"Oh, Daisy, darling! Save her! save her!" she cries. Ralph True has succeeded in catching a long braid of fair hair, but as willing hands draw her from the water, he looses his hold and disappears in the dark water. Some one dives for him and saves him, but the merry party of the morning return to Hazeldene with two unconscious burdens.

Ralph is none the worse for his ducking the next morning, but Daisy does not come down to the drawing room until evening, when even then she looks pale and languid. Ralph gazes at her as he turns Geraldene's music, and catching her eye he wonders why she blushes so prettily and why she turns away so quickly.

"Cheer?" Gerry rattles on, "do you play it, True? Let us form a set. You and I, and Mr. Sage, and—and"

"Daisy," Ralph replies. The party is soon formed, but somehow, Gerry can never tell how, Daisy is Ralph's partner, while her lot is cast with that of Mr. Sage. She looks at Daisy's drooping face rather angrily, and when the game ends declaring Ralph and Daisy victors, she rises with a small grimace and goes over to her mother at the other side of the room.

"Poor Gerry," Daisy says, compassionately. "I think that you must be a wonderful player, Mr. True. Gerry always wins at any game she ever tries."

"Does she?" Ralph quizzes, "it will do her good to get left sometimes. Come out, Miss Daisy, and see the Hudson by moonlight. Do you feel able?"

When they return sets are forming for a dance.

"Come," Gerry's clear voice cries, "I want you, True."

Ralph crosses to her side. "You dance?"

"No, I do not."

"How am I to know but what you are deceiving me like you did yesterday?"

"Take my word for it."

"Won't you dance this set with me?" "I'll walk through it."

"W-e-l-l," doubtfully. Never was Gerry so provoked. Never was Ralph so delighted. They manage to get through, somehow, and when the music ceases, Ralph passes with a laugh.

"Do you like to dance with me, Miss Gerry?"

"No," she cries. "Go away! I hate you!"

He walks away to a little figure almost lost in a great chair by the open grate.

"Will you dance the next with me?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Did you see how very awkwardly I step?"

"Yes. But I'm not afraid."

Geraldene looks after them in amazement as they float past her. "Sold again," she murmurs. "What in the world am I to do with such a man?"

The days fly by. If a person could have judged as to the success of the wager by the fact that Ralph and Geraldene were often together, then, indeed, Harry is in a fair way to win. Each excursion planned; each game played; each tableau; each theatrical; these two are partners. The fact that quiet Daisy is often with them, too, does not seem to count. Harry is puzzled. And Gerry, herself, has to confess that at last she has met a man who does not make love to her after one week's acquaintance. The friends who are in the secret look on with interest, not knowing who will win that most unfortunate wager. They are planning a masquerade ball.

Each guest is to keep his own counsel and not let a person know what character he intends to personate. Such mystery, such locked doors, such secrets, as reign for a week before the eventual evening arrives, is wonderful to relate. At last time brings around the evening. The house guests have all managed to glide into the rooms with an outsider, so that all identity is lost, and they mingle together as one unknown whole.

Geraldene's shrill, sweet voice would have betrayed her, even if one long tendril of hair had not escaped from its confinement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you.

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle over head; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo and answers both questions with a happy "Yes Ralph."

How surpr sed they all were when the announcement is made at breakfast the next morning. Silence falls at first, then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course, I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies promptly, "but I said that I could resist your-coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

Alexander. There was a chap who kept a store, And, though there might be grander, He sold his goods nor asked for more, And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand— He was a skillful brander; And, since his sugar half was sand, They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, to her came, Then lovingly he scanned her; He asked her would she change her name, Then a ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip, "If I can be commander!" And so they framed a partnership And called it Alex-and-her.

—Corona News-Letter

HERE AND THERE

The King of Spain has learned to walk. Herbert Kelsey gets \$225 a week for acting.

There are thirty miles of railroad in actual operation in China.

A "coughing ghost" is the reigning sensation at Little Falls, N. Y.

The planet Mars is now brighter than it will be again for two years.

F. Strecker, of Reading, Pa., has collected over 800 boxes of butterflies.

Chicago has an association of religionists called "The Conditional Immortality Association."

The Tweed fountain of City Hall, New York, costing originally \$5,000, has been sold for \$50.

