

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. 1 NO. 51

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 51

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.

SEEK 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.

—Mrs. Luther Mason, of Ypsilanti, is in town.

—Mrs. Geo. Brown, of Scottville is visiting here.

—W. A. Bassett was at Manchester on Wednesday.

—F. C. Steers, of Detroit, was in town Wednesday.

—Miss Mae A. Miller leaves to-morrow for Algonac.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

Ammunition of all kinds and shells loaded at A. A. Taft's.

—Mrs. Cohoon left for a visit at Toledo, on Monday, expecting to return to-morrow.

—A new cross-walk was put in between the post-office and Conner's store, Wednesday.

—Mr. Frank Hendricks, of Howell, was a caller at this office last Monday.—Brighton Citizen.

—Mrs. Fannie Coleman and daughter Emma returned from their Eastern trip on the 24th.

—Wool is taking an upward look and the farmer who hasn't sold his is wearing a broad smile.

—Miss Lucy Ladd, who has been visiting at Howell for some time past, returned home Saturday.

—The Ypsilanti base ball club did up the Maroons of Detroit last week Thursday to the tune of fourteen to eight.

—Fred Bennett left Monday for Lilley, Mich., where he takes some important position in the New Era lumber company.

—The country hereabouts is suffering for want of rain. The roads are terribly dry and dusty, and some crops are being affected.

The Misses Mary Rodgers, Retta Collins and Jennie Westfall were at Wayne the first of the week visiting among their young lady friends.

—Leap year is having its effect on the editorial fraternity. Kudner, of the Lapeer Democrat, and Hawkins, of the Saline Observer, are two of the latest sacrifices.

—C. F. Bennett, Will Harmon, Toot Cable and Charles Holloway went with the Northville band to East Saginaw, Wednesday to attend the band tournament.

—Geo. Hillier, of Wayne, formerly of this place, has traded his property there for the Park dining rooms, on Woodward avenue, Detroit, and has taken possession of the same.

—The Detroit base ball club has actually won two games out of the last twenty played, up to Wednesday. They are likely to occupy the fifth place in the league within a very few days.

—The annual "harvest picnic" of the Plymouth grange was held at Walled Lake, Saturday, Aug. 25th. Every thing being favorable, a good time was enjoyed as is usual with the gatherings of this order.

—Frank D. Bucklin, formerly of Ypsilanti, was arrested in Detroit the other day charged with impersonating an officer, by which it is alleged he secured two dollars from a woman. He was released on \$300 bail.

—The word "kicking", as used in slang, is getting worn out in the East and they have another word, with the same meaning which is taking the place of it. The word is "ramracking," and all ramrackers should remember it.

—The burning of Mr. Johnson's barn between here and Northville, Friday evening, particulars of which are given in our Mend's Mills correspondence, was plainly visible here and caused no little speculation as to its exact location.

—School begins next Monday.

Good stock of working pants at A. A. Taft's.

—Frank Emery, of Northville, was in Wednesday.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—E. W. Beam says he can't make curts fast enough to supply the demand for them.

—Mrs. A. Shafer and Mrs. Geo. Shafer and son. Claude visited at Walled Lake last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Hallock, of Illinois were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lophams this week.

—The liquor dealers of this county have paid in, so far, over \$270,000 in liquor taxes.

—Dohmstreich & Co have nine hands employed in their store and tailoring department, including the firm.

—Mrs. Clarissa Steers and Mrs. L. A. McBain, of Wayne, were guests at J. H. Steers' from Thursday till Tuesday.

—The Citizens band, of Northville, will be here to-morrow (Saturday) evening and discourse some music on our streets.

—Little George Smith kindly remembered us with a generous portion of his birthday cake. We wish him many pleasant birthday anniversaries.

—The fair this year, like those of previous years will be better than the one preceding it. Those in charge are leaving nothing undone to insure a success. The race purses have been very materially increased and one or two new races added.

—The following are the names of the local superintendents of the several different departments of work of the W. C. T. U. Of the press, Mrs. Frisbee; suffrage and social purity, Mrs. R. C. Safford; hygiene and heredity, Mrs. Mary Sny; work among foreigners, Miss Mary A. Smith; work among R. R. employees and lumbermen, Mrs. Harris; kindergarten, Mrs. Leach; work at the fair, Mrs. Henry Root; flower mission, Mrs. Ida Bennett; organist, Mrs. C. G. Curtiss, Jr.

—Yesterday forenoon our reporter ran across three young ladies in front of Stockwell & Co.'s dry goods store, also an old gentleman and a young man, who were having a monkey and parrot time. The eyes of the girls were red with much weeping, the old man looked mad as a hornet, and the young fellow seemed kind 'o dazed. They were all excited and talking so loud we couldn't help but hear 'em. "This business has got to be settled today," declared the old man with emphasis. "I don't want to get married," sobbed one of the young ladies. "Don't let him bluff you," shouted the largest female of the trio, "for you needn't marry him if you don't want to!" The young man evinced a desire to wed, and about that time they all moved off up the street talking very earnestly, to say the least. Whether Bill and Mary are now trotting in double harness we are not informed.—Pontiac Bill Poster.

—A Pittsburg physician, named Cooper, has applied for a patent on a process to preserve human bodies by compression by a curious combination of steel presses and hot rollers. He excludes all the moisture and reduces a full-grown body to a small size twelve by fifteen inches—rendering it as hard and imperishable as marble. He has made several experiments with perfect success. The doctor and others who have investigated the process think it will supersede cremation, as bodies thus preserved are not only not offensive, but can be made to assume various ornamental shapes and kept in the parlor or elsewhere as constant reminders of the departed. The doctor has on his center-table the remains of a child pressed into the shape of a cross. It is highly ornamental, is perfectly odorless, and would be taken for the purest marble by any one who did not know what it was. The doctor proposes to place a large number of specimens of animals preserved in this way on exhibition. A company will soon be formed to push the invention.

Worth Knowing.

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

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. Stallwagen, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success.

GO TO H. WILLS,

WILLS
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
Opposite Shaker'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.

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

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.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

Bishop Harris Dead in London.—The Remains to be Brought to Detroit.

Bishop Samuel S. Harris of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan died in London, Eng., on the 21st inst.

Right Rev. Samuel S. Harris, the second bishop of Michigan, was born in Chattooga county, Ga., Sept. 14, 1841. He graduated from the university of Alabama in 1859, and at once entered the law school of Chancellor Keyes, from which he was admitted to the bar in 1860. He practiced five years in Montgomery, Alabama, after which he removed to New York, where he was engaged in practice before the supreme court only. While in New York he yielded to a long cherished desire and relinquished his profession and became a candidate for holy orders. He studied theology under the direction of Rev. J. M. Forbes, D. D. Returning to the south, he was ordained deacon to St. John's church, Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 10, 1863, by Rt. Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, D. D. He was ordained priest in the same church by the same prelate, June 30, 1869. His first parochial work was at this church. Immediately after his ordination to the priesthood he became rector of Trinity church, Columbus, Ga., where he remained two years and six months. Then he removed to New Orleans and became rector of Trinity church there, remaining four years. In the year 1873 he became rector of St. James church, Chicago, which position he held when elected bishop of Michigan.

He was a deputy to the general convention in 1874 from the diocese of Georgia, and in 1877 from the diocese of Illinois. In December, 1878, he was elected by a unanimous vote as the bishop of Quincy, but at the earnest solicitation of the vestry of St. James church he declined. He received the degree of doctor of divinity from the college of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va., in 1878. He was consecrated bishop of Michigan in St. Paul's church, Detroit, Sept. 17, 1879. His publications are a volume of sermons, articles for reviews, and the "Bohnen Lectures for 1882."

Bishop Harris was a man of marked ability, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was respected by all in the diocese, and by the clergy in general who did not conform to his form of worship. Out of his church and in it he was held in the highest esteem. His ability was not only shown in the pulpit, but in managing the affairs of the church. From a human standpoint, it seems as though the loss would be irreparable.

The funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey Aug. 22, and the next day the remains, accompanied by Mrs. Harris, son and daughter, sailed for the United States.

Forests on Fire.

For nearly 100 miles along the Peninsular division of the Chicago & Northwestern railway there are forest fires. Between Nonesuch and Stephenson there are at least fifty fires, some small but most large and doing great damage. At Nadeau, Carney and Mumford fire has destroyed twenty houses.

At Ballous, storehouses, charcoal kilns, and a number of freight cars loaded with coal and bark were burned, and one hundred thousand posts and large piles of cordwood. Thick smoke covers everything and it is impossible to tell how bad the flames are.

One family at Mumford, consisting of seven persons, are missing. The house was burned and no trace of them has yet been found. It is thought they were burned while trying to escape. The house was surrounded on every side by flames.

For several miles back from the railway track is a good farming country, in which numerous clearings have been made by the farmers. Nearly all of the farm buildings have been burnt and crops entirely destroyed. The people barely escaped with their lives, many saving nothing at all from the houses. Many homeless people are crowding into Powers, Bagley, Daggett, Stephenson and other villages yet untouched. Several hundred people are now homeless and the fires are still spreading. On account of the fire on all sides and the dense smoke, it cannot be ascertained how far the fire has spread, except from reports of fugitives coming in. It is feared that many people cannot find their way out of the burning forest and clearings. The weather continues dry and warm. Nothing but a heavy rain can stop the fires when the flames approach. Attempts at saving the buildings are ineffective. Bad fires are burning at McFarland's Hill, Harvey, Campbell and other places. The situation is very serious and apparently growing worse.

Fatal Explosion.

Terrible accident occurred at the camp of the soldiers and sailors' reunion in Allegan, August 24, by which Lee F. Weed, Will McLane, Frank Proceus, Bert Sumner and Lew Barker, members of the camp of Sons of Veterans of Kalamazoo, were injured by the explosion of powder.

No definite idea of how the accident occurred can be learned. The accident occurred while Col. Carr, was speaking, and no one but two of the men injured were in the tent. It is supposed that Weed and McLane, who were in the tent filling cartridges, were or had been smoking and that fire was thereby communicated to the powder, causing the explosion.

Weed was burned from head to foot and one arm broken in two places. He died a few hours later.

Will McLane is seriously burned about the body, and will lose his eyesight. The other three boys were outside the tent, and were only slightly burned.

Seven of the tents were destroyed by the explosion and the fire that spread too rapidly to allow them to be saved.

Michigan's Corn Crop.

The area planted to corn in Michigan this year is slightly in excess of the average, and it is probable that this excess has not been lost by failure of seed to grow. On the 1st of August the condition of the crop in the southern counties averaged 94 per cent, and in the central and northern counties 80 per cent of the average condition. In 1887 and 1888 the crop has suffered by drought, though not to the same extent.

The average rainfall for July was but little more than half the normal for 13 years. Signs that date the meteorological stations make a little better showing, but the rain had been badly distributed, and in many localities the crop greatly needs more moisture.

Inspections in which rains have occurred the conditions of corn is above the average and probably 96 per cent would be a fair estimate for this date. A steady soaking rain of several days' duration is needed throughout the state.

With average weather from now on corn will ripen from the 15th to the 15th of September.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Robert Costello, dying of consumption in the state prison, where he was sent for five years from Mecosta for burglary March 30, 1884, has been pardoned by Gov. Luce.

Low Gardner, a 17-year old boy of Charlotte, accidentally shot himself the other evening, and it is feared the wound may prove fatal, the ball entering the nose and lodging just above the eyes near the brain.

The only man from Ishpeming who was known to be on the ill-fated steamer Geiser was a Dane, Mart Hansen, aged 47 years. He had started back to Denmark, intending to spend the rest of his days there.

Wm. Proper of Gaines Station was hooked in the neck by a heifer a day or two ago and one side of him paralyzed.

A stock company which has a capital of \$75,000 and 35 acres of land is going to make Kimble steam engines and do a general foundry business at Comstock, four miles east of Kalamazoo.

The sawmill of John M. Bryson, in Chapin township, 16 miles north of Ovid, burned the other morning. The loss is \$10,000; insured for \$5,000. Origin of the fire is unknown.

Sietse Opholtz, a wealthy farmer, living near Holland, was thrown from a wagon the other day, sustaining injuries which caused his death a few days later.

More than 20,000 persons attended the farmers' picnic at Devil's Lake on the 23d of August.

Andrew M. Beckwith of White Cloud went to Muskegon on an excursion Aug. 5, and has not been heard from since.

Mrs. George Streeter of Jackson, a married woman who was made half crazy by the death of her seven weeks' old babe, got out of bed, went to the wood shed and plunged into a barrel of water. Her husband found her feet sticking up and saved her life.

F. M. Palmer of Holland was fatally injured in a railroad accident near Springfield, Ohio, the other day.

A Tecumseh man cleared \$9,000 off a celery patch of 90 acres last season.

Old hunters agree that there will be plenty of game in the woods and marshes of the state this fall.

Dwight Cutler of Grand Haven, and Mrs. Hunter Savidge of Spring Lake, have contributed \$1,000 each toward the equipment of Akeley college at Grand Haven.

Mrs. Sarah J. Galtman, owner and proprietor of the Champion house in Galesburg for 25 years, while visiting near Decatur died very suddenly recently, aged 64. Her weight was 263 pounds.

Three unmarried men, Jacob Bucheder, Henry Schmitt and Louis Warnecke, were drowned in the river at Bay City the other morning by the capsizing of their skiff.

The extensive wagon works of Walseth & Tielow in Ishpeming were badly damaged by fire the other morning, and the stock and part of the building saved. Loss, \$10,000 to \$20,000; small insurance.

A three-year old child of W. H. Smith fell into a pail of boiling water at Long Lake the other day, and was fatally scalded.

At the business meeting of the G. A. R. association of southwestern Michigan, held in Allegan August 24, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, G. M. Huck of Kalamazoo; vice-president, M. A. Merrifield of Union City; secretary, A. A. Blakeman of Otsago; treasurer, O. M. Hall of Union City; county vice-presidents, Cass, Z. Aldrich; Herriep, W. H. Miller; St. Joseph, N. L. Cooper; Van Buren, William Norton, Jr.; Calhoun, William Christie; Branch, Alfred Milns; Allegan, H. H. Pope.

Marquette has been chosen as the official headquarters for the middle division of the Canadian Pacific road.

Dr. Ezra Smith, a pioneer of Vicksburg, is dead.

Gov. Luce has removed Justice William A. Miller of Seney, for allowing a prisoner to escape.

James Lowrie, the oldest dry goods merchant in Detroit, is dead.

A boy named Lavigne, who was witnessing a game of base ball in Ishpeming, was hit on the head by a ball, and his skull fractured.

Jules Moreau was run over by the cars near Ishpeming the other day, and both legs were cut off. He died a few hours later.

Some malicious villain set fire to six stacks of oats and wheat on the farm of Godlieb Leadley, near Lansing, and they were burned to the ground. The loss will reach several hundred dollars. The thief was to have begun work in the field the next day.

