

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL 1 NO. 48

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 48

## PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as  
Second Class Mail Matter.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

SEE HERE! If you are not already taking the Mail, send us 25 cents for three months, or 50 cents for six months trial. The paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada free of postage. If more convenient send us two or one cent postage stamps. Have it sent to your friends at a distance.

The repairs on the Phoenix mills are about completed.

A. D. Austin, of Elm, has been granted an increase of pension.

Diphtheria is reported in the family of E. Sheriff Sexton, Dearborn.

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

There are prospects of a large peach crop in the western part of the State this year.

You can't eat enough in one week to last you a year, neither can you advertise on that plan.

The examination of Seth Brannock which was to have taken place last Saturday was again adjourned till Thursday of this week.

A customs officer in searching the trunk of a minister, who arrived at Jersey City last Friday, from a trip in the old country, found under a false bottom in the trunk 5,000 cigars.

Miss Frank Clough, of Detroit, and Will Brownell, of South Lyon, have been rusticated at the home of the latter for the past week. Miss Clough returns to the city the latter part of this week.

Mathew Byrnes jumped from the cable, fifteen feet above the roadway of the Brooklyn bridge to the water below, 160 feet, last Friday and escaped with slight bruises. This is the highest recorded jump.

A man who recently moved to Adrian drank from a spring of cold water while heated, and death occurred. The old residents of the county seat do not die from drinking water; in fact they are not exposed.—Hudson Post.

Hop Williams' horse became frightened and ran away from in front of Taff's store Saturday, and made for home at great speed. The axle of the cart to which the animal was attached was badly out of shape when it reached home.

The press association of Cass county will hereafter require cash in advance for subscriptions, and furnish no paper to any person, on any terms, who has been reported as a deadbeat, until his entire subscription indebtedness in the county is paid.—Evening News.

His name was Dennis. Police Justice Haug yesterday examined Thomas Murphy and Mark Hayes, dock-wallopers, charged with robbing John Dennis, a Plymouth farm laborer, of \$10 on the highway. They were remanded for trial. Dennis, who is penniless, will be held as a witness.—Detroit Journal.

The Reynolds boys got burned quite badly Sunday by the explosion of a glass bottle of powder. They were trying to experiment on a worms nest. Boys, next time try some other day.—Dimondale Express. Yes, and it would be better to try some other combination. Powder, glass bottles and matches will act just as bad on Monday as they will on Sunday.

"S. H. Dodge," is the name of a four-year-old pacer owned by Fred Johnson and H. Fairchild, which they bought of Bert Moorman last fall. After 60 days handling, he paced a mile in 2:31½, going the half mile in 1:13, and the last quarter in 34½. J. J. Stellwagen's five-year-old, "St. Ignace," of Wayne, after seven weeks handling, trotted a mile in 2:33½, at the fair ground, Tuesday.—Ypsilantian.

I do not think there are many men who can give a better record of their summer's work so far than a lady who lives a short distance from this city. She has with the exception of plowing and harrowing, done all of the work upon seven acres of land, both in-doors and out-of-doors. Has done her own dress-making, making butter from two cows, has a fine vegetable garden, and attended to all of her errands and marketing herself. Who can beat this record!—Ann Arbor Democrat.

—South Lyon has voted to build a village hall and engine house.

—Miss Effie Vining, of Wayne, is a guest of Miss Carrie Steers.

—C. H. Bennett, of Tecumseh, was in town a couple of days the first of the week.

—Grasshoppers are getting in their work on the potato vines in south-western Washtenaw county.

—John M. Cook, the roller skater, well known throughout this state and Canada, died last week in Detroit, of consumption.

—T. C. Sherwood received a letter from Gov. Luce on Tuesday, accepting an invitation to be here on Thursday of fair week, at which time he will address the farmers.

—Hale Manning, who has been in the employ of George A. Starkweather & Co. for the past year, left Monday morning to accept a position as City Collector for the Detroit Journal.

—A Greenville boy threw a stone at his father's horse to make it stop prancing and succeeded beyond his fondest expectation. The horse was hit behind the ear and dropped dead.

—The first train on the D., L. & N. road being behind time the other day, made the run from Fowlerville to Trowbridge, 22 miles, in 23 minutes.

—W. H. John caught twenty-one moles in his lawn with a Wherry mole trap so far this season and last season J. C. Stellwagen's catch was twenty-nine, but this season he did not keep count of the number.—Wayne Review.

Fred Shaffer is agent for the West Park steam laundry, Detroit. Those wishing fine work without injury to goods should leave their laundry with him at H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s wall paper department, before Tuesday noon, each week. 46tf

All boys will enjoy the frontispiece of the August Wide Awake, "The Crisis," a wild Canadian river scene, also the accompanying story of peril and pluck, "Saved on the Brink," by Macdonald Oxley; and both boys and girls will have great fun over James Otis' complete serial, "A Neck-tie Party," for it is a jolly story. One of the most beautiful things in the number is by May Kendall, an English writer, the author of the novel "That Very Mab"; it is a "parable" entitled "The Temple of Music," and teaches one of the most precious of life's lessons—that "he who loses his life shall find it"; all who have ever given up an ideal for the sake of duty will be the happier for reading this exquisite story. In "The Elephants of an Indian Prince" Miss Ribley Seward offers the young folks the most entertaining elephant article ever written, all from her own experience with the finest elephants of Asia. "Pets in Artist Life," by Eleanor Lewis, has some beautiful pictures and some very amusing anecdotes. There is a charming little tale for little folks by Katharine Macquie, about two little girls and "A Sabot." Edward Everett Hale writes about Boston Common as it was in Revolutionary Days, and the article has Henry Bacon's famous picture of "The Boston School Boys and General Gage." Dr. Garnett of the British Museum has a witty Chinese story called "The Rewards of Industry," amusingly illustrated. Mrs. James T. Fields contributes a long suggestive story, "A Helping hand," written for young women just from school—a noble story. "Double Roses," the serial by Mrs. Sherwood, relates the overthrow of Phyllis and Bluebell, and the training-ship serial by Mrs. Crowninshield, "Plucky Smalls," shows how the Government decorated Plucky with a medal—this story is another delightful. Margaret Sidney contributes a charming poem, "The Little Town Maid," which is a most pathetic appeal for a universal "Country Week." There are many other attractions—a pretty paper by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey about "The English Daisy," written among English daisies, an article on Hans Andersen, an account of the baby Buddhas in Thibet by Mrs. Leonovens, instructions how to make a "handy microscope," together with Tangles, Letters from Children, poems, prize-questions and pictures. Twenty cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

### Wonderful Cure.

J. H. Boylan, Druggist, of Plymouth, says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines here. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by J. H. Boylan. 1

## REMEMBER OUR PLATFORM!

### RELIABLE GOODS AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Remember we are headquarters for the Celebrated Pingree & Smith shoes and many other standard lines.

Remember we are headquarters for Butterick's Patterns.

Remember we have the Largest and Best Stock of Dress Goods in Plymouth.

Remember we have the Most Complete Line of Dry Goods and Notions in Plymouth.

Remember we have over fifty Patterns of Carpet to select from, and Below Detroit Prices.

Remember we keep in stock a line of Wall Paper Second to None in the State.

Remember we have the Best All Wool Yachting, Bicycle and Tourists Suits in town and a Splendid Line of Fall Dress Shirts, Latest Styles in Collars, Ties, Etc.

Remember we are always Busy in our Tailoring Department; leave your orders now for a Fall Suit or Overcoat; First Come, First Served. Remember we guarantee a fit, use Better Trimmings, do Better Work and at Lower Prices than will be given you elsewhere.

Remember with every pair of the Duchess Overalls at 75 cents per pair we give you a good pair of Suspenders, and a better pair of Suspenders with every 90 cent pair of Duchess Overalls or Pants. The high standard of excellence maintained for the Duchess Pants and Overalls, together with the Suspenders and Guarantee, which go with every pair, should be an inducement for you to buy them.

Remember we keep a Complete Stock of First Quality English table ware, Fancy ware, Glassware, Etc. Table and Pocket Cutlery, Shears and Scissors.

Remember Our Stock of Groceries is First Class; our Teas are of the Choicest that the market affords; our Spices are warranted Strictly Pure, and are ground and put up Expressly for those who want Pure Goods.

Remember we deal on the Square, keep Quality at the Top and Prices at the Bottom.

—AT—

## Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.

A new sewing machine at the Mail office. Will be sold very cheap.

**DEAD SHOT ON MOLES!**  
IF YOUR LAWN IS  
**Being Destroyed**  
—BY—  
**MOLES!**  
Send \$2.50 to  
**W. N. WHERRY,**  
PLYMOUTH, MICH.,  
For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them. J. C. Stellwagen, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success. 2d

**GO TO H. WILLS,**

**FOR**  
  
**And all kinds of Blacksmithing. Low Prices on Wagon and Buggy Repairing.**

**I SELL MY OWN MAKE OF**  
**Wagons and the Wayne Buggies. All Styles.**  
I have been through the factory at Wayne, and know that they use good material.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**  
**Wagon and Carriage Painting!**  
Opposite Shafer's Foundry, Plymouth, Michigan

## This is the Book WE ARE GIVING AWAY.



PRICE THREE DOLLARS, BUT WORTH TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT EVERY YEAR, TO EVERY FAMILY THAT USES IT.

EIGHT AND ONE-HALF INCHES LONG, SIX INCHES WIDE, TWO INCHES THICK.

We propose to give a copy of this \$3 book to each of our customers (old or new) who will trade with us, and we hope that every one who reads this notice will avail themselves of our offer.

### OUR PURPOSE.

We are making this new departure in our business for two reasons. First: We wish in this way to express to our old customers our appreciation of their patronage. Second: We hope to induce a large number of new customers to trade with us at least long enough to thoroughly test the quality of our goods, our prices, our reliability and our way of doing business.

### OUR PLAN.

We shall give a copy of this \$3 book to each one of our customers who will, in Ninety Days, buy Twenty Dollars worth of goods from us, and pay for them.

## H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Fine Merchant Tailoring a Specialty.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

The Salt Product.

The monthly report of the state salt inspector shows the quantity inspected during July, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Quantity. Includes Saginaw, Manistee, Bay, Iosco, Mason, Huron, St. Clair, and Total.

Total. The total inspection for the year to August 1, with comparisons, was: 1884, 1,338,013; 1885, 1,828,828; 1886, 2,065,900; 1887, 2,373,532; 1888, 2,309,317.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

John Myers, a Kalamazoo colored man, fought with another colored man, and the latter bit one of John's ears off, severed an eyelid and chewed his face in a horrible manner. The cannibal escaped.

Hotel keepers and residents of Mackinac island pray that the next state encampment be located at some distant point.

A logging train, on which was 200 workmen, was wrecked near Gaylord the other morning. Fifteen persons were seriously injured, some of whom, it is feared, will die. The wreck was caused by a log falling between the cars, throwing the train from the track.

Emma Sheldon of Sumner was washing dishes the other day, when she suddenly threw up her arms, gave a scream and fell to the floor unconscious. Two hours later she was dead. The peculiar circumstances attending the case gave rise to a suspicion that the girl's death had not resulted from natural causes, and a post mortem examination was held. Several physicians made an exhaustive investigation, but they were not satisfied with the result, and the stomach has been sent to Prof. Kedzie for analysis.

A 10-year old son of Wentworth Woodbury of East Saginaw was put upon the back of a work horse for a ride. He fell off, his foot catching in the harness. This frightened the horse, and he ran away, dragging the boy by the leg, and causing fatal injuries.

There are 215 girls in the industrial home in Adrian.

Smith & Cotton's shingle mill at Evart burned the other day at a loss of \$3,000.

Before Cashier Stevens of the Paw Paw national bank, went to state prison, on his five years' sentence for embezzlement, the shortage he had caused was made up.

Peter Hekkema of Fruitland, has sent President Cleveland a case of huckleberries.

Gen. Alger visited Gen. Harrison at Indianapolis on the 31st inst.

Mrs. Harriet Wood, an aged lady of Jackson, took a spoonful of tincture of aconite in mistake for paregoric, and died the next morning.

The Allen Young murder case at Pontiac has been adjourned to August 17.

Silas E. Smith, owner of a large farm near Lakeview, has lost six head of his best cattle lately, five being poisoned and one shot.

Congressman Fisher has finally determined that he is willing to accept a nomination for re-election. He at first decided he would not, but has been induced to change his mind.

At Alpena several law suits have been instituted against Mr. Morse, the mill owner in whose sawdust heaps the recent great fire started. Extreme carelessness is charged.

