

AROUND A GREAT STATE. CHENEY FOR GOVERNOR.

The Prohibitionists Score Each of the Old Parties, and Declare War.

The Platform--Proceedings of Convention.

Albert Dodge of Fowlerville, chairman of the prohibition state central committee, called the convention to order in White's opera house, Detroit, on the afternoon of June 26. After a song by the South Raisin glee club Rev. M. C. Hawks of Detroit invoked the divine blessing.

Hon. D. P. Sagonodorph of Charlotte was called upon to act as temporary chairman. Mr. Sagonodorph was conducted to the chair, and accepted the gavel by recounting the trials and struggles of the prohibition party in attempting to secure temperance legislation from Michigan's republican legislatures.

Recognizing and declaring that prohibition of the liquor traffic has become the dominant issue in national and state politics, we invite to full party fellowship all who on that one dominant issue are with us agreed, in full belief that the party can and will remove sectional differences, promote national unity, and insure the best welfare of the entire land.

A clause strongly condemning local option was inserted in the platform at first presented. This was objected to, and a second resolution was presented which after much debate, was adopted.

Local option is a policy of moral blindness and procrastination. With equal indifference it votes temperance up or votes it down. In principle it is the old doctrine of popular sovereignty, and as it then meant slave sovereignty, so now it means ultimate liquor sovereignty.

After the opening exercises the committee on credentials made a partial report, showing that 560 delegates were entitled to seats. The committee on organization suggested that the temporary secretary be made permanent secretary, and that A. O. Crozier of Kent county, be made permanent chairman.

Mr. Crozier said that prohibitionists should be careful in convention and aggressive in campaign. They must be wise as serpents and harmless as a cyclone. Regarding the present liquor system and drink laws, it was like licensing the fish and then punishing men for scratching.

At the conclusion of Prof. Dickie's speech it was resolved to call a prohibition camp meeting at Eaton Rapids at an early date. The work of raising a campaign fund was next in order and when the committee had concluded its work the pledges amounted to \$4,736.

The chairman of the committee on resolutions submitted the following, which, after some discussion, was adopted: The prohibitionists of Michigan in state convention assembled with firm reliance upon the source of all power and with unshaken faith in the ultimate triumph of the great principles of right and justice, respectfully submit to the voters of the state the following declaration of principles:

FINANCES.—All money, whether gold, silver or paper, should be issued and its volume controlled by the national government.

LABOR.—We believe the saloon to be the greatest economic, social, political and moral enemy of the working classes. Therefore, we invite the workmen of Michigan to co-operate with us in our efforts to abolish the liquor traffic.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—We favor impartial suffrage on equal conditions to all, based on intelligence and good citizenship, without distinction of sex or race.

TARIFF REFORM.—We demand the revision of the tariff laws so as to reduce the expenses of the government to meet its expenditures economically administered, while at the same time affording reasonable protection to American labor and American industries, and with a view to cheapening the necessities of life in preference to the luxuries.

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The following resolution was also adopted: We endorse the movement of the organization of the prohibition army of the Blue and Gray as a measure well calculated to harmonize the different sections of our country and promote the cause of prohibition.

Myron H. Walker of Grand Rapids, then nominated Hon. A. B. Cheney of Sparta, Kent county, for governor. Delegate Woodman of Wayne, seconded the nomination.

Dr. Gordon of Mt. Clemens nominated Rev. John Russell of Macomb county, and was seconded by Rev. John Hamilton of Birmingham.

Eber E. Saunders of Saginaw City nominated Stewart B. Williams of Saginaw for lieutenant governor.

A. S. Partridge of Flushing nominated Red John Hamilton (Fighting Jack Hamilton of the Twenty-third infantry). Several seconding speeches were made, and then Mr. Hamilton got up and withdrew himself. Mr. Williams was then chosen candidate for lieutenant-governor by a rising vote.

Peter M. Hagel of Lapeer was nominated by acclamation for secretary of state. Alfred Wise of Lansing and William H. Hart of Wahgamegah, Tuscola county, were named for state treasurer. Mr. Hart withdrew from the race and Mr. Wise was nominated by acclamation.

D. A. Waterman of Detroit was named as attorney general, and Guernsey B. Waring of Ridgeway was named as candidate for commissioner of the state land office.

Leimuel Clute of Ionia was nominated for attorney general by acclamation. J. E. Montgomery of Kalamazoo was named and nominated as superintendent of public instruction, and William H. Hart of Wahgamegah was placed on the ticket as nominee for member of the state board of education.

The convention then authorized the appointment of a committee, with the chairman of the convention as chairman of the committee to notify the nominees before the date of the mass meeting in Grand Rapids July 31, which will be addressed by Sam Small.

The directors of the Michigan prohibition alliance met at noon and accepted the resignations of President A. D. Power of Northville, Treasurer Caleb Pitkin of Detroit, and Secretary William A. Taylor of Lansing. The vacancies were filled by the election of Albert Dodge of Fowlerville as president, and Alfred Wise and Wm. Wise, both of Lansing, as treasurer and secretary respectively.

John Fisher, an engineer on the Northwestern railway, jumped from his engine near Negaunee and was fatally injured.

The log output of the Saginaw district is estimated at 600,000,000 feet.

A soldiers' monument is to be erected at Marcellus this summer.

A lodge of the Knights of Pythias it to be organized at Escanaba July 10, which will make 45 lodges of the order in the state.

A subscription paper is being circulated in Jackson for the purpose of raising money to build a city hospital.

About 500 acres of land in the vicinity of Ravenna have been planted to onions. About 10,000 bushels of onions were shipped from that station last year.

Bertha Carey, a young woman who is in Pittsburgh and unprovided with a father for her child, soon to be born, has alleged that Dr. Holden of Grand Rapids assaulted her while treating her professionally. The doctor indignantly denies the charge.

A foundry in Providence, R. I., is casting the largest mining pump in the world for the Calumet & Hecla mine. One section of the pump weighs 20 tons.

The suit of Alice Potts of Port Huron against Emily Willard for \$50,000 damages for alienating the affections of her husband, Lewis Potts, resulted in a verdict in favor of Alice Potts for \$30,000. The jury were out 20 minutes.

It is reported that Ed. King, the villain who some twenty-four years ago murdered a man named Seely in a boarding house on Water street at East Saginaw, is now in the City of Mexico, well off and respected. It was an atrocious affair, Seely being literally cut to pieces with a large carving knife.

The lake and rail rates offered by some lines have led the Soo short line to make a sweeping cut of nearly 30 per cent upon all classes of freight from Boston to Minneapolis and St. Paul. This is the lowest all-rail rate ever made between the east and the west.

Ola Welda, a brakeman, fell between the cars near Farwell the other day, and was probably fatally injured.

O. M. Barnes has been appointed as the Michigan member of the executive committee of the national democratic committee.

At the annual meeting of the Michigan music teachers' association the following officers were elected: C. B. Cady, Ann Arbor, president; Prof. T. A. Dunster, Detroit, secretary; Miss Worthington, Albion, treasurer. The programme committee are: F. H. Pease, J. H. Hahn, Mrs. M. E. Tilden.

David Holliday, aged 20, was drowned at Mayfield while in bathing.

Last fall John Mack's home, about ten miles from Pt. Huron, was searched and a complete outfit for making counterfeit coins was found, also some of the "stuff." All the residents of the house were arrested. Mack turned state's evidence, accusing George Beacraft of being the promoter of the scheme; of furnishing him the material, and also disposing of the coin. Beacraft had been arrested about the same time for passing counterfeit Canadian bills, United States silver dollars and similar coins.

Mack was the principal witness of the prosecution in Beacraft's trial which closed June 29. The jury were locked up six hours and finally disagreed, standing six and six. Beacraft was admitted to bail on his old bond, and will probably have his next trial in Detroit.

Natural gas has been found on the farm of Theodore Archambeau, two miles from West Bay City.

Knights of Labor organization several years in existence at Cheboygan, and representing at one time 600 members in that city, has surrendered its charter and disbanded.

Frank Meachout, employe of Chicago & Northwestern railroad, had both legs smashed, both arms broken and head crushed into an unrecognizable mass by cars at Norway. Lived at Quinnesec with parents.

Ed. Morgan, a prominent business man of Buchanan, was found dead in bed the other morning.

Daniel Madoney of Grayling, has been sentenced to 13 years in Jackson for the murder of Albert Grund in a lumber camp near that place.

The "Northern News Bureau" of Marquette, offers to pay \$1,000 to any man who will show the existence of a single dime of the kind mentioned by Mrs. Obenauer in the upper peninsula.

Rev. S. Steele, late prohibition candidate for congress, has gone to the upper peninsula on a missionary tour in behalf of the democracy.

Francis Herbert, a young Englishman, convicted in Detroit last February after an exciting trial on the charge of abusing Agnes Gray, the 14-year old child of Andrew T. Gray, and sentenced to confinement in state prison at Jackson for life, died in prison a few days ago.

August Nelson, the leader of the Ishpeming boy burglars, says he became bad because his step-mother made him sleep in out-houses and beg his food. He is only 12 years old.

William Steel and Julius Conklin of Bear Lake have been arrested on suspicion of robbing the postoffice at Pierpoint.

A serious accident occurred on the Grand Trunk railway a few miles east of Valparaiso, Ind., the other evening, resulting in the wrecking of an engine and 10 freight cars and the killing of Stephen Buel, a brakeman, of Scotts, Mich.

The Manistee & Northeastern railroad, which was chartered last year, has about 20 miles graded and ready for the iron, and it is expected 45 miles of it will be done this season. The northern terminus of the road will probably be Traverse City, with a possible extension to Elk Rapids.

David B. Anderson and wife of Jackson were arrested the other day for chaining the legs of their little boy together and then casting him into a dark room. They claimed he had been stealing money and that they were trying to frighten him.

NOTIFIED OF HIS NOMINATION.

President Cleveland Accepts the High Honor.

The national democratic committee and the notification committee appointed by the late democratic convention to notify Cleveland and Thurman of their nomination for President and Vice-President met in Washington June 26. After some preliminary business, the committee marched to the White House. The President was notified of their arrival and received them in the east room. As soon as the party had taken their places, Gen. Collins stepped forward and in a few remarks made known the object of their visit and introduced the Hon. Chas. D. Jacob of Kentucky, who read and presented to the President the formal letter of notification signed by the national committee.

The president in reply said: "I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the national democracy, bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard, and bids me bear it high at the front in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success implies."

"The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and the happiness of a nation of free men. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs."

"This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day, I can most truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now. Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people, to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be, but I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their numerous forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction; but I did not know how bitter, how restless and how shameless it could be. I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just; but I did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were."

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to me, I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not, if I could, for myself nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course."

"It remains for me to say to you, and through you to the democracy of the nation, that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

The President's remarks were made in an earnest and emphatic manner, and were frequently interrupted by applause. This closed the speech-making, and all present proceeded to the state dining-room and partook of light refreshments.

THE OLD ROMAN INFORMED

Of the Action of the National Democratic Convention. The members of the democratic committee appointed to notify ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman of his nomination to the office of vice-president, went to Columbus June 28 for that purpose.

The committee were cordially received by the nominee and members of his family. The scene which occurred in the white house a few days before, when Cleveland was notified, was re-enacted, and Mr. Thurman given the formal letter of notification. In response to the letter Mr. Thurman said: "MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—I pray you to accept my very sincere thanks for the kind and courteous manner in which you have communicated to me the official information of my nomination by the St. Louis convention. You know without my saying it that I am profoundly grateful to the convention and to the democratic party for the honor conferred upon me, and the more so that it was wholly unsought and undesired by me; not that I undervalued a distinction which any man of our party, however eminent, might highly prize, but simply because I had ceased to be ambitious of public life. But when I am told in so earnest and impressive a manner that I can still render service to the good cause to which I have ever been devoted—a cause to which I am bound by the ties of affection, by the dictates of judgment, by a sense of obligation for favors so often conferred upon me, and by a fervent hope that the party may long continue to be able to serve the republic, what can I under such circumstances do but yield my private wishes to the demand of those whose opinions I am bound to respect? [Applause.] Gentlemen, with an unfeigned diffidence in my ability to fulfill the expectations that led to my nomination, I yet feel it to be my duty to accept it and to do all that may be in my power to do to merit so marked a distinction."

"Gentlemen, the country is blessed by an able and honest administration of the general government. [Applause.] We have a president who wisely, bravely, diligently and patriotically discharges the duties of his high office. [Applause.] I fully believe that the best interests of the country require his re-election, and the hope that I

may be able to contribute somewhat to bring about the result to one of my motives for accepting a place on our ticket, and I also feel it my duty to labor for a reduction of taxes and to put a stop to that accumulation of a surplus in the treasury that, in my judgment, is not only prejudicial to our financial welfare, but is, in a high degree, dangerous to honest and constitutional government. [Applause.] I suppose, gentlemen, that I need say no more to-day. In due time and in accordance with established usage, I will transmit to your chairman a written acceptance of my nomination, with such observations upon public questions as may seem to me to be proper. [Applause.]

Thos. B. Lincoln Dead.

Thomas B. Lincoln, the only person tried for treason during the war of the rebellion, died June 30 at his farm near Elkton, Md., aged 75 years. He was born in Philadelphia, and after the annexation of Texas, went there as the agent of New York capitalists and amassed a large fortune. He took an active interest in politics of the day, and was a leading member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, whose agent he was in the northwest, in which capacity he was arrested in Cincinnati in 1862 and put on trial for treason. A letter found in his possession from Senator Bright of Indiana, to Jefferson C. Davis, was the cause of Bright's expulsion from the United States senate. The indictment for treason was quashed, and after the war he came north, settling in Maryland.

Gladstone's New Departure.

It is announced that Gladstone will make a new departure from the home rule scheme of '86, and will present an entirely different front to the enemy. The important points of the new plan will involve the retention of Irish representation in the imperial parliament as at present, and also give a national assembly to Ireland, with authority and control over the judiciary and the police.

The Administration Approved.

In the British house of commons the other evening John Morley moved to censure the government for its administration of the Irish crimes act as calculated to undermine respect for the law, enrage the people of Ireland and prove injurious to the interests of the empire. The censure motion was rejected.

William's Polley.

At the opening of the Prussian Landtag June 27, in his speech from the throne King William said he should strive to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather, and endeavor to rule his people lawfully and truly, and at the same time maintain the rights of the crown.