Another rich find of gold-bearing quartz is reported from the Michigan mine near Ishpeming.

A derrick used in hoisting cars fell into a crowd in East Saginaw the other day, instantly killing Alf and Lawrence Collier and seriously injuring several others.

Gen. Alger presided at the G. A. R. day exercises at Chautauqua.

Ex-Chief Justice Sumner Howard, late of Arizona, has formed a law-partnership with Judge George R. Gold of Flint.

A special election will be held in Gladstone Sept. 4 to decide whether or not bonds to the amount of \$35,000 to build water-works shall be issued.

Edmund Parmalee, for 35 years a resident of North Lansing, died Aug. 29.

Frank House, charged with the murder of George Campbell, near Battle Creek over a year ago, has been held for trial.

Three barns and a sheep shed belonging to Menzo C. Cady and one barn belonging to Daniel L. Cady of Vevay township were consumed with fire August 28. Incendiarism is strongly suspected, for there were no fires around the neighborhood. Mr. Cady was away at church. There were consumed together with the barns about 75 tons of hay, 400 bushels of wheat, 400 bushels of barley, over 800 bushels of oats, a self-binder, a mower and all other farming tools except a horse rake and plow. The total loss is over \$5,000.

Charles W. Waldron, a Hillsdale banker, is missing with about \$80,000, and a woman. He is supposed to be in Canada.

The Western Union company is now putting a line of wire along the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena railway, thus giving additional and much needed telegraph facilities along the Lake Huron shore.

The agricultural fair for the Grand Traverse region will be held September 19, 20, and 21, and the prospects are that it will far exceed all previous ones.

The weather crop bulletin for August 23 of the Michigan weather service says: "The cool dry weather of the past week has checked the growth of vegetation, and the lack of rain is being seriously felt in the southwestern part of the state. The reports from St. Joseph and Branch counties state that the crops are drying up from lack of rain—buckwheat is blasted, corn past red-emption and the pastures are scorched, late potatoes suffering from lack of rain. Farmers are feeding fodder, for want of pasture. Threshing is progressing rapidly and the yield in wheat and oats is very promising. Light frost was generally reported on the 22d and 23d. Farmers from the south part of Isabella and Midland counties and north part of Grand Traverse report corn, potatoes, buckwheat and vines injured on the low lands by the frost of the 23d. No other damage has been reported. Late potatoes, millet and pastures are reported as doing well in the northern section."

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FAVORS RETALIATION.

Cleveland's Message to Congress—Texts of Wilson's Bill on the Subject.

Other Washington News.

President Cleveland has sent a message to Congress on the fisheries question. The message was anticipated, and created little surprise, as it was shadowed by the remarks of Senator Morgan, during the debate, that it was possible, if the treaty was rejected, that the president might be forced to use the retaliatory act, and precipitate a war with Canada.

After reciting that citizens of this country engaged in fishing in waters adjacent to Canada have been treated by that government in an inexcusably harsh and oppressive manner, and that it has been justified by Canada and Great Britain by the claim that the treaty of 1818 permitted it, and that it was necessary for the protection of Canadian interests, all of which he denies, he still desired an amicable settlement, and believed that the treaty just rejected would have been adequate to settle all difficulties and protect American interests in the future, without sacrificing our national pride or dignity in the least.

But as his method of co-operation has been declined, the president will now consider the subject of retaliation. He states that it will be impossible to injure Canadians without inflicting some damage on our own citizens, but the national policy, which embraces the infliction of the greatest harm on those who have injured us with the least possible harm to ourselves, if entered upon should be thorough and vigorous.

After referring to the retaliatory powers conferred on the president, Mr. Cleveland calls attention to the 29th article of the treaty of 1871, and the subsequent action of Canada in relation thereto, and says that the powers conferred by congress are not sufficient to meet this juncture and recommends immediate legislative action conferring upon the executive the power to suspend by proclamation the operation of all laws and regulation permitting the transit of goods, wares and merchandise in bond across or over the territory of the United States to or from Canada.

"There need be no hesitation," he says, "in suspending these laws arising from the supposition that their continuation is secured by treaty obligations. It seems quite plain that article 29 of the treaty of '71, which was the only article incorporating such laws, terminated July 1, 1885."

In addition to this very satisfactory evidence supporting the construction of the language of article 29, it will be found that the law passed by congress to carry the treaty into effect furnishes conclusive proof of the correctness of such construction. The law was passed March 1, 1871, and is entitled "An act to carry into effect the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed in Washington May 8, 1871, relating to the fisheries."

From the act of congress of 1883 the President concludes that these articles have been formally terminated, and he suggests that the privileges now granted to Canada of transporting goods from our ports and over our soil be suspended, and adds: "I am satisfied that upon the principles that should govern retaliation, our intercourse and relations with the Dominion of Canada furnish no better opportunity than is suggested by the conditions therein presented; and it could not be more effectively inaugurated than under the power of suspension recommended."

The President also calls attention to the unfair treatment of our vessels upon the lakes in the matter of tolls and charges, and recommends that such legislation be had as will give Canadian vessels navigating our canals precisely the advantages granted our vessels and cargoes on Canadian canals, and that the same be measured by exactly the same rule of discrimination.

In conclusion President Cleveland says: "The course which I have outlined and the recommendations made relate to the honor and dignity of our country and the protection and preservation of the rights and interests of our people. A government does but half its duty when it protects its citizens at home and permits them to be imposed upon and humiliated by the unfair and over-reaching disposition of other nations. If we invite our people to rely upon arrangements made for their benefit abroad, we should see to it that they are not deceived, and if we are generous and liberal to a neighboring country, our people should reap the advantage of it by a return of liberality and generosity."

The following is the text of the bill introduced in the house by Mr. Wilson of Minnesota:

An act to empower the President more effectually to carry out the purposes of an act to authorize the President to protect and defend the rights of American fishing vessels and other vessels in certain cases and for other purposes, approved March 3, 1887, and to authorize the President to protect American interests against unjust discrimination in the use of canals in the British dominions of North America.

Be it enacted, etc., that whenever the President may deem it his duty to exercise any of the powers given to him by an act entitled an act to protect and defend the rights of American fishing vessels, it shall be lawful for the President in his discretion, by proclamation to that effect, to suspend in whole or part, the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise imported or exported from any foreign country except Canada in bond and without the payment of duty to or from the British dominions in North America across the territory of the United States.

Sec. 2. Whenever the President shall be satisfied that there is any discrimination whatever in the use of the Welland canal, the St. Lawrence river canal, the Chambly canal, or either of them, whether by tolls, draw-backs, refund of tolls or otherwise, which is or may be detrimental to the United States or any of its citizens, it shall be lawful for the President in his discretion to issue a proclamation to that effect, whereupon there shall be collected a toll of twenty cents a ton upon every foreign vessel and her cargo passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal or the St. Clair Flats canal and the secretary of the treasury may authorize and direct any of the customs officers to collect the tolls levied under this act. The President, when satisfied that such discrimination has ceased, may issue his proclamation to that effect in his discretion, whereupon the tolls authorized by this act shall no longer be collected.

Sec. 3. The secretary of the treasury is authorized to make any regulations needful to carry this act into effect.

The senate, by a vote of 27 yeas to 30 nays, has rejected the fisheries treaty, which has for so long been under discussion.

A bill has been favorably reported from the committee on postoffices and post routes to amend the postal laws so as to prohibit the transmission through the mails of transparent envelopes and "display coverings" which may reflect upon the person to whom the letter is addressed, under a penalty from one to ten years imprisonment and a fine of from \$100 to \$5,000. A bill upon this

subject was passed in June last but it seems that it did not fully meet the case.

A statement has been prepared at the treasury department in regard to the appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, made at the present session of congress in the regular annual appropriation bills. It is as follows:

Table with columns: As passed by house, As passed by senate, Bills finally passed, Sundry civil appropriation bill, Army appropriation bill, Navy appropriation bill, Fortification (pending in senate), Deficiency (pending in house), Total, Permanent and indefinite appropriations.

Total appropriations \$418,613,204 \$425,870,515 Estimated revenue, including \$7,883,734 for postal revenue, \$440,563,784. Estimated surplus, \$26,950,530, based on house appropriations, and \$14,638,219 on senate appropriations.

The treasury department to day paid out \$10,000,000 on account of pensions, notwithstanding which payment the total receipts for the month to date are \$5,000,000 in excess of the total disbursements for the same period.

Senator Evans, speaking to resolutions reported from the joint committee on the library, accepting a life size bust of Garibaldi, delivered an eloquent eulogy on the life, character and noble deeds of the Italian hero and liberator.

Secretary Villars has decided that the Maison Island case must go into the courts for decision upon the ownership of the island.

Secretary Villars decides that the Cherokee nation must return confiscated property to the rightful owners.

The president has approved the act authorizing an increase in pensions in cases of deafness.

The president has returned to the senate, without his approval, the bill for the erection of a public building at Sioux City, Ia.

IN SIGHT OF LAND.

Thirty-Four Persons Drowned in San Francisco Bay.

Terrible Confusion.

The steamer City of Chester left her dock in San Francisco at 8:30 the other morning and started on her regular trip to Eureka, on the northern coast of California. An unusually large number of passengers stood on her decks and waved adieu to friends who had gathered on the wharf. The Chester steamed slowly down the bay, and when within two miles of the Heads encountered the thick fog so peculiar in that locality. Capt. Wallace of the City of Chester, began blowing his steamer's whistle to warn all vessels of his approach. The Chester proceeded cautiously on her course till off Port Point, when the hoarse sound of another whistle floated across the water.

Capt. Wallace answered the signal and gave the proper warning to the stranger to pass on the port side. This was evidently not understood, for in a moment those on board saw the huge prow of the Occidental and Oriental steamer Oceanic emerge from the fog. The huge steamer was so close to the Chester that there was no possibility for the latter to escape. The cabin passengers were nearly all on deck, and the captain seeing the danger called to them to prepare for the shock. A panic ensued at once, particularly among the women and children, of whom there was a large number. The Oceanic struck the Chester on the port side, at the gangway, and her prow cut into the Chester's upper works, and then crashed down to the bulwarks, tearing great timbers and iron plates, and breaking into staterooms and cabins. The wildest confusion at once prevailed among the passengers. They crowded together, shrieking with fear, while others were praying for help. The bow of the Oceanic crashed into the middle section of the Chester, cutting her almost into halves, and causing her to reel under the terrible blow.

When the vessels were locked a number of the Chester's passengers were passed up over the Oceanic's bow and rescued in this way, but as soon as the large steamer could clear herself she swung around and immediately began to lower her boats. At the moment of the shock most of the officers and crew of the Chester seemed to lose possession of their senses, and several passengers stated afterward that some of the crew took the first opportunity to climb aboard the Oceanic, and left the passengers to cut away the boats, and one of these was lowered as soon as possible and a number of passengers taken off in it. Others provided themselves with life preservers and jumped overboard, but the greater portion were compelled to remain on the steamer, which began to settle immediately after.

Torrents of water rushed into her hold almost immediately, and in five minutes after the collision the Chester disappeared and sank in 50 fathoms of water. Those of the passengers and crew who came to the surface were picked up by the Oceanic's boats, but the greater number were drawn down by the rushing water and never appeared again.

As soon as it was known around the bay that a collision had occurred a number of tugs and boats of all descriptions went to their assistance and rendered what service they could in picking up the living or dead who were floating among the wreckage. The greatest loss of life is believed to have occurred among the steerage passengers, of which there were 24 aboard. They were in the hold of the steamer at the time of the collision, and there was no opportunity to warn them of danger or render any assistance afterward.

Aside from the 21 steerage passengers, 10 of the cabin passengers and three of the crew were drowned.

Massacred 200 Men.

The Emperor recently, at the request of the rebels, sent Prince Muley to receive their submission. The prince had an escort of 200 cavalrymen. An ambuscade had been prepared by the rebels, and when Muley and his men came up, the insurgents attacked them and massacred the whole force. This treachery was due to a desire for revenge upon the emperor for killing the delegates sent by the insurgents to treat for peace and for whom the emperor had promised a safe conduct.

Nine Killed.

A cyclone struck the village of Still Pond, Kent county, Md., on the 23d inst., with particular severity. The large frame building occupied as a cannery establishment by Ely & Krebs of Baltimore was struck about 4:30 o'clock and completely demolished. About 100 men, women and children were at work, and in their efforts to escape from the wreck nine were killed outright, three were dangerously hurt and a number slightly injured by the falling timbers.

Ever True.

In a comfortably furnished dining-room of a West End mansion paced the master of the house round the table, in a very bad humor.

He had come down at the usual hour of nine, and breakfast was not on the table—indeed, the servant had only just laid the cloth, and this in itself was enough to disturb his equilibrium for the day. But, then, his wife was surly and his daughter late; and when breakfast was served, the coffee was cold and the eggs too hard, and he became more cross every minute.

Then the boy was late with the newspapers; and when three letters arrived, all addressed to Thomas Gurney, Esq., none of them seemed calculated to improve his temper.

The first he opened was from an agent in the country, who had done just what he was told not to do; the second was from the secretary of the Benevolent Society, asking for a donation; and the third—well, if it had been from Mephistopheles himself, it could not have surprised him more. It was a beautiful written letter from one of his clerks, informing him of his attachment to Miss Agnes Gurney, and that they had mutually confessed their love for each other, and then praying for his consent to their marriage.

His daughter watched his countenance with the greatest anxiety, and turned deadly pale when he gave her the letter, and asked if its contents were true.

She handled the letter with trembling fingers, but did not read it.

"Read it!" thundered the father.

"I know its contents," she answered, as faintly as she could. "It is true."

Mr. Gurney's rage knew no bounds. What did the impudent scoundrel mean by sending him such a letter! What business had he to address his daughter! Why was she foolish enough to throw herself away on a poor clerk with only a hundred and fifty pounds a year, when she could pick from among marquises and earls? He would teach the young upstart his proper place. He would dismiss him at once; and he commanded his daughter never to see him again, and never to write to him; and if she did not obey his orders, she would soon know what it meant to disobey him.

And he rose from the breakfast table, and banged the door after him, and in a few minutes later, walked out.

His daughter Agnes had expected this. Indeed, she had advised her lover not to write just yet, but to wait a year or two longer. Young Harry, however, was unwilling to wait, and argued that if her father would object to the engagement, then two years' waiting would make no difference.

"Surely," he had written to her the other day, "your father did not have any objection? Was he not a poor clerk like myself when he married your mother, who was a rich heiress? Besides, darling, it is you I want, not your money. I am young and strong enough to work for us both, and with persevering work, and trust in God's providence, I shall yet succeed in life—not as a clerk—but you know my future plans."