Hon. Crockett McElroy of St. Clair delivered an address at Wesley Park international camp meeting grounds, Niagara Falls, recently, and in it he said: "Men may sneer at labor unions, knights of labor, the brotherhoods and various other organizations of labor, but sneers cure no evils, and the time is coming, yes, coming soon, when legislation will be imperatively demanded that will adjust the differences between capital and labor, and place them in harmonious relations."

Joseph Polehm of Bay City, who was injured in the railroad accident near Gaylord, died of his injuries the next day.

The manufacture of cedar oil from cedar boughs is quite an industry at Deep River.

A soldiers' memorial window has been placed in the Court street Methodist church in Flint.

Thomas Parkinson, a pioneer of St. Clair county, died in Emmet recently, aged 100 years.

The Grand Trunk wants to get control of the new road from Saginaw to Durand.

Dr. W. C. Williams of Muskegon has been awarded \$400,000 by L. W. Gardner of New York.

The bill which passed the house appropriating \$75,000 for a public building at Jackson has passed the senate and the amount raised to \$100,000. A conference committee has been appointed.

The loss by the hail storm in St. Clair county about a week ago is about \$35,000.

The announcement of the appointment of Dr. Foley of Detroit as bishop of the Detroit diocese has been officially confirmed, official notice having been received by Cardinal Gibbons.

The mill of the Lakeside shingle company, near Muskegon, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss, \$13,000. The mill will be rebuilt at once.

Albert Tooley of Hillsdale, employed as a brakeman on the switch engine at the Jonesville station of the L. S. & M. S. railroad, was run over by his engine at that village the other night about 11 o'clock, and so badly injured that he died the next morning.

John Hibbard, aged 73, of East Saginaw, committed suicide the other morning by cutting his throat with a pen-knife.

George A. Hicks is in jail at Kalamazoo, charged with passing forged checks.

Miss F. L. Stewart, for 20 years connected with the Ypsilanti postoffice, has resigned, and will become a teacher in the state normal this fall.

L. Hill, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of Dansville, is dead.

The stamp mill at the Ridge copper mine, near Ontonagon, has been started again, after being idle for several years.

Nearly 900,000 pounds of wool were marketed in Genesee county this season.

A large paper mill, with \$200,000 capital, is one of the possibilities at Port Huron.

The C. & G. T. R. R. are now busy making changes, and will have their coaches heated by steam direct from the locomotive, in compliance with a recent law prohibiting the use of stoves on all railroads in Michigan.

Myron Safford, while excavating on the banks of the river near his place north of Vassar, disinterred the remains of an Indian.

Among the cases under consideration by the state pardon board are those of James

McAuley, who is at present serving four years and six months for larceny; Wm. Ellis, who has already served two years of a seven years' sentence for burglary; Jacob Steubenball, who pleads drunkenness in extenuation for his crime of manslaughter, for which he is now serving a ten years' sentence; John B. Darling, who has two years more of a four years' sentence to serve for attempting to commit rape; Thomas Smith, who claims he is innocent of a murder for which he is now serving a life sentence, and David Bolton, who is doing three years for assault with intent to do great bodily harm. The board meets the third Tuesday in August.

Thomas Thompson, one of the first settlers of Wright, Hillsdale county, dropped dead the other morning.

The first national bank of Sturgis was robbed at noon the other day while the clerks were at dinner. The amount taken is not known, but it is believed to be between \$400 and \$500. The thieves got in at the back window by taking off the bars and raising the window. The officers have no trace of the thieves.

Lightning struck a barn on Frank Chapell's farm near Harrisville the other morning, and the building, with the contents, was burned to the ground. The loss is \$1,500. The owner and family were not at home at the time, and Mrs. Joseph Fisher, a neighbor, was badly burned while carrying property from the burning building.

The business portion of White Rock, Huron county, was reduced to ashes Aug. 3.

It is estimated that the shrinkage in wool prices this year cost the farmers of Genesee county \$38,110.

A number of bald eagles have been seen recently in the vicinity of Stanton.

Coldwater shipped 107,000 pounds of wool this season.

The annual reunion of the Michigan battalion Merrill Horse will be held at Bellevue Sept. 3-7.

The nineteenth reunion of the Fifth Michigan Veteran Volunteer Infantry will be held at Owosso August 29.

M. W. Cross, who for six years has been superintendent of the broom-making department of the state school for the blind at Lansing, has resigned his position and returned to his old home in Battle Creek.

Leander Johnson had his skull crushed by a falling tree in a lumber camp near Big Rapids.

Alexander P. Miller was struck by a slab from the edging machine in a mill at Chippewa Lake, and almost disemboweled. He died a few hours later.

A six-year old son of Farmer Oliver, near La Fountaine, jumped from a stump, and falling on an upturned stick was literally disemboweled.

The inspection of the railroads in Michigan by Commissioner Rich develops the fact that the roads in the state are in a far better condition at present than they were one year ago. Especially is this noticeable in the construction of station houses. Those which are being and have been erected during the year are of much better quality than those erected in preceding years.

Lightning struck a tree near the house of Elijah Hamer in Flat Rock, shocked all the inmates of the house, and killed six cows and two colts near by.

At present there is not a case of small pox in Michigan. So says the state board of health.

William and Hartford McMullen of Dryden were drowned while bathing on the 5th inst.

Bishop Harris of Detroit, who is at present in London, was stricken with paralysis on the 5th inst. Dr. T. A. McGraw of Detroit is with him.

Lewis Willey of Pewamo sold 125 lambs, the product of 80 ewes this year, for \$1,000.

The Eighth Michigan cavalry will hold its reunion this year at Allegan, in connection with the reunion of the soldiers' and sailors' association of southwestern Michigan.

An important find of ore has been made between Marquette and Negaunee.

Fred Peterson was run over by a hand car near Michigamme and instantly killed on the 5th inst.

John Belote, one of the first settlers of Quincy, dropped dead at his home the other morning.

Dr. Isaac J. Mechem, one of the oldest settlers of Battle Creek, is dead. He and his wife who survives him, have been actively engaged in temperance work in that city for 30 years.

A few days more and Flushing coal will go to the Saginaws direct by rail.

One hundred Advance threshers were shipped from Battle Creek to Minneapolis the other day.

So far this season iron ore shipments out of the Lake Superior country have fallen 245,065 tons short of the shipments up to the corresponding date last year.

The gross receipts of the Emancipation day celebration at Flint were \$1,018.72, over half of which were net, and were turned over to the A. M. E. Church.

Rats burglarized the money drawer of Jacob Gansly of Lansing a few nights ago, but Jacob smelled the rats, and found \$20 in bills in their nest but little damaged.

Snapping turtles are shipped from Marcellus to Philadelphia.

Conductor Thomas Corners of the Black River & Mud Lake logging road, was crushed through the hip and groin between two cars and taken to Alpena. He will probably die.

Indian Agent Stevens of Flint has been highly complimented by the commissioner of Indian affairs on the outcome of the suits against the despoilers of Indian timber lands in Isabella county.

The Pittsburgh & Lake Superior mining company has found a splendid vein of clean ore 140 feet below the surface on the range east of Negaunee, and the excitement following has led to some substantial purchases of territory along the range in the direction of Marquette. The vein has been pierced to a depth of 45 feet.

Charles Bayliss of Hudson, confined in jail at Coldwater on a charge of drunk and disorderly, hung himself. The body was taken to Hudson for burial.

Taken the Last Degree.

Dr. Robert Morris died July 31 at his home in Lagrange, Ky., from paralysis. Dr. Morris was 70 years old and a native of Mississippi. He was the poet laureate of Masonry and the most distinguished Mason in the world. He was a past grand master and the author of nearly 100 Masonic works and poems.

Army of the Cumberland Reunion.

The society of the army of the Cumberland will hold its nineteenth reunion in Chicago on the 19th and 20th of September. Gen. Ben Harrison is a member of the society, and the committee of arrangements hope to secure his presence at the time.

Several Women Killed.

A terrible explosion occurred in a fire works factory at Wandsworth, a section of London, on the 3rd inst. Six women at work in the building were killed.

SHERIDAN IS DEAD.

Heart Failure the Immediate Cause of His Death.

Sketch of His Career.

Gen. Sheridan died suddenly at Nonquitt, Mass., on the 5th inst. Death resulted from the old heart trouble which had never been successfully arrested. The General was removed from Washington to Nonquitt some time ago in the hope that the sea air would prove beneficial, and his condition steadily improved until a few days before his death, when there was a halt. Until a few days before his death he was able to sit up and read the proof sheets of his memoirs, but he continued to grow weaker. The physicians became anxious, and held a council, but said nothing to alarm the family or the republic. They did all they could, however, to avert the blow, but he sank rapidly, losing consciousness toward the end, and died at 11 o'clock on the night of the 5th inst.



Gen. Sheridan's Career.

Philip Henry Sheridan was a native of Perry county, Ohio, the son of Irish parents and a West Point graduate of '53. He served in Texas and Oregon, and was made captain in 1861. In May, 1862, he was made colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and before the year was out he was a major-general. His services as chief of cavalry of the army of the Potomac are too well known to need recital now, and his famous ride to Winchester is immortalized in history and in song. The campaign against Richmond in 1864 was furthered by his destructive raids on Lee's communications, and he did much in the events that led up to the close of the war.

After the war he was in Louisiana and Texas, enforcing "reconstruction," and in 1869 he was made lieutenant-general of the United States army. His headquarters were at Chicago, until Gen. Sherman's retirement made him the highest officer in the army, when he became located at Washington. He was a popular, courteous officer, well-liked socially, a leading Catholic and very charitable.

Michigan can prefer a claim to a share in the glory which envelops the name of Sheridan. When appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry in May, 1862, by Gov. Blair, he soon gave the enemy a taste of his quality. Fourteen fights in thirteen days kept the Wolverine boys busy crossing sabres with the enemy, whom they drove out of northern and western Tennessee. The Second regiment was raised at Grand Rapids, and R. A. Alger was one of its captains. Such achievements led to promotion, and Sheridan was made a brigadier and major-general before the close of 1862. The great cavalry battle of Boonville, Miss., was fought on July 1, 1862. In that battle his great ability was strikingly shown. He dispatched Capt. Alger, with two companies, by a devious, circuitous road to attack Chalmers in flank and rear. At the moment Alger struck the enemy in the flank, Gen. Sheridan caused the locomotives which had just arrived to supply train to blow their whistles. The moral effect of a flank attack is even more serious than the actual contest. When, therefore, Chalmers was attacked by Alger with his small force and heard the scream of the locomotives at his front, apparently betokening reinforcements, he beat a hasty retreat, and the battle was won. Capt. Alger was wounded and left on the field.

Stone River and Mission Ridge gave Sheridan other laurels, which he bore with his usual unassuming and modest manner.

MORGAN HANGED.

A History of the Crime. - Protest His Innocence.

"Blinky" Morgan was hanged at Columbus, Ohio, on the morning of the 3d inst. for the murder of Detective Hulligan on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh express on the night of Feb. 4, 1887.

The facts leading up to the crime are as follows: On the morning of Jan. 28, 1887, the fur store of Benedict & Rudey, 245 Superior street, Cleveland, was entered just at daybreak by burglars and \$2,000 worth of seal skin sacs and furs taken.

The robbery was mysterious, since the place was closely guarded and watched by the regular police and private watchmen. Thirty-six garments in all were taken. As soon as the robbery became known to the police, Capt. Henry Hoehn gave orders for his men to watch all the roads leading to the Cleveland & Pittsburgh, and the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio roads.

The burglary occurred on Friday morning, and on Sunday at 3 a. m. Thomas Storey, an Ohio coal dealer was arrested as being the man who, on the Friday night previous, had driven three men and two Saratoga trunks to the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railway station at Bedford. He afterward confessed that the men had paid him a round sum for hauling them there, on condition that he keep his mouth shut; that when half way to the station one of his horses had given out and the men had entered a barn by the wayside and stolen a horse with which to continue their journey.

The three men purchased tickets to Allegheny City, Pa. The Pittsburgh police were notified and Henry McMunn, a noted crook, was arrested as one of the probable burglars. Requisition papers were secured and Capt. Hoehn and Detective Hulligan of Cleveland prepared to take their man back to the scene of his crime.

When the 11 o'clock train for Cleveland reached Ravenna, the two officers were set upon by a band of thugs, and after Hulligan had been half murdered and Hoehn so badly injured that he lay for months hovering between life and death, the prisoner, McMunn, was unshackled from his captors and hurried away by the desperadoes. Hulligan and Hoehn were taken to Cleveland that night, and after lingering in great agony until Feb. 3, Hulligan died of his injuries.

