





AROUND A GREAT STATE.

Sentenced for 20 Years.

After being out nearly all night, the jury in the case of Ed. Palmer, the Alma wife murderer, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. Palmer was at once sentenced to 20 years at Jackson.

Ed. Palmer and Eliza M. Allen lived together 14 years as man and wife. About midwinter Mrs. Palmer suddenly disappeared from their home in Alma.

On the morning of the 16th inst. a terrific explosion in the vault connected with the Wayne county clerk's office, in the Detroit city hall, completely wrecked the office and destroyed valuable files, causing an irreparable loss.

The Grand Trunk limited express, No. 5, was derailed at the new Mt. Olivet station, 14 miles from Detroit, about midnight on the 14th inst.

On the afternoon of July 11, fire from a burning sawdust pile set fire to houses in the third ward in Alpena.

Handry Bros. of Bay City have been awarded a verdict of \$8,000 against the Michigan Central for the loss of their mill, which was set on fire by a spark from an engine on the Michigan Central.

The T., A. & N. M. road is now running through trains to Cadillac.

A railroad is to be built from Mt. Pleasant to Big Rapids, via Chippewa Lake.

The supreme court has issued an order to the common council of Bay City instructing that body to approve the liquor bond of John McQuinn, providing the sureties are found to be sufficient.

A six-year-old son of Henry Scott of Hastings had his leg cut off with a mowing machine the other day.

The Phoenix furniture company of Grand Rapids furnished the capitol of New Mexico, and took its pay in territorial bonds, which were found to be worthless.

Three young men were drowned in Wilkes lake, Johnson township, Barry county, while in bathing on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Frances Carmichael of Wright, Hillsdale county, has been held for trial on a charge of poisoning her husband.

The Riverside Mining Company has been organized at Republic to operate the St. Clair mine and the new property adjoining.

The Michigan members of congress ask that Capt. J. G. Ballance be promoted to major and judge advocate and that Lieut. George Leroy Brown, a regimental quartermaster, Eleventh United States Infantry, be advanced to captain and assistant commissary.

An iron vault to cost \$850 will be built to keep the books and records of Arenac county.

Burglars entered McDuffee's saloon in Holland the other night and secured about \$500.

Deputy Sheriff James M. Cook, Grand Rapids, veteran of the Eighth New York heavy artillery, who was captured by the enemy at Reams station in August, 1862, and was prisoner of war 43 days at Libby and Belle Isle, recently received a check from the commissary of subsistence U. S. A. at Washington for \$10.12 for commutation of rations while in prison.

Two ladies have been elected school trustees at Niles. Nearly every woman who pays school taxes voted.

Among the decisions handed down by the supreme court on the 13th inst. was one written by Judge Sherwood and concurred in by all the bench except Judge Campbell, in which the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the sale of liquor within a mile of the state soldiers' home at Grand Rapids is affirmed.

Among the supreme court decisions recently handed down is one of peculiar interest to the people of Berrien county. In 1834 Elizabeth Vanderhoof was convicted in the Berrien circuit court of murdering her husband and sentenced to state prison for life.

John Kinney, for several years employed in the D. L. & N. shops in Ionia, has been arrested on a charge of forgery.

Patrick Riley and wife of Jackson are under arrest for stealing wool.

John Root's \$200 horse ran a thill into his breast while running away near Flint, and died instantly.

Three tramps were arrested at Coldwater for drawing knives on passengers on a Lake Shore train near Coldwater.

Charles Wight, for 13 years assistant superintendent of carriers in the Detroit post-office, has been arrested on a charge of stealing money from letters. Wight has made a full confession. The amount of his peculations is not known.

Dr. Beal of the agricultural college, will soon make another trip through the woods on the Huron shore to study the flora of that region.

Reported that Wright & Ketcham of East Saginaw, in company with other capitalists representing a syndicate interest of about \$10,000,000, will build an immense saw mill on Chequamegon bay, near Ashland, Wis., and engage in cutting bridge timber and bill stuff in immense quantities.

Three of those \$50,000 libel suits brought against citizens of Big Rapids by James Donovan of Quincy, have dropped, by reason of the non-appearance of the plaintiff, it is claimed.

Hackett's saw, planing and shingle mill at Wolverine was destroyed by fire a few nights ago. Loss, \$7,000.

The regents' committee appointed to look into the matter of naming a successor to the late Dr. Dunster, who filled the chair of obstetrics at the university, has decided to recommend Dr. J. N. Martin temporarily for the place, and to let the matter rest there for the present.

The Port Huron electric works were damaged by fire the other morning to the extent of \$25,000.

It is rumored that G. V. N. Lothrop of Detroit, United States minister to Russia, has tendered his resignation, to take effect Aug. 1. Mr. Lothrop hopes to return to America by the first of September.

Twenty-five cars, loaded with 100 Advance threshers were shipped from Battle Creek the other day.

The state treasurer asks the county clerk of St. Clair county to show cause why that county should not pay \$20,000 indebtedness to the state.

Heavy forest fires are raging in the vicinity of Cheboygan.

A soldiers' reunion will be held at Davidsburg Aug. 13.

The First Michigan Infantry will hold a reunion at Jackson Aug. 11.

The saloonists doing business near the soldiers' home, in whose case an unfavorable decision has been rendered by the supreme court, will appeal to the United States supreme court.

A special election will be held in Saginaw Ste. Marie July 25, to bond the town for \$50,000 to spend in further needed improvements.

The ninth annual reunion of the Ninth Michigan infantry will be held at Grand Lodge August 8.

G. A. R. encampment at Greenville Aug. 7, 8, 9.

Mrs. J. N. Ebster, wife of the editor of the Coldwater Courier, died on the 13th inst.

Gen. Alger has given \$1,000 to the Alpena fire sufferers.

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The Michigan weather service says: The weather conditions of the past week have been favorable to all growing crops. There is a deficiency of rainfall in the central and northern sections, and it is beginning to be felt on the growing crops. The local rains of the past week have been unfavorable to the hay harvest. The wheat harvest is progressing rapidly in the two southern tiers of counties. Oats, corn and potatoes are doing finely. The condition of timothy and clover is reported as good. The wheat harvest is about one week late this year.

In his flock of sheep Chas. Swinesberg of Genoa, had three two-year-old ewes that sheared respectively 13 1/2, 14 1/2, and 14 1/2

pounds of wool to the fleece. His whole flock of eighty-one sheep, thirty-five of which are yearlings, sheared an average of 2 pounds 4 ounces to the head, and the clip sold for twenty-three cents, straight.

Eliza M. Fitzgerald of Concord has commenced suit in the circuit court against the village of Concord for \$5,000, charging that some time ago she fell on a defective sidewalk, sustaining injuries, which she thinks will prove permanent.

A terrible shooting affray occurred at Seney July 14. Thomas Hayes, proprietor of a hotel and highly respected, got into a quarrel with one McCleary and a companion. The two men were going him up, when they were reinforced by George Everett. At this Hayes pulled his revolver and shot Everett three times in the breast and McCleary once through the shoulder. Everett will die and McCleary is dangerously hurt. Mr. Hayes has been arrested. He claims self-defense.

Among 27 young ladies who took the final vows at the Wilkesbarre, Pa., convent recently, were Miss Catherine Martin of Westphalia, who becomes Sister Hyacintha, and Miss Edith Martz of Lansing, who will henceforth be known as Sister Nolasca.

A tramp named Wilson was crashed to death between the cars at Marshall, while stealing a ride.

On June 21, at Newaygo, Edward Hertzger's son was killed by a gunshot wound and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide. This did not suit the neighborhood, and a more rigid examination was insisted upon. The result was that the father was accused of the murder of his son. Hertzger is at present sick in jail and public sympathy is with him. The indications seem to show that the charge was brought by meddlesome neighbors.

Silas Anson of Belleville, is the oldest mason in the state, having been initiated in 1820, when he was 21 years old.

Aaron Kingsley of Leonidas, St. Joseph county, fell from a scaffold the other day, receiving injuries which terminated fatally a few hours later.

Harry King, a Coldwater boy, connected with the Cedar Springs schools for several years, has accepted a \$1,200 call to Anoka, Minn., with a promise of \$1,500 the second year. Prof. King takes the city superintendency and Mrs. King will be principal of one of the schools at \$1,000 per year.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table listing various market prices including Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, Apples, etc. with prices per bushel or ton.

Market steady to lower; beefs, \$4.00; hogs, \$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50; cows, \$2.50; mixed, \$1.75; Texas, \$1.75; @ 7/4.

Wool—Market active and steady; native, \$3.50; Western, \$3.50; Texas, \$3.50; @ 50 per cwt.

Fleeces—Fine, 10@21c; medium, 24@25c; coarse, 22@23c; unwashed, unmerchantable, 18@20c; 3/4 off; bucks, 3/4 off.

THROUGH A TRESTLE.

A Passenger Train Falls 48 Feet—Five Lives Lost.

About two miles south of Orange, Va., is a trestle 48 feet high, which was known to be weak, and the Virginia Midland railway company was engaged in filling it in, when a passenger train moving at a speed of six miles, crossed the trestle, under regular orders. The engine had passed safely over most of the trestle when the smoker, mail, baggage and express cars went down with a great crash, dragging down the engine and tender and two passenger coaches. Two sleepers remained on the trestle. The engine went down pilot end foremost, thus communicating no fire to the wreck. Five persons were killed, and several passengers were seriously injured.

The Chairmen Arrested.

Chairman Hoge of the committee of brotherhood of engineers, and Chairman Murphy, occupying the same position in the fireman's brotherhood, were arrested at their rooms in the National hotel in Chicago on the morning of the 11th inst.

The prisoners were taken completely by surprise. Both men were first taken to the police headquarters and locked up, and later were brought before Justice White. They asked for a change of venue, and were brought before Justice Lyon, where the railroad attorneys demanded a continuance. The justice fixed bail at \$1,500 for each of the men. Bonds were promptly furnished and Messrs. Hoge and Murphy released.

Advices Workmen to "Swear Off."

General Mast, Workman Powderly has written a letter to the Journal of Unite Labor, in which he calls attention to an alleged "corner" in coffee, and advises abstention from the use of coffee until the "corner" is broken.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

What is Being Done by the Congressional Salons.

Washington News Summarized. The committee on military affairs acted favorably upon Mr. Ford's resolution to investigate the assisted pauper immigration. He will report it to the house for passage at the earliest opportunity.

Ex-Speaker Randall is quite ill at his home in Washington.

The report of the department of agriculture for July states winter wheat prospects have advanced over 2 per cent., with Michigan leading.

Judge John V. Wright, chief law clerk of the general land office, has resigned.

Hon. W. H. Barnum, chairman of the national democratic committee, has appointed the following named gentlemen as the campaign committee: Wm. L. Scott of Pennsylvania, Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland, Matt Ransom of North Carolina, Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, John S. Barbour of Virginia, Herman Oelrichs of New York, Miles Ross of New Jersey, Arthur Sewall of Maine and Erskine M. Phelps of Illinois.

Holman of Indiana, Stone of Missouri, and Payson of Illinois have been appointed a conference committee on the land grant forfeiture bill.

The bill providing for the taking of the 11th and subsequent censuses has passed the house.

John Sweet has been appointed postmaster at Hersey, Mich.

The house committee on appropriations has decided to increase the compensation of the government printing offices night force 15 per cent. This will mean about \$100 for each of the night printers. This result has been accomplished by the hard work done in behalf of the night force by the committee of employees of the government printing offices, of which Merrile H. Clark of Michigan is chairman.

O'Donnell, Allen and Brewer of Michigan voted against putting wool on the free list.

It is stated that Judge John V. Wright of Tennessee, Rev. W. N. Cleveland, brother of the President, and Captain R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school, will constitute the commission to negotiate with the Sioux Indians for a division of their reservation in Dakota and a surrender of a part to the United States.

Andrew W. Vickers, master workman of district assembly K. of L. of Detroit, has been in Washington consulting with a number of the Michigan delegation relative to the importation of contract labor into the United States and looking after the interests of the Knights of Labor generally. Mr. Vickers says the law is constantly evaded in Detroit. The reason is, he says, that congress has made such meagre appropriations for the customs service there that it is impossible to employ a sufficient number of inspectors to guard against evasion of the law.

The resolution for the appointment of a special committee to investigate alleged evasions of the contract labor law has passed the house.

The President has accepted the resignation of Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, United States minister to Russia to take effect August 1.

The senate committee on patents has decided to report favorably upon a private bill to extend the life of a cigarette patent which was about to expire, for the reason that an English patent on the same device had been granted first. The committee has determined to add a provision to the bill which will have the effect to repeal the present law in so far as patents hereafter to be applied for are concerned and allow them to live their full term irrespective of the life of foreign patents.

