

Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY OCTOBER 12 1888

WHOLE NO. 57

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.

Size Hats! 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.

Buy the best Phoenix mill's flour.

New styles and lowest prices at Mrs. Potter's.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

Genuine hogskin gloves at Hall's. "Can't wear 'em out."

W. K. Gunsolus is clerking for Dohmstreich Bros. at present.

The Markham Air Rifle company are again running at full blast.

W. A. Bassett and Al Fisher, of Plymouth, are putting up an iron wind mill for H. A. Whipple to-day.—South Lyon Pick-et.

The heaviest pensioner in this section is Paul Frank, a German, who receives every three months \$347 from the father-land.

Frank Park, of Tonquish, was in town the first of the week, packing up a portion of his household goods for shipment to that place.

Mrs. Luther Mason was in town last week and visited the Plymouth school. Her many friends were greeted with kisses and loving words.

The Plymouth Air Rifle company are talking of putting in a larger engine and boiler, and possibly after the holidays, build an addition to their works.

A mammoth potato weighing four pounds and ten ounces has been left at the Times office. It was raised on the farm of Orin Burch of Wixom.—Milford Times. O, what a whopper!

The Northville city laundry will call for and deliver laundry work at the Plymouth bakery or at your residence every Tuesday and Friday of each week. Fine work and prompt delivery is guaranteed. 59*

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

M. Conner & Son are not confined to Plymouth alone for their trade. They delivered a stove this week two miles west of Farmington. Two men have been kept busy ever since the fair, in setting up and delivering stoves.

The luscious watermelon has gone for the season, and now we must fall back on the enticing oyster and the seductive pumpkin pie.—Northside Notion. What a pretty spectacle it would make—your falling back on a "seductive pumpkin pie!"

Comrades, old soldiers, let us do as Wayne county does, place a one armed soldier in the Judge of Probate chair, regardless of party lines.—Milford Times. Certainly, our one-armed soldier has been in the probate chair for twelve years and will go again.

The editor of the Dimondale Express, P. W. Rogers, is sorely afflicted from the loss of his young wife, from typhoid pneumonia. The deceased was in her nineteenth year and had been married but a little over six months. We extend to Mr. Rogers our sympathy.

Two Dickinsons are taking active part in this campaign. One is Anna Elizabeth Dickinson, the other Donald McDonald Dickinson. One looks after the interests of the few, the other is at the head of the mail service. It is needless to say that they differ in politics as well as gender.—Northside Notion.

Yesterday a young man took a load of wheat to the Jackson branch freight house, and was told to go to the freight agent's office to get a receipt for it. He passed by the office and climbed the ladder to the water tank, and walked around the edge looking for a door to get in, when spied by the agent. That was about as green a trick as we have heard of.—Manchester Enterprise.

—Miss Helena Chilson is improving.
—The seats for the park have been harvested.

New winter millinery received at Mrs. Potter's.

—William Shattuck, of Pontiac, returned home Tuesday from a few days visit here.

—L. C. Hough expects to have some 1,200 to 1,300 bushels of potatoes on his farm this year.

—The Mrs. H. J. Ash property, on Ann Arbor street, was bought by John L. Gale, at administrator's sale, Tuesday, for \$1,230.

—Ella A. Shattuck, of this place, who has been residing at Eaton, Colorado, for the past year, returned home last week Thursday.

—Rev. Geo. H. Wallace and wife are in attendance at the Presbyterian synod, at Flint. The convention began Tuesday and will last one week.

—There will be a Union gospel temperance service at the Baptist church, next Sunday evening. Rev. Robinson will deliver the address, and perhaps short speeches by the other pastors.

—J. P. Woodard and wife and a young gentleman and lady, whose names we know not, were guests at Mrs. Coleman's from Friday evening till Wednesday; except Mr. Woodard, who returned on Monday.

Notice to horsemen and farmers! There will be a good little harness shop in town in the near future where you can buy goods right and be waited upon at any time. Good first-class repairing a specialty. W. K. Gunsolus.

—The Postmaster General suggests to the public; "Print your name and address on the left hand corner of all mail matter. This will insure its immediate return if improperly addressed or insufficiently paid and if not called for at its destination it can be forwarded without going to the dead letter office." Yes, and remember that the MAIL office is the place to get that kind of work done. We do it as cheaply as any one.

—We did our neighbor at Plymouth an injustice last week in saying that he did not mention the county convention held there on the 18th. We do not intend to unjustly accuse anyone—not even a newspaper man. We overlooked the very good account he gave of it and will put on "sackcloth and ashes" if he will forgive us for the unjust item of last week.—Northville Record Thanks. Never mind the sackcloth and ashes. Favors of any kind are gladly received.

—The St. Johns Independent says: "The advertising fakir is again doing up St. Johns merchants. This time the fake is paper bags. He charges \$4.00 to print a small card on 3,500 bags and there are 25 to 30 cards on each bag. The money paid for each would pay for the same space in every newspaper in Clinton county for a month, and bring the matter before ten thousand readers. And still some merchants prefer "snop" advertising to legitimate newspaper advertising."

—Among those who attended the fair here were old Mr. Barber and wife who reside about three miles north of here, probably the oldest couple in this section. Mr. Barber claims to be 101 years old and although somewhat bent with age, is as sprightly as the average man of seventy. The old gentleman we are told was a soldier in the war of 1812 and is full of patriotism. When the big reunion was held at Columbus, Ohio, a few weeks ago he went along and enjoyed himself with the rest of the "boys."

—The Milford Cultivator company have sold the patent on their riding spring tooth cultivator to the Gale Manufacturing company, of Detroit, where they will be manufactured extensively. P. R. Wells has severed his connection with the company at this place, and will remove to Detroit, where he has accepted a position with the Gale company. The Milford company will hereafter devote all their time and attention to the manufacture of the well known and popular "Little Giant."—Milford Times.

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 Guaranteed, which go with every pair, should be an inducement for you to buy them.

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

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

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

—AT—

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.

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

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES!
IF YOUR LAWN IS
Being Destroyed
—BY—
MOLES!
Send \$2.50 to
W. N. WHERRY,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.,
For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them. J. C. Stellwagen, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success. 36

GO TO H. WILLS,



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

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 Shaffer'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.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

A FAULTY LIFE-BOAT

Causes Five Persons to Drown at Port Sanilac.

There was a terrible storm at Port Sanilac on the 1st inst. At 7 o'clock in the evening the life-saving crew from Sand Beach started out, and at 11 p. m. they rescued a crew of six men and one woman from the barge St. Clair. They were seen near the port at 7 o'clock the next morning, and everything was made ready for their help. As the boat passed the end of the dock the captain rounded her up to come up to the dock. Just as he did so a high breaker struck the boat, turning her completely over. Every one expected her to right again but she failed to do so. The entire crew belonging to the boat reached shore, towing two of the other crew with them. The remainder, four men and one woman, were drowned near the shore.

The names of the lost are: Capt. C. H. Jones of Bay City; Henry Anderson of Australia; Geo. McFarlane of Cleveland; Louis Fetzow of Bay City; these three were sailors. Julia Greawreath of Sebawaing, cook.

The rescued are: Maurice McKenna of Bay City; John Rose of Detroit. The bodies of the drowned have not yet been recovered.

To Hunters.

The state game warden has issued a notice to deer hunters, in which he quotes some points of law to them. He says:

The open season in the upper peninsula is from October 1 to November 15, and in the lower peninsula during the month of November only. The hunting of deer is unlawful at all times, and subjects the owner of the dog to punishment and under the statute the dog may be killed by any person without liabilities for damages. No deer shall be killed when in its red coat, and no fawn when in its spotted coat. No deer shall be killed while in any waters of the state, nor by means of any pit or trap, nor the use of any artificial light. Transportation of deer, or any part of the carcass of the same, beyond the limits of the state is prohibited at all times. A violation of any one of these laws subjects the offender to a fine \$50, and deputy wardens are instructed to prosecute every offender.

Barry Resigns.

T. B. Barry, member of the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, has sent a lengthy letter addressed to the chairman and members of the executive board of that order resigning his position as a member of the board. In his letter he scathingly arraigns the administration of the affairs of the Knights of Labor. He says that he cannot longer endure to be a witness to the many frauds and deceptions practiced upon the innocent masses; that he finds to be one of the members of the executive board to be a party to fraud that leads the unthinking masses to hunger and social suffering with nothing for it but promises never intended to be kept. Mr. Barry says he desires to see the order live, but thinks it is impossible for it to survive another year under the methods now practiced by the present administration of the order, and that these practices must cease if the order is to live.

Salt Inspection.

The report of the state salt inspector for September shows the quantity inspected during the month as follows: Saginaw county, 101,773 barrels; Manistee county, 93,780 barrels; Bay county, 65,528 barrels; Iosco county, 49,425 barrels; Mason county, 35,487 barrels; St. Clair county, 30,886 barrels; Huron county, 18,905 barrels; Midland county, 4,960 barrels; total, 400,598 barrels. A comparison of the quantity inspected for this year to October 1 shows: 1884, 2,488,486 barrels; 1885, 2,253,931 barrels; 1886, 2,988,520 barrels; 1887, 3,206,618 barrels; 1888, 3,172,428 barrels.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Mrs. William Preston of Climax, was thrown from a buggy a few days ago and her neck was broken.

Kalkaska will bond itself for \$10,000 for public improvements in aid of the Detroit, Charlevoix & Escanaba railroad.

Rev. Washington Gardner, who is still department commander of the Michigan G. A. R., although he lives now in Ohio, has sent out general order No. 9. He expresses thanks to various railroads for their excellent service in transporting nearly three thousand Michigan veterans to and from the meeting at Columbus; dwells upon the good behavior of the men while there; suggests that each post appoint a committee to look up delinquent members, and states other matters of interest to comrades.

Charles Jahneke, with two years to serve, and George Croak, who has the largest part of his ten years sentence yet to serve, escaped from the state house of correction. A reward is offered for their capture.

The following officers were elected at the recent Adventist conference in Grand Rapids: President, I. D. Van Horn; secretary, H. G. Butler; treasurer, A. R. Henry; conference committee, I. D. Van Horn, J. Fargo, G. G. Rupert, H. W. Miller, Harmon Lindsay; trustees of educational fund, W. W. Prescott. Twenty-six ministers and 27 licentiates received their credentials and licenses to preach the coming year.

Fred Leach, a Grand Trunk brakeman was killed at Otterburn, near Flint the other day.

Mrs. Charity Crosby died in Grand Rapids a few days ago, aged 100 years. She was the grandmother of ex-Lieut. Gov. Crosby.

The Bay View assembly elected the following officers: President, Rev. J. T. Osgood, D. D., East Saginaw; vice-president, E. M. Loud, Oscoda; secretary, D. Howell, Lansing; superintendent of instruction, J. M. Hall, Flint; treasurer, W. H. Shier, East Saginaw.

C. B. Howell, a well known lawyer and politician of Detroit, is dead.

W. H. Vanderburg, on his farm on Millary street, has raised 22 bushels of potatoes from one peck of seed. Peter Burns of Kimball, reports that he raised 278 bushels of potatoes from eight bushels of seed. This year he raises, as usual, 2,000 bushels of potatoes.

"Doc" Milligan has been held for trial at Hudson, for stealing \$65 from the safe of Beard's grocery. He is an old offender. Forty dollars was recovered from him.

The east bound passenger train ran over and instantly killed Mrs. Perry Manning at the Detroit, Lansing & Northern crossing, just west of Portland on the 4th inst. The engineer thinks the woman committed suicide, as she did not stop on the track till the train was within a few rods of her.

James Parker, who shot James Turner in a quarrel at East Jordan, has been held for trial.

W. Mills of Crosswell has written a letter accepting the nomination for governor on the union labor ticket. In his letter of acceptance he discourses learnedly on the currency and coinage, land, convict labor, schools, taxation, salaries, surplus and trusts, and says that the true road to prosperity is that mapped out by the union labor party.

