

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL. 2 NO. 4

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY OCTOBER 5 1888.

WHOLE NO. 56

## PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

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

### WHAT THEY SAY.

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

—Now harvest your screen doors.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

Small coal stove for sale cheap by Joseph Brearley. 55

—Miss Lillie Eaton, of Ypsilanti, who had been visiting for a week here, returned home Tuesday.

—Dr. Eli S. Smith, of Whitmore Lake, visited his sisters, the Misses Smith, of North Village, last Sunday.

—W. E. Gounsolus left for his old home at Petersburg, Mich., on Tuesday last, to visit his parents and friends, and take in the fair at that place.

—All laundry work for Northville laundry, left at Plymouth bakery on Mondays, before eleven a. m., will be returned at same place on Fridays. 59\*

—Siron Kellogg is building two cottages north of the fair ground and west of the railroad, on Ann Arbor street. The foundations are both ready and the frame of one of them was raised Tuesday.

—“Pa-pars! All 'bout the Hudson Boycott!” yelled a newsboy on a Third avenue car. “Hudson boy caught, eh?” exclaimed a Redford man on the back seat. “Great guns! What has that Hudson boy been doing this time?”—Northside Notion, Detroit.

—Three of a kind—the man who plants a tree and leaves it entirely to Providence to water; the man who is willing for his neighbor to pay for sprinkling the streets; the merchant who allows his competitors to do all the advertising and draw trade to his village.—Ex.

—There will be a regular meeting of the Plymouth Grange, in the afternoon, Oct. 4, at the Grange hall, and, also, one in two weeks from that time, Oct. 18, in the evening, at the same place. All members who have been mistaken in the time of meeting are desired to be present.

—The D., L. & N. railroad changed time last Sunday. The principal changes are in the evening trains, the one which formerly left Detroit at 5:05 now leaves at 4:45, and the one that went east through this place at 8:52 now goes at 9:10. We will have a correct time-table for next week.

—The Cordary assignment case at Ypsilanti, looks bad for the assignor. Creditors are getting their goods back, and the assignment smacks of fraud. In a recent case in justice court Cordary acknowledged that when he gave his wife a mortgage for \$11,000, he only owed her \$5,000.—Register.

—The Grand Rapids & Indiana, and Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroads give their annual excursion from Traverse City and Petoskey, including all stations north of Howard City, to Detroit on Tuesday, Oct. 16, good to return on regular trains until Oct. 24. This will give the people along that popular route an opportunity to visit Detroit, and their friends in the south-eastern part of the State, at a very trifling cost. Agents along the route can give full information.

—Fanny Midley, a woman of Belleville, sets forth in a bill filed against Charles Davis, of the same place, in the county clerk's office, Monday, that nineteen years ago he induced her to live with him, agreeing to have a marriage ceremony later. They were recognized as husband and wife by everybody, she says, but under one pretext or another he delayed the marriage. A year ago they drove to the justice of the peace, who refused to marry without a license, and the ceremony was again put off. A month ago Davis deserted her, she claims, but before doing so induced her to deed away what contingent interest she had in \$500 worth of property. She asks that the deed be declared void and that she be allowed \$1,000 for the services she rendered Davis while living with him. —Detroit Journal.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

—Frank Park, of Tecumseh, was here during the fair.

—Mrs. George Burnett and child are visiting in Detroit.

—Fred Bennett, who was home during the fair, returned to Lilley, Monday.

—Mrs. Will Newkirk, was a guest at H. C. Robinson's from Saturday till Tuesday.

—The Northville social club gives their first party this evening at the Princess rink, Northville. Harmon's orchestra.

—Barney Youngblood, would-be sheriff, took in the village as well as the country about here the first of the week—poliix.

—The Superior grange cornet band give another of their popular dances at Cherry Hill hall, next Friday evening, Oct. 12. Harmon's orchestra

—The Democratic county convention will be held in Detroit next Tuesday, and the Republican county convention is called for next week Saturday, also in Detroit.

—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.

—J. W. Taff has become interested in the lumber business in Kentucky and will go there in a few days. His family will move into the house occupied by Mrs. Manning, on Sutton street; the latter having removed to Detroit.

—Have you noticed that great broad smile that covers J. C. McCumpha's face? Well, its there and the cause of it is the arrival of a bright little girl at his place, on Thursday of last week. He is as happy as a boy with a new air gun.