A reward of \$10,000 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, and detectives from all parts of the country flocked to the scene. After a number of suspects had been arrested and released, suspicion

pointed to three men as the probable murderers—namely, Charles Morgan, Bill Hanley and Pat Harrington. They were apprehended at Alpena, Mich., June 28, 1887, Morgan being captured at the house of relatives, and the so-called Hanley and Harrington at the dock, as they were about leaving the place for parts unknown. During the struggle with Morgan Sheriff Lynch of Alpena was shot in the leg, and blood poisoning setting in later he died in great agony at a hospital in Detroit, whither he had been taken.

The prisoners were taken, heavily ironed, to Cleveland by boat, thence to the county jail, and from there to the Portage county jail, where they were closely guarded. During the trial the most intense excitement prevailed. Morgan was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and arrived at the penitentiary in Columbus on Thanksgiving day of last year. The two men supposed to be Hanley and Harrington were identified as James Robinson and John Coughlan. Both were found guilty and brought to the penitentiary, but Coughlan has since proved an alibi and is a free man. Robinson's chances are good also for eventually being cleared of the charge.

The fight to save Morgan's life has been bitter, and his attorneys, Eddie and Johnson, have left no stone unturned to clear their client. Morgan has been twice respited; the case has been carried up on error from the common pleas to the circuit court, and from thence to the supreme court, both the upper courts sustaining the decision of the lower. The board of pardons has also carefully considered the case and found no reason why Morgan's sentence should be commuted to life imprisonment. A numerously signed petition, presented by some of the leading citizens of Columbus to Gov. Foraker asking that Morgan's sentence be commuted, met with no better success, and guilty or innocent he has expiated his crime on the gallows, within the walls of the Ohio penitentiary.

Morgan left a note, which was made public after the execution, protesting his innocence of the crime, declaring that he was in Philadelphia at the time the murder was committed, and that if opportunity was given him he could prove it.

FIFTEEN LIVES LOST.

A Crowded Tenement House at New York Burned.

Fifteen people were burned to death in a six-story brick building in the rear of 197 Bowery in New York the other afternoon. Six more, burned so badly that they will probably die, were removed to various hospitals. The house was a ram shackle affair hidden in the middle of the block, the only entrance to it being a narrow alleyway from the Bowery. In front of it was a four-story building, on the first floor of which was a saloon called "The White House." Adjoining this is Harry Miner's People's Theatre. In the rear of the burned building were two houses, hemming it on the Chrystie street side.

In this caged-in building lived about 150 people. Each of the six floors was occupied by a single family, the head of which was a tailor who made clothing for the cheap wholesale clothing houses and employed from fifteen to twenty men, women and children, in addition to his own family, in making up the clothing. They were all Polish Jews and employers and employed worked late and slept in the crowded rooms of the dingy tenement.

The fire was discovered about four o'clock and spread with such rapidity that all means of escape were cut off, and nothing could be done to save the unfortunate victims.

Rolling Vestibuled Trains.

Now run over the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls route," and the New York Central and Boston & Albany railroads from Chicago to New York and Boston. These trains are not only equipped with the finest Wagner palace sleeping cars, but are made thoroughly complete by having vestibuled dining, smoking, first-class and baggage cars, and although constituting the famous "limited" of the Michigan Central, carry all classes of passengers without extra charge. Attached to this train is a through sleeper, Chicago to Toronto (via Canadian Pacific), whose connection is made with parlor car for Montreal. Accommodations secured at the Michigan Central ticket offices, No. 47 Clark street, corner Randolph and Depot, foot of Lake street, Chicago.

Damage at Duluth.

A violent rain and thunder storm visited Duluth the other night, causing damage variously estimated up to a quarter million. The streets and gutters were washed out and also the railway tracks. The electric lights went out, and darkness reigned. A number of stores and stocks were flooded. Several houses were struck by lightning, and policeman and firemen knocked down by one dash.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table of market prices for various commodities including wheat, corn, oats, barley, malt, clover seed, feed, flour, apples, beans, butter, cheese, dried apples, eggs, honey, hops, hay, malt, onions, potatoes, blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, peaches, poultry, turkeys, ducks, provisions, extra mess beef, lard, hams, shoulders, bacon, tallow, hides, cured, salted, sheep skins, wool, live stock, cattle, hogs, and sheep.

FISK ACCEPTS.

He Arraigns the American Saloon and Its Sponsors.

The Platforms Compared.

Clinton B. Fisk, prohibition candidate for president, in his letter of acceptance, dated Seabright, N. J., July 25, says, given out for publication on the 7th inst., after formally accepting the nomination: "Within a few years the temperance reform has altogether changed front. In the great conflict which has been and is yet waging, the temperance forces no longer face the human appetite and habit alone; they oppose legislation, law, the purpose of political parties, the policy of state and nation. What law creates, law alone can kill. The creature of law, the saloon, the legalized liquor traffic, can die only at the law's hand, or the hand of the law's executor. Conceived in avicious iniquity, born of sinful legislative wedlock, the licensed saloon, the legalized liquor traffic, bastard child of a civilization possessing purity and virtue, must be strangled by the civilization which begot it, or that civilization must go forever branded with the scarlet letter of its own shame."

No party which is made public administrator by the enemies of temperance, or which owes the election of its candidates to saloon influence, can ever establish prohibition as a binding fact in government any where. The national democratic party, in its platform, utters no word in condemnation of the greatest foe to the republic—the liquor traffic. That party having steadfastly, in its utterances at national conventions maintained its allegiance to the American saloon, it was no disappointment to anyone that at St. Louis, in 1888, it reaffirmed its old position on this, the greatest question now being debated among men.

"The first concern of good government," said the recent national republican convention at Chicago, "is the virtue and sobriety of the people, and the purity of the home." Revenue, then, is not government's chief concern, whether coming from internal taxation or from a tariff on importations; and any source of revenue which discounts "the virtue and sobriety of the people," and begets impurity in the home, should be the first object assailed by every party professing to seek good government. While the revenue derived from such a source should be the first to be forewarned—not alternatively, for the sake of a protective tariff, but positively, for the sake of a protection dearer and more vital than the tariff can ever yield.

I search the long platform through in vain to find a condemnation of the saloon, or hint of a purpose to assail it, or any sign of moral consciousness that the saloon is a curse, and its income too unholy for the nation to share. If the "chief concern" has not a place in the party's platform, and a party has no policy as to that "chief concern," that party does not deserve the support of men who love good government and like to see it maintained. The prohibition party's "chief concern" is for the purity of the home, and the virtue and sobriety of the people. It asserted this in plain and unmistakable terms at Indianapolis; and it further plainly said that "the burdens of taxation should be removed from clothing and other necessities of life." It is to-day the only avowed and consistent party which the home and labor have, for it would make the blessings of home cheap and remove altogether its curses. It would bring labor to sobriety and insure employment; it would keep the factories busy to clothe labor, the farms active to feed it, and would give to our whole industrial system the impetus and prosperity never yet known and never possible till the saloons are put away.

Brooks' Letter.

Dr. John A. Brooks in his letter, after acknowledging the honor conferred upon him, and denouncing monopolies and trusts, says: "We must avoid an ever increasing surplus in the treasury, and all unnecessary taxation must be lifted from the shoulders of the people. The surplus is a perpetual nuisance, not only to business, not only to the country, but to public morals as well. The question of the propriety of removing the tax from whisky must depend altogether upon the purpose intended to be accomplished by such removal."

The traffic itself, considers that it is its last defense, entrenches itself behind federal and state taxation. Strike down its defense and an outraged public would not long suffer its continuance. Two political parties demand in their platforms the abrogation of the federal law. But upon what ground do they base their actions?"

The prohibition party would strike off the tax that it may the sooner destroy the traffic. It would not have the government to be a co-partner in profits wrung from the vices of the citizens. The purpose of the republican party in the repeal of the tax is to reduce the revenues, that they may not have "to surrender any part of our protective system."

A proper protection of American labor and the infant industries of our country may and does commend itself to the majority of our people, but of infinitely more importance is the protection of our homes. To this end our platform justly subordinates all other questions. Dr. Brooks concludes by some remarks regarding the sanctity of the home, refers to the evil influence of saloons, indorses woman suffrage and the work of women for prohibition, and again thanks the convention for the honor of the nomination.

Will Visit His Grandmother.

Emperor William of Germany, will visit England in November. Under the present circumstances his majesty's visit to England will be a state and not a family affair, and the queen must meet him either in London or at Windsor. Foreign office officials believe that Prince Bismarck intends to accompany Emperor William to England, for the purpose of conferring with the queen on affairs relating to the late Emperor Frederick.

\$500,000 Fire.

E. B. Eddy's lumber mill at Birchton, three miles east of Ottawa, Ont., was burned on the 1st inst., together with the entire season's cut, valued at \$420,000, a number of workmen's houses and the oil-house. Total loss will amount to \$500,000, on which there is an insurance of \$100,000.

William Hobbs, 18 years old, a slab-cutter, was burned to death, and William Stewart, a boy, is supposed to be fatally burned.

Murder and Suicide.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., May Paston of Johnstown, Pa., aged 20, shot and killed Charles De Knight, a Pullman car conductor, and blew her own brains out in a hotel where they had registered a few hours before as C. Lewis and wife of Johnstown. Both were dead before any one reached their room, and the cause of the murder and suicide could only be surmised. Both were young people of good connections and reputation.

Catherine Gaffney, whose brother Patrick died suddenly in Chicago recently, intestate and leaving \$150,000, was found in the same house hospital on Mackwell's Island. She is about eighty years of age.

# TALMAGE IN THE OCCIDENT.

## A Chautauqua Assembly the Recipient of His Discourse.

The Soul-Stirring Divine Illustrates With Mighty Earnestness and Unfading Zeal the Elaborate and Significant Definition of the Devout Portrayal of the Martyrs of Every Day Life.

LAKESIDE, OHIO, July 29.—For many years an Assembly of the Chautauqua type has been held at this point. The leading professors, scholars and clergymen of this and other lands have addressed the audience. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is now here. He lectured yesterday (Saturday) and preached to-day, to throngs innumerable. The subject of his sermon to-day was: "The Martyrs of Every-Day Life." He took for his text: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness."—II Timothy, II, 3. Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unveil before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no gun, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names stratified the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the horrors of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a battle. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it that appears on the plate. To have the ringer of pain strike through the side, or across the temple, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vice, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatism and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was feebler than the "good night" before—yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, bountiful in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign for ever and ever.

Mark I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing when you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employe bowing across the scaffold to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop for a moment your children will starve on the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-fields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made arm's jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them.

In this roll I also find the heroes who do uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men, who, under the north-east storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggering home at midnight, and constant mistreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? These men soon become unconcerned in the fire, but here a fifty-year-old martyrdom, a fifty-year's puking to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rolling companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight quarrel, and landing over the battered and broken form of him, who, when he took

her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice, and quivering lip, quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will begin to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out to a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the corpse and the two Christian women who preached over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their plighted poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have had no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungry; and of those who do not only a battle of wit, but only a dollar in their pockets, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, and their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their names is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give the poor traveler, or may have only a splinter from under the nail of his right finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dresses will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Adobe Abby. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh! when our work is over, will it be said that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it.

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife Mrs. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! is this Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! it seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatist, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell on his knees and began to pray. "Alas!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council, and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convey them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they, in the Last Judgment find that mercy they have refused to me. Thy most worthy, but faithful servant, Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her arms the fragments of her husband's head—gathered them up, and buried—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh!" she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now." "O what a grand thing it will be in the Last Day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claver-

houses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woel woel! woel!

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the blowing of that great bell in the tower! It is coronation day in heaven.

Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world-renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who sat on invalid mothers. That is all! That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heart-broken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulchre. God watched them God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand on hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckle, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." "What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unshaken sword fights for you!"

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or heroine. If there be no four in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of cloths? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning go into the grain-field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man? "I have been young, and now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement. O! troubled soul, O! sewing woman, O! man kicked and cuffed by unjust employes, O! ye who are hard beset in the bottle of life and know not which way to turn. O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

### Americans Getting Left.

The United States seems strangely regardless of the fact that the best of the loaves and fishes in Mexico are being appropriated by people from the other hemisphere. The Germans were the modern pioneers, and for more than two decades the slow-going but persistent men of that race have been uniformly successful here in trade, which they have carefully developed. All over the country we find them, from the Rio Grande to the gulf, as druggists, manufacturers, miners, hacienda proprietors; in fact, almost monopolizing the two first-named branches of business. The shop keepers, wine merchants, shoe dealers, confectioners, restaurateurs and bakers of Mexico are about in the proportion of two-thirds French to one-third Italian; while the English monopolize the clothing trade, jewelry establishments, etc. It must be remembered that the highest class of Mexicans are altogether too proud to engage in trade of any sort, the lower classes are too poor, and the bulk of the middle classes devote themselves to agriculture. Being so intensely Roman Catholic, this country has no use for Hebrews, and few have had the temerity to settle here; while the Americans, as a rule, on the lookout for great speculations, come and go—with considerable noise and bluster, it is true—but without realizing much in the way of substantial results. So far as money goes, this country is really very poor; but although brilliant opportunities are as scarce as typical hens' teeth, there is no doubt that hard work, combined with a reasonable amount of sagacity, is rather more apt to win here than elsewhere, because as yet things have not been overdone.—*Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

### Love and Hate.

Look you, the man whom you hate, —are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man, —you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight, it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable, it is a part of the Over-Soul, of the Infinite, of God. Hatred is painful, it strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diseases of the skin. "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado, shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expressions may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the out-cast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each other will be, "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?" —*Lippincott's.*

When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising, I believe and am firmly persuaded that nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal. —*Cicero.*

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson VII, August, 12 1888. THEME: THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.—Lev. 16:1-16.