Gen. O. P. Poe, in charge of river and harbor improvements in Michigan, has submitted the following estimates for work during the coming year: For continuing the work of improvement on St. Mary's river, between Lakes Superior and Huron, \$2,235,575; St. Mary's Falls canal, \$30,000; dry-dock at St. Mary's Falls canal, \$150,000; Hay Lake channel, Ste. Mary's river, \$200,000; Cheboygan harbor, \$3,500 for completion of work; Thunder Bay, \$34,510; Saginaw river, \$187,050; Sand Beach, Lake Huron, \$128,000; St. Clair Falls canal, \$105,000; Detroit river, \$130,500; Grasse Pointe channel, \$300,000.

The adjutant-general office issues a return of the regularly enlisted, organized and uniformed militia of the United States. It shows 107,000 militiamen in the United States. All the states and territories contribute to the militia organization excepting Missouri, Arizona, Idaho and Utah. The leading states of the union in numbers of militia are as follows: New York, 13,280; Pennsylvania, 8,545; Ohio, 5,628; Massachusetts, 5,046; South Carolina, 4,844; Georgia, 4,566; California, 4,417; Illinois, 4,150; New Jersey, 3,947; Michigan, 3,012.

E. L. Shepard of Michigan, has secured his promotion from a \$900 to a \$1,000 clerkship in the office of the comptroller of the currency.

The bill to pension Bridget Foley, widow of the Joseph F. Foley of Company K, Fifth Michigan cavalry, has passed the house.

Breadstuff exports during last June aggregated in value, \$7,137,928, against \$7,026,851 during June, 1887, and for the twelve months ending with June 30, last, \$123,298,361, against \$105,427,205 during the twelve months ending June 30, 1887. Exports of the principal articles of provisions during last June aggregated in value \$7,769,530, against \$7,967,609 in June, 1887.

The President has vetoed another batch of pension bills on the ground that the disabilities for which pensions were asked were not incurred in the service.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the alleged importation of contract laborers, convicts, paupers and other classes of immigrants in violation of the laws.

A Mysterious Murder.

The body of Alice Kelly, a woman of bad reputation, was found in the outskirts of Ottumwa, Iowa, the other morning with her throat cut and her head badly beaten. A horse and buggy was hitched to a tree near by.

Alice Kelly was notorious in Michigan, where for a long time her actions kept a number of more or less prominent men in hot water. She was a blackmail, and for this crime had served a sentence in the Ionia house of correction. She had also been imprisoned in the Detroit house of correction. After her release not long ago

she went to the Griswold house, where she was removed by the proprietors as soon as her true character was discovered, but not until she had caused a sensation in the house. She was similarly removed from the Kirkwood house and from other hotels. Her last Detroit sensation was her examination in the probate court for insanity, this being brought about by her attentions on the street to Dr. George B. Mabone, who caused her arrest. In this case she conducted her own defense and kept the court in a high state by asking the most indecent questions of Supt. Nicholson, Dr. Kaiser and other witnesses. Finally consenting to go to her sister's house at Ottumwa, Ia., she was declared sane and allowed to go. Sheriff and Mrs. Littlefield accompanied her most of the way there. After arriving there she wrote back to Detroit her intentions of returning at an early date. Nothing more is known of her death than is stated in the foregoing press dispatch.

Brooks Must Hang.

The governor of Missouri has rendered his decision, in which he declines to grant a commutation of the sentence against Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, but granted a respite for four weeks.

Mrs. Brooks, mother of the condemned man said after the governor's decision was made known to her: "I confidently expected commutation for my son. The poor boy has never had a fair trial. In that I believe every fair-minded person will agree, whether he be an Englishman or of other nationality. Not an atom of justice has he had from beginning to end. My son is not guilty of murder, and I did hope that Gov. Morehouse would save his life and spare his family from the grief and shame that now hangs over them. I don't know what I shall do. I have not determined upon my plans. I wish I was at home. Beyond the pleasure of seeing my son, my journey of several thousand miles has been a fruitless one. I don't know whether my husband will visit Missouri again or not."

Arkansas Brutality.

The report of Dr. Cantrell to the Arkansas board of prison commissioners on the condition of the various penal institutions throughout the state shows that some of them are in a deplorable state. The Grand camp, in Arkansas county, consists of one rough stockade, 20x20 feet in dimensions and 9 feet high, in which 44 men are housed. There is no dining-room and the men are fed with plate and cup while standing. The sleeping arrangements are utterly abominable. The men are stretched out on a platform and their bedding consists of a common bagging and cotton-seed bags, which are absolutely filthy, not having been washed in four years. The pen has no windows or grating, and but one small door. The diet consists simply of bread and meat the year round, and is very poorly prepared. Another stockade at the Palmer camp, of only 18x24 feet and 8 feet high, was found to have 36 convicts in it, but 28 of them were removed to another camp.

All Insane.

Two grown daughters of Jacob Nye, a well-to-do farmer living eight miles south of Princeton, Ill., have been adjudged insane, and sent to Jacksonville for treatment. The father and mother and another daughter are also insane. The family of five were all struck with this strange malady the same day, and physicians are unable to account for the cause, as all were well a few days before, and there has been no unusual excitement in the neighborhood. They spend their time singing and praying, and seem to fear being poisoned.

"Charlie" Was a Woman.

When "Charles Mitchell" was delivered to the warden of the Fort Madison, Iowa, penitentiary, it was discovered that she was a woman. She had been convicted of horse stealing at Sioux City, and had worked as laborer, farm hand, and barber, having masqueraded for years in male attire. She also married a woman, with whom she lived as her husband, and only a short time before her arrest the couple had adopted a girl baby. The "wife" of the convict has disappeared, and no trace of her can be found.

The New Chairman.

Senator M. S. Quay of Pennsylvania has been chosen chairman of the national republican committee, and J. S. Barrett of New York secretary. The newly appointed executive committee is as follows: M. H. DeYoung of California, Samuel Pessenden of Connecticut, George R. Davis of Illinois, John C. New of Indiana, J. S. Clarkson of Iowa, W. C. Goodison of Kentucky, J. Manchester Haynes of Maine, Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey and A. L. Conger of Ohio.

Fought a Duel.

In his indignation in the French chamber of deputies Gen. Boulanger offered the lie to Prime Minister Floquet. The latter demanded satisfaction and the two met on the "field of honor" the next morning, when the duel was fought. Boulanger received a sword thrust in the neck which may prove fatal. Floquet escaped with only slight bruises.

Millions Lost.

Pennsylvania and West Virginia have been at the mercy of floods for several days. In the latter state the loss in property is estimated at \$2,000,000, while in Pennsylvania the loss is nearly as great. The damage to railroad property is almost incalculable. All traffic was blocked for several days.

"Blinker" Must Hang.

The Ohio state board of pardons has refused to recommend the case of "Blinker" Morgan to the governor for either pardon or commutation. This practically seals his fate and he will hang on August 3.

To Welcome Blaine.

Mr. Blaine is expected to reach New York on July 27, and a monster "welcome home" is to be tendered him. The railroads are offering reduced rates to republicans who want to attend the show.

Three Men Killed.

The powder works near Cressona, Pa., blew up the other morning, killing three employes. Their bodies were blown 200 yards from the scene of the explosion.

Colored Voters Will Meet.

A call has been issued by the national committee of colored voters for an convention of independent Negroes to be held in Indianapolis, Ind., July 25.

Five Hun red lives Lost.

Fire in the great Debeers coal mine at Kimberley, South Africa, imprisoned 300 employes, only 300 of whom were rescued alive.

Mackenzie Censured.

The German physicians have made a report blaming Dr. Mackenzie for Emperor Frederick's death.

The London Pall Mall Gazette says that the ministers obviously do not consider Parrell's denial as conclusive of his innocence. Their supporters declare that the denial is false. The ministry must either repeal Parrell from parliament or dismiss Attorney General Webster. No middle course is compatible with the honor and responsibility of the government.



## FARM AND HOME.

### Use of Paris Green.

The use of paris green in orchards for the destruction of insects which injure fruit and foliage has been discussed quite freely at several of the agricultural conventions the past few months. Paris green seems to be coming into use in some sections as much in the orchard as in the potato field. Some who have applied it without due caution have killed the foliage and occasionally a cow or horse. Such poisons as paris green should not be left round carelessly exposed to animals or children who are not informed of its nature.

Some persons are doubtless unnecessarily fearful of having it applied in the garden or field. There are those who have attempted to discard from their tables all potatoes which have been protected by the use of the poison, but the green is now used so universally on all farms where potatoes are grown and without the least injury to the tubers that the fear is pretty well overcome. It has been found that for potatoes a mixture of pure paris green and plaster at the rate of one pound of the former to 200 or 300 pounds of plaster is more effective than if the proportion of green is greater. If the green is put on in too large proportion the insects will reject leaves upon which it lies; while if the green is extended 300 times the leaves will be eaten more readily and thus more of the poison will be taken, though in very small doses. But if eaten in however small quantity the effect seems fatal. In spraying fruit trees with paris green water, a Connecticut man applied it strong enough to destroy the insects on the foliage, yet his horse feeding upon the grass underneath the trees was not poisoned.

There is little doubt that cattle might eat potato vines which had been poisoned enough to destroy the beetle without being themselves poisoned. So, too, potatoes in gardens may have the green applied on a windy day, and peas and beans growing near get slight doses without causing persons eating these vegetables to be poisoned, yet it is hardly safe to utter such statements because of the danger that some one will act too venturesome or foolhardy in its use. Poisons of this nature like fire are good friends, but by negligence may become among our greatest foes.—*New England Farmer.*

### Shrubbery About the House.

The difference between a plain, angular house without a bush or tree near it and one surrounded by well-selected, carefully cared-for shrubs is not realized as much as it should be. Most of our homes could be vastly improved if attention was paid to this matter. In the cities the great stone buildings are rendered particularly lovely by the Japan creeper and other vines of rapid growth that soon cover the walls and make the landscape beautiful. The use of these vines in the towns upon stone buildings is rapidly increasing.

In the country many a stiff, angular building with glaring white walls could be rendered picturesque and beautiful if its walls were covered with vines. Of these vines many may be suggested. The roses are lovely in the spring, and the pink cluster of the Queen of the Prairie or the white bloom of the Baltimore Belle as they fall above the porch of the house lend a charm to the out-door picture, and as the breezes waft the fragrance through the open door the family gathered around the table feel inspired, refreshed and grateful. The long drooping clusters of the beautiful wistaria, beautiful alike whether lilac or white, the many royal hues of the varieties of clematis, the brightness of the scarlet trumpet flower, the brilliant berries of the bitter sweet may each be used to improve the appearance of an humble home. What is sweeter than the lovely great blossoms of the moonflower as they glance from beneath the foliage that covers the house and lend sweetness to the air of evening? What more delicately beautiful than the Madeira? and passing many others like the nasturtiums, morning glories and sweet peas, what more beautiful and satisfactory vine than the woodbine? How rapidly it journeys over the walls and shuts out all unsightly boards and nails, making of a wooden house a bower of beauty.

Then the grounds about the house, if properly arranged, syringas, Philadelphia, upright honeysuckles, hydrangeas, roses, exochorda grandiflora, rhododendrons, laurels and many other shrubs can make of the home a miniature Garden of Eden, a spot to be loved to-day and specially cherished in memory to-morrow.—*Massachusetts Freeman.*

### Pumpkins with Corn.

It pays to raise pumpkins in the cornfield if they are properly cared for and used in the fall. Some farmers have abandoned the practice because chemists say that pumpkins are largely composed of water, and because it is old-fashioned. Others continue to grow them, because their fathers did, who have no idea of their value for stock and make no profitable use of them. It is one of the old customs which it will pay to continue. Drop a seed in about one-fourth of the hills of corn, or in every second hill in one row, and none in the next. The vines will not be in the way until the time for cultivating is past, and will not shade the ground till it is so hot that it will be of little injury; will shade it no more than the crop of late weeds which would grow in their place, and will largely prevent the growth and maturity of the weeds which spring up after hoeing.

Maple sap contains a large amount of water, and it costs more to gather and boil it than it does to grow and feed out pumpkins here for acre, or ton for ton, yet chemistry does not drive men out of the sugar business.

Stock will yield no profit without they eat, and they will not eat without an appetite and any man who has tried to make a meal of dry bread knows that he can eat double the amount if he has a little palatable sauce with it, and reason will teach that it is the same with stock. Chemists are at last forced to admit that there is a feeding value to vegetables that their analysis does not show and that they cannot account for.