—The husband of a lady in Oakland has a theory. He was always quite sure. “Now,” he said to his wife one day, “I don't like your appearing ignorant before the child. I never do. It is not well not to have an answer to anything the child asks. If you say, ‘I don't know,’ you simply kill your child's faith in you. It does not matter what she asks, you must always have an answer, and a positive answer for her.” And he went down town and bought her one of those box alphabets that lie all over the floor, and fall under the sofa, and get into the crack of the door and finally render it unsafe to walk anywhere about the house. She sat down, and he selected the word “hen” to illustrate the value and meaning of the alphabet. She looked at the three letters lying on the carpet, and to the guileless father thus she spoke: “Papa, which did God make first, the hen or the egg?”—San Francisco Chronicle.

—Wide Awake for October gives one the feeling that the editors are very “wide awake,” indeed, in securing the best work of the authors and artist for the pleasure of young people. The instructive articles are spiced with entertainment; the historical paper on the home life and heart traits of Daniel Webster tell a great deal about him that very few people know. George Parsons Lathrop has a droll dog story “Puck and Puppypult.” Miss Seward's article, “A Dogocracy,” is descriptive of the strange dog communities existing in Constantinople. The Webster and “Dog-crcy,” article alone are worth the price of the number, if looked at merely as furnishing fresh material for supplementary reading in our schools. Such subjects appeal to a pupil's intelligence and at the same time are as entertaining as a story. The two serials are nearing the end, increasing in interest. Edward E. Hale's “Story of Boston Common” is completed with his description of it as a pleasure ground. The poems, together with several stories and articles, make a complete and altogether delightful issue. This number gives the prospectus of 1889—announcing a serial by Trowbridge, “The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane,” and another by Margaret Sidney, author of the famous “Five Little Peppers,” entitled “The Peppers Midway.” There are two other serials also, by Susan Coolidge and Chas. R. Talbot. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. A great deal for a little money. D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Send five cents for a specimen.

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

## 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 Guarantec, 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 \$2.00 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. 36

GO TO H. 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 are good material.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**  
Opposite Shaker's Foundry, Plymouth, Michigan

**H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.**  
THE GENERAL MERCHANTS.

—LEAD THE—

**FALL TRADE!**

—WITH—

**BIG BARGAINS!**

—IN—

**DRY GOODS,  
CARPETS,**

**Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens,  
Gent's Furnishing Goods, Groceries,  
Crockery, Glassware and Wall Paper.**

**Fine Merchant Tailoring!**  
A SPECIALTY.

Goods at Lowest Living Prices and Satisfaction Guaranteed.





Churches.

Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 11:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.
Methodist.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Societies.

W. O. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhies, President.
Plymouth Book Lovers No. 67, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. F. C. Whitebeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

BUSINESS CARDS.

IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South, —Call on— GEORGE D. HALL, Agent, F. & P. M. R. R., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information. 3791

L. F. HATCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 2314

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Not a political flag flying in town.
—Water froze quite hard Tuesday night.
—Overcoats are becoming quite fashionable.
—Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phenix mills.

—Hough was paying one dollar a bushel for wheat Wednesday and the farmers are rushing it in.
—Pat Lovell, the Cincinnati produce dealer, well known throughout this section, died last Friday.
—Although last week was poor weather for a fair, yet it was far ahead of the first of this week.

—Fred Dunn and Ed. Lauffer have each put in two or three days of sickness during the past week, but are on deck again now.
—The Plymouth air rifle company has had to lay off its hands for a few days on account of a lack of steam, its boiler having given out.

—The editor of the Ypsilanti Commercial has secured a new lease of life—a lady presented him with a basket of mixed fruits the other day and his ecstasy is unbounded.
—Fred Shater is agent for the West Park steam laundry, Detroit. Those wishing fine work without injury to goods should leave their laundry with him at H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s, before Tuesday noon, each week. 52tf

—Bills are out announcing a "political day" at Northville, next Monday afternoon and evening. Speeches are to be made by J. M. Swift, Republican; Fred A. Baker, Democrat; John Russell, Prohibitionist.
—Under the prohibitory law of Iowa, it has been decided by Judge Ney, of that State, that a man cannot lawfully manufacture cider for use in his own family. It follows that cedar vinegar is also under the ban. This is decidedly sour law.—Metropolitan.

—The cold weather of a few days past has created a strong demand for heating stoves and Conner & Son's large stock has been heavily drawn upon to supply the demands. They are equal to the occasion however, and keep their stove room well filled with all the best makes.
—Upon a green country lad's first visit to the city he was found on the street laughing as though his sides would split. A passer-by noticing him asked "what's the fun," when the g. c. l. replied: "Look at that thing (pointing to a street sprinkler), see how it leaks; the fool won't have a drop of water in it, time he gets home."