About ten that day Harry was dismissed from his position of junior clerk in the establishment of Thomas Gurney and company. He left the office, and wandered about the streets all the morning in deep thought, hardly knowing what to do. Should he defy Mr. Gurney's order, and try to have another and last interview with Agnes. The temptation was too great, and he soon found himself in the long avenue with a row of stately mansions on either side. He passed the house several times, and was just on the point of going away, when a side door opened, and Agnes beckoned him to enter. They walked into the garden, and there he dried her tears, and breathed words of hope into her fast-sinking heart. And yet he dared not believe himself in the bright hopes he held out to her. Youth is ever hopeful, and leaps over obstacles and tumbling blocks with a light foot and a brave heart; but when stern destiny comes and lays its iron hand mercilessly upon a victim, then it is hopeless to struggle to be free. A few days before he had told her of all his hopes and ambitions, how he meant to work his way with the talents that heaven had given him, and how very soon he would come to claim her; how her father would then be proud to welcome him; but now, a feeling of depression came over them; they were about to part—when would they meet again?

"Oh," sobbed Agnes, "I feel that we shall never meet again!"

"Don't say so!" said Harry. "Why, what makes you so depressed, dear?"

"I don't know," she answered; "but I had such a strange dream. We were standing by the river, when my foot slipped, and I fell into the water. You tried to jump in after me, but some invisible hand held you back. I was carried along by the stream, always further away from you; and I felt I was rapidly sinking, while you stood on the bank, stretching out your hands to me in bitter agony, but unable to save me. Oh, I fear this dream will come true!"

"No," he said, with passionate fervor, "that will never be. Fate is verily leading us through a very dark valley, but we shall yet emerge to the light, and shall yet speak of all these dark and gloomy days as past and gone forever; only don't look so dejected, sweet one; it will break my heart to leave you so sad. Come, let me see you smile once more before we part."

She looked up and smiled through her tears. It was a sight that went to his heart, and haunted him continually; it seemed to inspire him with a sudden impulse for action. He could not rest day or night till he could dry those tears, and bring the happy smile once more to her face.

"Good-bye, darling," he said; "let us only be faithful, and all will be well."

"Yes," she said, watching him until a turning hid him from view; "faithful unto death!"

Two years had passed since that last farewell; and very hard times had they been for the Gurneys. Business went bad; one failure succeeded another; the stately mansion had to be exchanged for a humber home, the business removed to smaller premises.

Every day, one clerk after another was dismissed; his services would not be required any more. And at last came the death-blow. A large Provincial firm, with which they were involved, failed, and Thomas Gurney, one of the richest city merchants was sold out of house and everything.

They retired to one of the suburbs, and rented a small house. The shock proved too much for Mrs. Gurney, who always weak and ailing, succumbed to this great catastrophe. In sickness her daughter nursed her night and day, forgetting her own sorrow in the common grief.

They saw not her faltering steps, how she became paler and thinner every day, how perseveringly she toiled when sorely able to move about. But when her mother breathed her last, Agnes could not leave her bed.

Her father, whose spirits were entirely broken down, could not help her; and, but for the kindness of a poor laborer's wife, who plied the beautiful and noble girl, there would have been no one to look after her.

Those who had flattered them in their palmy days forgot the poor sufferers now. What did they care for people down in the world, and therefore down in their estimation! There was quite enough to think of otherwise; there were bills to prepare for, a host of visits to pay; intriguing mammas were only too glad that there was one girl less in the market. Besides, everybody was then speaking of the great musician, who was beginning to make his name in the world as one of the greatest composers; whose sweet strains of music had so peculiar a charm, harmonizing especially with all who were sad and sorrowful.

He had just composed a grand symphony, "My Life," which—so rumor said—was his masterpiece. Tickets for the first concert sold at a premium. The interest of the public in the great master was only enhanced by the great mystery which surrounded his life and person.

The day of the concert arrived. The composer, a tall young man, was standing by the window of a beautifully furnished room in the West End.

Strange to say, he did not care much for the honor he was sure to reap that evening; on the contrary, his thoughts were bent on a different subject.

"Two short years!" he soliloquized—"two short years! and what changes have taken place! Two years ago, I should have given anything to be in this room—to have watched its occupants—to have seen one dear face; but I dared not enter. To-day this grand mansion is my own, and yet how empty it appears to me! Where can she be now? Will she be at the concert to-night? Will I see her? Ah! that fatal dream, will it come true? I laughed at her then, yet inwardly a mysterious something told me it might come true. Perhaps she is in that stream now, drifting away, heaven knows where, while I am here, held back by the strong hand of fate, not knowing where to go or what to do; and yet she must be somewhere. Ah, I will find her; love so strong shall yet conquer fate!"

He rushed out of the house, ran through one street after another, passed through a grand park, then hurried through more streets and lanes. People stopped, and looked after him, wondering who he was, but on, on he ran. Now he passed a few straggling houses, then into the open fields. Still he ran on till he reached a cluster of small cottages, inhabited chiefly by poor laborers and artisans; and here he suddenly stopped, for just before him he saw an old man tottering along, bowed down by grief and old age, who muttered to himself as he walked.

"She wants Harry, and says he is outside; but God knows where he is now! But, heaven, what do I see here!"

"Quick!" said the one addressed; "take me to her. How is she?—where is she?—quick, quick!"

"Follow me," said the old man. "Here she is."

He led the way down a yard, and up a staircase which brought them to a small attic. Here, on a straw bed, lay Agnes Gurney!

She was not the shadow of her former self. Who would have recognized in her the once beautiful girl who had been courted and beloved by everybody! It is true, she looked beautiful as she lay there, but it was beauty we do not like to see in those we love, for it is unnatural—it is a beauty that belongs to another world.

Harry knelt by her side and stroked her thin white face. Love had conquered fate; but would it conquer destiny? He saw her; but would he rescue her?

The old man came to his side, and asked, eagerly, "What do you think of her? Do you think she will live? Oh, say, will she live?"

He broke down in a paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, Harry, loss of fortune broke my pride; the loss of my wife broke my spirits; but the loss of her would break my heart!"

Harry shook his head. One had but to look at her to see that she was beyond all help.

And so they knelt silently by her side, brought together in so strong a way, the old man forgetting his old displeasure, and Harry forgetting his own wrongs.

What to them were all these personal recollections now! The ten thousand vicissitudes of life sink into insignificance when brought face to face with death.

"Agnes!" cried the old man—"Agnes, come back to your poor old father! Oh, my heart is breaking! Harry, forgive me before I die! I know I treated you cruelly, and I reap now what I sowed!"

"I forgive you long ago," was all Harry could say.

It is strange that in the face of death and eternity we seem to catch a glimpse of the peace and purity of the future world.

Harden as it may be, our thoughts become bold and our actions pure.

Oh! if we only lived more in the thought of eternity, how much better we should all be.

Agnes moved, and they anxiously watched her. Her breath was heavy, and a cold perspiration covered her forehead.

At last she opened her eyes. She looked upward with a fixed gaze. Was it that she could penetrate through the smoky ceiling, and see far above the host of angels, so bright and so happy, coming to receive her spirit?

They would not have long to wait; the tie of earth would soon be severed, and she would speed away on angel's wings to the land that knows no sorrow, that sees no tears.

One earthly duty more—the last she would accomplish; to bid her father farewell. She turned her face to him, and held out her hand.

"Father," she murmured, "farewell—fare-

well! We shall meet again in a happier land!"

She turned round. "Harry!" she cried—"you here! Now I can die happy! I have been faithful unto death!"

She closed her eyes, and the sweet spirit sped away to its happier home.

The vast hall was rapidly filling. Carriage after carriage drove up, and after depositing its inmates, hastened away to make room for others. Never was audience more brilliant, consisting of royal princes, dukes and noblemen, the most learned men of the day, and the leaders of a musical world. Ladies in matchless beauty and dress graced the balconies. The hour had arrived; and the performers were in their places; the strings were tuned. The manager hurried up, and down in great excitement. Evidently, some one was anxiously awaited. A deep silence pervaded the hall, interrupted only by the rustling of ladies' fans, or the newcomers taking their places.

Suddenly there burst a shout of applause which seemed to shake the tremendous building to its very foundations, and the composer appeared, not with the smiling face of a people's idol. He seemed to totter rather than walk to his place.

The audience looked disappointed. Was this the great hero whose name was on everyone's tongue. The shout stopped, and a strange feeling crept over the audience. The musician watched their leader, and felt a keen pang of sympathy for him. What could it be that moved him so in this his hour of triumph! What grief was it that bowed him down when he ought to be the proudest of the proud. Many a player dropped a tear, and took hold of his instrument with a firm grip. They would play as they had never played before; sympathy would inspire their fingers, and the expression would come from within; the heart would move the fingers, and command the execution.

At last the symphony began. A short introduction showed with what earnestness the master meant to handle the theme. Then came the first movement—a sweet, spirited one, which breathed a tale of happy childhood, with its innocent pleasures; then came youth, with its many scenes of home and happiness. The music quickened as it told of early manhood, with its first struggles of life and the storms of fate. Brilliant was the music and loud and long the applause which followed its close, and the composer turned to the audience with a face lit up with an unwonted glow.

But it passed away the instant the second slow movement began.

It was indeed a contrast to the first. It told a tale of love. How sweetly nature smiled, how merrily the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the wind sang love-songs to the rustling leaves of the wood, and the stream rippled harmoniously, and the bells from the neighboring village church chimed in a merry peal. It was music unsurpassed, but it did not last long. The note soon changed; it still lingered on as if in sweet remembrance of happiness, but it was with a tone of regret, for it was but a memory.

Then the scene darkened, and a low, long wail, as of a female in distress, touched the audience to the core. What did it mean? Was it a cord connected with his own life that he was disclosing in accents so tender, and yet so painful.

The wail, so impassioned, became more subdued, and lost itself in an expression of fervent prayer. Men, hardened by contact with the world, and women, too, folded their hands, and remembered the time when they knelt by the side of the mother, long since departed and forgotten. A curious feeling which had long been a stranger to many of them, took possession of them; it was a feeling of reverence, a feeling that they were treading on holy ground. Such, indeed, is oft the feeling that nature instills into us, when man returns and seeks the face of his Creator. How holy that prayer! It brought the angels, whispering a happy chorus as they descended from their heavenly mansions. Nearer and nearer they came, but with voices mellowed and subdued—a melody rocking a spirit asleep. The angel voices died away in the distance; they had taken the spirit with them. What was left on earth? Nothing.

The listeners were all in raptures. They had understood the master's language, seen it in his expression, and they rose like one man, offering their ovations to him who had so touched them. Flowers were showered down by graceful hands, forming a large, splendid garden round him; but, instead of rising to acknowledge the honors, he only buried his face in his hands. It was strange; but he appeared to be a strange man altogether, and they would humor him. All were anxious to hear the last movement, which, it was rumored, was even better than what they had already heard. But the master moved not, and when some one came to rouse him he was dead.

We sometimes murmur that Providence does not reward patience and faithfulness as they deserve to be; but is there any reward in this world? What is our life but the ure lead to the next? It is but the portal through which we enter the vast cathedral of eternity.

The Climax of Cheek.

The advertising business is frequently carried beyond the bounds of good taste, says the Chicago Herald. Every one who has watched a procession—and who has not seen at the tag end many and many a time some wagon displaying an advertisement of some ware or other and the shouts from the crowded sidewalks were ample testimony that the cheek of the scheme had met its reward. The climax of forbearance was reached the other day, however, when following a solemn funeral cortege, at a little distance, it is true, but near enough to be associated with the sad procession, the very thing desired by the perpetrator, was a wagon bearing the sign painted in large flaming letters: "Care for consumption."

Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dead; the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.—of *The Herald*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X, September 2, 1888.
THEME: THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.—Numbers 13:17-33.

17. And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, Get you up this way southward, and go up into the mountain: 18. And see the land, what it is: and the people that dwell therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many; 19. And what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds; 20. And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein or not. And be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land. Now was the time of the first-ripe grapes. 21. So they went up, and searched the land from the wilderness of Zin unto Rehob, as men come to Hamath. 22. And they ascended by the south, and came unto Hebron; where Ahiman, Sheshai and Talmai, the children of Anak, were (Now Hebron was built seven years before Zion in Egypt). 23. And they came unto the brook of Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs. 24. The place was called the brook Eschol, because of the cluster of grapes which the children of Israel cut down from thence. 25. And they returned from searching of the land after forty days. 26. And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land. 27. And they told him, and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great; and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. 28. The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south; and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Amorites, dwell in the mountains; and the Canaanites dwell by the sea and by the coast of Jordan. 29. And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. 31. But the men that went up with him said, We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. 32. And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched out to the children of Israel, saying, The land, through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature. 33. And there we saw the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.—Numbers 13:30.

Time of the lesson the latter part of the summer of the 2nd year after departure from Egypt about two months after the breaking of camp at the foot of Sinai. The journey had been northward, save deflection to the east, to avoid high mountains. The encampment at Kadesh-Barnea was about fifty miles south of Beersheba. Kadesh signifies "the holy," and Barnea, "the desert of wandering."

The celebration of the passover had been observed, and the order of religious services established, when, on the 20th day of the second month the pillar of cloud rose from the tabernacle as a signal for departure. Israel entered the wilderness of Paran (5,000 feet above the Mediterranean) by a slightly circuitous march.

The distance from Sinai to the promised land direct, was about 200 miles. Ordinarily camels made the journey in two weeks and dromedaries in one, but with women and children, tents and baggage, flocks and herds, progress was slow. At the close of the first three days' march, Israel encamped in Paran, and here they complained for want of flesh to eat. God sent quails in vast numbers, and they ate to glutony, so that many of them died, and the place was known by a Hebrew name signifying "the graves of glutony."

The second march was to Nazareth, made memorable by the jealousy of Miriam (the sister who watched the infant Moses when he was hidden in the rushes of the Nile, and was rescued by Pharaoh's daughter); Miriam, who was a prophetess, found fault with Zipporah, Moses' Cushite wife, because she was not of Israel, and using this as an argument with Aaron, besought him to join her in demanding for themselves equal honors, at least, in being the mouth-piece of God in the direction of Israel. The point was, that Moses had defiled himself by his marriage, while she and Aaron had maintained their national purity. Divine judgment in the form of leprosy checked her ambition, and delayed Israel's journey. The plague was removed only in answer to Moses' prayers.

The third march halted at Rithmah, "the place of broom" (from a desert shrub), but the ark resting there, the name was changed to Kadesh (the holy).

It is from Rithmah, who visited this place, describes it as well adapted to the encampment of such a company. It was just below the ridge which constitutes the southern boundary of Palestine, as two wells a large pool and a stream of living water. The plain, many miles in extent, is hill-encircled and very fertile. Here Israel was encamped for nearly 38 years.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 17. And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan. Previous to this, however, we learn, from Deut. 1:20, that Moses had besought them to bravery and courage: "Behold, the Lord, thy God, hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath said unto thee; fear not, neither be discouraged." Had Israel been obedient to this admonition, in less than two years from leaving Egypt they would have come into possession of Canaan.

We also learn from Deuteronomy that Moses acquiesced to the will of the people that "men be sent to search out the land, and bring word what way they should go up and into what cities they should come." How soon the leading of the cloud gave place to a wordly policy—not faith, but sight.