Fifteen Hundred Dead.

Later advices from the flooded district of Mexico state that 1,500 lives were lost. The cities of Leon and Lilaal are in crumbling ruins. The people are in dire distress, suffering for the actual necessities of life. The loss is estimated at \$5,000,000.

A Great Strike On.

The great strike of the amalgamated iron workers was inaugurated on the 30th ult., and 100,000 men are idle. The trouble begins with both sides equally determined, and unless one or the other gives in it may continue indefinitely.

Str. Killed.

A wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania & Schuylkill Valley railroad at Cable City, Pa., on the 26th ult., by which six laborers were killed and four fatally injured. The names of the unfortunate are unknown. They were Hungarians and known only by numbers.

Four Men Killed.

A passenger train went through a bridge a few miles from Mobile, Ala., the other morning, and four men were killed and six seriously, perhaps fatally, injured.

Losses \$100,000.

Fire at Fort Apache, Arizona, destroyed the entire quartermaster and commission department supplies. The loss to the government is about \$100,000.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table of market prices for various goods including Wheat, White, Red, Corn, Oats, Barley, Malt, Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, Feed, Flour, Michigan patent, Minnesota patent, Minnesota bakers, Rye, Apples, Beans, Peas, Breadcrumbs, Butter, Cheese, Dried Apples, Eggs, Honey, Hops, Hay, Malt, Onions, Potatoes, Strawberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Cherries, Peaches, Poultry, Geese, Turkeys, Ducks, Provisions, Extra mess beef, Lard, Dressing, Ham, Calves, Sheep, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, Tallow, Hides, Green City, Country, Cured, Salted, Sheep skin wool.

CATTLE—Good natives, ten higher; common to choice steers, \$1 75 to \$1 77 1/2; stockers and feeders \$1 10 to \$1 25; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 40 to \$1 75; Texas cattle, strong for good; others, steady, \$1 15 to \$1 50. HOGS—Market steady; mixed, \$5 45 to \$5 85; heavy, \$5 55 to \$5 75; light, \$5 40 to \$5 60; ships, \$4 to \$5 35. SHEEP—Market slow; natives, \$2 50 to \$4 00; Westerns \$3 to \$3 50; Texas \$3 75 to \$4 55; lambs, \$1 to \$2 per head. Drovers' Journal's report London cable market one cent high; best American steers, 18 1/2 per pound, estimated dead weight.

A man in Connecticut, who built a fancy barn, stole eight tombstones from a graveyard to build his mangers.

Untrue To Both.

Inez Claire turned her haughty, dark face from the gipsy, and crossed the sword to where her lover and her cousin stood.

"What did she tell you, that your lip curls so, Inez?" asked Roy Alton, with a smile. "One would almost fancy the old witch had tried to make you fear some evil."

"She did!" answered the girl, scornfully, her dark eyes flashing. "Falseness and treachery are evils, are they not? She said they were about me—falseness on the lips I kissed, treachery in the hearts I trusted. Bah! How foolish it is to give one's hand to such a creature, and allow her to say such things!"

"One never does so in faith!" laughed pretty golden-haired Beatrice Laven, the cousin, who, being orphaned and penniless, owed all things to the wealthy and generous Inez.

"And why not, my beautiful lady?" asked the old crone, who had followed Inez, and paused near. "Is it that you doubt, because my eyes might pierce the mask you wear, and my lips might speak of the arts you use, by which you make a man false to his plighted word, and plunge into the heart of one who has been kind to you a dagger keen enough to slay her? Your fair face is pale, lady, and your blue eyes are full of fear; yet you paled not so when you stole out to meet another's affianced husband, and you feared not that he who was won in falsehood would be as false some day to yourself. Ah, blue-eyed beauty, with the traitorous heart, will you let me read the lines of your hand and warn you?"

Beatrice shrank under the eyes of the seeress, and clung to Roy's arm, her fair face deathly in its whiteness.

"She is horrible! Let us go," faltered the roseleaf lips.

And the crone laughed as they went slowly away from her through the sunlight.

"Pride, and love, and treachery, and falsehood!" muttered the gipsy. "Of such things can I prophesy to all and never speak amiss. But for this fair beauty and the man beside her—I was abroad last night, and they did not see me, as they talked of love which must be kept a secret. Bah! such love must die, as die the roses. I read all human hearts, and they give me gold, thinking I read the stars."

Meanwhile, through the scents of Maytime went three, and Roy whispered a low word to Beatrice which Inez did not hear.

Untroubled by the crone's predictions, with faith as strong as the love in her proud, true heart, Inez never dreamed of suspecting that her lover's whispers could be "but stricken air," or that the heart she leaned on and fully trusted planned the treachery at her very side.

Roy lingered at the stately home of Inez until the moon was high, and she accompanied him down the steps and part way to the gate that divided their father's lands.

There in the clear light of the full May moon they said good-night, and she stood watching him as he went, until the shadows hid him from her.

"My love—my kingly, loyal love!" she murmured.

Then a sudden thought came—she had not told him of a certain plan for the morrow, formed by herself and Beatrice.

She would flit after him, slide up to him ere he would reach the gate—slip her hand in his, and laugh at his glad surprise.

With light feet she hurried after, reached the shadows which had enfolded him, passed through them, and paused like a startled doe on their edge, a fierce, incredulous scorn glowing in her eyes, her proud face blanching, swiftly, sharply, as blanch the faces of those smitten suddenly to the heart.

He stood before her, only a few feet away—her lover, her promised husband—with a slight white clad figure in his arms, a dainty, golden head, uncovered to the moonbeams, nestling close to his heart, while her cousin's red lips laughed merrily up to him, and her cousin's white hand held back his face from hers.

"Nay," Inez heard the girlish voice say, with the laugh in it, "you shall not kiss me. The gipsy said you would be as false to me, some day, as you are now to Inez."

"And you doubt me—you, who have made me chafe against my bondage until I am willing to free myself in any way, at any cost, for your sake?"

The girl in the shadow heard it all—heard, and made no sign. The love of long years of her youth was dying, but dying as the strong die, in silence.

The faith that had lived in her heart for this man was breaking as break the chambers of the spider's weaving in a storm; but she gave no cry, made

no sound, only stood, heart sick and soul wounded, on the very edge of the shadows.

"If Inez heard you say that, I think she would set you free?" laughed Beatrice.

And Inez, with a sudden, hardly-drawn breath crossing her whitened lips, advanced till she stood beside them.

"You are right, my cousin," she said, unwaveringly. "I have heard, and I set him free—free of all things save the reproach I must ever feel for an acted lie. Here, Roy!"

She drew off and extended toward him the ring with which he had plighted her.

He, startled, shamed, shrinking under the steady, scornful gaze of her dark eyes, with his arms fallen from about her cousin, and his own face crimson with hot, traitor-blood, felt the old spell fall over his heart once more and the new one pass from it.

"Inez," he said, pleadingly, "listen. I will—"

But she unclasped her fingers, and the ring fell at his feet. She turned and passed again into the shadows.

Beatrice laid her hand on his arm and smiled in his face.

"You are free, now, Roy," she said softly. "Are you not glad?"

He looked down at the fair face which had so charmed him, and it suddenly lost all beauty for him.

"You want me to answer honestly?"

"Why, of course."

"Then"—he spoke through shut teeth, and more cruelly than he realized—"then, Beatrice, no, I am not glad. I would give all I own to have all things as they were before your coming between Inez and myself. Now you understand, and now will you care to wear the ring she cast back to me?"

A hot color lived transiently in the face, then died; a look of pain was followed by a flaming wrath in the blue eyes.

"No!" rang out her angry, silver tones—"no, Roy Alton. False to her, and false as well to me! Farewell!"

And she left him standing, wondering at his own sensations, feeling a dull pain at his heart for the broken truth, although an hour before he had wished it broken.

Fate sometimes grants a prayer, in very scorn of man.

Five years later, Inez Claire, still unwed, although Beatrice had for three years been the wife of a man old enough to be her father, but wealthy—Inez Claire entered a city hospital by merest chance.

The nurses were gliding from couch to couch, silent, gentle, soothing; now laying soft, cool hands on a flushed cheek, now touching with light fingers a bandage, now holding a draught to fevered lips.

Inez followed one whose voice and touch seemed to calm and heal, as she went among the sufferers; and this one paused at last, and stood long gazing on the wan, worn face of a man, which lay still on its pillow.

Such a white, cold face—such a thin, bloodless face! Inez felt her own pulses pause as she looked on it; then a low, agonized cry broke from her, and she darted forward and caught the nurse's arm.

"Is he dead? Oh, tell me that he is not dead—my love, my love!"

The nurse took her hand gently, and laid a finger on her own lips.

"He is sleeping," she said, softly; "they sleep so after a long fever. Ah, his eyes unclosed! Back, my dear lady. Do not let him see you, lest it should excite him, and he is so weak."

But his lids had lifted, his eyes were fastened on the face of Inez; and with an effort, he put out a thin, weak hand.

"Inez!" he whispered—"Inez, will you stay beside me for a little while? It will be but a little while, for I am dying; but stay Inez, because—because, dear, I have seen no woman like you, in all the years since that May night, and my—my heart has ached for you—beyond my telling. I was weak, false, but—"

"Hush!" faltered Inez, bending over him until her lips almost touched his cheek. "Speak no more, Roy. I will stay and you shall not die, for I have pardoned the past, and the old love has not perished."

"Stay," whispered the nurse. "Bid him sleep and have no fear for his life. He is but weak after a long fever."

And so they met, and the old love which had slept for a brief time in the man's heart, lulled by the charm of a new, fair face, awakened to sleep no more; and the woman, never having forgotten, forgave as readily as most loving women do, even the lover who returns repentant from his straying.

A month later there was a quiet wedding at which Beatrice was not

present. When she heard the fair beauty smiled a trifle scornfully.

"How can she trust him?" she asked. "He was false once, and as false to me," she added, with a touch of bitterness.

But Inez feared no rival now.

Love's Victory.

DE.
"Tell me, dainty lady mine,
Will you be my Valentine?
Long I've worshipped at your shrine,
Everything I have is thine."

HE.
"Truly, sir, I can not say.
How much is your income, pray?"

DE.
"Income, dainty lady mine?
What of that, for you I pine
Night and day; my heart is thine—
Pray, then, be my Valentine."

HE.
"Hearts and pinches touch me not,
How much money have you got?"

DE.
"Half a million, lady mine."

HE.
"Of course I'll be your Valentine."

—Spencer's Journal.

Magnifying Eyes.

Peek-About-Ben Adhem, son of the old man, awoke many mornings from his deep dreams of no peace to grieve because his eyes did not magnify enough; they did not fit his mind. Everything seemed paltry and little. The dollar of the patriarchs looked too small to suit him, and what it would purchase was trivial. His caravans from Damascus did not look the size he would like, and his tent with bay roof, front door flaps, and Mansred cellar, seemed of small proportions, while his neighbor and his acts seemed to be much too little in his eyes. Even himself was not as large as large as he felt he was. So he prayed to Mahomet and got the gift of magnifying sight.

When he opened his eyes the next morning and saw his shoes, he railed at the servants for bringing into his tent two monstrous shoemaker's signs; his wrath was many times larger than before, and when he looked at his feet he fainted, but was charmed to behold the vastness of his tent, and when he looked at himself in his mirror he was delighted. The gold and silver in his safe greatly expanded, and each dollar was about the right size.

But alas, he looked across and saw his neighbor's tent as large as his own, and his neighbor, coming out, was of giant proportions, and his heart fell down stars with a dull thud that could hardly be any thudder. The small acts of his past life assumed alarming dimensions. The wart on his nose looked like a side show tent, and the amount of victuals he ate at breakfast appalled him. The bug in his morning biscuit looked like a rhinoceros, and the microbes in the water he attempted to drink disgusted him, while the carpet tack he got in his heel looked like a tenpenny nail. The sun was many times larger and much hotter, and all the little ills of his life vastly increased in size. In his bitterness of spirit he exclaimed, "There is nothing small about me," and prayed to the Prophet to take back the fatal gift as he did not wish to feel so big any more.

Then he awoke and found he had only been dreaming, and it is recorded that he said he never felt so big in his life.—A. W. Bellaw, in *Yankee Blade*.

A Thoughtless Father.

"What is your son doing now?" asked a merchant of one of the senior traveling men.

"He is in a real estate office."
"That is good. I'm glad to hear that he is in the way of making money."

"Yes, I've taken great pains with that boy. Trained him up to be strictly honest, always tell the truth and never take advantage of any body."

The old merchant looked at him and then walked away, muttering: "And then put him in a real estate office. Some fathers have no judgment at all."—*Merchant Traveler*.

Ill Health Hangs on Dishonesty.

A faithful woman whose child was very ill with diphtheria, said to me: "Ah, sir! but I feel his illness is a visitation from Providence on me for having neglected to pray enough." "I said, do you think that God carries the virus of diphtheria and small-pox and typhoid fever about, and inflicts it on innocent babes, when their parents do not sufficiently honor Him? The cause of diphtheria is in your ignorance and filth. Your sewer is neglected. You have rotten vegetables in your monthly cellar. You neglect personal cleanliness, and cover it up on Sunday with finery. Your child is sick because you lack honesty in small every-day affairs. One-half of the sickness of any family and of all the people hangs on dishonesty."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Third Quarter: Lesson II, July 8, 1888.

THEME: THE GOLDEN CALF.—Exodus xxxii:15-36. (Parallel, Deut. 9:11-21.)

15. And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand; the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. 16. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. 17. And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp. 18. And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear. 19. And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the jancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hand and break them beneath the mount. 20. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it. 21. And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them? 22. And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief. 23. For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us, for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what has become of him. 24. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf. 25. And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked upon their shame among their enemies.) 26. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5:21.

As mentioned in the last lesson, Moses was called to ascend alone the mountain heights, where he remained for forty days. Here he was divinely enlightened concerning future duties, the erection of the tabernacle, the appointment of the priesthood and the services of the sanctuary. At the conclusion of this course of instruction, he received a divinely written book of the law, its pages of stone.

The time, so short to Moses, its hours fully occupied with new attainments of knowledge, was long to the surging multitude in the plain below. He remembered that within a short time, Moses remained hidden in the mountain as many days as he had been with Israel. Only fifty days after their departure from Egypt, was the law promulgated from Sinai and seven weeks in all was Moses absent with the Lord. It was very natural Israel should have misgivings.