J. M. Van Camp, superintendent of the Mason road cart company is missing.

John McLeer, night watchman at Carlin, Stiekney & Cram's ship yard in East Saginaw, was found dead the other morning.

The Congregational church in St. Louis, the basement of which is used for school purposes, burned the other day. The fire was caused by a defective chimney. The loss is about three thousand dollars, the insurance being \$1,000. The scholars escaped without injury, but a little child was run over by the hose cart and seriously hurt.

H. H. Winsor, accused at Grand Rapids of embezzling about four thousand dollars from the Goodrich transportation company and the Grand River transportation company, waived examination and is in jail in default of \$500 bail to await trial.

Miss Annie Lothrop of Detroit, a daughter of ex-Minister G. V. N. Lothrop was married in Detroit on the 4th inst. to Baron Barthold Theodor Hernan Hoyninggen-Huene, lieutenant of the regiment chevau-ligards of her majesty the empress of all the Russias. After a short tour in the west, the newly-married couple will return to Russia.

Sturgis is to hold a special election to decide upon raising \$5,000 by bonds to aid in rebuilding Waite's furniture factory, recently burned. The citizens have subscribed \$3,000.

John H. Doyle, ex-supervisor of Zilwaukee, Saginaw county, has been convicted of stealing money on town orders for the support of Minnie Marquette, a dependent blind girl in St. Mary's hospital, for six years after she became self-supporting. Doyle was a supervisor 18 years and is now a postmaster.

Col. Alexander Hoagland of Lincoln, Neb., who is president of the boys' and girls' national home and employment association, has been at Coldwater for a week or more, studying the workings of the state school for dependent children at that place.

On Sunday, October 21, the churches of the state are to devote their service to prayers and plans for prisoners.

Benham's novelty works at Olivet were destroyed by fire the other day.

Capt. William A. Daniell, who for many years was chief mining captain of the Calumet branch of the Calumet & Hecla mine, has accepted the position of mining captain at the Tamarack.

Miss Nell E. Hannah of Coldwater, has been appointed special agent for Michigan by the Glens Falls insurance company, with headquarters at Detroit. She is said to be the first lady ever appointed to such a place.

Mr. Blaine took a severe cold while speaking in Adrian, and was obliged to give up the trip to Saginaw and Ishpeming.

John A. Cook, a convict who was in for a year on conviction of false pretenses, and who was sent from Lenawee county, escaped from the state prison the other day. He was a trusted man and drove a brick wagon. A reward of \$50 is offered for him.

The state grange meets in Lansing December 11.

Sixty-nine members of the Twelfth Michigan infantry attended the annual reunion of that organization at Buchanan on the 3th inst. The following officers were elected: President, John Graham, Berrien Springs; first vice-president, Benton Stenius, Berrien Springs; second vice-president, John E. Barnes, Buchanan; secretary, Wm. Horton, Jr., Hartford; treasurer, W. W. Fuller, Hatch Mills, Ind.; historian, G. W. Lewis, Allegan. The next reunion will be held at Decatur.

Prof. L. L. Van Slyke will teach Mrs. Stowell's classes at the state university for the present.

Albion college attendance grows steadily.

Kalamazoo college (Baptist) has 115 students.

A large stove and heading factory is one of the possibilities at Lansing.

Dr. J. Ammach sues the village of Benton Harbor for \$5,000 damages because Mrs. Ammach fell upon an icy sidewalk.

Mr. Miller, the new pastor of the African M. E. church of Ypsilanti, is a full blooded Mohawk Indian with an African wife.

Some years ago John Harris of Ishpeming, received incurable injuries in a mine accident, and the other day being despondent, he killed himself by cutting his throat.

On the 22d of Sept. Mary Zeller, a domestic at Port Huron, was driven into convulsions by the blowing of steam whistles as a fire alarm. Since then she has become a raving maniac and believes she hears a deafening chorus of steam whistles all the time. She has been taken to an asylum.

The association for the advancement of women, holds its sixteenth annual congress at the Church of Our Father in Detroit, on October 14, 15 and 16.

Detroit capital has made another investment in the upper peninsula, the men interested being Francis F. Palms, Wm. B. Moran, Waldo M. Johnson, Fred T. Moran, John B. Maloney and others. They have secured a 50 years' lease of 40 acres six miles from Ishpeming. There is a rich vein of gold-bearing quartz running through it, with two spurs, and the company has the privilege of absolute purchase at any time within six months. Experts pronounce it a rich find and the work of development will commence at once.

Charles Fluzel, the oldest resident of Port Huron, died on the 6th inst. He was born in 1797, served through the war of 1812, and 27 years in the United States army. He was 55 years a resident of Port Huron, and 40 years a Mason.

Kittie, the 11-year-old daughter of Geo. Phillips, engineer at Botsford elevator in Port Huron, while walking along the platform of the elevator, made a misstep and fell into a chute used for unloading farmers' wagons and cars. It took about five minutes to release her from underneath the grain, and when taken out life was extinct, she having smothered to death.

Lake Odessa wants some enterprising man to start a grist mill there.

Schoolcraft county this fall is said to be a regular hunters' paradise, the woods being full of deer, bears and turkeys, and occasionally a wolf is also shot.

Andrew Heize, laborer, aged 38 years, was killed by the caving in of a ditch at Pontiac.

There is considerable three and four years old wheat around the state which has been waiting for just such a snap as the present, when it would bring \$1 or more a bushel.

Marcus Pollasky, president of the postal telegraph company, has been making another tour of the upper peninsula, and promises to have Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie connected by the wires of his company within 60 days.

An important sale of property was held at Newaygo the other day to satisfy a claim of \$30,000 against the D. P. Clay & Co. estate in that town. Several prominent men of Grand Rapids were present, and the principal bidding was between M. Sweet, of Sweet's hotel, and James W. Converse. Mr. Converse purchased the first and principal lot, including the mill and water power,

er, at \$15,000, and also all the other lots but one, which was sold to Mr. Wahneose of Newaygo. The entire proceeds of the sale amounted to \$23,625.

Mt. Morris will have a fireman's tournament Oct. 15.

The deaf mute institute at Flint has 278 pupils.

One day last week a single express train took 25 cars of peaches, one car of apples and two cars of stock out of Holland.

The Michigan hedge company of Kalamazoo, is organizing a \$32,000 branch concern in Oceana county.

W. J. Reed of Champion, who is a graduate of the Michigan mining school, and has been learning practical mining in the Champion mine, is among the mysteriously missing.

The authorities of Cedar Springs want to find the owner of an 11-year-old boy named Bert Wilcox. He came into the neighborhood a few days ago, began working for a farmer, stole a watch, ran away and was arrested at Cedar Springs and jailed, and the watch recovered.

Samuel Thomas, a respected farmer living upon a place owned by Newton Hayes near New Hudson, was engaged in moving a sick colt from an old shed to the barn when the animal kicked him in the abdomen inflicting injuries from which he died in five hours. Mr. Thomas' son was leading the colt when the accident occurred, and the deceased imprudently struck the animal with a rope.

Mrs. Abigail Van Tyl, who has been a resident of Corunna since Michigan was a territory, died in that place on the 8th instant.

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

Detroit Markets.

Wheat—A fair demand at the following quotations: October \$1.18@1.19; November \$1.19; December \$1.20 to \$1.22; May \$1.23 to \$1.27. No. 1 white spot, \$1.15 to \$1.16; No. 2 red spot, \$1.17 to \$1.18. Corn—No. 2, cash 44c; December, 40 1/2c; No. 2 white, cash, 45c, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, cash, 31c, 30 1/2c; light mixed, cash, 28c; No. 2 cash, 26 1/2c, 27c. Rye—No. 2, cash, 61c. Clover seed—Prime, October, \$5.75, \$4.70.

Provisions—Detroit new short, \$16.25@16.50; family pork \$9@19.25; mess, \$19.50@19.75; lard, in tierces, 10@10 1/2c; eggs, 10 1/2@10 3/4c; rails, 11@11 1/2c; hams, 12 1/2@12 3/4c; shoulders, 9@9 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2@11 3/4c; dried beef hams, \$3.50@10; extra mess beef, new, \$7.70; family beef, \$7.50@8.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$6.50; roller, \$5.00; Minnesota patent, \$7.50; Minnesota bakers', \$2.25; Rye, \$3.75 per bbl. Market very strong.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, new, \$11@11.25 for car lots; small lots, \$11@14; clover, mixed, new, \$8.50@9 in car lots; straw, new, \$7 in car lots.

Hides—Green, No. 1, \$2.75; No. 2, \$2.50; cured, No. 1, \$2.50; No. 2, \$2.25; sheepskins, 10@11.50, up to the wool; green calf, 5c; salted calf, 6 1/2c per lb.

Game—Partridges, 60c per pair; woodcock, \$2.10@2.25 per doz; common ducks, 30@35c; Mallards, 75c per pair; rabbits, 10@15c each; squirrels, \$1@1.25 per doz.

Wool—Fine, 24@25c; medium, 26@28c; coarse, 26@27c.

Wood—Maple, \$6.50; hickory, \$5.50; beech and maple, \$1 per cord; sawing and splitting, each 50c. per cord extra.

Poultry—Live, per lb, fowls, 7c; turkeys, 9c; ducks, 6c; spring chickens, 5c; per pair, pigeons, 20@25c.

APPLES, per bbl. \$1.50 @ 1.75
BANS, picked, 1.50 @ 1.55
 unpicked, 1.00 @ 1.25
BEANWAX, 28 @ 30
BUTTER, 20 @ 21
CHEESE, per lb, 9 @ 10
DRIED APPLES, per lb, 6 1/2 @ 7
EGGS, per doz, 16 @ 17
HONEY, per lb, 16 @ 18
HOPS, per lb, 12 @ 18
MALT, per bu, 90 @ 105
ONIONS, per bu, 1.00 @ 1.25
POTATOES, per bu, 33 @ 35
PEAS, per bu, 1.50 @ 1.75
PEACHES, per bu, 1.00 @ 1.25
CRANBERRIES, per bu, 2.75 @ 3.00
QUINCES, per bbl, 4.50 @ 5.00
CHAM APPLES, per bbl, 75 @ 1.00

Live Stock.

Hogs—Market rather slow, weak and lower; light, \$5.50@6.10; rough packing, \$5.70@6.00; mixed, \$5.90@6.15; heavy packing and shipping, \$6@6.60.

Cattle—Market slow; unevenly lower; inferior to prime, \$3.25@4; cows, \$1.60@3; stockers and feeders, \$ @ 3.15.

Sheep—Market steady; natives, \$3@4; westerns, \$3@3.70; Texans, \$1.75@3.50.

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

Cattle—Steady on shipping and butchers' stock; stockers and feeders strong; shade higher; prime steers, \$4.25@4.85; good, \$3.75@4.50.

Sheep and lambs—Steady on western sheep and lambs; good sheep, \$5.50@4; western lambs, \$5@5.75; Canadas, \$5@10c lower.

Hogs—Steady. Medium, \$6.55@6.70; Yorkers, \$5.25@6.50; light and rough unchanged.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

Hogs—Quality not so good; market rather slow, prices weak, at 10@15c lower; light grades, \$3.65@4.10; rough packing, \$3.90@4.05; mixed lots, \$5.90@6.75; heavy packing and shipping lots, 6@6.60 c.

Cattle—Slow; good to prime natives, \$5@6; inferior to fair, \$3.25@4.50; cows, \$1.60 @ 3; stockers and feeders, \$ @ 3.15.

Sheep—Steady, natives, \$3@4; westerns, \$3@3.70; Texans, \$1.75@3.50.

New York Market.