—The Holly Advertiser says that the Brunswick hotel, in Detroit, discriminates against country people in their prices for meals. How is that "Mr. Brunswick?" The Kirkwood used to advertise meals at twenty-five cents, and charged that, but if a party whom they thought didn't know the price threw down more than the right change they would keep out fifty cents.
—The abortion case of Frank Force was ended with less expense to the county than had been expected. Frank was arraigned before the judge a week ago Monday, plead guilty to the charge of procuring an abortion on Miss Ida Hannan, and was sentenced to Detroit House of Correction for six months.—South Lyon Excelsior.

—Abortions come cheap in Oakland county. If he had stolen a loaf of bread instead, his sentence would likely have been about a year. He knew better than to do anything of that kind however; "the law's agin it."

—Rev. Robinson is attending a Baptist convention at Salem.

—Dewey Berdan, of Dakota, arrived in town last Friday for a visit.

—T. C. Sherrwood was one of the vice-presidents at the Blaine meeting.

—Rev. Shank is away for a week's vacation. He will be back for Sunday.

—A large number of our citizens went to Detroit, Wednesday, to hear Blaine.

—Remember the clerk is at his office in this village to-morrow and its the last opportunity for getting registered.

—On Sunday evening Rev. Wallace will talk on a pertinent subject, "A Politician's Trick." It might be worth hearing.

—Plymouth and Northville are among the postoffices to which the government will hereafter furnish rent, heat and light.

—A Democratic caucus for township of Plymouth, will be held at Northville, Saturday afternoon, October 6, to elect delegates to the different conventions.

—John M. Ward met with a serious accident last Saturday by falling from an apple tree, a distance of sixteen feet. He was badly bruised and has been confined to the house since.

—Mrs. S. M. Gage entertained her sisters, Mrs. Sly and Mrs. Patterson and twin babies, from Plymouth, last Friday and Saturday.—Walled Lake correspondence of Pontiac Gazette.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian society took in \$334.08 at their dining room, on the fair grounds. The profits on this transaction will go towards clearing up the debt on the parsonage.

—Charles Tuttle, who has been in the employ of Dohmstreich Bros. for some time past, has resigned his position, and is now completing his trade, tailoring, with Docifs Bros., at Northville.

—The late Chicago wheat deals have sent flour up all over the country. There should be a stringent law against that kind of gambling, which is much worse than the poker or faro rooms.

—Another new play going through the State—Uncle Tom's Cabin—it struck South Lyon Monday evening; the venerable donkey, the "ferocious" bloodhounds, the "cute" yunkee and the profound lawyer, all there.

—The Rev. P. G. Robinson announces a series of sermons on "Bible Mountians." The first discourse will be delivered next Sabbath in the Baptist church, "Mount Ararat," and its wonderful story will be the subject. Time 7:30 p. m.

—Henry Miller, of Chesaning, sold his property and with his family started for Vernon, Ohio, the other day to reside. At Toledo he met a stranger who was very pleasant and easy to get acquainted with and when the two parted the stranger had Miller's \$900 and Miller had a worthless bond and more than his usual amount of wisdom. It seems to us that it would have paid Miller better to have taken one dollar of his nine hundred and subscribed for some weekly paper which would have learned him better than to loan strangers money on any kind of pretext or security whatever, and especially that worthless bond deal, which has been ventilated time and again in every paper in the land. It's a mighty poor paper that a person can't get a dollar's worth out of it in the course of a year.

—To the regret of the people of Pontiac, it is now definitely known that the Rev. J. M. Gelston has resigned the pastorate of the Pontiac Presbyterian church. He is now serving his fourteenth year, and during this period the pastor and society have worked together harmoniously, and by their mutual effort have financially strengthened, and spiritually built up the society. The parting is a trying one to both pastor and people; and while they regret the separation, a mutual prayer and kindly benediction will ascend to the Giver of all good for the prosperity of the society and the spiritual and temporal condition of the preacher.—Pontiac Gazette. The reverend gentleman has accepted a call from Ann Arbor we believe. Mr. Gelston occupied a pulpit here at one time, and we are told, was well liked.