The people had been dazzled by the swiftly succeeding miracles: due to the human eye, now, it looked as if they had been led out of Egypt into the wilderness to perish far from the promised land. Enemies hedged them round about in the mountains; and in the weary days of suspense, even the miraculous manna assumed to them an appearance of commonness. Possibly some wise ones ventured the affirmation that this food was the natural product of the country, with which only the God of nature had to do, and it was liable to fail.

The absence was necessary to Moses as a season of religious experience: it was also needed by Aaron to teach him his weakness and how unfit he was for the responsibility of office of high priest. He, who was no offer atonement for others, was a sinner in need of atonement himself. It was also a time of testing for the people. They had just taken the oath of allegiance to God in the presence of wonderful displays of divine power. They were not aware of their weakness and lack of discipline.

In their unsettled condition they summoned Aaron. This was an opportunity of a lifetime for Aaron, but he was unequal to it. When the people clamored for a visible image of Jehovah he indulged them. To satisfy in a measure his own conscience, doubtless he proclaimed it a festival to Jehovah. The idol, he reasoned to himself, is to be but an objective point of vision. The eye may rest on this, while the aspirations ascend higher. Such is the sophistry of the 19th century when it is claimed that pictures and images are aids to worship. Sin, as is observed, lay not in worshipping another god, but in disobeying the second commandment which strictly forbids the making of a visible symbol to represent the great Jehovah, whom no symbol can represent, so far short does human art fall below the requirements of divine representation.

V. 15. And Moses turned and went down from the mount. While Joshua had remained on the mountain at a lower elevation and returned with Moses, there is no evidence that Moses communicated to him the knowledge he had received of the disloyalty of the people. And when Joshua heard the noise, his first thought was of war. No one can fully realize how strange music in a valley strikes the ear of those on the mountain side. Especially marked is it in the Yosemite valley, surrounded by high mountains whose precipitous sides, clothed with trees and shrubs, obscure the vision, the fastnesses seem alive with voices.

As the Amalekites had once attacked Israel, the suspicion of Joshua was very natural. But it was the loud song of revelry which often follows the oriental banquet, leaping, dancing and weird orgies common in heathen countries. Dancing was a part of the ancient religious ceremonial, some times solemn and decorous, like that of David before the ark. In Egypt, however, the form seems to have been of a sensual and degrading type. This sort of dancing, so familiar to Israel from long residence in Egypt, was doubtless the cause of Moses' extreme anger, as the lewdness and degradation of the scene burst upon his view.

The anger of Moses and his casting down the tables of law and breaking the divinely inscribed tablets has always been a wonderment to mankind. One would have thought the first impulse would have been to cling closer to the divinely written words and works of Jehovah. But may it not have been a most forcible method of impressing Israel, that theirs was the heritage of the broken law, the first page they had broken in bowing down in image worship, and the second they had broken in their licentious dance. They were most forcibly impressed that law, however deeply engraved in stone, could not change the life; that divine precepts must be engraved in the heart and become a part of the life if they were to be effective. The broken tables must therefore ever rise before them as a reminder of a broken covenant; they could no longer claim the promise of blessing and protection, it must be of "grace."

V. 20. And he took the calf. How wonderfully is the scripture illustrated, "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight."

One with God and the right is ever a majority. The 600,000 men were awed by the presence of one man who had been with God. Moses destroys the image, to

illustrate the impotency of their golden emblem of strength; he cast the powdered metal and refuse into the brook to emphasize the fact that idolatry was a curse, and as it embittered the springs of water, so in their spiritual lives it would embitter and poison the springs of religious refreshment.

V. 21. And Moses said unto Aaron what did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them. Aaron had been left in charge, he occupied the position of leader and teacher. "To whom much is given of him much is required." The gospel of excuses is very old: Adam replied to the inquiry, "The woman thou gavest me." Aaron said, "Thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief." A truthful statement so far as it went, but no excuse for his participation or leadership in the "mischief." Notice the equivocation, "I cast the gold into the fire and there came out this calf." As if Providence were responsible for a kind of miraculous transmutation of the golden trinkets into this idolatrous form. Aaron was a weak leader, at this date, cowardly and untrustworthy. By his apathy Israel had made a spectacle of itself before the heathen round about. They would laugh at their short-lived piety, their lapse from virtue and their moral nakedness. For where the carion is, there appear the vultures also, and no doubt the hilarity and obscenity of their orgies had drawn as witness many a scoffing Amalekite (xvii:8-18).

V. 26. Who is on the Lord's side? Moses when he beheld the demoralization took position in the gateway of the camp, and sounded with clarion voice the challenge "who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." In response Moses' own tribe came forward in penitence and determination to be true to their vows of allegiance to God. This open avowal was the initiatory preparation for the work of the priesthood. It cost something to come forth from among the people, the majority of whom were fully set to do evil. The masses did not respond but retired to their tents. They did not want to take a decided stand for God and righteousness. It costs now. There are two parties: the masses do not identify themselves with the right; but there is no opportunity for neutrality, those who do not side for truth, holiness and God are enrolled as his enemies.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

The lesson emphasizes the goodness of God, in that atonement was provided for sin, even before the law was made known. Sin was not an unexpected emergency, but grace preceded it.

"Those weak enough to sin are always weak enough to lay the blame upon others. Impenitent sin is never candid. Guilt cannot be honest."

When Moses came down from the mountain, he came as an errand bearer, so we are to speak not our own thoughts, but God's. The appealing motive must result from divine inspiration and constraint.

The two tables represent two revelations, a revelation of man and a revelation of God. The statute book of a people is in a sense the history of that people.

The tables were written on both sides. There is no side of God's works on which his lessons are not inscribed.

The minister to-day, true to his profession, goes up into the mountain (as it were) for his message, the people are in the valley waiting. When he returns he should touch life with a steadier hand, and do his duty with a completer obedience and more radiant cheerfulness.

The people asked for Moses. So now the masses depend upon some leader. Circumstances classify men and we learn to look to our Moses, to be led by our Aaron. While Moses was one only in name, he was really a host, and Aaron and his god could not fill his place.

"Moses' anger waxed hot." Moses cleared a space for himself, he blanching the cheeks of the singing hypocrites and they fled to their tents. Are we prepared for a holy visitation? How many calves have we worshipped: Pride, fashion, self-indulgence, wealth, appearances? Our money has its place and use. Devotion to business is honorable—honorable getting, wisely spent. "God bless you in basket and in store," if the more you have the more the poor have. We too have the option of making unto ourselves gods; The father is away, let us watch and pray for his coming: "Blessed is that servant who shall be found waiting and watching."

LIBRARY REFERENCES: Parker's People's Bible, Sunday-school Teacher, Peloubot, etc.

Augustus Poppinjay—Now really, Miss De Smith, is Miss Travis a well-informed girl? Miss De Smith—I should say she was! She knows everything that goes on in this town.

The rage for low shoes has brought forth a new ornament—the tie fastener—which can be had all the way from a plain silver bar to a golden scroll set with diamonds and rubies.

Among new jeweled combs, one with a top of lace-like silver, picked out with small brilliants and topped with big pearls, tempts the feminine soul to extravagant desire.

A waist and drapery of the best camel's hair or Henrietta draped above a skirt of moire or corded silk makes a combination gown as serviceable as it is stylish.

A calico of white translucent enamel, with golden heart, and a diamond dewdrop, is the newest flower brooch as well as far and away the handsomest of the season.

Word comes from Paris that satin is again in high favor, especially for dinner and evening gowns, as well as for the costumes of very young brides.

Husband—"I tell you, my dear, I don't have any success in business. I'm afraid I have a Nemesis." Wife—"Well, why don't you see a doctor about it?"

Women do a good deal of talking in life time, that's a fact; but we have observed that the men generally seem willing to listen to what they have to say.

A young woman at Beloit, Kas., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she had captured while herding cattle.

Heaven be praised! The effort of certain ill-conditional designers to have street gowns made a bare dragging length is coldly unsuccessful.

According to a Richmond paper, girls there go to school lugging twenty pounds of scholastic literature and wearing a three foot bustle.

Turkish stuffs agleam with gold or silver thread make draperies, scarfs or overdresses that are simply ravishing.

"Woman is man's counselor," says a divine. Perhaps that explains why her fees are so notoriously high.

Women are the state librarians of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee.

A new silver girdle shows the square markings of crocodile skin, and is made flexible by rings of chain.

The Indiana women's prison and reformatory, near Indianapolis, is managed exclusively by women.

If your wife wants an "allowance," give her the whole income. She will save more out of it than you can.

Three and four button cutaways are proper for morning wear and half-dress.

Churches.

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

METHODIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

BAPTIST.—Rev. —, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

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

PLYMOUTH ROCK LODGE No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evenings on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

GRANGE, No. 380.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block, O. B. Fackengell, Master.

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

K. OF L., LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5590.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, C. E. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

TONGUES LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Jacob Strong, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Rec. Sec.

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J. F. BROWN, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Adver leers desiring changes in their advertisements must have their copy in on or before Tuesday noon to insure their publication. PUBLISHER.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—It is now Esq. Chilson.

Hull vapor stoves at M. Conner & Son's.

—Mrs. Vrooman, of Dearborn, is visiting her son Martin Vrooman.

—Cal W. Platt, of Howard, City, spent the Fourth with relatives here.

—Ed. L. Crosby has been suffering for several days from rheumatism.

—A. N. Brown, of Stockbridge, has been here for a few days visiting his family.

—Miss Cara Steers returned home Tuesday from a visit of several days at Wayne.

—Ed. Hough passed a couple of days this week at Pontiac, the guest of I. B. Meritt.

—J. R. Rauch and family, of Northville, spent the Fourth here among their numerous friends.

—Justice Duffy, of Northfield, Washtenaw county, offers to marry any couple free who will come to him.

Parties desiring red raspberries in half bushel quantities, should mail orders to J. C. McClumpha, Plymouth.

—Mrs. C. M. Duntley expects to leave for Grand Traverse next week for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Cameron.

—Michael Waters, the genial agent of the D., L. & N., has lately fallen heir to a goodly fortune—a boy—and it was a week old yesterday.

—E. F. Steers and family, John Marker, Mrs. Chrissa Steers, Orrie and Myrtle Hubbard and Bert Hannan of Wayne, were in town the Fourth.

—Among the marriage licenses granted lately in Washtenaw county was one of Adam Schlach, of Wayne, aged ninety-four, to Eva Barneski, Ypsilanti, 25.

—One of our business firms sold fifteen boxes of ordinary firecrackers, besides torpedoes and large firecrackers, too numerous to mention—in fact they sold all they had.

—Baptist church. Rev. P. G. Robertson announces as his themes next Sabbath the following: In the morning, "The Great Conflict"; in the evening, "The Cost of Living."

—Rev. F. B. Cressey, the Prohibitionist, is very anxious to sell his paper the Center. He has lost considerable money with it, notwithstanding it was given to him in the start. He isn't very particular what it would be used for if he could only get rid of it and pay its debts.

—An electionary contest will be held one evening next week. The competitors, eight in number, are members of our High school. The prize is a handsome silver medal, furnished by W. Jennings Demorest, the New York millionaire. Those competing for the prize will be known to the judges only by their numbers. Music will be interspersed with the recitations. Time and place will be announced later. Admission five cents.

Cans for gasoline at M. Conner & Son's.

—Charles H. Bennett is home this week.

—E. W. Chaffee has been slightly under the weather this week.

—Miss Anna Scotten is home from attending school at Albion.

E. W. Beam is now turning out one of his improved road carts each day.

—A large addition is being built on the Mrs. J. D. Peck house, on Main street.

—Prof. Loomas, late of Northville, takes charge of the Manchester schools.

—Miller & Westfall's new bar arrived Monday and is what the boys call a dandy.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Burd, of Wyandotte, spent the Fourth here with Mrs. L. Merriman.

—Bert Roe leaves to-morrow morning for an extended visit with his sister at East Saginaw.

—It was a good day for soda water and ice cream, and dealers in those goods reaped a rich harvest.

—Among the list of registered pharmacists, of the first class we notice the name of C. H. Merriam, Northville.

—Mrs. Fannie Coleman and daughter Emma, and Miss Mary Hough spent the Fourth with friends at Detroit.

—Most of those who went to Detroit saw an immense crowd of people and wished they had stayed at home.

—Lou Sherwood, Clint Wilcox and Jack Holloway left Thursday for a few days camp out at Straight's lake.

—Oliver Westfall has removed his family from Northville to this place, and is occupying the Mrs. Miller house.

—At the request of the people of Canton, Rev. M. W. Gifford will preach at the town house next Sabbath at three o'clock.

—Mark Ladd, who in the past acted as clerk in the Root building is back there once more waiting on customers for J. H. Boylan.

—All oddfellows are requested to be present at lodge room next Monday evening, to assist at the installation of officers. Refreshments will be served.

—John Dolph, Northville's popular young tailor, was in town yesterday calling on friends, stopping on his return from celebrating the Fourth in Detroit.

—Caleb and Caroline Krause, of Ann Arbor, were divorced two or three months ago and now a license has been taken out for them to marry each other again.

—Mrs. Crosby, of Detroit, who had been visiting at Palmer Chilson's, in Livonia, for several days was a guest at Mr. Lapham's, on Union street over Sunday.

—There are probably few, if any, towns in the State of the size of this that has as pretty and expensive a bar as the one just put into the saloon of Miller & Westfall.

—Several of the largest patrons of one of the milk houses in Livonia have had some difficulty with the managers and have been bringing their milk to the cheese factory here.

—The Rev. Wesley Hagalorn, who filled the Methodist pulpit here in 1875-6, died a few days ago at Pasadena, California, where he went a year and a half ago in hopes of improving his failing health.

—Bay View assembly, near Petoskey, opens July 25 and closes August 15. It is a beautiful place and has ample hotel accommodations at from \$5 to \$10 per week. The D., L. & N. railroad sells round trip tickets from July 16 to 25, good to return to August 17, for \$8.85.