Wheat—No. 2 red, November, \$1.19 1/2 @ 1.21 1/2; December, \$1.20 @ 1.24 1/2; January, \$1.23 @ 1.25; February, \$1.13 1/2 @ 1.23 1/2; April, \$1.23 1/2 @ 1.27 1/2; May, \$1.24 1/2 @ 1.28 1/2; June, \$1.22 1/2 @ 1.25. Corn—dull and easy, 3/4c lower; old mixed western, 32@34 1/2c. Oats—About steady; quiet; western, 26@28c; Beef—Unchanged; late mess, \$8.50@9; extra do, \$7.25@7.75. Pork—Quiet, steady; mess, \$16.50@17. Lard—Unsettled, dull, lower; steam rendered, \$10.20. Butter—Strong on fancy; fair demand; western dairy, 12@12c; do creamery, 18@24c. Cheese—Firm, light supply; state, 7 1/2@10 1/2c, including fancy colored and white, 10@10 1/2c; western, 8 1/2@9 1/2c; skims, 1 1/2@7 1/2c. Eggs—Steady, 41@42c.

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat—On the first of the week the market opened 1/2 to 1c higher for December and May, which sold from the opening prices down to \$1.31@1.22 respectively. Quotations range all the way from \$1.17 1/2@1.20 for December, and from \$1.18@1.22 for May.

Railroad Slaughter.

A west bound freight on the Chicago & Atlantic road ran into a work train carrying a gang of Italians, at the Kaukauea river, 30 miles west of Huntington, Ind., the other day. It is supposed the work train stopped at that point to take water, and was overtaken by the freight. Between 20 and 25 Italians are injured, many seriously and some fatally. Several cars were destroyed.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Installed.

The Oath Taken—Washington News Summarized.

Melville Weston Fuller, the new chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, was installed in office on the 8th inst., with appropriate ceremonies.

A few minutes before the noon hour, in the conference room, Senior Associate Justice Miller administered to the new chief justice the first oath of office, that of fealty to the constitution of the United States. At the noon hour the chief justice took the oath with the usual proclamation. The associate justices then entered from the conference room, every one in the court room rising and remaining standing until they had taken their seats. All of the justices were present except Justices Field and Matthews. The chief justice entered after the associate justices and took a seat at the clerk's desk. He wore the black robes of his office. When the associate justices had taken their seats the senior associate justice, Mr. Miller, announced to the bar that he had the honor to inform them that since the last meeting of the court a chief justice had been appointed and had received his commission, and that he was ready to receive the oath of office. He called on the clerk to read the commission. During the reading the chief justice remained seated. At its conclusion he arose and, from a slip of paper which he held in his hand, read the oath of office.

"I, Melville Weston Fuller, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to poor and to rich; and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as chief justice of the United States, according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeably to the constitution of the United States, so help me God."

Mr. Fuller's voice was clear and his manner calm. When he had read the oath he returned to the clerk the bible which he had held in his hand, and retiring behind the pillars which form the background to the justices' seats, appeared at the doorway in the middle of the bench. The justices and members of the bar had remained standing throughout the ceremony, and until the appearance of the chief justice in his official place. As he entered the doorway, Justice Miller turned to the left and grasping his hand, said: "I welcome you as a member of this court, and as its chief justice."

The chief justice bowed. He then turned to the left and bowed to the justices seated there and finally bowed to the members of the bar. Then he took his seat and announced that it was well known the court would transact no business, but would receive applications for admittance to the bar. Several new members were sworn in.

Shortly before one o'clock the members of the supreme court, with the exception of Justice Matthews, headed by Marshal Wright and Clerk McHenry called at the White House. The party were ushered in to the blue room where the President received them. Twenty minutes were spent in pleasant conversation. Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Lamar, the two new members of the supreme court bench, were much observed by the curious crowd, which watched the departure of the distinguished party. Having performed the usual time-honored custom of calling on the president when the court first convenes in the fall, the members departed.

The majority and minority reports on the substitute tariff bill have been presented to the senate, also an additional report by Senator Beck favoring the Mills bill. Both reports agree that a reduction in the now excessive national revenue is needed, and that is about the only thing on which they do agree.

The majority report is a defense of the protective system, maintaining that some industries must be encouraged, and any reduction in tariff rates would work an injury to the country; while the minority report stoutly maintains that the burdens of the people can only be lifted by reducing import rates to a revenue basis, and that the higher the protective duties are laid the worse it is for the producers. It further holds that the senate bill throws additional burdens with crushing weight on the laborers and farmers, and benefits only the monopolists.

To sustain this view the report cites the fact that the rates on cotton ties, now controlled by a powerful trust, and certain sizes of iron used by the farmers are increased.

Senator Beck says the substituted bill goes to the extreme of protection, restriction and destruction, and that the Mills bill is an eminently conservative measure, the passage of which will be to the benefit of the 60,000,000 people of the United States.

In regard to wool the majority report says: Wool has been dutiable since 1843, and through all the tariff mutations which have taken place since, no suggestion has been made by any political party, up to the present administration, for the removal of duties. The wool growers of the country produce annually 300,000,000 pounds of wool, valued at \$100,000,000. They supply nine-tenths of the clothing wool used by American manufacturers, and they have raised the United States to the first rank among the wool producing countries of the world. Those who have, by their patient labor and intelligent efforts, built up this great industry, relying for security upon the protection of present revenue arrangements, are certainly entitled to fair treatment.

To this the minority report says: It requires from three to four pounds to make a pound of cloth, so that from 12 to 16 pounds of woolen clothing for the family will be seen to be a low average. This is now taxed from 55 to nearly 90 per cent. The manufacturer is not benefited, because his finished product comes into competition with the foreign product, made not only from untaxed wool, but cheaper wool. If the tax be taken off woools we will import more woools, of course, and in no other way can our great factories prosper, because their capacity is beyond our own wool production. When the factories are turning out more product employes have standing work and better wages, and indirectly, of course, the whole country is benefited.

Under the house bill the manufacturers, with free wool, secure even a higher competitive advantage over the foreign than under the present law or the substitute. The manufacturers will export woollen goods as now export cotton and leather, and the demand for the wool will better the wool market and encourage increased production, while the average wool grower himself will reap from cheapened clothing more benefits than he ever did from a tax on his product, which he must himself pay.

The remainder of the reports are taken up very largely with assertions and denials of the usual congressional sort.

ber of speeches will be made by senators upon the substitute tariff bill. No one professes to think that the senate will pass the bill before the recess, and both houses will drag along the next ten days with much less than a quorum in either body.

The conference on the general deficiency bill has paved the way for an agreement on all the remaining points of difference, though the action has not yet become final. The provisions to pay the remainder of a year's salary to the family of Chief Justice Waite and to pay an extra year's salary to the widow of Lafayette E. Dancy of the internal revenue service are to be stricken out, as is also the provision to extend the laws of the United States over No Man's land.

The annual report of William A. West, chief inspector of the postoffice department, shows that during the last fiscal year 731 persons were arrested for offenses against the postal laws; 215 were postal employes, 172 were burglars and mail robbers, and 403 were persons unclassified. During the year 12,957,611 pieces of mail matter were registered, of which only 845 were lost. The increase in the number of complaints made in 1888 over 1887 was 2821, while the revenue and corresponding volume of business increased \$4,329,026.

Debate on the substitute tariff bill was commenced on the 8th inst. The senate will devote about 10 days to this subject. Senator Allison opened the debate for the republicans, while Senator Vance espoused the cause of the democracy.

In the senate the other day Mr. Blair offered a resolution calling on the president for information as to the trial (for treason), conviction and execution in Canada, in 1885, of Louis Riel, who claimed to have been a naturalized citizen of the United States.

MORTON'S LETTER.

He Accepts the Nomination for Vice President.

And Stands Upon the Chicago Platform. The following is Mr. Levi P. Morton's letter accepting the republican nomination for vice president:

KINGSTON, N. Y., Oct. 2.
Hon. M. M. Estee and others, committee: Gentlemen—In making formal acceptance of my nomination as the republican candidate for the vice presidency, I desire to express my grateful appreciation of the confidence reposed in me by the convention.

The duties devolving upon the vice president as presiding officer of the senate and in certain contingencies a participant in the legislation of congress, make it proper that the people should know distinctly and unreservedly the political views of the candidate who may be presented for their suffrages. It fortunately happens that this duty is easily discharged by referring to the principles embodied in the resolutions unanimously adopted by the national convention. These resolutions, unequivocal and comprehensive in character, reflect my personal convictions and have my hearty approval.

It is difficult, however, in a political campaign to fix popular attention on more than one issue, and in the pending election every voter in the United States clearly sees that the controlling question is whether the protective tariff duties now in force shall be reduced so as to destroy their efficiency, or whether these duties shall be retained with such modifications and adjustments as shall better adapt them to the great end of protecting the vast and important industries of the whole country. The republican platform, while recognizing the necessity of reducing the revenue, declares that this reduction must not be made at the expense of these industries and of American labor. The American people have now enjoyed the protective system for a longer continuous period than ever before in the history of the national government. The result is that for more than a quarter of a century they have realized a degree of industrial and financial prosperity unprecedented in this country and never equalled in any other.

The pressing reason given for once again trying the old experiment of a revenue tariff, without protection as a motive or end, is that the present tariff has produced and is producing a surplus in the treasury. But it is not easily within the wisdom of congress to adjust the national income to the national expenditure without sacrificing or even imperiling an industrial system which has brought untold advantages to the entire country. Admitting that the present tariff, by lapse of time and the large expansion of trade which it has stimulated, needs revision, is it not wiser and more patriotic to revise it with a careful regard to the interests of protection than with the purpose of lessening its protective features?

These are some of the questions that must be answered at the national polls in November. For myself, as a citizen and as a candidate, I do not hesitate to declare that from long observation I am an unwavering friend of the protective system. In a business life now extending over 40 years I have

A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Lay naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes,
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How, simple passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Surrendering it with gentle pat—
(One pat for every blessed line)?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agon we tarried!
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlight new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married too.

Oh me, 'twas years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fit for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes! I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.
—W. J. Henderson, in the Century.

My Narrow Escape

I never told anybody how very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putman. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something else turns up.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone—Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

"Good evening, sir," said the man, bustling up the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I said had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, saying me, sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before:

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putman. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of banknotes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens and

twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling bag, and giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run. I closed the door, and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up I saw the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my supper, and then went to Mr. Winston's wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor.

I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass over it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat?" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way, for the thought of the money, flashing upon me suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!"

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? The simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid, and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm. I guess. Some sneak-thief has dodged in and stole my coat. Well, let it go. It was only an old one, and I'll have a better one."

"But was there nothing in your pockets?" asked Carrie.

"It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us! I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night!" said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another, if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet to-day. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?"

I don't know how I managed to reply, for the quest on set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him tomorrow, or next day?"

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you're sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come! jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. The landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders, but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with

the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother; and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson.

All this accomplished, I went to my secretary, and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges, to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and placed the cold muzzle to my forehead.

In another second I would have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her lovely face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but, Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I hardly know what, for, hanging across Carrie's arm, was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing, excepting my attempt, or rather, my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and a better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

Plenty of Presbyterians.

The Presbyterian Church (North) reports the following statistics for 1888: Twenty-eight synods, 202 Presbyteries, 997 candidates, 314 licentiates, 5,789 ministers, 6,543 churches, 722,071 communicants, and 793,442 Sunday school members. The contributions have been as follows: Home missions, \$844,695; foreign missions, \$743,495; education, \$152,320; Sunday school work, \$78,182; church erection, \$228,864; aid for colleges, \$215,009; freedmen, \$106,647, making, with amounts for other objects, a total of \$12,817,783. These figures show an increase of 135 ministers, 107 churches and 25,204 communicants. The total of contributions is \$1,719,161 in excess of that of 1887. The statistics of the Southern Presbyterian Church for 1888 are: 1,129 ministers, 2,228 churches, and 156,249 communicants, indicating a net increase of 13 ministers, 44 churches and 5,851 communicants. The total of benevolent contributions is \$1,463,478, the largest in the history of the church.

An Ancient Texas Town.