The idea that the seed must be removed from pumpkins is simply a humbug. The best farmers and dairy-men have used pumpkins for years and pay no attention to the seeds. In one case on record a cow got to a bushel of pumpkin seeds that had been saved for planting and ate all she wanted, and the milk for the next two days was largely increased. Plant pumpkins, but do not plant the largest kind. They are not so rich as the small long variety.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

### Seed Grass Crop.

The second crop of grass should be cut wherever there is hay enough to pay for the labor of cutting and curing it, as it is wasted, and worse than wasted, if allowed to lie upon the land. Whatever it may contribute to ward enriching the soil by decaying upon the surface is not equal to what it would furnish if fed to animals and the manure properly cared for. Not only is this a loss, but the accumulations of last year's grass with this year's crop makes it harder work to mow and rake, the field and is an injury to the quality of the hay, either for sale or feeding to the stock at home. Where very heavy it may even lie so thickly upon the ground as to smother out the clover and finer grasses in the spring and spots which later are filled with weeds. Where the second growth is only scattered bunches or not heavy enough to pay the labor of mowing it is better to feed it down with cattle or sheep, but care must be taken not to feed too closely, by which the roots may be injured by the heat of the sun if the fall proves hot and dry. Nor must such feeding continue so late as to leave the grass roots unprotected during the winter.—*Practical Farmer.*

### Form Notes.

Fly-screens at doors and windows will sweeten woman's temper.

Praise the town you live in. Don't talk of its faults, but go to work to remedy them.

It is always well to watch the weights when a firm offers more than the market price for an article.

Take good care of your stock, and there will be no cause to inquire what is the best medicine for them.

Whether allowed to suck the cow or raised by hand, it is an important item to see that the calf is not stunted.

Cattle should be fed partly in the barn throughout the season and not be forced to depend upon pasturage.

They don't tax oleomargarine in England, but when a dealer is found selling it for butter he goes to prison with neatness and dispatch.

A great many farmers say that it does not pay to raise oats. The trouble is that they figure by the market value instead of the feeding value.

If the energy wasted by horses in drawing loads over bad roads could be utilized it would probably do the entire carrying trade of the nation.

A moth is on its eastward progress from Kansas, the larvae of which will eat nothing but the leaves of that terrible weed of our gardens "pulsar."

If you live near a village or city, it will pay you to send a man round to clean out stoves and stovepipes. Soot is a more valuable fertilizer than you can buy in the market.

If you have a field that is too wet to

plow in season for oats, sow the grain and put them in with a cultivator or some improved harrow. Better do this than sow very late.

The wild West is waking up to the injury inflicted by the English sparrow in Oregon and Kansas the dirty little pests are driving out native birds and destroying grain.

The cultivation of the potato crop can not begin too early or be too thorough. The period of growth is short, and we ought to give them every possible chance while growing.

Muskmelons, which are hardier and more easily raised than watermelon and have a richer flavor, should be specially planted at country homes in the off-years of orchard fruits.

When young cattle first go out to pasture they are liable to eat Indian poke, which starts very early in the swamps. Symptoms, shaking the head and grunting. Give emetic first, then physic.

### Household Hints.

Polish grates with equal parts of sweet oil and turpentine made stiff with emery powder. Apply with a piece of flannel and brighten with another.

Oat meal blanc mange—Put two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal wet with cold water, into a pint of boiling milk, and simmer gently in a double boiler for two hours. Season with salt, sweeten to taste, and serve with cream and nutmeg.

Test the plumbing of a house with peppermint. Mix an ounce of the oil in a pail of water, and pour in an opening near the top of the house. If the odor is perceived below it is unmistakable proof that the occupants are at the mercy of sewer gas.

Milk punch—For this you need a tin shaker fitting closely over a tumbler. Put two tablespoonfuls of brandy, one of sugar, and some cracked ice in a tumbler with milk to nearly fill the glass, invert the shaker over, and shake to a froth. Grate a little nutmeg on the top.

An egg lemonade is refreshing and nutritious. Put a half lemon with a little sugar, into a deep glass; press the juice out with a little wooden masher; add a raw and unbeaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of cracked ice, and ice water to nearly fill the glass; invert the shaker over and shake to a froth.

For cleaning gold jewelers often use powdered boxwood. After washing the article in lukewarm soft water and soap and wiping it is shaken in a wash-leather bag partly filled with boxwood until perfectly dry. The wood is removed from embossed gold with a brush; a piece of chamois finishes the polish of the smooth surface.

Coax your invalid with cream toast. Cut the crust from two slices of bread, which should be stale. Toast over a slow fire until well dried, and then brown delicately. Dip quickly into boiling water, dot with bits of butter and pour on a very little rich milk or cream that has been brought to a boil. Brown bread is very nice and healthful prepared as above, and may be eaten with sugar and cream.

To clean woodwork which is stained and varnished save tea leaves from the teapot for a few days. Drain them, and when you have a sufficient quantity put them in clean, soft water and let them simmer for half an hour. When they are almost cold strain, and dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe off the paint, drying it with another flannel cloth. One cup of leaves to one quart of water is enough.

Spirits of turpentine is very offensive to vermin. In the spring it is well to procure a quart and apply with a feather to cracks in woodwork where vermin find a hiding place. It is destructive to silver-fish or slicks that infest books. When moths have located in the contents of a drawer put a little turpentine on a piece of flannel in the drawer and close it for a day or two. It has a quieting effect upon an animal life that may be ready to use its new appliances for aerial navigation. It should be remembered that turpentine is an inflammable liquid.

### A Little Miss Malaprop.

When my sister was a child she had a careless way of repeating what she thought she heard, without the least reflection. This habit caused some mistakes which have been remembered by the family. She opened the door to a boy asking for cold victuals and flew to mother, calling, "A little boy wants some gold fiddles; can you give him some?" One morning I was searching for Young's "Night Thoughts," which I was using as a text-book. She went ahead of me to school and told the girls: "Yes, she's coming, but she's got to find Young's night hawks first."—*Babyhood.*

"When I look at the congregation," said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offering in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich!'"—*Living Age.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

### Lesson IV, July 22, 1886.

THEME: FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Ex. 35:20-29.

20. And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses. 21. And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments. 22. And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold: and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. 23. And every man with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins brought them. 24. Every one that did offer an offering of silver and brass brought the Lord's offering: and every man with whom was found shittim wood for any work of the service, brought it. 25. And all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. 26. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair. 27. And the rulers brought onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate: 28. And spice and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for sweet incense. 29. The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God loveth a cheerful giver.

The time of the lesson is in the autumn following Israel's departure from Egypt. The law was promulgated from Sinai 50 days after the first passover; Moses was in the mount 40 days and returning found the people in idolatry. Again he ascended Sinai and was gone another forty days and when he returned his face shone with the glory which he had participated. With his heart on fire with zeal and his lips inspired to speak and his eyes to see the vast assembly together and impressed upon them observance of a Sabbath of rest and worship and the importance of a sanctuary; the service which he demanded being voluntary.

### LESSON NOTES.

V. 20. And the children of Israel departed, from Moses, at the close of the great mass meeting, to consider his words and meditate upon their obligations, in view of what they had heard. A small tax had been levied upon each man, according to the divine direction for the general support of worship (Ex. 30:12-16); an equal tax, the rich not to give more or the poor less, to emphasize the idea of equal obligation of all to God.—Todd. The present appeal, however, was for a voluntary offering. "And they came, every one whose heart was stirred, and every one whose spirit was made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle." The very fact that the distinction is made, of the willing-hearted, indicates that there is now, there were those who loved their possessions better than a sanctuary; those whose hearts were not stirred by it, those who inspired with hope for it. These apathetic ones have many descendants, conservative people, opposed to enthusiasm and aggressive measures which cost something. A consecrated heart is the source of liberality.

A few gifts inspired by love weigh more on the divine platform than many forced from unwilling hearts upon the assessment plan.

V. 22. And they came, both men and women (as many as were willing hearted). Says Hush, the peculiar phraseology of the Hebrew indicates that the women brought their gifts first, and were followed by the men; however, that may be as respects readiness and zeal, the work of God needs the service and gifts of both.

[At a meeting of the Presbyterian assembly, when the report on the missions gave a large sum as derived from legacies and the woman's board, some one is said to have moved a vote of thanks to the dead men and the live women of our churches.—Peloubet.]

Each brought what he had, gold, silver, gems, spun goods, and those who had not these brought their talent of skilled labor, and so the tabernacle was more than provided for, and Moses found it necessary to issue a proclamation restraining the people.

Among the causes which led to this remarkable generosity were, 1st, the people realized that they had broken their covenant obligations and had been restored to favor, and in generous offerings they would prove their thankfulness that opportunity had been given to renew their allegiance; 2d, they realized the importance of a sanctuary as an aid to correct living. The observance of the Sabbath which Moses had emphasized would be promoted by a regular vocation and forms of service. All of this was actuated by loyal hearts anxious to carry out God's plans. [God did not need these gifts for the riches of the world were his, but the people needed the blessings which would return as a reflex influence.] The magnitude of these gifts following the offerings made for the golden calf, indicates the vast wealth of Israel in gems and ornaments. It is not very remarkable when we remember that rings, necklaces and jewels were the special delight of the people. [If destitute of wearing apparel to-day, the Egyptian will be extravagantly decked with valuables of this sort.] It is remembered that Israel was burdened with gifts by the Egyptians, following the calamities which befell them in the death of their first born.

Men and women both wore golden ornaments. There was no money in the form of coin or bullion, in that early age. Personal decorations, such as rings, etc., were weighed and passed current with merchants. Costly and elegant ornaments abounded in proportion as clothing was simple and scarce.—Henstenburg. "Blue, purple and scarlet" were the valuable colors in linen and wool. Egyptian goods of this description are found so wonderfully fine and delicate as to be far more valuable than their weight in gold, hence were sometimes spoken of as oblations of pure gold. "Goats' hair" was a heavy material used in the construction of tents. "Red skins of rams" were doubtless those tanned and colored, similar to what is now known as morocco. This industry was common in Libya from remotest antiquity. "Badgers' skins," (seal), material manufactured from the skins of marine animals, which was better adapted to exposure. Pliny speaks of tents made of seal-skins as proof against lightning. Augustus is said to have used such a tent. "Silver and brass" (copper); mines of gold, silver and copper were worked in Egypt and Arabia at this time. "Shittim wood," the acacia, a thorny tree, close-grained and very hard, most suitable for cabinet work. No other wood was used in the tabernacle or its furniture.—Rawlinson and Cook.

V. 25. All the women that were wise hearted (skillful, expert) were as active with their hands as they were benevolent

with their gifts, spinning and weaving. The ancient monuments of Egypt represent women as busily engaged in these industries. The form of expression in respect to those who spun goats' hair, indicates that peculiar skill was required for this work, or that a deeper consecration made them willing to labor on this coarser and less attractive fabric.

V. 27. And the rulers brought onyx stones: each according to his possessions. The rulers having choicer and more expensive gems, gave those. Scholars differ in opinion regarding the onyx, but it is believed to have been a delicately tinted gem, so called because of its color (like the flesh as seen through the nail of the finger, from the Greek, onyx). So the reddish mass of color which is below, shines delicately through the whitish surface.—Rosenmuller. There were to be two of these stones, each engraved with the names of six of the tribes of Israel, and these were worn on the shoulders of the high priest, after the manner of epaulettes. The other "stones to be set" were twelve in number engraved each with the name of a tribe and worn in the breastplate of the high priest. (Ex. 28:17-20). "The ephod" consisted in the most part of shoulder pieces; sometimes cut to form a kind of an apron before and behind. The "breastplate" was the most beautiful and expressive of any part of the high priest's dress; it was beautifully embroidered and worn on the heart of the high priest, the twelve engraved stones being set in gold. Fragrant spices were added to the pure beaten olive oil which was to burn continually in the sanctuary (a type of the prayers of God's people, fragrant with love and continuous in uprising). The crowning glory of all was the "willingness" of the offering; a loving heart makes a liberal hand.

Every person should give in aid of the gospel what he has, be it gold, silver or service; should give systematically, proportionately, lovingly and liberally. The commonest, coarsest things, consecrated to divine use, become invested with value.

Righteousness is not inherited. Moses and Aaron were brothers and yet the latter was guilty of idolatry while the former was on the mount with God.

Love is unmistakable, prompt, enthusiastic, willing. The expression of the eye, the inflection of the voice, the subtle manner, all combine in forming a language which is intelligible to every human heart. In service of Christ and the Lord's house we want not less intelligence and conviction but more love.

There is no place for reluctant service, and the world in every age has had and needed those who found delight in human beneficence and divine worship.

Behold the wisdom of God in the ever-recurring demands of service, service the very doing of which brings reward. The demands of industry were inspired by the consideration of human need, an expression of the philosophy of moral and spiritual education.

When building the tabernacle, Israel found no time to murmur. Industry in service conduces to unity and peace. People murmur less when they work more.

"I will be with thee," is the guarantee of success, not human skill and forethought. We may have elegant houses of worship, eloquent leaders and skilled organization, but success is of the Lord.