—A crowd gathered to see Prof. Bartholomew make a balloon ascension from the fair grounds in Centreville, Wednesday. Everything was in readiness for the event, and the word had been given to the men holding the guy ropes to stand firm and let go quickly at a signal. An old man named Mark Sanborn, of Burr Oak, was adjusting the ropes of the parachute with which Bartholomew was to descend, when the balloon started off, and one of the parachute ropes became entangled about Sanborn's leg above the knee, carrying him up 1,500 feet, head downward. The crowd was horrified, and all expected to see him fall to the earth and be crushed to pieces. After the balloon had reached its highest altitude it descended, landing Sanborn safely astride a rail fence, where he was rescued, more scared than hurt, after one of the wildest rides ever involuntarily taken by a human being. Bartholomew saw that he had a passenger trailing behind him as he went up, and told the unlucky man to "hang on," and he would try to bring the balloon to land. Sanborn said: "I wouldn't go up in that way again for all Centreville."—Williamston Enterprise.

A Lie Nailed.

"A large political gathering at Plymouth last week. A full county ticket was nominated and as prominent a personage as Gov. St. John addressed a packed hall and yet the MAIL of that place did not have a word about it last week. The editor trains in another crowd which accounts for it. Intense partisanship you know."

The above lie was clipped from the Northville Record of last week. The MAIL of the week mentioned contained three-fifths of a column about the convention; gave the "full county ticket" nominated and devoted three and one-fourth inches of space to Gov. St. John. We own up to training in another crowd, if you choose to call it that, but we deny the "intense partisanship you know," in the strongest kind of terms; in fact that must be some kind of an affliction peculiar to Northville—it is not known here.

Burglars.

Our village was visited by burglars again Wednesday night, but so far as their operations have come to light, not enough was taken by them to pay for the chances taken. However, as other goods are being missed it may turn out that they have secured quite a booty.

One of the back windows at Dohmstreich Bro's store was pried open and four boxes of cigars, about one dollar and fifty cents from the money drawer, some neckties, six gent's hats from show window and a quantity of gloves which had just arrived the day before were taken.

George Hunter, of Chaffee & Hunter, who sleeps in their store next to Dohmstreich Bro's heard the parties when they broke in but thought it was some of the Dohmstreich family, who live over the store, had gone below after something, and therefore paid no attention to the noise.

The ticket office at the F. & P. M. depot was also entered, but nothing was missed. Anderson Bros. found the door to the store room in the rear of their store open the next morning, but they failed to get into the store. This store was burglarized a few months ago.

No trace of the burglars have been found and it isn't likely there will be. It was reported here yesterday that Northville was also visited and the bank and Wilcox's store entered. It is said that they secured nothing at the bank and about the same amount at Wilcox's as from Dohmstreich Bros.

The Fair.

The last day of the fair was anything but pleasant. The morning was misty and cool and during the afternoon several showers came; not enough, however, to spoil the races, which were good and like the previous days, drew the attention of nearly all present.

There was a good attendance, for the last day, and some spirited races, together with the chariot races kept all interested. The fair was a success in every particular.

Below we give a summary of the races for the three days; WEDNESDAY—THREE MINUTE TROTTING RACE:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Time. John A. 1 1 1, Belle Johnson 2 2 2, Pete Griber 3 3 3, Tip Morgan 4 4 5, A. B. 5 6 4, Doc C. 8 5 7, Billy Boy 7 8 8, Brown Frank 9 7 6, St. Ignace 6 9 dr. Time: 2:46 1/2-2:43-2:46.

John A. was protested after the first heat but continued to trot under protest. The association has thirty days to prove the claim. St. Ignace was drawn on account of his sulky being broken by a collision, the driver thrown out and the horse injured.

2:40 PACING RACE. Little Frank 3 2 1 1 1, Phil Axman 1 1 2 2 2, Baby M. 2 3 3 3 3, Time: 2:47-2:48 1/2-2:47 1/2-2:57-2:56 1/2.

GREEN RACE, TROTTING. Lady H. 0 1 1 1, Duke 0 2 2 2, Young Pattler 3 3 3 3, Midget 5 4 4 dr, Charley W. 4 5 dr, Time: 3:05 1/2-3:01-3:03-2:56.

THURSDAY—2:40 TROTTING RACE. Little Daisy 1 1 1, Chandler 2 5 2, Bob D. 3 2 5, Flora D. 5 3 3, Ripton 4 4 4, Time: 2:42 1/2-2:41 1/2-2:43.

2:50 TROTTING RACE. A. B. 2 1 0 1 1, Brown Frank 1 2 0 3 2, Doc C. 3 3 3 2 r.o., Don Pedro 4 4 4 4 r.o., Time: 2:49 1/2-2:47 1/2-2:44 1/2-2:51 1/2-2:50 1/2-2:50 1/2.