The oldest town in Texas, and it is believed in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grande and near El Paso. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest, alike from its age, people, architecture, and general products. It is a well established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer named Coronado visited the town in 1540 and found it then a populous and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan friars, who erected a church and established schools. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable center of population centuries before Coronado's visit.

Encouraging.

Author (to publisher):—"Well, how about my book?" Does it maintain its place in literature?"

Publisher:—"I don't know anything about that, but I know it holds its own pretty well on my shelves. I haven't been able to get rid of any but complimentary copies thus far."—Texas Sittings.

Fickle Fate.

We had quarreled over some trifling little thing, Will and I, and, then the summons had come for him to join his ship, and I was left alone to consider what a fool I had made of myself. I suppose I might have written to him, and begged forgiveness, but I was too proud for that, and I thought it would be so much easier to make up when he came back.

The months passed, and our family went to Saratoga. Here at the hop one night I met Nannie Dew, a young lady whom Will Wharton said he should certainly have lost his heart to if he had not met me. We got to be quite intimate in time, but I was always a little jealous of her because she was so much prettier than I and graceful as a fawn. One day as we walked home from the springs she showed me a magnificent diamond on one of her fingers.

"It was so strange," she said, with a laugh, "Will Wharton and I had always loved each other, but he went away without saying anything, and in a month wrote and offered himself. I accepted and he telegraphed to the jeweler for a diamond ring. Odd engagement, was it not?"

That night I took my ring off its chain, and inclosed it in an envelope, with that address, and not a word except my name—Marjorie More.

Two years go by slowly sometimes. Those did, I know. Josephine and Kitty got married, and Kitty started on an European tour, having whispered in my ear:

"Don't be an old maid, Majorie. Get married before he comes home. You can if you like."

Yes, I could. I knew that. And her words remained with me.

I remembered an elderly gentleman who only needed a word of encouragement from me—a handsome man enormously rich, who had had a diplomatic position abroad. I resolved that such love as I could give would be all that he would desire.

He wanted a lady at the head of his table, a loving nurse in his illness and old age. I could give him that and he would give wealth, position, protection and so I smiled and wore a second engagement ring when the Neptune came home, and Nannie Dew confided to me the fact that "Will wanted to be married very, very soon."

Yes, the Neptune was home again. Will Wharton had breathed the same air that I breathed; our feet trod the sidewalks of the old town where we had breathed our vows, and we were nothing to each other. Where were his vows of eternal love and fidelity? Blown away like thistledown by a hasty word or two. Oh no! he never loved me, never! I said. "Had he done so he would not have been so ready to turn from me. The secret lay in Nannie Dew's beauty, and youth, and elegance. He had cared for her and was glad that I had broken with him."

And yet before we were both married—for after that it would be wicked—I had promised myself the luxury of going quite alone to spend an hour in the spot where we were betrothed to each other, once more to sit under the old trees that sheltered us then, to hear the river sweep by, and see the boats upon its breast; and this romantic performance I undertook one mild spring morning.

I hired a cab and drove out to the sweet country place, left it and turning down a long lane, came to a deserted country seat—long in the lawyers' hands—and entered its neglected garden, where a wilderness of beautiful flowers had gone wild. There was an old arbor here, great trees grew over it, and a great vine shaded it. Through its entrance one saw a picture of the river and the opposite shore. On the broken bench within we sat in that happiest moment of our life. There would I sit, shed the burning tears that made my eyes ache and bury my head low.

My foot pressed the threshold, I started back—a man sat there, his arms upon the worm-eaten table, his face hidden in them. The old boards creaked beneath my tread; he sprang to his feet. It was Captain Will Wharton.

"You here?" he said, "I thought it was only I who cared enough for the old place to revisit it. My words—the words I uttered here—meant something!"

I laughed bitterly.

"No pretence will avail. I saw Miss Dew's engagement ring a few days after she put it on. I know you have come home, glad and happy to marry her. I congratulate you. She is lovely; but don't play the injured lover to amuse yourself with me."

At these words he started forward, seized me by the hand, and looked me in the face.

"Have you thought it was I who was to marry Miss Dew?" he asked.

"Of course," I replied, growing faint under his touch.

"And did you not know that my cousin, Will Wharton, is lieutenant of the Neptune?" he asked, "a handsome fellow, younger than I am, and a school-girl's ideal. Will is very happy. As for me, I came home to be forgiven and found my true love lost to me. I am wretched."

"Oh, Will!" I cried, not trying to withdraw my hands. "Oh, Will! if I had but known! I do not love Mr. Chalmers. It was only because of this news I—"

He sat down again on the bench and drew me to his side.

"I won't part with you to any old gentleman," he said. "Send back that gigantic diamond, and put on these little pearls again. I've worn them next my heart all the while."

I did as he demanded. I loved him, and would marry no one else. I was not afraid of breaking Mr. Chalmers' heart. He could find another wife with his wealth and appearance—which he actually did in a very short time.

And I was married to my Will Wharton on the day that united Nannie Dew to hers. —Exchange.

Adopted the Catfish.

On the farm of Jacob Groff, who lives near Zodiac Springs, Mo., is a large pond where cows are in the habit of standing during the day. One of the cows acted so strangely when at the pond that she attracted the attention of Mr. Groff and the farm hands. She would go into the water an hour or so before the other cows, and after wading out a certain depth would stop and commence lowing, as though calling to a calf. Immediately afterward she would remain perfectly quiet and seem contented. No calf could be assigned for her strange conduct, although on several occasions she was closely watched. Recently the water in the pond became low, scarcely reaching to the cow's knees. She made her usual daily trip, however, and took up her old position. One day last week she was watched very closely, and it was discovered that when she ceased calling a large catfish would come to the surface of the water and suck milk until its appetite was satisfied. The fish was caught by Mr. Groff in the Sac River a year ago and was thrown into the pond.

They are Tabooed.

It is understood that the following pledge will be circulated for signature among the "journalists" of the daily press:

"I hereby solemnly promise that I will never use the following expressions, or any of them, in my professional work, and that I will use honorable means to prevent the use of them by others:

- Fire fiend.
- Cast a gloom.
- When the smoke of battle had cleared away.
- The scene beggars description.
- View with alarm.
- Dull, sickening thud.
- Like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.
- Trembled like an aspen.
- Lap of luxury.
- Hive of industry.
- White-winged peace.
- Fill a long-felt want.
- Hectic flush.
- Grim reaper.
- Throw oil on the troubled waters.

(Sign here) _____

The "journalists" have heard of the proposed action, but have not yet decided whether to submit or strike. —Drake's Magazine.

In a Hurry for Almost Anything.

"What can we do for you?" asked the grocer, not very good naturedly of a little girl who was evidently a frequent and familiar caller at the store.

"Me mither sent me," was the reply.

"She didn't send you to settle up that little account, did she?"

"No, sir."

"What does she want?"

"She toid me to ax yez which would yez rather treat her for—three bars of soap or a quarter's worth of sugar. She says she ain't particular which it is, but says she's in a hurry for it." —San Francisco Post.

Nye's Company Humor.

On this particular occasion Bill Nye was so very charming that he outdid all his previous records. It was therefore, in a spirit of sincere admiration, seasoned, perhaps, with a sense of gratitude, that one of the guests turned to Bill's little daughter and remarked: "Your papa's a real funny man, isn't he?"

The sweet child suspended active business relations with the pie long enough to answer: "Yes, papa is always funny when we have company." —Chicago News.

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

Societies.
W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhees, President.
Epworth League.—Meets every Friday afternoon at 7:30 p. m. at their hall, in the Hudson block, O. R. Patterson, Master.
E. T. of T. O. G. S.—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. C. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. H. Brown, R. G., Mrs. H. C. Beale, Sec. Sec.
E. of L. Ladies Assembly.—No. 5526. Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:30, at K. of L. hall, G. G. Curran, Jr., E. S.
Young Women's L. O. O. F.—No. 22. Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. O. R. Fatten, Jr., N. S.; F. H. Ad. m. Sec. Nec.

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WHAT THEY SAY.

—Bank statements this week.
 Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.
 —What's the matter with having some political meetings here?
 —The Republican county convention will be held tomorrow at Detroit.
 —Quite a number of our citizens attended the Republican meeting at Northville, Wednesday.
 —Bentley & McLaren have bought the rink building, now occupied by Polley, Wherry & Co.
 —Alfred Lapham and wife, of this place, left the first of the week for Champaign, Ill., for a ten days visit with their son.
 —Wm. Geer has bought the Charles Williams property, on Sutton street. Mr. Geer was one of the bidders on the Mrs. Ash property.
 —Rev. Wm. B. Graw, a former pastor of the Baptist church, at this place, will preach in the same next Sunday morning, at 10:30 a. m.
 —Mrs. George VanVliet has bought the Old Roe homestead, east of the fair ground, consisting of fifty-five acres of land and several buildings.
 Owing to a wrong description being given in the advertising of the Mrs. H. J. Ash property, the advertising and sale will have to be made over again.
 —Mrs. Charles Williams having sold her house and lot will sell at public auction on Saturday, Oct. 29, her household goods, etc. John J. Ingalls, auctioneer.
 —The Northville social club will hold their second social party at the Princess rink, Northville, on Wednesday evening next, Oct. 17. Music by Harmon's orchestra.
 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. 571f
 —Married at the Baptist parsonage, Plymouth, on the 10th day of October, 1888, by Rev. P. G. Robinson, George Plauvelt, of Northville, to Miss Martha I. Sherwood, of Livonia. The happy couple took the afternoon train for Detroit, where they will sojourn for a week, after which they will return to Northville, where Mr. Plauvelt is engaged in the employ of the Michigan School Furniture company.
 —A man living in this county who owes over two years' subscription, put his paper back in the office last week marked "refused." We have heard of many mean men—there is the man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastures a goat on his grandmother's grave, and the fellow who got rich by giving his children a nickel each to go to bed without their supper, and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep, but for pure downright cussedness the man who will take a paper two years, or any length of time, mark it "refused" and then stick it back in the postoffice, is entitled to the premium.—Ex.

Ladies
 In delicate health, and all who suffer from habitual constipation, will find the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, more easily taken and more beneficial in effect than any other remedy. It acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, kidneys, liver, and stomach, and does not sicken or debilitate. Sold in fifty cent and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 57-58

—Real estate seems to be changing hands here at a lively pace, no less than four sales being made this week. We can assure outsiders that if they want a nice, pleasant place to live they cannot do better than to locate in Plymouth.
 —A couple of Northville young men who gave their names as John Nice and Byron Thompson were corraled here at two o'clock Sunday morning and locked up: They were taken before Esquire Chilson the next day upon complaint of George Jackson for disturbing the peace. The justice let them go on their own recognition to appear the next day, but they haven't shown up yet.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic county convention which met in Detroit, Wednesday, ratified the Fulvey slate as published a couple of days before the convention.
 Judge of Probate—Alexander D. Fowler.
 Sheriff—Bernard Youngblood.
 County Clerk—William P. Lane.
 County Treasurer—Ralph Phelps, Jr.
 Register of Deeds—Michael P. Roulo.
 Prosecuting Attorney—Samuel W. Burroughs.
 County Auditor—William C. Mahoney.
 Circuit Court Commissioners—John Consigned, Jr., Lewis C. Watson.
 Coroners—Richard Toomey, Edward Sweeney.
 Surveyor—Thomas M. Campau.

Republican Meeting at Northville.