A farmer near Flint, Mich., is mourning the death of two geese that he had kept for fifty years.

F. W. Jenkins, of Pittsburg, faluted in the bath tub the other day, and was drowned before help came.

"Old Probabilities" has got in such a way of missing it that he can hardly hit bad weather any more.

The Mayor of Ty-Ty, Ga., having got a job as trainman in a neighboring city, has thrown up his office.

A Philadelphia belle who crowded her feet into shoes one size too small was buried in fine style the other day.

Plaster of paris is being driven out of Paris by wood pulp, which is made to serve the same purpose cheaper.

Since the evacuation of Boston by the British there has never been but one British man-of-war in the harbor.

Last year 4,300 miles of railroad were laid in Kansas, Nebraska and Texas, and this year 3,500 miles are being projected.

Thirteen new banks went into operation last month. Canada need have no fears of any shortage in the crop of cashiers.

The American who went to Honduras to raise a treasure of \$15,000,000 would now like to raise money enough for a week's board.

Western cow-boys name about three new towns per week, but the government refuses to acknowledge any of them as postoffices.

The consumption of clean wool in Europe and North America is estimated at about two and one half pounds per head of population.

There are said to be fully 200 women employed in editorial capacities on the various newspapers and journals published in New York.

May day was ushered in by a heavy fall of snow and good sleighing in Dakota, but the residents predict that it will be the last until September.

Emperor Frederick will be able to leave his widow a jointure of from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year, with the use of a residence in Berlin and a country seat.

A Cincinnati man has been on the jury twenty-eight times, and he says it is just awful how the other eleven men hung out against him in every verdict.

George Lane returned to his home in Ohio the other day after an absence of twenty-five years and sat down to dinner and growled about the grub as naturally as ever.

At the first glance no one thinks Miss Jennie Flood even common good looking. When it is whispered that she is worth \$5,000,000 everybody can see how beautiful she is.

The Anarchist organ in Chicago got down to thirteen subscribers before it let go. One more legal hanging would make the law pretty generally respected in that city.

Prince Henry of Germany has had 700 different photographs of himself taken, and in every instance he parts his hair in the middle and looks as handsome as a pumpkin pie.

"We must have a man of the people for Governor of Missouri," says a St. Louis paper, and then it proceeds to suggest the names of two men worth \$20,000,000 each.

Floods, earthquakes, epidemics and accidents have caused a million deaths in China during the last six months, and perhaps the immigration problem is to be solved that way.

Every circus in the country has to renew its stock of serpents every year. A snake which is jolted around is deprived of rest and sleep, and its annoyance soon results in death.

The old saying "that any religion is all right unless it interferes with a man's politics," is about to be exemplified on a grand scale, and it will be a test as to which is the strongest.

The Chicago Alarm, the Anarchist organ, bankrupted thirteen men before it went up the spout. Thirteen awful howls against the oppression of labor sounded clear across Lake Michigan.

The output of converts to Christianity in Africa grows less and less every year, while the in-pout of whisky increases by twenty per cent. The failure of one is always the growth of the other.

A gold watch which a Missouri farmer lost last fall, and for the theft of which he sought to send his hired man to prison, was found in the stomach of one of his cows which died the other day.

When Long John Wentworth was asked to join a church he shouted: "Ask for a check and you can have it, but any church that is willing to take me as a member is not fit for me to belong to."

"Seven Buckets of Blood, or the Orphan Hack-Driver's revenge" is the latest thing out for good boys to buy for a nickel and take to the hay-mow to read. And they were large buckets, too.

It is said that a popular vote in Cuba would annex that island to the United States quicker'n scat! But they have no popular vote in Cuba. Assassinations and bull-fights are the only popular things.

At social parties in Pennsylvania, one of the games is kissing through a knot-hole in an inch plank. A chap with an extra large mouth can sometimes hit the tip end of a loam-nosed girl's nose.

Matthew Arnold drew a pension from the British Civil List. The pension lapsed at his death, but it is understood that Queen Victoria will be asked to continue the pension to Mr. Arnold's widow.

Why Brown Was Jilted

The other day Miss Jones spent the afternoon with her friend and former schoolmate, Mrs. Smith, who has been married several years and has a beautiful boy.

"I heard the other day that you were engaged to Mr. Brown. Is there any truth in it?" asked Mrs. Smith of her friend, who was holding the baby.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Brown."