And the Lord spake unto Moses after the death of the two sons of Aaron, when they offered before the Lord and died; 2. And the Lord said unto Moses: Speak unto Aaron thy brother, that he come not at all times into the holy place within the veil before the mercy seat, which is upon the ark; that he die not: for I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy seat. 3. Thus shall Aaron come into the holy place; with a young bullock for a sin offering; and a ram for a burnt offering. 4. He shall put on the holy linen coat, and he shall have the linen breeches upon his flesh, and shall be girded with a linen girdle, and with the linen mitre shall he be attired; these are holy garments; therefore shall he wash his flesh in water and so put them on. 5. And he shall take of the congregation of the children of Israel two kids of the goats for a sin offering, and one ram for a burnt offering. 6. And Aaron shall offer his bullock of the sin offering, which is for himself, and for his house. 7. And he shall take the two goats, and present them before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. 8. And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. 9. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering. 10. But the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat, shall be presented alive before the Lord, to make atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. 11. And Aaron shall bring the bullock of the sin offering, which is for himself, and shall make atonement for himself, and for his house, and shall kill the bullock of the sin offering which is for himself. 12. And he shall take a censer full of burning coals of fire from off the altar before the Lord, and his hands full of sweet incense beaten small and bring it within the veil: 13. And he shall put the incense upon the fire before the Lord, that the cloud of the incense may cover the mercy seat that is upon the testimony, that he die not: 14. And he shall take of the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it with his finger upon the mercy seat eastward; and before the mercy seat shall he sprinkle of the blood with his finger seven times. 15. Then shall he kill the goat of the sin offering, that is for the people, and bring his blood within the veil, and do with that blood as he did with the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it upon the mercy seat and before the mercy seat: 16. And he shall make atonement for the holy place, because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins: and so shall he do for the tabernacle of the congregation, that remaineth among them in the midst of their uncleanness.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Without shedding of blood there is no remission.—Heb. 9:22.

Peaceful and happy succession of religious observance had been inaugurated and Israel's prospects were auspicious when disobedience in high places occurred. Nadab and Abihu, sons of Aaron, disregarded the command and entered the sanctuary in unfit mind and offered strange fire. They paid by loss of life the penalty of their disobedience ("for fire from the Lord devoured them"). It was in view of that sad catastrophe that Moses was instructed to warn Aaron in regard to carelessness or lack of reverence in his approaches to the Holy of Holies.

The fire first kindled upon the altar, miraculously lighted from heaven, was to be kept continually burning by supplies of fuel. Sacrifices, therefore, throughout their generation would be consumed by this holy fire, as token of divine acceptance and approval. (It is claimed by the Jews that this fire upon the altar never went out, until Israel's captivity in Babylon.) Nadab and Abihu, evidently, thought so small a matter as the kind of fire was a mere form, a non-essential, hence they disregarded the "pattern" and substituted unhallowed embers as suiting best their pleasure and convenience.

V. 1. The Lord spake unto Moses. Moses seemed to have served as interpreter as well as mediator between Jehovah and men. As Aaron's two sons had become careless in the discharge of their official duties, so might Aaron. As he entered daily the holy place to burn incense and trim the golden lamps, he might by custom think he could also go into the Holy of Holies when he chose. The commands were specific as to order of service and purification before entering this holy place. Aaron knew this from the first, and so did Nadab and Abihu. It is not for us to query why a certain form is required, it is ours to obey. Following the sin of Nadab and Abihu, Moses gave instructions as to clean and unclean things, both animate and inanimate, closing with full directions concerning the purifying of the priesthood, the people, and the tabernacle. This special service was an annual occasion intended as a covering of the sins and transgressions of the year which might have failed of mention in the daily sacrifices. The day of Atonement was the only fast day (a day of humiliation and solemnity), others were occasions of joy and festivity. It occurred (varying according to the new moon) about the first of October, the 7th month of the religious year (dating from the departure from Egypt) and the first month of the civil year. It was on this occasion that they were to "afflict their souls," and "do no work at all; it shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you"; an occasion for public acknowledgment of sin and humiliation therefor. On this occasion, and this only, the high priest was to enter the holy of holies within the veil and make full and complete atonement. (With so much care was this ceremonial guarded, that upon the completion of the temple, preparation for it was begun seven days in advance. The priest was removed from his own house and family, and dwelling in a chamber of the temple, gave himself to preparation of mind and body, that he might be fully consecrated to the duties involved.) All of this was intended to emphasize the sinfulness of sin and God's abhorrence of it, and the certainty of death overtaking the heedless or obdurate. Hence the rending of the veil of the temple at Christ's crucifixion signified that perfect atonement had been made, whereby all might approach the Holy of Holies (God) with safety through the offering (once for all) of Jesus: "Seeing that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, . . . let us come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy" etc. Christ having conquered sin, opened a new and living way through the veil of his flesh, and we, without fear of death, may draw nigh unto God through him.

ATONEMENT FOR SELF. The services of atonement day began with the offering of sacrifice for the priest himself, for if he be not clean he could not come before God in behalf of the people. Every detail had significance, his person was thoroughly washed, he was clothed in "holy garments" from the head to the feet pure and white, typifying the purity and livery of heaven—"so the church is describ-

ed as "arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." By the offering of "a bullock" as personal sin offering he was ceremonially justified before God. This was purchased with the priests' money, since he, like the chief of sinners, must partake of the mercy and forgiveness of God. Standing in higher official relation he brought a more "costly sacrifice." With both hands upon the head of the bullock, and his face toward the east, where were assembled the worshipping people he confessed: "O, Lord, I have sinned and done perversely and transgressed, and I and my house, purge me from all sin that I may be clean."

Five animals are named in the law as suitable for sacrifice, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the dove, the pigeon. (It is worthy of notice that these were all offered by Abraham in the great sacrifice of the Covenant described in Genesis xv.) These animals are clean according to the Levitical division into clean and unclean. They were the most important of those used for food. The three kinds of quadrupeds were domesticated in flocks and herds and were recognized as property, constituting a great part of the wealth of the people in that age. Three conditions were met therefore in the sacrifice of these quadrupeds. (1) They were clean, (2) they were domesticated, (3) they were a part of the personal property of the sacrificer.

If a man were rich, he brought as his heart prompted to honor God, the best of his herd. Those less able would bring a sheep or a goat, those still poorer brought a turtle dove or a pigeon. Those chosen for a sacrifice were of creatures mild and gentle, typifying innocence and meekness. The Jews claimed that the sacrifice of birds was one of the most difficult services devolving upon the priest; and that greater care was necessary, the lesson being thus taught: that those who minister in holy things should be as solicitous for the souls of the poor as those of the rich; and that their offering was as acceptable to God, for he expects "according to what a man hath."

### ATONEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Having effected personal reconciliation with God, The High Priest proceeds to make atonement for the people. Two kids (counted as one offering) were purchased by the contributions of the congregation. These lambs of equal size and value were presented at the door of the tabernacle near the worshippers. On the north of the altar was an urn in which were coin, some marked for "Jehovah" others for "Azazel" (scape goat). The high priest shook the urn and thrusting in his hand drew forth two lots and placed them on the head of each goat.

The one on which rested the word "scapegoat" was led before the people and "facing them" waited, as it were, till their sins should be laid on him. "The goat upon which fell 'the Lord's' lot was offered as a sin offering while the scape goat was led into the wilderness or 'uninhabited land,' signifying that the sin expiated by the life of the one was borne away never again to be remembered. "There is, in the matter of atonement, a part which belongs to God only, and which is offered to God only. Sin is a guilty thing, for which satisfaction must be made. This satisfaction is rendered to God. In this transaction man has no part whatever. The blood of atonement is not offered to man, but to God. Here judgment and death are put upon the goat offered to the Lord, and man's sin is punished and expiated. There are those who claim that there is nothing in the nature or character of God which requires from us an expiation of sin; and therefore, nothing so inherently sinful and guilty that God may not pass it, by simple forgiveness. But we learn from this, that God's holiness and justice require that he punish sin by judgment and death. This is what was done by the one offering which Christ made for our sin. It must be clearly understood that sin is something that God must take account of wholly apart from the question of man's salvation. Sin must be met and expiated, whether man be saved or not. It is a part of the gracious purpose of God in dealing with man, to give him the benefit of this expiation and provide for his return through the open door of forgiveness in connection with the putting away of sin. Therefore, we understand how expiation of sin by Christ 'for the whole world,' 'for every man,' is made efficient for salvation only for those who, through faith and repentance come back to God. There is no waste in this work of Christ because some do not believe, since it is something done to God entirely apart from man's acceptance. God's glory could not be purged of the affront offered to it, until sin had been put away by the amazing sacrifice which Christ accomplished. The punishment of sin does not glorify God in this respect; it is the work of Christ which does.

The goat on which the lot fell to be the scape goat shall be presented alive before the Lord. Here we have man's side of share in the atonement. This goat was offered to the people, as the former one was offered to the Lord. Showing how the sin of the people, which had been expiated by 'the Lord's' lot' is now carried into the wilderness by 'the people's' lot.' Thus is typified the forgiveness and forgetfulness of our sins by the Lord, when we accept his atonement and make it ours.—Pentecost.

V. 14. Sprinkle the blood upon the mercy seat seven times. Seven signified completeness. The blood did not affect a partial reconciliation; it was a complete and satisfactory atonement. All of this accomplished, the high priest returned toward the sanctuary and a second time laid his two hands on the bullock (which still stood between the porch and the altar) to confess over him his personal sins and those of his own household. Then the high priest slew the bullock and the blood was caught, and later sprinkled upon the mercy seat. In like manner were slain the sacrifices of the people.

V. 16. Atonement for the tabernacle. Moral uncleanness defies everything with which it comes in contact. Israel could learn the lesson in no other way. During the London plague, not only did merchants refuse to come into contact with the diseased, but articles were laid down in a distant locality and the coin in payment for these necessities was dropped in a basin of disinfectants, lest plague cling to the metal. So the Israelites were to cleanse the tabernacle, which their sin had defiled.

### SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

As the holy fire was ever to be kept burning on the ancient altar, so in our lives the flame of holy love should never go out, but be bright and burning as we regularly offer unto God the homage of our lives. Sins to be forgiven must be acknowledged and confessed. Those who held official positions in the church are alike sinners, saved by the grace of God. Before teaching others they should experience in life the blessedness of the precepts they inculcate. The offering for the congregation was furnished by them. One rich man might have bought the sacrifice for the whole—not so, the teaching would have been untrue to fact; every man must be personally a participant and partaker of the grace of God. Let him whose sin has been expiated, and carried away by the scape goat, cease running after the old sins; leave the things which are behind and press forward to those which are before.