Men may feel that they know not the Lord, but he knows them. If men will not inquire concerning the Lord, they may ever remain strangers. There is moral as well as intellectual ignorance.

Let us not forget that the tabernacle was as much for man as for God. We speak of the "house of God," but its glory consists of its dual occupancy. God seeks and desires human co-operation. The house of God is the symbolic home, the resting place between time and eternity: Divinity the architect, humanity the builder.

English railway trains run with greater speed than those of the United States, but they ought to. The farmers' daughters don't come out to the gate to flirt with the drummers.

The house of Dr. Gatling, the gun inventor, was burglarized the other night and robbed of all the gold and bronze medals that have been presented to him during the past twenty years.

It is proposed to erect a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin in Mount Royal Park, Montreal. It will be of bronze; and the entire cost will reach between \$75,000 and \$100,000.

The cause of the cold weather hanging on so late is laid to the number of ice-bergs drifting down from the Arctic regions. Can't a syndicate be formed to keep the big ice masses at home?

A Kentucky editor tried to run a steam laundry and a weekly newspaper at the same time, but four weeks' trial burdened him so much that he had to announce the suspension of the laundry.

John Boyle O'Reilly, who is exploring the Dismal Swamp writes: "This is the most defamed land on the earth. The Dismal Swamp is the greatest sanitarium on the American continent."

In pumping out the stomach of a would-be suicide in Des Moines the other day the doctors brought up a three-cent piece, two buttons, forty cherry stones and a marble. He was an ostrich-tramp.

Warren C. Berry, of New York, took \$50 from a friend under a promise to secure him a political appointment. He has been arrested, and the chances are that he will set upon a ranch near Sing Sing.

Someone has noticed that in almost every locality in a city where a person might like to jump from a second-story window in a dwelling house there is a picket fence conveniently placed below.

The Mayor of Boston has been busted in marble, and thus far he has found only one person who can see any resemblance between him and the bust.

There have been five cyclones thus far this month. It may be well to keep track of them the remainder of the year, as the average mortal wants to find all the fault with the weather he possibly can.

A man at St. Petersburg, Va., dreamed of a treasure buried under a tree in North Carolina, and he made the journey and unearthed a tin box with \$8,000 of Confederate money inside. No one dares joke him.

"A death tick" in the wall is not a warning," says a carpenter, "but proof that some slouch of a workman has left a place where a bug can crawl in and make merry. Strike on the spot with a hammer, and he will go away."

During the last fifty years the climate has so changed that a man can now live at an altitude of a tenth of a mile higher than before. This is probably the reason why so many men hold their heads so high. They want that increase.



### Churches.

**Presbyterian.**—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.

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

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

**Grange, No. 280.**—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block, O. E. Pattingell, Master.

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

**K. of L., Loyal Order, No. 5525.**—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.

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

### BUSINESS CARDS.

#### A PELHAM,

Resident Dentist  
PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN

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

IF YOU ARE GOING  
East, West, North or South,

Call on—

GEORGE D. HALL,

Agent, F. & P. M. R. E., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information. 3271

L. F. HATCH, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 2317

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

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

### WHAT THEY SAY.

—"John Chinaman" is the new chambermaid at the Berdan House stables.

—Silas Anson, of Belleville, has been a mason for sixty-eight years and is said to be the oldest mason in the State.

—William McNulty was taken seriously ill last Friday with cholera morbus. At last accounts he was much better and improving.

—Frank Hendrick is in his old position with L. S. Montague. Howell has room for plenty more such young men as he and the Herald welcomes him back.—Howell Herald.

—Harry Bennett's Flora D. was second choice in the 2:40 class at the Grand Rapids trot, last Friday, but failed to take a heat, being sixth place in the first, seventh in the second, and fourth in the third heat.

—The "blue ribbon trotting meeting" of the Detroit driving club begins next Tuesday the 24th and closes on Saturday the 29th. One hundred and fifty-three entries, with \$33,000 in purses should make it an interesting meeting.

—Birthday cards, school cards, playing cards, visiting cards, tissue paper, blank books, notes, receipts, legal blanks, scrap pictures, photograph albums, autograph albums, scrap albums, etc., at the MAIL office.

—W. H. Hoyt was called to Dexter last Friday on account of the serious illness of his father, who is suffering from a second stroke of paralysis. Mr. Hoyt returned Sunday, leaving his father somewhat better than when he went there.

—The Wayne second nine came over here last Friday to meet our second nine in a game of ball. It proved a very close and exciting game, and ten innings had to be played to decide it; our club winning by a score of five to four. This makes two out of three games won by our boys. Give us something harder.

—Our village treasurer, L. C. Hough, met with something of a surprise on Monday. He thought he would attend the ball game in the city on Monday and at the same time draw from the county treasurer the liquor money, \$495 belonging to the village. Armed with the necessary order from the clerk, appropriately stamped with the great seal of the village, he presented himself at the county treasury. The county official looked over his books and then gave Mr. Hough the interesting intelligence that some one had drawn that money on the third of June. As no one had authority to draw the money except Mr. Hough, and he by an order from the village clerk, neither of whom knew anything about the third of June transaction, the affair became something of a mystery. The money is paid by the county treasurer on warrants from the county auditors, but as the auditors office was closed that day on account of the explosion in the city hall, Mr. Hough was unable to learn anything further about it. It hardly seems possible that anyone could have drawn the money, but more likely that money paid to some other village treasurer, has by mistake, been charged to this village.

### Pic-nic hams at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Farmers are busy in the harvest fields now.

Full line of lubricating oils at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Charles Paddock, of Howell, was in town Tuesday.

Prescription work accurately performed at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Miss Olga Dohmstreich, of Detroit, is a guest at M. Conner's.

—A new prescription case has been put into Boylan's drug store.

—Mr. Taffy claims to have found his red dog at Millard the other day.

Buy your oil of Bentley & McLaren for binders, mowers, threshers, etc.

—George Vandecar and wife have been visiting a New Boston all the week.

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

—W. H. Hoyt and W. N. Wherry have been appointed commissioners in the estate of John W. Dodge.

—Yesterday morning the Detroit ball club stood at the head of the league, having passed the Chicago's in Wednesday's game.

—John A. Prindle nineteen years of age, of Redford, and Celia Berger, aged eighteen, of Livonia, have taken out a marriage license.

Any one finding a pair of rimless gold spectacles please leave them at the post office, and by so doing, greatly oblige Mrs. F. Hodge.

—Ephraim Truesdel, of Canton, is building a new brick house which will be an ornament to that part of the town; C. G. Curtis, Sr., of this place, does the carpenter work.

—For some reason much of our correspondence failed to reach us in time, Wednesday being the usual day. We fear our correspondents were called to Ypsilanti this week on that day to see the elephant.

—Harry Bennett, who was at the Saginaw races this week with his mare Flora D., telegraphed here Tuesday for Ed. Cook to go there and drive her, his other driver, Doc Pixley, getting hurt at the Grand Rapids races.

—Threshers should get one of our "threshers account books." The best thing to be found for keeping their accounts in shape. Will be sent by mail to any address for fifty cents—postage stamps will do. Address the MAIL, Plymouth, Mich.

—The new time table on the D. L. & N. railroad took effect last Sunday. There is very little change in the time of the old trains here. A new fast train between Detroit and Grand Rapids has been put on which makes the run in four hours and twenty minutes—the quickest time of any road between those places.

—The centennial exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States opened at Cincinnati on the 4th inst., and closes October 27. They have monstrous new buildings in the heart of the city filled with machinery, art and other exhibits, besides an immense music hall in which performances are given. The railroads give excursion rates.

—The correspondent for a Detroit paper, from this place, told of a huge snake, four and one-half feet long, being found in Henry Jackson's well a short time ago. Now Mr. Jackson comes forward and says the article made the snake from three and one-half to four feet longer than it really was. The writer of those articles makes due allowance for shrinkage.

—On Tuesday the eight year old son of Charles Fox, of Canton, had four of his fingers the first two on each hand, badly injured. They were loading hay by horse power, when the little fellow caught hold of the rope and his fingers were drawn into a pulley and the flesh torn from them in a horrible manner; exposing the bones. The little fellow is made of the right kind of stuff—he is brought to town to the doctor, where he has his fingers dressed without a word of complaint.

—Comes now the gay and hilarious picnic season. Mittens in muslin are embroidered in leafy trees, and running brooklets near skimmer and sing. The forenoon is spent in carrying boards for a mile and lugging baskets up hill and down. At high noon the tables are spread and ham, pastry and stuff too numerous to mention afford sustenance. Before the ants and your sisters and cousins have fairly cleaned the table, a thunder peal rumbles. The earth trembles, and the heavens roar like a traveling menagerie at feeding time. The rain falls in drops the size of a sugar cake. Your light coat gets wet, warps and draws your spine out of shape. Your girl spills her tears upon the green grass, for her new hat, upon which you sat all through the storm, lies at her feet in a shapeless mass. You homeward plod your weary way, vowing never to go to a picnic again. And the next week finds you with a new coat and another girl, happily anticipating the approach of a picnic, which will be worse than the one you have just passed through.—Ex.

### Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation—healthy in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufacturing—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides. Persons seeking for homes or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

Binding twice at Bentley & McLaren's, Plymouth.

Full assortment of sweet goods at Chaffee & Hunter's.

Fine teas and coffees—our specialty—Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Mrs. J. H. Stiers has been visiting at Detroit since last Saturday.

—They are taking in about 7,000 pounds of milk a day at the cheese factory.

—Flora D. in the Saginaw races on Wednesday came out in the following places: 4-3-5-5.

—J. S. Kellogg was in Detroit two or three days last week having some repairs done on his property there.

—N. Cordary, of Ypsilanti, dealer in groceries, etc., is reported to have made an assignment. Liabilities \$50,000; assets \$20,000 to \$30,000; reported.

—There was a gentleman in town Monday looking for a small place to buy, in or near this village. People having property for sale should let it be known.

—Mrs. L. H. Briggs, with several assistants, entertained half a hundred or more of the little folks on Wednesday afternoon, the 18th of July. The occasion was in honor of the birthdays of Master Artie and Miss Zula Briggs, the children of the entertainer. Ham-mocks and swings and games gave them a happy time and when the "goodies" appeared they also disappeared as mysteriously, to the infinite delight of the youngsters. May they all live long and die happy.

### 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, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, California. Sold in fifty-cent and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists.

### New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements: John L. Gale, drugs and groceries. Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad change in time card.

### Real Estate For Sale.

We are about to open a mart, at the MAIL office, for the sale or exchange of real estate. Parties leaving property for sale with us will be put to no expense unless a sale is made. Give us a trial.

### Tonquish.

Miss Mary Wright, of Quincy, and Miss Ella Carey, of Ypsilanti, spent Saturday and Sunday at S. A. Cady's.

Miss Edith Bradford and little brother have just recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

S. A. Cady owns a Jersey heifer that furnishes two pounds of butter a day.

Mrs. James Hicks' mother and sister-in-law are spending some time with her.

Mrs. Asa Shirliff received a fall last week that laid her up for a time. J. S. Oil has a road cart.

### Worth Knowing.

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

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

### \$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, and headache, indigestion, constipation or nervousness 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, 50c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 223 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 57

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by

# Save the Cents,

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

# BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

### PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

We also carry a Large Stock of

### Moldings and Picture Frames,

Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

### COFFINS AND CASKETS,

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

GO TO THE

# Red Front Drug Store.

For Physicians Prescriptions.

For Fine Drugs and Chemicals.

For White Lead and Linseed Oil.

For Peninsular Liquid Paints.

JOHN L. GALE.

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# ANDERSON & CABLE,

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.  
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Whiting.  
Paint Brushes.  
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Colors in Oil.  
Wood Stains.  
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PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

# BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.



PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888.

Livonia.

This town was thrown into excitement last week by receiving the news of Chas. Wight, of Detroit, robbing the mails, as he was brought up in this town and always bore a good name.

Our school in District No. 4, closed last Friday, with Miss Sophia Lauffer as teacher. Miss Lauffer has taught three nine month's terms and one ten months, for four years, and has given the very best of satisfaction.

If the apples continue to drop from the trees as they have for the past month there will not be many left next fall.

James Woodard and wife, from Detroit, spent last Sunday with Elsworth Packard, of this place.

Our school teacher, Miss Sophia Lauffer, returned to her home in Plymouth, last Saturday.

C. Benion and Miss Ada Criger, of Waterford, called at the Centre last Sunday evening.

Miss Carrie Kipp, of Saginaw, is the guest of Miss Emma Kingsley, of this place.

Paul Helm has so far recovered from his long sickness that he does some light work.

Charles Bentley and wife visited at A. M. Stringer's last week.

The cabbage worm is on hand again ready for business.

Farmers have begun harvesting this week in earnest.