The Republican pole raising and rally at Northville, on Wednesday, attracted a crowd estimated at from 2,500 to 3,000 people and the best of order and good humor prevailed. The pole was a beautiful one, 110 feet high and was raised with little trouble and no accident. The meetings were held in the open air in the afternoon and in the rink in the evening, and were addressed by Gen. Alger, of Detroit, and Gen. Gibson, of Tiffin, Ohio.
 Gen. Alger spoke about a half an hour in the afternoon and then gave way to Gen. Gibson, who held the vast assemblage for nearly two hours. Gen. Gibson is without doubt one of the best political speakers on the road. He is seventy-three years old, yet his voice is strong, his delivery pleasing and his sentences are wound up with occasional bursts of eloquence rarely heard.
 In the evening the rink was filled with an audience full of enthusiasm, and the speakers were cheered lustily.
 Gen. Alger spoke nearly an hour, his efforts being principally to the laborer. He gave comparisons between the American laborer and those of foreign countries and his speech was very interesting and from the hearty applause given him was well received by his hearers.
 Gen. Gibson then was presented to the audience amidst almost deafening applause. We are sorry to say that we were unable to hear but little of his evening speech on account of our being obliged to take the train home.
 A glee club furnished several songs and the cornet band helped to keep up the enthusiasm.

Tonquish.

Wayne county P. O. of H. will hold its next meeting at ten a. m., Sept. 19, with Willow Grange at their hall in Taylor township. The election of officers and other business of importance, a good program, etc., should call out a large attendance. S. J. BLOUNT, Secretary.

Wayne.

Mrs. Will Newkirk is visiting this week at Mrs. John Bunting's.
 J. D. Crosby, of Cass City, was in town last Saturday calling on friends.
 Chas. Kynoch and wife of St. Ignace, is in town visiting relatives this week.
 The Y. M. S. C. dance was postponed till next Tuesday evening, October 16.
 Work has commenced on Frank Stringer's new barn, just behind the Tremont house.
 Ray Turk is clerking for Hosie & Stellwagen in place of C. Sines, who is on jury in Detroit.
 An F. & P. M. brakeman named Hart had two fingers taken off while coupling cars Tuesday morning.
 Wilson & Harris dray team while behind Hosie & Stellwagen's, Monday, started to back up and went down the embankment into the river. The wagon and harness was badly used up, but the team was but a little hurt.

Notice to Delinquents.

All persons indebted to the firm of Anderson & Cable are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts at their earliest convenience as we desire to close the books. ANDERSON & CABLE. Plymouth, Mich., Sept. 14, 1888.

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A Duke's Marriage.

The recent marriage of the Duke of Marlborough to a rich American widow and her reception in England, continues to be the prevailing topic of conversation in aristocratic New York circles. Marlborough, over whom, by the way, we make much more fuss than the English at home do, which is one of the reasons for his visiting us so often—is of very high rank, although his reputation is not quite so rank as that of Lord Londale, who came over a couple of years ago with the Violet Cameron troupe.

After the duke was religiously married, a civil ceremony was performed by Mayor Hewitt. As a general thing Mayor Hewitt is not noted for his civility. When a reporter is detailed to interview him the scribe shrinks so from the task that he has to have tucks put in his clothes. On this occasion, Mayor Hewitt was very polite. After he had pronounced the couple man and wife, the ceremony was over, as far as Hewitt was implicated. At least that's what Marl thought, hence he was very much surprised and said "Aw! aw!" when His Honor festooned the upper end of the bride with his arms, and pucker up his mouth like an ink bottle, hugged and kissed her severely.

As Gen. Sherman was out of town and did not get to New York until after the steamer had left, there was no more browsing around on the bride's lips by prominent Americans.

There is considerable dispute as to the Mayor Hewitt style of kissing. Some say that it is merely the old fashioned two for a quarter style of kiss, the mouth being worn large and open, with a pressure that would do credit to a hay press. There is a balcony on the New York city hall, but the mayor did not kiss the bride on the balcony. It occurred in his office.

Kissing the bride is an ancient ceremony, but some bridegrooms have not got used to it yet. Even during the Middle Ages, an emperor of Germany was nettled because the archbishop who performed the ceremony kissed the bride. The emperor gave the kisser a shove that almost stood him on his head, remarking in Latin, "From such benedictions, good Lord deliver us."—Texas Siftings.

Killed by Bedbugs.

A remarkable case of the death of a woman was reported recently from Franklin township, Beaver county, Pa. The death occurred while the woman was suffering with a violent attack of the headache, to which she had been subject for nearly three years. For the past three years she has been living in a house which has been badly infested with bedbugs. Shortly after moving into it she began to be troubled with a strange type of headache, which seemed to increase in violence with each returning attack until at times she was rendered unconscious by the severe pains, which she often described as resembling a heavy weight or pressure on the top of her head. The strange nature of the case and his inability to render relief aroused the attending physician's curiosity, and with the consent of the bereaved husband he cut open the skull after the woman's death. He found firmly lodged on the top of the brain in a clotted mass, a number of bedbugs. How they got there baffles all who have heard of the case. The doctor has placed his strange find in alcohol and has sent an account of the case to a medical school in New York.

The Use of Words.

Some time ago the Union called attention to the common misconception of the word "lurid" as meaning something glaring, fiery or bright, whereas its real meaning is pale or gloomy. The word is so generally misused that few persons in writing or speech employ it in its right sense. It is only one instance of many where the common uses of words are wrong. The word "transpire" is another that has been the subject of much discussion, because of the use of it as meaning "to happen," a usage that has become almost authorized by custom in this century, though open to serious criticism. This word is moreover, an illustration of another phase of ignorance in the use of words in which even very well informed persons share. A man is reported as remarking recently, "How freely I transpire during this weather," and winning a large sum of money from friends who sought to correct him in what they supposed was his mistaken use of the word. It will be quite as surprising to many people to discover that the word may be correctly used in this sense, as to learn that luridness must grow pale before it will conform with dictionary requirements. It is sometimes as important to be sure of what we don't know as to be certain of what we do know.—Springfield Union.

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PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

German agricultural statisticians have agreed that there is a deficiency in the harvests of wheat and rye which will necessitate the importation of about fifty million bushels. This supply will be drawn of course from Russian Poland and from southern Russia, but as it will materially diminish the amount of wheat on hand in Odessa, England will not be able to dictate prices to the American seller of wheat, as has hitherto been the case. England requires yearly an importation of wheat varying from twenty to twenty-five millions of tons, and the United States furnish fully one-half of his, Russia and India supplying the balance. The demand from France and Germany will exhaust the Russian supply, and as the harvests in northwestern India have been far below the average, our friend John Bull will not be able to purchase wheat from American farmers for less than cost, but will have to pay them a good living price with a little balance due on past years.

A recent examination of the coal deposits of Colorado and Wyoming has been made by Dr. John S. Newberry, the geologist, in the interest of certain eastern capitalists. The report calls attention to the rich coal resources which need only the investment of capital for their development. For many years grasping railroads have kept their grip on the coal fields in this region, and it has simply been impossible for private enterprise and a limited capital to compete with monopolies which controlled transportation to and from the mines. In consequence of the development of the mineral resources of Colorado and Wyoming has been held in check, while the railroads have grown fat by limiting the supply and fixing the price of coal. With improved transportation facilities and low freight rates, it will not take long for private capital and enterprise to fully develop the mineral resources of Wyoming and Colorado.

It is customary to think of a man as successful who has advanced step by step in his profession, who has had no reverses and met with no great misfortune. That is what the world calls success, but true success is not measured by that standard. In no real sense can a man's life be said to be successful when he does not consider, primarily, the duty he owes to his God and to his fellow-men, and is not more concerned about the happiness of his home and the welfare of its members than about what he may accumulate or how far his own way may be gained. A man may have large worldly success, and none of the success which Christ requires. No true judgment can be formed by outward appearances, for these often, like the shell of a nut, may seem indicative of a sound condition, but on cracking it no kernel is found within.

Judge Given of Iowa has decided a point of law in the prohibition case in that state which is very interesting. It had been held by more than one judge in the state that the importation of liquor in original packages carried with it the right to sell the liquor in those packages. Consequently a Des Moines liquor dealer began importing liquor in bottles of various sizes, and also offered them for sale in the form in which they had been imported. An injunction was asked for, restraining the sale of liquor in that form. Judge Given sustained the injunction, holding that an original package in the meaning of the law means the package as it came from the distillery with the government's revenue stamp upon it. No half pint or quarter pint hip-pocket flasks can be sold as original packages.

The Mormon question is not altogether confined to Utah. Nevada and Idaho have laws on their statute books disfranchising all adherents of the Mormon church and excluding them from the rights of suffrage whether they are polygamists or not. The constitutionality of this statute is to be tested in Nevada. Strange to say, the highest tribunal of Idaho has sustained the law. It is a serious question whether any territory can disfranchise men on account of their creed. The national anti-polygamy laws do not go so far. Their citizenship is taken from them as a punishment for crime. They are not punished on account of their adherence to the Mormon religion.

If one may judge from the majority report of the Utah commission, just presented to the secretary of the interior, there is little hope for the admission of that territory as a state for the present, at least. In the opinion of the commission the Mormon Church is committed secretly, if not openly, to the practice of polygamy, and there are numerous evidences that the Mormon people have not abandoned polygamy in good faith. The commission recommends that an energetic enforcement of the law should be continued, as should also be the political disabilities.

FARM AND HOME.

About Feeding Pigs.

Bulletin No. 30 of the Massachusetts Experiment Station gives details of a continuation of experiments in feeding pigs. For the eighth trial six pigs of mixed breed were selected, weighing from twenty-three to twenty-nine pounds each. The experiment began Nov. 7, 1887, and lasted until March 12, 1888, or 124 days; the average of the individual live weight had reached 185 pounds. Skim milk, corn and cob meal, wheat bran and gluten meal furnished the fodder ingredients of the daily diet. The corn and cob meal took the place of the clear cornmeal on the 8th of January. The daily ration of skim milk reached within the first week six quarts per head. This amount, being the limit of our home supply, was fed daily until the close of the experiment. Skim milk and corn meal, two ounces of the latter to one quart of the former, constituted the diet for about three weeks, when the steadily increasing demand for food was supplied by a gradually increasing quantity of a mixture consisting of two weight parts of gluten meal and one weight part of wheat bran. On the 3d of January at the beginning of the third month, the daily diet was changed; the latter consisted thereafter of six quarts of skim milk and a mixture prepared of four weight parts of corn and cob meal, one weight part of gluten meal. The quantity required of the latter to meet the daily wants of the animals began with forty-eight ounces per head and rose gradually to seventy two ounces. Our late results seem to confirm the conclusions arrived at in our previous experiments, namely:

1. A gradual periodic change from a rich nitrogenous diet to that of a wider ratio between the digestible nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous food constituents of the feed is recommended in the interest of good economy.
2. The feeding effect of one and the same diet changes with the advancing growth of the animal on trial.
3. The power of assimilating food and of converting it into live weight decreases with the progress in age.
4. It is not good economy to raise pigs for the meat market to an exceptional high weight. To go beyond from 175 to 180 pounds is only advisable when exceptionally high market prices for dressed pork can be secured.

At this trial the cost of food to produce a pound of dressed pork was found to be 5.42 cents, the manurial value of the same food being 2.27 cents. Skim milk was valued at 1.8 cents per gallon.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

The Corn Crop.

The present corn crop promises to reach somewhere in the neighborhood of two billion bushels, and already railroad stocks are advancing and railroad officials looking forward to heavy business this fall. That the railroad companies will be benefited by the immense crop goes without saying, but whether the advantages of this will be equally great to the farmers remains to be seen. In some respects this plethora of product is demoralizing and may prove of small value to our agricultural classes in the end. Prices will probably rule low, and for the large amount and the great labor required in harvesting, storing and drawing to market there may be small returns and still smaller profits. The manufacturer who disposes of his wares at no profit does not improve his condition by increasing the amount of goods sold. Unfortunately, farmers usually have to sell their corn most freely when it is lowest in price, and unless their common practice be materially modified we will see them this fall parting with the bulk of their magnificent crop. This is for many reasons to be regretted. By holding back the markets will not be demoralized and there will be an opportunity to comprehend the conditions of trade. This fall the prudent farmer, if he can, will fill his cribs for next season's feeding, carrying even more than he thinks can possibly be fed. He who stores corn when it is cheap usually has nothing to regret. Summer feeding for cattle and hogs should attract far more attention than it does, and soon the opportunity will come to store up the corn necessary for carrying out this system. Thousands of farmers will probably sell corn this fall which they may have to replace within a year at double price.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

Cultivate Some Flowers.