FRIDAY—FREE FOR ALL TROTTING RACE. Riggett 1 2 1 1 1, Grey Duke 2 1 3 2, Little Daisy 4 4 2 4, Bill Poster 3 3 4 3, Time: 2:31-2:36 1/2-2:39 1/2-2:38 1/2.

FREE FOR ALL PACING RACE. Canada Boy 1 1 1, Jack Forbes 2 2 2, Parnell 4 3 3, Little Frank 3 4 4, Time: 2:44-2:41 1/2-2:43 1/2.

Card of Thanks.

The ladies of the Presbyterian society wish to return thanks to all those who assisted them on the fair grounds, and especially to those ladies of the Baptist society who kindly lent their helping hand.

Save the Cents,

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

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

THE FINEST STOCK,

THE LARGEST CHOICE,

THE TRUEST VALUE,

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

Moldings and Picture Frames,

Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

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

GO TO THE Red Front Drug Store.

- For Physicians Prescriptions.
For Fine Drugs and Chemicals.
For White Lead and Linseed Oil.
For Peninsular Liquid Paints.
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.

SUBSCRIBE FOR Plymouth Mail. ALL THE NEWS FOR \$1 PER YEAR.

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

Largest Stock and Best Assortment

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

BOYLAN'S:



# Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STANES, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

GOV. AMES of Massachusetts, lost thirty-two pounds during his recent illness.

ABOUT 75,000 southern watermelons are sold in New York every day. Most of them come from Georgia and Florida.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has written only one poem during the past year. His self-control is much to be commended.

JAY GOULD bought a ticket on a horse at the Saratoga race-course a few days ago. It is superfluous to add that he won.

It is stated that nursery stock of all kinds, as well as vegetable and flower seeds, are much cheaper in this country than in England.

GEORGE BULL, the bookmaker, made \$15,000 at the Saratoga race-course last Tuesday. It was evident that Bull had the correct steer.

The Chinese Minister at Washington has developed a great fondness for watching professional baseball. He never yells at the umpire.

In many parts of Great Britain it is customary to remove hives of bees from farms to the mountains in the month of August, so as to give the bees an opportunity to collect honey from flowers that blossom late in the season.

MORE CLYDESDALE horses have been exported from Scotland this year than during any previous season. About an equal number were sent to the United States and Canada. A large number was sent to South America and to Australia.

The Mikado of Japan has almost finished his new palace, which has taken six years for its construction. There are 400 rooms in the building, and the dining-hall will seat 127 guests. The furniture of the state department came from Germany. Not the least interesting object in the palace is an American piano.

The Paris *Gazette* announces the engagement at Paris of Mrs. Joseph Riggs, of Washington, to the Prince Ruspoli, whose brother was married a few years to Miss Curtis, sister of the divorced wife of the Marquis of Talleyrand Perigord. The Ruspolis are one of the most ancient families of the Roman aristocracy.

THERE is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in the fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is cheap a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

WHILE the collie dog is a very useful animal when taught to drive sheep and cattle, yet he should never be allowed to chase them or frighten them in any manner. Cows naturally have an aversion to dogs of all kinds, and when they experience fear the effect is such as to injure the milk. Cows should be brought from the pasture leisurely and in no manner worried or excited.

AN ex-member of the New Jersey Horticultural society trained a plum tree against the side of his house and inclosed it in mosquito netting, and was rewarded for his pains by twenty-two quarts of plums. It might be well to rig up a hammock between two stout plum trees for the amusement of the children, connecting adjacent trees by wire, so that if two are shaken, all are shaken to the confusion of the gentle curculio.

THE military career of Col. John S. Mason, who has been placed on the retired list after forty-one years of service is suggestive. He was graduated at West Point, served in the Mexican war as lieutenant of artillery and at the outbreak of the civil war was a captain in the regular army. In the volunteer service he attained the rank of brigadier-general, and for meritorious services was made brevet brigadier-general in the regular army. But at the close of the war his actual rank was only that of major in the regular army. It was not until 1883 that he became a colonel. Forty-five years ago he entered West Point. His rewards for faithfully serving his country in two wars were not great.

## MARGARET FULLER'S END.

A Sandy Grave With a Pathetic History.