Our cemetery wants cleaning up very bad.

Little Annie Base is reported some better.

All quiet once more at the milk houses. Carl Kingsley has a new separator.

Newburg.

H. A. Radcliffe, of Detroit, paid a far-well visit to his friends here last week, as he starts this week for a ten months trip in the Western States, for D. M. Ferry & Co.

C. G. Curtis, Jr., of Plymouth, occupied our pulpit, in the place of Rev. J. M. Shank, last Sunday, and gave us a very interesting discussion.

It is expected that we will have a fine addition and stage completed at our hall in a few weeks, when there will be a grand opening.

Ed. L. Crosby is quite under the weather only being able to be at Plymouth part of the time to attend to his duties at the air rifle office.

J. T. Radcliffe started Monday for his season's trip through Pennsylvania and adjoining States for D. M. Ferry & Co.

The Misses Melvina J. and Annie Belle Melody, of Union City, are the guests of their grandfather, J. H. Armstrong.

Miss Hattie Hodge is home after a long sojourn in the northern part of the State. Mrs. Prest and children, of Detroit, are the guests of D. G. Brown and family.

Miss Emma Durfee, of Plymouth, is visiting with Nora Smith this week.

Miss Maten, of Detroit, was the guest of Miss Minnie Radcliffe last week.

Misses Vina and Anna Melody, of Union City, are visiting friends here.

M. Leonard was taken very sick July 10, but is improving nicely.

M. King is very much under the weather.

M. Leonard had new potatoes June 28.

Belleville.

The vote on an addition to the school house resulted as follows: For, 36; against 37; blank, 1.

Hon. S. W. Burroughs will represent Van Buren Democracy at the State convention.

Mrs. Alex. Robbe and daughters Lizzie and Gertie, are spending the week at Toledo.

An Ypsilanti delegation called on Galaxy lodge I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening.

William Green is spending a three week's vacation at Dexter.

Prof. Hill, of Ypsilanti, filled the Episcopal pulpit, Sunday.

Camp meeting will begin August 7 and close August 17.

Emma Blouch and Cora Jewett spent Monday at Carleton.

Mrs. James Campbell and daughter were here Sunday.

Deputy Sheriff Cody, of Detroit, was home Friday.

Charles Davis is a new resident of Liberty street.

D. L. Quirk, of Ypsilanti, was here over Sunday.

Belleville "took in" the circus Wednesday. Work on the new block is nearly ended.

Westminster Tobacco-Box.

Not many are conscious of the existence of that worthy society, "The Past Overseers of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster," who have been in the habit of dining together at one of the taverns in the district for over 150 years.

It seems that in the year 1713 one of the "past" overseers was in the habit of bringing to the tavern dinners his own private tobacco-box, which he good-naturedly placed at the service of his friends.

This imparted a certain value to the charge of overseer for the time being. The next overseer—not to be outdone in liberality—embellished the box with a silver plate, on which his name and achievements were set out.

The overseer succeeding followed suit; and thus grew up the rule or custom that every overseer should add a silver plate or decoration suitably inscribed. After a few years the box became overlaid with plates. Space failed, and it was now fitted into an enclosing box, upon which the same process was repeated.

Figures and pictures were engraved on the plates; the notable event of the year, whether battle, royal marriage, procession, or celebration, was duly emblazoned; and still the box, or boxes, kept growing. As a result, the box has now the aspect of a massive hexagonal silver-covered chest, which resolves itself into some half-dozen boxes, one enclosed in the other, and all glittering with the accumulated silver plates of 150 years.

The outer chest or casket is made from an old oaken beam that belonged to the abbey. The general aspect of the box is rather bewildering, with its pictures, scrolls, odd costumes, dates and inscription. At the annual dinner there is a ceremonial for handing over the box to the new overseer, who is solemnly enjoined by the senior church-warden to take all care of the article.

He is to have and to hold it on condition that it be produced at all parochial entertainments be shall be invited to or have a right to attend, when it must be furnished with tobacco sufficient to fill three pipes, at least, under forfeiture, in case of failure, of six bottles of claret. Moreover, security in the sum of 200 guineas has to be found.

The box has been in some critical situations: once in 1785, when some thieves carried off from the dinner table all the portable silver, but the overseer had the precious box or boxes in safe custody. In 1793 an unworthy overseer named Read, having a claim on the parish, actually detained the box till he was satisfied—nay, threatened to destroy the box if he were not satisfied. Thereupon a chancery suit was commenced, and the case was heard before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who decreed that the box be restored and the costs paid by the delinquent "past overseer," the Read aforesaid. There was general joy; the solicitor who conducted the suit was made free of the society, that "he may often" (so it runs in the books) "have an opportunity of contemplating the box and its recovery."

In 1825 some odd regulations were introduced. Dinner was to be served by five o'clock, on the actual striking of St. Margaret's clock; the landlord, on failure, to be fined two bottles of wine. He was to produce his bill at half-past eight under penalty of another bottle.

When the Westminster tobacco-boxes are opened out there is a glittering show indeed. Hours might be spent deciphering their scrolls and records. There we may see and read of the duke of Cumberland and of Mr. Wilkes, the gallant Nelson, Pitt and Fox, and Wellington, together with pictures of a "scratchy" kind of the new prison, the trial of Queen Caroline and other interesting scenes.

JOHN MILTON.

The Milton of Poetry, Politics and Religion.

That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain. The mighty power of poetry and art is generally admitted. But where the soul of this power, of its power at its best chiefly resides, very many of us fail to see.

It resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in by us by the high and rare excellence of the great style. We may feel the effect without being able to give ourselves a clear account of its cause, but the thing is so. Now, no race needs the influences mentioned, the influence of refining and elevation, more than ours; and in poetry and art our grand source for them is Milton.

To what does he owe this supreme distinction? To nature first and foremost, to that bent of nature for unequality which to the worshippers of the average man is so unacceptable; to a gift, a divine favor. "The older one grows," says Goethe, "the more one prizes natural gifts, because by no possibility can they be procured and stuck on."

Nature formed Milton to be a great poet. But what other poet has shown so sincere a sense of the grandeur of his vocation, and a moral effort so constant and sublime to make and keep himself worthy of it? The Milton of religious and political controversy, and perhaps of domestic life also, is not seldom disfigured by want of amenity, by acerbity. The Milton of poetry on the other hand, is one of those great men "who are modest"—to quote a fine remark of Leopardi, that gifted and stricken young Italian, who in his sense for poetic style is worthy to be named with Dante and Milton—"who are modest, because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind."

The Milton of poetry is the man, in his own magnificent phrase, of "devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." And finally the Milton of poetry is, in his own words again, the man of "industrious and select reading."

Continually he lived in companionship with high and rare excellence, with the great Hebrew poets and prophets, with the great poets of Greece and Rome. The Hebrew compositions were not in verse, and can not be adequately represented by the grand, measured prose of our English Bible. The verse of the poets of Greece and Rome no translation can adequately reproduce. Prose can not have the power of verse; verse translation may give whatever of charm is in the soul and talent of the translator himself, but never the specific charm of the verse and poet translated.

In our race are thousands of readers, presently there will be millions, who know not a word of Greek and Latin and will never learn those languages. If the vast of readers are ever to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great poets of antiquity, their way to gain it is not through translations of the ancients, but through the original poetry of Milton, who has the like power and charm because he has the like great style.—Matthew Small, in Century.

Gems of Thought. Act well at the moment and you will have performed a good action to all eternity.—Lavater. Can any man trust a better support under affliction than the friendship of Omnipotence, who is both able and willing and shows how to relieve him.—Bentley.

The poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice and oppression if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.—Swift. Encourage such innocent amusements as may disembody the minds of men, and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfactions.—Addison. The anger of our enemy represents our faults or admonishes us of our duty with more heartiness than the kindness of a friend.—Jeremy Taylor. All men ought to maintain peace and the common offices of humanity and friendship in diversity of opinions.—Locke. The great error of our nature is, not to know where to stop; not to be satisfied with any reasonable acquirement; not to compound with our condition; but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more.—Burke. Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the Spring! the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle, and yet irrepressible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power.—Longfellow. The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—Emerson. The greatest hardships in the world are England's iron-clads.—Cooper.

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 columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock, Surplus fund, 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.

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

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned executor of the estate of said William A. Ramsdell, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the said County of Wayne on the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1888 there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the old foundry building, on the premises hereinafter described, in the township of Plymouth, in said Wayne County, on Tuesday the tenth day of July, A. D. 1888 at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following described lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to-wit:

The property commonly known as the Meads Mills site and consisting of all those certain pieces or parcels and siting as follows: One and one-half acres of land in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, mentioned and described in a certain quit claim deed made and executed on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1870 by Gannett Ramsdell and Anna P. Ramsdell his wife, to William A. Ramsdell and recorded in the register's office of said Wayne County in liber one hundred and fifty of deeds, on pages thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three and thirty-four to which said deed and the said record thereof reference is here made for a full, complete and particular description of the lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements to be sold as aforesaid and the said deed and the said record thereof are made a part hereof for that purpose.

The said lands and premises, rights, privileges and easements being the same that were sold and conveyed by Noah Ramsdell and wife to Jabez M. Meads and recorded in the register's office of said Wayne County on the 10th day of June, 1867. Also all that other piece or parcel of land the same being a part of the north-west quarter of section number fourteen in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and beginning at a point twenty-one chains and thirty-three links north, measured on the east line of section number fifteen from the quarter section stake on the east line of said section fifteen, thence ten chains and nineteen links east at right angles to said section line to a piece of the forward end of a cast iron plow beam about twelve inches long by four inches wide and one inch thick, with three holes, through it, which is placed in the ground as a corner and place of beginning; thence south two and three-fourths degrees, east two chains; thence north eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees east two chains and fifty links; thence north two and three-fourths degrees west and parallel to the west line, two chains; thence south eighty-seven and one-fourth degrees west along the center of the highway to the place of beginning, containing one-half an acre of land, excepting and reserving from off the west side thereof, a strip of land forty-five feet in width east and west and extending the whole length of said parcel north and south.

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

The sale of the last above described parcel of land is adjourned until Tuesday, July 24, at same hour and place. ANNA P. RAMSDELL, Executrix. Dated, July 10, 1888. 44 45

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the second day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Cornelius J. Reilly, Acting Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of REUBEN S. DURFEE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary Durfee, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to George A. Starkweather or some other suitable person. It is ordered, that Tuesday, the seventh day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

Judge of the Circuit Court of said county of Wayne and Acting Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register. (A true copy.) 44-46

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of John W. Dodge, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the office of G. W. Valentine, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1888, and on Thursday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and adjusting said claims and that six months from the 17th day of July, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

WILLIAM H. HOYT, } Commissioners. WILLIAM N. WHEAT, } Dated July 18, 1888. 45-48

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.

Can't Sleep. Night is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles, sold on a positive guarantee at 10c., 50c.

FOR SALE

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

Plymouth National Bank.

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

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

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The Homeliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN, As well as the Handsome can get a

FINE PORTRAIT!

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Second to None in Excellence!

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

Gibson & Brown, PHOTOGRAPHERS, NORTHVILLE.

TO MY OLD PATRONS!

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

D. I. & N. Elevator, PLYMOUTH, - MICH.,

And prepared to pay the Highest Market Price!

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE, —And sell—

Salt, Lime, Buffalo Cement,

Portland Cement, Calcined Plaster, and Hair, —AT—

BOTTOM PRICES, Also, Agent for

J. J. LANGDON'S CELEBRATED

BLACK DIAMOND COAL.

The Best Coal ever Brought to This Market, the same as I sold last year. Give me a call and I will please you. B. POOLE

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to mystery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spkrmators have caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES For any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee void only by O. A. Packard, Red Front Drug Store, 5th Street, Plymouth Mich. 37

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WITH OUR LATEST SUCCESS

The NEW HOWE



EASY RUNNING SEWING MACHINE

1500-000 HOWE SEWING MACHINES IN ACTUAL USE



J. B. ... Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, ...

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, accompanied by his wife and son, went last week to his country home on Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Dr. C. H. Toy, professor of Oriental languages at Harvard, was married last week to Miss Saunders at Norfolk, Va.

The famous bread of Turin, known as Grassini, through its inventor, is a peculiar feature of foreign life lately introduced here by a Swiss chef.

Boxing and slugging are booked to become a dead letter in Pittsburg. At least the authorities there express their intention of dealing out such a fate.

Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, of Boston and of the Egyptian exploration fund, will deliver the annual address at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., on June 27.

Secretary Vilas has the gavel used by him in presiding over the last Democratic National Convention, bound with gold and mounted on a square of plush, hanging up in his parlor at Washington.