Few farmers' wives have time to devote to floriculture on an elaborate scale, but it seems to me that no one with any degree of propriety can plead that she has no time or place in which to cultivate a few flowers. It only requires the will, for the way is open to all, and

instead of farmers' homes looking as too many of them do, desolate and dreary, they might be made to assume a much more inviting and cheerful appearance by the cultivation of flowers. It has been truthfully said that he who sets a shade tree or flowering shrub is not only a benefactor to himself, but also to a coming generation. As I write, my eyes rest upon stately shade trees, flowering shrubs and huge clumps of rose bushes that were set over fifty years ago; they each have budded and blossomed in their respective season for half a century, and to-day the most of them give evidence of vigor and vitality to last still another generation.

It requires but little time or labor to raise flowers on a small scale, and almost any nook and corner near the house can be utilized for the purpose. A few years since, having occasion to change my flower-bed, I selected a plot of ground that had for some years been seeded down to grass. After it was duly prepared by plowing, harrowing and raking I sowed my seeds and set some plants that had been started in boxes in the house, and after weeding and thinning out I had a famous show of flowers, each variety trying to outdo its neighbor in perfection and beauty, while some of them grew so strong and rank and were so heavily laden with blossoms that they fairly toppled over. No fertilizers were used the first two years, but since then we have applied phosphate to our annuals each year, placing it in a shallow trench some three inches from the plants, and covering over with soil, letting the first rain convey the stimulants to the roots in its own way. I have a bed of pansies that was treated in this way last summer, and they have been loaded with flowers of every imaginable shade and color since April, and are still the admiration of the whole neighborhood. Providing you do your duty in our flower beds by pulling out every noxious weed, not much is left to do except to revel in the blaze and beauty of our cherished pets these hot July days. If we cut our flowers with a lavish hand, our generosity will have an immediate reward, for the more blossoms we cut the more there will be hereafter. It is a selfish act to raise flowers merely to see them bud and blossom, and then wither and die. Flowers are always a graceful offering, and one that may be made at all times with propriety. In giving, let us not forget the aged, the sick, and little children, nor omit the flowers for the table at each meal, and most especially let us remember the vase of flowers for the parlor in our respective places of worship. Flowers are a part of God's great goodness to us as much as the grass of the field, or the waving grain that is white unto the harvest. The Savior bade us consider the lilies, and happy are we if we obey the divine injunction.

There is a language in each flower. That opens to the eye, A voiceless but a magic power Doth in earth's blossoms lie.—*Country Gentleman.*

Farm Notes.

It is a waste to burn anything that will rot and make manure. If you are to try sowing next season sow winter rye this month for the first crop in spring.

The agitation against adulterated lard still goes on in England, and there is a good demand for pure lard.

You can't keep your meadow free from wild carrot as long as your neighbor lets the weeds go to seed in an adjoining field.

A good silo should be air-tight or nearly so, the corn well matured and not wet, and well prepared before being placed in the silo.

Nothing is gained by letting oats stand to get dead ripe before cutting, while there is real loss in shelling and straw grown woody.

Speaking of pasturing, a New Englander says: "In my opinion, a farmer can keep a sheep with every cow without any additional expense."

Major Alvord condemns dishonoring in toto. He says in the *Boston Courier* that it is cruel, and argues that it does not render cattle less pugnacious.

It is better to sow rye early, say in last week of August, and graze it down before the ground is closed by frost, than to sow late that no start can be made before November.

Cucumber vines should be made to trail on a bush, as the cucumbers can then be more easily picked, and they also grow long and of better shape than when the vines are left on the ground.

Animals appreciate a clean bed at night. It is not to their comfort to allow straw that has been saturated with urine to remain in the stalls. The best bedding is cut straw at present. Later on leaves can be used to advantage.

Skim milk is excellent for pigs at all seasons. They will grow upon such diet when everything else fails. Give them all they will drink and if then allowed to root in the clover field after the crop had been cut they will need but little grain of any kind.

To secure good seed corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is ripening to make observations. He should note and mark all prominent stalks, as the early maturity, vigor and prolificacy are as important as the germination of the seed.

It is claimed that a good cow should give 6,000 pounds of milk a year, and that when she gives only 3,000 pounds she is kept at a loss. The 3,000 pounds represent about five quarts per day for 300 days. Every quart over that amount lessens the cost of the whole.

Household Hints.

For ordinary woodwork use whitening and ammonia to rub the dirt off.

Lemonade is a safe drink in sickness and health. It corrects biliousness.

Toothache may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth.

To remove warts get a little Eucalypti's gall and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

Remedy for chilblains—Take a piece of lime the size of your doubled fist; put it in warm water and soak the feet in it as warm as it can be borne for half an hour.

For chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

It may be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

To make sealing wax for fruit cans, take eight ounces of resin, two ounces gum shellac and a half ounce of beeswax. Melt all together. This will make a quantity and may be melted for use when wanted.

To remove cold sores, rub the first finger behind the ear close to the part which is joined to the head, and then rub the sore. The secretion then removes the sore in a short time if applied every twenty minutes.

Benzole and common clay are used to clean marble. Grease spots can be removed from marble by the application of a paste made of crude potash and whitening. Brush it all over the surface to be cleansed and polish off.

To whiten and preserve the teeth take one ounce of borax and put it in three pints of boiling water; before it is quite cold add to it a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. When cold put in a bottle and cork tightly. A tablespoonful is to be used daily in the same quantity of tepid water.

To treat sprains give the affected part rest and apply warm fermentations. If inflammation has set in put leeches and cooling applications, which may be removed at intervals if necessary. When the inflammation subsides use friction and stimulating liniments or poultices made of bread, vinegar and water.

A cheap filter can be made by putting a piece of sponge at the bottom of a large flower pot and filling the pot three-quarters full with clean, sharp sand and small pieces of charcoal mixed in equal parts. Lay upon this mixture a piece of linen or woolen cloth, so as to hang over the side. The water poured through this will come out at the bottom clean and pure. The cloth must be kept clean, and the sand and charcoal, as well as the sponge, washed and occasionally changed.

The Phonograph Complete.

We have now a perfect phonograph. Since we made our public exhibit on it a short time ago we have been at work putting up buildings and getting out our models. Its manufacture is very much like that of a gun or sewing machine. The parts are interchangeable, so that any part of the machine may be supplied at any time. Our factory at Orange, N. J., started up last Saturday afternoon. People will be astonished when they hear this new machine. We have one now that is absolutely perfect. There is no sound that can be made that it does not reproduce perfectly. The crash of a hammer, the laugh or cry of a child, or the most delicate strain of music is reproduced perfectly. Any one can learn to work it in two hours. It will take the place of stenographers. All that will be necessary will be to dictate to the phonograph, and the typewriter copies it off directly. We have invested \$300,000 in a factory and machinery, and we are manufacturing 100 a day. In two months we had over 2,000 orders.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

The Broadway Dog Dealer.

Every day a sad eyed man strolls up and down Broadway with a collection of dogs held under control by long strings. People stop him and talk. The intelligent animals drop down on the flagstones or grass and wait. But the bargain never comes. "Dogs," the fancier reluctantly admits, "are going out of fashion." A magnificent St. Bernard with a muzzle like a lion's, and great, speaking eyes, is offered for half what would have been considered a moderate price two years ago, and finds no purchaser. The pug does not ride in a lady's lap with his neck decorated with yellow bows—not this season. He skirmishes through the alleys and consorts with curs. He has fallen from aristocracy to democracy, and the fancier says there isn't any market worth mentioning now for these once pampered darlings. Poodles, he adds, he would not think of offering any more to respectable ladies. It would be an insult. The only canine pets which the fair mistresses have not wearied of and discarded are the terriers—the Skyes and their hairy kin. But even these animated mop-brushes are not as popular as they once were. Saratoga hotel-keepers were quick to "catch on" to the decline in the dog fashion. Last season there were women who brought their dogs with them, and not only insisted on having them in their rooms at all hours, but several actually took their pets into the big dining rooms to the meals. One woman, the wife of a wealthy Rhode Islander, carried her terrier into the crowded ball-room and deposited it in a chair beside her, while scores of people stood. Obnoxious to the stares and mutterings, the woman enjoyed the hop and the terrier took a nap. This season, when the descendant of Roger Williams put in her appearance, she found to quote the affable clerk, "that the rates of board for dogs had risen." This is the convenient way the Mr. R. ley, of Saratoga, has of dealing with objectionable guests. There is a bottom but no top limit to rates. The Rhode Island patron was informed that she would be charged for the dog's board a figure at which even her extravagant ideas recoiled. Thus the line was drawn this season on dogs. The landlords would hardly have attempted such a course last year, and certainly not the season before, but they saw the dog craze waning, and they hoisted the warning, "No dogs need apply."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

How to Have Firm Shoulders.

Begin with ten minutes' work, the wet towel pinned tightly around the hips, corset off and a Mother Hubbard gown on, which is the best modern version of the Greek robe possible. Wet the head well, for the exercise will pump the blood well over the body, heating the temples and spine; roll up your sleeves, sponge and wipe the arms dry and go to work, moderately at first. In ten minutes or less quit, sponge off the muscles that quiver and burn, drop into an easy seat and rest ten or fifteen minutes, then pull again, resting and working for an hour. Keep this up a month and you won't know your shoulders and arms for the same. Walker, in his well known work on artistic beauty, says the absence of fine arms in women is due to long sleeves and want of exercise. Pumping, sweeping, spinning, throwing stones at a mark, and playing quarts are all better than tennis or rowing to secure finely-modeled arms and busts. The way to get the most benefit from work is to time one's self and see how much can be done in a quarter hour, a half hour, and so on till the sweat flows, that great restorer of the complexion and refiner of the figure. It carries off the grossness of the body, and though it is a proverb in outspoken districts that such a one is "too proud to sweat," and I have heard ladies of middle station in society aver that they never perspire, as if it were a sign of gentility—they never fail to pay the penalty in thick sallowness of face and adipose. The moderate, easy-going woman grows fat. The active, quick-footed one keeps down her flesh and shows as trim a waist and ankle at 40 as she had at 20. The fatal thickening at the back of the neck, by which men profess to know women past 40, is an unnecessary consequence. The woman who uses the shoulders freely and rapidly will show as flat and fine an outline at 80 as any beautiful Italian "Reading Girl," and there is hardly a pleasanter sight after the roses and lily figure of 17 than one of these trim, nice, wholesome ladies of 60, with a waist as fine as that of her own granddaughter. A woman who is too fine to work is too fine to be fair, and she will be stout—the one fatal defect in a woman of any age.—*Shirley Darc's "Beauty" Letter.*

The Kind of Bell It Was.

Scene—a real estate office, with a bell conspicuously displayed. Enter McSwilligen.

McSwilligen—Is that the bell of the ball, Charley?

Real estate man—No, Mac, that is merely the bell which precedes the auctioneer's bawl.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Appreciative Lion.

Fat man—We want to see the animal.

Keeper—You can't come in here. If the lion sees you he will become too excited.—*Times Dispatch.*

LOST IN THE CITY.

How Police Officers Take Care of Stray Toddlers.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked the house sergeant at the Twelfth district police station the other evening of a demure little maid of a very few summers, whom an officer had found wandering about the streets, evidently lost.

"Frances Folsom Cleveland McCarthy," lisped the traveler somewhat proudly, as if to impress the importance of her name upon the sergeant, and no more would she say. The high-sounding name was soon being ticked off in every station house in the city, and before long Frances' parents had reclaimed her from police protection.