**Churches.**

**Presbyterian.**—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.  
**Methodist.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.  
**Baptist.**—Rev. —, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

**Societies.**

**The W. C. T. U.**—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhals, President.  
**Presbyterian Book League** No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M.; J. O. Eddy, Secretary.  
**Grange, No. 330.**—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block, O. R. Pattengill, Master.  
**R. T. of T. Council, No. 27.**—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. C. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. E. Burns, S. C.; Mrs. H. C. Beals, Sec. Soc.  
**E. of L., LAFAYETTE ASSEMBLY, No. 556.**—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at E. of L. hall, C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.  
**Touques Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 32.**—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Jacob Streng, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Rec. Sec.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

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

—The M. E. campmeeting near Belleville is in progress.  
 —Born—to Mrs. William Smitherman, July 30, a daughter.  
 —The late rains have been unfavorable for securing the oat crop.  
 —No meeting of the common council last Monday evening—no quorum.  
 —Mrs. G. M. Burnett returned Monday evening from her visit at Otisville.  
 —"The unkindest cut of all," some of our citizens say, is that lately given to the park.  
 —R. L. King, of Waterford, Oakland county, lost nine fine cows from poison that some one gave them last Sunday night.  
 —Another medal contest will be held some time in the near future. 816 silver medals and 68 gold ones have already been given away.  
 —We would like to hear from all our correspondents every week if possible. We would also like correspondents at other places not yet supplied.  
 —Miss Polly Carpenter, of Canton, died Monday evening. The funeral was held Wednesday and the remains brought here and placed in Riverside cemetery.  
 —Mrs. Fannie Coleman and daughter Emma left Monday for an extended visit among friends at Boston, Mass., and to take part in a reunion of the Packards whose ancestry landed in this country two hundred and fifty years ago today.  
 —At the meeting of the board of school inspectors held in Detroit, Tuesday, T. C. Sherwood, of this place, was appointed chairman. The meeting was to elect a county school examiner, and resulted in Prof. J. H. Sinclair, of the Belleville school, being chosen.  
 —For allowing Canada thistles to go to seed upon your premises, or on the highway adjoining your premises, there is a penalty of ten dollars attached. Now is the time to look over the thistle crop and determine whether it is cheaper to harvest them in season or pay the ten dollars.  
 —A scrub race was got up Saturday between Ed. Cook's Maud C. and Charley Miller's Jack Forbes, which was easily won by Maud C. Miller's horse refused to show his speed and the race was necessarily a slow one, but the boys got lots of fun out of it. A blanket, scraper, etc. were the prizes.  
 —Mrs. Grant, of near Kalamazoo, an old lady of eighty-one years of age, has been visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Jennie Leonard for a couple of weeks past. The old lady has been busying herself piecing a quilt, which all who have seen, pronounce "perfectly lovely," and of course that pleases the old lady.  
 —The fair association have raised their purses for speed this year quite materially and have added another race—a green race for home horses, with a purse of \$25. They also offer a purse of \$100 in the three minute race; \$100 in the 2:50 race; \$100 in the 2:40 race; \$150 in the 2:40 pacing race; \$250 in the free for all pacing race and \$250 in the free for all trotting race. These purses will bring some good horses that will make interesting races.

—Mrs. E. B. Lyman has returned home. For pure cider vinegar; for vinegar as is vinegar, go to Geo. A. Starkweather & Co's.  
 —Miss Jesse Steers left yesterday for a few days visit at Wayne and Ypsilanti.  
 —The winter's supply of coal for the school house has been delivered—about seventy one tons.  
 —"Pinky" Stewart, of Northville, has secured employment with the Plymouth air rifle company.  
 —Starkweather & Co. have something interesting to say to you in their advertisement on first page.  
 —The Misses Mary and Blanche Starkweather leave to-day for Whitmore Lake. They expect to be gone a week or ten days.  
 —We have a number of excellent bargains in real estate. Look over our list, then call on or address J. H. Steers, Plymouth, for particulars.  
 —Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Baker, Mrs. L. C. Hough and daughter Mary were at Whitmore Lake from Friday till Monday.  
 It is near "Pickling time," and you will want a gallon or two of good vinegar. We get our vinegar of the Vinegar King, Nicholas Bovee. If you try it you will use no other; one gallon will make three of the ordinary kind. Send your order for good vinegar to G. A. S. & Co.  
 —A new bustle, patented in Kansas, has just come into use, with a blow-off and safety-valve. When the wearer sits down the wind escapes up her spine, loosens her corset strings and blows her bangs into the most fashionable pose. When she stands up the action tightens the strings and expands the bustle, whistles to her dog and sticks a pin into her droney escort.—Alba News.  
 —Two or three men have been engaged for the past ten days in trimming the park. It has been cut very freely and there is lots of "kicking" about it, some giving vent to their feelings in unmistakable terms, believing that many of the trees will be spoiled by rot, on account of cutting off large limbs. Others take a more favorable view and think maybe it's for the best. However there is lots of talk over it.  
 —The announcements from the Plymouth Union school for the coming school year have just been issued from this office. The fall term begins Sept. 3, and closes Nov. 21. Winter term begins Nov. 25; holiday vacation Dec. 21; term resumes Jan. 2, and closes March 23. Spring term begins April 1, and closes June 21. The teachers are A. C. Brower, principal, and the Misses Ella Smith, Delia Eutician, Lina Durfee, Nellie Berdan, Anna Smith and Anna Wildy.  
 —The death of General Phil Sheridan, which occurred Sunday evening, was a great surprise to every one. The encouraging telegraphic reports from his attendants had led the people to look for his recovery soon. He appeared unusually well on the day he died, but another difficulty with his heart occurred in the evening and his death came with scarcely any warning to his family. He was fifty-seven years of age and was distinguished for his bravery and military skill. The flag on the pole in front of the park has been at half mast since Monday.  
 —Last fall a farmer named Clark, living near the village of Lansing, Kansas, not far from Leavenworth, lost a great many hogs by an epidemic of some sort that got among them. Sixty or more of them were buried in a side hill. Recently the farmer's family took sick with some virulent disease, which the doctors failed to control, and Mrs. Clark and four children, two boys and two girls, have died, while three others are still violently ill. It is now suspected that the family were poisoned by using water from the well sunk in the hill in which the hogs were buried.  
 —Ostrich farming is one of the industries of California and a little incident connected with it may be interesting. The Los Angeles Express of August 1, has the following: "Tuesday morning a dog gained entrance into the ostrich corral on the banks of the Arroyo, north of Pasadena," says the Star, "and so frightened the birds that they broke out and ran in all directions for dear life. One of them coursed along Kirkwood avenue in the direction of the Painter at a gait that would have distanced a greyhound, much to the astonishment of the residents of that street, while others of the band spread out over the plain on different roads. None of them were so frightened as to stop and hide their heads in the sand, in accordance with traditional accounts, but with noses straight and high in air they kept up a stride that made the dust fly in their rear. After a long chase the birds were cornered and otherwise caught, some being lassoed and thrown, and were returned to their pen." One of the birds kicked a dog and killed him almost instantly. A Mexican while endeavoring to hold a big male ostrich was kicked in the stomach and may not recover. The ostrich has great speed. It takes a good horse to keep up with them.

—Mrs. A. K. Wheeler left yesterday for a visit at Toledo.  
 —Farmers! Threshers meat delivered by Bennett, Plymouth.  
 —Miss Gertrude Inslee, of Detroit, is a guest at M. Conner's.  
 —H. H. Safford is building quite an extensive green house.  
 —Miss Mabel Heywood, of Ann Arbor, is a guest at Geo. A. Starkweather's.  
 —Miss Utley and Mrs. Campau, of Grand Rapids are guests of Mrs. L. C. Hall.  
 —Mrs. L. C. Hall has returned from a six-weeks study of music at Grand Rapids.  
 —Miss Mamie Conner and her friend Miss Inslee, of Detroit, left yesterday for Whitmore Lake.  
 —M. Conner returned home Wednesday evening from a ten days recreation in the Petoskey country.  
 Geo. A. S. & Co. are closing out their stock of parasols and sun umbrellas at greatly reduced prices.  
 If your Sewing Machine needs cleaning or repairing, new parts, attachments or needles, go to J. H. Steers, Plymouth. If —Mrs. Worden of Grand Rapids, who has been a guest at C. W. Valentine's for several days, returned home yesterday.  
 —"Toot" Cable is about to sell out his interest in the hardware business to Frank Anderson, of Denton. An inventory of the stock is being taken now.  
 —Birthday cards, school cards, playing cards, visiting cards, tissue paper, blank books, notes, receipts, legal blanks, scrap pictures, photograph albums, autograph albums, scrip albums, etc., at the MAIL office.  
 —Yesterday forenoon while H. C. Robinson was on the dray, some barrels rolled off carrying him with them to the ground, and the wheels of the dray passed over his breast, injuring, but how seriously could not be told at this writing. The doctor thought no bones were broken.  
 A bargain. Ladies' dusters at Geo. A. S. & Co's. A rainy day is not when you need a linen duster, however, we have a great many in stock and will close them out cheap. Seersucker dusters, 25 cents each, reduced from \$1.25. Linen dusters, 35 cents, reduced from \$1.40, \$1.75 and \$2.00. The buttons on the dusters are worth the price we ask for the garment. Don't wait until all are gone and then kick yourself for not getting one.  
 —The Young People's Bible class of the M. E. Sunday school are making arrangements to open an art gallery sometime in the near future. They have already a list of sixty, comprising valuable paintings and statuary. The collection is continually increasing, and it will doubtless number one hundred. Among the interesting features will be a statue of our pastor, Rev. J. M. Shank, which they expect to have on exhibition for the first time. Also a view of Peking, China. Any one having any ancient or valuable specimens of art, please notify J. H. Noyes or Mrs. Hattie Shattuck.  
 —The seventieth birthday of Thomas Smitherman, of Livonia, occurred on the 2d instant. The five children were present. They are William, of Plymouth, Henry, of Livonia, Mrs. Thomas Casierston of Detroit, Mrs. Seymour Seeley, of Salem, and Mrs. Wayne Chilson of Livonia, accompanied by their husbands. There were also several friends present from abroad. Mrs. Smitherman is about the same age of her husband and each of them, besides others present were given a pair of gold spectacles. There were thirty-one persons present and a traveling photographer happened along just after dinner, all went out in front of the house and had their picture taken in a group. It was a happy event, for the old couple especially, and the MAIL wishes them many more such reunions.  
 —From the Los Angeles, California Express we glean the following concerning one of Plymouth's former townsmen: "The Hendrick Ice and Cold Storage Company," a mammoth enterprise, in fact the largest of its kind in the world, with a capital of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars is located at Los Angeles. E. E. Hendrick, the gentleman referred to is the president. The establishment is for the manufacture and sale of ice (as in that country they have to use artificial ice) and the storage of produce and meats in their cooling rooms. They can make sixty tons of ice a day and their refrigerator rooms have a capacity of two hundred car loads. They also have smoke houses to accommodate 150,000 pounds of meats. Mr. Hendrick is the inventor of the process by which the ice is manufactured. He is also connected with the Standard oil company and all the lubricating oils made by that immense concern are from Mr. Hendrick's process. Mr. Hendrick, we learn, removed from this place in the year '58 or '59.  
 Its Delicacy of Flavor  
 And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, immensely popular. It Cleanses and Tones up the clogged and feverish System, and dispels Headaches, Colds, and Fevers. Sold in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading Druggists. 47-48

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 For Varnish Brushes.  
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New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements: John L. Gale, fourth page. E. J. Bradner, eighth page. G. A. Starkweather & Co., first page.

Livonia.

O. H. Elliot, of Detroit, was in town last Monday night.

Harry Robinson, of Plymouth, was in town last Friday.

There was no use for a winter overcoat in this town last week.

Judge McKinney and Captain Rhoring were in town last Sunday.

Gertie Warner, of Detroit, visited her young friends at this place last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Hudson, of Northville, attended the Sabbath school at the Centre last Sunday.

Some Farmers think their oats will yield sixty to seventy bushels to the acre this season.

Wm. O. Minckley was kicked by one of his horses, on the knee, one day last week, so he was laid up a few days.

Charles Garfield, of Novi, visited his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Turnbull, of this place, last Sunday.

It looks well to see a man and his two boys on the street playing ball on Sunday, while Sabbath school is going on.

We was glad to hear from Clarenceville last week through the MAIL. We hope to hear from that correspondent every week.

Allen Durfee, an old pioneer of this township, eighty-seven years old, has been very sick, but he is reported better at this writing.

Report says there was the heaviest rain, east of this place, last Friday night there has been for years, so that hay fields were under water and D. M. Ferry's garden was flooded.

This is the time of the year when man goeth forth to pick blackberries and findeth the serpent in the wilderness. He goes home tired out and gets scolded by his beloved wife for bringing home an empty basket on account of being scared out by a small streaked snake, and he gets no pie for supper.

Subscriptions for this paper received at your postoffice. Three months 25cts.

Newburg.

Mrs. N. Bovee is slowly improving.

Mrs. I. J. Bradner is a little better at this writing.

Mrs. Cary, mother of J. B. Cary, is visiting him at present.

Rev. M. W. Gifford is trying to organize a class in elocution here. It would be very beneficial if it could be done.

Miss Jessie Wright, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. N. Tibbitts, at Muskegon, for some weeks, returned home last week accompanied by two of her little nephews.

Our hall stage is nearly completed with new curtains and scenery, and the long talk of opening will take place Thursday evening, August 16. A fine program of addresses, readings, recitations and music has been arranged.

Clarenceville.

There was a surprise party at the residence of Mark Cransom, Thursday evening, and almost enjoyable time was had.

Grain is nearly all cut around here and the whistle of the steam thresher is again heard. Crops are looking well this year, rather better than last year.

J. McHugh and four men, of Farmington, have cut and harvested seventy-five acres of hay, forty acres of wheat and twelve acres of barley in thirteen days and a half.