Congressman Long, of Massachusetts, who has announced his intention of retiring from political life, has been noted among other things, for his happy faculty of never forgetting a name or a face.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes is said to have dramatized Scott's "Lady on the Lake" when a boy of ten, and before he was twelve he had read through all the plays of Shakespeare.

Don Pedro, besides being a wise and liberal monarch, an accomplished musician and an experienced traveler, has been a profound student of languages and is well versed in Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit.

Jose Del Valle, of Orange, N. C., participated in an amateur entertainment, and in an encore the footlights ignited his clothing. Before the flames could be extinguished he received injuries which resulted in his death.

Asgrow will soon be the second city of the United Kingdom. Its boundaries are to be extended so as to include a number of populous towns, and it is estimated that it will then have a population of nearly 800,000.

Rev. W. J. Gaines, of Atlanta, who has lately been made a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church, belonged to Gabriel Toombs, brother of Robert Toombs, in slavery days, and was a farm-hand until his emancipation.

Captain Bob Cook says that on account of her new stroke Harvard is a more dangerous rival this year than she has ever been before, and that, while he is not discouraged, still he can see no reason at all for any special confidence in Yale.

Says the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin: "A North Stonington farmer has been averaging twenty-five pounds of butter a week from one cow, to supply city customers. The oleomargarine firkins in his cellar helped him to perform this wonderful feat."

Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very wonderful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much attention as any of her kittens receive.

An ingenious New York truck driver has taught his terrier to ride horseback in order to guard the team and prevent any familiarities with the horses. A piece of carpet is thrown over the horse's back, so that the small dog may secure a better footing, and the rider balances himself well and seems to enjoy the ride.

The late Lady Buchan well remembered Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, where her father was Governor in 1815. When she was first introduced to him the ex-Emperor said: "I have long heard from various quarters of your superior eloquence and beauty, but now I am convinced that report has scarcely done you sufficient justice." And then, as she was about to leave the island, he added: "You must be very glad to get away." "Oh, no, sire," she replied. "I am sorry to go." "Ah! my dear lady, I wish I could exchange with you."

"Only a Husk."

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right; but, other things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt some of its own truthful yearnings.

Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was only able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Fall Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and a reaper, for which he received \$5, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew that his wife sorely needed the money, and his own two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the Landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insatiate love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the same maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had bought him the tavern, and Tom knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy. He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snuff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a good warm glass."

Tom got up on his feet and steadied himself. "No; I'll not drink no more tonight."

And with this he went out into the air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, gridding his heel in the gravel. "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk worse than useless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, my children of honor and comfort, and myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see."

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's speech, meant not for his ears, had come on his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly on the ground; then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife: "Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir; and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll set him to work."

"Work!" Aye, Tom, and bless you, too. There's an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing-room and found the workmen getting ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday, sir. If you offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table and waited.

But the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—almost 9.

Hark! the old step! quick, strong, and eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie?"

"Tom?"

"I didn't mean to do it, but the work hung on so."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop?"

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms about his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom! I've got him back now, my own Tom! my husband!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods, all restored—with the angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I'm up; right side up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

That Old Social Sell.

"Are you engaged for next Thursday?" inquired Mr. Finecut of Mr. and Mrs. Kortou, as he met them on the street.

SAVAGE ORNAMENTS.

Signification of Eagle Feathers—The Scalp Lock—A Medicine Man.

There are few ornaments now in use with any meaning among the Dakota Indians, says the Helena (Mont.) Herald. Eagle feathers, the number worn showing the number of enemies killed; the wing feathers of the bald-headed eagle denoting male, and the black eagle feathers denoting women, are perhaps most prominent. If they have scalped the enemy a broad red streak is painted upon the feathers. If the person killed was of prominence or reputation the feather is sometimes dyed red. Small sticks wrapped with porcupine quills are sometimes attached to the quill of the feather and little pieces of white fur glued to the ends. No one will wear an eagle-feather unless entitled to it, as they believe it will fly away from their heads if worn unlawfully.

The scalp lock is still worn even among the so-called civilized Indians. They arrange the scalp lock proper an inch across, and tie around this very firmly a head band, and then the hair is braided and an otter skin is tied around it spirally, forming a braid at least two and sometimes as much as four feet long. This is kept oiled for the enemy. If an Indian has the time and the person killed is of importance he will scalp off the whole from beneath the eyebrows, including the eyes. Grizzly-bear claws are worn as necklaces, I do not believe as a mark of distinction, but, as they are costly, I think the wearing of them is merely a matter of wealth and not of chieftainship.

Aside from his religious position the wi-cas-ta-wa-kan or medicine man is the physician among the Dakotas, thoroughly conversant with the medicinal qualities of the various herbs. To give greater effect to his remedies he is accompanied by drum and rattles and indulges in much contortions of features and limbs. Often he sucks with his mouth over the seat of pain—a novel way of cupping, but often efficacious. I have seen cases of long standing cured by these men, in some instances where the army surgeon had given them up. One cure I have in mind was of cataract of the eye. It was cured by inserting beneath the lids filings from brass wire. The patients were always painted red to make their hearts strong, they say. Often the medicine man will cut an image out of paper or bark and placing it upon the ground the patient is held over it; then the medicine man will take his gun and shoot the image, destroying the evil spirit that had caused the sickness.

We Are Saved

A patent has been granted for the apparatus used to reproduce on the stage all the details of a scene in a steam fire engine house when an alarm has been sounded. That was a good idea—the securing of a patent—as repetition of the effect is thereby largely prevented, and we are saved from being overrun with plays in which the scene would have been a leading feature. —Boston Transcript.

Didn't Need It

Col. Carter, of Kentucky, was lately stopping at a small south side hotel in Chicago. He is a brilliant conversationalist, a genial gentleman, and all that, and on his first evening in the hotel he completely won the night clerk, and during the time he also won several "jack pots" from other guests. It was late when he started to retire, and having several times invited the clerk, who had promptly accepted, to partake of something "in the nature of a stimulating beverage," the clerk was unusually affable. When Col. C. started to his room the clerk offered him a pitcher of water to take along, suggesting that he might need it during the night. The colonel profusely thanked him, but declined to take it, remarking as he went that he had perfect faith in the house and was not afraid that there would be a fire. Col. C. had not thought that there might be any other use to which water might have been put upon that occasion beyond the extinguishment of an incipient conflagration. —Arkansas Traveler.

All in the Text

A clergyman in Texas not long ago took quite an active part in politics, as many of his profession have from time to time done in other states. He was rewarded for his services by being appointed chaplain of the penitentiary. Before departing to assume the duties of his office he preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, who were in arrears with his salary, and who in other ways had not treated him well, and he took for his text these words of the Savior: "I go to prepare a place for you, in order that where I am ye may be also." —Arkansas Traveler.

PITH AND POINT.

A dwarf is a stub born thing—Washington Critic.

Farmers in the Say bottoms have determined, in the future, to raise fewer children and more ducks. —Kansas City Star.

Happiness is only a relative, and some people find that it is a very distant relative, indeed. —Journal of Education.

In Kentucky: Runaway couple: Minister—"Will you join us?" Minister—"Thanks; I don't care if I do." —Washington Critic.

It is said that Tennyson spends hours on a single line. In this respect Tennyson resembles this week's washing. —Toledo Commercial.

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine front dat coat make you so proud you vil grow into it." —Life.

Said a critic to a singer: "Your performance was remarkable; indeed, very remarkable. Your memory is great, for you never forget the mistakes you used to make five years ago." —Lute.

"Is there such a thing," asks a Princeton student, "as absolute rest?" Well, possibly not; but a Mr. Keeley of Philadelphia has invented a motor which comes nearer the attainment of that state than anything else yet known to man. —Exchange.

When Prof. K— reached the rostrum for prayers he found his watch about two minutes slower, and himself as much later, than he expected. Looking at his watch, he exclaimed: "I shall have no faith in my watch after this!" "It is not faith, but works, you need," was the quick response of Prof. J.—Harper's Magazine.

Mrs. McSwyny—"Oim towld your choild fell out o' the top windy, Mrs. Clinchy?" Mrs. Clinchy—"Yis; an' av me little mon hadn't coom along jeest at the right time an' broke the fall wid the top av his head me by'e been kilt." Mrs. McSwyny—"Did it hurt yer hoosband, now?" Mrs. Clinchy—"O! don't think so. It broke his neck, an' he doid widout a groan." —Harper's Magazine.

The following was taken from the public records of a white school in Tennessee: "Rulus for scoul No. 4 Teacher will not low the scoulers to scouful or clime or whisparr in time o' Books; the Teacher can ad en rulus to this he thinks needud and eny Lar scouler can not comer onder rulus will have to quit the scoul." These "rulus" were signed by two members of the School board, by whom they were written. —American Missionary.

Lost Husbands Found

The heroes of the best-known American legend and one of our most pathetic English poems—Rip Van Winkle and Enoch Arden—have turned up together in France. Two French soldiers, have come back from Germany to the astonishment of their families, who believed them to be dead. They were taken prisoners in 1870, and in the course of their captivity they committed serious assaults on Prussian soldiers, who were set over them. For these offenses they were sentenced to long terms of incarceration in fortresses, and were not allowed to communicate with their friends. Nor when peace came in 1871 were they included in the prisoners of war released. On the accession of the Emperor Frederick an amnesty was prepared; and it included the Frenchmen, who straightway set out on their return to France. They reached Issoudun, their native town to see several changes. One found his wife married a second time and the mother of many children. The other had left his wife in 1870 on the eve of her confinement, and returned to find a son of 18, whom he had never seen and who had been married some months. It is easy to conceive the confusion of fact and of feeling that must arise in such cases. Rip Van Winkle in the story discovers that in his long absence he has expiated his old offenses, and his wife prefers her first husband, good-humored, good-for-nothing that he was, to her hard, grasping, selfish second mate. Enoch Arden, with noble yet piteous self-denial, refuses to make himself known. Few readers can forget the lines in which Tennyson depicts his feelings as he looks upon his lost home. The long lost Frenchmen had not the opportunity—perhaps not the inclination—to exercise similar heroism. Their return was announced before they appeared, and the whole village, as well as their wives, had heard of their long captivity and unexpected arrival. The situation is certainly complicated, and it is impossible to anticipate the denouement. Will the second husband quietly surrender his acquired but illegal rights, or will the soldier, who was a married bachelor for eighteen years, prefer to remain practically unwed?



VETERANS' DEPARTMENT.

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

BY MRS. EMMA SHERWOOD.



When an officer dies his praises are sung. All haste to extol him by pen or by tongue; If money is needed it flows like a stream.

That his widow and children may live as in dream. A monument then to his honor is raised, And every deed he has done must be praised.

But the poor common soldier unnoticed may fall. Though he was as quick to answer the call As the other who shone in regiments bright; And as firm and unflinching he stood in the fight.

But his deeds are forgotten, none herald his fame. The eagle should droop his proud wings with shame. Since those who had fought when the battle raged hot, Should thus be neglected, unnoticed, forgot.

Are they not worthy of honor and fame? They helped to save to the country a name. That Nations afar will respect and admire, And strive for a spark of the same kind of fire.

That burned in the heart of each brave volunteer. When he left his loved home and friends that were dear. Not knowing he ever should see them again, When he stood where the bullets were falling like rain.

Mothers sent out their sons, so tender and young, Knowing well how uncertain the strange balance swung; Knowing so well that the cold and the damp, The hot Southern sun and life in a camp, Would injure their health, if they escaped from the shell.

The subtle's dread stroke or bullets that fell. Some came back again when war-time was o'er, When the dark threatening cloud no longer hid hoer; And now that peace has blessed all the land, The soldiers are asked in the background to stand.

Not so with the officers, puffed up with pride, Let them ask what they will and they will not be denied; Should one ask for a seat in the president's chair, So many would help him his bark there to steer.

Oh! why are they better than others who fought? Some languished in prison, and thus could do naught But beat as it were their wings 'gainst the bars, And longed so to fight 'neath the Stripes and the Stars.

Our soldiers are falling, like leaves from the trees, And justice is calling to recompense these. Before they are swept off like the leaves that are laid, With the debt that is owed them forever unpaid.

Sheridan in Shenandoah. The blue racer was angry but not delirious over its early morning success. It knew it had a big day's work to do, and that it was to engage in a contest of skill as well as strength.

Sheridan was for the first time in command of a department. Could he handle a distinct command of mixed troops as well as he had commanded brigades, divisions and cavalry corps? This 13th day of September, 1861, was to answer the question.

He had before him one of the ablest generals of the confederacy, backed by a picked force from the grand and heroic army of northern Virginia, the men who had withstood the poundings of Grant, McClellan and Meade, and who had humbled the pride of M. D. W. Hooker, Burnside and Pope, and with whose history Jubal Early had from the first been identified.

