

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

Into the Unknown.

Rev. George Duffield, D. D., well known in Detroit and throughout Michigan, died on the 7th inst. in Bloomfield, N. J., where he had been living for a year with the family of his son, the late Rev. Samuel W. Duffield.

Dr. Duffield was born in Carlisle, Pa., September 12, 1816, and was graduated from Yale in 1837, among such men as Samuel J. Tilden, Chief Justice Waite, William M. Everts and Edwards Pierpont—the most famous class of the century. He also passed through Union theological seminary, New York, and was ordained December 27, 1840.

Two years ago he was seized with heart disease and ever since had been in feeble health. Two months ago he began to fail perceptibly.

The deceased was the eldest son of the Rev. George Duffield, who was for 30 years pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Detroit. Four brothers still live—D. B. H. M. and Dr. Samuel Duffield of Detroit, and Gen. W. Duffield of Kentucky. His only sister was Mrs. Morse Stewart, who died recently.

Dr. Duffield was a writer of ability and the author of several hymns, the best known of which is called "Stand Up For Jesus."

Lake City in Ashes.

The business part of Lake City was burned shortly after midnight on the 5th inst. The fire started in Van Arsdale's saloon and swept everything for two blocks on both sides of the main street. The Era newspaper burned, but the Independent was saved, being in an isolated building. The loss is at least \$75,000, with little or no insurance and no fire protection. The fire was stopped by Cadillac help.

Lake City is the county seat of Missaukee, and is handsomely located upon the east shore of Muskrat lake. It is the terminus of the Cadillac & Northern railroad and is fifteen miles from Cadillac. The village is better than the average in both a residence and business sense, and, beside a large saw and shingle mill, had a bank, four hotels, a \$10,000 court-house, and many other business and mercantile buildings that were a mark of enterprise for her people. The town promises to become an important business center soon, and a contract for the construction of waterworks was let but a few days ago.

Four Persons Burned.

George Dobbs' farm house, seven miles from Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side of the river, was destroyed by fire the other morning, and George Dobbs, aged 72, David Merrifield, aged 21, Alice Thompson, aged 9, and Margaret Thompson, aged 4, were burned to death. The fire was caused by a smudge which had been started to keep mosquitoes away.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

A. R. Metcalf of Bay City is taking care of the government's display of life-saving service at the Cincinnati exposition. One hundred of the 116 graduates of the state normal school, class of '88, had secured positions in the state before they received their diplomas.

Mrs. Sodenburg, a resident of Ishpeming, who supports a large family by washing, was evicted from her little home for non-payment of rent. Oliver Rasbury, supposed to be mildly insane, has led a hermit's life in a swamp near St. Helena for several years. Recently the people began to fear him, and officers arrested him after a severe struggle, and he will be sent to the Traverse City asylum.

John C. Brown has been enjoined from rafting logs out of the mouth of the Ogveve river, or using the land at the mouth of the river or the water in Lake Huron one mile from the beach. The suit is brought by Thompson, Smith & Sons. Brown will bring suit for damages, as he has 6,000,000 feet of logs tied up.

Stephen Disbren was killed by a falling tree near Crystal Falls the other day. Lena Shaw of Port Huron imagines that she is Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. of England, and she says that her husband is treating her so cruelly that she will have to call out the British army in her defence. She has been sent to the Pontiac asylum.

G. W. Depew, a well known business man of Mason, dropped dead on the street the other day. Anthony Grohman of Bridgeport township, Saginaw county, is the owner of a calf born May 16 that resembles a sheep. It is covered with wool, the color being a bluish black. On the shoulder is a tuft of white hair about two inches long, with white hair on the breast and feet. It is well developed, weighing about 150 pounds and is quite a curiosity.

Harry Bancroft of Port Huron, son of W. L. Bancroft, general superintendent of railway mail service, has been appointed to the position of mail agent on the Port Huron & Northwestern railway.

Half rates will be given on all Michigan railroads to persons going to the Bay View summer resort, from July 16th to 25th, inclusive, tickets good to August 17. The Bay View Assembly opens July 23, closing August 15. The superb climate, brilliant assembly programs, splendid schools, choice society, and fine recreative pleasures at Bay View are making it one of the most popular resorts in this country. The hotel and boarding accommodations are ample and the prices only \$5 and \$10 a week. Over 100 cottages will be built this year. The finest talent that can be secured has been engaged for the Summer School for Teachers, Schools of Music, Art, Oratory, S. S. Normal Classes, Church Congress, &c. In the general program will be heard Bishops J. H. Vincent and W. X. Nlnde, Rev. Drs. Geo. P. Hayes, P. S. Henson, Robert Nourse and Alfred A. Wright; J. DeWitt Miller, Miss Matilda H. Ross, H. H. Kagan, Boston Stars, Amphion Club, Frank Lincoln, Rev. Annie H. Shaw, Mrs. Bessie Starr Keefer of Toronto; Mrs. Layyah Barrakat of Syria; Benj. Clark of England, Dennis Osborne of India, and twenty more of such celebrities; besides a long list of eminent musical talent, such as Walter Emerson, cornetist; Rndolph King, pianist; Medora Henson Emerson and Anna Rommeiss, soloists, &c. All band and orchestra members are invited to take their instruments, and join in pleasant daily rehearsals, conducted by Mr. W. G. Bryant, the accomplished leader of the Flint City Band.

Jerry Murphy of Hancock was instantly killed on the 4th, by a horse running over him on the race track near that city.

Co. C of the Third Michigan cavalry will re-une at South Haven on the 25th and 26th inst.

George Heller was drowned in a pond near Jackson on the 4th inst. He leaves a wife and six children.

S. A. Denike, an ex-alderman of Ypsi-

lant, was killed in a railroad wreck near St. Louis, Mo., the other morning.

Henry Mulliken, brother of J. B. Mulliken of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern road, died in Lansing on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Mary Cochran, a resident of Michigan since 1837, was buried in Jackson on the 4th inst.

All the saloons in Ishpeming and Negawee were kept open on the 4th inst., notwithstanding the state law. Test cases are to be made, and the saloon-keepers' mutual union will support the parties arrested.

Maurice Pallasi was killed and several others injured by the premature discharge of fireworks at Ishpeming.

Work is to be commenced on the Sault canal at once, the business men of that city having subscribed \$1,000 for that purpose.

Ettie Bloodworth of East Saginaw was instantly killed and three others were seriously injured on the 4th inst. Just as the display of fireworks was commenced sparks ignited rockets and other pieces lying on the platform, and the blazing, seething things flew into the vast crowd, with the result mentioned.

Gen. Alger, Col. Briggs and Capt. Miller have chosen the location of the monument which is to mark the spot where the Michigan cavalry brigade fought and defeated J. E. B. Stuart, on the Kummel farm, three miles east of Gettysburg, and thus prevented the movement of the cavalry wing of the rebel army, which was designed to turn the union left soon after Pickett's assault on Cemetery ridge and Ewell's effort to carry Culp's hill. The monument will be situated on the ridge where Maj. Noah Ferry was killed in the open field, near the line of one of the greatest charges of the war. In this engagement, the killed, wounded and missing of the Michigan cavalry brigade amounted to 353 officers and enlisted men. This monument and the other Michigan monuments will probably be erected in September.

Dr. Kendal Brooks, ex-president of Kalamazoo college, has been offered a professorship in a college at Oakland, Cal.

Hon. D. L. Crossman is very ill at his home in Williamston.

The hotel, postoffice and several stores in McBride's were destroyed by fire July 4.

A. P. Green of Walton, Eaton county, has a Shetland pony colt, which stands 24 inches high and weighs 30 pounds.

Hon. George L. Yapple, who went to Dakota from the St. Louis convention, is reported in such bad health that he cannot at present undertake the journey home.

Firebugs made two attempts to burn the city of Escanaba on the 5th inst.

Michigan has 180 societies of christian endeavor.

Wayne county milk producers have combined to raise the price of the lactical fluid.

Architect Ferrer says he will do nothing about the public building in Detroit until congress decides how much money the new building is to cost.

Albert Herb, formerly a well known citizen of East Saginaw, was accidentally killed in Texas a few days ago.

Col. Robert F. Hill of Kalamazoo has been appointed to a \$2,000 position in the office of the assistant attorney-general at Washington.

July 19 the citizens of Monroe will join with Father Schmittell in celebrating his silver jubilee.

Colwell, McGregor & Co.'s saw mill near Harrisville was destroyed by fire July 6. Loss about \$100,000.

Forest fires are raging all around Harrisville, destroying crops and timber, and placing settlers' homes in great danger.

Robert Spencer is in jail at Bay City for the seduction of his daughter in St. Clair county.

Fred Anderson, aged 25, was drowned in the lake near Cadillac the other morning.

Samuel Jenkins of Allendale was drowned in Grand river, near Laurant, on the 6th inst., by the capsizing of his boat.

According to the report of Dr. Hurdin of the Pontiac asylum, there are 2,611 insane people in Michigan.

Gov. Luce has appointed Rev. A. R. Meridian of Grand Rapids to represent Michigan at the prison congress to be held in Boston.

August Carbon was instantly killed at the Winthrop mine, near Ishpeming, the other day.

William Doherty of Cedar Springs has been arrested for perjury. He was an agent for Elder Payne in the latter's trial for the betrayal of Pauline Missik, and it is claimed he gave false evidence regarding Polk Ibrahim's alleged relations with the girl. It is expected some very highly interesting facts will develop regarding her relations with the elder.

Mrs. John W. Sanders, an estimable lady of Horton, Jackson county, hung herself while temporarily insane.

William R. Graves, 50 years old, of New Boston, Wayne county, a member of the late Capt. William A. Owen's company of the Twenty-fourth Michigan regiment, went to Detroit to celebrate the Fourth. He was stopping with his son-in-law, Police Officer Wilford, 528 1/2 Sixth St. The next morning Mr. Graves was found dead in bed. He had been partly paralyzed for some time and suffered from heart disease for five years past.

Reports show that the weather for the past week has been favorable to all kinds of crops.

The tenth annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of Northern Michigan will be held at Cheboygan Aug. 21, 22, 23, 24.

A St. Clair farmer has his wool clip for the past three years—in all about 1,000 pounds—which he is holding for higher prices.

James Ryckman, living near Minden City, while laboring under religious excitement, cut his throat.

Joshua Hodgkins' residence near De Lake was destroyed by fire the other night. While attempting to rescue a servant, Mrs. Hodgkins, aged 62, was burned to death.

James Estee and his 16-year old stepson, named Cole, were killed by a train on the D. L. & N., near Meridian the other day. Their horse ran into the train while under full speed, dashing against the engine.

A severe cyclone struck Edwardsburgh, 10 miles south of Cassopolis the other morning, utterly demolishing the hotel and several other buildings. No lives were lost.

A freight train on the Grand Trunk ran into the Michigan Central freight near Cassopolis, wrecking both trains, demolishing the Grand Trunk engine, No. 9, and strewn both tracks with broken cars and freight. The damage is estimated at \$30,000. No one was hurt, although the Grand Trunk engineer was carried over an embankment in his demolished engine, but he succeeded in crawling out alive.

Dr. Victor H. Christianity, son of the ex-senator, died in Soda Springs, Dakota, a few days ago. He was born at Monroe, was 34 years old, and extensively known.

Mrs. James Vandenberg, who died in Holland a few days ago, had lived with her husband for 58 years.

F. L. Wells of Port Huron, owns the Harrison and Tyler badge which his father

wore at a big ratification blow out at Bunker Hill in 1840. The badge is of silk and bears a picture of old Tippecanoe, as well as the arms of all the New England states.

Nellie Falke, aged 14, and Ada Van Camp of Port Huron, disappeared June 28, and nothing has since been heard of them, although a reward is offered for the Falke girl. Both wore gray dresses, and Miss Falke is round-shouldered and slim.

A meeting of the creditors of the late Michael Englemann of Manistee, held in Grand Rapids recently, decided to run the mills of the estate all summer, shut them down in the fall, and sell the whole business as soon thereafter as possible.

William Hanover's little girl had both legs cut off on an elevator near Buchanan and died.

Norway fire sufferers are slowly getting into a better condition. Money and clothing, however, are still needed.

The dead body of Frank Lamphier was found on the railroad near Stanwood. It is not known how he came to his death.

Frederick Broasted has purchased the Winthrop and Mitchell iron mines at Ishpeming. The two mines are worth \$1,000,000, and give employment to 600 men.

The breach of promise suit of Hattie E. Houck against Dr. J. M. Loug of Coldwater has been nominally settled. Mrs. Houck wanted \$10,000 for her blighted affections.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table listing various market prices including Wheat, Corn, Oats, Barley, Malt, Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, Feed, Flour, Apples, Beans, Broomcorn, Butter, Cheese, Dried Apples, Eggs, Honey, Hops, Hay, Malt, Potatoes, Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Currants, Peaches, Fowl, Hams, Turkey, Bacon, Tallow, Hides, Country, Green Cal, Cured, Salted, Sheep skins, and Live Stock.

CATTLE—The general market opened firmer, but natives closed lower; choice to extra beefs, \$5 1/2 @ \$6 1/2; common to choice \$4 1/2 @ \$5 1/2; stockers and feeders, \$2 1/2 @ \$3 1/2; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 1/2 @ \$2 1/2; Texas cattle, firm, \$1 1/2 @ \$2 1/2.

HOGS—Market active, 5c higher; mixed, \$5 7/8 @ \$6 1/2; heavy, \$5 1/2 @ \$6 1/2; light, \$5 1/4 @ \$6 1/4.

SHEEP—Market steady, and firm; natives, \$3 1/2 @ \$4 1/2; Westerns, \$3 1/4 @ \$4 1/4; Texans, \$2 1/2 @ \$3 1/2; lambs, \$1 1/2 @ \$2 1/2 per cwt.

FLEECES—Fine 1/2 @ 2 1/2; medium, 1 1/4 @ 2 1/4; coarse, 1 @ 1 1/2; unwashed, unnumbered, abe, cotted and black; bucks, 1 @ 1 1/2.

The Ohio Centennial.

The centennial exhibition at Cincinnati was formally opened on the 4th inst. The cutures into the main hall of Gov. Foraker, Gov. Thayer of Nebraska, Gov. Gray of Indiana, ex-Gov. Bryan of Kentucky, Gov. Beaver of Pennsylvania, with their brilliant staffs, and Hon. John Sherman and Hon. Benjamin Butterworth was signalized by repeated bursts of applause as the several dignitaries were recognized.

Gov. Foraker made but a brief address, making the point that this exposition was national in its character, intended to be illustrative and commemorative of the progress of Ohio and the Central states within the past century.

It was now but a few minutes of 12 o'clock, and President Allison announced that they would wait for the signal from Mrs. Polk to start the machinery. Suddenly a gong in the hall sounded. A ripple of applause answered the signal, and Gov. Foraker explained to the audience that the gong had been sounded by electricity touched by the fingers of Mrs. Polk at her home in Nashville. He proposed three hearty Buckeye cheers expressive of the appreciation of the estimable woman and of her participation in these ceremonies. The cheers were given, men rising and swinging their hats.

Then little Mary Allison, the 10-year-old daughter of President James Allison, stepped to the side of the stage and, pressing an electric button, gave 12 signals on the gong and put in motion the ponderous machinery of the exposition.