During the storm Friday night, the lightning struck twelve telegraph poles at a distance of less than half a mile. It struck one pole west of the toll gate, skipped over two more and struck eleven more on beyond, splitting them into kindling wood.

Art Exhibition in September.

The new building of the Detroit Museum of Art will be opened to the public on the first of September, with a loan exhibition of art works of superior merit, consisting of the famous Seney collection from New York city and other paintings of the highest grade. The gallery will be open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., daily, until November 15th. The price of admittance will be a fifty cent silver piece on Mondays and a twenty-five cent piece on all other days. A coin will be accepted the same as in the old Art Loan, in place of the orthodox ticket, in order to save the making of change and avoid delay at the door. Excursions will be run over all roads centering at Detroit at greatly reduced rates, the ticket to include a coupon of admittance to the Art Gallery. Those who wish to go to Detroit on these excursions should indicate it at once to the ticket agent at the depot.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

PHOTOGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Beetle's Picture Obtained by Means of Its Own Phosphorescence.

Scientific people in Bridgeport are much interested in a collection of beetles sent from Cuba by the parents of three young ladies attending Miss Emily Nelson's Seminary, on Golden Hill. These insects belong to the Elater family, of which there are many varieties, but this particular species, Elater noctilucosa, the night shining Elater, the celebrated Cucurto or fire beetle of the West Indies, is the first ever seen here, and rarely lives to reach this latitude.

The insect resembles in form the Elater oculatus, the largest of New England spring beetles, and often measures from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half in length. On each side of the thorax is a large, oval, velvet, black spot, like an eye, and from this feature the insect derives its name oculatus, or eyed. Each of the specimens in question has, in place of the oval spots, two translucent, opal-like spots on the sides of the thorax, and from these at night the insect throws off a strong light, resembling two tiny electric lamps in full glow. The light from one insect is sufficiently strong to enable one to read fine print with ease. When agitated the insect also gives out a similar light from the tissue between the segments on the under side of the body. The beetle eats the pulpy substance of the sugar-cane, and subsists on nothing else.

An artist in this city has succeeded in producing photographs by means of the phosphorescent light emitted by these lantern beetles. The light is of a greenish hue, but the actinic rays are abundant. The results were novel and successful beyond expectation. Taking the negative of a large tarantula, the artist attached it to a highly sensitive plate, and then illuminated it for thirty seconds by holding the beetle in the fingers in such a position as would give rays perpendicular to the negative. After exposure the plate was developed in the usual way, and a clear and sharp positive was obtained. The new print was from the negative of a doll's head. This plate and others afterward came out in beautiful detail, perfectly vignettted and surprisingly sharp.

The final experiment of the artist was photographing the beetle by its own light, and then printing a picture from the negative.—New York Herald.

Hospital Visitors.

One of the very amusing, though at the same time considerably annoying occurrences incident to charity hospital experiences, is the daily arrival of all manner of digestible food for the patients, which is either sent in or brought to the hospital by interested friends and relatives. "The first thing a woman does when she comes to visit her husband, son or lover," said a hospital surgeon on a recent occasion, "is to give him a bath."

"Yes, a bath of tears. She cries all over him, don't you understand? And then she talks a lot of stuff, regular mush, you know; and when she has him all stirred up, pulse way up, fever rising, and everything in a fine condition, she tries to make a finish of him by feeding him a lot of pie, cakes, crullers, or something of that kind. We usually watch them and take the stuff away down in the office, but very often a woman conceals it under her apron and we find under the man's pillow after her departure an apple pie, a lot of custard cake, fruit, tobacco and even whisky. Why, a man was brought in here insensible the other day from a blow on the head dealt by the gentle hand of the new aqueduct elevator. We had him propped up in bed with his head in an ice pack, all tied up in a rubber bag, and his feet in a vapor bath. Presently his wife, children, sister, brother-in-law and most of the rest of his relatives gathered in a line outside the doorway. His wife insisted on going up stairs, of course, and came flying down and said she was going right home to get him some breakfast, that he hadn't had a mouthful to eat since early in the morning, and she knew she could cook him something that would bring him round all right. No wonder he was faint lying there all day with nothing to eat or drink."—New York Sun.

Just to be "English."

The clergy, and especially the Episcopal clergy, who are bound by strong ecclesiastical traditions to England, show this interest in things English in their speech and dress. Many of them have adopted the remarkably broad sound of the letter "a" that is supposed to be so "awfully English." They are very careful to give the open sound to the letter "u" in such words as "tune" and "Tuesday." Indeed I have recently heard an Episcopal clergyman go so far as to give these words the pronunciation of "chune" and "Chuesday"—which to an American ear is simply atrocious. And I know a delightful little Ritualistic priest, whose whole aim in life is to be Anglican when he is not Roman, and who defines the Trinity to his people as "three Parsons and one God." Moreover, in the Episcopal church it is getting so that the clergyman who says "A-men" and "either" and "neither" is a marked man. He may possibly succeed in getting a parish which is not up in religious aesthetics but if he wants to be in the ecclesiastical swim he must say "Ah-men" and "ither" and "ni-ther."—New York Tribune.

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—healthful in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—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.

Wayne County Pomona Grange.

EDITORIAL:—Wayne County Pomona Grange assembled at Livonia Grange hall, one day last week a large company. As I looked around I saw some from Redford, Willow, Flat Rock, Farmington and Wixom. There were twelve from Plymouth, I. N. Hadden and wife, Alfred Lapham and wife, E. Dean and wife, C. B. Packard and wife, O. R. Pattengell and daughter, John Root, and Joel Bradner. Called to order before noon; officers all present; adjourned for dinner. Called to order at one o'clock, then music by the two Miss Bradners, Mrs. C. B. Packard, Mrs. Lyon, organist; very entertaining. The question box was distributed; much useful information elicited thereby. A number spoke for the good of the order. Recitations by S. Miss Maud Cady and Mr. Wells. By not getting there early lost the opportunity to shake hands with all much to my regret. Mrs. J. G. B.

W. C. T. U.

There were over three hundred new saloons started in Missouri last year. No saloons were started in Kansas, but there were eight hundred and eighteen new school houses built. Missouri is under high license and Kansas under prohibition.

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 cents and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists.

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.

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid headache, indigestion, constipation or oedema 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., 362 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Estray Notice

Came into my inclosure on or about first of June, one bay mare, white star in forehead, one eye gone, would weigh about 1,100. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take her away. EDWIN WHITTLE, Plymouth, July 30, '88.

Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings

Newly Nickel Plated.

All kinds of Nickel Plating done in the best manner and at reasonable prices.

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

The Beam Road Cart!

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

BEST IN THE MARKET!

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

E. W. BEAM, Plymouth, Mich.

Thousands of cases of Consumption cured every year by Acker's celebrated English Balm. It is a guaranteed preparation; if it does not help you it will cost you nothing. Try it. A single dose will show its good effect. Trial bottles 10c.

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

—Wanted.—To exchange an organ or sewing machine, new, for a gentle horse. Inquire of editor at this office.

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

Bargains in Real Estate.

For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 4 1/2 rods on the road and 24 rods deep, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth good house, barn and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit, good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,800, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 3 1/2 acres fine garden land; 58 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floors; windows and pulleys in windows, etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and store. Splendid well of never failing, pure water and a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. This perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

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 thirty-first day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of NELSON A. MANON, deceased.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate:

It is ordered, that Tuesday, the 4th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

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

COMMISSIONER'S 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 C. W. Valentine, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1888, and on Tuesday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing 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, WILLIAM N. WHELER, Commissioners. Dated July 18, 1888.

KENNEDY & KOESTER, MANUFACTURING JEWELERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, TOOLS AND MATERIALS, 201 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit Watches and Jewelry Repaired in the Best Manner. We are Sole Agents for the Rockford Watch—the best watch for Railroad Men. Cash paid for Old Gold & Silver

TO MACKINAC. Summer Tours. Palace Steamers. Low Rates. Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND, St. Ignace, Charlevoix, Alpena, Harrisville, Oscoda, Sand Beach, Port Huron, St. Clair, Oakland House, Marine City, Every Week Day Between DETROIT AND CLEVELAND Special Sunday Trips during July and August. OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address: E. B. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass Agent, Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co. DETROIT, MICH.

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THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 202-103 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO. Send ten cents in stamps for Sample Copy.

FOR SALE!

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on North street, nine rooms, excellent cellar, gas, wood shed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Review. The vacant lot west of the Review office. The first dwelling west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Plans 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, L. D. SHEARER, President, Vice President.

DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, C. R. Jattengell, 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!

If photographed at our Studio.

INSPECT OUR WORK!

And you will be convinced that it is

Second to None in Excellence!

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

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PHOTOGRAPHERS - NORTHVILLE.

TO MY OLD PATRONS!

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

D. L. & V. Elevator,

PLYMOUTH, MICH.,

And prepared to pay the

Highest Market Price!

—FOR—

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE,

—And sell—

Salt, Lime, Buffalo Cement,

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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 Spasmodic habits caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgences. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

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

WE STAND AT THE HEAD!

WITH OUR LATEST SUCCESS

The NEW SINGER SEWING MACHINE

High Quality

EASY RUNNING SEWING MACHINE

1500-000 HOWE SEWING MACHINES IN USE

H. S. ... PUBLISHER.

It is a curious fact that a fat hog may kill and eat a rattlesnake with impunity...

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a British shilling...

An agent of the Forestry Department, Mr. Farris, has reached the conclusion that the rings on trees are not an accurate record of the age of the tree...

TROPICSCINE, the new canning agent, is obtained by digesting coal-tar with caustic soda at a boil...

The giant of all guns is in process of construction. Krupp's Works are making a 139-ton gun for the Italian fronted Sardegna...

A Boston genius has been estimating the candle-power of the moon. By comparison with an electric lamp of four hundred candle-power...

LIEUTENANT ZALINSKI'S dynamite gun, looking like a huge telescope of 15-inch caliber, and capable of throwing a 600-pound projectile two miles...

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for the King of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way...

A NEW explosive, carbo-dynamite, made by absorbing ninety parts of nitro-glycerine and ten parts of a variety of carbon possessing great porosity...

BASSWOOD is capable of being enormously compressed, but if after being subjected to great pressure it is exposed to the action of steam...

QUICKSAND is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility...

'You've been a good child to me, Mary, a mighty good an' true one, dear. Don't remind me that I took you in that stormy night years and years ago, when you were left a wee mite in rags at my door...

'Then come that dreadful summer when the drought parched up the crops an' gardens; cisterns went dry, an' the cattle dropped by the roadside, dying like flies for the want of a bite to eat, an' water to drink...

'There, dear, the box is opened an' you see my treasures. Bits of hair, each marked with my dead children's name. The red lock is Sarey's, the nigh the color of the bow at your neck, ain't it? The brown hair is Jemmy's...

you out of her scanty store. Those are letters from Jemmy and Sarey. I don't know as you could read 'em, dear. I can't make out all the words myself, but I know what the mean—that my boy an' girl is well an' doing well; an' best of all, they think of their mother an' love her true...

'I've got a pretty! I've got a pretty!' says she holding up a big envelope sealed with red wax. Afore any one could get to her to see what it were (she were that spy) she were up an' out the room. She came back though after she'd torn it open and tossed it to Howard saying: 'Tain't nuffin' no how...

'What is it, husband?' says Milly. 'Nothing, dear, save be kissing her again, an' again. Then hugging Bessie an' praying to God to save her, he placed the child in her mother's arms. 'My whole soul is with you, my wife an' child...

'An' then he told her of Howard's death, scarce two weeks before, at Elberon, a princely residence hard by. So nigh each other they had lived for years, an' yet never met. You can see it plain from here. Milly bit her lips till the blood trickled from them...

in time an' so he fixed everything beforehand; left his fortune to his only child—Milly's husband—asked to be placed by the side of his dear wife when he died and then in—a—a I can't for the life of me think what they call them things. It's like a postscript to a letter, but tain't that neither. Heh! codicil! that's it, sure enough...

'An' dear, to make a long story short, he left, Howard's father did, to the poor insane one, Elberon, as a refuge from the lunatic asylum, an' directed that he or she be confined there until freed by death. He died, poor man, not so long afterwards—an' by his own hand. The will was never found, until Bessie found it. The park was never tenanted, for there were a report that it were haunted...

'As he quit speakin', Milly come down to the iron railing twixt here and the park with her baby girl in her arms an' singing to her a song I've often heard you sing, dear—'Strangers yet.' 'Raise me up,' says Howard, 'that I may see the dear old place again. Not through bars! Not through those bars! Bear me to the east room...