Could the clerk from the little country store in Ohio, backed by troops to whom he was almost a stranger, except in name, out-general as well as outfight, the graduate of West Point and the veterans under arms? As the men hurried into position they thought of Sheridan's brigade on the morning of the first day at Stone River as it came staggering out of the hell of death to which it had been so many hours exposed, with depleted ranks, bleeding and wounded, but fighting still and determined, if the day were wrong, he should say of them also, "Here is my command, what is left of it. Some are dead, many are wounded, and few are whole, but all their cartridge boxes are empty."

The two armies were so near that each could distinguish the movements being made by the other in the hurried preparations for battle. The marching to and fro of troops, the rapid movement of cavalry, the flying couriers and dispatch bearers, the rattle and whirl of cannon and caissons as artillery galloped into position, the hurrying forward of ambulances, the parade of ammunition wagons and the solemn procession of the stretchers, as some shattered wretch, who had fallen early in the fight, was carried groaning to the rear, combined with the occasional roar of artillery, the sharp crack of random rifles, the murmur of the minie ball or swirl of shell, as it dipped through the air, occupied the early morning hours. The troops, for the most part, when not in motion, threw themselves in line upon the ground and awaited orders. Some told jokes, others sang songs, a few may have prayed, but all thoughts of home and loved ones, and hopes for heaven. Whenever occasion offered a fire was started and the inevitable coffee pot was set simmering on the heels, for the American soldier is to the last nothing if not supremely practical.

Occasionally a rebel battery would break out and furiously shell some portion of Sheridan's line of battle, submitting the troops to the severest of all trials, to be compelled to face death and perhaps die in a condition of inactivity. That is the time that tries a soldier's nerve. When the battle is on the blood is up, and man seeks man in open field, fear departs, the demon of destruction takes possession of the heart—and there is no thought of self. That monster may exist who can silently and calmly face impending but uncertain death without a tremor, but every old soldier with a soul fit to be saved recog-

nizes the force of Napoleon's rebuke to an officer on the field of Austerlitz, whom he found deriding as a coward a young recruit who stood firm in the line as the ranks were forming for action. "Let him alone, sir," said the great general: "he alone is brave who realizes his danger and dares face it." Any other criterion would reduce bravery to stupidity and manhood to marble.

The day wore away. The blue racer had stretched its length along the banks of the river until it lay in battle array half around the town of Winchester, the fires of which could be seen in the valley two or three miles distant. Early had made repeated attempts to break the formation by massing troops against it at various points, but all his attempts had been unsuccessful, and his lines had been hurled back broken and disordered. The hospitals on both sides by noon were crowded with wounded, while the sun shone down fierce and blistering on the dying and the dead who lay upon the field between the two armies.

Now the blue racer begins to move. Brigades and divisions here and there advance over portions of the intervening space and everywhere meet with stubborn resistance. By 3 o'clock the eighth and nineteenth corps are thrice and the sixth corps twice repulsed, but still had advanced their lines and completed their connections. Then there came a still. Artillery and musketry alike are silent. The ever active Custer is on the extreme right watching like a hawk an opportunity to swoop down on Early's left flank. The infantry led the center, and on the left, in sight of Winchester are Sirs, Wilson's pike, Wilson watches and waits with the third cavalry division.

For the first and only time during the war a battle was being fought under something like European conditions. Every acre of soil about Winchester had been mapped by skillful engineers of both armies, and each general knew what he had to encounter in the way of natural obstructions. A test of generalship and prowess of troops was being made such as had never before been witnessed in this country, and so far Early had been worsted in every move. Phil Sheridan was master of his part of the situation. The question still to be decided was "Can the men of the north sweep away the gray barrier of the south with its strength of earthworks, its cannon of brass and blundering array of steel?" The two armies were on almost equal footing in the iron game of death for the rich harvest of the Shenandoah.

As the troops stood in line and watched the sun sink toward the west they read in its progress the terrible significance of the day. It was to be a struggle to the death, the dreadful last hours of light, in which one side battles to crush the other for safety under cover of darkness a struggle in which the dead and the wounded of friend and foe often remain on the field till morning, the men used to writhe in agony and perhaps die in despair for want of a sup of water. It is not in the heat of the conflict, when cannon rend the air, when musket and bugle and drum and clash of steel mingle with the yell of the combatants, or when man plunges bayonet or sword into his fellow's breast, that the hell of war is seen, for then there is a grandeur and magnificence in the awful tumult that blinds the sight and deafens the senses to the fearful surroundings; but it is after the conflict is over, when the dead and the mutilated dying lie in confused heaps awaiting the knife of the surgeon, the shaft of the angel of death, or the grave of the unknown.

At last the designated hour came. The bare of bugles and the rattle of drums started simultaneously with the command "Forward!" repeated from a thousand throats. The blue racer, from right to left, was in motion moving forward on that chase that was only to end at Appomattox. The instant the command "Forward!" was given the artillery from all the grounds of vantage began to pour forth its missiles of death into the enemy, and the rebel batteries in their turn raked the fields over which the three corps were advancing, the men on the light skirmish line dodging hither and thither as they moved forward toward Winchester, until they were within the range of a Minie ball of the confederate lines, where the skirmishers halted, and the grand charge of the corps began.

But why attempt to tell how this corps or that one pushed the enemy back or was repulsed to return again to the onset, or to describe how the batteries followed the line from one position unto another, or how Custer saw his opportunity and made his gallant charge on the right and so led Early's left wing back on his center, or how Wilson let slip his golden opportunity to charge the pike from the left and shut the confederates into the pocket of Winchester. Enough that all these things did occur, and when darkness spread over the earth Jubal Early and his command were whirling down the valley, and with out baggage seeking shelter behind the works at Fisher's Hill.

The blue racer made its lair in Winchester that night, and an hour later the nation was agog wild over the tidings of the great victory. Phil Sheridan's name was on a million tongues, and each tongue longed for a million mouths out of which to shout his name, but not one was moved to ask in derision where he was born.—N. Y. Press.

Quick Results.



Mr. Parsons.—"Po' Massy's talk! What yo' doin', K'lindy?" Mrs. Parsons.—"Middle Julius went an swallerd all my kink-oil last night, en I see jis usin' him fer ter dust off de brick-brack!"—Tid. Bits.

A jardiniers of open work silver is the latest toilet-table ornament.

"SOUR EXPERIENCES."

TALMAGE'S SERMON IN CHICAGO.

The Great Divine Discourses from the Text "When Jesus Therefore Had Received the Vinegar." Chicago, Ill., July 8.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city this evening. He is here on his way home from a tour of the Chautauques in Missouri, Kansas and Minnesota. The Doctor had an enormous auditory. His subject was "Sour Experiences," and his text: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."—John xix. 30. The sermon was as follows:

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowed, poorly fed, haggard—as a bent over and tied to a low post. His bare back was inflamed with the scourges interlarded with pieces of lead and bones—and now for whole hours, the weight of His body hung on delicate tendons, and according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on His burning tongue. O world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink. If there be any pity in earth, or heaven, or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain, but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so He refused the wine. But afterward they got to a cup of vinegar and soaked a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say that the wine was an anesthetic, and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for a crucified and dying man, and costly wines from royal vaults for bloated imperialists, but stinging acids for a dying Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health, abundance, skies flamboyant. Days are bright. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's sand, gnawing its strength away, and there is a worm in every earthly pursuit that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeur of his throne because, one day in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that was left him and contempt could bring to him.

What, then, is the formidable in a jail? Correggio's fine painting hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrew Delart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciate, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives the spurs are greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar?" It is absurd to think a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrows of those who are despaired; for that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress, and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ Himself took the vinegar makes Him able to sympathize to-day and for ever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there is the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of His disciples did Him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first, you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old sore will never come again. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, then, do you feel less than our twenty dollars? They all forsook Him, and fled. They cut Him to the quick. He drank that cup of betrayal to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you, who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but O, the headaches, and the stiches, and the backaches, and the heartaches, which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and short retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in straits, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on and amid chronic ailments which unweary their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music; but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through His brain, through His hands, through His feet, through His heart, were as great as yours certainly. He

was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve, or a muscle, or a beam escaped. All the pains of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoing, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance, and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up, the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wittke sold his celebrated piece, "The Bond Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought its thousand. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that rough sketch hung for years in the shop-window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the ballast out of the door; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not paid for their work. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things sought for smooth sailing, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed, and you are thrown a-beam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the coat on which He rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; He was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet He had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where He could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax-bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a clean cup set before Him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There also is the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken, everything seemed to disintegrate. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe, before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the corpse hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching heart, and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still." Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the strings, and the shells were left all floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the tops scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless ploughshare bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell Him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an occupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha, and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them? But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, His great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes. He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death-hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid-sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited—whether I will be filled with reminiscences or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point, I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed, only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame, to draw us up the steps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve us on the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal, and wintry, and vernal, and summery glories have vanished from our vision, we will wake up into a realm with us only one season, and that the season of everlasting love. But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None; absolutely none. So I look over this audience to-day—the vast majority of you seem to be in good health and spirits—and yet I realize that in a short time, all of us will be gone—gone from earth, and gone for ever. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world, that Christ have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisite tenderness of the phosphorescence of the sea; He trod it. He knows the glories of the mid-air heaven; for they were for the angelic canopy of His wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; He twisted them into His sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirled their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physically, and He died in cold sweat, and dizziness, and hemorrhage, and agony that have put Him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and He gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and He stings them under His own neck and head. He gathers on His own tongue the burning thorns of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrow of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, He took the vinegar!

To all those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got the blame. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescope through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your His alone. Do not put your poor

shoulder under Apollon's when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it; and you try this prescription. O, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race, He took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days, they saw a sail against the sky. They signalled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I, hall you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. O, dip your buckets, and drink, and live for ever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet, my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will refuse this Divine sympathy; and they will try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a blinding-on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retrogressive disaster. O, I wish I could to-day gather up in mine arms all the woes of men and women—all their heart-aches—all their disappointments—all their chagrins—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found; and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of the sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation. But no. There are some, I fear, in this audience who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy; notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept His grace, trudge the long way, and suffered the lacerating thorns, and received in His face the expostions of the fifth mob, and for the gully, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant gospel.

A CAMEL'S REVENGE.

How It Killed a Boy Who Had Incurred Its Displeasure.

An English traveler in the East gives the camel a very poor character. According to his account the creature is from first to last undomesticated and savage, rendered servicable not by tameness but by stupidity. One passion alone he possesses—namely, revenge, in the carrying out of which he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. One instance of this I well remember: A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, to another village at about half an hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way its driver struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it bode its time; nor was that time long in coming.

A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and finding the road clear of passengers, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him into the air flung him down again with the upper part of his skull completely torn off. Having thus satisfied his revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace towards the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole proceeding, though unfortunately at too great a distance to afford timely help, came up and killed it.

Wearing Teeth as Charms.

Among the "cranky" ideas adopted by girls is the practice of preserving their extracted teeth and wearing them as jewelry charms, and it is one of the nonsensical fads of the day. "Do many of our patients carry away their teeth after we have extracted them? Well, I should say they did, roped a West Thirty-fourth street dentist to a New York Telegram reporter recently. "None out of ten of our patients, especially young girls and women, ask us to wrap up their extracted molars to carry home. I know a pretty girl who had a tooth extracted eight years ago, when she was a child, which she has carried as a charm ever since. She wears it day and night. Quite a number of people have little cases made about the size of a thimble, in which they carry their extracted teeth after they have been polished and tipped with gold. Another lady has a bracelet made of her upper teeth. They are set in diamonds and look unique as teeth jewelry."

Office Boy (to country editor)—"Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor." Editor (anxiously)—"What does he want of the editor?" Boy—"Says he wants to mop the floor with him." Editor (relieved)—"Oh, show 'em in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper."—Life.



AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Evolution of a Distinctive Type of Feminine Loveliness.

When the people of the United States shall be deprived of the constant influx of foreign blood from Europe, they will finally develop into a fixed and regular American type. This peculiarity will have as its distinguishing characteristics slenderness of form, disposition to great muscular activity, extreme nervous sensitiveness, remarkable quickness of intellectual apprehension and a general alertness. These are, to a great extent, the characteristics of the American Indian, and when the white race shall become thoroughly located in North America, it will conform to the type of the Indians in their chief physical qualities. That the whites who have been in America for a few generations have already begun to assume the Indian type of bodily configuration has repeatedly been recognized and declared by competent physiologists and anatomists. The artists, who are ever alive to the peculiarities of form, have not failed to notice that a certain slenderness of figure has become so far characteristic of the Americans that it is never omitted in any pictorial representations, and the typical Yankee of the caricaturist as well as the typical Southerner, is always shown as a tall, slender, muscular, nervous personage. It may not be out of place to add to the testimony of the physiologist and the artist on these points that of the commercial man, which is fully corroborative of their observations. An importer of French and German gloves said to the writer that articles intended for the American trade had to be manufactured expressly, because the hands of the Americans are longer in proportion to breadth than those of the typical French and German people, and the fingers as a rule are longer and more slender.