The exposition was formally declared open, and brief addresses were made by Govs. Thayer, Gray and Beaver, Lieut. Gov. Bryan, Hon. Benjamin Butterworth and Hon. John Sherman, and the ceremonies were ended.

Dynamiters Arrated.

Thomas Broderick and J. A. Bowles, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and another man named Wilson, were arrested on a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train on the 5th inst. and taken to Chicago and lodged in the county jail under bonds of \$5,000 each, charged with conspiring to destroy the railroad company's property. They had a considerable quantity of dynamite in their possession when arrested. It is thought that several of the brotherhood officers are implicated.

Traitors Sentenced.

Herr Dietz, an Alsatian railway official, Mme. Dietz, his wife, and a railway assistant named Appel, who were charged with having sold to the French government information relative to German military arrangements, have been convicted. Dietz was sentenced to 10 years and his wife to four years' penal servitude. Both are also to be deprived of their civil rights. Appel was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and nine years' detention in a fortress.

THE LAND GRANT BILL.

The Vote Non-Partisan and All Parties Satisfied.

Epitome of Washington News.

The house has passed the land grant forfeiture bill by a large non-partisan vote—177 yeas to 83 nays. The unanimity with which the members voted for it is due to the fact that all the factions interested in the bill desired to get it into the conference committee where all the conflicting claims can be adjusted. The bill, as passed, bears no resemblance to the one that was adopted in the senate a few weeks ago after a long and hard fight. The only Michigan claims conferred, are those of the bona fide homesteaders, both the cash entry men and the canal company's titles being ignored altogether. All the Michigan men voted for the bill. They did not like its present form, but were compelled to take it, as best they could get, in order to settle in the best manner possible the upper peninsula land titles which have been a matter of contest for years.

Before passing the bill, which is known as the "Holman substitute," the house voted down Payson's measure, which was substantially that as originally passed by the senate. The fight made there over the Michigan cases will be continued at close quarters in the conference committee.

The state department has been informed of the assassination of an American named Stephen Zelany, at his mill near Ahome, Mexico, by a well-known bandit. The authorities are active in his pursuit.

It is thought that a vote will be taken on the tariff bill about July 15.

The President was compelled to decline the invitation to attend the Gettysburg reunion because of a press of public business.

Among the orders issued recently at the war department is the following: Col. Henry Black, Twenty-third infantry, will proceed to Mackinac island, Michigan, and attend the encampment of the Michigan state troops, to be held at that place from the 12th to the 23d of July, 1888, for the purpose of inspecting the troops taking part therein, under such instructions as he may receive from the adjutant-general of the army, and on the completion of this duty will return to his proper station. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service.

F. E. Brogan has been appointed third assistant keeper of the light station at Spectacle Reef, Michigan.

President Cleveland says the pension list should be a roll of honor and not a matter of indiscriminate alms-giving.

The president could not attend the Tammany Fourth celebration (the hundredth time the society has celebrated the day), but he wrote a letter in which he commended the members for their patriotism. He also took occasion to say something about taxation and the surplus.

The president has vetoed another batch of private pension bills.

Gen. Cutcheon's health is somewhat improved but he says that he is not yet well. He finds the heat of Washington quite trying, but hopes by careful watching to remain until congress adjourns.

Senator Stockbridge has proposed an amendment to the sundry civil bill to appropriate \$100,000, for the erection of a public building at Bay City.

Senator Voorhees has introduced a bill directing the secretary of the treasury to pay upwards of \$10,000 to Dr. D. Willard Bliss, formerly of Grand Rapids, which sum is an unexpended balance of \$57,500 appropriated six years ago to pay for the services of physicians, servants and others in attendance on President Garfield. Over \$50,000 was distributed among physicians and others in attendance on President Garfield, and each person so remunerated was required to sign a receipt in full, but most of the attendants have since been applicants for additional pay, and now Dr. Bliss comes in with a bill to scoop the last cent of the unexpended balance.

During the last fiscal year the number of postoffices established was 3,364; number discontinued, 1,642; number of fourth-class postmasters resigned and successors appointed, 6,139; number removed, 1,224; whole number appointed during the year, 11,522; number of presidential postmasters resigned and successors appointed, 382; number removed, 20; whole number of presidential postmasters appointed during the year, 436.

Patents to agricultural lands entered under the various public land laws have been issued by the general land office during the fiscal year: Cash entries, 29,692; homestead, 15,392; timber culture, 1,343; desert land, 30; scrip, 528; total, 47,180. There were also issued during the year 1,034 patents to mineral lands, 114 patents to coal lands and 56 patents to private lands under grants of patents during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1887, were issued as follows: Agricultural lands, 24,588; mineral, 1,489; coal, 53; private lands, 290. Total for last year, 26,340.

A bill to make the manufacture, preparation or sale of adulterated articles of food, drink or medicine a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, has been introduced in the senate by Senator Wilson of Iowa. The bill provides that an article which has been corrupted, debased or changed in its composition or strength by the introduction of any foreign substance, shall consist of an adulteration, whether the article shall have been rendered unhealthful or not.

The President has made an order directing all consular officers of the government to hereafter authenticate all the vouchers and other papers necessary for drawing pensions by United States pensioners without fees.

Congressman Springer says he will call up his bill admitting Dakota, Montana, Washington and New Mexico to the Union as soon as the tariff bill is disposed of. He expects little delay in its consideration.

Efforts are being made to induce congress to embody in one of its appropriation bills an amendment providing for the expense of the elevator in the Washington monument. The machinery is all ready and waits only for fuel and men to run it. The estimated cost is \$10,000 per year. An appropriation of that sum would give pleasure to 300,000 citizens of the nation during the fiscal year. The nation has paid more than \$1,000,000 to erect the greatest monument of the world to its greatest man, and the people who visit the capital in increasing throngs are certainly entitled to the proper facilities for viewing the structure for the construction of which they paid their money. It is thought the matter will be properly adjusted during this session.

A syndicate has been formed in Washington to search for the treasure which went

down in the British sloop-of-war Brank in Delaware Bay, May 25, 1788.

Silk culture is again to be taken under the patronage of the United States government. A bill appropriating \$150,000 for the encouragement of silk culture has been introduced in the senate. It creates a bureau of silk culture in the department of agriculture, and authorizes the establishment of experimental silk culture stations throughout the country. It provides for the free distribution to farmers and others of mulberry seed and silk-worm eggs. Something like the old morus multicaulis excitement may again arise.

The bill amending the inter-state commerce law has passed the senate.

George H. Mitchell of Birmingham has been admitted to practice before the interior department.

The President has sent to the senate the nomination of Charles H. Berry of Winona, Minn., to be associate justice of the supreme court of Idaho Territory. This is the position which was assigned to Congressman Maybury by some of the political quidnuncs.

The proposition to submit to the people of the several states a constitutional amendment to prohibit the liquor traffic in the United States has been favorably reported to the senate from the committee on education.

The following nominations have been sent to the senate: Elliott Standford of New York to be chief justice of the supreme court of the territory of Utah; John W. Judd of Tennessee to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of Utah; Hugh H. Wier of Pennsylvania to be chief justice, and Charles H. Berry of Minnesota to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of Idaho; Robert Ross of Dakota to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of Dakota; Col. John H. Keatley of Iowa to be United States judge for the district of Alaska.

The republicans are preparing a new tariff bill to offset the Mills bill.

The committee of the whole of the house has rejected—37 to 108—Mr. Cannon's amendment placing on the free list sugars not above the 16 Dutch Standard, reducing the rates on other grades and granting a bounty to the producers of sugar.

MORTON IS NOTIFIED.

He Accepts, and is Grateful—The Usual Formalities.

The notification committee appointed by the national republican convention, waited upon the Hon. Levi P. Morton at his residence in the quiet little village of Rhinebeck, N. Y., on the 7th inst. A committee of citizens went to the station with carriages to escort the visitor over the hills to the Morton mansion.

At the station a modest demonstration was made, and the procession was met at the top of the hill by the Rhinebeck band. Mr. Morton received the visitors at the porch and led the way to the drawing room. Here Mr. Estee, the chairman of the committee on notification, delivered his address as follows:

Mr. Morton: The national convention of the republican party, recently assembled in Chicago, nominated as the candidate for president Gen. Harrison and with equal unanimity selected you as its nominee for vice-president. By order of that convention we were appointed a committee to notify its nominees of their selection. This pleasant duty has been in part performed in giving Gen. Harrison, your associate upon the ticket, that notification. It only remains for us to discharge the further duty conferred upon us by the official notice to you. The country has already passed judgment upon your selection, and it has met with such universal approval that it is only left for this committee to add its own expression of their high appreciation of your personal qualities, as well as their confidence in your eminent fitness for the position to which the deliberate judgment of the convention assigned you. In conclusion, we believe that this notification to you will not be a meaningless formality, but that your nomination will result in triumphant election.

Mr. Morton responded in the following words: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee—I am profoundly sensible of the high honor which has been conferred upon me by the national convention recently in session at Chicago, and thank you, gentlemen, for the courteous and complimentary terms in which you have officially announced my nomination as the candidate of the republican party for the vice presidency. I am also deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon the state of New York in the selection of a citizen of this state as one of the standard bearers in the approaching peaceful conflict of the two great political parties of the country. New York represents to a large degree the business interests of the large over-growing and wider spreading communities of varied interests and industries which it is the mission of the republican party to foster and protect. The platform so wisely adopted at Chicago has this mission boldly in view, and by its enunciation of these principles makes the issue clear and distinct. I accept the position tendered by the convention, of which you are the honored representatives, and will in due time address to you, Mr. Chairman, an official communication to that effect.

Introductions and lunch followed, and the visitors were invited to drive over to Mr. Morton's country seat, Ellerslie.

A Strike Threatened.

Railroad men say that the arrest of the C. H. & Q. men a few days ago, charging them with conspiracy to commit crime, is simply persecution. This, and other outrages which the railroad men say have been perpetrated upon the "Q" strikers, must be stopped instantly, or a big strike will at once be inaugurated, and all western lines will be laid up.

The Jesuits Must Go.

It is reported from Ottawa, Ont., that Bishop La Fleche of the Three Rivers diocese, has ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from that diocese. The Bishop says the Jesuits have been influencing Catholics to change their wills, even when on their death-beds, the Jesuits themselves being benefited by the change.

Met Webb's Fate.

Robert William Flack of Syracuse, N. Y., with his life-saving boat, Phantom, attempted to shoot the Whirlpool rapids at Niagara the other afternoon and his foolhardy trip cost him his life.

Five Men Killed.

A fishing and hunting party, camping in the mountains about 50 miles from Denison, Texas, became involved in a quarrel with the mountaineers, and the entire party were killed.

An Awful Tragedy.

John Johnston, a farmer living near Hamlin, N. Y., accidentally killed his son, aged 21, who had come home for a visit. He then, in anguish, killed himself.

LILACS.

MARTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Over the blossoming hedges heavy with all perfumes. Sweetly to day there floateth the breath of the lilac plumes. Dear is the deepening fragrance, subtle the sense it thralls. And full of a sweet suggestion across my heart it falls. The odor bears me backward to the heart of another May. When the snowy sprays were tossing in the air of a fateful day— A day when a purple signador came o'atin' in a narrow life, and the pomp of life's royal pageant displayed its claim with strife. Never the breath of the lilacs comes with the apple bloom. But the day of Fate comes with it, and the old time's deep perfumes. I smell the blossoming locusts that drooped above our way. The spicy mint it was afraid. All odors of the May. And even in the hush of night the old time with me seems. And lilac breath and apple bloom are with me in my dreams.

A Bunch of Violets.

Translated from the German by HELENE WILHELM.

Bravo! Bravo! "Iva, Andres, Iva!" A storm of applause fell from the rows of excited spectators in the amphitheatre of Chapultepec. The dark, waving mass, at other times so cool at a bull-fight, was beside itself to-day. The men stamped with their feet, waved their hats and brightly colored cloths, and the girls, whose usually dreamy, black eyes betokened pleasure and surprise, bent way over the arena and held themselves on the railing with nervous trembling hands. Accompanied with the wild cries of jubilee there fell from time to time on the level of glittering Mexican sand, showers of flowers and silk banners, the latter often heavily interwoven with gold pieces. It was, however, an unusual sight which presented itself to the public. A bull, which in less than ten minutes had killed four horses and seriously wounded two banderilleros (men who by waving brightly colored banners irritate animals), was at this moment attacked by a picador (lance-fighter on foot and alone). This spectacle is so seldom so cunning, the situation of the fighter so desperate, that the blunted nerves of the connoisseur received an excellent appetite. The picador, a young creole with soft, rascally features, who was armed with a long ramp-o-pipe lance, had stepped forward toward the enraged bull. The king of the herd, with a cry like a beast of prey, sprang at the fighter. The picador who had coolly awaited him ran the short point of the lance in the animal's neck, and with light, graceful jumps evaded the murderous horn-thrust of the bull. Suddenly, pulling out the lance with lightning rapidity, he gave a splendid leap over the bull, which glanced dumbfounded, almost admiringly, at the bold fighter. From thence the hearty applause, rejoicing of rich and poor, and the bright eyes of the girls in whose depths sympathy and love were glistening; for in Mexico a good bull-fighter, so long as he stands in the arena, is considered greater than a hero of war. With natural grace, courtesying toward all sides, Andres—which was the young picador's name—disappeared through a small side door, and the bull fight continued in the usual manner. The clowns and banderilleros, about fifteen or twenty in number, encircled the foaming and roaring animal, waving bright cloths and paper fans before its eyes, until the long wish of trumpets again: Bull dead! resounded through the air. Then the matador (bull-killer) entered, clad in rich, royal, velvet, carrying in his left hand the muleta (a blood-red cloth on a short stem) and in his right the two-bladed sword. He steps before the seat of honor and lifts his cap. The highest lady present waves her fan, as this signal a band of trumpets strikes up a lively Spanish march and after the playing has ceased, the matador approaches the bull. The poor beast exhausted and weakened, surges the sand and with his tail whips the foam and blood-licked wounds. It trembles, and seems to realize its fate. Sniffing the muleta, the matador whistles in a sharp peculiar manner and waves it in the bull's face. This awakes the last gleam of wildness in the dying animal, as with down turned horns he rushes at the fighter. Suddenly, however, his throat gurgles he suffocates—the matador's sword has pierced his heart. But the spectators scarcely notice this common sight; Andres's cunning had completely spoilt them. "Another bull! Andres should come!" A thousand voices echo the call. The dead animal has been carried away by two gorges of a dozen horses; now, all the main door opens and another bull, larger, more beautiful, and more furious by far, enters the arena. Scarcely does he spy the first rider that he overtakes him. The man defends himself with his weapon, turns around, spurs his steed, but in vain—a terrible cry, a scuffle, a long silence. Horse and rider lie dead in the arena. "Bravo! Bravo!" thunders down from the entire row a magnetic thrill of satisfaction passes from heart to heart. The animal lifts his head, as if intoxicated by applause and blood. There stands another rider on, with a few short strides, the bull has reached him. The picador fights with the strength of despair. His lance cuts the tender parts, but this animal does not heed the pain; his horns pierce the horse's breast, which rears and then falls. This time only the horse was killed, the rider hid himself dexterously behind the dead body. "Andres should come! Where is Andres?" The cries grow louder, almost threatening. The public loves Andres, loves him as the hero of the hour; but verily it loves more the play. Should the young fighter refuse to comply, so would the enthusiasm instantly turn to bitter scorn. Well, know they all that their favorite will be killed, yet is not such a death, in the midst of falling flowers, and tears from a thousand sparkling black eyes, desirable? At last the small side door opens and Andres enters the arena. He is pale and nervous. His