'A smile of ineffable content stole over the old lady's face, as her adopted daughter knelt beside her and between her sobs took upon her fair shoulders the guardianship of the heiress of Elberon. Outside, upon the well-trimmed lawn, Bessie frolicked with Carlo, glancing furtively from time to time, down the road that lead to the great hotel beyond...

never swerved from the promise she had given. Her daily prayer was that God would spare the loved one from that worst of fates—a mind diseased...

The last snows of winter were falling. With the spring would come the wedding day. Busy fingers were fashioning the dainty trousseau; artistic ones were giving the last finishing touches to the octagonal drawing-room. Day after day, Bessie lay wrapped in a fleecy shawl upon the cosy lounge near the window in the library...

'What, dear?' 'There, there, you by Elberon's gray walls. Do you not see them clasp in dazzling white?' 'It is only the snow falling in soft flakes upon the towers.'

'Who is that? Grandma, who is that? and why does he weep. There! do you hear! they are calling again. Do not stop me! let me go, I will! I will!' and she fought with desperation to free herself. The effort proved too great, bringing on a severe hemorrhage that left her fainting on her pillows...

'The dream was a sweet one, Clarence, but it is over now. I go to the other shore to wait for you love—farewell.'

Two Views of It. Sweet Girl Graduate (finishing valedictory)—'And to you, dear teachers, our hearts will ever go out in warmest love and most grateful remembrance. You have made us what we are; you have smoothed out for us the rough places on the road to the Hill of Knowledge; you have been our educational parents, watching us with solicitude, rejoicing in our successes, and sympathizing with us in our failures. Dear teachers, we bid you a tearful adieu!'

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE NOMAD'S RETURN.

Now clad in rags that hang in tatters round his shrunken form. The tramp made tracks toward neighboring stacks for shelter from the storm.

-DURT AKOOLA.

The Unexpected.

She was the reigning belle! Straightway in love I fell! Potent became the spell— Too plain for masking.

THE STORY-TELLER.

IT WAS DEW "PIZEN."

Sam's Experience with Champagne—A Story with a Moral.



OLONEL BILL ROBINS, the planter, had just returned from New Orleans, and was sitting on his porch when an old negro known as Crow Sam came up.

"What is it ter do wid'?" "Drink." "Looks like it mout be sweet," Sam said, as he took up one of the bottles.



"ISE WID YOU, TELL YOU DAT RIGHT NOW," putty nigh ter death. Fill up dis glass, Thankee, sah. Ah, ain't losin its tang er tall.



"WHAT YOU WANTER COME ROUND YARE FER?" o'om down flat o' da backs. Whoop! Git outen my 'way, saplin', fer I'll tread you in goth.

She Caught On. I wooed her long as lovers do With sigh and verse and billet.

Trials of Mrs. Simon Ciders.

BY HERSELF.

In my last I told yew how 'Lizy Jane was engaged to a Methodist minister. Well, I allus like to be kurruck, an' ef Betsey Ciders makes a mistake she kurrucks it, immejuley.

"Oh, de ole gray goose gunter chase de grass-kopper." (Gettin' mos' time fur de good Lawd ter come.)

"Wall, dat's er nuff singin'." I see two smart er man ter be foolin' my way time wid er song.

"Don't expose your ignorance, ma," ses she. "I've just got a letter from Tilly an' she ses Alice Slocum's father is dead an' a fortune hes befall' em."

Well, Elizy Jane jest dropped the button over the latch of the minister's door, fur all the world as ef he was a state's prisoner, an' rose with the lark te'get a nice breakfast for pa and the minister, to say nothin' ov Benjy Silas, hisself, who has a powerful appetite fur his size.

Lizy went an' I rite after her. I heard a little rap an' his voice sayin', "wont you please let me out."

Individually an' collect'ly we had an onpleasant time, all but Benjy. he fell upon the good things prepared for that engrateful Bird (I won't spell it with a y now ef it is more new fash- uned) an' devowered 'em.

ration of her sect she ses. Near as I kin find out she means to help 'em tew git rid o' work fur she took to makin' Benjy wear his pants very short an' paintin' his legs to save stockin's.

She dissected our old cat who would a bin twelve cum Christmas hedn't she a died in the interest o' science.

I don't much wonder Elizy Jane waits to go tew reform sich folks as thet. But she ses she won't go 'thout a good protector.

In Love.

Her ways are different lately, Her manner altered quite; Her voice has softened greatly, Her footstep is more light;

How Webster Twice Missed It.

The vice-presidency is, according to most politicians, the most inconsequential office in our government. Yet four men elected vice-president have been made presidents through the death of the executive with whom they were chosen.

Women Win the Day.

The women of Independence are to be congratulated on their victory at the polls recently. They could not vote themselves, but they indicated how the men should vote in a way which a good many of the rougher sex had not the temerity to resist.

SHERIDAN EULOGIZED.

The President Sends Messages to Congress and Mrs. Sheridan.

An Epitome of Washington News. Upon hearing of the death of Sheridan, President Cleveland sent the following message to congress:

Executive Mansion, Washington. The President also issued an order directing Gen. Schofield to take charge of the funeral arrangements, and sent the following message to Mrs. Sheridan:

The senate tariff bill is rapidly approaching completion at the hands of the sub- finance committee. It will be reported to the full committee in a day or two, and will be in the senate by August 15.

Debt statement issued August 1, shows total interest-bearing debt \$1,020,554,686; total debt, \$1,727,706,524.

Gen. Cutcheon's bill extending the act of 1884 of which he was also the sponsor in relation to the muster and pay of volunteer officers of the late war has passed the senate.

A cottage manufactured by the Grand Rapids Portable House company, has been erected on the lawn at President Cleveland's suburban home.

The secretary of the interior has decided the Gullford Miller claim for a homestead entry within the indemnity limits of the Northern Pacific railroad in favor of the claimant.

Land Commissioner Stockalger, in a letter to the secretary of the interior, has recommended that the attorney-general be requested to institute civil suit against the Eureka consolidated mining company, operating in Nevada, to recover \$3,670,741.

Another effort is being made to have the government buy the Portage canal for \$350,000.

The house committee on military affairs recommends non-concurrence in senate amendments to army appropriation bill.

Milford Jarvis of Michigan has been selected for appointment from the civil service list to a \$1,000 clerkship in the surgeon-general's office.

The following appointments have been made in the interior department: W. H. Vlast of Alabama, principal examiner of land claims in the general land office; Geo. M. Moore of Missouri, special examiner in the pension office; Wm. J. Croft of New York, executive officer in the geological survey, vice James Stevenson, deceased.

Patents have been issued to the state of Minnesota for 44,182 acres of swamp land in the St. Cloud district.

By order of the secretary of the interior hereafter appeals from the decisions of the commissioner of the general land office under the timber culture, desert land, homestead, pre-emption and mineral land laws, will be considered and decided by First Assistant Secretary Muldrow.

The command of the army of the United States falls to the senior major general, Schofield, the rank of general dying with Gen. Sheridan, and that of lieutenant-general having lapsed with Sheridan's recent promotion. If congress should revive the rank of lieutenant-general the appointment would be made by the president from the three major-generals—Schofield, Howard and Crook.

The first session of the fiftieth congress, unless some radical change shall take place in the condition of things at Washington within a short time, promises to be the most protracted session in the history of the government. The indications are that the national legislature will not adjourn before October.

A bill has been introduced in the senate granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Sheridan.

The business portion of Suffolk, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. The loss is estimated at half a million dollars, with very light insurance.

**IT WAS ON STRIKE**

**A Modest Pittsburgh Maiden's Note; Grandfather's Clock.**

A short time ago, in the course of an exploring expedition in the lumber garret of an old country house near Pittsburgh, says the Topical Talker of the Dispatch, a young lady came upon a clock of great antiquity. Appearance said that this clock was probably one hundred years old. Of course its works were dusty and time-worn, and a very thorough overhauling was needed before the clock could be expected to go.

But the fair discoverer, being determined to honor her ancestors and have something "real old" about her room, took the clock to a repairer of clocks in this city. She left it in his hands for ten days, and was then notified that he had sent it to the Fort Wayne depot in Allegheny.

One afternoon during the hours of the homeward exodus of passengers the young lady asked for her clock at the package-room in the station. A large brown paper bundle was handed to her and she set off to take a seat in the accommodation train outside. Just as she left the package-room, however, the clock in her arms began to strike. She had not any idea of the clock's powers in the striking directions. With the resonance and sharp alarm of a fire-engine gong the clock slowly told the hour. It was not the right hour, either. The young lady was startled at the first blow, but as it went on she became panic-stricken. Every woman in the crowded waiting-room stared in astonishment at the girl with the striking attachment. Some of them fearing infernal machines incontinently fled, and those who stayed east indignant looks at the unfortunate and involuntary disturber of the peace.

As for her, she ran first to this door and then to that unresolved what to do. The clock kept on clanging out an imaginary hour. At last, as it struck twelve and stopped with a whirr of satisfaction, the girl ran out of the room to the train.

**Old Jube's Philosophy.**

A fool is allers de happiest when he is in company of some mo' fools.

We'd all be monstous wise if we could remember what we's done forgot.

De man dat sneers when he feels funny is de man what invented de bloody sar-casm.

If you ain't good natured whilst you is young, you's gwine to be monstous oneasy when you gits old.

De man dat is allers 'scusin' hisse'f ain' got nigh as many faults as de man dat never does 'scuse hisse'f.

Whenevah you sees a woman dat likes to hear a man talk about hisse'f dat woman's dead in love wid dat man.

If you wants to hit a man hard, talk to him sof. Dat's jia' like de notion dat 'lasses ketches mo' flies dan vinegar does.

Ise sees a monstous sight er men who had to 'pend on dere memory fur dere w.t. and day wasn't so mighty witty even den.

De man as takes all de onpleasant things he hears to hisse'f is like a woolly daug dat bounces in an' out of a cuckie-burr patch.

If you wants to be as happy as de live-long day, do sompen er nuther to cheer your despondin' brother—or somebody else's brother.

We comes in de worl' all naked and bare, sab, An' goes thoo de worl' wid trouble an' car', sab;

We leaves an' goes, we doan' know whar, sab;

But ef we does well here we'll do well dar, sab.

In de ole slave days, de niggahs used to call cawn bread "Ole Constant" and wheat bread "Ole Sidom." Dat was kase dey was bankerin' attar wheat bread an' 'yt day all liked cawn bread de bes', in de long run!—Will Visscher, in Chicago Lamp.

**Real Death on the Stage.**

A singular and dramatic death occurred a few evenings since in the little town of Arandás, Mexico, during the presentation of a drama entitled "Despues de la Muereto," or "After Death," in the theater. During the second act, and a few minutes before one of the actors was to feign death, Anacteto Coniroras fell to the floor of the stage repeating; "I die! I die!" the exact words he was to use later on. The balance of the company, believing that he had anticipated his part, called to him to keep quiet, as it was not yet time to feign death. As he made no reply, they lifted him up and made the startling discovery that he was dead. When this fact was announced intense excitement prevailed in the audience, and people rushed from the place pell-mell, trampling over each other in their efforts to reach the street.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Work of Arab Slaves.**

A gust of wind upset an Arab slave show, and 100 hapless wretches who were sailing to slavery in Arabia were drowned in sight of the English cruiser which was on the way to rescue them. In the same week another slaver was captured after a hard fight, in which a number of the forty slaves on board received bullets intended for their captors. That the export slave trade on East African coast is still active is attested by the fact that in two years nearly fifty of these slaves dhows have been captured; yet the punishment inflicted upon the guilty slave-stealers does not deter others from engaging in the perilous but profitable business.

Recent facts collected by the agents of the Anti-Slavery Society of England show that slaves were never cheaper in Arabia nor more numerous than at present. There has been a great revival of the slave trade in the Sudan, and the followers of the mahdi have sent many hundred of their captives to the coast to be dispatched across the Red Sea in the night to markets in Arabia. Even the daughters of wealthy Khartoum merchants have been consigned to this terrible fate. The markets for which the dhows ship their loads of bondsmen at many an unfrequented point along the coast of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean are mainly in Arabia and Turkey. The present khedive of Egypt, who owns no slaves, and who pays wages to the bondsmen whom his father left behind him, is apparently powerless to prevent slave shipments from parts of his western coast, which a few years ago, he ordered kept clean of slavers.

A recent writer in an English review, after picturing the fresh horrors of this revived traffic, sees no hope of again stifling the trade without a rigid patrol of some thousands of miles of coasts. This costly experiment could at best accomplish only temporary results. The evil must be attacked at the sources of trade, and in the regions whose demand for slaves the Arab dealers are willing to gratify at any peril. Some day, when Christendom wakes up to the fact that the export African slave trade is again in full blast, much needed pressure may be brought to bear upon Turkey to prevent the importation of slaves. The evil will never be stamped out until the demand is largely diminished, and until the natives learn through contact with civilizing influences to prefer legitimate commerce to the criminal traffic which the Arabs encourage.—New York Sun.