—A telegram received by Henry Jackson, on Tuesday morning, from F. B. Shattuck, of Eaton, Colorado, dated Monday, announced the death of Mr. Jackson's daughter Susie, that day, and that she would be buried Tuesday. Miss Jackson had evidences of consumption and went to Colorado some two years ago hoping to improve her health. For a time she gained in flesh and appeared much better. During last winter she became worse and since about the first of April has been continually failing. She was nearly thirty-three years of age.

—Wide Awake is without doubt the best publication of the kind extant. The June number contains a beautiful frontispiece—Polo. Excellent articles from the pens of Margaret Sidney, Margaret Eyttinge, Amanda B. Harris, Kate Putnam Osgood, Francis C. Sparhawk, Mary Bradford Crowninshield, Margaret Deland, Olive Risley Seward, Elbridge S. Brooks, Mary E. Wilkds, Edward E. Hale, Henry M. Brooks, M. E. B., M. E. W. Sherwood, F. Anstey, Oscar Fay Adams, Dorothy and Susan Holcomb, and others. Many of are them handsomely illustrated. D. Lothrop Co., Boston; \$2.40 per year, 20 cents single number.

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The Fourth.

The 4th passed off here much like such days have in years past, when any effort to draw out ders, as well as to entertain home people has been made. Early in the day the people began to arrive and by afternoon there was a crowd that even surprised the most sanguine.

The firing of guns; the address by Col. Sellers, which by the way, was first-rate; base ball, the usual games, with fire works and a dance in the evening made up the festivities.

BASE BALL SCORE.

PLYMOUTH.	A. B.	R.	H.	T. B.	P. O.	A. E.
Marker, c. 1b.	5	4	2	2	18	1
Harrison, r. f.	5	1	1	1	0	1
Springer, ss.	5	2	2	3	0	2
Roe, 3b.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Caswell, p.	4	0	1	2	1	9
Micol, c. f.	4	0	1	1	2	2
Punches, 1b & c.	4	0	1	1	4	1
Gunsolly, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Wilcox, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	3
Total.	41	10	10	12	27	15

NORTHVILLE.	A. B.	R.	H.	T. B.	P. O.	A. E.
Nichols, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
D. Yerkes, p.	5	2	1	1	0	11
McGuire, 2b.	5	0	0	0	0	1
Mathews, s. s.	5	1	0	0	0	4
G. Yerkes, 1b.	5	1	0	0	14	0
Filkus, c. f.	4	1	2	3	2	0
Stanley, 3b.	4	1	0	0	0	1
Van, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Beals, c.	4	1	2	2	11	3
Total.	41	7	5	6	27	30

Earned runs—Plymouth 4. Two base hits—Springer, Filkins, Caswell. First base on ball—Stanley. Struck out—By Caswell, 9; by Yerkes, 10. Double Plays—Micol, Marker, Mathews, Yerkes, Beals. Passed balls—Punches, 3; Beals, 9. Umpire—Murry. Time, 2:30. Attendance, 500.

PRIZES.

Foot race—George Jackson, first, \$5; L. Jackson, second, \$3.

Sack race—George Jackson, first, \$2; L. Jackson, second, \$1.

Greased pig—George Jackson, the pig.

Tug of war—Plymouth base ball club won by out-pulling the band boys; \$8.

Climbing greased pole—Prize not given; no one could be found who was able to climb it.

SQUIDS.

George Kenler had his eyebrows singed and Frank Res his face considerably burned with powder, the only casualties reported.

Obituary.

Another old, well known and deeply respected citizen of Plymouth has gone to his final reward. After an illness of eight weeks, in four of which he was almost helpless, Stark Dufoo, breathed his last, at 11 on Wednesday, June 20. He died quietly and easily, slipping away from the midst of the saddened family that surrounded his bedside.

He was nearly seventy-four years of age; has lived a long, active and laborious life, reared a family of noble sons and daughters; died possessed of much of this world's goods, and of what is now of infinitely more value to him and his family, of a name and character against which none can bring any charge. Everyone held him in respect, and speak of him with commendation and honor.

Mr. Durfee was born in Wayne county, New York, October, 1814, and when but thirteen years of age came with his parents to Michigan. He first settled on a farm two miles east of Plymouth, but afterwards removed to his late home, where he has lived during the last thirty-two years.

He was a quiet, inoffensive citizen, devoting almost all of his time and strength to his farm, and giving little heed to the excitements and allurements of life. Careful and saving in all things, yet he never begrudged any expense in legitimate and honorable directions.

He was married three times, and ten children and a wife now survive him. These are all well and favorably known, and have the full sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

The funeral was held on Friday, June 29, at one o'clock from the house, Rev. G. H. Wallace, officiating. He was buried at Newburgh, his six sons acting as pall bearers.

Tonquish.

Haying has begun.

Edith Bradford has diphtheria.

S. Barber lost a valuable horse last week.

Maud Cady is at home during the Normal vacation.

Carl Cruger entertains friends from Detroit this week.

Ella Cary is at Ypsilanti attending summer school.

O. R. Pattengell has been sinking a well on his premises.

Cora Pattengell has gone for a trip to Farmington, Pontiac, etc.

Newburg.

To the wife of E. C. Bassett a girl last week.

Mrs. Mary Philport is visiting friends in Canada.

M. King is very bad off, one side being nearly paralyzed.

Henry King, of Bay City, was at home over the Fourth, visiting his parents.

A. H. Pickett and H. A. Smith are at Grand Rapids and Muskegon visiting.

Miss Edith Pickett, who is at work at Ann Arbor, is home visiting this week.

Look out for the grand opening at Newburgh hall, which was adjourned on account of rain.

Save the Cents,

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

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

Moldings and Picture Frames,

Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

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

Red Front Drug Store.

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

THE LARGEST STOCK OF Paints and Oils!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF CIGARS AND TOBACCOS!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF DRY :: PAINTS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF Smoked and Salt Meats, Salt Fish, Field and Garden Seeds, Perfumes and Toilet Articles.

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

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

JOHN L. GALE.

CALL ON ANDERSON & CABLE,

- Gasoline Stove. -

If you want a

We also have in stock

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

: Decorative Paints for Household Use. : ALL SHADES!

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| White Lead. | Whiting. |
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| Varnishes. | White Wash Brushes. |
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PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

PRIDE ON THE FARM.

Head Before the Plymouth Grange March, 1888.

This is perhaps rather a curious subject to present to farmers, and one which at first sight does not seem applicable to them. Nevertheless if it is rightly understood, we believe it will be seen to be a very necessary thing for a farmer and his family to have; just as necessary in its place as an orchard, or a barn, or a house to live in. None will dispute the value of these latter. They are self-evident, but of pride, in inner virtue, as I intend to make it, its use in, or upon the farm may not seem so clear.

In our meaning it becomes the just stimulus to energy and action, inciting us to be, and to do, that which will give pleasure to ourselves and to others.

Returning again to the orchard, the barn and the house, the possession or lack of a just pride, determines largely for us what kind of an orchard it will be, and how productive; what kind of a barn it shall be, a rickety, almost useless structure, or a substantial commodious building; what kind of a house it will be, a hovel through which the winds whistle, cheerless and dreary, or a comfortable, cosy, well finished home, fit for a man and woman to dwell in and children to love and delight in.

The effect of this kind of pride is therefore threefold:

First. It is an incentive to energy, to activity, to have things as they should be, so that they will all minister in the days to come to our pleasure, comfort and profit. Perhaps pleasure and comfort may not be objects of our ambition, but they should be, and we should never let ourselves sink so low as to be constantly grubbing for mere acquisition's sake. But it is profitable as well, and repays us in hard dimes and solid dollars, as much as a well kept horse will do more and better work; or a well made and prettily stamped roll of butter will fetch a higher price than one poorly made and slovenly put up; or a tasty well kept house and garden will fetch more in the market than one falling into decay; with the lawn a net work of cow and hog tracks.

Second. A just pride is a preservative. It enables us when once we have got self or surroundings something to our liking, to keep them so. Our eye will ever see what needs a little tinkering to keep it in its place, and do its duty. "A sitch in time saves nine," says the old proverb, and most true it is. A nail, a few cuts of a saw, a screw, a prop, a bolt, a little paint, anyone or all of them, applied in time, keeps in repair, perhaps prevents future worry, or priding, "to do this, John," or "please fix this up, Will," or the calling in of outside help and the consequent expenditure of hard earned cash.

Third. It is a power of influence for good. Its results begets pleasurable emotions in ourselves; more contented and happy feeling, more joy in our surroundings, and a just taste and appreciation of order and beauty. Just so it acts upon our families and upon our neighbors. They are pleased more over, stirred up to imitate, to try and have for themselves and theirs, what works such good results in the homes and surroundings of their friends.

Let us consider, briefly some of the ways in which this pride can be displayed to our satisfaction, and to the pleasure of every passer by:

First. By the way in which we take care of and cultivate our fields. What is worth doing is worth doing well, and we would add an amendment to that; some things that are not worth much even when done, are sometimes worth a great deal when well done. Some fields look as if they had been plowed and sown by a man when drunk, the lines wobble and wander, in all directions, and look sometimes as if they wanted to turn round and go back. Others seem to have been planned, laid out, and planted with mathematical correctness and beauty, while the success of the growth proved that just as much care had been bestowed in all preparations for the crop. One field of corn of this latter kind, arises even now with pleasure before our minds. It was perhaps thirty acres in extent, and as we rode by it one afternoon, when it was about three or four inches high, the sun striking it at the proper angle, it seemed as if the whole field had been sown with glittering lines of gold. It was a beautiful sight, a matter of just pride to the owner, and of great pleasure to every farmer and traveler in the neighborhood. In addition to having the fields properly prepared, plowed and sown, see that along the fences and in the road, and in the corners, the weeds are ruthlessly murdered and kept murdered, or else they will be not only a nuisance, but a source of continual harassment and a positive detriment.

Second. In the character and looks of the stock we keep. Any old scrub will not do for a farmer now a days, be it cow, horse, sheep or hog. Poorly fed, ill kept stock, in uncleanly and filthy surroundings. No one cares to buy them or their

products, and fewer still would eat them, if they knew from whence they came and how they had been kept. "It costs as much to keep a poor animal as to keep a good one," has been oft repeated, and besides, the latter is always the most profitable. Well fed stock and cleanly kept, always fetches a higher price, and their products, if known, will always be worth more to the pound. We know parties who pay twelve cents a quart for milk, and fifty cents a pound for butter all the year round, simply because they know what they are getting and from whence it comes. Sleek, contented looking stock speak in high terms of their owners, and though we may not know him, still we often hear it said, "he understands his business, and knows what is proper."

Third. In the manner and system of workmanship, in order to accomplish the most in the easiest and best way. Some men are eternally working, seem never to be more than half done. It is not patience, perhaps, that they lack, nor industry, but order and system. Let everything be done in its proper time and place. Do not plan out or set out more work for the day or week, than can be comfortably accomplished without rush and worry, and then only half done, when done. Five hundred bricks laid up in a day properly, are better than five thousand hurriedly put on, only to be taken down again, or fall of their own weight. Steady and sure, and all will be accomplished in time. Plan out certainly, and follow that plan as closely as circumstances will permit; lay out sufficient and in regular order, so as to keep busy, but if necessary drop the least imperative of labors.

Fourth. In the looks, care, keeping of the barn, sheds, stables and their surroundings; leaky roofs, rotten gables, tottering beams, threatening sheds, filthy muck holes and dirty surroundings, tell of lazy, slovenly, careless farmers. They are just so many mouths, telling in the plainest language, "we belong to a sorry sort of a man any how, and if you knew him you would not expect us to be any better." Of course, there is a chance of these things lying occasionally, but as a rule they tell the truth. In other words no man, who has the proper pride about him, if he has health, would allow these things to be so, but would repair and clean up for the sake of his own good name, health and profit.

Fifth and last. In the general appearance of the house and surroundings. Will any one tell me why the men and boys around a place, should not keep the outside of a house, and the grounds just as neat and orderly, as the women do the inside of the home. I know of know reason whatever. If the good and patient wife should neglect the inside as much as the men neglect the outside, there would be growing and criticisms, and sometimes even a little ungodly profanity. The gentle wife and tasteful daughters have no such man-like satisfaction of swearing a good round oath, when the front yard and back door, are made the receptacle of broken down wagons, rotting down trees, the remnants of rail fences, and all sorts of refuse. The chickens roost in the trees and make the lawn, if there is any, their special run. The steps are giving way and threaten to break your neck, or give you a doctor's bill. The porch is falling into decay and no effort is made to stay it; the eave-troughs leak, and the pipes spout everywhere, save in the right direction; the paint is peeling off, and the house looks as if it had the small pox or the itch; the windows rattle with every wind, the door has long since ceased speaking to the sill or to the door jamb. Proper pride and a little "spunk" would soon change all this, and make all these beautiful to the eye and restful to the soul of man. There should be a lawn and trees, grass and flowers, vines and porches, paint and substantial underpinning, so that the city folks, when riding by will exclaim, "My, ain't that place a daisy!"

Just a little trouble, a little extra care, would accomplish all this, and we would feel fully repaid in the neatness, tastefulness and healthfulness displayed. Our children would think more of their homes, our wives and daughters would be happier and more contented with such pleasantness and beauty around them, and which their natures imperatively demand. It will all minister to our comfort and happiness, and as we said in the beginning, and showed in the middle, so now we repeat in the end, that there are few things more profitable than "Pride on the Farm."

Geo. H. WALLACE.
Plymouth, Mich., March 15, 1888.

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

Three Hints On Fruit Culture.

In a very timely and suggestive article the *Practical Farmer* remarks that one thing is always to be said in favor of small fruit culture over large fruits. The grower can count, with decent care, on an annual crop. Pears, apples, peaches and plums &c., fail totally every few years, but the berries do not fail one season in ten, and when they fail partially the higher prices make partial or total amends for the small crop.

Berries, too, can be raised in one year or less after planting, but for the large fruits one must wait three or four years at least and when he happens to get a full crop now and then most of his competitors have the same. When a man's location for small fruit growing is good he had better utilize it for all it is worth.

The culture of the larger fruits would be greatly accelerated if fruit trees were all planted at wide distances and the intervening space kept under constant cultivation for hoed crops, and tended for constant manuring. Then the trees, of themselves would require almost no extra work except of pruning during the first few years of planting. And still it will take one hundred years before some farmers will ever hear of this method, and perhaps another one hundred to get them to believe in it as the best system.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

England's Homestead Law.