former confidence seems to have forsaken him. Meanwhile he walks resolutely forward, and lifting the lance thrusts it in the bull's neck. But this time he is mistaken; against such wildness there is no help. With a single leap the animal has thrown him—Andres is lost! The spectators rise; they would see the bull tear him, trample him—oh, what glances, how blood-thirsty seem to be those damp, half-closed lips, and the dimples of the dark, tender skin. A read the bull touches him with the murderous horn. Hark, what is that? The report of a gun from one of the boxes the bull rears and staggers at it. The moment of strange order then there arose a clatter of tongues. Who was it who fired it at shot? Was it all that young girl who, pale as a marble statue, emuls the heavy smoking pistol. No doubt. Many are raving. Who gave her the right to disturb the play? Did not the law of the land state particularly that the public should exert power in these tragedies—as not the scene down there charming, with an unusual strain? Or, alas, however, call the young girl a lady from one of the best families, thank her for the heroic act. The agents, not knowing how to take the act, will pass it over to the common critic. The father had certainly left the ark as his daughter pulled the pistol out of his girl's, but it happened so quickly that he could not hinder it. Meanwhile the criticism blows like the ebb and flow of the tide, until Andres himself brings the decision. The youth has bade the earth farewell during his fall; like the dying gladiators of old he has lifted his right hand saluting and awaited his death. Then his senses fled. Scarcely has he, as if lost in a deep dream, heard the shot, than he springs to his feet and, seeing the dead lion, he knows instantly what has happened. With glistening eyes he seeks his deliverer. It is not difficult to find her, as all eyes are turned to the young girl. He pulls off his hat, waves it a second in his hand, and throws it suddenly high in the air to the lox, and into the girl's lap. This bona immediately united their voices harmoniously. Married, disturbed play is forgotten; all hearts glow; everyone wishes to give a tribute of his feeling, and flowers—showers of them—rain down on the fighter and over to the box where the girl sits. A still, dark night, a southern night, with a clear, blue sky, the aroma of the tropic, and the chirp of the cricket. No other noise seems to disturb the solitude, but on the balcony of a rich, stone house there, lips a sweet maiden voice. The moon reveals to us a man's figure that hovers dangerously on the edge of the railing. It is a pretty picture, one that reminds us of Romeo and Juliet; only the Mexican bull-fighter did not require a rope ladder to reach his beloved Anita. Like a cat he had sprung upward from stone to stone and now stood on a small projecting rock holding himself on the outside of the balcony. It had not been an easy matter to accomplish even this small feat. Many a night had he sat on the marble steps with the os ulos buzzing around him and waited patiently for some sign of her. How often had he seen her shadow through the curtains, until one night, touched by his faithfulness, she allowed him to speak to her. To-night he is very happy—oh, in miterly so. Her sweet lips had said she loved him, and all the pain of expectation and doubt vanished for the moment. "Anita," he said, "let us fly away from this large city, farther south, where the palms grow higher and the fruit is sweeter. Your father is rich and proud. He would never allow a poor bull-fighter to marry his daughter. Do not speak of flying, Andres, no; yet we will think of that later. Are you not happy?" "I am happy, Anita, but I fear—I do not know what. Still I have a feeling of anxiety. Anita do not betray—do not leave me; it would be my certain death!" "I promised to be yours, Andres, be patient and do not rave so. I have done everything I could for you. Trust me and I shall do even more in the future." "You will? Oh, how sweet that sounds! Give me some token of your love, Anita, a pledge of your faithfulness." "I pledge stronger than my word? How strange you are! But, hold, wait a moment." She left the balcony, but soon returned. "Take this bunch of violets. It is from my sister's grave, whom you know I loved very much. These flowers, you dear simpleton, show to you—not when my love changes, for that is impossible—but if I ever grieve or trouble you. And now good-by, dearest; the morning dawns." After a kiss, that seemed to the young man like a drop of sweet, poisoned wine, they parted. Poor Andres walked slowly homeward. He would so have liked, and yet he never attained it—have an unspiced joy session of Anita; an unaccountable something constantly grinned at him, sneered and showed him her sweet face as he had never seen it—cold, cruel and so cruel. That tortured him. Nevertheless he went to her house night after night, climbed the balcony, and in her presence his doubts flew. As soon as he left her, however, they returned with still more force. Did Andres know these Mexican women, whose character a poet of that land described with the three f's—faciles, formosae, farsae—fickle, fair, false? It is common in Mexico that women deal with men in such a way, which in any other country would be considered a proof of the strongest affection but which is in reality only a momentary humor of their fantastic ideas. It occurs still often that circumstances have gone so far that it seems as if they were united to all eternity, when suddenly she breaks her promise, and this accounts for the large number of—according to the Mexican statistics—love suicides. After some time it happened, that Anita did not appear on the balcony for two or three nights, and poor Andres grew nearly wild with fear. In vain he carried up there hour after hour, in vain he counted the beads of his rosary and called to his tutelary saint—she did not come. He knew she was in the house, and yet could

he be so heartless not even to whisper a single kind word to him? When she came again her reasons were far too simple and groundless for his great love and distress. He reminded her of her promise, her lovers; then she placed her small, perfumed hand over his mouth and laughingly said: "You dear, big simpleton, do I really grieve you so? Be sensible, Andres, I could not help it." After that she did not come for a whole week, and Andres grew to be a living skeleton. Where were his thoughts, his will—his soul? Up there on the balcony they waited and her shadow on the curtain. But Anita was not too cruel. Already at the end of this fearful week she brought him—the death—love. Stubborn, as only an idiot or unhappy lover can be, he had climbed up every night, and, surely, this evening she came. He heard the familiar sound of tied or saw her white garment, the sum of all his wishes, elixir, hearing him. Alrea y he opened his mouth to curse her, nay, to beseech her pardon; to forget all in a long, elose embrace. She did not open the door, however, but only gave him a sign with her handkerchief and disappeared. The youth fell violently to the ground and lay a long time apparently lifeless. He was not dead, however. There is a divinity which is far too cruel to suffer such a hasty, beneficent death. The human heart can and must bear much, much more. And yet there passed over Andres's brow, as he rose and started away, something like the shadow of death and the stamp of the seal. Forfeited! The sign with the handkerchief meant: I am promised to another. An again there is an immense public assembled in the amphitheatre of Chapultepec. Again the sand whirls and the blood flows, but that is not the magnet which drew the 20,000 people to the circus. Nay, on all street corners the placards had stated: Andres, the celebrated picador, will fight. Why does he not come? What keeps him away so long? The attention of the multitude is turned to the small side door. What do they care to-day for a picador, banderillero, and all the tedious, bipody scenes; they want to see Andres, and suddenly, as if an electric spark had kindled all their hearts, the audience breaks into a thundering "Iva, Anita!" At last the small side door opens and Andres steps in. He is remarkably pale, but certain and determined. He walks to the center of the arena and his deep, sultry glances flame around until they reach the lox in which Anita sits. To-day at the side of a richly-clad Caballero, who addresses her hand. What befalls the bull-fighter? A breathless silence reigns throughout the place, into which the deep, blue sky, interwoven by the laughing, conquering light of the tropic sun, looks down. But the fire of all eyes is turned to one spot—Anita. He does not seem to lead all this, however. He lowers his lance, takes a bunch of faded flowers from his breast, fastens them on his hat and suddenly it lies in a high bow up to the box, into Anita's lap. What is that? But the questions, which grow louder and louder, are suddenly hushed. Andres has taken his lance—here comes the bull. Andres! Andres! Great God, how could that befall the clever fighter? His lance did not even touch the animal's neck, it had slipped by and there was no hope for the youth to escape. With a single leap the bull has reached him, his horns pierce deep in Andres's breast. In the next moment he is thrown high in the air and falls down—a corpse. And the public cheers, from all parts there thunders gigantic applause: "Bravo! Bravo!" A Little too Soon. A couple from across the border came to the city recently, says the Binghamton (N. J.) Republican, and stopped at one of the best hotels. The young lady was plainly but neatly dressed and was a handsome brunette. The young man stepped up to the clerk after having escorted the lady to the parlor, and asked where he could find a minister as he wanted to get "splied." Upon being informed, the clerk handed him the pen to register. "I don't want to register now," said the young man; "wait until we get married, then I can write it Mr. and Mrs. —" "That don't make any difference," said the clerk, "as long as you are going to get married." The youthful swain stepped up to the desk, took the pen, looked at it carefully, and then at the register. His face grew red, and he hesitatingly inscribed "Joseph Link" upon one line, and upon the next "Mrs. Lottie Link, all of Seranton." "I wonder what she would say if she knew it!" he said in an awe-struck voice, and then hurried out in search of a clergyman. The inscription was soon legalized. Fremont's Amoy Car Porters. It is well known to the travelling public, it is the custom to give the porter of a sleeping-car a quarter each morning for his attention in shining shoes and brushing of the clothes of the traveler. Occasionally there is a man too mean to do this, and the porter cuts a notch in the heel of his shoe. This is a signal which all the other porters will recognize, and shoes with a notch outside of the heel will not be blacked as the owner is on the "D. R." list. Recently Ed. Hewitt was a passenger on a Cincinnati southern train, and Conductor Kelly was telling him of this Freemasonry among the knights of the brush. Ed., who is always generous with tips, seemed so much interested in the matter that Kelly got out of his shoes that night and not-hed them. Then he told a friend at the Burnet house about it, who engaged Barrister Hewitt in conversation on the subject and, much to his discomfort, showed him his own shoes were notched. He tumbled to Kelly's joke.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Governor Waterman of California upon assuming his seat recently, had all the money in the state treasury counted, insisting upon every seal of every bag being broken. The money, \$1,100,000, was all there, and the governor gave an elaborate dinner to all who had a hand in the count.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson III, July 15, 1888. THEME: GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.—Ex. 33:12-23.

12. And Moses said unto the Lord, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also said, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I will give thee rest. 13. Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, show me now thy way, that I may know thee; that I may find grace in thy sight; and consider that this nation is thy people. 14. And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. 15. And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. 16. For wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? is it not in that thou goest with us? so shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth. 17. And the Lord said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name. 18. And he said, I beseech thee, show me thy glory. 19. And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy upon whom I will show mercy. 20. And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live. 21. And the Lord said, Behold there is a place, by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: 22. And it shall come to pass, when my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by: 23. And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen. GOLDEN TEXT.—Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:20. Israel was given opportunity to repent. Some (the tribe of Levi) promptly responded and took a bold stand for the right; others went to their tents to consider, others incorrigible, perished in their sins. It is a remarkable coincidence that in this first flagrant violation of law 3,000 perished, and under the first great proclamation of grace 3,000 were saved. No sooner had Moses reprimanded the people than he withdrew and prayed for them, fasting forty days and nights until the Lord hearkened and spared them and the great body of Israel returned to their allegiance. While the people were forgiven, the Lord indicated that his personal presence would be withdrawn, and this is the occasion of the prayer in our lesson to-day: Moses' intercession in behalf of the people and intercession in his own behalf. LESSON NOTES. V. 12. Thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people, and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. As mentioned in the last lesson, Israel had broken the covenant and could not claim Divine recognition and care, hence Moses felt more than before the weight of his responsibility. How characteristic his words: "It is the same Moses—somewhat advanced in grace but still fearful. When tending his father-in-law's sheep, he said, 'I can not, I now he says, 'I cannot without thee.' Then he said, 'I cannot go to Egypt lest Pharaoh slay me; now he is ready to lead this fickle host, if the Divine presence will accompany him. Aaron had by sin, cut himself off from God's favor and Moses was left exceedingly alone. From the latter part of the verse we learn that God reveals himself to individuals, calls them by name and meets out their ways according to their need. God is not merely the ruler of the Universe, ordering events according to general law, but his ways are planned for the individual good of those who love him and seek his care. Moses had been given the strongest proof of God's favor, and yet he desired to hold a closer relationship, to know more of God's purpose and will. He desired to understand, how notwithstanding disobedience Israel might still be a chosen people inheriting the promises. His wish embraced three things: (1.) to know whom God would send with him (2.) to understand God's method of dealing with those who had broken his law (3.) to have friendly relationship restored and continued. V. 14. My presence shall go with thee. The answer covers every doubt and fear of the human soul. To be assured of the Divine Presence gives peace. Every life journey is over an unknown way, many difficult questions will arise, but the Presence relieves from anxiety and foreboding. The Divine recognition gave Moses encouragement to speak still further, in which he emphasizes reluctance to possess the Lord go with him: "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." Moses felt it was better to die in the wilderness with God than to go to Canaan without him. The nations round about were idolaters, and without the Divine Presence there would be nothing to distinguish them. Israel would become easy prey to enemies, temptation and sin. V. 18. Show me thy glory. Moses prays for himself, he needs assurance; past blessings and Divine revelations will not suffice. Moses did not desire a vision to gratify the natural eye only, but he desired a sensible manifestation of Divine glory. Mercy yielded to the prayer, and consented not only to forgive the people and restore the broken covenant, but to give a special revelation of God's goodness and glory. Knowing God's way is a great help to right thinking and right doing. The house will be better built, if the builder understands well the architect's plans. As the covenant was to be renewed, and as Moses was to stand again as mediator between Jehovah and the people he desired to speak understandingly and intelligently of the Being whose mind he was to interpret. While the answer to Moses' prayer was not given exactly as he asked, nevertheless he was given as great a blessing as he was capable of receiving. Not all prayer is it possible to answer, now. Moses in the flesh could not behold the full glory of the Divine. Fifteen hundred years afterward he stood with Jesus on the Mt. of Transfiguration and talked with him in the fullness of glory, while the disciples could not behold, but were as dead men in the glorious Presence: "Thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." V. 19. I will make all my goodness pass before thee. The goodness of God is the centre of his glory, and a knowledge of this was the greatest blessing the heart of man could conceive. To behold how God could be just and the justifier of those who believe in Jesus—a revelation of the atoning sacrifice, was doubtless a part of that which was vouchsafed to Moses. "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious." Not that favor was arbitrarily bestowed, but that whatever manifestation of grace was apparent, all was of unmerited favor. The words were spoken in this form, doubtless, to preserve Moses from being vain-glorious in that he had prevailed with God. While God's will is the ultimate ground of favor, he has stated the conditions upon which all may approach with assurance of blessing His mercy is shown