Get you up this way southward, that is, go up by the south way, which led near to Hebron; learn concerning its cities, whether strong or weak; its products and prospects. The latter part of verse 20 indicates the season of the year. Early grapes ripen in Palestine in August, and the vintage occurs in September and October.

V. 21. They searched from Zin unto Rehob. In other words, they explored the land from south to north. (Zin was just south of Canaan, a portion of Paran in which was Kadesh; and Rehob north, at the foot of Mt. Hebron, near the sources of the Jordan. Hebron is a very ancient town, where much of the life-time of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was spent, and where they were all entombed. Its antiquity antedates history, being established when Abraham left Mesopotamia, and mentioned in Scripture before Damascus. It was the city whence Jacob and his family departed for Egypt, via Beersheba; and upon the return of Israel fell to the lot of Caleb, who was

one of the spies who visited the place as mentioned above. It has always held a prominent place in Jewish history. It was the royal residence of King David for nearly eight years; here he was anointed, and here Absalom raised the standard of rebellion.

Zion (the Greek Tanis) was one of the oldest cities in Egypt. It was the principal capital or royal residence of the Pharaohs. A gateway of stone still bears the name of Rameses the Great. Very fertile and prosperous in its early history, its destruction was foretold by Ezekiel, and at present it is a barren waste of extensive ruins, a few squallid fishermen occupying the site.

"Children of Anak were the descendants of Arba for whom the place was named Kirjath-Arba. So formidable was this tribe, great in stature and brave in war, that the saying of the time was 'who can stand before the children of Anak.' Eschol signifies a cluster or bunch. The valley is believed to be that just north of Hebron. Dr. Robinson states that the largest and best grapes in Palestine grow here. The 'Physical History of Palestine' mentions individual grapes as large as plums and clusters weighing from 10 to 12 pounds. A cluster weighing 10 pounds was sent from a Syrian vine to the marquis of Rockingham in 1815, and was borne on a staff by two men after the fashion of the familiar Bible picture. The region abounded in pomegranates, apricots, figs and quinces. There were commercial relations existing between Egypt and Syria, and the Hebrew spies were probably Egyptian in dress and appearance as to arouse little or no suspicion.

28. They brought back word and showed them the fruit of the land. The report was made public to the entire congregation. It was favorable, with one exception, and the fruit was the most conclusive witness. It was, according to the divine promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. But there was one drawback: "the giants."

V. 30. Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able, were the words of Caleb, seconded by Joshua. There were two brave men but theirs was a minority report. The ten laid emphasis upon the Amalekites who dwelt on the borders of the "south country" and who had already attacked Israel; the Hittites, a powerful nation whose strength and influence until recently, have been greatly underestimated, the Jebusites holding the region round about Jerusalem; the Amorites whose height was like the height of cedars and whose strength as the oaks; and the Canaanites along the Mediterranean coast. While the occupancy of the land by these people was historically true, Israel in their presence were not as "grasshoppers," for the living God was their leader and with him, few numbers make a majority; and human weakness became strong. The report of the ten was evil in this, that it exaggerated the dangers and minimized the good, leaving God and his promise out of the account. They dwelt upon the difficulties and taught the congregation so, instead of recognizing God and his resources.

As a result the ten unfaithful spies and those who partook of their unbelief perished in the wilderness, Caleb and Joshua, only entering the promised land. (Caleb received as his portion, the land he explored in and about Hebron and in recognition of the mercy of God, changed his name from Oshera, "a prayer," to Jehoshua "the Lord saves.")

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

The delays of sin: Israel would have gone steadily forward to the promised land, but with Aaron fell into idolatry; would have gone forward, but Miriam sinned; would have gone "up at once" and possessed the land but unbelief prevailed. Just such delays are occasioned now; the christian church would go up and possess the land, if all were Caleb and Joshuas. Ten see giants and defeat, where two see success in an invincible God.

Every real good is attained by exertion and labor, trusting in God for success. God does not leave his people without witnesses; therefore the grapes of Eschol blessed gospel fruits.

People often look at the good through the small end of the telescope, and the evil through the large end, diminishing the good as they enlarge the evil.

The ten spies in leaving God out of their account were as unjust to him, as an engineer would be in exhibiting the efficiency of a locomotive without steam or electric power.

Library references: Peloubet, Parker's People's Bible, Dr. Trumbull.

HERE AND THERE.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, was educated by Miss Lavater, the niece of the celebrated physiognomist.

Joseph Ernest Renan, the philologist and author, has been appointed a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

It is reported that there is a young lady living near Bronwood, Ga., who can repeat the whole Bible from memory.

Spurgeon does not have to peach unless he chooses to do so. He has saved some money and an admirer has presented him with \$40,000.

Lord Londeshorough has in his possession a curious watch, formed after the semblance of a duck. It is of silver and was made in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Ismael Weaver, a colored man who died at Barnesville, Ga., recently was the father of seventy-two children, of whom fifty-two sons were able-bodied farm hands when he died.

A Pittsburg woman of forty was married to her third husband just five hours after her lamented No. 2 had joined the silent majority—an unusual intermingling of grape and orange blossoms.

No man yet fully understood a woman. Hence, some people resign no woman can have fully understood herself; for, if she had how in the world could she have managed to keep the secret!

An odd relic possessed by a Southern woman is a pair of scissors that her father used in cutting a suit of clothes for President Washington, as he was entering upon his first Presidential term.

A citizen of Washington, Pa., has an English gun that was made in 1748. It was taken from the dead body of a British soldier, who was killed in a retreat from Concord, Mass., April 18, 1775.

Lord Beaconsfield said to Matthew Arnold: "You are the only writer I ever knew who became a classic in his life time." In literature or politics the judgment of Beaconsfield was worthy of consideration.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it fun is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

Churches.

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

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

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

Societies.

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

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

GRAND, No. 320.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. B. Pattengill, Master.

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

K. OF L., LAFAYETTE ASSEMBLY, No. 1566.—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.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

IF YOU ARE GOING

East, West, North or South,

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

Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Felham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 221

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Frank Stringer, of Wayne, was in town Tuesday.

—Hale Manning, of Detroit, Sundayed here with his mother.

—A. M. Potter returned home the first of the week from Grand Haven.

—Mrs. W. H. Hoyt and son Clay are visiting in Detroit for a couple of days.

—Charles Bennett, of Tecumseh, spent Sunday with his parents and friends here.

—Chas. Paddock, of Howell, visited his parents here part of Saturday and Sunday.

—A man named Wm. Beakenfelder was killed by the cars at Monroe, Wednesday.

—Len Caswell returned last Friday from Bay City, where he has been playing ball for some time past.

—Sylvester Clark, of Canton, died on Thursday and was buried on Saturday last. Mr. Clark was buried by the masonic fraternity, being a member of Wayne lodge.

—The premium lists for the Plymouth fair were turned out from this office the first of this week and may be had by applying to the secretary, C. B. Crosby, or calling at the Plymouth National bank. The book contains over eighty pages.

—The annual school meeting occurs next Monday evening. Please bear it in mind and let all interested turn out. Don't stay at home and then find fault all the year with the selection of officers made, or the amount of money voted.

—Now is the time to begin to prepare your exhibits for the Plymouth fair. Of course when people wish to attend a fair, either for observation or to take exhibits, they naturally wish to go to the best one, and that is why we say Plymouth fair.

—We are sorry to hear of the severe illness of Jacob Westfall. The old gentleman, though quite aged, has never before been sick, last Tuesday being the first day that he was ever confined to bed by sickness. We trust that by the time the MAIL reaches its readers he may be much better.

—Mr. George Wanzer, a milk peddler, and John Millen, a stone cutter in the employ of Loughbidge and Wilcox, got terrible drunk Sunday morning, and according to all reports were particularly anxious to get into a fight. They conceived the brilliant idea of tearing down the sign in front of Buck's livery barn, and when the proprietor, Zina Buck, and his son Ben, protested against this, the drunken men assaulted them. In the bloody fight which followed Wanzer was so pounded that the next day he was scarcely recognizable, by Zina Buck, and Millen's head was cut open by a blow from a pickaxe in the hands of Ben Buck. Wanzer was taken to jail, and the next morning tried before Justice Griffin on a charge of breaking the peace to which charge he pleaded guilty. He was fined \$20.00 and costs. Millen was removed from the side walk, where he had fallen unconscious, to his boarding house, and his wound dressed by Dr. Knickerbocker. He now lies in a critical condition. Should inflammation set in the most serious results may follow. Young Mr. Buck was arrested, and released on bail, his trial being postponed two weeks.—Ypsilanti Commercial.

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.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

—Miss Ida Crooby, of Wayne, is visiting at Fred Dunn's.

—At Dimondale they use a box stall in a barn for a lock-up.

—Walter Kinsler, aged forty and Adelaide Hart, aged thirty-seven both of Plymouth have taken out a marriage license.

—Married, Sunday evening, Aug. 26, at Plymouth, Mr. Walter Kinsler to Mrs. Adelaide Hart, by Rev. John M. Shank.

—C. W. Waldron, a Hillsdale banker, skipped out the other day with about \$1 000 and another man's wife—to Canada of course.

—Next week closes the first year of the MAIL. Those subscribers who began at the first will remember that their year expires next week, and we should be pleased to have them renew at once. We stop all papers when the time is out, unless ordered otherwise. Please remember this.

—A man and his family named Brown, from Livonia, while moving their household effects to Ypsilanti, early Wednesday morning, overturned the load of goods when near Wilcox's mill, breaking the man's leg in a very bad manner. A doctor was called and the limb dressed. The man remained beside the road for several hours on a bed fixed up with their goods and was then removed to a vacant house by the authorities, where food and other necessaries are being furnished them. It is a sad case and there is a chance for charity.

—The following gentlemen have been drawn as jurors for the September term of the circuit court, outside the city: Springwells, Clrist, Desdel and George Fairbanks; Hamtramck, John H. Kerr; Van Buren, T. M. Coay; Sumpter, Reuben Merrell; Grosse Pointe, Peter Girard and Frank Vernier; Plymouth, King Starkweather, Erasmus Lombard and Hiram B. Thayer; Taylor, Victor M. Smith; Romulus, Charles Foss; Greenfield, Royal J. Ford and James Kennedy; Redford, Jerome Dunning; Brown-ton, David Kettle; Nankin, James Dugaw and James J. Huston, Sr.; Canton, Henry P. Truesdall; Monguagon, William H. Butler; Dearborn, Alva Seaman and George Hurst; Ecorse, John C. Stutzer and Joseph Drouillard; Wyandotte, Michael Quinn, Michael Weatherwax and Nicholas Harebricht.

—The locomotive firemen from East Saginaw had a picnic at Or on last Friday and among the excursionists were Samuel J. Medler and three daughters aged seventeen, thirteen and eleven years. The girls went in bathing and the younger one got beyond her depth. The oldest went to the rescue, but both sank. The other sister then went to assist the struggling girls and was also pulled under the water. Mr. Medler rushed into the water, was seized by the half drowned girls and all went down together in full view of many horrified spectators. Three young men happened along with a boat and after a terrible struggle the Medler family were dragged to shore. The girls were all unconscious, but prompt measures saved their lives, although the youngest had almost reached the other shore.—Pontiac Bill Poster.

—A report was circulated here Sunday that a sail boat on Whitmore Lake in which were Jack Holloway, Will Conner and H. C. Robinson of this place and two other gentlemen, was capsized on Saturday and that Holloway came near drowning, being saved after having gone down the second time by some one grabbing him by the hair of the head; that he was so far gone that he was obliged to take to bed and was under the doctor's care. The party arrived home Tuesday except Holloway, who went through to the city on Monday, and they deny that part of the story in which it was said that Jack came near drowning. With his usual amount of mischief he endeavored to climb the mast, and the boat tipped over. His going to bed they say was for the purpose of drying his clothing. His father and brother hearing the story Sunday, drove over there.

—On Tuesday morning of last week Byron Poole, president of this village and for many years a prominent and much respected business man, being engaged in buying grain at the D. L. & N. elevator, left for Detroit, with the supposed intention of returning home on the afternoon train the same day, and since which time nothing has been heard of him. Although it was known that he was owing considerable yet the majority of people had too much confidence in him to believe that he was slaying away on purpose—they feared that he had been foully dealt with in the city. As he did not return, some of those whom he was owing became alarmed and during Thursday night and Friday got out attachments and began taking such stuff as they could find until soon, everything was gone. There are a number of other creditors, some reported for quite large amounts, who will probably get nothing. It is impossible to learn the exact amount of his indebtedness at this writing. His return is not looked for and the excitement of the first few days has passed.

—H. C. Robinson and wife, W. T. Conner and wife and Mrs. M. Conner returned from Whitmore Lake, on Tuesday.

—Yesterday we learned that Jacob Westfall, his wife and also old Mr. Briggs, of Livonia, all of whom are sick, were improving.

—Some man whose name we could not learn, was brought to Dr. Hatch's, from Cherry Hill, yesterday, and had a leg amputated. Cause, fever sore.

—The M. E. Sunday school, of Newburg, joined with the school at this place in a picnic here Wednesday, in which festivities nearly four hundred persons took part and had an excellent time.

—Considerable excitement was created Wednesday night by an alarm of "burglars" from Dr. Hatch's residence and quite a crowd gathered there to investigate but no burglars were discovered. Mrs. Hatch was alone and either became unduly excited, or the party prowling about the house made his escape. However, no harm came of it.

The Following Letter Explains Itself.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President, Plymouth, Michigan.

Confirming my telegram of yesterday will say. We will send you eight ponies and two chariots for three days of your fair.

Kindly advise me the most direct route to get there and the three days you want us, and, as near as possible, the time of day you we will race the first day, and I will have everything in first-class condition and will give you some of the hottest races you ever saw. Yours truly,

B. F. TAYLOR.

Buffalo International Fair association.

Notice.

Mrs. L. Merriman, on account of ill health, has closed out her business and Mrs. Hattie Shaftuck having purchased her stock will put in a full line of new goods and continue the business in the room over R. G. Hall's store. Miss Cora Pelham, who has been in Mrs. Merriman's employ for the last six years, will continue in Mrs. Shaftuck's employ and they will be pleased to see Mrs. M.'s old customers and shall endeavor to please them as well in the future as Mrs. Merriman has in the past.

Mrs. Merriman requests all indebted to her to call and settle at earliest convenience.

Birthday Party.

Another pleasant affair of the season was the surprise party given in honor of Georgie Smith's tenth birthday. At two o'clock on August 24, forty-one children gathered at the park out of fifty-two invited and marched down to the house. It was so arranged that Georgie knew nothing about it and it did every heart good to see his enjoyment and surprise on entering the house and finding them all sitting on the parlor floor. He was greeted with three loud cheers; then the children all left for a good time in a five acre lot, games and other pleasant pastimes passed the time until called to a bountiful repast spread by the ten adults in charge of the tables. They were also treated with lemonade, candy and ices. Claud Bennett's band rendered some sweet music and several played the piano, and we had altogether a grand good time, one long to be remembered by all. Were more such times given for the dear little children how many poor, little hearts would be made joyful. H. P. C.