Enough has been said to show that there will one day be a characteristic type of form for the American people, and that there will in consequence be a type of American beauty. Already the American women are being recognized as the most beautiful in the world. The uncrowned queens and untitled princesses from the United States are by the force of their charms rapidly winning titles and social supremacy among the old world aristocracy. But the American women are only in the infancy of their reign in the realms of beauty. They are to have their charms recognized throughout the civilized world as the queens of loveliness; and what the Egyptian women were to the world for many centuries, so to these thousand years ago the American women will be in the future.—New Orleans Picayune.

MUST HAVE DICTATORS.

What the Sage of Capriera Thought of the Political Exigencies of France.

In the preface to his memoirs Garibaldi advocates on the very first page—writing in 1872—the necessity of an honest and temporary dictatorship for nations like France, Spain, and Italy, as distinguished from the state of things in England. Repeatedly he returns to that idea. It was a fixed one with him, as I had occasion to find in 1864. Having one day, in company with my wife, says a writer in The Contemporary Review, taken him from the charmed circle in which he was then somewhat confined in the house of the duke of Sutherland, and conducted him from my house, first to Ledru-Rollin, and then to Louis Blanc, questions relating to future action were then and there discussed. "Are you still a republican?" Mme. Ledru-Rollin asked him point blank, with that direction of speech which is the privilege of ladies. "Certainly," he answered. Then he added: "If the time should come for renewing the movement for a commonwealth in Italy I believe a dictator will have to be appointed by way of transition in order to insure success." "Nobody among us doubted whom he had in view. Owing to his bringing up as an ordinary seaman and his freebooter's life abroad (Garibaldi, in 1849, was in capture of mind, even less to be compared to Mazzini than in later years. Of his natural intellectual aptitude I confess I hold a higher opinion than some of his democratic compatriots would acknowledge. I am also convinced that his so-called simplicity was far less than appearances might seem to warrant. This was my distinct impression from personal observation, especially when, as the appointed spokesman of the Germans in London, I was invited by him to see him in the Isle of Wight before his entry into London, on which occasion many political questions were confidentially discussed. However, Mazzini would openly say among friends with a somewhat startling candor: "I am the head, he is the arm of our cause." Such claims and counter claims could not but create a deal of friction.

Monarchs Are Mortals.

The condition of the Emperor Frederick is known for certain. The son of the Emperor William has cancer of the larynx, an incurable disease. If he lives some days longer it will be a miracle.

Prince Bismarck has the gout, pleuritis, rheumatism, neuralgia and seventy-three ye are.

The health of the King of Holland is very doubtful.

The King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., has the whooping-cough. His condition lately improved unreasonably. Besides, his majesty conducts himself very badly in the cradle; he has a way of exhibiting his Castilian pride, especially in the bath-tub, which disconcerts the ladies who groom him.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a bronchitis which tires her excessively. The Prince of Wales has influenza. The Duke of Edinburgh a chronic inflammation. King Otto of Bavaria is mad. The Emperor of Austria suffers from lassitude, his air is gloomy and his nights are restless. He is often heard to exclaim: "Then I have a treaty of alliance and friendship with those who have inflicted Sadova upon me!" The Empress Augusta is paralyzed.

Prince William has a disease of the ear that obliges him to keep his room. Moreover, the accounts of his health are mysterious. Some persons affirm that the son of Frederick III. will have to undergo an operation (the loss of the ear); others go further and declare that his blindness is as sick as his father, if not more so.

You Moltko has a sciatica, a disease which brings him no income, which is ruining him, and eighty-five years.—Ernest Bismarck, in the Rappell.

The Disastrous Effect of Political Reasoning.

"What do you think about Shuffie's letter declining to be at the club dinner. Do you think he means it?"

"Well, I don't know; but we are bound to take him at his word; it's the only thing we can do."

"But they tell me that his letter is open to a different interpretation, and that he will be the first man to get in an appearance."

"And so you doubt his sincerity?"

"Oh, not at all; but there is such a thing as laying hands on a man and forcing him to go where he is determined he won't go. What's a man going to do in that case?"

"Sure enough!"—Boston Transcript

HUNTING WITH FALCONS.

Peculiar Sport in an Arabian Desert.

In our second day's journey we met our two falconers, writes a correspondent to Harper's Magazine, who had been sent on in advance to find and mark the game. Now for a hunt with the falcons! Ah, royal sport of kings, nothing can compare with it! In front, scanning every bush-side, the falconers each with one bird on his gauntleted left hand, and another perched on his turban. Both hawks are hooded and jessed exactly as in the old knightly days. We make up a party of eight or ten cavaliers, while the rear is brought up with two or three servants armed with guns for defense as well as offense against the eagles, who sometimes pounce on the falcons. Suddenly rises the cry "Wah!" from one of the falconers, as a hare darts from its form. Up soars one falcon unhooded, while the other is drawn from its upstart perch on the head of the Arab to join the others. We rein in our impatient horses, that bound and snort to join the chase, for it is imperative to keep behind the falconers, so as not to interfere with the birds that are now dashing at the head of the hare, which doubles, and marvelously, considering its headlong flight, evades the beaks of its enemies. The chase is now at its height; every one is trying to be in the first; flight; the sunlight plays on the rich dresses, the bright arms, the glossy coat of the superb horses, whose elasticity of movement and aristocratic gait imprint on my mind a scene unrivaled. Onward hurries the hare as she bravely runs for life, in and out of the high hillocks of sand tufted with brush, which our horses take, one after the other, without a stumble. Urged by the cries of the falconer, a hawk fiercely swoops down again. Ah, she is touched by their morose beak, and rolls over and over, showing her white furred belly! 'Tis nothing; she regains her footing, and darts onward once more. I gladly give rein to my Arab, the momentary check having brought him to his haunches, as with arched neck and starting veins he crushes the bit with rage. I find the heat now terrific; the hare is still traveling with seemingly undiminished speed. The two falcons now swoop from opposite directions; they meet almost above the head of the hare; one falls with a broken neck, and frenzied cries from the falconer. In a moment a fresh bird is unhooded and cast off, and at the first dash at the now exhausted hare roll her over dead. I dismounted with the rest, men and beasts sweltering and foaming; the falconers rebanded their hawks which had settled on the carcass, and made preparations to feed them with the entrails mixed with tufts of hair, which was said to assist digestion. Our attendants now produced some kud and dried dates, which washed down with water and a touch of absinthe, formed our meal. Getting into as much shadow as the hillocks afforded, and thus gaining some relief from the piercing rays of the sun, we lit our pipes and cigarettes, while a pleasant languor overtook us followed by a profuse perspiration. An Arab began to play on a flute an air of a barbaric yet melodious character, the notes being often sustained for a long time, and producing a most delicious soothing effect. After our siesta we commenced our afternoon march, with very little change in the character of the desert, but late in the day we entered into a superb oasis, verdant and refreshing.

A Clever Trick.

Really there is no use trying to write the interesting things we see women do, and leave actresses out of the matter. They are forever doing odd things, partly because it is innate, and partly for purposes of public exploit. But this was not true of the one I came across yesterday. A traveling medicine van stopped in the fashionable suburb of Stapleton. It was equipped with a lecturer, a comic vocalist, a violin player and an actress. The charlatan himself made what he called a scientific medical address, the point of which was that the sure way to be cured of anything whatever was to buy a bottle of his wonderful panacea. The singer and the fiddler gathered the crowd for him, and held it by songs and playing whenever his oratory lost its grip on their attention. The actress was not ostensibly a part of the show. She played a difficult and essential role. In the guise of a rheumatic old woman, she hobbled in among the multitude on crutches, and was singled out by the practitioner.

"Come here, my good woman," he said, "and I will cure you gratis."

"You couldn't do it if I let you try," she replied. "More than a hundred doctors have failed, and I guess I'll have to die a cripple."

She permitted herself to be persuaded, however, and at length was seated in a chair in front of the gorgeous wagon. The quack set a screen around her several minutes, in the pretense that he was applying his miraculous lotion to her rheumatic leg. When she was disclosed with a flourish to the gaze of the crowd again she stood upright, walked on her supposedly cured limb, and vehemently declared that a miracle had been wrought. The sale of the bottled liquid was brisk for a while after that. I should not have suspected the woman of malingering, for she did it cleverly, only that I had seen her go through with precisely the same performance the week before, and less than ten miles away. I learned that she was a somewhat broken down but still clever impersonator of old women, and the manager of the medical show is her brother.—Chicago Herald.

A-MUSCULAR MINISTER.

Christian Endeavor Well Backed Up.

If you know anything about our town, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, you know Bill Brontz. He's the toughest character in the place, and he'd be a lough of the first degree even in a large city. How he lives nobody knows. Chief has his eyes on him all the time, and once in a while arrests him. Out of a month he's breaking the average if he's sober two days. He sleeps in a little hovel, now and then where the woman who is unfortunate enough to be his wife—a very decent body who earns her own living at the washtub—and one little daughter, aged 6, reside also.

A week or two ago the little girl fell into a fever, and from day to day grew weaker and weaker. Several charitable ladies went out to the hovel and left delicacies for the sick child, and Chief raised a purse of \$10 for the mother. Bill Brontz wasn't home much at the beginning of the child's sickness, but on Tuesday last he took it into his head to carry himself home with a bottle of whisky. He drank the whisky and then began a war dance in the room—the hovel consisted of but one room where the sick child lay.

When he was at the height of his vile antics, Mr. Bucknill, who had just learned of the little child's dangerous condition, came to the rulo of a door which the hovel boasted, and knocked. Bill Brontz rushed at the door and tried to close it, but Mr. Bucknill's sober strength was too much for him, and the drunken brute fell on the floor. The minister entered and assisted Brontz to his feet. The latter recognized his visitor, and politely told him to seek a warmer climate. "I don't want no blanked preachers round heer, d'ye see?"

"Oh, yes you do," was Mr. Bucknill's quiet response; "You need a preacher very badly, and a better one than I am." The drunken bully stared in blank amazement at the tall, youthful-looking man who had dared to talk back when he had the floor. He didn't get much comfort from what he saw. The minister was not freshy, but his shoulders were broad; he was thin, but as straight as a poplar, and his grip was something that Brontz had been much impressed with when the minister helped him to arise.

"What d'yer want here?" Brontz asked sulkily.

"First of all I want you to go right out at once from this room; it's no place for you. Then wait outside till I come out. Now go!" The young minister's eyes flashed and his hand just touched Brontz's shoulder. Brontz looked at the ground for a second; arose and shambled out.

Then Mr. Bucknill turned to Mrs. Brontz, who had been sitting by the bedside holding the sick child's hand all the time—he expected a murderous affray to begin every moment.

"There's a room for your little girl at the hotel, and a carriage will be here in five minutes to take her there. This place is horrible. I will go now and send some ladies of our church to help you move the child," said Mr. Bucknill. He walked out without another word.

Outside he saw Bill sitting on a cracker box.

"Come with me," said the minister, and as Bill slowly swung to his feet he caught at Mr. Bucknill's arm. Mr. Bucknill didn't draw back, but steadying the drunken wretch he led him back through Main Street.

Chief and I saw the procession, so did half the town.

Bill swore off next day. They say he'll be in church to-day. I know I shall be there.

And would you believe it—the young men's brass band serenaded Mr. Bucknill last night, and there's a church meeting called for next Wednesday to consider the proposal to build a new parsonage.

Mr. Bucknill couldn't leave town if he wanted to real bad.

Laziness Lost Him a Fortune.

About ten years ago Mr. H. B. Mikel, of Milton county, invented a rotary motion to churn with, and used it at home. It was a great improvement on the old-fashioned way of churning, and saved time and labor. Some of his friends advised him to patent it but he neglected to do so, thinking he would patent it some future time. Nearly two years ago Messrs. Davis & Cobb were selling family rights for the same churn in this county and called on Mr. Mikel to sell him one. On examining it Mr. Mikel found it to be exactly like his churn, and showed his churn to them. Some other man had patented it and made a fortune on it. If Mr. Mikel had taken out a patent when he invented the churn it would have paid him handsomely.—Atlanta Constitution.

Renew Her Youth.

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

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.—Time Table, Taking Effect July 15, 1888.

Table with columns for WEST, STATIONS, and EAST, listing train times and routes between Detroit, Lansing, and other stations.

CONNECTIONS.

DETROIT with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago June, with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Station Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R'y. Mt. Pleasant, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan. Grand Rapids, with Michigan Central, Kalamazoo Div., Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

H. MULLIKEN, Gen'l Manager, Detroit. W. A. GARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

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

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