to thousands of generations, while iniquity is visited only to the third and fourth generations. V. 20. There shall no man see me and live. As the eye would be destroyed by gazing at the glories of the sun through the clear glass of the telescope, so the natural man would be consumed were the glories of the Divine to burst upon him. In the world to which we hasten, added powers, enlarged capacities, exquisite sensibilities will enable the redeemed soul to see and know God as he is. To Moses, therefore, it was said, I will put thee into a cleft in the rock and shield thine eyes with my hand as thou viewest the lesser glories which it is possible for mortal man to comprehend. "The glory was unquestionably the glory of Christ, else what can be meant by Moses beholding 'the similitude of the Lord,' a display of the 'express image of his person.' SUGGESTED THOUGHTS. Moses had come down from heavenly heights, had been touched by defilement, and he bounded back, as it were, with more earnest desire for greater manifestation of God's power and closer relationship to holiness. Moses had seen an idolatrous revelry; he desired a vision of God and his glory that would forever banish that ribald scene from memory. Moses did not really know how much his prayer implied. Better err by desiring too much than too little; better seek greater heights than fall down in lowness of mind, smallness of purpose and coldness of heart. At the very time God had determined upon the consecration of Aaron, he was constructing an idol. How often has God turned aside his blessing from us, because we have been discovered in the manufacture of mischief. What a picture of life! Human perversity obstructing the chariot wheels of salvation. They who do not contend for the faith are usually too blind to see any faith for which to contend. The world is full of Aaron, men who cut and trim, endorse new policies and succumb to the clamor of the populace. The need of the world is men like Moses, uncompromising, incorruptible patriots, unswerving expounders of truth. Moses felt the weight of responsibility as a leader, hence he prayed, "If thou wilt, forgive thy sin, and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." He could not survive an unpardoned people; their burden involved his; his heaven must rest while the flock is being worried by wild beasts, otherwise he is no shepherd, but a hireling. The true minister cannot say "I have found my duty, but the people are lost; give me my crown." With Paul rather he would exclaim, "I could wish myself accursed, rather than Israel should not be saved." Human selfishness knows not the divine principle of self-sacrifice. God's presence or his absence is the distinguishing characteristic of nations. A knowledge of God and of his abiding presence is essential to successful teaching and preaching. Bright light destroys the eye, intense heat the body, and bursts of thunder the hearing; there is a near limit to human powers; adaptation to light, heat and sound, limited by nature, we know but little, see as it were "through a glass darkly." Heavenly perceptions will be ours by and by, to see as we are seen, to know as we are known, and to worship God in the beauty of holiness. LIBRARY REFERENCES: Bush, Pentecost's Bible Student, Parker's People's Bible. FACT AND FANCY. A New York woman is making shirts for 7 cents a dozen. A clergyman has been caught making clippings from books at the British museum. Chaney Parker, a colored woman, who died the other day in Jefferson county, Georgia, claims to be 17 years old. A consumptive minister in Ohio has gone into the letter-carrier business, and it is said that his delivery is improving. Does it pay to be good, when a minister gets \$2 for marrying a couple and a lawyer gets \$20 for marrying them? An unfortunate Maine baby that happened to be born on the day of her grandparents' golden wedding was named Anna Versary. The Austrian crown princess, Stephanie, while curling her hair recently, ran the hot curling tongs against her eyelid and was laid up for a week. The emir of Afghanistan has fallen in love with big game, and has ordered 200 of them for Cabul. The shah of Persia has also ordered a brass band. The truth of the report that Labouchere won £25,000 at Monte Carlo by means of a system is vouchsafed for by the croppers of that famous gaming resort. A lazz fellow who was idling away his time was asked by a minister where he expected to go when he died. "I shall not go," was the reply; "I expect to be carried." If the door creaks and you can't get all and can get a soft lead pencil, rub the point into all the crevices of the hinges and the creaking will cease. Even if you can get all, the black lead is neater. The rapidity with which Anglo-Saxon literature is pouring into Japan is illustrated by the fact that 85,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported last year, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. As evidence of the meagerness of the snow crop there The Boston Journal says that thus far this winter the city has expended only \$5,000 for removing snow from her streets against \$25,000 for the same period last year. "Do you know the gentleman?" asked a San Francisco lady of her little girl, in reference to the minister who was making a pastoral call. "Of course I do," said the little girl. "He does the hollering at church." A minister who had preached in a vacant congregation was handed \$5 as compensation, and then profusely complimented on his discourse. "Oh," said the preacher, "say nothing about that sermon; you ought to hear one of my \$10 discourses." The Vatican is the most polite court in Europe. Replies to all communications are addressed with the titles assumed by the original correspondents, be they counts dukes or princes. The pope never stops to ask whether the gentlemen are genuine or not. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, says the school enrollment in Georgia has increased from 49,878 in 1871, white and black, to 302,594 in 1885. In 1871 the colored children in school numbered 6,654; in 1885 they number 119,248, and he thinks they now number at least 140,000.

Churches.

EPHRAIM.—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.

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

PLYMOUTH BOOK 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. 390.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. B. Pattengill, Master.

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

K. OF L. LAPHAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5596.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

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

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WHAT THEY SAY.

Air guns at M. Conner & Son's.

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

—Mrs. C. H. Ins'ee and son, of Detroit, are visiting at G. A. Starkweathers's.

Eight, twelve, fifteen and eighteen inch Akron sewer pipe for sale by C. A. Frisbee.

—Mr. Cable has bought a house and lot of Mrs. Scotten, nearly opposite her dwelling.

—A Young Men's Republican club has been organized at Northville with sixty members.

—Miss Mamie Chaffee, of Stockbridge, spent a few days last week at her uncle's, A. W. Chaffee.

—Rev. John M. Shank has gone to Lake Side camp grounds for a vacation of a week with Rev. J. L. Hudson, of Detroit.

—Charles Curtis, Jr., who has lately been given a license as an exhorter in the M. E. church, will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning.

—The Plymouth and Wayne clubs played ball on the fair grounds here this afternoon; we go to press too early to give the result this week.

—There are two excursions to Detroit over the D. L. & N. road next week; one on Tuesday and the other on Friday. Fare 65 ct. Ball games each day.

—D. B. Wilcox, at the executrix's sale, on Tuesday, bought the property known as the Mead's mill site, for \$1,000. This property was held at \$6,000 to \$8,000 during Mr. Mead's life.

—One James W. Brown is held for trial in Detroit for having a few too many wives. The detectives have copies of twenty marriage certificates which will be used as evidence against him. He seems to have had no trouble in getting married three or four times a year.

—We are in receipt of a couple of nicely printed cards neatly tied together, reading "Miss Frankie E. Wolcott" and "Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Clarke," and hence infer the young folks have been committing matrimony. The contracting parties are both well known in this city, and we wish 'em all the happiness and prosperity imaginable.—Pontiac Bill Poster.

—Some men have ox-sized hearts. We have in view the Pontiac professional gentleman who took another man's wife to the circus the other evening much to the disgust of a farmer who also seems to have fallen a victim to the charms of the old girl from the country. To let her walk home alone the next morning, however, is heartless and extreme cruelty.—Pontiac Bill Poster.

—About 100 milk farmers met at Sand Hill, in Redford, last Friday night, to take steps to fight the dealers, who, they say, pay them too little for their milk. They claim too, that they do not know how much they are to get for their milk until the end of the month; this they object to. The dealers only want to pay from 75 to 80 cents a hundred, while the farmers demand 85 cents; which is less than seven cents a gallon. The farmers in Livonia have organized and are getting 85 cents for theirs.

Bennett's screen doors at M. Conner & Son's.

—Mrs. Charles Dix, of Ionia, is visiting at A. J. Lapham's.

—M. Conner & Son have sold nearly 8,500 pounds of binder twine already this season.

—Mrs. Mary Maynard and daughters, of Detroit, spent Friday and Saturday here at Grandpa Hood's.

—Cal W. Platt, who has been visiting here for several days, expects to return to Howard City, Monday.

—William VanVliet expects to remove to galesburg, Illinois, next week, where he has secured work in a printing office.

—Major George H. Penniman, has recovered and has returned to Detroit looking much better than before leaving the city.

—The elocutionary contest is postponed for one week on account of some of the competitors being obliged to withdraw from the class.

—Orr Passage has given up his barber shop here and gone to Northville, taking a half interest in the barber shop of his cousin, Ernest Passage. Good luck to you Orr.

—George Thompson, of near Wayne, was arrested in Detroit on the 4th for an alleged assault upon Mary Rose, of Dearborn. Wednesday he had his examination and was discharged.

—Marvin Berdan says that the hog delivered to his place the other day by Mr. Busby, as mentioned in last week's MAIL, only lived fifteen minutes instead of an hour or two as was stated.

—Chas. H. Wight assistant in the mailing department of the Detroit postoffice was arrested Tuesday evening charged with stealing letters containing money. A number of letters mailed from this place, containing checks, etc. to parties at Detroit have failed to reach their destination.

—Several from this place went to Walled and Straight's lakes fishing during the week. Among them were A. A. Taft, Robert Hunter, H. C. Bennett, George Burnett, H. B. Bennett, Will Brown, —Ward, H. C. Robinson, J. W. Taft, Shib Taft, Ed. Lauffer, Charles Tuttle, Ed. Shaffer, and probably others. They all claim to have had a nice time and good fishing.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Frank B. Clarke, of Plymouth, for a long time foreman of the Democrat, and Miss Frankie E. Wolcott, of Novi. The ceremony was performed at the Simpson M. E. parsonage in Detroit, on the 3d. The young couple have the best wishes of a large number of Pontiac friends, where both are well known.—Pontiac Democrat.

—Frank Tillotson had a narrow escape from death on Tuesday. He was engaged in mowing when one of the horses kicked over the tongue of the machine and became frightened, ran away. After running a few rods Tillotson was thrown off on the side away from the knives, but became entangled in the lines and was dragged about twenty rods. The machine was badly used up; one of the horses badly injured on the hind leg, and Mr. Tillotson, severely but not dangerously injured.

—As a rule an editor gets 1,000,000 kicks to one caress. Once in awhile he gets a kind word and it warms and cheers his weather beaten, storm-racked heart to his innermost core. Most people are afraid to tell an editor when he writes an article which particularly pleases them, for fear of making him proud, we suppose; but if they find anything which does not accord precisely with their views, they will neglect their own business for a month to hunt him up and tell him of it.—Ex. The truth of the above was fully demonstrated to us again last Saturday.

—Did you see a man coming down town last Saturday morning wearing blood in his eye and swearing (to himself of course) vengeance? That man was Doc Pelham and it was all because a dog bit him. Now, for some reason the doctor has a peculiar dislike for dogs that are wont to bite, and for this particular canine, which he claims has tackled him for the third time, he hasn't the least bit of repent, and has made a solemn vow that should the cur ever molest him again he will not rest until his dogship has been given a start for the happy hunting grounds.

—Mrs. Ed. Everett, of Livonia, displays some pluck. It was on the Fourth and all were away from home except Mrs. Everett and her babe, when she heard an unusual disturbance among the hens, and upon looking out, discovered a large hen-hawk sitting upon the edge of a tub near the well and in close proximity to the fowls. Laying down her babe the lady secured a club and throwing it at the hawk knocked him from the tub, stunning him. The bird endeavored to get away and succeeded in getting over the fence and into a neighboring field, but the lady was close after him. The bird finally, when overtaken got into position for fighting, but the lady wouldn't scare and by a number of heavy raps with a club, the bird was finally dispatched.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Conner are visiting in Detroit for a few days.

—Farmers and others should be on the lookout for choice exhibits for the fair.

—John Sugars, formerly of Wayne, and for many years a conductor on the Bay City division of the Michigan Central railroad, has become landlord of the Everett House, at East Saginaw.

—Alice Kelly, the young woman who created considerable notoriety and amusement in Detroit four or five weeks ago, when she plead her own case in the probate court on the charge of insanity, was found dead at Ottumwa, Iowa, Tuesday, her throat cut and head badly beaten. Her body was covered with a lap robe and a horse and buggy stood hitched near by. Miss Kelly was rather good looking, neatly attired and in court made a long plea for her liberty. She was let go upon promise of going to her friends in Iowa, Sheriff and Mrs. Littlefield accompanying her part way.

Belleville.

Haying is now the order of the day.

Mrs. J. Smith, of Detroit, is in town. VanBuren's share of the liquor tax is \$294.

R. C. Begole spent Sunday here, with his "girl."

Wm. Davis, of Cadillac, was home the Fourth.

Chas. Paizoch occupies the Frain residence on Main street.

Mrs. Chas. Millsbaugh, of Brainerd, Minn., is visiting here.

Miss Flora Miller who has been teaching at Tawas is spending her vacation at home.

Our school meeting was held Monday evening. Albert Stuart and George Lower were elected trustees.

Mrs. Ella Barnes nee Soap, and her five sons, of Chicago, are here to remain during the summer with relatives.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, e. c. Manufactured on y by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, California. Sold in fifty cents and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists.

Mead's Mills.

Rob King, of Northville, Sundayed with his best girl, at this place.

Mrs. C. T. Rogers and daughter, of Lansing, spent the Fourth under the parental roof of C. S. McRoberts.

The first shipment of barrels from the Waterford cooper shop was made on Monday last, to the Phoenix Mills.

Miss Eva Ramsdell is home for the present. She has been attending school in Laingsburgh, for the past year.

The farmers about here are busy haying this fine weather, and fighting the irrepressible potato bug at odd times.

Jim Downey is making a visit in Springfield, Ohio, where he has a brother and sister living. He is in hopes of getting employment there.

The wedding bells did not ring in this place on July 4 this year as they have for two years past. The prospect did bid fair we thought, for them to ring, but they were silent.

The glorious Fourth has come and gone. The people generally of this place celebrated somewhere. Some took in the sights at Novi and Walled Lake; some those of Detroit and Belle Isle; and others the grand demonstrations made in Plymouth. Those who spent the day in the latter place declared the whole thing to be a grand humbug, if not a disgrace. If the township of Plymouth is accounted the credit of being the banner town of the county, the village cannot wear such laurels and allow the perpetration of such things as were allowed on the Fourth. It is evident that the city fathers did not attend the morning services of July 1, at the Presbyterian church, for had they, they would have planned wiser and better.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at J. H. Boylan's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this, very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

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 headache, indigestion, constipation or coarctiveness 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, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 522 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 67

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

BASSETT & SON,
Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,
Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodes, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.
We also carry a Large Stock of

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

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

Red Front Drug Store.

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

**THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Paints and Oils!
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS!
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
DRY :: PAINTS.
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Smoked and Salt Meats, Salt Fish, Field and Garden Seeds, Perfumes and Toilet Articles.**

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

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

**CALL ON
ANDERSON & GABLE,
If you want a
- Gasoline Stove. -
We also have in stock
Fence Wire of All Kinds, Glass,
Nails and Putty.**

**: Decorative Paints for Household Use. :
ALL SHADES!
White Lead.
Linseed Oil.
Varnishes.
Neal's Carriage Paints.
Floor Paints.
Liquid Paints.
Alabastine
Whiting.
Paint Brushes.
White Wash Brushes.
Colors in Oil.
Wood Stains.
Tube Colors and Brushes.
Putty.**

**PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY
AT
BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.**

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888.

He Wanted to Make a Haul.