Mead's Mills.

Mrs. Wm. A. Ramsdell has friends visiting her from Cleveland.

H. S. Burdick has an apprentice at work with him in his cooper shop.

C. Simpson and wife, of Flint, are visiting at Wm. J. McRoberts' this week.

School in this district commences Sept. 3rd, with Charles Appling as teachers.

Mrs. Geo. Bryant has returned from her visit at St. Johns. She reports more rain there, and crops looking fine.

The farmers about here are complaining of the dry weather, which interferences with their plowing, with any sort of comfort, every furrow seemingly, having to be turned by main strength.

Our citizens were greatly excited last Friday evening by the burning of Mr. T. Johnson's large barn and sheds, in which seven head of choice cattle, and one horse perished, besides 100 bushels wheat, 600 bushels oats, a large quantity of hay, and nearly all of his farm implements. Not so much as a halter was left to put on a horse the next morning. The men seeing there was no chance of saving the contents of the barn, turned their attention to the saving of the house, the destruction of which at times seemed inevitable, but by persistent effort and the free use of water, was saved without much damage. How the fire originated is a mystery. On every hand the question is asked: "How did it take fire?" and echo answers "how!"

The Children Ask for It, And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. Sold in fifty cent and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 51-52

Save the Cents,

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

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

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

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and Oil Paintings.

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

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Red Front Drug Store.

For Physicians Prescriptions.

For Fine Drugs and Chemicals.

For White Lead and Linseed Oil.

For Peninsular Liquid Paints.

For Rubber Liquid Paint.

For Colors All Kinds in Oil.

For Colors All Kinds Dry.

For Stains in Water.

For Stains in Oil.

For Paint Brushes.

For Varnish Brushes.

For Scrubbing Brushes.

For Shoe Brushes.

For Shoe Blacking in Boxes, Men's.

For Liquid Shoe Blacking, Ladies'.

JOHN L. GALE.

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We also have in stock

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

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

Largest Stock and Best Assortment

—OF—

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT—

:BOYLAN'S:

Clarenceville.

Mr Ingersoll is sick again. Mark Cranston is again able to be around after his illness. Miss Edna Johnston made a birthday party a few days ago. Rhobia Herron returned to her home, at Detroit. She has been making Mrs. Robert Maiden a visit. It is said that Thomas Davis is erecting a chimney for the Owen House, Farmington, that is 4 feet square and about 45 feet high. There was quite a gathering at the house of Frank Waack. Mr. Becker and his sister, of Detroit, being present. They made some nice music on Bertha Waack's piano and then went back, Bertha went with them, intending to stay two or three weeks with them and take lessons of Miss Becker.

Belleville.

School begins Monday morning. Mrs. Whittaker has returned home. Miss Munro, of Bay City, is in town. F. A. Santis took in Wayne, Wednesday. Wm. Davis was home on a short visit this week. T. M. Cody will represent this town as Circuit court juror. Ten schools will unite in the picnic tomorrow, (Saturday). A fine hickory was raised here Saturday by Van Buren democracy. Frank Cody will commence "depre-dations" at Willow Run, Monday. Prof. Sill, of Ypsilanti, conducted memorial services here Sunday, in honor of the late Bishop Harris. Last Friday evening about thirty of the friends of Miss Cora Parr, of the Belle-ville house, surprised her and insisted on raising the "old Harry." After the assembled guests had become "civilized," they proceeded to the grand hall, where for five hours they kept time to a "fantasia."

Livonia.

School meeting next Monday evening. Mr. Briggs, of Battle Creek, is visiting in this neighborhood. David Wolfram has built a new cellar under part of his house. Miss Myrtle Chilson, of Pike's Peak, was the guest of Miss Emma Kingsley last Sunday. Miss Nettie Green, of Bay City, is visiting her grandmother and young friends at this place. It is very dry in this township at present so that corn is suffering and some of the wells begin to fail. Charles Backus, an old resident of this town, died at the county house last Sunday and was brought to E. S. Rice's, Monday, for interment. Levi Joslin sold his young Morgan horse last week, price three hundred dollars. Some think he will bring five hundred when he gets more age. Subscriptions for this paper received at your postoffice. Three months \$3cts.

Wayne.

Mrs. A. B. Vining has the foundation laid for a new brick store. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Collins, of Detroit, were in town this week, visiting their friends. Miss Effie Vining left for Iowa, where she is engaged to teach school, on Tuesday last. Mr. Bazz ste has shipped his household goods to Detroit, it is said, where he intends to make his home. Chauncy Brace, of Pontiac, was in town, on Tuesday, and took charge of Mr. Marker's funeral. Mrs. Fitzgibbons goes to Detroit tomorrow to umpire a game between the Cass and the Athletics at the Athletic grounds. Misses Jennie Westfall, Rattie Collins and Mary Rogers, of Plymouth, were visiting friends here the first of the week. Misses Mattie and Hattie Collins left for Muskegon last week, where they have received engagements to teach in the public schools. The Waynes went to Detroit last Wednesday and played with the Athletics, of that city, and beat them. The score was six to five. The Wayne second nine went to Ypsilanti, last Friday and played the second nine, of that place, and beat them—score twenty-four to seven. Mr. Marker, who was prostrate by sickness in July last, and who has been a great sufferer, died on Sunday last, quite suddenly. The funeral was decided by the friends to be held at the house, on Tuesday afternoon. The flowers were very fine and were presented by the young folks of the Congregational church, of which he was a member, and others. A young German by the name of Tjark living two miles north and east of here, died very suddenly, on Monday morning, at his home. He has peddled milk in town for two years. Since coming from the old country some five or six years ago, this family has had the misfortune of losing four boys. Four years ago three of them were stricken down with diphtheria, while living in Inkster, and died. The only remaining child is a young lady.

MINOR MENTION.

A member of a New Jersey colored congregation stole the church organ. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland will next year go to Europe to pursue her literary studies. A shoemaker at Atlanta, Ga., has lately completed a pair of shoes that are 14 inches long, 5 1/2 wide and 8 1/2 deep. It is said to be English to never wash strawberries, but to roll them carefully in a towel until the "grit" disappears. Burlington, N. J., proudly claims more widows to the square yard than any other city in the United States. The annual copper production of the world is 275,000 tons, and the French syndicate is said to control 215,000 tons of it. The electric arc lights in the United States now number nearly 200,000; and the incandescents numbered over 1,000,000. A comparison of the work of English, French and American detectives shows the latter to be 12 per cent ahead all around. According to the Critic, riding by moonlight atop of a herd is the hot-weather diversion most in favor with Washington swindlers. A five-foot alligator was captured in Central Park, New York, by two policemen the other day. It had escaped from the menagerie. A bright meteor, drawing after it "a bright train of twenty-three clearly defined stars," shot across the heavens at Columbus, Ohio, the other night. A circus bill-posting gang dumped a quantity of paste in the road near Petersburg, Mich., and a number of cows were fatally poisoned by eating some of it. At Dorchester, Md., the little daughter of Thomas Elzey fell headforemost into a pot of boiling water, and though immediately rescued, died in a few minutes. Hannibal Hamlin has a pump that is as well preserved as he, himself. It was set up in his back yard in Bangor, Me., years ago, and is there now, as good as ever. The Michigan game law has a clause about "muffed grouse," while the Ohio game law legislates about "ruffed grouse," the proper adjective in both cases being "ruffed." Col. Elliott Shurtz, of Marshalltown, Iowa, has received notice from the War department that his claim of \$75 for the loss of a horse in the Mexican war was allowed. The claim was filed in 1818. While ill at Milan the Emperor of Brazil had to pay hotel charges of \$400 per day. In addition he paid \$20 a day for ice, \$800 a day for telegraphing to Brazil and \$240 a day to his two doctors. An English lady, Miss Ada M. C. Trotter has written a novel in which purports to be an American dialect. One critic remarks that it will be as curious to American readers as to the English public. A conspicuous figure in a front seat at the wedding of the daughter of Governor Gordon, of Georgia, was the old negro nurse of the bride, who has cared for no less than four generations of the family. A Burlington train struck a bunch of horses between Shenandoah and Essex, in Iowa, the other night, killing nine and injuring six. The engine looked like a slaughter house on wheels. Blind Tom is living in retirement in an old-fashioned house in St. Mark's place, New York city. He is suffering from a nervous complaint that renders a repetition of his stage performances impossible. The King of Denmark has declined to allow his subjects to purchase a country seat for him, in view of the financial depression in his kingdom, and the frequent demands on the generosity of his people. Japan has 250 newspapers, 1,000 miles of railway, and 2,000 or 3,000 miles of telegraph line. A Japanese reporter collects news, but does not in every case write it. He tells what he knows to news writers. Dr. J. Leland Miller, of Sheffield, Mass., has given \$4,000 to Williams college to found a professorship of American history, literature and eloquence. It will be the first professorship of the kind in this country. Melon growers in sections of Georgia are in an uneasy frame of mind on account of the inability of several railroads there to transport the crop. Acres and acres of melons are in consequence going to rot. "Poor Charlotte," ex-Empress of Mexico, is rapidly weakening, and is expected to die at any moment. The unfortunate woman has never had a sane moment since she received the news of her husband's execution. Elderly ladies who used to charm their beaux by singing "Do They Miss Me at Home?" will be interested to know that Miss Caroline A. Briggs, who composed the verses, is now Mrs. Charles Mason, of Fitchburg, Mass. The song was first published 40 years ago. The Duchess de Luynes returned to her home in Paris the other day after a trip into the country and found her Italian waiting-maid strutting about arrayed in her mistress' best ball dress. Before the Duchess could remonstrate another servant walked out into the room, and remarking that the millennium had come, began to throw brick-bats, albums and other ornamental articles out of the window. The police were called in, and on examination by phys. cians it was found that both girls had gone stark mad at the same time. No one is able to find any reason for the coincidence. A French vicar, well-known, it is said, in society in Paris, has been arrested, charged with working a new and clever scheme to make an income at the expense of confiding capitalists. She claimed to be the lawful heir of a certain man named Bennett, who, after amassing a great fortune in the East Indies a hundred years or so ago, settled in Vienna, and there died, leaving a vast amount of money deposited in a bank in that city. She formed a partnership with the priest of a certain parish in Paris and with two other men, and solicited subscriptions of \$30 each for the purpose of aiding her to recover her estate. Each subscription was to be redeemable when her suit was successful at the rate of \$400 for the \$30. Circulars containing this proposition was circulated freely and money was coming in rapidly, when some subscribers became suspicious and communicated with the police.

SNAPS OF WIT.

Every dodo has a head light.—Duluth Paragrapher. The girl of the period is Anna Lytic.—Duluth Paragrapher. It is the tanner that really embarks in business.—Duluth Paragrapher. The proper thing to paste in your hat just now is a cabbage leaf.—Puck. The fast young man is usually slow with his creditors.—Merchant Traveler. No leap year ice cream parties have as yet been organized.—Merchant Traveler. Phenomenal tenors can command more than a nominal fee.—Pittsburgh Chronicle. Gladiatorially speaking, the sun is the Spotty-ones of the celestial arena.—Yonkers Gazette. The man who hollers amen the loudest doesn't always mean it the most.—Merchant Traveler. France is on the west side of the Alps. Monaco is on the suicide.—New Orleans Picayune. If a man is to reap what he has sown he will want to sow more wild oats.—Detroit Free Press. Now is the time to conciliate the girl's father or make friends with the dog.—Merchant Traveler. It is to be regretted that Mr. Greeley didn't fetch the North Pole back with him.—Merchant Traveler. When it comes to taxes Minnie Mumm is our motto and our star-eyed goddess.—Duluth Paragrapher. The man whose head is not evenly balanced is most particular about parting his hair in the middle.—New Orleans Picayune. Constant reader: There are several large coin collectors in the United States. Jay Gould is probably the largest.—Philadelphia Owl. A baby's life is a constant series of surprises—both to the baby himself and to the people who have him in charge.—Somerville Journal. A farmer in Jessup, Ga., has a hairless cow, and it is so evident that her hide is as tough as his boot-sole that he never kicks her.—New Haven News. A fastidious Philadelphia family has just lost its head, and it has gone so far as to order a cheese with a mourning cheese-cloth band about it.—Puck. It is now, when paint and powder run together, that society would seek some ice-cold spot in which to pass the heated spell.—New Orleans Picayune. It is a mistaken idea that a bachelor always refers to a baby as "it." Frequently he speaks of the little household angel as "that confounded kid."—Somerville Journal. It is now growing so warm and maddening that a postage stamp will stick to the atmosphere. It is rumored that the stamps in the postoffice are kept in refrigerated air.—Puck. One of the Indian children drilling for exhibition expressed his nervousness in this way to his teacher: "Too many eyes look at me. I scare, I scare!"—Carlisle (Penn.) Red Man. An Early Theater Riot. In the year 1879 two cavaliers entered Lincoln Inn Theater, London, and attempted to set it on fire, because their greatest enemy, the Duchess of Portland, was in it at the time. The result of this attempt was a very serious affray, in which many people were injured. Again, in 1721, at the same theater, while the play of Macbeth was in progress, a gentleman walked across the stage, the back of which at that period was seated for the public, to speak with a friend. Of course the manager resented this sort of conduct, and for his pains was rewarded with a blow in the face. A brawl ensued; part of the audience supported the offender and the other part the manager. Soon the two divisions of the house were engaged in a free fight; but the manager's division proved victorious and expelled the other party. Matters, however, did not end here, for the marauders re-enforced from the outside, returned, smashed mirrors and moldings, hurled lighted torches among the scenery, and refused to desist until compelled by the turning out of the military. In consequence of the riot the theater had to be closed for a week and a guard stationed to prevent like occurrences in the future.—London World. Going. Oh, bustle, bustle, fare you well, We're sick and tired of your abuses; So don't hang back, you've got to go, Or tuncurement will to other uses.—Washington Critic. The Playwright and the Critic. Playwright: "What do you think of my last play?" Critic: "Um—er—it shouldn't have been your last." Playwright: "You mean that—?" Critic: "Yes, yes, the one before it should have been the last."—Washington Critic.

Renew Her Youth.