Such incidents says the Philadelphia Record, are common at the police station, though the lost youngster's name is not often so awe-inspiring, and it is the boast of the police that of the thousands of toddlers lost every year not one fails to be restored to its parents. Children are as easily found as lost in a big city. Attracted by parades, roving musicians and almost any thing of an exciting character, the youngsters stroll away from home and often walk for miles until, foot-sore and weary, they cease their march to find themselves among strange surroundings. Bewilderment gives place to grief—the great relief of babyhood comes to their aid, and they beg to cry.

The childish outburst attracts the policeman, who by long experience knows the wail of a lost child from the ordinary every-day tear-shedding. Kindly taking the little one in hand he pines it with questions until acquainted with the facts of the adventure, and then he takes it to the station-house. The wanderer is often frightened by the strange faces of its questioners, and refuses to do any thing but cry. Numerous ways to get the child to talk are used by the police. The most successful is to procure a goodly supply of candy and cake. When the toddler's sweet tooth is touched it generally becomes reconciled, appears perfectly satisfied with its new quarters, and willing to talk if it can.

It is an easy matter to trace many of the runaways, but the great difficulty lies in finding out who the hundreds are that are not able to list a name or give an idea who they are or where they belong. Here the system of the Police Department comes into play. A careful description of the missing one is telegraphed to the Central station, even to the shoes and stockings worn by the truant. The operator at the Central station telegraphs the description to each of the twenty-five district station houses, telling when and where the child was discovered, what direction it came from, under what circumstances it was found, and, in fact, every thing that can be learned about it. At a change of square the description and details of the missing one are read by the lieutenant and every officer is ordered to look out for such a child.

In many cases, when a mother discovers that her child has strayed away she frantically searches the streets without informing any one, and often wastes hours of valuable time in this way. The first thing that a wise mother should do is to go at once to the district station-house and inform the house sergeant about the runaway. Cases are rare where, if properly reported, more than ten hours elapse before the child is recovered, and in many instances it takes but two or three hours to restore the truant. Parents should give the police a full description of the missing one, telling what clothes it wore and peculiarities that might attract notice.

It is an amusing sight to see a two-hundred-pound policeman taking a small toddler of two or three years to the station-house, the child gazing half-frightened at its burly captor. But the policeman's heart is generally as big as his body, and he takes great pleasure in plying his little charge with cakes, candy and questions. When the child reaches the station-house it is badly scared and afraid of the blue-coated guardians; but they soon overcome the youthful diffidence and have the young innocent contentedly playing in the telegraph room, gazing curiously at the instrument which is sending its description all over the city.

A feature of the child's recovery is the manner in which the parents, generally the mother, reclaim it. Some, when informed of their baby's whereabouts, hasten to the station-house, and, catching sight of the truant, rush blindly at the child, and pressing it to their bosom relieve themselves by a flood of motherly tears. The meetings are often very affecting, and many a stern policeman suspiciously blinks his eyes as he sees a fond mother reclaim her wandering baby. Other mothers, by the frequent straying of their

offspring gradually become used to hunting for them, enter the station-house calmly, administer a spanking to the youngster, and often depart without saying a word to the police beyond giving their name and residence.

Still others are so affected by the recovery of their children that they frantically grasp them in their arms and never stop until home is reached. Then there are heartless mothers, of whom the police say there are very few, who call for their lost children and reclaim them with a frown, as if sorry they had been recovered. A father meets his lost child with suppressed emotion, and generally retains presence of mind enough to heartily thank the police. Then he stalks down the street with his roving son perched on his shoulder.

The spirit of adventure is so pronounced in many children that they become known to the police department as professional runaways, and are recognized by the air of utter indifference which they assume when away from home. When picked up by the police they refuse to say who they are or where they belong, and they have to be badly frightened before they will acknowledge that they have run away. Detective Allmendinger, who restores more lost children than any other member of the department, discovered an eleven-year-old truant in Germantown the other day. The boy told a pathetic story of having lost his father and mother in a week's time, and said that his four brothers and three sisters had died within six months. The detective recognized him as a "professional" and threatened to lock him up in the house of refuge if he did not tell who he was. This scared the youngster, who acknowledged that he had run away a dozen times and that his parents lived in good circumstances in Camden.

Couldn't Hang Pictures.

Although a tramp, he was unquestionably telling the truth, when he said he was hungry. One had only to gaze at his pinched features or see his weak, staggering walk, to tell that he was almost starved. He reached the door at last, although more than once he was on the point of falling, and in answer to his weak tap on the door, the lady of the house appeared.

"Scuse me, madam," said he, as he shifted from one foot to the other, "but I am really in need of food, and I am certain that you would not see a fellow creature starve, when it is in your power to prevent it. For three whole days I have wandered with nothing to stay my stomach but a small piece of bread. Can't you help me?" The lady was about to slam the door in his face, when a bright idea struck her.

"Yes my good man," said she, "there is some cold roast beef, some apple pie, and some milk in the house, which I might let you have—"

"Oh thank you!" exclaimed the tramp, his mouth and eyes watering at the same time.

"But you will have to do a little work for me in return," said the lady. "I will do anything in reason," replied the tramp, cut wood, mow the grass, or anything, so long as I can get something into my stomach."

"Well then, after you have eaten all you can hold, I wish you to lay a carpet and re-hang some pictures in my parlor." A look of agony came over the starved wretch's face, as he fairly gasped—"Lay a carpet—hang pictures? No no, you cannot mean it. Oh, madam, have pity, remember that I starve. Ask me to move the house, to carry the piano up stairs—anything but hang pictures. I see no hope in your eyes, and I will leave to starve perhaps by the wayside. Once I had a wife, and we lived happily together till in an evil moment she requested me to hang some pictures. That drove me to drink, and I have been going the downward path ever since—Goodbye" and he staggered away.—Peck's Sun.

To Scald Milk Properly.

It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by the consumers, to prevent its souring. To scald milk properly, the following method is advised: Take a thin glass bottle provided with a rubber cork, fill it with milk nearly up to the neck, and place it uncorked in a kettle of water, which then should be gradually brought to a boil. When steam has commenced to escape from the bottle, cork it lightly, and continue the boiling for 35 to 40 minutes, and the process will be complete. A bottle of milk thus prepared, it is said, will remain sweet a month if kept in a cool place and tightly corked.—Boston Journal of Health.

The uniform gentility of some officials is all in the uniform.—Yonkers Gazette.

THE DIAMOND'S HOME.

Facts Concerning the Great Mines of South Africa.

The De Beers mine disaster in the South African diamond fields, by which twenty-four whites and two hundred natives perished, as reported from Cape Town, via London, has awakened fresh interest among those who deal in the most valuable of precious stones. By far the greatest portion of the diamonds now obtained come from the mines of South Africa, which were discovered near Hopetown in 1867 by some Dutch children. The mines are situated in Griqualand West, now a part of Cape Colony, in latitude 28 degrees 40 minutes, longitude 25 degrees 10 minutes east, about 640 miles northeast of Cape Town, and 50 miles from the sea coast. Although they are at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above the sea level, the heat is excessive during the summer months, when the work is principally carried on.

According to the first report of the terrible calamity it was that "the De Beers Coal Mine at Kimberley" had caught fire. The manifest error in regard to the character of the mine was not corrected in subsequent dispatches, but the cause of the fatal fire was explained this way: "While the shifts were being changed the hauling wire broke and the skip rushed down the shaft with frightful rapidity. The oil lamps were broken, and the blazing fluid quickly ignited the wooden casing of the shaft. Flames in great volumes shot up the shaft, completely preventing egress. The mine was soon filled with smoke, and the lights carried by the miners were rendered useless. The panic-stricken natives and whites, in their efforts to escape, became massed together in the galleries and were suffocated to death."

The superintendent of the De Beers Mine is Gardner F. Williams, of Oakland, Cal. He went to South Africa on his second trip in the latter part of 1886. He is a regular correspondent of George F. Kunz, Tiffany & Co.'s gem expert and mineralogist. A New York Times reporter talked with Mr. Kunz, and obtained from him some interesting facts about the De Beers mines.

The mine covers 13½ acres or 610 claims, each 31 feet square, with a roadway of 15 feet between each claim. The mines were originally worked in individual claims, 3,143 in number, each 31 feet square, with a roadway 7½ feet wide between each pair of claims. These small claims are now consolidated into about ninety large companies and private firms, having a gross capital of nearly \$50,000,000. There are four large mines, all within a radius of a mile and a half. The celebrated Kimberley covers seven and a half acres. Thirty-three million karats (over six and a half tons) of diamonds have already been taken out, valued in the rough at \$45,000,000 and after cutting at \$90,000,000. The absorption of the smaller by the larger companies is constantly going on, and it is proposed to consolidate all the companies into one. Ten thousand natives, each receiving £1 a week, are employed in the mines under the supervision of 1,200 European overseers. The enormous sum of over £1,000,000 is annually expended for labor.

This mammoth investment of European capital would have been more profitable to the shareholders were it not for the thievishness of the native diggers, who, instigated by the vicious whites that congregate on the field, at one time stole and disposed of from one-fifth to one-fourth of the entire yield. More improved methods of surveillance, recently introduced, have diminished this loss. None but authorized agents are permitted to purchase or possess rough diamonds, and a large detective force is on the alert to prevent any infringement of the rules. A record is now kept of every diamond found. The thieves have been caught making chickens swallow diamonds in the mine, and a post-mortem held on one of the natives who died suddenly revealed the fact that his death was caused by a sixty-karat diamond which he had swallowed.

According to the latest official reports there were employed in the De Beers mine 391 whites and 2,758 natives. Of the latter 300 were hired from the government at a cost of £58 per annum. Formerly the natives were allowed to leave the mines, but owing to the fraudulent traffic carried on, 2,300 of them were last year compounded. They practically lived in the mines, and were better off than those who had their freedom. The old system of open workings has been to a great extent abandoned for the shaft and underground plan. Under the original method the excavations were carried on to a depth of 500 feet. There were many accidents, owing to

the falling shale or reef. A rock shaft is completed to a depth of 841 feet and taps low levels. During the last year over 21,621 feet of main tunnel were driven. There is one shaft of 791 feet, and a third of 125 feet. As many as eighteen tribes of natives have been represented in the mines. Some of the natives have been known to tramp 1,000 miles to get work.

In 1887-88 890,000 loads of "blue stuff" were hauled out of the mines, and 850,906 loads yielded 979,732½ carats, for which the company received £984,085 14s 6d. The actual expenditure was £415,188, leaving a profit of £568,897. The De Beers mine is capitalized at £2,500,620 in £10 shares. These were quoted as high as £52 last month, and since then have slumped to £30 and again advanced to £39. It is the opinion of Mr. Kunz that the recent accident will cause another decline in shares. From September 1, 1882 to December 31, 1887, the De Beers mine yielded 344,015 karats, valued at £3,450,338, an average of £11½ per carat. This includes every thing taken from the mine. In the beginning of the enterprise the mine produced .4 karat per load, but last year the yield was .8 karat per load, a significant increase.

Water flows from the mine at the rate of 1,500 gallons per hour, and at the rate of 1,200 gallons from the rock shaft. There are pine big washing machines in use, which are more reliable than the hand or eye. It is so accurate that a diamond the size of a pin-head can not escape.

Consolation.

Dear Betty, when an hour ago
You scorned my humble offer
Because my lean and empty purse
Was not a well-filled coffer,
Why did you breathe your cruel "No"
With such a frightened quiver!
Perhaps you thought I meant to seek
Some suicidal river.
Ah, no, sweet girl! These modern times
Of cyclic calculation
Take wiser ways and means to end
A lover's desperation;
And Corydon no longer sighs
His heart away in sorrow,
But seeks a richer Phillis out
And woos again to-morrow.
—The Century.

A Cheerful Mourner.