Det. Evening Journal, July 10. Rascality has been discovered lurking about in the shadows of the campfires of the soldiers' and sailors' association of eastern Michigan, and there is a hub-bub among the veterans in consequence. About a month ago the members of the executive committee of the association held a meeting in the parlors of the Michigan Exchange to complete arrangements for raising the amount of money necessary for the entertainment of the veterans who were expected on the Fourth of July. Three members of the committee were Gen. O. M. Poe, Capt. Thatcher, and O. B. Curtiss. There was a brief but animated consultation between Thatcher and Curtiss; then they whispered something in Gen. Poe's ear. The general started and looked amazed. Then his countenance assumed a look of grim determination, and he nodded assent. The next day's petition was circulated by Capt. Thatcher and Mr. Curtiss, requesting the mayor to call a citizens' meeting to aid the soldiers' and sailors' association in the matter of entertainment and celebration. When the citizens were organized into committees Gen. Poe appeared before the executive committee and at the request of Capt. Thatcher and Mr. Curtiss asked that the citizens' finance committee take entire charge of the funds to be collected and disbursed for the reunion and celebration. Gen. Poe stated that he was instructed to make this request by the soldiers' and sailors' association, and for the reasons best known to the association itself. There was a great deal of curiosity as to what the "reasons best known" etc., were, but as there were evidently "reasons," the request was granted and the citizens committee collected and expended the money. The Journal has found the facts in the matter to be as follows:

While Capt. Thatcher and Mr. Curtiss were engaged in laying out plans for raising the money for the celebration Mr. Curtiss was approached by a well-known man who made this proposition: "The committee can raise \$6,000 or \$8,000 without any difficulty; of this \$2,000 can be clear gain; and if you are not over scrupulous you can find from \$300 to \$500 sticking to your pocket as your share of the deal."

Mr. Curtiss was astonished at the boldness of the proposition, and at the same time chagrined that so unprincipled a scheme could emanate, as this one did, from a veteran soldier. Instead of acting upon his first impulse to expose scheme and scerner he determined to allow the scheme and disgrace of it to go no further; and kept silent.

At the meeting in the Michigan Exchange Mr. Curtiss discovered that Capt. Thatcher had been approached with a similar proposition. Both gentlemen upon comparing notes realized the danger of the situation. Evidently there was a scheme afoot to steal a large portion of the money collected for the celebration. They at once decided to nip the scheme in the bud; to ask the mayor to call a citizens' meeting and to leave the entire handling of the finances with the citizens' committee, and thus thwart the man who would have lined their pockets with the generous contributions of patriotic and public spirited citizens. They took Gen. Poe into their confidence, with the above result.

"For the sake of his family and relatives I will not mention the name of the man who made the proposition to me," said Mr. Curtiss to the Journal; "but it is perfectly true that myself and Capt. Thatcher were approached on the subject and asked to become parties to the steal. Here is another hornet's nest we came upon the other day," continued Mr. Curtiss pulling several bills out of his pocket. "Corey post, of Wayne, took a prize of \$600 for having the largest number of men at the re-union of the Wayne county association, held at Plymouth last September. The post was assured by the managers of the re-union that if it would accept \$40 instead of \$60 there would then be money enough in the hands of the committee to pay all bills incurred by the re-union. The money for this re-union was raised by subscription chiefly in Detroit. Corey post readily accepted the \$40 rather than have any bills left unpaid. The day before the close of the Plymouth re-union the Wayne county organization ceased to exist, and this present organization was formed under the name of the Soldiers' and Sailors' association, of Eastern Michigan. About three weeks ago, when we began to negotiate with the State for tents to be used on the fourth, we were hauled this bill for \$21 for freight on the tents used by the Wayne county organization at Plymouth. Of course the new organization does not feel bound to pay the bills of the defunct one, for it assumed neither the assets nor the debts of its predecessor. Since then there has come into us one bill for \$50 for services rendered by the Plymouth band at the re-union and so on, amounting in all to a little over \$100. The question now is. What became of the

money which should have gone to liquidate their bills. The Wayne county organization died at Plymouth, and its officers have never made any report of the money collected and expended for the re-union. The boot of the hoodler who projected in the new organization a plan to defraud fits the foot prints left in the old."

"GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE."

In regard to the bill of \$21 for freight mentioned above, Dr. Pellham, of this place, one of the local committee during the encampment of a year ago, says that he paid the freight on the tents from Lansing here, and that the railroad company agreed to carry them back free of charge. As to the \$50 for band services, he says that the association never agreed to pay that; that it was distinctly understood that our citizens were to pay for any music and decorations that they saw fit to have and that a subscription paper was circulated and \$80 pledged for that purpose, but no effort was ever made to collect it and of course no money paid.

Wayne.

Jas. H. Rogers was in town Saturday. N. P. Grummond, of Detroit, was in town Tuesday evening.

Miss Lettie Brace, of Pontiac, is visiting with Mrs. Horace Barnes.

George Newkirk, of Detroit, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Lawyer Brown, of Plymouth, was in town Wednesday on business.

Rev. Father Rudolph Marker, of Sanilac county, Mich., is visiting at Fred Marker's.

The Congregational church gave a supper and entertainment at Central Hall, Tuesday evening.

Chas. Wortley, of Holly, who has been visiting old acquaintances here, left for home on Tuesday.

The Wayne and Plymouth second nines played a game of ball here last Friday, resulting in a score of six to four in favor of Wayne.

H. E. Coleburn has given the base ball boys permission to use the railroad commons near the freight depot and several dollars have been raised from the citizens with which to fix up the grounds—leveled and a fence put up to keep off travel.

The first accident occurring to the railroads here since putting in the inter-lock switch, took place on Saturday evening last. A freight train bound west over the M. C. R. R. was given an open switch instead of a locked one and the engine and six cars ran off the track.

Last Saturday a picked nine from this place went over to Northville to wrestle with the giants of the north-western part of the county. Imagine their surprise in catching a taitar—two to thirteen in favor of Wayne. Boys, you might just as well take the advice of Crockett's coon, when you have to meet such marksmen as Marker and Sims.

Fred Logan met with the misfortune of having his only arm broken the other day. He is attending a gate over the railroad at Springwells and is living at home. He swung up an early morning train that did not stop at this station, that the engineer might slacken the speed of his train so that he could get on, but the engineer refused to do so and he made an attempt to get on and was thrown to the ground with such force as to fracture his arm.

A tramp who was told to hop off from a freight train leaving Detroit Junction, on the 4th of July, made an attempt to board the train just as it was pulling out and brakeman Wm. Youngs, of this place, who happened to be on the train seeing that the man was in trouble, caught hold of him, and after considerable pulling succeeded in keeping him from going under the train, but not until after the toes on one foot had been cut off under the wheels. He was brought on to Wayne, where he was left and his toes amputated and he taken to the county house.

Stark.

Mrs. Herbert Smith is on the sick list. The milk men's strike is not yet settled. John Crum has purchased a new reaper. Mrs. A. L. Chapman spent last Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. John Bennett.

Mrs. Margaret McLaughlin started for her home near Pittsburg, Pa., last Thursday.

Mrs. Nellie Orr and Mrs. Amanda Edwards, of Inkster, spent last Friday at Wm. Rattenbury's.

Mrs. Henry Dean returned from her visit to Detroit, Tuesday evening, having been gone several weeks.

Mrs. Sarah Hoisington has gone to Cass City, to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Loretta Cooper.

Old Mr. Meade is no better and but little hopes are entertained for his recovery. His daughter from Detroit, Miss Agnes Meade, is now with him.

Several of the patrons were arrested last week for selling adulterated milk and were each fined five dollars and costs. Benny Bauer was also arrested but he said he did not adulterate his milk and should not pay a fine. He employed a Detroit lawyer to look after the matter and the suit was soon discharged and Benny came home rejoicing.

Livonia.

Little Annie Base is sick. It was very quiet the Fourth at this place.

Charles Smith is canvassing for Dr. Chase's receipt book.

The smut on oats is the worst it has been for many years.

John Bentley and wife visited at H. Kingsley's last Sunday.

We were glad to see so many out to Sabbath school last Sunday.

We had a very nice rain Sunday night which was much needed.

Henry Smitherman had the misfortune to lose a good five-years-old horse last week.

Rye is a good crop in this town, being better filled than it has been for a great many years past.

Mrs. Tuell and Mrs. Cooper, of Chicago, are visiting at their sister's, Mrs. E. Bennett, of this place.

Mrs. David Leach, of Saginaw county, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Millard, of this place.

Benjamin Childson is seventy-seven years old and he will bet money he can stand on his head longer than any young man in the town.

On June 30, a young man by the name of Western had one of his arms torn off above the elbow, in the town of Farmington, by a flat machine.

It may be that some of the farmers have watered their milk, but when they say that men who have lived in our town for fifty years and over, and always dealt honestly and uprightly with their neighbors, we cannot believe it.

Daniel Blue has stopped taking his milk to Elm Station, and is drawing it to F. L. West's cheese factory. He is one of the largest dairymen in the town.

One day last week there was a pitched battle between Mrs. Ed. Everett and a large hawk. Mrs. E. threw a stick of wood and hit the hawk and crippled it; he showed fight, but grit told, and Mrs. E. came out victorious by laying out Mr. Hawk in the cold arms of death. This happened on the farm of Thomas Smitherman. We say that lady should have a present of a hundred dollar shot gun and ammunition enough to last her life time.

Mr. Sullivan, of this place, has lived in Detroit for twenty-five years. Last spring he removed with his family to this township. He tells this story of one of his neighbors in Detroit: "They bought milk of a city milk peddler for a long time. It so happened that they changed one day and bought of another person. They let some of the milk stand over night and in the morning there was a little cream on top. As the family had never seen any cream on milk before they thought it was something poison and sent for a doctor who told them what it was, but it was hard to make them believe it."

Tonquish.

Dr. Orville Chubb visited the old home-stand and the graves of his parents and called on friends here last week.

A young Newcomb was accidentally shot through the cheek and one ear while handling a revolver supposed to be empty.

GRANGE.

The next regular meeting of Wayne county Farmers, P. of H., will be held at Livonia grange hall, July 20, at ten a. m. S. J. BLOUNT, Secretary.

A Popular Cyclopaedia.

A Cyclopaedia which presents concise and readable biographical sketches together with choice and characteristic selections from the writings of eminent authors of all ages and all nations, surely ought to be in great popular demand if its cost were not prohibitory. Such a work is Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature. Volume VI, of which contains 479 pages, large type, beautifully printed and bound, and includes within it the names of eighty-two eminent authors, among which are: Dana, Dante, Darwin, Daudet, Jefferson Davis, Sir Humphrey Davy, DeFoe (of Robinson Crusoe fame), Demosthenes, De Quincey, Descartes, Dickens, Disraeli, Doddridge, and Douglas. It would seem hardly possible to plan any literary work more eminently readable and interesting, if the compiling and editing were well done—and the nearly universal verdict seems to be that this IS very well done indeed. And the price! Only The Literary Revolution could have accomplished such a wonder—50 cents a volume for these beautiful cloth-bound books, or 60 cents for half Morocco binding! The publisher offers a sample volume to any one with privilege of returning it not satisfactory. Any one interested in high class literature ought to send for Mr. Alden's large Catalogue of Standard Books, which is free to any applicant. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York, or 216 Clark St., Chicago.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgetty, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

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

Table with columns for WEST STATIONS and EAST STATIONS, listing times for various routes including Detroit, Lansing, and Grand Rapids.

CONNECTIONS. Detroit with railroads following: Lansing with Michigan Central R. R., Ionia with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R., Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R. R., Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. J. B. MULLIKEN, W. A. CARPENTER, Gen'l Manager, Detroit.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Michigan County of Wayne ss. In the matter of the estate of William A. Ramsdell, dec'd. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned executrix of the estate of said William A. Ramsdell, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for said County of Wayne on the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1888, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the old foundry building, on the premises hereinafter described, in the township of Plymouth, in said Wayne County, on Tuesday the tenth day of July, A. D. 1888 at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following described lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to-wit: The property commonly known as the Meads Mills site and consisting of all those certain parcels or parcels of land situated on sections eleven and fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, and described in a certain quit claim deed made and executed on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1870 by Gannett Ramsdell and Anna P. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. Ramsdell and recorded in the register's office of said Wayne county in liber one hundred and fifty of deeds, on pages thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three and thirty-four to which said deed and the said record thereof reference is here made for a full, complete and particular description of the lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to-wit: The property commonly known as the Meads Mills site and consisting of all those certain parcels or parcels of land situated on sections eleven and fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, and described in a certain quit claim deed made and executed on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1870 by Gannett Ramsdell and Anna P. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. 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The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Gorman, Publisher.

ELYBOUTE, MICHIGAN

WILLIAM ASTOR has brought forty-seven pairs of trousers from London.

LIEUTENANT JOHN W. GRAYDON, the inventor of the dynamite shell projectile, is dangerously ill with a brain affection in Washington.

PAO-YUN, president of Pekin Academy, is translating Shakespear for the benefit of youthful princes of the Chinese imperial house.

JAMES REDPATH is now in Richmond, Va., recovering from his recent dangerous illness, but he will probably not resume literary work for several months.

A CHARMING figure at the recent private view of the Grosvenor Gallery was Miss Kate Greenaway, in a green plush gown, a figured silk shawl and a green trimmed hat.

BOULANGER was lately accused of wearing a wig, whereupon a correspondent called upon him and he submitted to having his hair pulled to show that the story was a slander.

FORTY years ago George West, the Ballston paper manufacturer and well-known member of Congress, was working for \$7 a week, but he lived within his means and has made a big fortune.

MRS. RUTH MCENERY STUART, the latest writer of negro dialect stories, lives in New Orleans. She is a young woman, tall, dark-haired and fine looking. She has only recently taken up literary work.

JULIUS L. BROWN, of Atlanta, son of Senator Brown, has just returned from a flying trip to the West Indies, South America and Europe. He traveled 16,000 miles and was gone exactly ninety days.

The young Duchess Decazes, formerly Miss Wimarotta Singer, is tall and slender, with brown hair and big blue eyes. Her husband is a blonde, good looking and an irreproachably fashionable gentleman.

REV. DR. LEONARD, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, who has been elected Bishop of Southern Ohio, will be the youngest member of the episcopacy, being just forty years old.

ZOLA damits, or claims, that each of his novels has brought him at least \$20,000. In reply to the criticism that he is no dramatist, he exclaims: "Ah! but the people do not care for literary plays, because thinking gives trouble!"

WHILE the late Matthew Arnold was in Baltimore, not very long ago, a young woman asked him to write in her autograph book. Above his name Mr. Arnold inscribed the following sentiment: "Not for this age nor for this people sing."

MRS. E. J. NICHOLSON, editor of the New Orleans Picayune, is a very attractive lady, of medium height, with a round girlish face, and would hardly be taken for the moving spirit of a newspaper that ranks among the very first in the South.

A PROFESSOR in the University of Vienna, long a sufferer through poison in the eye, was completely cured by having a rabbit's nerve attached to the old nerve. Dr. Gersuny, the assistant to the great surgeon of the world, Dr. Bilroth, performed the operation.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, presiding in London at a lecture on Africa, made a speech in which he said that both political parties had shirked their duties in their South African policy and had done everything to get rid of their responsibilities. "This policy," he said, "has been a most conspicuous failure. We ought to accept our obligations and offer to protect friendly chiefs."