A Fire Island letter to New York *Mail and Express* tells the following pathetic story of an old shipwreck:

A little building not far from the lighthouse and the hotel suggests the dangers that are sometimes to be found on this pleasant beach on which the sportive bathers are now gathered. This is the life-saving station, where there is an excellent apparatus for gaining communication with a stranded vessel and bringing her crew safely to shore. Still more suggestive are the solitary graves that may be found here and there along the shore. That of Henry West, about half a mile from the bathing ground, is associated with one of the disastrous shipwrecks which, in the minds of many, have given a melancholy interest to Fire Island Beach. This was the loss of the bark Elizabeth, having on board a remarkable woman, who left her impress upon the society and in a measure upon the time in which she moved. Margaret Fuller's character has been described in terms of appreciative admiration by many of her distinguished contemporaries, Carlyle, Emerson, Harriet Martineau, Horace Greeley, Dr. Hedge, George William Curtis and Julia Ward Howe, Hawthorne, only, in writing of her, sounded a discordant note.

The bark Elizabeth sailed from Leghorn in May, 1850. Among her passengers were Margaret Fuller and her husband, Count Ossoli, their fair-haired blue-eyed little son, Angelo, a young Italian girl who acted as nurse, and Horace Sumner, a younger brother of Charles Sumner. The vessel included in her freight a marble statue of Calhoun which had been completed by Hiram Powers, the sculptor, for the city of Charleston. The vessel was new and strong and the captain was an excellent seaman. When the time approached for leaving Florence Margaret Fuller was haunted by a strange premonition of coming evil such as she had never known before. As she wrote at the time to a friend, these presentiments, strangely prophetic, returned upon her again and again with so much force that on the very day appointed for sailing, the 17th of May, she was unable to decide whether she should go or stay. But she had herself set July as the time for meeting the other members of her father's family in Massachusetts, and had positively engaged her passage with her companions in the bark. So, in spite of omens and indefinable fears, she went on board the vessel.

The voyage began prosperously, but one disaster followed another. The captain fell ill with small pox and died, and the mate, an incompetent navigator, took command of the vessel. On Thursday, July 8, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast, with the weather thick and the wind blowing from the south. By 9 o'clock the breeze had grown to be a gale and by midnight a dangerous storm. The officer in command occasionally cast the lead and a fatal miscalculation led him to suppose that the vessel was nearing the sand-bars of Long Island. But instead of that she was coming full upon Fire Island Beach, and she struck at 4 o'clock on the morning of July 19. A scene of terror followed, as described by the one passenger who survived the wreck. The main and mizzen masts were promptly cut away, but the great mass of marble in the hold had broken through the side and the waters rushed in. The vessel's bow stuck fast in the sand, but her stern swung around and as she lay with her broadside to the sea, the waves made a clean breach over her. There was no life-saving patrol on the beach with its appliances for aid, and the situation was a desperate one.

The passengers had sprung from their berths when awakened by the terrible shock, and later on had taken refuge on the windward side of the vessel, which was out of the water. When the cabin was carried away by the sea they found shelter in the fore-castle, which seemed likely to best resist the violence of the waves. By 9 o'clock in the morning the shore could be seen, some hundreds of yards away, through the spray and driving rain. Two of the sailors succeeded in reaching the shore, but Horace Sumner, who made the attempt, sank, unable to struggle with the raging sea. A plank, with handles of rope attached to it, was then devised and one of the passengers was thus safely carried to shore by a sailor swimming behind.

Margaret Fuller was entreated to attempt this method of reaching land, but she absolutely refused to be parted from her child and husband. She would be saved with them or die with them. This was the last hope of escape. The day wore on, the tide turned, and the commanding officer, knowing that

the wreck could hold together but a little longer, made one last appeal to Margaret Fuller before leaving his post. He offered to take charge of the child and to give the mother and each of the others the aid of an able seaman. But she was inflexible. Then the crew were told to save themselves, and all but four jumped into the sea.

Soon the final crash came. Count Ossoli and the young Italian girl, Celeste, held to the rigging for a moment, but were soon swallowed up in the surging sea. Margaret Fuller was last seen clinging to the mast, clad in her white night dress, just as she was aroused from sleep, and with her long hair hanging about her shoulders. She probably sank at once and neither her body nor that of her husband was ever recovered from the sea that engulfed them. The little Angelo was washed ashore dead, and his body now lies in Mount Auburn cemetery, near Boston.

The grave of Henry West, who at the last moment sought to save the life of the child, may be found by diligent search on a little knoll at some distance from the beach. A plain headboard painted black bears a brief inscription, together with a rude representation of a heart pierced by an arrow and the conventional skull and crossbones which formerly disfigured the churchyard memorials of the dead. The grave is covered with sea shells placed there by occasional visitors, but few of the thousands who stroll along the white sands of Fire Island Beach during the summer days know of the existence of this simple reminder of the fate of Margaret Fuller.