When a man becomes a bankrupt the tools of his trade and the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and his wife and children, to the value of £20, are not included in the property divisible among the creditors. "For the encouragement of industry and thrift," it is proposed in a bill introduced by E. Robertson, M. P. for Dundee, to extend this exemption from seizure or sale to debtors who are not bankrupt, but against whose goods execution has been issued upon a bill of sale or under distress for rent or upon any legal process whatever. The bill also includes in the exemption such necessary household furniture and books as may be required for the conveniences of daily life and the education of the children. The same limit, however, of £20 is retained as to the maximum value of the things exempted from seizure or sale. In applying to all "householders" alike, the bill defines that term as including not only the occupiers of entire messuages, but also those who occupy any portion of one, or furnished or unfurnished lodgings.—*London Times*.

A Lovely Funeral.

They had to conceal their love. The parents were solid against the match, and they had to carry on the usual sub rosa love-making.

They selected unwonted hours and extraordinary places to walk and talk. One afternoon they had met by a pre-arranged accident, and they were going for a walk in the suburbs. They came up a quiet street and found a whole row of carriages, waiting apparently for a funeral. The procession was just starting, and as they came up a hackman most politely took off his hat and waved them into a hack. They did not hesitate. They stepped in, the door was closed, and away they went. They had a blissful time. The funeral went on. The ceremonies over, they were shown into the hack again, and the polite hackman asked where he should drive them to. He was told and they were taken back into town.

"Whose funeral was it?" asked the young lady's friend, to whom the story had been told.

"We didn't know; we don't know now; but it was just lovely."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Wanted Two Millions.

One of the girls in fashionable society in New York made up her mind to get married the other day, and after confiding her intention to her father, she said: "What do you intend to do for me?" The father was a wealthy man, and thought that he was showing a liberal spirit when he answered: "Well, I will give you \$100,000 to buy a house and \$25,000 to furnish it with." "And what will you give me to live on?" the young lady demanded, with a dissatisfied look on her face. "Oh, I will allow you the interest on another \$100,000," replied her father. "But my chef will cost at least \$1,200 a year. How do you think I can possibly manage with so little?" The father looked slightly grieved, but only said: "That must do while I am living; you will probably have more when I am gone." The young man who was interested in hearing the result of the conversation between father and daughter said when he heard it: "He might at least have given her two millions." The marriage did not take place.—*New York Press*.

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, executor of the estate of said William A. Ramsdell, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for 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 County of Wayne, Michigan, on Tuesday, the tenth day of July, A. D. 1888, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following deeded lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to-wit: The property commonly known as the Meads Mills site and consisting of all those certain pieces or parcels of land and used on sections eleven and fourteen in the township of Plymouth, b. county of Wayne, state of Michigan, mentioned and described in a certain quit claim deed made and executed on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1870 by Gannett Ramsdell and Anna F. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. Ramsdell and recorded in the register's office of said County of Wayne 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 Jabez M. Mead and Samuel P. Mead in June 1857. Also all that other piece or parcel of land the same being a part of the north-west quarter of section number fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and beginning at a point twenty-one chains and thirty-three links north, measured on the east line of section number fifteen from the corner stake on the east line of said section fifteen, thence ten chains and nineteen links east at right angles to said section line to a piece of the forward end of a cast iron plow beam about twelve inches long by four inches wide and one inch thick with two holes through it, which is placed in the ground as a corner and place of beginning, thence south two chains and three-fourths of a chain, east two chains; thence north eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees east two chains and fifty links; thence north two and three-fourths degrees west and parallel to the west line, two chains; thence south eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees west along the east line of said section fifteen to a point 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, 87-42. Executrix.

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

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the 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 said day, 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, ARONA R. CADY, 40-43. Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-eighth 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 returned 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. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 40-42

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-eighth 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 CONSTANT S. BENTON, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate: It is ordered, that Tuesday, the 24th day of July, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument. 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. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 42-44

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-third 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 LYDIA FAIRMAN, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate: It is ordered, that Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument. 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. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 42-44

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-third 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 SUSAN L. CHANDLER, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate: It is ordered, that Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of July, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument. 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. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 42-44

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The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it.

FOR SALE.

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

Plymouth National Bank.

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And as many new ones as will give me a call I am located at the

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To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by E. A. Pinckney, Red Front Drug Store, 8 1/2 Agent, Plymouth, Mich. 67

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The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Sussman, Proprietor.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

SAN FRANCISCO policemen say they have never seen a drunken Chinaman.

MISS LINDA GILBERT has devoted fifteen years and most of her fortune to prison reform. She has established twenty-two libraries in the prisons of different States and found employment for 6,000 convicts.

THE famous Bo Tree under which Buddha sat and meditated until he became "enlightened and overcame the last temptation," is said to be falling to pieces. It is said to be the oldest tree in the world, being credited with 12,000 years.

THE valet custom in England extends even to the poor lodging houses or workmen's homes. In all these common houses there are men who, for a copper or so a week, black the boots, cook the supper and run errands for the aristocratic among the lodgers.

ADELIA PATTI is said to believe in the superstition of the "evil eye," and will not sing where there is a cross-eyed conductor. Bernhardt places a similar credence in the superstition, and refuses to play at the side of an actor whose vision is in any way askew.

The wife of the French President is said to look not more than twenty-two years of age, although she is just forty-two. Many women would like to understand her secret of youth. The fact that she is the best dressed Frenchwoman in France may be explanatory.

It is said that Mrs. Dr. Schlieman won her husband's heart by her knowledge of Greek. He visited at her father's house when she was a young woman of eighteen, and she amazed and delighted him by reciting to him a long extract from the Iliad. The next day he popped the question.

A SINGULAR deposit has been discovered near the base of a mountain near Taylorsville, N. C. It resembles clay in pliability, but when exposed to the air becomes as hard as stone. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone, and it is proposed to build houses with it.

ELIAS JAMES, a religious enthusiast, rushed through the streets of San Francisco recently carrying a banner which informed the populace that the world would come to an end in 1892. Elias, the prophet, ended in a police station, but was not held, as he promised to calm his agitation for the future.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has been staying at Bournemouth. His health is improving, but he still suffers from insomnia and nervous exhaustion. Since 1876 he has been a victim of sleeplessness. He is now doing very little work, and never expects to do much more, though his doctors are more hopeful.

THERE are professional cooks in Paris who make a business of tasting and inspecting dishes at private houses. The cook, when ordered to a house where a great dinner is under way, looks, smells, tastes of, orders a little salt in this soup, a bit of sugar in that sauce, a flavor of onion in the other salad, and so on.

IF THE Emperor Frederick should get well the Sultan will take no small part of the credit to himself, for he has sent the emperor a collar consisting of nine hazel nuts, with inscriptions from the Koran, over which the dervishes and sheiks of the palace had prayed, and which, as the Sultan assured Frederick, would cure him without doubt.

AN inactive genius at Pocatongas, Ind., grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them with water. When this compound has been reduced to a pulp he presses it into blocks twelve inches long and four inches thick. When these are thoroughly dried they burn readily, and it is claimed give more heat than the same amount of soft coal.

FORTY years ago Sussman Rothschild and his brother Joseph came to this country from Germany. Sussman went to San Francisco and made a fortune, while Joseph settled in New Haven, Conn. Last week Sussman Rothschild reached New Haven from California. He had not seen his brother for twenty-three years. But fate stepped in and prevented the meeting, for Joseph Rothschild was buried just one day before his brother arrived at the City of Elm

TWO HUMORISTS.

A Noted Twain Who Write Funny Things—Opie P. Read and Eugene Field—Interesting Sketches of These Well-Known Men and Their Work.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.] It is not without some misgivings that one attempts ante-mortem biographies of his friends. The safest plan is to wait until the demise of his victims when all chance for retaliation is denied them; but, as the appreciative public is ever clamorous for a newspaper acquaintance with men of note, particularly with men whose writings have for years afforded exquisite pleasure through their perusal, a few facts regarding Chicago's two literary stars—Eugene Field, of the *Chicago Daily News*, and Opie P. Read, of the *Arkansas Traveler*, will prove acceptable, wherever the English language is printed. Both of these gentlemen enjoy the well-deserved reputation of being representative American humorists, an honor of which they can feel justly proud. Neither writer stoops to the mechanical misapprehension of parts of speech to provoke mirth; nor does he deem it necessary to introduce the latest slang into an intended humorous article and thus reduce the standard to the level of stable-wit or the horse-play of circus sideshow rangers who juggle phrases for the benefit of unsophisticated yokels. One of the essentials to true humor is purity; and pure humor will live long after heavy, brain-laden literature is dead.

Each author is the representative of widely varying schools of humor.

Field's writings are pungent; they bear trace of quick thought and rapid action consequent. To one unacquainted with him his productions might occasionally suggest that their author was a cynic; yet such is not the case. Mr. Field is a man something after the style of Tom Hood, with the wit and good nature of Sheridan, combined with Tom Smollet's love of practical jokes. Read's articles are of an entirely different type from those by Field; his humor is the natural humor of the eccentric character he reproduces from the slow, non-progressive backwoods Arkansians. The charm of his humor is in its simplicity; he never strains for effects, yet the same story in the mouth of a different character from that used by the author would fall flat, lose its snap and cease to be entertaining.

In personal appearance Mr. Field is a tall, stately-looking gentleman with a fine physique, crowned by a shapely head, which immediately impresses a newly-formed acquaintance that it contains an extra allowance of brains. His frank countenance inspires a feeling that he is uncommonly good-natured, and his genial smile and pleasant voice at once corroborate this impression. He has large bluish-gray eyes, at the corners of which lurk an expression somewhat puzzling; his hair is growing thin where his active brains needed room to expand, and in consequence have crowded out the hair, while his face is clean shaven and devoid of the hard lines usual on the countenance of deep thinkers, such as Mr. Field is known to be.

Field was born in St. Louis September 2, 1850. His father was Judge Roswell M. Field, of Missouri, at one time the most prominent lawyer in the West. He was the attorney for the negro Dred Scott, who was the plaintiff in the famous case in the Supreme Court of the United States which resulted in being known throughout the world as the "Dred Scott decision." His mother died when he was quite young and he was sent to Amherst, Mass., where he was reared by a devoted cousin. At the age of seventeen he graduated from Amherst Academy, and about this time his father died and left him and his elder brother, then a journalist in Kansas City, a snug competency, of which young Field's share on reaching his majority was \$70,000. He spent the two years succeeding his removal to the West at the Galesburg (Ill.) College, and completed his education at the University of Missouri.

In 1871, in receiving his inheritance, he converted it into ready cash, and, in company with several companions, he traveled Europe. A few years' luxurious living dwindled his fortune, and he entered the profession of journalism at St. Louis. St. Joseph, Kansas City and Denver knew him successively, and in the latter city he scored his first pronounced literary success. On October, 1873, he married Miss Julia S. Comstock, of St. Joseph, Mo., and at the present time they have four comely children—one girl and three boys. In August, 1883, he came to Chicago and engaged with the *Daily News* to write one column a day, per diem, of satirical and humorous paragraphs; and the widely-quoted extracts from the *News* are for the most part the product of Mr. Field's pen and versatile brain. In August, 1887, Ticknor & Co., Boston, published a book of satirical sketches, entitled "Culture's Garland," which has been highly praised by Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich and other literary critics. The book has commanded a fair sale and is a work of more than ordinary merit. Perhaps some of his best work is in the line of versification, and it covers a wide range, humor, pathos and sentiment. His best work in this line is much after the style of Schiller and Goethe, peculiarly German. He has lately refused a liberal offer to con-



FIELD AT HIS DESK.

nect himself with the New York press, and the writer of this article held conversation at a very recent date with the manager of a New York daily, who stated that if money would induce Field to go East he could name his own price. Notwithstanding these temptations, Mr. Field will remain in Chicago for a few years yet and continue to be one of the brightest ornaments of the Garden City press and the literary guild of our country.

While at work Field dislikes to be overburdened with clothing, and when deeply immersed in his writings he is oftentimes restless on a comparatively cold day. He disdains collar and tie, allows his suspenders to dangle, and, clothed in an ink-stained alpaca coat, he sits at his desk on a chair tipped forward and indites his copy in a hand-writing that would do as a model for school children to copy.

As typical as one of the characters created by his own pen is the gentle giant Read, and a more fitting representative of the old-style, careless Southern gentleman would be hard to find. He is six feet and three inches in height, and wears his dark-brown hair negligently, and has a habit of ruffling it the wrong way. He is thoroughly the opposite of Field in appearance, manners and habits. Field has all the air of a city-bred man, while Read is like a child of nature who has remained unspoiled and unaccommodated by his metropolitan associations. He is one of the directors of the Chicago Press Club, and when not at his office or at the resort of his dining coterie, he is to be found at the club seated in a circle of "shop-talkers," who delight to hear the interesting stories told by him in his own peculiar and inimitable style.

Read is not what can be termed a bashful man, yet he dislikes what is termed society, other than that of his family and fellow-journalist with whom he is content to sit hour after hour while smoking his meerschaum pipe. His range of reading is almost unlimited, and he is one of the most thoroughly well-read students of English literature whom I have ever met. Unshrewd, generous to a fault, unaffected and natural in his ways as a little child, exactly as one who is a giant in both intellect and physique should be, all this is the *Arkansas Traveler* man.

Opie Pope Read was born in Nashville, Tenn., December 22, 1852, and is the youngest of ten children. His parents removed to Gallatin, Tenn., where his mother now resides. They lived at Gallatin until the close of the war, at which time his father purchased a plantation. Read did not take kindly to a planter's life, and at an early age he started forth to experience the ups and downs of a wanderer. His stories and anecdotes of the happenings in his Bohemian life would make a large-sized volume of very interesting adventures.

In 1873 he worked for the Franklin (Ky.) Patriot. He attended the Neophogin College and paid his tuition by setting type on the college magazine. Afterwards he continued his nomadic life for several years, writing sketches to pay his expenses. After a sojourn at Carlyle, Ark., he became connected with the *Little Rock Gazette*, where he continued from 1877 to 1881. From thence he went to Cleveland, O., and held an editorial position upon the *Leader* for a period of six months, when he became dissatisfied and returned to Little Rock, where, in partnership with Philo D. Benham, he launched the *Arkansas Traveler* on the waters of newspaperdom. This was in the year 1882, and every reader of newspapers since that time has become intimate with its plantation philosophy, negro lullabies, dialect sketches and odd colloquies. These are all the product of Mr. Read's pen and brain, and insignificant indeed is the paper where columns do not contain a quotation of some kind from the *Arkansas Traveler*.