EX-PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton College, still keeps his residence in that town, and is as studious and hardworking as ever. He said recently to a friend: "I always work ten hours a day and that is the work of an average man. In vacations I am never idle, but generally do from two to five hours of solid work in writing or thinking. When engaged in writing a book I walk five miles each day, thinking much, of course, while walking. When I was a student the famous Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, delivered a lecture to us on 'Systematized Work—Rest and Exercise.' I never forgot his advice."

SOME CHOICE VERSE.

The Silent Battle.
The war that Spring and Winter wage
Goes on in silence, day by day;
Strong youth against decrepit age,
New growth opposed to dark decay;
The strife of hope against despair,
Life against death; and morn by morn
A tenderer warmth is in the air,
And richer hues and hopes are born.
And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brook-side rushes' ready lance.
The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris-sprout's keen bayonet-thrust,
The rank and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.
Each day a fresher gaidon faunts,
Marking the vantage ground by turns;
The arrow-heads of water-plants,
The hard-etched fists of valiant ferns.
The willow's perous, brave and fair,
The wild flag's sharp and slender blade,
With every fierce of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade;
Till Winter's sullen struggles cease
And cold and darkness fall and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace
And green with palms of victory.
—Elizabeth Akers, in Woman's Journal.

The Blue and the Gray.
Tis the day of the conflict; in battle array
Stand the waiting combatants—the Blue and
the Gray.
From the green pasture-lands comes the lowing
of herds;
From the forests' deep shadows the music of
birds.
In warm, golden splendor the sun's slanting
rays
Lie over the broad field of ripening maize.
A little brook gurgles by hedge-row and thicket;
A quail makes his plaint in a soft, mellow
whistle.
All nature is peaceful; yet here, face to face,
They meet for the contest—these souls of one
race!
The Gray waits serenely in abattised strength—
The Blue, brave and daring, advances; as
length,
In a sea of red clover, so fragrant and sweet,
Just there, on the edge of the meadow, they
meet.
An attack sharp and sudden—a noise—what is
this?

A report—it is only a true lover's kiss!
Tis a glorious capture—and thus ends the fray—
His eyes are blue eyes, and her eyes are gray.
—Eus Best, in Detroit Free Press.

THE BITERS BIT.

The Students' Joke on the Doctor,
and How He Got Even.



WELL, there was something queer about that convention, and that's a fact, but if you want me to tell you just what 'twas you've got to pass your word not to let it go no further. It was three of them college students had more money than brains, and when they saw the town full of ministers and delegates they got up to their tricks. I dunno just how they fixed it, but most of them delegates got invitations to a reception at President Holden's, and there was more than a hundred from the town invited, too. I tell you there was a deal of talk among the women about what they was to wear, and I guess most of the men calculated to brush themselves up a bit, too. Well, sir, the thing was done so neat that Dr. Holden, he didn't hear nothing about it, and the day come, and there was his wife attendin' the meetin' and takin' notes and leadin' the women's afternoon session. Some of the women thought she was a pretty cool hand, but then they concluded she could hire all the help she wanted, and they guessed there was a lot at home a-cookin' the supper and fixin' the rooms. The doctor, he was standin' in the lobby talkin' to the minister when up comes Colonel Porter's colored man.
"The Colonel's real sorry, sir," he says, "but him and Mr. Porter's got to be out of town this evening." "Well, what if he has?" says the doctor. "Why, he can't be at your reception," says the minister. "Reception! I don't know nothing about a reception." "Reception at your house," says the minister, and then it all come out, and the doctor he was mad and was for advertising straight off in the meetin' that some one had put up a trick on him, but the minister says: "Hold hard, does your wife know! Maybe she's going to give you a surprise." The doctor he knew she wasn't, but he wanted she should know as quick as could be, so he had word passed up to her to come out in the lobby. She came out and there was her husband a-fuming, and it was the minister told her what was up. "It's some of them boys," said she at once, with a kind of a pleasant smile, but there came a sort of twinkle into her eyes, too. "What's the time?" says she. The minister he says it a half after three. "Two hours good," says she. And then she told the men they wasn't to say another word to no one; she was a-going to have the folks come and they



"THE COLONEL'S REAL SORRY, SIR."
shouldn't want for somethin' t' cat, neither. The doctor he begun to feel some better and he went and brought up the buggy and she had him drive her round to one store and another, and they picked up a cooked ham and a biggish load of bread, and other and fruit. I guess she didn't forget nothin'.

and she never let on to be a whit put out, but acted throughout as if there was the cat before her. When she got home she sent word to one of the lady teachers to send her down three or four of the handiest cats, and if she she, there's one on 'em can make light biscuit quick set her on it and keep her a-going till further notice. The teacher she didn't find no one to beat her at biscuit and she went straight on till the flour give out and she couldn't mix no more, and then she came down to the doctor's, and before all was through she'd baked up what there was in that house, too. My word! but it was fun to see one and another on 'em come strolling up to the house like they was going to call and then no sooner inside than they went in for all they was worth.

Mrs. Holden was all ready, and the rooms looked splendid when the company began to come in, but we didn't none of us see the doctor around. Presently in he come at the back door and two ladies were talkin' somethin' heavy. "She's forgot the ice-cream," says he to me, in a whisper, and that's where he'd been, a huntin' ice-cream, and he got it, too, and plates to put it on and men to serve it.

Was there a big crowd! I should say there was; that was the worst there was. There was food enough of one sort or 'nother, but seats was scarce, that's a fact; but Mrs. Holden and the doctor and the minister they kept a-rollin', and no one didn't notice any lack.

The doctor knew pretty well from the first where to look for the young rascals that had sprung the trick on him; and as he was a-going out and in he saw enough to act on. But it wasn't the next day, nor the next, as he said any thing, and the boys was beginnin' to think there wouldn't nothing be said, when the doctor he sends for them to his private room. "Gentlemen," he says, "I hope you're satisfied with what we did for your company the other night. There



"SHE'S FORGOT THE ICE-CREAM."
was a good many of 'em," says he, "and we didn't have time to be as economical as we should have liked. There's the bills, gentlemen, and I give you till the day after to-morrow to bring me the money."
Did they pay up! You may depend they did. They saw the doctor wasn't going to make no fuss, and you better believe they'd no wish to give themselves away. Yes, sir, the biters was bit that time, and no mistake. But you take care the story don't go no further."
A. E. R.

A SNAKE FIGHT.

The Deadly Battle Between a King Snake and Black Racer.

Near Tallahassee on the Jackson estates I witnessed a battle between the king snake and the black snake that was lively and entertaining. The moccasin is usually cock of the walk and naturally makes a meal of the rattlesnake, but the little yellow and black striped king snake whips both of these and all other species. My attention was attracted by the cries of the negroes, and hastening to the spot I found a king snake coiled around an enormous black reptile strangling his breath out. The negroes stated that both had been awakened from the same log, where they had hibernated during the winter, by the warm sun, and the king immediately drove out the black fellow and chased him about one hundred yards. I wanted to see a renewal of combat and fair play, and had the combatants separated. The black started to run away, but the king seized him by the tail with his mouth and instantly coiled about the black and took him by the throat. He tightened his cords and held on to the black's throat, occasionally smelling of the black's mouth to ascertain if it breathed. The operation lasted an hour, when the black, being dead, the king glided away to his hole. The combats between the king, rattler and moccasin are more terrific. Rattles in this State grow to enormous size to such an extent that their skins make very desirable leather for pocket-books and fancy articles. Both moccasin and rattler, when tormented or in danger, bite themselves and die of their own virus.

Not less exciting was a combat I witnessed at Pensacola navy yard between a porpoise and a shark. The porpoise was not over six feet long and the shark was three times that length. The porpoise chased the shark for several miles in a circle not over four hundred yards in diameter. Both animals made terrific leaps out of the water, and at every approach the shark struck desperately at the porpoise with his tail. At last the shark wearied a little and diminished his speed accordingly. With incredible speed the porpoise dashed ahead, dove under the big tyrant, and crushed in the shark's neck with his heavy jaws. The shark rolled over dead and floated away with the tide. Natives always bathe in presence of a school of porpoise, if possible, because no shark dares to come within a half mile. The porpoise never molests the human being, and, like the seals, is said to detect a dead body. A pilot fish always goes ahead of the shark, and, similarly, a snake usually goes ahead of a rattlesnake.
WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

A Familiar Incident.
He had not arranged the dampers at the properly artistic angles and they had been giving a little episode with coal gas in the atmosphere.
The weather was somewhat milder than had been—that is, above zero—and as he had the stove for the night he remarked, in a contented tone: "We ain't burning coal this weather."
"No," she answered, with an ironical smile, "but I should judge, for the sake of the room."—Detroit Free Press.

WEDDED HIS WIFE TWICE.

The Romantic Story of a Fickle Woman and a Faithful Man.

At the home of 'Squire Ormond, a country justice of the peace residing some three miles from Sandyville, O., says a letter to the St. Paul Globe, there has been performed the closing act in a drama upon which the curtain was rung more than thirty years ago.

When George Linhard, an old soldier, was quietly married the other morning it was the second time that he and the frail woman at his side had taken upon themselves the vows which made them one. The romance of the rives is like the imagining of a fertile-brained story writer, and is one more striking proof that truth is stranger than fiction.

It was in June, 1857, that George Linhard, a promising young farmer of 21, who inherited from his father what was a snug little fortune in those days, first began his addresses to Ada Sedgely, a farmer's daughter of 16, who was then one of the rural belles of Stark county. She seemed to favor him until a young southerner named Henry Sealman, who claimed to belong to one of the best families of South Carolina, appeared in the neighborhood and became the rival of the honest young farmer for her hand. Then she seemed to forget that Linhard had ever existed, and his suit would have 'ared badly but for Ada's father, who brought such pressure to bear upon his fair daughter that at length unwillingly consented to become Linhard's wife. It was very evident, however, that her infatuation for Sealman was complete. The latter seemed greatly affected by the loss of his sweetheart, and disappeared shortly before the wedding.

The honeymoon had scarcely passed when Mrs. Linhard received a letter purporting to come from an old schoolmate, who had urged the newly-made bride to pay her a visit. With her husband's consent, Mrs. Linhard left some ostensibly for that purpose, but never from that time until to-day was she seen in the vicinity of her old home.

When the time set for her return had passed, her husband and her father made effort to find her, but without avail.

Three years passed by and then the deserted husband married again. The father of the missing bride had never recovered from the shock of his daughter's disappearance, and had died a broken-hearted man within a year after its occurrence, leaving to his son-in-law property amounting to \$20,000—all he possessed—with the condition that the legatee should never relax his efforts to find his missing wife, and that when found, no matter how great her offenses might have been, he should make suitable provision for her.

When the civil war broke out in 1861 Linhard was one of the first three years' men enlisted from Ohio. He passed unscratched through many battles, but at Gettysburg he received what the surgeons feared would prove a mortal wound. His wife, whose tenderness and truth had consoled him for the disappointment of his first marriage, hastened from her country home to her husband's bedside, and during the long weeks that he hovered between life and death nursed him with unremitting devotion. He at length recovered sufficiently to be taken home, and when another month had passed he rejoined his regiment and served to the end of the war.

His wife's health had been undermined by her long vigil at his bedside. She fell into a slow and gradual decline, and not long after Lee's army had surrendered and her husband had been mustered out of service she died.

Wifeless for the second time George Linhard seemed to lose interest in all things around him and in his great grief, to shrink from human companionship.

For the past twenty years he has been a silent, solitary man, trusting the conduct of his affairs almost wholly to a nephew, whom he had adopted, and whose young wife was the only other inmate of his quiet household.

A few weeks ago there was placed in his hands a letter addressed to his dead father-in-law.

At sight of the familiar handwriting he trembled and grew pale.

The letter was dated at St. Louis, and within a few hours Linhard was on his way to that city. What passed between husband and wife at their first meeting is, of course, known only to themselves. It has since been learned that Mrs. Linhard eloped with Sealman, who overcame her scruples by an Indiana divorce and a marriage with him. After a few years of wretchedness and poverty he had cruelly abandoned her, and she had gradually sunk lower and lower, until at last she had resolved, like the prodigal son, to arise and go to her father.

The sight of his first sweetheart and

wife, whose memory, in spite of him self, Linhard had fondly cherished in his heart throughout the long years, rekindled all the ardent passion of his youth.

He forgot and forgave everything, and in the dusty little room which 'Squire Ormond calls his office, George Linhard and Ada Sedgely repeated the same vows of love and constancy that they had made to each other three decades ago.

Despite the long years of suffering through which she has come to peace and rest at last, Mrs. Linhard's face is a beautiful one still.

Spoiled Boys.

I have often heard mothers with marriageable daughters express the hope that these same daughters would have a happier fate than to marry men who thought as much of their clothes as they would of their wives. I have heard mothers whose daughters were already married to such men weeping and bemoaning this at a terrible rate, and to just such women I would like to put this question: Pray how are you preparing or how have you prepared your sons for the husbands of other mothers' daughters? If a man isn't just what he should be people say: "Oh there's a screw loose somewhere; probably a woman in the case." However that may be there was a woman in the beginning of the case, and that woman was his mother.

A sad example is under my eye as I write. A worthy couple live next door. They have two lads under twenty—Charlie and Frank. They have petted and spoiled these boys until they actually look down on their simple, hard-working parents, and while the mother, who often suffers from neuralgia, washes and hangs out their clothes the coldest winter days, Charlie lolls in the basement window gazing into infinite space, while Frank is hanging around some saloon smoking cigarettes. Neither will work if he can possibly help it. Occasionally necessity in the shape of a desire for a new fashion in coat or hat or necktie forces them to look for a job, but they are never known to retain a situation long. A house much larger than is really needed is kept up for their benefit, fine furniture has been purchased that they may receive the young companions in some sort of style, and—the parents pay the piper. Frank openly boasts that he spends every cent he gets on dress, and what Charlie can't earn to put on his back he is not ashamed to borrow. Already they are affecting the society of neighboring damsels, and will doubtless have the luck to fascinate girls who might have met and married worthier fellows.

I used to pity the mother, but I don't now. I lock out of my back window on cold windy days and see her hanging up clothes, and think how poetically just it is that her back is nearly breaking, since she is the direct means by which other women will suffer also.

I believe in indulging children, to a certain extent, but I don't believe in spoiling them. American parents have a far from enviable reputation in this respect, and matters should be remedied. Is not our great American eagle a very pitiable bird when he sings so small in his own home?—Kenridge, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Deathless Race.

The Jews sometimes call themselves "the deathless race." They are the only people who apply the extraordinary term to themselves, and what is more strange and significant, all other nations, including those that have been trying for eighteen centuries, to annihilate them, admit the propriety and reason of the claim, and recognize in the Israelites a people who will probably outlive the present governing nations, as they have outlived those of the past. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans have passed away successively leaving the Hebrews behind them—and if history teaches anything, the Hebrews will still be here when the English, French, Germans, Russians and even Americans shall in like manner have passed away. How new and raw do our centennials and tercentennials in certain parts of Europe appear beside the perpetually observed Hebrew anniversaries thirty-three centuries old.

Particular About the Make.

"One of my hired men has got a notion he wants a fiddle," said an agriculturalist to the dealer. "What might that second-hand one in the window be worth?" "That's a Stradivarius; its worth \$3,000." "I'll speak to the hired man about it," shouted the agriculturalist, as he backed out of the place; he may not like that make."—New York Sun.