## Saved by an Impression.

In August 1887, I was in Washington. Being ready to depart for home I went to the Pennsylvania railroad office for a ticket, and there learned that two trains left about the same time. One was an ordinary passenger train—fare \$11; the other a faster and a better equipped train as far as Pittsburg—fare \$14. As by either train I would arrive home (Cleveland, O.) at the same time, I thought \$3 was worth saving, and was about to purchase the \$11 ticket, when I was impressed to wait. I then went to the back room and took a seat. I heard no voice, but I was so strongly impressed to take the fast train that I did and paid \$14 for the ticket. I left Washington and arrived in Pittsburg on time. I had a good supper, took the night train and arrived home all right next morning. At breakfast I read in the morning papers: "A terrible accident at the Horse Shoe Bend, on the Pennsylvania railroad—a large number injured, several fatally." The train that met with the accident was the slow train I intended to take, but did not because of the impressions I received at the depot. I offer no explanation, but merely state a fact. When reading the account of the accident a shudder approximating a convulsion run over my body from thinking how I had escaped possibly injury or death.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## A Political Speech Factory.

An impecunious young man, who at one time was in great demand as an orator in local political meetings, but whose fondness for fiery drink has made him unrepresentable on state occasions, has hired an office on Park row and sent out cards to every political organization in the city, stating that he is ready to write

## ANY POLITICAL SPEECH IN TEN MINUTES.

When a *telegram* reporter called at his den this morning he was engaged in writing a speech for one of the city fathers, who will deliver it at the next meeting of the board. It was not of a political nature, but that made no difference to the former orator. He got an idea of what the alderman wanted to say, and in a few minutes put the ideas in proper shape.

"This is a great scheme," he said, "and I'll make lots of money. There are hundreds of men whom I know who want to speak at public meetings, but they don't know how to express their ideas. I write it out for them, and if they have any intellect at all they can commit the sense of the speech to memory and then speak their little piece."—*New York Telegram.*

## His Great Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

"He was a poet."—*Nebraska Journal.*

## Soap Would Remove the Rest.

Herr Most says there are 2,000,000 Anarchists in this country. A fine comb might lessen the number.—*Buffalo News.*

## STORY OF A TOY BANK.

It Tells of a Man's Love for His Benefactor.

Sitting in the office of one of Boston's prosperous lumber merchants the other afternoon, enjoying a friendly chat, I noticed on the desk a small toy bank. My curiosity being excited, I remarked to the merchant:

"Keeping that little box in the office to drop pennies in for the son and heir, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That toy has quite a history; and although it may be used in the future for the purpose you speak of, it never has up to the present time, for it only came into my possession yesterday."

Still curious, I inquired as to the nature of the "history" alluded to, and finding the merchant rather unwilling to tell it, I politely pressed him for particulars.

"Well, you seem to be determined to get it out of me, anyway, so I'll tell you the whole story of how the little bank came into my possession, for it is so refreshing to be able to speak of a genuinely honorable man in this age of shams and impostors."

"It was in 1881, and I was in the employ of a large firm over the way as book-keeper, occasionally transacting lumber sales in the city. I had been on a visit to East Boston one afternoon, making a sale of lumber, when on returning to the ferry, I reached the landing just as the boat departed. I walked around the wharf, and noticed, seated on one of the benches, a young fellow evidently in great pain, for he was moaning and holding his head between his hands.

"A number of persons kept passing and repassing him while waiting for the next boat, but no one seemed to notice him. I, however, thought there must be something the matter, and when I reached the spot again where he was seated I asked him the cause of his apparent pain."

"He told me that he had a short time before met with what he had thought to be a trifling accident up in the railroad freight yard. He was a brakeman and during the shifting of some cars had been slightly squeezed between them, but had not taken much notice of it for a while. Soon after, however, he felt very bad, and was now on his way to his lodging, being unable to keep on with his work. He said he was a stranger in Boston, and had no home further than a room in a lodging-house, and not a friend who could do anything for him.

"Feeling sure the poor fellow was hurt much more than he thought himself to be, I offered my help when the boat came into the slip, and walked with him to the cabin. On arriving at the city side I found he had grown much worse, but with my help he managed to walk to Hanover street.

"I now began to feel quite alarmed for him, but by cheerful persuasion he managed to walk as far as the police station, where he entered, and I spoke to the Captain explaining under what circumstances I had found him, and suggested the ambulance to convey him to the hospital.