**"Give Him Jessy."**

The origin of this phrase is discussed in the new Journal of American Folk Lore, as follows: "When two American boys are fighting together and a crowd is watching the mill, a spectator will often encourage one of the contestants by crying, 'Give him jessy!' In my own boyhood the expression was too familiar to seem worthy of note. Hearing it after many years, it seemed a subject fit for inquiry. It appears certain that this phrase is a remnant of the days when the language of falconry was familiar among the youths as that of horse-racing now is. The jess was a thong by which the bird was attached to the wrist, and when it retrieved badly it appears to have been the custom to punish it by the application of the thong. It is not unlikely that this convenient bit of leather may also have been used from time to time in arguments with boys. At any rate, the phrase is heard through all parts of the United States. I have not been able to find whether it exists at all in England. I think it likely it may have died out there, for several of my acquaintances who were bred in England do not remember to have heard it."—Magazine of American History.

**You Can't Most Always Tell.**

It is said that "brains will tell." Sometimes they will, and sometimes they will not. Sometimes the more brains a man has the less he tells. It doesn't always answer for brains to tell.—Lowell Courier.

**Deafness in White Animals.**

Why is it, I wonder, that white animals are so often deaf? The white English terrier is almost always so, and the white English bull terrier is very frequently afflicted with this defect. I am told by those who are skilled in white cats, that they too are apt to have the same infirmity, and I have heard, though I cannot cite my authority on the spot, that a white goat is even more deaf to reason and discourse than other animals of the same species but of a positive color. So far as I know, white horses have the usual sense of hearing, though investigation might prove that they were deficient in that respect.—Boston Post.

**A Tree With a History.**

During a recent visit to New Orleans I discovered in a wood yard near the corner of Orleans and Dauphin streets, and bearing the distinctive title of "Pere Antoine's Palm," a date tree whose history and antiquity are shrouded in no little mystery and uncertainty. Inquiry further revealed that the surroundings, now given over to shops and traffic, constituted, in the latter part of the last century, the garden of Father Antonio de Sedalia, a Spanish cura, whose simple, practical piety, unbounded charity and unselfish character so endeared him to the people as to obtain for him popular canonization as a saint. When he died the entire city was plunged in grief. All business was suspended, courts adjourned, theatres closed, and old and young, including the clergy of every sect and denomination, united to pay final respect to the good man; even the Masonic bodies of high and low degree, in full regalia and badges of mourning, walked in solemn procession behind the bier, the only occasion in the history of the order where such honors have been accorded the remains of a Romish priest.

As I gazed upon the venerable tree, so suggestive of glittering sands bordered by green groves and babbling brooks of white tournaured Arabs and stately camels, I experienced an ineffable feeling of sadness, and incongruous as it may seem, the transition from the shores of the Mediterranean to the rugged hill of Midlothian was simple, sympathetic and abrupt, for we both were "strangers in a strange land." Then, as the thin, sharp foliage sighed beneath the damp chill December wind, and wept great drops of moisture that trickled down the scarred and swollen trunk, I could imagine, as an expression of grief and nostalgia, the sequel of a futile and lonely life.

For years, more than a century, perhaps, this was the only palm of the species in America; but whence it came, or how it found its way hither, few know or care, though innumerable tales, idle and fanciful, cluster around its imposing presence. Some whisper it sprang from the heart of a fair Moresco snatched from her home by violence and forced to lead a life that made her neither maid nor wife, and who died dreaming of palms and pining for the hills and groves of her native land. Others that it was brought from Syria by a noble adventurer, as a reminder of the days passed among the shifting scenes of the orient. Others, again, assert it stood in the midst of a bit of sandy prairie, where it now stands, when Iberville brought the first colonists to Louisiana; that subsequently it was prostrated by a hurricane and that the present trunk is a second product of the roots. None of these, or other popular tales, bear the test of scrutiny, however, and manifestly are of recent origin, except, perhaps, that which declares with the fall of the tree the lands about will revert to the city or to the heirs of the original grantees.—Vick's Magazine.

**Couldn't Be Lost.**

So you persist in receiving the visits of that fellow Smythe," said Charles in a melodramatic tone. "I do. He is a very agreeable gentleman and I see no reason why I should deliberately offend him." "Then I am lost to you for ever." "Don't talk nonsense, Charles." "Nonsense?" "Yes. The idea of anybody getting lost with such feet as you have is absurd. You couldn't help being found and identified.—Merchant Traveler.

**A Mighty Iowa Nimrod.**

The Keokuk (Ia.) Gate City tells a good yarn on one Jim Wepton, who lives in the brakes of Skunk river, near Salem, and is a lineal descendant of Daniel Boone and a mighty hunter himself. He caught a wolf in a trap. He concluded he would tame it and exhibit it at Salem. When he loosed "the varmint" it treed him. Before letting it out of the trap he had tied a rope around the wolf's neck and fastened it to a tree. So he had the wolf and the wolf had him. He sat up in the tree all the afternoon and the wolf kept guard below. At noon his wife started out to find what had become of him. She arrived on the spot and was a good relief corps. She cut the rope in an instant and with a "shoo! you beast," she started the wolf off at the rate of a mile a minute, and Jim crawled down out of the tree then in a way to make his great backwoods ancestor laugh in his grave.

A fossil egg, found in the tertiary strata of the Island of Madagascar, is 3 1/4 inches long and 2 1/2 inches in diameter. If our hen could be induced to lay eggs of such sizes there would be fewer James O'Connor Powers assuming the role of "Hamlet." It is safe to say that there were no amateur "Hamlets" in the tertiary period.—Syracuse Herald.

**DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, Taking Effect July 15, 1885.**

| WEST. |       | STATIONS.  |       | EAST. |       |
|-------|-------|------------|-------|-------|-------|
| 7:00  | 10:00 | Dep. Ar.   | 11:55 | 3:40  | 9:40  |
| 7:50  | 10:50 | Dep. Plym. | 11:45 | 3:30  | 9:30  |
| 8:40  | 11:40 | Dep. How.  | 11:35 | 3:20  | 9:20  |
| 9:30  | 12:30 | Dep. How.  | 11:25 | 3:10  | 9:10  |
| 10:20 | 1:20  | Dep. How.  | 11:15 | 3:00  | 9:00  |
| 11:10 | 2:10  | Dep. How.  | 11:05 | 2:50  | 8:50  |
| 12:00 | 3:00  | Dep. How.  | 10:55 | 2:40  | 8:40  |
| 12:50 | 3:50  | Dep. How.  | 10:45 | 2:30  | 8:30  |
| 1:40  | 4:40  | Dep. How.  | 10:35 | 2:20  | 8:20  |
| 2:30  | 5:30  | Dep. How.  | 10:25 | 2:10  | 8:10  |
| 3:20  | 6:20  | Dep. How.  | 10:15 | 2:00  | 8:00  |
| 4:10  | 7:10  | Dep. How.  | 10:05 | 1:50  | 7:50  |
| 5:00  | 8:00  | Dep. How.  | 9:55  | 1:40  | 7:40  |
| 5:50  | 8:50  | Dep. How.  | 9:45  | 1:30  | 7:30  |
| 6:40  | 9:40  | Dep. How.  | 9:35  | 1:20  | 7:20  |
| 7:30  | 10:30 | Dep. How.  | 9:25  | 1:10  | 7:10  |
| 8:20  | 11:20 | Dep. How.  | 9:15  | 1:00  | 7:00  |
| 9:10  | 12:10 | Dep. How.  | 9:05  | 1:00  | 6:50  |
| 10:00 | 1:00  | Dep. How.  | 8:55  | 1:00  | 6:40  |
| 10:50 | 1:50  | Dep. How.  | 8:45  | 1:00  | 6:30  |
| 11:40 | 2:40  | Dep. How.  | 8:35  | 1:00  | 6:20  |
| 12:30 | 3:30  | Dep. How.  | 8:25  | 1:00  | 6:10  |
| 1:20  | 4:20  | Dep. How.  | 8:15  | 1:00  | 6:00  |
| 2:10  | 5:10  | Dep. How.  | 8:05  | 1:00  | 5:50  |
| 3:00  | 6:00  | Dep. How.  | 7:55  | 1:00  | 5:40  |
| 3:50  | 6:50  | Dep. How.  | 7:45  | 1:00  | 5:30  |
| 4:40  | 7:40  | Dep. How.  | 7:35  | 1:00  | 5:20  |
| 5:30  | 8:30  | Dep. How.  | 7:25  | 1:00  | 5:10  |
| 6:20  | 9:20  | Dep. How.  | 7:15  | 1:00  | 5:00  |
| 7:10  | 10:10 | Dep. How.  | 7:05  | 1:00  | 4:50  |
| 8:00  | 11:00 | Dep. How.  | 6:55  | 1:00  | 4:40  |
| 8:50  | 11:50 | Dep. How.  | 6:45  | 1:00  | 4:30  |
| 9:40  | 12:40 | Dep. How.  | 6:35  | 1:00  | 4:20  |
| 10:30 | 1:30  | Dep. How.  | 6:25  | 1:00  | 4:10  |
| 11:20 | 2:20  | Dep. How.  | 6:15  | 1:00  | 4:00  |
| 12:10 | 3:10  | Dep. How.  | 6:05  | 1:00  | 3:50  |
| 1:00  | 4:00  | Dep. How.  | 5:55  | 1:00  | 3:40  |
| 1:50  | 4:50  | Dep. How.  | 5:45  | 1:00  | 3:30  |
| 2:40  | 5:40  | Dep. How.  | 5:35  | 1:00  | 3:20  |
| 3:30  | 6:30  | Dep. How.  | 5:25  | 1:00  | 3:10  |
| 4:20  | 7:20  | Dep. How.  | 5:15  | 1:00  | 3:00  |
| 5:10  | 8:10  | Dep. How.  | 5:05  | 1:00  | 2:50  |
| 6:00  | 9:00  | Dep. How.  | 4:55  | 1:00  | 2:40  |
| 6:50  | 9:50  | Dep. How.  | 4:45  | 1:00  | 2:30  |
| 7:40  | 10:40 | Dep. How.  | 4:35  | 1:00  | 2:20  |
| 8:30  | 11:30 | Dep. How.  | 4:25  | 1:00  | 2:10  |
| 9:20  | 12:20 | Dep. How.  | 4:15  | 1:00  | 2:00  |
| 10:10 | 1:10  | Dep. How.  | 4:05  | 1:00  | 1:50  |
| 11:00 | 2:00  | Dep. How.  | 3:55  | 1:00  | 1:40  |
| 11:50 | 2:50  | Dep. How.  | 3:45  | 1:00  | 1:30  |
| 12:40 | 3:40  | Dep. How.  | 3:35  | 1:00  | 1:20  |
| 1:30  | 4:30  | Dep. How.  | 3:25  | 1:00  | 1:10  |
| 2:20  | 5:20  | Dep. How.  | 3:15  | 1:00  | 1:00  |
| 3:10  | 6:10  | Dep. How.  | 3:05  | 1:00  | 12:50 |
| 4:00  | 7:00  | Dep. How.  | 2:55  | 1:00  | 12:40 |
| 4:50  | 7:50  | Dep. How.  | 2:45  | 1:00  | 12:30 |
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| 7:20  | 10:20 | Dep. How.  | 2:15  | 1:00  | 12:00 |
| 8:10  | 11:10 | Dep. How.  | 2:05  | 1:00  | 11:50 |
| 9:00  | 12:00 | Dep. How.  | 1:55  | 1:00  | 11:40 |
| 9:50  | 12:50 | Dep. How.  | 1:45  | 1:00  | 11:30 |
| 10:40 | 1:40  | Dep. How.  | 1:35  | 1:00  | 11:20 |
| 11:30 | 2:30  | Dep. How.  | 1:25  | 1:00  | 11:10 |
| 12:20 | 3:20  | Dep. How.  | 1:15  | 1:00  | 11:00 |
| 1:10  | 4:10  | Dep. How.  | 1:05  | 1:00  | 10:50 |
| 2:00  | 5:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 10:40 |
| 2:50  | 5:50  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 10:30 |
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| 8:40  | 11:40 | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 9:20  |
| 9:30  | 12:30 | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 9:10  |
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| 11:10 | 2:10  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 8:50  |
| 12:00 | 3:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 8:40  |
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| 3:00  | 6:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 6:10  |
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| 6:00  | 9:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 3:40  |
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| 10:00 | 1:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 3:00  |
| 11:00 | 2:00  | Dep. How.  | 1:00  | 1:00  | 2:50  |
| 12:00 | 3:00  |            |       |       |       |