HARRISON VISITED.

The Committee Notify Him of His Nomination.

The notification committee appointed at the late republican national convention to notify Gen. Harrison of his nomination performed that pleasant duty at the General's home in Indianapolis on the 4th inst.

The address to Gen. Harrison having been duly signed, the visiting committee were conducted to the Harrison residence by the local committee. They were received by the Gen. and Mrs. Harrison and a party of ladies who were the guests of Mrs. Harrison.

As the ladies took their positions beside Gen. Harrison, Chairman Estee stepped forward and in a splendid voice and emphatic said:

Gen. Harrison, we are commissioned by the national republican convention to officially notify you of your nomination as the republican candidate for president of the United States. We may be permitted to remind you that your selection met the hearty approval of the whole convention, it left no unbidden feeling of lukewarm supporters, and its action voided the average and the best judgment of the convention.

It is true distinguished gentlemen well known to the people, who were experienced in public affairs, illustrious in character, and worthy of the people's confidence and support, were before the convention as candidates, and yet you were chosen.

Nor was your nomination due to accident or the result of hasty or inconsiderate deliberation. It indicated rather that you possessed in a more eminent degree those peculiar qualities, which commended you to the people's favor. In the hour of our country's peril you cheerfully accepted a humble position in the army, went where your country most needed you, and by long and faithful service rose to higher commands and assumed graver responsibilities.

Elected to the American senate your enlightened and conservative statesmanship commanded the respect and inspired the confidence of the American people. Added to this the purity of your past life and your exalted private virtues in an earnest that as a candidate for president the honor of the republican party and the glory of our country will be safe in your hands.

The platform adopted by the national republican convention, marks out with clearness and precision the creed of the party. The American system of protection to American labor and American products in American markets, the sacredness and purity of the ballot, the protection of American citizens, native and adopted, at home and abroad, on land and sea, the prohibition of Chinese immigration, the building up of our navy, the erection of coast defense and the care of our soldiers and sailors of the republic are questions which occupy conspicuous places in our platform. These and other subjects referred to in the platform will doubtless receive your careful consideration. In conclusion we beg to express our personal satisfaction at your nomination, and we indulge the belief that your election is already assured.

After a moment's silence, Gen. Harrison said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee—The official notice which you have brought of the nomination conferred upon me by the republican national convention, recently in session at Chicago, excites emotions of a profound though of a somewhat conflicting character. That after full deliberation and free consultation, the representatives of the republican party of the United States should have concluded that the great principles enunciated in the platform adopted by the convention could be in some measure safely confided to my care, is an honor of which I am deeply sensible, and for which I am very grateful. I do not assume or believe that this choice implies that the convention found in me any pre-eminence or exceptional fidelity to the principles of government to which we are mutually pledged.

My satisfaction with the result would be altogether spoiled if that result had been reached by unworthy methods, or by a disparagement of the more eminent men who divided with me the suffrages of the convention.

I accept the nomination with so deep a sense of the dignity of the office, and of the gravity of its duties and responsibilities as altogether to exclude any feeling of exultation or pride. The principles of government and the practices in administration upon which issues are now fortunately so clearly made, are so important in their relations to the national and to individual prosperity that we may expect an unusual popular interest in the campaign. Relying wholly upon the considerate judgment of our fellow-citizens and the gracious favor of God, we will confidently submit our cause to the arbitrament of a free ballot.

The day you have chosen for this visit suggests no thoughts that are not in harmony with the occasion. The republican party has walked in the light of the Declaration of Independence. It has lifted the shaft of patriotism upon the foundation laid at Bunker Hill. It has made the more perfect union secure by making all men free, Washington and Lincoln, Yorktown and Appomattox, the Declaration of Independence and the proclamation of emancipation, are naturally and worthily associated in our thoughts to-day.

As soon as may be possible, I shall by letter communicate to your chairman a more formal acceptance of the nomination, but it may be proper to say that I have already examined the platform with some care, and that its declarations, to some of which your chairman has alluded, are in harmony with my views.

It gives me pleasure, gentlemen, to receive you in my home and to thank you for the cordial manner in which you have conveyed your official message.

After a general handshaking, refreshments were served and the General and his family were left in quiet until nearly evening, when the Tippecanoe club of Marion county, composed entirely of veterans of the William Henry Harrison campaigns of 1836 and 1840, marched to the residence of General Harrison, accompanied by hundreds of citizens of Indianapolis. The veterans were presented to the General and Mrs. Harrison, and after each veteran had told Gen. Harrison something about his grandfather and the campaign in which he figured so conspicuously, a formal address of congratulation was presented, to which Gen. Harrison feelingly responded.

An Irish Martyr.

In the house of commons the other morning Editor William O'Brien declared that Mr. Mandeville had been murdered by brutal treatment in the Tullamore prison. He was kept many days on a diet of bread and water, and would have died of starvation but for the compassion of the officials in giving him small scraps of food. He never recovered from his sufferings under that treatment. Mr. Timothy Healy writes that Mr. Mandeville died for the cause of Ireland, and that he was killed by vigorous treatment in prison.

Lost the Suit.

The libel suit against the London Times resulted in a verdict for the defendant. The Times charged that O'Donnell, Egan and Parnell were in league for assassination purposes. O'Donnell sued for \$250,000.

The White Rose of Harpersville.

A Story of Long Ago.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

A stranger sauntering through the pleasant little village of Harpersville, on a calm June morning in the earlier part of a former century, would have fancied it was the Sabbath. Work of every kind was suspended; everybody in their best attire, the lads and lassies wearing the whitest of ribbons and "breast knots." The air was loaded with the sweetest of floral odors; the birds sang happily from the hawthorne hedges; the bees hummed contentedly from flower to flower, and all of nature seemed attuned to joy and peace.

High up in the bellfry of the ivy-covered church stood the old sexton grasping the rope and waiting the signal to ring out a merry peal. But it was not the day devoted to worship and rest; not a Sabbath, save of love. The smallest urchin playing along the tree-shaded streets could have told that Rose, the only daughter of the miller, with skin as white as the flour he manufactured, cheeks and lips as red as the carnations of her mother, and voice clearer and sweeter than the sky lark, was that day to wed Giles Simonson, the young and handsome rector of the parish.

So uncommonly lovely, so kind and tender hearted, so spotlessly pure was she that by common consent she was called the "White Rose of Harpersville," and many a man had become drunk in drinking her health and fought lustily when another disputed her worth or beauty.

That was over now; her choice made. But all determined upon the launching of her bark upon the sea of matrimony in a manner worthy of herself and husband, who also was beloved and respected—all but one.

From the window of the great manor house, situated upon a hill and overlooking the village, Elizabeth Gunning watched unhappily. She had done her utmost to win the young clergyman; had failed and nursed jealousy until its fires almost consumed her. Homely herself, she hated good looks in others, envied them the youth she had passed, and her ever fallow skin grew to a greenish-yellow whenever the name of Rose Aiken was mentioned.

But she was crafty, and knew her absence from the wedding would be the subject of coarse remarks. Having dressed herself with exceeding care she was driven over to the modest cottage of the miller and proffered her services to assist in "decking the lamb for the slaughter"—a great condescension in the eyes of the admiring rustics.

But at her touch Rose Aiken shrank as the flower after which she was named does at the breath of the frost, and rushing to the arms of her mother exclaimed: "See how I am shivering. Can it be that some enemy is walking over my grave," and the blue eyes flooded with tears.

"You can't have an enemy in the world, my pet," said her doting parent. "You are nervous, dear, that is all."

The words failed to comfort Rose. Every time the fingers of Elizabeth Gunning rested upon her flesh the effect was as if they had been ice. Fortunately that was not often. The exposure of the shoulders, white as snow and polished as marble, quickly satisfied the fine lady, and immediately after the wedding ceremony she drove home and dispatched a messenger for an old half-gypsy crone who had assisted at birth and burial for half a century.

Knowing she would be well paid, though wondering at the summons, the woman went as quickly as possible to the manor house. When she entered the room where the lady was waiting, she was greeted with the question:

"Were you in the house of Mark Aiken when his daughter was born?"

"Aye, my lady, and it was a blithe birthday as it has been a blithe bridal."

"Who dressed the baby?"

"These old hands, and a fairer one was never blessed by the fairies."

Drawing nearer to her, with her black brows drawn over the cold, haughty, gray-black eyes Elizabeth Gunning whispered in her ears. The gypsy crone started, glared at her suspiciously, hesitated. Then, as a broad, bright piece of gold was held temptingly toward her she murmured out:

"Yes, my lady," with a shudder.

"What is it?"

The answer was given in the most cautious of whispers, and with an alarmed expression of the old wrinkled face.

"Can anything obliterate it?"

"Nothing but death. It is His mark."

"Can you—I will weigh it down au-

hundred times with gold—can you," and no human ears could have heard the words she breathed save the ones for which they were intended.

"Yes (trembling), but it must be dug from among graves when there is shining neither moon or star. Yes, I can bring it to you, but no one must know, for it would be death, death!"

"Fail not or—" and the thin jeweled fingers were point threateningly.

Glad to get beyond the presence of one she hated for her wealth, feared for her power, and yet was anxious to conciliate for reward, the gypsy hastened from the house and returned to her hut buried in the depths of the forest.

Once there, she sat down, rested her elbows upon her knees, her chin upon her clenched hands, and from time to time shaking her gray locks remained lost in thought for hours. Then she arose, looked out upon the night, saw that it suited her purpose, hobbled to the graveyard that surrounded the church, and crawled upon her devilish errand among the graves of the long mouldering and the recently buried dead.

A few weeks later when Rose Simonson returned from her happy wedding tour she was startled by the intelligence that the lady of the manor house was alarmingly ill; was daily failing; had grown very thin; that her disease baffled the skill of the physicians.

"You must go and see her, dear," she said to her husband, "must try and comfort her."

"And you Rose?" he asked, astonished that she did not propose to accompany him, knowing as he did, her warm sympathetic nature.

"If she wishes I will visit her. No, dear, do not urge me now," and she shivered as she had done when being dressed for her wedding.

He went, returned with a sad, puzzled face and explained as well as he was able the situation of the lady.

"She is laboring under some strange mental delusion; is a victim of one of the demoralizing, uncanny and unchristian superstitions of the age, and imagines some one has bewitched her."

"Heaven forbid," answered the young wife, "who does she suspect of dealing with the evil one?"

"She would not tell me, dear, and I mourn to think how readily some poor innocent woman may be wrongfully accused and made to suffer."

"You prayed with her husband?"

"Long and earnestly, and endeavored to reason her out of her foolish and wicked belief, but it was a sad failure. She would not listen, to me, declared that some one was nightly sucking her blood and eating away her heart."

"Horrible! O, husband, can nothing be done to save the lost soul?"

"I have exerted myself to the utmost, Rose; you might try. It is possible she might listen to you, dear."

The ordeal was a terrible one for the young wife to pass through, but she nerved herself for it. Yet she was trembling from head to foot when she entered the room of the sick woman, and could not keep back her tears when she saw how she had shrunken to a shadow, how like parchment her skin, how her eyes burned with a wild and unnatural fire and brightness.

The presence of Rose appeared to throw Elizabeth Gunning into convulsions. She shrieked as if in the most intense agony, and screamed so loud that every one in the house thought her dying and rushed to the room.

"The witch! The witch! Rose Simonson has bewitched me. Look just below her right shoulder. I saw it when I was helping to dress her; saw the devil's mark! Take her away, she is draining my heart dry."

Rose was taken away, had to be. She had fainted, and merciful would it have been had she not awakened until in another world. It was in the days of executions and drowning for the crime charged against her; when ignorance and malice were unscrupulous and friends were powerless to save.

So was it in the case of the young wife. Bravely her husband and father fought for her; stoutly she asserted her ignorance; her intense horror; her faith in the justice of God. The lady of the manor used her money freely to accomplish her revenge; shrieking that she was dying, all of the White Rose, and in the end conquering and fairly laughed aloud when she heard that her victim was lodged in prison and would speedily be tried.

"And sentenced and burned!" Shrieked the wretched woman so joyously that the blood of her attendants ran cold, and they shrank from her in dismay.

There was no one who suspected her in matter, but all who had heard her make the accusation wondered what she could mean "by the devil's

mark." Soon it was whispered about until every one heard it; even the old gypsy crone, who, tortured by rheumatism, lay writing and groaning in her wretched cabin.

"The White Rose accused of being a witch?" she mumbled from her toothless gums. "Aye, I know who did it," and with eyes that flashed vivid as lightning notwithstanding her almost ninety years. "If I had the strength to crawl to her bedside I would make her own it was a lie, even if I had to shake it from her lips as she was breathing her last breath. But—but I shall never move again until I am carried to my own grave and then—mother of mercy prevent it—nothing but poison will grow upon my grave."

For hours she raved thus, even as the wicked woman whose will she had obeyed was doing. Meanwhile the young wife was pining in prison, and the officials planning how she should be tried, and curiously wondering if there was indeed the mark of the evil one upon her fair, white skin.

It was easy to be decided. The exposure of the beautiful shoulder was all. Before the judges she was led, the dress cut away and upon the spot indicated there was a discoloration—a birth-mark as the physicians and her mother declared; the stamp of Satan, as others were ready to swear.

Imagination runs riot at such times, and the innocent blemish, without particular form and of a dull red color, grew into a crimson serpent, with flashing coils and eyes like fire. This, the man who held the office of "witch finder" stoutly averred. The people believed him and loudly clamored for the death of the witch.

The lady of the manor house heard and rejoiced; heard that the nearly broken-hearted husband was standing in the darkness holding the hand of his weeping wife (as she passed it through the iron-grating), was kissing it from time to time, bidding her keep unshaken her trust in heaven and frowned. "Midnight and he there," she hissed furiously, "fool that he is. He thinks to get her free again, but to-morrow she dies."

"And what if you should never see the light of another day," came to her with startling distinctness.

"Who spoke," she demanded of the nurses.

All declared they had not, and again the strange and not to be accounted for voice broke upon the stillness with: "This night thy soul will be required of thee."

Starting up in bed, ghastly from fright and horror, Elizabeth Gunning stared around. Then she fell back upon the pillow, gasping:

"My medicine, quick, or I die."

"There is none. The last drop is gone."

"None! Merciful father! The gypsy woman? Where is she?"

"Dying, as we have heard, in her hut."

"Dead or alive bring her here."

The frightened attendants turned to obey, but were met upon the threshold by the old crone. Leaning upon her crutches she entered, and without ceremony asked:

"What would you with me?"

"More medicine—you know what—give it to me quickly."

"As I came through the graveyard there was no stars shining, the moon was hidden behind a black cloud, the wind was moaning, sobbing, shrieking and two corpse lights were burning where two graves will be dug on the morrow."

"The medicine. Give it to me."

"There is no more to be found," was the calm reply. "I sought it, but lightning had blasted the gnarled oak under which it grew and burned the damp earth to ashes."

"No more! In the name of heaven what shall I do?"

"Die! Aye, there were two corpse lights; one for you, Elizabeth Gunning; one for me; one for a murderess and—"

"Hold! Have mercy! A murderess? Oh, God, I did not think of that. I cannot, dare not die."

"With the innocent blood of the White Rose staining your soul."