"But ain't you going to be?" He is such a nice, steady young man."

"That depends upon circumstances. One thing is sure, if he expects me to take advantages of my leap year privileges he will wait a good long while," replied Miss Jones.

"But would you accept him if he were to propose?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"I am not quite sure that I would. Men are so unreliable."

"Don't you love him?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O, he is a very nice gentleman, but there are so many unhappy marriages that I don't think I care to take any risks."

"You should get married by all means. I used to think and talk just like you, but now that I am married I am twice as happy as I was. I have a good, kind husband."

"You never quarrel, I suppose. He never says anything rude or unkind, and he never goes out at night and comes home late?"

"O, no, of course not."

"Never grumbles about the expense?"

"What a strange girl you are! What makes you ask such foolish, silly questions?"

"Well, you know there are some such husbands."

"I've read about some such cases of brutality, and I've heard people talk about such husbands, but I don't know anything about it."

"I am so glad for your sake that you are happy. How sound the dear little fellow sleeps."

"Yes; I wish you would take him in the next room and put him in his little cradle," said Mrs. Smith. Her friend complied with her request.

While Miss Jones was in the next room the door was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith entered. He had just come home and did not know Miss Jones was in the house. It was plain to see that he was as mad as a wet hen. Shaking a bill at his wife, he said in a hoarse, cynical tone:

"Here is another one of your infernal bills. You must think I'm made of money."

"H-u-s-h!" said his wife, putting her finger to her lips and pointing into the other room.

"Hush, he blanked. I don't give a cent nental whether the blank brat squalls or not. I want you to understand that I don't propose to put up with any more of your extravagance. This is the second hat you have had since we were married. Do you propose to break me up in business with your senseless extravagance? By the way you buy new hats one would suppose you had half a dozen fool heads on your shoulders."

"Oh, George! Dear George!"

"Just cheese that 'dear George' racket (mimicking her.) Only last week I paid a grocery bill of one dollar and thirty-seven cents. You must think I'm a little Jay Gould on wheels. Did a man bring a demijohn of brandy and two hundred cigars for me?"

"Yes, and here is the bill for fifty-seven dollars."

"For heaven's sake quit looking as if you were going to blubber! I just came home to tell you not to sit up for me. After the lodge is out I am going to attend a little oyster supper with the boys and some theatrical people down at the hotel. I may not be back before three o'clock," and off he was.

Of course Miss Jones heard every word of this joint discussion, and when, shortly afterward, Brown proposed, he was jilted and botched so promptly that he left the house without his hat and cane. He was even more astonished than the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing 1,756,843 pounds of giant powder.—*Mocking Bird.*

Literature Makes the Man.

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Ordered out—the family during house cleaning time.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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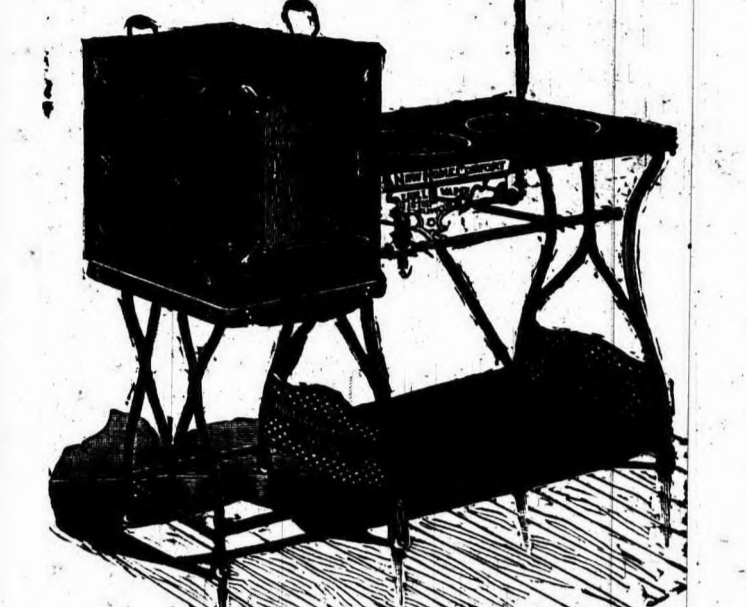
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