In 1884, Messrs. Read & Benham moved their paper from Little Rock to Chicago, and the success that has attended the change has proved the wisdom of the venture. Notwithstanding his editorial cares, Mr. Read has found time to write for nearly all the prominent publications in this country and also to write two books, "The Backlog" and "Len Gansett," each of which prove him the king-delineator of Southern character. The last-mentioned work was recently issued by Ticknor & Co., Boston, and is having a rapid sale. He is the strongest writer the South has yet produced, which at the present time is saying a good deal. Joel Chandler Harris, George Cable, Miss Murefree and Miss Rivers are now on the crest of the wave of fame; but before long Read will be there as well, and as he wears a strong life preserver—force in character—he will remain at the apex when his colleagues shall have sunk in the trough of the American literary sea.



READ IN HIS SANCTUM.

Read is in every way a self-made author and to whatever success he attains, he deserves it. His manner of invoking inspiration and garnering ideas is something after the style of Alexander Dumas, *per se*. Like Field, Read likes comfort and ease while at work. In summer I have many a time found him lying in his shirt sleeves on a pile of old exchanges, with an unabridged dictionary for a pillow and a copy of the *Boston Courier* spread above him as a protection against flies. There he would lie and smoke his large meerschaum and plan quaint dialect sketches. Mr. Read is married to his partner's sister and has two children, a boy and a girl. He has had \$100 per week offered him to edit an Eastern magazine; but, as the *Arkansas Traveler* and he are inseparable, the offer was refused and Read will remain one of the shining literary lights of the West, first and foremost in his line as a Southern character delineator. And so for several years to come Chicago need not fear the loss of the two bright literary stars in her galaxy—Field and Read.

BERT ANOLD.

READ is best in wet weather and clay is best in dry weather. The man who first noticed this and put his discovery into practice by putting sand on clay and clay on sand was the first scientific road-mender.

Governor Marmaduke's Duels.

It is as a man of wonderfully unflinching nerve that Governor Marmaduke is best known. He was a tall, slender young man of twenty when he entered West Point in June, 1853. It was there he fought his first duel. No reference has ever been publicly made to this duel, because at the time it was necessarily *sub rosa*, for dueling was against the rules of the institution. It was a big event in the small coterie of cadets who were cognizant of the fight, but never became known to the authorities or General Marmaduke's career as a soldier might have ended abruptly. The duel arose over a slight dispute in which a question of personal honor arose with a fellow-cadet named Presley Craig. A challenge passed between the two and was promptly accepted. The weapons chosen were pistols, the time sunrise, and the place Flirtation Walk. The cadets met at the appointed time and place with their seconds and exchanged shots. Fortunately neither was hurt, and the seconds arranged a settlement which prevented a second exchange of shots.

It was at Bayou Metre that the famous duel between Generals Marmaduke and Marsh Walker took place, in which the latter was killed. The circumstances of the duel are familiar. General Marmaduke made some remarks in regard to General Walker in the battle of Bayou Metre, near Little Rock, which the latter resented. Marmaduke refused to retract the remark and a challenge followed from General Walker. The duel was fought at sunrise, seven miles south of Little Rock. One version of the battle is that General Marmaduke, during the battle, was hard pressed on the field and sent for General Walker, at his headquarters, to know what he should do, as Walker was the senior in command. Walker visited the field, but left soon after, and Marmaduke made a remark which came to Walker's ears.

Another version is that an officer visited the hospital to see a friend and on leaving said the hospital was only fit for wounded men and cowards. Walker's headquarters were at the hospital, and the remark became common talk. When told to Marmaduke he indorsed the remark, and Walker hearing of it sent the challenge.

General Walker was determined to kill Marmaduke, and at the first fire aimed to kill, but Marmaduke's pistol was discharged first and disconcerted him so much that he failed to hit his man. Marmaduke's quick firing was either a lucky accident or it was a clever trick. He declared to his friends that he did not want to kill Walker, and his first shot indicated that such was the fact. When the two men faced each other at their respective positions both were cool and calm. Walker had a determined look on his face which boded ill for his antagonist, while Marmaduke carried himself smilingly.

At the word Walker brought his pistol down and carefully and deliberately took accurate aim, but Marmaduke simply threw his pistol out and fired at once. The discharge made Walker flinch, as the bravest man will do, under similar circumstances, and spoiled his aim, so that the bullet just missed Marmaduke's leg. This rattled Walker's nerve to some extent and made him uncertain, but Marmaduke had been forming his plan for the next shot. He could not see Walker distinctly, but he noticed three weeds in line with him. The two nearest Marmaduke were short and the third, about midway to Walker, was tall and had a small bunch of seed at the top, about on a level with Walker's stomach. The weeds gave him the line of his shot, and when the next word was given he raised his pistol in line with the nearest weed and aimed at the head of the tallest. His aim was true, and the bullet passed through General Walker's stomach.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Joseph Whitworth.

In 1833 Mr. Whitworth engaged in manufacturing on his own account at Manchester, established himself in one room and putting out the sign, "Joseph Whitworth, tool maker." It was in the infancy of extensive manufacturing, and there were no fixed standards of adjustment, no guarantees for accuracy of work or attempt at symmetry or uniformity in any respect, but each maker was a rule to himself. Whitworth foresaw that if industrial enterprise would prosper it must be systematized and workmen must install harmony in their designs and must aim at minute exactness in their forms and measurements. His attention was particularly directed to the inconveniences which were produced by the variations in the pitch and thread of the screws used in the construction of machinery—variations so considerable, if we may quote the words of an English sketch of his work, "that every maker

had screws of his own special sizes, and that the failure of a single one might cripple a machine in a distant country until the original maker could be communicated with and could send out another of the same proportions. Mr. Whitworth not only saw the immense advantages which would arise from rendering the pitch and thread of screws uniform, but also the difficulty which might be experienced in inducing any maker to adopt the proportions used by any other. With rare sagacity, he obtained specimens of all screws used by leading manufacturers, and then designed one which was the average of them all, and a copy of none. By this expedient he evaded opposition and worked a revolution in the construction of machinery. The new screw was universally adopted, and, in the present day every screw of the same diameter has a thread of the same pitch and of the same number of turns to the inch, and all screws of the same size, from whatever maker obtained are interchangeable."—*Popular Science*.

A Numerous Man.

The other day a well-dressed man stepped into a restaurant and called for supper. He ate his supper deliberately, arose, put on his overcoat and gloves, and catching sight of the proprietor, said pleasantly:

"How are you, Charlie?"

"First-rate," said the proprietor in a puzzled tone. "How are you?"

"Don't believe you know me," said the gentleman, extending his hand. "My name is John C. Whitner."

The proprietor eagerly grasped the extended hand, and apologized profusely. "Why you must excuse me, Whitner. You haven't been to see me in so long that I had nearly forgotten you. How's the family?" And the two shook hands heartily.

"Now, look here, Charlie, I thought you knew me. Don't you remember the time you was so sick? My name is Bass—Prof. Bass."

"Why, professor, you must excuse me. I assure you that I have not forgotten your kindness, but really the resemblance is striking. And how are the folks?"

"Is it possible," said the gentleman sadly, "that you don't remember your boyhood's friend, Green Dodd?"

The proprietor gave one hurried look and threw his arms fondly around the gentleman's neck.

"Of course I knew you were here, Green, but I have been so busy getting settled down. You know how it is. Do you remember that Sunday, Green, when you and—"

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman in an amused tone. "Why I pulled your teeth last year and—"

The proprietor unwound his arms, and said sheepishly: "Dr. Crenshaw, how are you? Glad to see you. I didn't recognize you. And what's the news doctor?"

"My name is Whitner," said the gentleman.

The proprietor stared helplessly.

"My name is Bass."

The proprietor groaned.

"My name is Green Dodd," said the gentleman.

Another stare.

"My right name is Crenshaw."

The proprietor's face was a study.

The gentleman bowed, smiled gravely, and walked out.

For a moment the rigid, fascinated look of the proprietor was unchanged. Then he smiled faintly. Then he thought of pay, and a look of indignation flashed over his face. He rushed to the door, but the stranger was gone.

"Well, do those four gentleman look so much alike?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, the resemblance is something remarkable."

"Well, who was that fellow in the restaurant?"

"Ah I!" laughed the story-teller, "that's what the proprietor would like to know."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Manacles for Scotch Missionaries.

Lisbon papers state that an official letter has been received by the Portuguese Government from the Custom-House authorities at Quillimape reporting that they have seized two cases of manacles consigned to Scotch missionaries. It would be interesting to learn what part these manacles were intended to play in "the work of conversion."—*London Truth*.

The Peacemaker of Europe.

Bismarck—I can wallop the boots off of John Bull, or Johnny Crapaud, or Signor Macaroni, or Aleck Romanoff. I can punish any amount of Sublime Porte. I can whip either of 'em or all together. Let us have peace.—*Boston Globe*.

There is always a hitch in the teamster's business.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

CAPITAL CULLINGS.

Matters of Interest From the Seat of Government.

Matters Before Congress.

Three years ago Mr. O'Donnell secured the passage of an act placing the children of Lieut. Harrington, who was killed with Custer, on the pension roll, the mother having disappeared. It will be remembered the widow became possessed of the idea that her husband was alive, and sought for him, wandering through Texas. Her adventures in search of the slain soldier are mournful in every way. Finally she was discovered and taken to her friends, where she is slowly regaining her health. Mr. O'Donnell applied for her restoration to the pension rolls, and succeeded in having her reinstated with the payment of arrearages. Then the pension department suspended the pension of the children. O'Donnell at once took the matter in hand, and has succeeded in having their names restored to the pension roll, and the mother and children of Custer's trusted lieutenant, who fell with him at the Little Big Horn, are now cared for by the government. Harrington was from Coldwater. The family have relatives in Branch county and Grand Rapids.

W. H. Barnum was re-elected chairman of the national democratic committee at the meeting held in Washington, June 26.

The senate has passed bills granting pensions to Mary A. Howe, Marshall; Annie M. Thiers, Battle Creek; M. Dill, Charlotte, Eaton county; Lewis C. Keek, Marquette, Calhoun county. These were introduced by Mr. O'Donnell in the house, where he secured their passage. They now go to the president for his approval.

Mrs. Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, who has been in Europe for some months, has returned to the White house.

Postmaster General Dickinson has ordered the removal of 20 postoffice inspectors, to take effect June 30. Ten others will be removed later. This action is made necessary by the reduced appropriation for this service.

President Cleveland attended the exercises of the university of Virginia June 27, and at the close of the exercises visited the grave of Jefferson at Monticello.

It is thought that a vote will be reached on the tariff bill about the last week in July.

Mr. Kelly of Pennsylvania made a proposition in the house a few days ago, that the tariff bill be laid aside until after election. Chairman Mills promptly rejected the proposition, however, and the reform leaders are determined to press the bill.

The house has passed the public land bill, with the Holman amendment retaining title in the government to coal mines found on public lands, but allowing entrymen to use such coal mines until further action by congress.

A caucus was held by the democratic senators the other morning, and it was decided that they would insist on the postponement of all matters before the senate except the regular appropriation bills, and oppose the usual adjournment from Thursday till Monday, the purpose being to secure the passage of the most important appropriation bills before the end of the fiscal year, and thus avoid the necessity of passing resolutions extending the present appropriations to keep the executive departments running.

The house has passed a joint resolution providing temporarily for the expenditures of the government in case the appropriation bills have not become laws prior to July 1.

The collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, amounted to \$114,924,739, being \$5,428,867 more than the collection during the corresponding period of last fiscal year. The aggregate receipts for May last was \$275,529 greater than those for May, 1887.

The government exhibit at the Cincinnati exhibition is said to be the finest ever made.

Postmaster-General Dickinson and the chief officers of that department have been photographed in a group.

The president has issued an order which brings six new classes of government employees under the civil service rules. It includes every person in the department service except such as are appointed by the advice and consent of the senate, and such as are appointed as unskilled laborers and messengers. If this order is enforced it will place our civil service nearly on a par with that of England.

The president has signed the Indian appropriation bill.

The president is obliged to decline the invitation to the Cincinnati exposition because of the press of public business.

Brig. Gen. Jas. C. Duane, chief of engineers, has been placed on the retired list.

Mrs. Dickinson, wife of the Postmaster-General, has removed to her summer home at Bensonhurst, opposite Coney Island.

Representative Fisher has returned from his flying visit to Michigan.

The river and harbor bill has passed the senate, and now goes to the house for concurrence in amendments. Nearly \$912,000 have been added to the appropriations.

The public debt statement issued July 2, shows: Total debt, \$1,717,734,793; less cash items available, \$448,879,672; less reserve held for redemption of United States notes, \$448,879,672; total debt less available cash items, \$1,268,855,121; net cash in the treasury, \$103,220,464; debt less cash in treasury July 1, \$1,165,584,756; debt less cash in treasury June 1, 1888, \$1,180,914,159; decrease of debt during the month, \$14,424,503; decrease since June 30, 1887, \$113,564,060; total cash in the treasury as shown by treasurer's general account, \$629,854,087.

Col. Lamont says that Mrs. Cleveland was not asked to open the Cincinnati exhibition by telegraph.

The commissioner of patents has denied a patent to Prof. De Baussett for his airship, which the house committee regarded favorably and recommended an appropriation of \$150,000 to enable the inventor to manufacture. The commissioner says the invention is imperfect and not original.

Information having been received at the treasury department of the existence of contagious disease among neat cattle in the neighborhood of Tara, Grey county, Ireland, Assistant Secretary Maynard has instructed the collectors of customs at Buffalo and Suspension Bridge to refuse entry and transportation of cattle from that district.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little boy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy,
Blue,
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come!" he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

As faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long
Years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

The Mysterious Portrait.

If all the visitors who were present on the opening night of the great art exhibition had been as constant in their after-attendance as was Mr. Horace Temple, the managers would have made money out of it.