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

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, and headache, indigestion, constipation or colic, or any other ailment, which cannot be cured 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., 563 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 57

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

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 WHIPPLE. Plymouth, July 30, '88. 47-53

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, 3 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 40 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 \$1,400, 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 doors; weights 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. Title perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the circuit court for the County of Wayne in chancery, made and entered on the twenty-sixth day of February A. D. 1888, by a certain cause therein pending wherein Hiram E. Eaton is complainant and George A. Starkweather and Ellen V. Eaton are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Saturday, the thirteenth day of October A. D. 1888, at twelve o'clock noon of said day at the Wood ward Avenue entrance to the City Hall in the City of Detroit in said county (that being the building in which the circuit court for the county of Wayne is held, the following described property: All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the City of Detroit, and within the County of Wayne, Michigan, and known and described as follows to-wit: Lot number nine (9) of Baggs' Subdivision of Park Lot number sixty-five (65) according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne. Dated August 31, 1888. HOWARD WIEGHT, Circuit Court Commissioner, Wayne County Michigan. D. C. GRIFFIN, Solicitor for Complainant.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of REUBEN S. DUFFEE, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Administrators to and of the said estate, and adjusted all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the Office of George A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1888, and on Wednesday, the sixth day of February, A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 7th day of August, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. LORENZO POOLER, Commissioner. DAVID D. ALLEN, Commissioner. Dated—Plymouth, August 8, 1888. 49-52

Administrator's Sale. TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to an order of the Probate Court, of the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, granting into the undersigned administrator of the estate of Hannah J. Ash, deceased, license to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized and possessed, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, interest and charges thereon, the undersigned administrator as aforesaid will sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the premises lately occupied by said deceased, in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the sixth day of October A. D. 1888, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, the real estate of said deceased as before mentioned, as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the corner of Ann Arbor and Deer streets; thence south parallel with said Deer street to the center of Bowery street; thence east parallel with said Bowery street to land owned by Dr. J. M. Collier; thence north on said Collier's east line to center of Ann Arbor street; thence east on said Ann Arbor street to place of beginning, and situated in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne and State of Michigan. Dated Holy, Aug. 16, A. D. 1888. CASE J. ALLEN, Administrator of the estate of Hannah J. Ash, deceased. 50-56

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-first day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Duffee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of BETSEY SIMMONS, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of George W. Simmons, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him. It is ordered, that Tuesday, the eighteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 50-52

TAKE NOTICE. I hereby forbid everyone not to trust my wife, Emma A. Hatch, on my account on or after this date. DEONARD F. HATCH. Plymouth, Aug. 30, 1888.

A. PELHAM, Resident Dentist. PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN. Electric Vibrator for extracting teeth without pain. All work of the best and at prices to suit the times.

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

Plymouth National Bank. T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President. DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. R. Fattengall, William Geer, L. 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.

YOU WILL FIND! Latest - Newspapers, and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, Etc., At the Postoffice News Depot, PLYMOUTH. Subscriptions taken for any Publication. Agents for the Parkman Steam Laundry, of Detroit. W. J. BURROW, Proprietor.

The Homliest 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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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Compressions, 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 insanity, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spontaneous emissions caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$2.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by C. A. Pinckney, Red Front Drug Store, 8 1/2 Ave. St. Agost, Plymouth, Mich. 67

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.

WE STAND AT THE HEAD! WITH OUR LATEST SUCCESS! THE NEW HOWE High Speed Sewing Machine. EASY RUNNING SEWING MACHINE 1-500-000 HOWE SEWING MACHINES IN USE EVERYWHERE.

The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Sumner, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The shipment of California fruits to the New York market is comparatively a new undertaking. Last year the experiment was tried of shipping fruit farther east than Chicago, but it was not a financial success. Owing to the better train services inaugurated and the better facilities made for handling the fruit this year, the business has developed wonderfully in the space of a few months. The shipments have not begun to meet the demand, and the fruit is distributed not alone in New York, but in towns within one hundred miles of that city. The prospects are that the new trade opened will grow into enormous proportions and will seriously interfere with the sale of Delaware and other eastern fruit. California, in consequence of the increased business, will become the great fruit state of America.

Africa appears to be the continent to which all the European powers are now turning their attention. The establishment of a free Congo state will naturally prevent any political complications in that particular region, and thus freedom may be secured in the efforts to be made at reclamation and progress. But in the other portions of the continent that are undergoing a process of development the many diverse European claims threaten to keep back the march of improvement. France, England, Germany, Italy and Portugal are each struggling for a share, and what ought to be a friendly emulation in the strife to widen the field of commerce and bring ignorance and superstition under the influence of civilization has been made subordinate to dreams of aggrandizement and of conquest.

The Russian government has begun work upon a canal, about seventy-five miles long, across the narrow neck of land that joins the Crimean peninsula to Russian territory. The canal will be sixty-five feet broad and twelve feet deep—large enough for the accommodation of the ordinary coasting trade—and will save in sailing distance between points in the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea a distance of 100 miles. The canal will cost \$60,000,000, and, although it is projected for the purpose of increasing the defensive strength of the Russian navy, it will be of great use in facilitating trade. It is not always the case that outlay for military purposes can be made to equally subserve the ends of peace or war.

The bill for the reduction of the postage on trees and seeds is likely to pass without opposition, having been agreed upon in committee. This is a matter of importance to farmers and those interested in tree planting. It will to a certain measure encourage the transmission of small tree seedlings into different parts of the country which otherwise would not be planted. It is proposed to reduce the postage rate on seeds and trees from sixteen to eight cents, and possibly the rate may be made only four cents. In this way Uncle Sam will encourage tree planting so that his prairies may soon be covered with dense forests.

Five years ago the Northern Pacific gave Seattle, W. T., an eastern connection for the first time, and now three more railroads are projected, one to Vancouver on the north to connect with the Canadian Pacific, another line south toward San Francisco and the third west to Portland. If these lines are built there will be a Pacific railroad extending from Seattle to Vancouver on the north and to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, while the Northern Pacific intends to give that city direct communication with the Pacific ocean, as well as with the Atlantic which it now enjoys.

Candidate Cleveland is rated among his fellow-citizens as worth less than \$200,000. Candidate Harrison's worldly goods are valued at a sum even less than that. Candidate Belva Lockwood is not rich, nor is candidate Flisk of the prohibitionists, though he is probably worth more money than any of the others. But Candidate James Langdon Curtis of the American party is reputed to be worth his two millions.

S. Govinda Row Sattay is the name of a Hindoo Brahmin who is passing the summer at Saratoga. His description of India under English government is not creditable to the British. He says that the morals and habits of the people have become corrupt and that they indulge in excesses formerly unknown to them.

A Georgia judge has decided that a wife has no right to take her husband's letters from his pocket. How about those she has given him to mail in the morning? Has she the right to investigate his pockets to see if they are still there?

The statement is made that New York city officials issue naturalization papers for foreign captains and masters of vessels to take abroad with them for emigrants they bring to this country under contract.

TO POETS WHO SING NOT.

When evening's shadowy fingers fold
The flowers of every hue,
Some shy, half opened bud will hold
It's drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour
The trembling sphere has grown,
Till all the fragrance of the flower
Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find
Our little meed of praise,
And round our pallid temples bind
The wreath of fading days.

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent
Thy breath in idle strains,
For thee the dew-drop morning lent
Still in thy heart remains.

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell
It waits the evening gale;
Then to the azure whence it fell
Its lingering sweets exhale.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GLADSTONE'S HOME LIFE.

The Quaint Church at Hawarden, Where the Grand Old Man Worships.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, and there were rejoicings in the quaint old village of Hawarden. The home of the Grand Old Man is splendidly situated on the summit of a range of hills overlooking the river Dee. The village contains the remains of a castle which dates back almost to the Conqueror, and the ancient mound fortification, the ditch and drawbridge and the keep are proof to day of its power in the past. The old castle standing in the grounds is scarce more than a relic now. The modern castle in which the Gladstone family resides was built over a hundred years ago, and has been considerably added to from time to time, so that it is a comparatively new seat. It has a splendid appearance: the stone battlements and walls, which are well grown with ivy, look especially striking. The grounds contain several points of interest, are exceedingly well wooded even now, much to the surprise of many visitors, who have heard no little of Mr. Gladstone's powers with his axe.

Hawarden church is of rather ancient construction, and like the castle, has been altered and added to considerably up to date. Its stumpy square tower and rows of battlements along the roof look very striking. The graveyard attached is very considerable, and contains some exceptionally old ages on the stones—a few centuries are, in fact, to be seen. Situated as it is, right on the summit of a hill, a splendid view can be had of the tract of land below and the course of the river Dee. The interior of the church is very massive and heavy



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

In appearance. One very interesting item is the lectern from which Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons when he is at home. His manner while doing so is characteristic. Holding himself erect he gives forth his lines in a clear and penetrating voice, every word being easily heard and grasped. With his right hand he follows the lines down the Bible as he reads them, while with his left he clutches the high candlestick to lean upon for support. When Mr. Gladstone is expected to read the lesson a full congregation may be relied upon. Some very extraordinary scenes have been witnessed during service at Hawarden church. Members of the congregation have come out of their pews and stood in the aisle to look at the great orator while he has been reading, and others have been actually so moved by his impressive rendering that they stood on their seat in the pew and stared wildly at him.

Mr. Gladstone lives a very regular life at home. He breakfasts very lightly about 7 o'clock in the morning, and shortly before 8 walks to the church. Adjoining the church stands the orphanage, which Mrs. Gladstone controls and fosters. There are endless delightful little bits of nature to be seen in the park, especially by the old mill, which is situated by the brook at the lower end of the group. The main entrance to the castle is from the village itself, just opposite the Glynn Arms hotel, and is rather imposing and massive. On the slope below the church stands the old dower-house of the Glynn family, which is now known as "The Ash," and which is tenanted by a farmer. It is a very picturesque old place, and the large old-fashioned fireplaces that it contains are very curious and ample. Only a few months ago Mr. Gladstone, after felling a tree in the garden, had tea there with Mrs. Gladstone, and stayed conversing with his tenant upon farming matters for three or four hours.



THE INTERIOR.

Mr. Gladstone's study is rather curiously arranged. The walls are covered with books, and volumes are also massed in large shelves jutting out from the walls into the room. Between each partition of books there is room to walk, thus the saving of space in arranging the library in this manner is enormous. The stock of books, perhaps, exceeds 15,000 volumes, and notwithstanding this large number Mr. Gladstone has little difficulty in placing his hand upon any volume that he

may require. There are three writing desks in the room; one is chiefly reserved for correspondence of a political nature and another is used by Mrs. Gladstone. Looking out of the study window the flower beds facing the castle present a picture of appearance, while the heavy wooded grounds beyond stand out in bold relief and form a massive green background.

Luncheon at the castle is conducted in a homely manner. The lunch is on the "hob" at Hawarden Castle for an hour or two during the day, and is partaken of by those at home at various times. In other words there is no settled time for luncheon at the castle. In the afternoon Mr. Gladstone takes a walk in the grounds, and if the weather is propitious, usually engages in his favorite "pastime." With coat off and equipped for the fray, it is splendid to watch the vigorous and telling strokes with which he attacks the hapless tree. Mr. Gladstone dines at 8 o'clock, and it is wonderful how freely he converses upon any topic that his guest may suggest. Many men read a great deal but few remember what they read. Mr. Gladstone has read enormously, and has remembered all he has read. Mr. Gladstone retires early, and shortly before ten o'clock his day's labors are over.



THE CASTLE.

As one rambles through the village the most striking feature is the "nameless" street, which may almost be described as Hawarden's only street. This nameless street contains some of the old fashioned inns which were established and prospered in the almost forgotten days of the stage-coach. Now, alas! their days are gone. The rushing and hissing iron horse of the London and North-west railway company, which speeds wildly along two miles away, has changed all. The comfortable old resting places by the wayside in Hawarden are now no longer excited by the sudden appearance of the old stage-coach, for the traveller of to-day skirts Hawarden unnoticed while swiftly flying along the great railway between London and Holyhead. The oldest inn in the village is the Fox, which is situated in this nameless highway. It is a very quiet old place, and is presided over by Mrs. Maria Jones, who is quite one of the old school in the village. The Fox inn used to be the changing station in the old coaching days for the mails from Chester to Flint and Llangollen. Another curious custom flourishes at Hawarden. When clivering letters in the outlying districts the postman sits leisurely in his trap and blows his shrill whistle when he gets opposite a place of call, and the inmates come out for their misdeeds. Whether this system emanates from jealousy on the part of the letter-carrier, or whether it is a procedure peculiar to the district is an open question.

The picturesque ferry over the river Dee at Queensferry, distant a mile and a half from Hawarden, is an attractive little bit of river life scenery. The craft that "does the passage" is drawn across in the usual manner with chains which are worked from the deck by two enterprising Dutchmen. Why these "Dutch" should have settled down in this deserted spot we cannot quite see. Yet the circumstance of fact remains and do our friends "the lurchers," the ferry is "tree to all comers, but these astute Hollanders often fail to observe the hurrying traveller, waiting to cross on the opposite bank, who fails to leave them a coin of the realm. It is probable that there would be no regret among the villagers at others who relent the ferry if its sole existence were terminated altogether. A little further out towards the mouth of the river a massive structure is steadily stretching its strong arms across the river. This is the railway bridge which is to connect the new line from Wrexham to Liverpool. This bridge is closely connected with the great name upon which we are writing. Mr. Gladstone laid its foundation-stone, and has strongly advocated the construction of the railway as a means of improving the trade of the locality. Its completion will doubtless bring Hawarden to the fore; but we fear it will be a thorn to attack the great financier. The vast army of excursionists who annually visit Hawarden in the hope of catching a glimpse of Mr. Gladstone will be still further augmented. The new railway will place Hawarden, so to speak, next door to Liverpool, with its a great populous town. The country around Hawarden is rich in coal and is fairly well worked. About Buckley, a short distance off, some large pottery works exist which provide plenty of employment for the native artisans. The clay that is got in the neighborhood is specially adapted for this use.

Farmer Boys.

Bless the farmer boy! Under his slouched hat is ten times more wood lore than any of us possess. He can tell you as the warm spring says so where the pheasant is hiding her best; how many eggs the quail had yesterday down in the tangled weeds in the old pasture lot; he cannot tell you the name, but he knows that brown bird with the spotted breast sitting yonder. In the deep shadows of the woods it sings a sweet song that otly echoes among the great trees like the tinkling of silver bells, while he sits on the moss-covered rock and listens until the shadows turn to darkness; down the old log road he hastens home to dream of the dark woods and green meadows, of the foaming waters that rush by the great rocks of the deep, quiet pool, barred over with the shadows of the alders and where the trout hide away. Bless the farmer boy! —Forest and Stream.

Not What It's Cracked Up.

"I don't think much of the scenery in this part of the country," said a western man on a Cental Hudson train bound north. "Give me prairie every time."
"What's the matter with scenery in this part of the country?" asked a fellow passenger.
"B'gosh you can't see any. Them dinged hills and mountains are in the way."
—New York Sun.

FEATHERY WEATHER PROPHETS.

Birds that are said to Foretell Climatic Changes.

In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunder-storms, and it is said, according to *The London Times*, that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods. Before heavy rains they raise their nests. This is the characteristic of many birds, which add piles of material to their nests to prevent swamping. When rooks fly high and seem to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping, and falling, it is almost a certain sign of coming storm. Staying in the vicinity of the rookery, returning at midday, or coming to roost in groups, are also said to be omens to the like effect. Various proverbs would seem to indicate that the cry of the owl, if heard in bad weather, foretells a change.