"The Captain, however, thought that as he had been able to get so far, he could get on a horse car, and by that means reach the hospital. I felt that I ought not to leave him, and finding that he had not a cent about him, I placed him in a horse car and accompanied him to the hospital, where he was admitted in a very weak condition.

"When I parted from him I gave him some money, and he promised to write or call upon me as soon as he was able, which he hoped would be before long, and as he thanked me for my kindness, with tears in his eyes, I was indeed a proud man, and felt well repaid for my trouble in looking after him.

"Some three weeks after when the little incident had gone from my mind, I received a letter from him stating that he should be able to leave the hospital in a few days, and that he would call upon me at my home; and one evening shortly after he did so.

"After thanking me for my kindness again, he told me he had been injured much more than he thought, his skull being somewhat crushed, besides injury to other portions of his body, and during our conversation I found that he was penniless. In as quiet a manner as possible I pressed upon him a few dollars to help him along. He reluctantly accepted my offer, and on parting told me that I should hear from him again when he would repay what he insisted should be a loan and not a gift.

"This occurred, as I said, in 1881, and I had never seen or heard of him since that time until yesterday.

"It appears from the story he has told me that after visiting me he secured employment to take charge of a car-load of cattle to the west, where he

remained at work for some time. It afterward came to New York, remaining there a year or two. While in that city business called him on two occasions to Boston, and each time while here he had tried hard to find me. He had gone to my residence, but found I had left the city, as I had moved out into the country after my marriage, and I had not given him the address of the firm in whose employ I had been at the time. So he had to return to New York without seeing me.

"During the present year he removed from New York to Boston, and still kept up the search for me, all his endeavors proving fruitless until the other day, while passing along this street, he was attracted by the name of the company with which I was formerly associated. There, that is the sign, straight across the street.

"The name of the firm came to his mind as that of the one I had told him I worked for, and he at once entered the counting-room, made inquiries, giving such a description of me as he could best remember, but was again unsuccessful, for no one of the clerks could give him information, I having left there several years ago to enter the firm of which I am now a partner.

"Singularly enough the gentleman who up to a about a year ago had filled the position I formerly occupied is now holding the same post for our firm, and his resemblance to myself is a striking one, we being, in fact, cousins. The senior of the clerks over the way saw from a description given a likeness of my bookkeeper, and although he he did not think he had been with the firm in the year mentioned, he advised the young man to step over to our office and inquire for him.

He came over, and the resemblance was so strong that he could hardly be convinced that he had not found the friend he said he had been searching for during the last six years.

"In the course of their conversation my cousin asked him if he remembered where the house was situated when he paid a visit to me, and on his mentioning the street, and knowing that I had formerly resided there, saw at once that I was the man he was looking for, and told him to come in yesterday, when I should be in the office.

"Yesterday he came, and had I not been acquainted of the case by my bookkeeper the recognition would still have been mutual. He was delighted to find me, and with tears in his eyes thanked me again and again for the little act of kindness I had performed years before, and to which he said he attributed his success since that time.

"He had been working in New York, and the first dollar he had ever managed to save he placed in that little toy, he having bought it for the purpose, and had added to his store until he had the amount I had given him, with interest.

"From that time he had been searching for me, but up to the day he had seen the name of the firm when accidentally passing along this street, he had not been able to get the slightest clue to my whereabouts.

"Two or three years ago he married, was now at work in Boston, and the little bank he produced from his pocket contained the sum I had loaned him, which he had sacredly preserved for the sole purpose of repaying me. Many a time his wife had asked him why he kept the little toy so carefully, and what the contents were for, but he had kept the secret even from her, and now that he had found me he hoped that I would not refuse to accept it.

"Seeing my reluctance, he said he was in constant work, had a good home and a loving wife, and he would not feel the payment; and he could not be satisfied without returning to me what he claimed had been the means of giving him his start in life, and could not feel happy unless I allowed him to complete the work he had for the past six years tried hard to accomplish.

"As you see, I have accepted the little toy, and I feel as proud as if I had been presented with some testimonial of respect by my employes.

"That is the story of the little toy bank."—*Boston Globe.*

## A Mouse Ticked His Toe.

A Wilkesbarre livery employe was patting on his boots the other morning when all at once he flew into convulsions and gave such a kick that the boot he was putting on flew across the room and struck the other side. As it came to the floor a poor, harmless little mouse ran out of it and disappeared in a crack in the floor. The mouse had made a nest in the toe of his boot and tickled the hostler's foot when he put the boot on. Thus the nervousness over a mouse is not confined to the feminine portion of mankind.—*Wilkesbarre Leader.*