The fact was, Mr. Temple had strolled in rather listlessly that first night, but before he had traversed many yards in his tour of inspection his attention had been caught by a picture which had so fascinated him that he found it almost impossible to get his own consent to move on and make way for others, and in a very short time he was back again, gazing with rapt absorption. The picture represented an Italian garden, where, beneath a dense shade of palms and ilexes, a hammock was swung, in which a lovely young girl, in a limp, white gown, was lying at ease, her right hand dawdling with a great fan, and her left thrown up behind her head, the loose sleeve falling back and revealing a beautiful, rounded arm. One foot was hid in the meshes of the hammock, and the other, from which the tiny slipper had slipped off at the heel, hung over the side in a posture of absolute ease and inertia. The white robe, made in classic design and decorated with a Greek border, hung over the hammock and trailed along the dense, green grass. The details of the picture were exquisitely portrayed, but its matchless charm was in the beauty of the young girl's face, which had so marked an individuality that Temple convinced himself at once that it was no creation of an artist's fancy, but a faithful likeness of some human being. As day after day passed by the picture grew into his consciousness more and more, he got to know every detail of feature, form and dress, even to the three little spots on the left arm near the elbow, which he at first took to be specks on the canvas, but afterward found were cleverly painted little moles which must have been on the arm of the model.

One evening when he had stood a longer time than usual before the object of his adoration, lost in thought concerning the original of this lovely portrait, and wondering where the artist, whose name was given as Carlo Guizi, has seen and painted her, he was aroused by the silvery strokes of a magnificent clock which stood near, which reminded him that he must tear himself away from present enjoyment, and go home and answer a letter. The letter was in the form of an invitation, and this was the reply to it:

"Dear Aunt Sarah—No one certainly has a kinder or more considerate female relative than I am blessed with, and your delightful letter is one more proof of this truth. My gratitude, however, strong as it is, does not enable me to do the impossible, and I cannot come down, according to orders, and fall in love with your charming friend, for the reason that I am in love already, and the object of these pre-occupied affections of mine defies the thermometer and remains in the city.

"On the whole, I hope this will prove not altogether unsatisfactory to you, as I understand your object concerning me to be, not so much that I shall be—in the abstract—engaged, and that I conscientiously assure you that I am.

"I am not too fast bound, however, to admit of my coming down for a cursory glance you, so you may expect me to stay over next Sunday.

"Yours affectionately,
H. T."

When Mrs. Leaton received this letter she happened to be seated near an open window in conversation with her most intimate confidential friend, to whom she proceeded to read the letter aloud, interrupting herself with various complaints of the provokingness of her favorite nephew, who, in spite of all her affectionate indulgence of his whims and foibles, was constantly serving her in this kind of style.

As he finished reading and laid the letter down, there was a faint rustling under the window, unregarded by the two ladies, and a young girl, who had been sitting still sketching the pretty view of wood and river visible from this point, collected her implements together and quickly glided away.

Mr. Temple arrived at his aunt's on Sunday morning too late for breakfast, and when he emerged from the dining-room tete-a-tete meal with the hostess, he was immediately hurried off to church by that enterprising lady, who had kept her carriage waiting that she might enjoy his companionship.

"All the rest have gone," she said, "and we shall be a little late. Gertrude Sevellon walked with Tom Jerome." This was the only allusion she deigned to make to the young lady who had

formed the whole subject of her letter.

Mr. Temple had been some time in church before he caught sight of the familiar figure of Mr. Tom Jerome, and when, with a feeling of lazy interest, he leaned forward a little so that he might get a glimpse of the lady standing next to Mr. Jerome and singing out of the same book with him, the delicate, clean-cut profile startled him with a sense of familiarity. His heart gave a bound as he connected it with the face in the picture he saw the resemblance. The girl wore a little close bonnet and trim dress which increased her charming figure in neat compactness—but face and figure were the same.

When the service was ended he leaned forward and whispered to his aunt, "Make Tom Jerome go home with you and let me walk home with Miss Sevellon."

This was coming to terms that Miss Leaton highly appreciated, though her nephew exhibited no underbred eagerness. The first excitement of his discovery had worn off, and he had resolved upon his course.

It was a wonderful thing to find himself, the next moment, actually being presented in formal style to the houri of the hammock. Just how Aunt Sarah managed it he did not know, but before long Tom Jerome had gone off in the carriage, and the houri and himself were strolling along together on a shady little woodland path, and he was saying:

"Have you been in Italy, Miss Sevellon?"

"Oh, yes; mamma and I spent almost a year there," was the quick response.

"Have you ever had your portrait painted?" was the next abrupt question.

"Never," said Miss Sevellon, coldly, as if she observed and disapproved the bad taste of this informal catechism.

"Nor ever posed for an artist?"

"Never," in a tone grown positively icy.

Mr. Temple looked at her with a gaze of uncontrollable surprise.

"Most extraordinary!" he said, half under his breath. His exclamation was not so low, however, but that Miss Sevellon heard it, and it did serve to modify her expression. She walked along at his side as stately as a white pigeon, her head alert and her manner distant and cool.

"You'd have no motive in misleading me, I suppose," Temple went on, after a momentary pause, "and I can't help believing you are playing a trick on me."

"Playing a trick on you, Mr. Temple?" said Gertrude, indignantly; "how could such an extraordinary notion ever enter into my head, or yours, either?"

Temple saw he had given offense, and when he was forced to recognize the possibility that he might be mistaken in his surmise, the fact was not hard to account for. It was very hard indeed, however, to believe in that possibility, and it was only by dismissing the subject from his mind as far as possible that he could carry on the perfectly conventional conversation that he knew to be the only one which his companion warranted.

He made a great effort to be entertaining, and by the time they reached the house he was able to feel that he had done something toward obliterating the disgraceful impression of his first style of address.

When the early Sunday dinner-time arrived, and Miss Sevellon appeared without her bonnet, having changed her church dress for a more relaxed style of garment, the likeness to the picture was stronger than ever. It was not likeness it was positive identity; and when, during the afternoon, Horace found himself near Mrs. Sevellon, in spite of all good resolutions he had made, in defiance of every instinct of good taste, his intense interest in this matter led him on until he had contrived to turn the conversation on Italy, and he then asked Mrs. Sevellon if none of the Italian artists had never prevailed on her daughter to allow herself to be painted.

Mrs. Sevellon had just responded in the negative, and was going on to say something more, when he became aware that her daughter was standing near them in the recess of the window, and that she heard his question. And this was not all! He saw by the impetuous flush that came to her face, and the look with which she glanced directly at him for an instant, and then away, that she resented as well as heard.

One evening Mrs. Leaton's guests got up some tableaux for the amusement of the company, and Mr. Temple, who had declined to act, found himself seated on the front seat beside his aunt, a very listless spectator, except when Miss Sevellon figured in the scenes, which was very often, as she was the acknowledged beauty of the party.

He had left his seat and strolled over to a corner very near the stage, when the curtain went up for the last scene. It was fortunate for him that every eye was fixed on the stage for otherwise the great start and smothered exclamation he gave vent to must have been observed. And no wonder he was startled, for just below his very eyes, in a hammock ingeniously swung in the midst of a clump of large shrubs that admirably simulated a garden, was Miss Sevellon in an attitude and costume that exactly reproduced the picture. He almost held his breath in the absorption of his attention as his eager eye took in every detail, even to the Greek pattern in the border of her dress and the antique silver coins in the bracelet on her arm, and—yes! there in a little group, near the rounded elbows, were the three

little dark specks. Could circumstantial evidence go farther?

As soon as the tableaux were over he made his way to Miss Sevellon's side, eager yet timid. To his delight he saw that she seemed to welcome him, and he half fancied from her manner that she made a hasty resolution to let bygones be bygones, and to make friends with him. She was so flushed with pleasure and animation, and so surrounded herself by appreciative feeling and praise, that it seemed difficult to her, perhaps, to be severe upon another. She still wore the beautiful white costume, in which she looked far lovelier than the picture had portrayed her, and his delight knew no bounds when he found himself presently absolutely leading her to a quiet seat in the hall, and supplying her with refreshments from the supper-room. When they were seated together on a wicker sofa, eating their ices in a friendly tete-a-tete, the young fellow became so emboldened by his success as to commit a grievous *aux pas*. As his companion raised her arm to her mouth, her sleeve fell backward and revealed again the three little beauty spots. It was too much for him.

"Oh, Miss Sevellon," he burst forth, "you really must let me explain to you now why it was that you must have been mistaken about not having had your picture painted in it—"

He stopped short. Miss Sevellon had risen to her feet with a motion of resentful anger, and, without giving him time for another word, had joined some people who were passing on to the ballroom, and left him alone, humiliated and full of self-reproach. And he could scarcely wonder at her being resentful at having her word doubted again in this bold way; but how could he help it? What was he to do? He wandered away, feeling restless and miserable, and took no special note of his surroundings until he found himself near Mrs. Sevellon, who, seated in a doorway, was looking on at the dancers, among whom Temple now saw the young lady from whom he had just been so ruthlessly parted. To his delight Mrs. Sevellon received him more kindly than she had ever done before, for her manner also revealed the fact that she shared her daughter's just indignation. It seemed now, however, that she had shared also in her daughter's spirit of forgiveness, for she looked at Mr. Temple as if she, too, were willing to forget the past. Perhaps mother and daughter had entered into an agreement to this effect! It looked so.

Mr. Temple approached her with some hearty words of commendation of the tableaux, to which she replied, as if deliberately: "Yes, they were pretty tableaux, I thought—the last especially. It did carry me back to see Gertrude in that dress. It was an old toilet she used to wear when we were in Italy, one idle Summer when we spent our whole time in a *dolce far niente*, and Gertrude was half the day in the hammock which hung in our garden. I used to try to get her to devote a little time to her painting, for she really has talent, but she was so lazy, and the old Italian whose services I was so fortunate as to secure for a few lessons found her incorrigible. The lessons usually consisted of a morning chat, while Gertrude lounged in a hammock, and he made little sketches of trees and an old fountain near by, which never seemed to come to anything, for he always thrust them out of sight and said they were failures when I tried to look at them. He was always urging me to let him paint Gertrude, but she objected to having her portrait painted, and positively refused to pose for him. So the lessons came to nothing, and the courteous old man advised me not to constrain my daughter's reluctant art, and wouldn't allow me to pay him a cent, though he had come several times, and really given up a good deal of his time to us."

She was a decidedly voluble personage, Mrs. Sevellon, and she poured forth this stream of talk half automatically, giving a large part of her attention to the dancers all the time. Temple saw that she had actually been too preoccupied to seem to notice that she had been treading on ground that to him would be forbidden. He was indebted to the same preoccupation for the fact that the startled look on his face, as the flood of light was unconsciously shed upon the object that had puzzled him so long, was unnoticed.

"What was the old artist's name?" he asked.

"Guizi, Carlo Guizi," said Mrs. Sevellon, innocently, keeping time with her fan to the motion of the dancers' flying feet. The chain of evidence was now complete. The old fellow might well afford to decline pay for those hours spent by Gertrude's hammock under the palms and ilexes. He had made good use of them!

"What can I do to atone for my shameful treatment of you?" said Gertrude with a bewitching humility, when Horace had given his explanation and made his peace.

"You can do this," said Horace. "You can consent to my becoming the purchaser of the picture, a thing my mind is bent on."

"I don't know about that," said Gertrude, doubtfully. "I have never given my picture to any one, and I always said I never would except to—"

she flushed and hesitated, and then went on, "but I would have no power to prevent it now, that wretched Italian has stolen it; it is his, to do as he chooses with, I suppose."

"Never mind the Italian for the present," said the young man eagerly. "What were you going to say? Who

was to be the exception in the case?"

Miss Sevellon's reply was so embarrassed and incoherent that its significance can only be guessed at; it is possible, however, that Mr. Temple found it satisfactory, for the next day he bought the picture, and the next Autumn the original of the picture became his wife.

Gertrude always declared that she was jealous of that picture, to which Horace would reply that, as the picture was his first love, she consequently could only be his second, and that she would have to be satisfied with that condition of affairs.

OLD-TIME RAT-BAITING.

Little Peter Kills Fifty Rats in Eleven Minutes and Twenty Seconds.

One of the most exciting events that the down-town sporting fraternity has witnessed for many a long day took place yesterday afternoon, says the *New York Evening Sun*, in the roar of a well-known sporting resort not five blocks from the city hall.

It was the first real old-time rat-baiting that has taken place in a long time. Every old sport loves a rat-baiting, and the event had been quietly talked of for several weeks past. The old-time round pit was dispensed with. A small room, eight feet square, was stripped of furniture and used instead of a pit.

At precisely five minutes past 2 o'clock the master of ceremonies approached with a large, square wooden box. One of the windows was opened, the box was thrust through it, and at the same time the lid was pulled up. Fifty round, fat rodents leaped into the room. They went scampering away in every direction, thinking that they were at liberty. After making several circuits of the room they finally nested in groups in the four corners.

Five minutes after the rats had been dumped into the room the owner of the dog came in with a knock-kneed, long-bodied, and diminutive-legged black-and-tan dachshund, which, he claimed, notwithstanding his ungrainy proportions, "cud eat de hull" of dem in thirteen minutes 'n no ha'f try."

The crowd of spectators was considerably disappointed in the appearance of the dog. They expected to see a clean-cut, sprightly little Scotch terrier. They gave evidences of their disgust in pretty round terms.

Thirteen minutes was the time in which "Peter," the dog, was to kill the rats. Poor little "Peter" had not a sympathizer among the crowd, but he didn't seem to mind it.

The window was again raised and "Peter" caught sight of a huge rat as it ran across the room. He became almost uncontrollable. His long, flap ears assumed a rampant appearance; his eyes shone like beads, and his body quivered with intense excitement. His owner dropped him into the room. At ten minutes past 2 o'clock he literally bounded onto the rat, caught it in his mouth, shook it just once, tossed it into the air, and sprang for a bunch of rodents which were huddled together in one corner. Such a scampering and squealing! Rat after rat was seized by the clumsy little "Peter" and tossed into the air, only to come down dead. The little room was a perfect pandemonium. Not a sound issued from little "Peter" as he waddled with might and main up and down and around the room. In five minutes the bodies of twenty-five dead rats and two wounded ones bestrewed the floor. As Peter made a dash at a cornered rat the latter jumped a foot from the floor and grabbed Peter by the side of the head with his mouth, and held on like grim death. He was shaken off, but jumped at the dog again. Peter was too spry for him this time, and caught the rat on the fly. That was the end of that rat. The enthusiasm of the old sports by this time knew no bounds. Many were the compliments heaped upon the little dog. "Bully boy," they shouted. "Shakim up." "Hooray, that's it." "Great Scott, how does he do it?" and amid clapping of hands and cheers, the spunky little dachshund went on with his war on rats.