The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain-bird, rain-pie, and rain-fowl. Stormcock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel-thrush, the latter often ranging through gales of wind and rain. Storm-bird also is applied to the fieldfare. The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like storm petrel is well-known; its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Carey's chicken of sailors, and is also called storm-finch and water-witch. Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening, as if doubtful where to rest, "presage some evil approaching weather," a legend as old as Virgil, though probably devoid of foundation.

Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say: "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand, its never good weather while you're on the land," and fisherfolk know that when the seamens fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected. To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snow in foul weather; while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode "foretells a liberal harvest." In Wiltshire the coming of the dotterel indicates frost and snow, and there is a proverb that the booming of the bittern indicates rain or worse. In Morayshire, when the wild geese go out to sea, they say the weather will be fine, but, if toward the hill, stormy.

The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue-tit cold. In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm; but if lower down winds and tempests are sure to follow. When a jackdaw is seen to stand on one of the vanes of the cathedral tower at Wells, it is said that rain is sure to follow within twenty-four hours. Wells must be a very wet place. In Germany, dwellers in the country lack faith in the skylark's song as announcing fine weather; but when the lark and the cuckoo sing together they know that summer has come. The robin, buzzard, lapping, starling, and a number of other birds are said to foretell weather changes; we have noticed that in nearly all the species named the various cries and calls are closely connected with the bird's food supply.

Natural Ghosts.

In an age surrounded with all the enlightenment of literature and art, when science has—or should have—dispelled the illusions of the past, there yet live those who believe in the "mighty" visitations of ghosts and revelations from that bourne which Shakespeare has against the popular superstitious sentiment alleged that no one can return.

The word mighty is used advisably—the pale cold glimpses of the moon appear to possess fascinations for ghosts and ghouls, and the dead of night is the accorded period of their playful vagaries. To show that these so-called apparitions arise not from supernatural, but natural causes, the following anecdote may be instanced:

In the village of S—, about thirty miles from Dublin, was stationed in 1880 a posse of excise officers in her Britannic majesty's service. One night seated around the fire in a shanty over a bottle of the true mountain dew, the conversation turned upon superstition, and one of them, a bright, stalwart young fellow, disclaimed loudly upon the absurdity and impossibility of ghosts and argued that such sights were the result of a disordered imagination or the double sight gift of an overdose of alcohol.

Having to go a quarter of a mile further into the country, his companions during his absence concocted a scheme to upset his peace of mind and

turn him into a believer at the same time. Borrowing a sheet from the inn keeper and a box of sulphur matches, they started on their mission, and by a short cut across the fields reached the rendezvous and stationed themselves behind a hedge.

Nor did they have to wait long. A cheery whistle was heard, and the shadow of their comrade thrown by the moon upon the white dusty road could be seen rapidly approaching. Quickly he who was to play the role of ghost was arrayed in his winding sheet and his face and hands plentifully bedaubed with the phosphorous of the matches.

Nearer he came. Three hollow groans broke the stillness of the night, and with a shriek the "make-up" vaulted over the hedge and confronted the momentarily horrified victim.

But the "victim" did not fade and die away amidst the bloom of June roses; he simply, but quickly, raised his walking stick and brought it down with such a resounding thwack on the cranium of the bogus "ghost" that deprived her majesty's excise of the services of a young and energetic officer for the space of two weeks.

Not far from the town of A—, in the state of New York, near the Mohawk, a clump of trees adorns a bend in the road. This place came to be avoided by travelers around that section of the country. Nor were the stories circulated by gossips; persons of respectability and undoubted veracity told of a ghost to be seen and a mysterious voice to be heard at this spot, and, horrors of horrors, this spectre was not of the usual order. It disdained gliding with noiseless steps over mother earth, but disported itself among the branches of the tree. This circumstance excited so much comment that the superintendent of the police, one moonlight night, proceeded to the place, accompanied by a friend who had witnessed the illusion.

There it was, up a tree, and waiving a long and shadowy arm as if beckoning them on.

"Wait here," said the officer, "and watch, I am going to solve this."
He advanced rapidly thirty or forty feet, but the ghost had disappeared instantly.

"Is it still there?" he asked his comrade. "Still there," answered back a mocking voice from the trees.

The civilian urged a retreat and being superstitiously inclined asked if the officer was not satisfied and intimating that seeing was believing.

The officer was practical and moreover experienced had made him a steadfast unbeliever. Again he advanced boldly to the tree. His lamp, the ghost, again disappeared most mysteriously, but this did not deter him from following out his object. Drawing a pocket knife he grasped two or three of the branches of the tree which he had marked as the one the appearance inhabited, and severed them.

"You have cut off her head," shouted the man who was watching about fifty yards away.

"Cut off her head," came the reply, in ghostly accents.

The mystery was solved. The moon shining through the interstices of the branches, formed a representation of a woman's head and arm. The voice, too, was easily accounted for on trial. It was found to be an echo from an old house near by. —St. Louis Chronicle.

Knew Him.

A stranger stopped at the gate of a Missouri farmer and asked for a drink of water. When he had drunk, he turned to the farmer and said:

"Things have changed with me. A short time ago I was respected by all who knew me. I wore the finest clothes and went into the best society. My position was one of great influence."

"What business are you in?" the farmer asked.

"I was the managing editor of a St. Louis newspaper."

The farmer wheeled about, and, catching sight of his son in the yard, exclaimed:

"Say, Char, Jim, tell your mother an' gran'maw to lock themselves up in the store-room, an' then untie the dog, Jim, ez quick ez you ken." —*Arkansas Traveller.*

Wanted Them.

Westerner in New York. Calls on the Mayor—"My dear sir, I understand that ten thousand Italians have just landed at Castle Garden."

Mayor—"Yes, and I understand that they are starting to death."

Westerner—"So I hear, but their condition, however, has nothing to do with my visit. I want those Italians. I want to take them west with me."

Mayor—"O! what use can they possibly be to you?"

Westerner—"I want to take them to Kansas and use them in the booming of a town." —*Arkansas Traveller.*

A Solitary Passenger.

The 10:50 train from White Peak was late that snowy February night. It never was what one would call a painfully prompt train, but to-night it was full fifty minutes behind its usual time, and the telegraph operator had nearly fallen asleep behind the pane of ground glass over which the word "Tickets" was inscribed in a half-circle, and toward which a most inartistically fore-shortened hand was depicted as extending a gilt finger for the enlightenment of the general public.

Not that the Big Pine telegraph office was ordinarily open at so late an hour as this. Seven o'clock was the usual period of closing. Nor had Eunice Barlow any official right to the tall wooden stool behind the semi-circular gilt legend referring to "tickets." In a manner she had had greatness thrust upon her. Old Mr. Pettyclove who represented the majesty of the railroad company in this particular spot, had gone home in the early dusk with a raging facial neuralgia, and in common humanity Eunice could not have refused temporarily to assume his position with its duties.

"It will only be another hour of work," she told herself, cheerfully, as she put on an additional log of front-fringed wood into the little air-tight stove. "When the 10:50 has passed I can shut up the place and go home. There are only two night freights, and the conductors on both of them have keys to the freight house."

But in the course of these sanguine meditations Eunice had neglected to take into account the driving snow storm, and the consequent "block" along the rails; and she was beginning to glance rather anxiously at the unmeaning dial of the wooden clock on the pine shelf above her head, for she would have to walk nearly half a mile through the lonely wooded road ere she could reach her home, after the station was shut for the night, and she had a plump, timid natured little mother sitting beside the fire, who was sure to imagine all possible and impossible horrors if Eunice chanced to be a few minutes behind the regular time of arriving at the door-step.

"I wish," Miss Barlow mused, "that I had thought to ask Mr. Pettyclove to send his boy Zenas over to tell mother that I was likely to be detained a little. But there! the train can't be long now."

Outside, the wind howled like an infuriated demon in the worst possible of tempers. The tops of the pine trees kept up a constant moaning, like the waves of some black-green sea. Within, the clock ticked lustily on, the logs of wood crackled and sputtered in the stove, and Eunice Barlow yawned over her paper-covered Ivanhoe, with a growing indifference to the fate alike of the fair-haired Rowena and Rebecca the beautiful.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the loudest sound, like the throbbing of some small silver heart. Eunice jumped up, instinctively obedient to the call of her autocrat, the telegraph.

"A message!" she thought. "And at this time of the night! Well, wonders never will cease."

A message it was; to Peter Pettyclove, station agent at Big Pine station.

Defalcation in Homer bank. Details passenger on train 21. Small, dark, wearing fur trimmed coat. Keep in custody until further notice.

H. V. CARTER, Chief of Police at White Peak. Almost before she had deciphered these words, Eunice Barlow telegraphed back "All right," and once more the small silver heart left off its tumultuous throbbings. And not until then did the telegraph operator realize what a very peculiar position she was in. All alone at Big Pine station, and officially authorized, in right of her substitution, to arrest a bank defalcator on the spot!

Even while she pondered on this unexpected state of things there was a curious thrill and tremble of the floor beams under her feet; a shrill steam-whistle rising above the sustained roar of the tempest. The 10:50, officially known as No. 21, was swinging around the curve.

In an instant Eunice Barlow was out in the deep snow of the rude board platform with the lighted lantern in her hand. The conductor of the train was not at all surprised to see her there. He knew that Peter Pettyclove was old and feeble, and a spirited young female telegraph operator is rated at her full value in the Big Pine section. She tried to signal to him that she wanted to speak to him, but the blinding snow drove its shroud-like sheets between them. He smiled and nodded to her in the aggravating way that men have when they are particularly obtuse, shouted some incomprehensible comment on the weather, helped to loosen the brakes, and was a mile up the track before Eunice's

lantern light fell on a single black figure, its hat pulled over its eyes, its form closely buttoned up in a fur-trimmed overcoat!

"Is this the station?" said a low, well-modulated voice, which gave Miss Barlow the idea that the unhappy victim of justice was a gentleman born and bred. "Where are the porters? Upon my word" (looking around after a bewildered fashion), "I'm afraid they've forgotten to put off my luggage. Isn't there a fire somewhere hereabouts?"

Eunice Barlow looked solemnly at him as she opened the door into the bright, cheerfully lighted little station. Yea, the telegraphed description had been correct. He was small and dark, and, poor fellow! he looked as if he was half frozen to death. But now arose the perplexing question, how was she to "detain him?"

"I can lock him into the ticket office," she thought to herself. "He will be safe enough until Mr. Pettyclove comes in the morning. But, poor fellow! I do feel sorry for him."

The solitary passenger fell headlong into the trap laid for him by the telegraph operator. He walked directly into the ticket office, and sat down, with a weary sigh, on the tall wooden stool which had lately served Miss Barlow as a throne of office.

"Only about as old as our Victor would have been had he lived," thought Eunice. "Oh, I wonder what sinister influence led him into this terrible mistake! I wonder—You are mistaken, sir," she said aloud, in answer to his reiterated questions. "There are no porters here. There is no hotel nearer than the Pine Barracks, four miles away. The agent is detained at home by sickness, and I am the telegraph operator, on duty in his absence."

The stranger uttered a long, low whistle. "I think," said he, "I must have managed to alight at the jumping-off place of all the world. What's to be done, I wonder?"

He looked so cold, so youthful, so utterly desolate, that Eunice Barlow's heart bled for him in his solitude and peril.

"Even if he has gone wrong," she pondered, with all a young girl's optimism, "he may do better if he can only get a chance. After all, I am not the station agent. How can they expect me, a woman, to usurp the place of the officers of the law? I could detain him perfectly well, but—"

"Can't you tell me," pleaded the solitary passenger, "where I can get a night's lodging and something to eat? It is six hours since we left the upper station, and I am just recovering from a siege of malarial fever. Surely there must be someone around here who could act as my guide."

"There is no one here but me," said Miss Barlow, locking the cash drawer, and preparing to extinguish the one reflector lamp that glowed above the new arrival's head. "If you choose to go home with me I dare say my mother will give you some supper and a bed. Our house is the nearest to this place. And to-morrow, with a somewhat significant pause, you can begin a new career."

"I'm awfully obliged to you," said the gentleman, jumping up with alacrity. "But how many careers per week do these westerners count upon? I've no objection, for my part, to the old one continued."

Miss Barlow's face remained inexorably grave. She considered it no part of her duty to countenance flippancy like this. She locked the station and hung the key on its nail close within the lathwork casement outside, where winds could not hurl it away nor storms disturb it, before she said, quietly: "This way, please. The lantern will light you sufficiently if you are a little careful; otherwise you will find the way rather steep and narrow down the hill. You are perhaps unaware that a telegram describing your personal appearance has just come in from the White Peak office?"

"A telegram! By Jove, the whole thing is out then!" He spoke quickly; there was genuine disgust and dissatisfaction expressed in every feature of his face.

"Yes," responded the telegraph operator, "the whole thing is out. Your conjecture is quite correct."

"Does—I beg your pardon, but really this is a matter of importance to me—does anyone know of it besides yourself?"

"No."

"I may depend on you?"—with imploring emphasis.

"Yes, you may depend on me."

"Thanka awfully!" declared the stranger, with fervor. "You see it makes it very unpleasant to have these things talked about."

"I should think it might"—frigidly.

"And I had counted on remaining strictly incognito."

"So I should imagine."

A brief silence ensued. Eunice was wondering how her strange companion could speak so coolly of "these things." "Was he utterly dead to all shame?" she thought. The strange companion, in the meantime, was secretly marveling at the ease and lightness with which this extraordinary girl stepped out through the snow drifts.

"A perfect Amazon," he said to himself, "and a pretty one, too. Why don't she keep talking? I like the timbre in her voice; it's a regular contralto."

At length he broke the silence. "Can't I carry that bag for you?" said he.

"Do you know what is in this bag?" she counter-queried.

"Haven't the least idea," he responded.

"The money taken in over the ticket-desk to-day and the keys of the cash drawers. I am responsible for all of it."

"Indeed? But couldn't I carry it, just the same? You have enough to do to manage the lantern."

"Yes," assented Eunice, "you may carry it, if you please; it will certainly give me a better chance with the lantern. You see that I trust you."

"Much obliged, I'm sure. Have we much farther to go?"

"No; you could see the light down in the valley now if your eyes were kept and if the snow didn't drive so fast."

"It seems to me," observed the young man after another interval of silence, during which the crunching of their feet in the snow and the persistent howling of the wind were all that broke the spell, "that they put a great deal of responsibility on young women in this part of the world."

"A good deal of it is forced upon them, and a good deal they assume themselves," said Eunice Barlow composedly. "I am willing to admit that I have taken a heavy responsibility on myself to-night."

"Eh?"

"And I think," she added, turning her calm gray eyes upon him with a light as that of the lantern, "that you know what it is."

The stranger looked surprised. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if I am all alone upon this midnight road with a mad woman. It begins to look unpleasantly like it."