"Innocent? Yes, yes, she is innocent. I was jealous of her, determined to kill her, hoping to win her husband, for I loved him so."

Silently, though she knew it not, the door had been opened and the young rector, Mark Aiken, and the judges, had stolen in and overheard the words.

"You declare Rose Simonson to be innocent?" was asked by a stern voice.

"Yes, before heaven, I do," was answered.

"May God have mercy on your soul and for this, your partner in crime—"

"Hush!" interrupted the young rector, solemnly, she has gone to be judged before a higher tribunal than that of earth. Kneel with me and implore forgiveness for the soul soon to follow."

His words were true. The gypsy

woman had atoned for her sins as far as earthly action could do. Craftily she had plotted for and obtained the confession. Then her heart-strings, worn to feebleness by old age, had suddenly snapped, and at the foot of the bed where Elizabeth Gunning was dying, she had fallen dead.

But the sun rose not again for the lady of the manor. Stark and stiff she lay in the gloom of the manor house, knowing nothing of the rousing welcome accorded to the White Rose of Harpersville as she stepped from prison free, happy and cleared from every suspicion of witchcraft, save that of beauty and purity.—*Yankee Blade.*

A Farmer's View of Preaching.

Well, wife, town sermons, seems to me, Are like the ridin' plow; They're easy, purty kind o' things, But don't go deep somehow. They take ye over lots of ground, An' science styles is such, Both in the sermon an' the plow, That one don't feel it much.

To-day our preacher skinned along, An' peared to do a heap, A cuttin', kiverin' of the weeds He oughter ploughed in deep; An' when he halted at the end, An' got his team ungedared, The devil luffed to see the tares A-growin', I'm afraid.

This scientific plowin' now An' science preachin' too, Both runs, too shallow for the work The plow has got to do. You've got to let the traces out, An' change the clevis pin. Then hit the handles, hold 'em tight, An' let the plow go in. —*Lu B. Calk, in Omaha World.*

General Garfield's Dog.

In the summer of 1880, when the first delegation of enthusiastic politicians came trooping up from the Mentor station through the lane that led to "Lawnfield," in order to congratulate General James A. Garfield on his nomination for the Presidency, there was one member of the Garfield household who met the well-meaning but noisy strangers with an air of astonishment and disapproval, and as they neared the house, disputed further approach with menacing voice.

"This was 'Veto,' General Garfield's big Newfoundland dog, and not until his master had called to him that it was 'all right,' and that he must be quiet, did he cease hostile demonstrations.

After that, whenever delegations came—and they were of daily occurrence—Veto walked around among the visitors, looking grave and sometimes uneasy, but unusually peaceful. General Garfield was very fond of large, noble-looking dogs. Veto was a puppy when given to him, but in two years' time had grown to be an immense fellow, and devotedly attached to his master. He was named in honor of President Hayes' veto of a certain bill in the spring of 1879.

The bill was one for abolishing the office of marshal at elections. It did not meet with the President's approval, and he returned it to Congress unsigned, an action which greatly pleased General Garfield, and suggested the name for his dog.

Although quiet, as he had been bidden, Veto was never reconciled to the public's invasion of the Mentor farm. He was a dog of great dignity, and could not but feel resentment at the familiarity of the strangers who, on the strength of their political prominence, overran his master's fields, spoiled the fruit-trees, peered into the barns and poultry yard, and were altogether over-curious and intrusive. He had been told that it was "all right"; but these actions by day, and the torchlights and hurrahing by night, wore on his spirits and temper. This evident unfitness for public life caused a final separation from his beloved master; for when, in the following spring, the family moved to Washington to begin residence at the White House, they thought it was not best to take Veto with them, so he was left behind in Mentor.

Poor fellow! all his doubts and fears for the safety and peace of him beloved and guarded were indeed well-founded. That first invasion of Lawnfield was but the beginning of what was to end in great calamity and bitter sorrow. Veto never saw his master again.—*Gertrude Van R. Wickham, in St. Nicholas.*

Remember the Day.

Two burglars were in the pantry enjoying a brief lunch after their arduous labors. As Mike was about to put a delicious bit of cold roast spring lamb where it would do the most good, Dennis suddenly turned pale and whispered: "Stay yer hand, Moike; It's Fri-marnin'!" —*Epoch.*

A lady writing on kissing, says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. But it certainly does not speak very highly for the man who does the kissing.—*Boston Transcript.*

HE KNEW IT WOULD RAIN.

A Georgia Boy Who Knew More Than the Maker of the Almanac.

Among my first recollections was seeing my mother take down a copy of Grier's almanac, which was suspended by a string to the mantelpiece, to see about the change of the moon. Robert Grier, the maker of this wonderful almanac, was a very plain man, who lived and died years ago. During his life he made the calculation for almanacs, and almost every family in Georgia at least had a copy of this almanac, and relied on it for much valuable information. He pretended to tell when it would rain, and many other things. Although he has been dead many years, Grier's almanac still lives.

Once it is said, Mr. Grier was riding along the road when he came to where a boy was holding a calf by the ears while his mother milked the cow. He rode up to make some inquiries about the road. He addressed the boy and said:

"My son, can't you open the gate for me, so I can go a near way through the plantation?"

"Yes," said the boy, "if you get down and hold the calf, and if you don't mind you will get a good wetting before you will go far."

Mr. Grier rode on and opened the gate himself, giving but little heed to what the lad said, for he looked above and saw no sign of rain. He rode on for several miles, and true enough the clouds began to gather and soon it was pouring down rain, so that Mr. Grier soon became thoroughly drenched. He was so anxious to know the weather sign that he rode back to enquire of the boy how he knew so well it was going to rain. He wanted to secure so important a weather sign. He found the boy and said:

"My son, I'll give you a silver half-dollar if you will tell me how you knew it was going to rain."

The little fellow promptly replied: "Dad's got one of old Grier's almanacs, and he said it was not going to rain, and he is such an old liar about the weather I knew it would rain."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The London Hospitals.

London has a very large number of hospitals. Any one can go to the greater number of them for free treatment. It is supposed that only patients will apply for treatment who are not able to pay. Yet Dr. Campbell says that in the hospitals where he has been the greater portion of the people who apply for treatment are well-dressed and have every appearance of being well-to-do. Some of the ladies are in silks and furs and give every evidence of ample means. One of the most striking of the patients of this class was a handsome and gifted young lady who had been studying on the continent some time preparatory to going on the operatic stage. She was always accompanied by her brother, who looked as well-to-do and prosperous as she did handsome and distinguished. The treatment in the hospitals is careless of the patient's feelings. There is no patient who applies for free treatment at the hospital who can escape the personal examination of any of the students who assist in the clinic. One would think that a person of refined sensibilities would not care to place himself under the rude handling of English hospital surgeons and the personal examination of thirty or forty students rather than pay the fee which should be required in consulting a physician in private practice. The well-to-do do not appear, however, to mind the disagreeable features entailed upon a hospital consultation. They bear all of its inconveniences with stolid composure so long as they are able to save the guinea fees which they would be required to pay for private treatment.—*Cor. New York World.*

Graphic Description of a Boom.

Last summer I overheard two men talking as they were digging away in the mines, and one said: "Jim, they say that is a big bum up at Rome."

"What's that?" said Jim.

"Why, hit's a kind of thing what one feller gits nothing for something."

"Why, that's a faro bank or a lottery, ain't it?" said Jim.

"No, it ain't. I tell you it's a bum—a kind of new tradin' business what swells and shrinks and the sweller and shrinker stays down in a cellar and works the machine. They trade in stock."

"Horses and mules?" said Jim.

"No, hit's all on paper, and nobody can see what he's buyin'. You put your money in and wait for a swell. If it comes you are all right, but if a shrink comes you are busted, and you feel so ashamed that you don't say anything about it and it never gets into the papers—nothing but the swells gits into the papers."—*Bill Arp.*

HER WILL STRANGELY MADE.

How a Deaf, Dumb and Blind Woman Made Her Wishes Understood.

David Buxton furnishes to the Quarterly Review of Deaf-Mute Education an account of a notable will case more than a quarter of a century ago, in which the issue to be decided was whether a lady born deaf and dumb, who became blind at the age of sixty years, was capable, in the seventeenth year of her age, of understanding her own affairs and competent to make a will. She could not write her own will because she was blind. She could not give oral directions as to her will, because she was dumb. She could not answer questions as to her wishes respecting her property, because she was deaf. Neither could she read the draft of her will prepared for her by her attorney before signing it. In this emergency Mr. Buxton was sent for. He assisted her in the final execution of her will, and gives the following interesting account of the manner in which the difficult task was accomplished:

"There were two copies of the will. One, which I will describe as No. 1, lay before Miss Poole and me; the other No. 2, was in the hands of the professional gentleman who had drawn it up.

"Now most people know that nearly all letters used in the manual alphabet in this country are made by using both hands. In ordinary spelling we make the letters with one hand upon the other. In this case I made them with one of my hands upon one of the lady's. C being formed with the right hand only. I traced, whenever it occurred, with the point of my forefinger on the palm of her hand. In this manner my communications were made to her, she replying in the ordinary way—spelling with both hands, but sometimes making signs, and occasionally accompanying the words she spelled or the signs she used with intelligible efforts at articulation. In this manner I read over the contents of will No. 1, clause by clause; and, in order to satisfy those whom I may call the official spectators that its meaning was understood, and that it contained Miss Poole's own wishes, the following plan was adopted; I, sitting on her left side, spelled over to her (without uttering a word) a clause of the will, and stopped. She, turning to the lady on her right, told her, in manual language, of course, what I had just said.

This lady (the daughter of Miss Poole's old schoolfellow) repeated aloud what had just been silently said to her, and the company assembled saw that it was identical with the text of document No. 2, which the solicitor at the other end of the room had before him. In this way we went through the entire contents of the will. She paused at the technical words, "devises" and "executors," for instance, with determination to master them, and asked me to repeat them if she did not really apprehend them. Then, when she had got the word correctly, she spelled it over to herself, slowly and elaborately, afterward reverting to her own more familiar expression for conveying the same sense, and the identity of meaning was to me a manifest proof that the phraseology of the will was fully expressive of her own wishes. In one instance she corrected me by saying that a certain bequest was "one hundred," not "one thousand" pounds." She named with great precision all the legatees, and the amount of bequest to each, repeating some of these particulars several times with unflinching accuracy (spelling the words letter by letter), in such a manner as was conclusive, not only of her competency to make a will, but of the fact that its meaning was understood.—*International Record.*

Queen Vic and American Wives.

One of Queen Victoria's recent and strictest orders seems to be that no married American woman shall be presented at court without her husband. Somebody must have been privately coaching Victoria. But what a sad blow is this to those women who have hitherto found their husbands' dollars more ornamental than their husbands' persons on festive occasions.—*Boston Advertiser.*

She Was a Little Late.

Lulu—I love you, Charlie. This is leap year; you must marry me. Charlie (aged 16)—Well, if you promise never to spank me, I'll marry you as soon as I can get a divorce from your eldest sister.—*Mrs. Grundy.*

Utilization of Spooks.

If spooks can paint pictures, as claimed by New York mediums, they may in time be able to whitewash barns, and do something useful in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Moving.

For a couple of weeks before and after the first of May the moving mania prevails in an almost epidemic form. At least, such is the case in New York.

Moving is an institution of long standing. It is not confined to families or individuals, but extends to nations and races. The children of Israel furnish one of the earliest instances of wholesale moving, for what else was the exodus? They could not move Pharaoh's hard heart compared with which adamantine lemon pie of the railroad lunch stand is soft and flabby, so they did the next best thing—they moved themselves, bag and baggage.

Some people love to move. To them moving is more in the nature of a pastime than anything else. There is, for instance, a man in one of the Western States who has moved so often that when a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens, all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

House cleaning is a dreadful affliction and is intimately connected with moving. Tom Chrystal of the N. Y. Sunday Morning Journal, who seems to have been there a time or so, says: "It is a wise man who goes fishing during the house-cleaning time." Carl Pretzel, evidently another sufferer, says it is a fortunate thing for the male sex that malaria is prevalent about the time that moving and spring house-cleaning set in. This hardened sinner explains that the prevalence of malaria enables a man to pretend that he is very sick, and thus escape the torture incident to putting down carpets.

The following little incident has a direct bearing on the same point:

Suave canvasser—"My dear madam, as the present is the time when all prudent housekeepers furnish up their belongings, and as I have here a capital cleaner, new and improved patent, with back action, cogs—"

Housewife—"Go long with you. I have a carpet cleaner that beats any two of yours."

"Impossible, madam, utterly impossible! Can I—er—see it."

"Well I dunno. He is out in the back yard and he is apt to get mad if strangers look at him."

As a general thing men object to moving, unless it is perhaps to Canada. It is the better half who insists on moving into a new neighborhood. Woman is always a paradox about the time when the first of May comes around, because when she makes up her mind to move there is no moving her.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Quiet Stream.

Seven miles I drove to find a stream That leaped its rocks among; But I found only one that made A little lulling song.

O'er pebbly shallows soft it ran, And in its quiet breast The fresh-born beechen leaves of May Were mirrored and at rest.

Among its little island stones The water birds were gay, And all the trees along the banks Bent down to see it play.

And I remembered her whose life, So many years ago, Beside my restless heart was wont In quietude to flow.

Her voice was even, and her soul Reflected love, and where She moved in grace the hearts of all Bent down to look at her.

O happy hour in which I thought Of one so sweet and wise; And blessed be the stream that made Her memory arise.

—*Stopford Brooke.*

A Funny Little Animal From India.

In one of those queer little shops in Fulton street, where they advertise insect powders with pictures of roaches as big as sheep, is a strange little animal all the way from India, where the people feed their children to alligators.

"It's the only creature of the kind in America," said the Persian powder insect clerk to a reporter yesterday. The animal was running around the store like an overgrown ferret with a long nose.

"What's the name of it?" asked the Fulton street reporter.

"A mongoose. It was brought to me from Calcutta a few months ago by a steamship captain. When first I got the little beast it was kind of wild, but he soon became used to New York politics and now he is so tame that he will even play with a pawnbroker. He is one of the best rat traps you ever saw, better than a dog or cat. He kills like a professional, and is also an expert pickpocket. The little tiger is very fond of cigarets and will eat or smoke them after a fashion. A gentleman here to-day offered \$100 for him, I refused. Of course I wouldn't sell a present, and if I did it would take more than \$100 to buy it."—*New York Telegram.*

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Plymouth, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, June 30th, 1888.

Table with 2 columns: Resource, Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Liabilities, Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

State of Michigan County of Wayne, ss: I, O. A. FRASER, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

O. A. FRASER, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1888. CALVIN B. CROSBY, Notary Public.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PLYMOUTH NATIONAL BANK

At Plymouth, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, June 30th, 1888.

Table with 2 columns: Resources, Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Liabilities, Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss: I, T. C. SHERWOOD, President of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1888. CHARLES W. VALENTINE, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Correct—Attest: L. D. SHEARER, L. C. HOUGH, L. H. BENNETT, Directors.

The Beam Road Cart!

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

BEST IN THE MARKET!

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

E. W. BEAM, Plymouth, Mich.

Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish

FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

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Superior to Most and Second to None.

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D. B. WILCOX & SON,

PROPRIETORS, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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