Two more big fellows were cornered, and showed fight. They sprang at "Peter," and hung to his sides like leeches. Unmindful of them, the little dog jumped into a nest of rats, tossing them into the air as fast as he could catch them in his mouth. The two rats which hung to his sides were shaken off and dispatched in short order. The last one was tossed in the air at precisely twenty-one minutes and twenty seconds past 2 o'clock, making the time in killing the fifty rats eleven minutes and twenty seconds.

After the last one was killed, the little dog waddled over the battle-ground to see that life was extinct in every body. He was then taken out. Blood was streaming from his mouth, but it was from the rats. He received several bites on his sides and head, which were bleeding. They were doctored, and he seemed to be anxious to resume the warfare.

Won't Work Both Ways.

William Gore, who was bitten by a rattlesnake at Fort Lee a week ago, and has been dosed with whisky ever since, will be out of the hospital in a few days. Moral: You can be bitten by snakes and cured by whisky, but you can't be bitten by whisky and cured by snakes.—*New York Sun*.

Not Home Yet.

Mrs. Christopher Cross: "This is a pretty time of night for you to come home!" Mr. Chris Cross: "Sh, m' dear! Ain't come home yet. Jes' called 'shay y' needn't sit up f' me to-night.—*Puck*."

Wayne.

Frank McGuire, of Detroit, is in town. Jack McDermott, of Detroit, has been in town several days.

Bert Ackley has arrived home from the northern woods.

Hosie & Stellwagen shipped a car load of wool on Tuesday.

The Congregational church has been putting in new cushions for its seats.

Samuel Myres, of Reno, Nevada is visiting with his sister, Mrs. James Huston.

Giles Cory has purchased a new bicycle and will work his passage to and from Ypsilanti daily.

The Congregational church society put up a tent down by the postoffice and sold lemonade etc. to the thirsty.

Mrs. Kate Williams and children, of Plymouth, who were on their way to Hudson, stopped in Wayne over Sunday.

J. R. Hosie and family will spend two weeks on lake Erie and Ontario, visiting Niagara Falls, and other important points.

E. M. Clark, and wife, of Charlevoix, formerly engaged in the mercantile business here, arrived in town on Saturday last.

Mary Curtis arrived home from Bridgewater, Mich., on Friday last, where she has been engaged teaching a three months school.

Phil Schamber had a life-sized eagle, mounted, sitting out in front of his house, bearing a flag of stars and stripes on Sunday last.

Some of the boys who were anxious to have a 4th of July celebration, procured some old posters of several years of age, and put them up around town, announcing that the Fourth would be celebrated in grand old style, with greasy pole and pig, and racing, etc., for 1888, but the fake was discovered too early to lend much ardor to their anticipations.

Some three or four months ago there came to this place a young couple by the name of Huston, who went to house-keeping in the eastern part of town. The young man worked around by days work and everything seemed to go pleasantly until the wife went to visit her parents, and on her return home on last Saturday found that her husband and most of the goods in the house had gone to parts unknown. She telegraphed her father what had happened and he came here and removed what was left of the household goods and took his daughter back to his home.

Livonia.

Wm. Riddle is so he rides out. Farmers will begin haying after the Fourth.

Ora Chilson, of Belden, was in town last Sunday.

Mr. Taft, of Plymouth, was in town one day last week.

Charles Crum has been very sick, but is reported better at this writing.

Mrs. Maria Leach is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. C. Hedden, at Flint.

There is more dairy cows in Livonia, than any other town in the State.

Fred Pankow has the best matched team in the township; both bright bays.

Elisba Fuller of Vassar, is visiting his brother, A. C. Fuller, of this town.

Dr. Hatch is doctoring Mrs. A. F. Millard, who has been sick for a long time.

Charles Smith from the Ypsilanti Normal school, is visiting friends at this place.

Robert Miffard, of Detroit, called on his old friends at this place on Sunday last.

Mrs. J. C. Walker, of Alpena, is visiting her brother, J. E. Wilcox, of this place.

John Hutchinson is sick with that dread disease, consumption, with very little hopes of his recovery.

A Sabbath school was organized at the Centre, last Sunday, with Mrs. J. E. Wilcox, as superintendent.

Miss Mary Ash died last Friday, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Crum's, two miles east of the Centre.

Rumor says there was a prize fight in our town one day last week; one knocked the other out the first round.

Willie C. Smith takes his best girl out riding in a new carriage now, and it is a daisy—we mean the carriage.

Mrs. Nettie Green, of Hamburg, Mich., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Turnbull, of this place.

Wheat, potatoes and oats are good crops in this township. We hear of some fields of oats falling down very bad.

Our town clerk was called to Elm station one day last week to test the scales in the cheese factory at that place.

We hear there are a great many patrons leaving the milk houses at Stark and Elm stations, because they think they do not get enough for their milk.

The Verdict Unanimous.

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

Corn as Food for Hogs.

Some one has lately said, perhaps to set people to thinking, that a pig might be fed all the corn it would eat until it starved itself to death. We do not credit this statement. Young pigs corn fed are apt to become runts from the injury to their digestive organs from eating such heavy food. Such pigs might even die from dyspepsia, as many human beings annually do, yet it would be an abuse of terms to say that they had starved to death. The idea meant to be inculcated is a true one, that carbonaceous food alone will not long sustain life. Connected with this is a mistaken notion that corn is entirely carbonaceous, or nearly so, and that it falls under the same inhibition as those foods, like sugar, butter and fats, which are nearly pure carbon. English physicians once fed two dogs with nothing but sugar. At first they fattened rapidly, then weakened, sickened and died, simply because sugar did not contain the elements of food needed to sustain life.

Corn is not liable to this objection. It has 1 13-100 per cent. of phosphate of lime, against 1 87-100 per cent. in whole wheat. In nitrogenous matter the two grains are exactly alike, each having 1 80-100 per cent. Wheat bran and middlings are much richer in both phosphate of lime and nitrogen than either whole wheat or corn. The fair presumption, therefore, is that whole corn is a better food for giving strength and making muscle than is the inside of the wheat grain, from which our fine bread is made. People might well live on white bread alone, until, like the dogs in the English experiment, they died from lack of the necessary material in their blood to repair the natural waste from their bodies. But in large sections of the country fat pork and hominy are the staple articles of diet. On these, men work hard and live to a good old age.

If corn be, as we believe it is, an unsuitable food for growing pigs, the question occurs, why they cannot eat it as well as working men and women. This suggests as one reason, perhaps, that the hog is not a working animal, and secondly, like most people who are naturally lazy, he is afflicted with poor digestive organs. Possibly people may be obliged to revise preconceived ideas on this subject. It is men, women and children who are most inclined to be what is called "piggish." As for piggy himself, he is rather apt to be dainty in his appetite. He may eat a good deal more than he can digest, but that is a failing far too common among those who count themselves his superiors.

The chief objections to corn meal as food for pigs are its richness, and secondly its liability to compact in the stomach, so that the saliva and other solvents cannot readily work on it. The food after mastication lies in a heavy mass that only the strongest stomachs can resolve. The cow and sheep remasticate this food, mix more saliva with it, and thus escape much injury. But an over-feeding of corn will put either sheep or cows "off their feed" quicker than almost anything else. The pig has no such recourse. Having his stomach filled with corn he founders, just as a horse would do under like circumstances.

Pigs, and in fact all stock, need to become used to eating corn, feeding it in small amounts at first and mixed with other food. It is not harder to digest than fine wheat flour would be, nor is it so rich and fatty as cottonseed meal. Digestion improves by severely exercising the digestive organs, provided they are not overtaxed. By the time a pig has made its growth it should be able to digest all the corn it will eat, if its stomach has never been weakened by over-feeding. By that time, too, all pigs not reserved for breeding ought to be ready to die. For a matured hog corn in some form is the cheapest and best food to finish the fattening. The animal may not grow much in size, but it will in weight. Its flesh will be firmer by the displacement of the water it contained in its immature state. Possibly other grains will make a larger proportion of lean meat. Oats and peas certainly will, but corn-fattened pork has a good reputation, and will always command the highest price in any market.—*American Cultivator.*

Suggestion to Husbands.

Jones—"Did you say that your wife never gets mad when you come home late at night?"

Smith—"That's what I said, and I say it again."

"She never did give you a certain lecture when you came late?"

"She never did."

"Well, how in the name of catnip tea do you manage?"

"It's easy enough. She always goes along with me when I go out, and then I don't come home late."—*Texas Siftings.*

GRANT'S SIMPLICITY AND LUCK.

How the Hero Narrowly Escaped Selling His Book for \$10,000.

Leonard Swett told an interesting story the other day, illustrative of Gen. Grant's traditional good luck, as well as his lack of what is called shrewness in commercial dealings. When Grant was engaged in writing his memoirs the Century company, which had been publishing some of his war articles in the Century magazine, offered him \$10,000 for the manuscript of his book. Webster, the publisher, also had his eye on the alert for the forthcoming work, and one day called on the general to inquire about it. Grant was seated at his desk, about to attach his signature to the Century company's contract which lay before him. It had apparently never occurred to him to ask more for his literary production. Webster intimated that he would like to make an offer.

"If it would not be impertinent," he said, "I would like to inquire how much the Century company agrees to pay you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," Gen. Grant said.

"Then I wouldn't sign that contract just yet," said Webster.

"Why not?"

"Because I will pay you \$50,000."

Gen. Grant opened his eyes in amazement. It had not occurred to him to set so high a value on his work; he had not thought of dickering beyond the first offer. But he did not sign the contract.

Afterward Mark Twain, Webster's relative and business partner, called and told the general that none of the publishers had offered him what his manuscript was worth. "I will give you \$100,000 and a royalty," he said. So Webster & Co. became Grant's publishers. The firm has grown rich out of Grant's book, and Grant's family has been paid over \$500,000.

"And Grant's book," said Mr. Swett in conclusion, "will become a classic more valuable than 'Cesar's Commentaries.' I consider it the greatest achievement of Gen. Grant's wonderful life to have written such a work with death looking over his shoulders."—*Chicago Times.*

Had Read It.

The author of a new novel called on the literary editor of a daily paper—with whom he was acquainted—and, after handing him a copy of the book, said:

"Now, my dear fellow, I understand this literary review business. You men, busy, of course, take up a book, glance at its title, turn a few leaves and then proceed to 'do it up.' I don't want my book treated in such a manner. I want you to read it and then write your criticism. Will you do me that favor?"

"Yes."

"Thank you." Several days later the paper contained as a summing up, the following announcement: "The most worthless book we have ever seen."

The author, glowing with rage, hurried to the newspaper office, and, meeting the critic, exclaimed:

"You promised me, sir, that you would read that book!"

"Yes, and I did read it. Hence the slam. My dear fellow, you forgot to make me promise to lie for it. Had I not read it, my criticism would not have been so just, but it would have been much more complimentary."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Longevity Aided by Salt.

In a recent work by Professor Burggraeve, of Ghent, the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the great regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human longevity largely depends, it being at any rate a great preventive of certain maladies—if the blood is too rich, salt will render it less charged; or if it is poor, salt will reconstitute it, and restore to it the necessary elements. Among the interesting facts cited by Professor Burggraeve in elaborating his subject is that about the end of the last century a terrible epidemic, bearing some analogy to scurvy broke out in Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the government ordered an inquiry into its nature and course. The result was the establishment of a singular fact, viz., that miners, although reduced to the same misery as other workmen, remained, with their families, completely exempt from the malady; the diet of the miners differed from the others only in one point, viz., that being employed by the state, they were supplied with salt gratuitously, the deduction being that the absence of salt in the diet of the other workmen was the cause of the malady. Salt was then prescribed as a curative measure, and the epidemic disappeared as if by enchantment.

Marriages.

CLARKE—WOLCOTT.—At the Simpson church parsonage, Detroit, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hawks, on Tuesday, July 3, 1888, Frank B. Clarke, of Plymouth, to Miss Frankie E. Wolcott, of Novi.

Gard of Thanks.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church desire to extend their thanks to the many friends who kindly furnished provisions and waited on the tables the Fourth.

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 heartache, indigestion, constipation or colic, when we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, etc. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 862 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 57

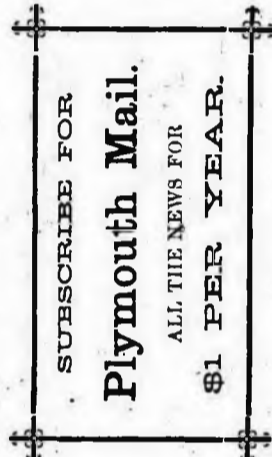
The Beam Road Cart!

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. Any one wishing a Road Cart, should see the "Beam Improved Cart," before buying. 44

E. W. BEAM, Plymouth, Mich.



Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

Superior to Most and Second to None. Every Pound Warranted.

To be found at the stores of C. A. Pinckney, Red Front Drug and Grocery, Geo. A. Starkweather & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries, A. A. Taft, Dry Goods and Groceries, Peter Gayde, Groceries and Crockery, H. Dohmstreich & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries, John L. Gale, Boots and Shoes, E. J. Bradner, Star Grocery, H. C. Bennett, Postoffice Grocery.

D. B. WILCOX & SON, PROPRIETORS, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

FOR SALE. NEW HOUSE! SEVEN ROOMS! First-class finish; good lot; central location; good well and cistern. PRICE, \$900. Enquire of E. J. BRADNER.

C. A. FRISBEE,

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.

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Grand Rapids and New York Plaster for Clover and Potato bugs.

Diamond and Homstead Phosphates for Oats and Corn, Etc.

Linseed Meal for Stock. Also, Flour, Feed, Corn, Oats, Grass Seed, Peas, Etc.

F. & P. M. Elevator,

LIVERY,

SALE STABLE.

Reasonable Prices!

Orders left for draying immediately executed.

Anyone contemplating buying a Cutter or buggy should look over our stock of

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SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. New parts furnished when required. J. H. BRADNER