"Understand," added Miss Barlow, "that if I take you home to-night and shelter you I must have your promise—"

"The duce you must!" cried the young man, waxing more and more uneasy. "Oh, I say, now, this isn't fair!"

"Never to repeat the offense!"

"I won't if I know myself."

"To turn over a new leaf from this time forward," she pursued vigorously.

"The new career question again! I'm blessed if I know what all this means," gasped the solitary passenger, breathing hard, as he heaved all at once the flying shrouds of snow, the keen tooth of the west wind, and the perplexing problem put forth by the fair guide. For fair she was; he could see as much as that himself.

"Equivocation is entirely useless," said Eunice, severely. "You know perfectly well what I mean. I have given you a chance for freedom; for what is still better, fame and character. See to it that this chance does not pass unimproved."

"Mad!" muttered the stranger to himself; "very mad! Entirely a hopeless case, I should say. I wonder if there really was a telegram, or if that is merely a part of her brain disorder? I wonder if I'd better keep on with her, nobody knows whether, or cut and run for it, snow-storm and all?"

"There is no mitigating your offense," gravely proceeded Miss Barlow. "Mind, I assert that at the very beginning. But, as I said before, I am willing to give you one more chance."

"Very kind of you I'm sure," hopelessly murmured the young man. "But it would be considered intrusive if I were to ask what the offense is?"

"You have basely absconded with your employer's money," said Eunice, with the freezing sternness of idealized justice; "in other words, you are a bank defalcator."

"No, I'm not," stoutly asserted the stranger. "I beg pardon for contradicting you, but that's all a mistake from beginning to end. I'll stand a great deal, but I won't stand any such names as that."

This is scarcely a fair return for my treatment of you," said Eunice, with some contempt. "Deceit added to crime—"

"Oh, come now, won't you give a fellow a chance?" uttered her companion. "As the school-books say, 'Strike, but hear.' I've nobody's money but my own, and not too much of that. I don't know anything about your banks nor their defalcators. I've been only two weeks in your country, and I think it's the snowiest climate

going. My name is Ernest Tinsallon, and I was to have been met at the station by Col. Copley, of the 40th cavalry."

Eunice Barlow gave a little shriek of amazement. "Sir Ernest Tinsallon!" she cried. "The Englishman who was coming out here to hunt buffalo and follow up the line of the Pine river? But you have alighted at the wrong station; you should have stopped at Pine Barracks, seven miles beyond here."

"I heard the switchman bawl out something about pines of one sort or another," said the young Briton. "I was dead sleepy, and didn't stop to discriminate, and I scrambled off. So I've made a mistake, have I? But all the same, it's awfully good of you to offer to conduct me to a place of Christian shelter."

"And I have made a mistake too," said Eunice, with a gasp. "Just before your train came in there was a message wired to Big Pine station—a message to detain a bank-robber who was said to be on the train. I was all alone, but I could have locked him into the ticket-office perfectly well. We western girls are prepared for any emergency (with some pride). But I was so sorry for you, you looked so young and innocent; and I determined to give you one more chance—"

"For a new career," interrupted the stranger, with a gust of laughter. "The key to the puzzle! I see it all now. Don't you know, I was beginning to think you must be a lunatic. And how disagreeably near I came to being locked up, after all! And the bank fellow, whoever he is, seems to have got off scot-free. Really, now, if ever man had a genuine guardian angel, you are one," he added, as Eunice led the way into a pretty little sitting-room hung with the last of the Christmas evergreens, and all aglow with red carpet and curtains, where a fire of logs burned on the open hearth, and a cozy meal was spread on the table.

Sir Ernest Tinsallon slept in the spare chamber that night, was called by starlight, and breakfasted at 6 o'clock the next morning with the telegraph operator and her mother, and afterward accompanied her to the Big Pine station, plunging through white masses of snow drift, school-boy fashion, across the mirror-like surface of frozen brooks. Mr. Pettyclove was there with his face tied up in a spotted silk handkerchief. There were also several telegrams awaiting the hand of the operator. One was from the chief of police at White Peak, stating—rather late perhaps—that the bank defalcator had at the eleventh hour, and on the very step, so to speak, of the train, surrendered himself to the local authorities. There was another, from Col. Copley, of the Four-Hundredth cavalry, inquiring if anything had been heard at Big Pine station of the missing English baronet who was overdue at the barracks.

"Only think," said Miss Barlow, with a little shiver, "if I had locked you up in the ticket office all night, what would Col. Copley have said!"

"That, under the circumstances, you had done no more than your country expected of you," returned Sir Ernest. "But, I say, all this thing was awfully plucky of you, Miss Barlow. I don't know of an English girl that would have had the courage to go through with it."

Eunice smiled a little. "Here is your train, Sir Ernest," said she.

"But I haven't thanked you half enough." He stood holding her hands, his fresh English face all eagerness.

"It is quite unnecessary to say any more," observed Miss Barlow, quietly. "There is the telegraph. I am wanted at my post of duty now. Good-by, Sir Ernest. I wish you a very pleasant journey."

Sir Ernest Tinsallon went on his way into the blue, glittering cold of that peerless winter morning, with the pine trees looking like Druids clad in ermine robes, and the plains all sheathed in level pearl, and Eunice Barlow never saw him more. No, he did not come back to woo and wed her, as the hero of an orthodox love tale should have done. He could not, being already engaged to another young woman in England, but he sent a superb hamper of game to Mrs. Barlow in care of the telegraph operator at Big Pine station, and at many an English dinner-table afterward he told the story of his midnight adventure in the wild west.

"The prettiest girl you ever saw, by Jove!" he reiterated, in that earnest way of his. "And the pluckiest! Joan of Arc was nothing to her. I dreamed of her for a week afterward, with her swinging lantern and those great gray eyes of hers and the pretty little speeches about 'turning over a new leaf' that she made to me. Yes, I did; and I'm not ashamed to own it, even before Lady Tinsallon here. Eh, Kate?"

And the English bride laughed good-humoredly, and observed that, "to hear Sir Ernest talk, the American girls must be full-fledged heroines."

"She was; I can vouch for that," said Sir Ernest.—Lucy Randall Comford in Harper's Bazar.

A Pithy Sermon.

Our text is, "Be a man." Of course you cannot do this if you happen to be a woman; nor can you at once be a great man, if nature made you extremely little. Such changes are slow, and sometimes seem like making a Negro white, or metamorphosing a donkey into a Congressman. But it has been done. The evolutionists say that bipeds walked on four legs once. Some of them would do it now if it were not for the looks of it. They are that kind of animals.

To be a man you must have high, noble principles. You must know what is right, and then have courage and force enough to do that.

Be generous. Overlook, as far as possible, the faults and weaknesses of others. Give them not only charity, but forgiveness and assistance. Take a friend (or a fellow, even) by the collar and jerk him out of the ditch. If he is soiled with filth, hold him under the pump or throw him in the river, and then—be sure and help him dry his clothes.

Be brave. There is a rough but muscular old saying, that God hates a coward, and if there be a devil, he ought to. Bravery in a right cause (and it is rare that it can be found in a wrong one) is a high order of nobility. Fear nothing. Dare everything. Be bold. If need be shake your fists at the clouds and stamp on the satanic fires beneath your feet. Die for what is right, rather than be a sneak or a coward. Be a man, and over moral subjects as well as on the field of battle.

Have ambition, my dear brothers; that is one of the cardinal virtues. Set your mark higher than your head. The hunter kills two birds in the tree to one on the ground. Let your game be noble, like the lion or buffalo, and that is better than killing skunks if you never get a shot. You have the consciousness of chasing the kings of the forest, or the plain, and mayhap hear the one bellow or the other roar.

Brothers, you want to be strong and hearty. Your muscles must be vigorous, your blood warm and pure, your nerves steady, and all your senses sharp and on the alert. Otherwise, you cannot be a man. Your ears must be acute, your eyes bright, your appetite good, and your heart-clock tick loudly and never run down. But too fast or too slow is bad time both for your reputation and health.—Michigan Journal.

A Praying Insect.

The peculiar physical characteristics of the mantis have given rise to many weird superstitions. The fore-legs of this singular insect are of such a shape that when they are folded up the insect appears to be in the devout act of praying. This has given credence to many marvelous stories that are related about them. The meaning of the insect's name (mantis) is a fortune-teller. The old Greek Anacreon said that the appearance of these insects denoted that spring was at hand, while Caelius, the scholiast of Theocritus, held that they betokened death or famine.

Another and perhaps the true reason why they were called "fortune-tellers," is that their manner of folding their limbs in an attitude of prayer, resembles the manner of the Grecian oracles when they were pouring out their supplications to the gods.

The eggs of the mantis are deposited in a double row, in an orange-colored case resembling fine parchment and about two inches in length. The young insects bear a strong resemblance to ants, both in the shape of their body and in the agility of their movements.

The mantis is a thorough cannibal; if two insects meet, a combat immediately ensues, and the victor proceeds to devour his vanquished foe.

The Chinese, taking advantage of the pugnacious propensities of the mantis, keep them for fighting just as we do gamecocks.

Flies form their principle article of food, observation showing that a male will devour four and a female six flies daily.

In catching its prey, the mantis assumes the attitude of devotion, and waits quietly for a fly to approach. When one appears, it watches it unremittently with its baleful green eye, and if the fly comes near enough, its hitherto folded forefeet are thrown out with lightning-like rapidity and grasp the victim, which is then held between them while it is mangled and devoured.

The Hottentots of South Africa look upon it as an exceedingly auspicious omen if one of these mantis happens to alight upon one of them.—Noble M. Eberhardt, B. S., Ph. D.

Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. Forever and ever, in the cities of time and accident, we whirl away.—No g-fellow.

DOMESTIC AGENCIES.

How Dramatic Companies Are Formed—Salaries Paid.

A dramatic agency is the intelligence office of the theatrical profession. At one stock office in New York there are over 2,000 names on the books.

A manager who wants a company gives an agent an idea how many people he needs, the respective lines of business and the salaries he is willing to pay.

Naturally, a great deal of power has become vested in the theatrical agents. There are only two or three of any considerable importance in this city.

Leading men and women may be procured all the way from \$40 to \$250 per week. This is a wide difference, but equally different is the amount of ability to be secured.

Juvenile men and women are obtained at from \$40 to \$60. Comedians at about the same rates, unless of exceptional merit.

An actor who is economical can rarely keep his weekly expenses below \$15, and has, therefore, all he can do to save enough to carry him through the long summer vacation.

A Sharp-Tongued Rustic.

"Country boys are not such squash-heads as they sometimes look," said the social drummer at the Broezel House.

Saturday Weddings.

Saturday used to be considered unlucky for marriages. Even the working class, who might, on many accounts, find that a convenient day, or rather evening, on which to hold a wedding eschewed it through dread of ill luck.

"WORKING LIKE A DOG."

An Exemplification of the Saying in a Broom Factory at Baltimore.

Down on Liberty street is a broom factory, says the Baltimore News. From the first floor, where they store and ship the strawware, up four flights of narrow stairs to the garret, the atmosphere is redolent of dried hay.

"The Kid Wot Smokes."

In Jersey City there lives an infant of 2 years and 5 months who probably excels any boy of his age in the use of tobacco.

Frank was visiting his friends in the Adams express stables across the way when the reporter called, but shortly afterward put in an appearance, and vigorously demanded a "moke."

Frank does not confine himself to cigarettes, but prefers a pipe or a cigar. He has been known to reduce four or five cigars to ashes in one day, and then demand a pipe.

Frank's parents have tried to break him of the habit, but without avail. When he was but six months old his grandfather while holding the baby in his lap would playfully place the pipe between his lips, and Frank thus became so addicted to the weed that it is a necessity to him, and any attempt to deprive him of tobacco would almost throw him into a fit.

A short time ago Frank strayed from home. An officer found the toddler and took him to the Gregory street stationhouse. After Frank had been there a few minutes the sergeant behind the desk lighted a cigar.

As the News reporter was leaving the house he met Frank on the sidewalk surrounded by a crowd of boys who were admiring "de kid wot smokes."—New York News.

Needs an Uncle.

The financial difficulties at the port are becoming daily more pressing and exigent. The exchequer has never been so completely drained of cash as it is now.

Nothing Useless.

A visitor to western Pennsylvania, while admiring the glowing fires in a house warmed by the natural gas, stopped to discover what the substance was which filled the grates and sent forth such intense and radiant heat.

"Way, this is the refuse which I have always seen carted into the river!" he said.

"Yes," replied the mill owner; "but there is always a use for refuse some where. The great secret of this world's economy is to find the right place to throw the waste."

Our French and Chinese kinsfolk know this secret better than we do. They find a place and use for the scraps and dust. The debris of every tradesman's work goes to help another with his task.

"Gather up the fragments that remain," said He who created a world by a word; "that nothing be lost."

A few years ago a good woman in one of our cities was vexed to see how many magazines were thrown into the waste-paper basket in her home. She collected them, and sent them to a lonely life-saving station on a New Jersey seabeach.

A missionary in Montana, a man of scholarship and intellectual taste, living in a cabin and fighting off starvation with a salary of two hundred dollars a year, once wrote, "A poor family in New York send me their magazine and newspaper after they have read them. They have been like water to a man dying of thirst."

But the waste cinders are not always thus put into the empty grate to throw forth glowing, radiant heat. In almost every house in our cities there are heaps of books and periodicals which have been read, and are destroyed as useless.

The rich man's child throws his toys into the fire, and on the next street a little cripple lies on his bed in the garret, with not a rag doll to bear him company.

In this house a woman, upon whose musical training a fortune has been spent, is miserable with ennui, and across the way is a hospital for incurables, watching their few remaining days creep wearily away.

Here is a young girl endowed with education, fortune and gentle, winning manners, spending her years in absolute idleness, and in the alley near her, in her own kitchen it may be, is another girl, poor, ignorant, eager, into whose empty mind and soul the knowledge and time she is wasting might bring strength and life.

Is there nothing lying waste in our houses or in our lives for which God has a use?—Youth's Companion.

Attempts at Suicide.

A drunken fellow attempted suicide because a saloon-keeper did not consider him worth a glass of beer. It is seldom that a man attempts to prove the correctness of such an uncompromising estimate of his value; and when he does proceed to prove it, interruption is, in our opinion, highly reprehensible; and failure should be severely punished.

We very much approve of the European law which punishes a person who attempts suicide and fails. Over there they send him to jail for six months or a year—an ordeal that either cures him of suicidal propensities or causes him to be more careful and thorough in his next attempt.

There is often a good deal of sickly sentiment about the would-be suicide. He imagines that his self-removal from this mundane sphere will create a most painful sensation, and that the troubles which drove him to make a hole in the water or spoil his landlady's carpet with blood will wring tears from the eyes of a community which had failed to appreciate him during his life.

Here is an opportunity for a legislator to distinguish himself next spring. Let us have a law making attempt to commit suicide a misdemeanor.—San Francisco Report.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Lists train routes and times for Detroit, Lansing, and Northern R.R.

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