"You want to buy de rat-trap?" said a bright-faced boy to James Slevin, Sr., of Folsom street, yesterday. "No," replied Mr. Slevin, "I don't think I do."
"You reada de paper dis morning?" observed the bright boy, with a happy smile.
"Yes, I did," replied Mr. Slevin with a puzzled smile.
"You reada de paper dat a boy he burns to death?" asked the boy.
"Yes."
"Well, he my bruda."
"Your brother," said Mr. Slevin.
"Well," you're a nice one, going about and selling rat-traps the day after your brother was burned to death."
"Why for a not?" remarked the young philosopher. "I staya at home an' cry, no make de mon. I make perhaps \$1 or \$2 to-day; then I go to the funeral to-morrow and have plenty of good time, eh?"
"Well, you are a bird," said Mr. Slevin.

"Oh, yes, I see him burn. He make de fire wid de oil. Phiz, boom! He alla de fire. I put my hand on him; we burn. I fetch de hose, but he all burn up. Rat-trap! rat-trap!" and the cheerful mourner went down the street, while James Slevin, Sr., shook his head and softly muttered to himself: "Well, if that doesn't beat the world."—San Francisco Post.

The Mexican Magney.

Among the many curious plants at Shaws's Garden is the Mexican magney. It grows wild in great freedom across the Rio Grande, and is called by the natives the "thread and needle" plant.

At a certain age it develops a dark brown thorn along the edges of the leaves. With a strong, quick jerk these spines can be pulled out, with a mass of quite long sinewy fibers attached. Indian boys gather large quantities of them and carry them home. After exposure to the sun for a short time the juice dries out of the vegetable thread, and it is ready with its needle for use. The fiber is very serviceable, and is used exclusively for sewing bags for pecan nuts, as well as divers other things. It is also cut from the needle and woven into coarse matting and cloth.

It is said that the Indian women even make hair brushes from the fiber. The brush is given the shape of a tassel, being wound tightly nearly to the end, with the same material. It does not penetrate their thick locks, but smooths and gives their hair a glossy appearance.—Unidentified Exchange.

CANADA'S ANNEXATION.

Dominion Leaders Will Make the Question a Campaign Feature.

Sherman's statement on the relations of the United States with Canada is accepted by statesmen and public men generally, irrespective of party, throughout the Dominion, as an intimation that the leading republicans have decided that Canada must be annexed or fight for her independent national existence. It is expected that annexation clubs will be started shortly throughout Ontario, Quebec and the maritime provinces. Leading imperial federation managers have resolved to push the immediate extension of the league to fight the annexationists. The question of annexation is coming rapidly to the front and showing out of sight the proposal of commercial union and unrestricted reciprocity. An annexation campaign this fall in preparation for the meeting of parliament in January is now considered inevitable.

Erastus Wiman has made public a letter he wrote to John Sherman and the latter's reply. In his letter Mr. Wiman says that while the scheme for the annexation of Canada was a bold and masterful policy from the United States point of view, he was thoroughly convinced that it would fail, because the people of Canada would not accept it. It would be strongly opposed and many would bitterly resent it. Mr. Sherman's reply was as follows:

Your opinions are certainly entitled to great weight and will receive full consideration. My own opinion has been for many years that political union between the United States and Canada has been inevitable, and that statesmen and patriots ought to look to bringing this about peacefully, upon terms of perfect equality, and so as to promote the interests of both countries. As to commercial union, I see no practical way to bring it about. We will have a good time to think of this, as the subject matter will not again be brought up in the senate until the next session.

Dakota's Wheat Crop.

The Dakota statistician's report for Oct. 1, shows that crops are even lighter than was reported Sept. 1. North Dakota suffered severely by the frost of Aug. 18, and what grain they have is a small shrunken berry and not fit for milling purposes. They will be obliged to come south of the frost line to secure their seed, as it is doubtful if it be safe to sow that touched by frost. Some spots were not injured by frost, but not enough to cut any figure. Central Dakota has produced a fair crop and of good milling quality. Two or three of the newer settled counties report good crops.

South Dakota was badly injured by the hot weather in July, which hastened harvest fully 10 days. Since harvest began little or no rain has fallen, which has enabled the farmers to secure the grain in good shape. All the grain threshed so far has been dry and in good condition except where it has stack-burned on account of its being cut before fully ripe and stacked before cured out.

Owing to the ruling high prices farmers are disposed to sell their grain as quickly as they can, and in many instances will sell themselves short of seed. From all parts of the territory come reports of prairie fires, which have destroyed thousands of acres of grain in the stack, and which must amount to hundreds of thousands of bushels of all kinds of grain.

A Crazy Assassin.

While standing in front of a cigar store in Binghamton, N. Y., Brando H. Walton, a well known insurance man, received what he supposed to be a "punch" in the side from William Gilbert, a cigar maker. Walton protested, saying that the blow hurt, whereupon Gilbert remarked, "But you're stabbed, don't you know?" and again repeated the "punching" operation, and immediately afterward, for a third time, plunged the long blade of a jack-knife in his victim's side. Walton is fatally hurt, and his wife, who is in delicate health, can hardly survive the shock. Gilbert, who is supposed to be crazy, narrowly escaped lynching.

A Temperance Gathering.

The national woman's christian temperance union will hold its fifteenth annual meeting in New York city, Oct. 19 to 23. Among those to speak are General Clinton B. Fisk, the prohibition candidate for president; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the prohibitionist new convert; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop of Michigan, the prohibitionist lecturer; Mrs. Clara Hoffman, the prohibitionist speaker of Missouri; Miss Frances E. Willard and Dr. Mar. Weeks, both delegates from Illinois to the national prohibition convention at Indianapolis. It is announced that Bishop Fallows of Chicago will preach.

Over 800 Drowned.

The steamer Belgic, which arrived in San Francisco on the 8th inst., from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brings news of the sweeping away of the whole of the new embankment of the Yellow river at Chang Chou. The building of the embankment was begun last autumn and carried on at the cost of over \$9,000,000. Of the 8,000 feet of the river wall that had been built not one inch remains. Water is flowing through the immense gap into Honan. From 800 to 1,000 laborers who were on the bank were swept away and drowned.

Three Men Killed.

A passenger and freight train on the B. & O., road collided near Dickerson, W. Va., the other night. Three men were instantly killed and six others were badly hurt, while the passengers miraculously escaped injury. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of orders on the part of the freightmen.

She Must Hang.

Mrs. Mary L. Garrett of Medina, Ohio, who has been convicted of the murder of her two imbecile step-daughters, is sentenced to be hanged on Jan. 24, 1889. Mrs. Garrett was the second wife of an old farmer. The victims of the crime were between 30 and 40 years of age.

Blood Hounds to be Used.

Sir Charles Warren, chief of the London police force, has decided to employ blood hounds in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders.

Two dangerous charges escaped from the criminal asylum at Iowa a few days ago. One was Chas. Jahnke, committed to the state prison from Jackson three years ago and still having two years to serve, for larceny of cattle. He is 34 years old, 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighs about 140 and has light hair, blue eyes, a light mustache, and talks English imperfectly. The other man was Geo. Croak, committed from Eaton county for robbery, and has served but a short part of his 10-year sentence. He is 40 years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, dark hair, whiskers and mustache, and face scarred. The men improvised a knife out of a horseshoe, unscrewed the fastenings of their door and succeeded in working their way to the yard after the watchman passed through their hall. Dr. Long offered a reward of \$25 for their capture, of \$50 for either.

CAN WOMEN THINK?

One of Them Argues on the Negative Side of the Question.

The most striking paper in the *Universal Review* for July is entitled "On a Certain Deficiency in Women," and is written by Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet," "Vestiga," and one or two other delightful stories, who veils her identity under the nom de plume of George Fleming. The problem proposed in this paper is "Have women a capacity for serious thinking?"—a question of which the writer plainly espoused the negative side. And the one great reason for their failure she alleges, is one so full of force, of unerring insight and of actual truth that it is impossible to deny it—the reason that women are practically never alone. "In the present writer's eyes," she says, "disability consists almost entirely in the feminine incapacity or radical disinclination (the word matters little) for serious concentrated and continued thought. And this again derives in a great measure from the crowded life, the gregarious habits, the sheep-like falling and halting of educated women. Whether it is imposed on them or accepted by them, the result so far as art and morals are concerned, remains the same." There is a depth of significance in this. To a woman in what is conventionally known as good society the love of solitude is utterly unknown. She is chaperoned and escorted and companioned till she has not only no clear idea of her own identity of which to have an idea. To achieve this result is, under circumstances that very frequently occur, a tax that becomes a serious burden materially, as well as a constant clog mentally. A man may take himself to any place or resort he pleases; be a spectator of its life, and yet retain, if he likes, the personal solitude of the primeval wilderness; but if a woman would go to the mountains, to the sea, to the city—anywhere she will—she must have at least a woman companion with her in the guise of a chaperone, friend or maid.

Otherwise, she will acquire at best a reputation for eccentricity, and, at worst, something even less desirable. And thus she never tastes the sweets of solitude. She never knows the silence of her inspirations. "There is scarcely one man in a thousand," says Miss Fletcher, "who, at some time in his life, has not felt and indulged the impulse to step out from the rank and file of his familiars and his contemporaries, and envisage his own nature stripped of its forms and surroundings; not a man worthy of the name but has searched for and found himself, 'has hewn out his own conviction and wrestled, like Jacob, through the long nights of his youth, with the stern-browed angel of some revelation. And all this implies voluntary solitude; it implies an impassioned interest in the impersonal and continuous habit of the mind. And are such things then, finally denied to the largest half of the adult population?" As society goes, they are; and it is hardly an extravagance to say that this denial of individual freedom is the most inimical influence to women's intellectual achievements. To a woman, living without members of her own family this unwritten law becomes a severe financial tax. In at least half the affairs of her life she must duplicate her expenses. Whenever she takes her walk abroad so to speak, she must invite a lady companion, and, as her companion is her guest, she must be entertained, both in the sordid matter of bills paid, but in what is often more—in giving her time and energy to her guest. Thus she is severely handicapped for intellectual work. She is cuffed, cribbed, confined. She can command no conditions for serious thought. And, "without serious thought behind it—a serious habit of thought"—as George Fleming well says, "talent of which the world is full lowers to the merest monkey trick of the imagination; a thing pliable to fashion, at once reigning over and dependent upon the idlest whims of the day."

No Marriage This Time

Naomi—George, say that you will be mine!"

George—Really, this is very sudden. I—er—I want to marry a girl who can keep house."

"I can keep house, love. I am a graduate of the cooking school, and I can make delightful bread."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not a paving contractor, and I don't know what I'd do with the bread."—*Nebraska Journal*

A Poer.

Small boy—Pa, teacher said to-day, "Study hard, boys; time flies."

Father—Very true, my son.

Small boy—Well, and a little while after he said, "time leaves footprints." Now, pa, how can "time" leave footprints if it flies?—*Judge*

EXPIRED FROM RAGE

A Newspaper Man Truthfully Describes His Experience on the Prairie Snake stories are in season, and we propose to tell one literally true, says the *Atlanta Journal*. We were riding over the unsettled prairies of Kansas with a companion, when we came suddenly upon a large prairie rattlesnake. The growth of grass all over the prairie was rank and thick, and fully six or eight inches high, except in the little flat or depressed spots where the water had stood until late in the spring; on these it was short and scant. It was one of these partially bare places, perhaps thirty feet square, that we came upon the snake. We took out our revolver, and were about to shoot at it, but our companion said: "Don't shoot." We had wasted most of our loads shooting at prairie-chickens, etc., and might need what we had left for other game.

There was not a stick large enough for a riding switch within a mile, but there were limestone rocks here and there on the prairie, and he said if we would keep the snake in the bare place he would ride a short distance back and get a rock where he had seen several. We undertook the task, but the snake was vicious, and bent on getting out into the high grass. Finding that he would get out if he had to pass under our horse, we drew back a few steps and fired at him. The ball struck and cut up the ground a few inches beyond him; but the discharge seemed to change his entire disposition and action. He wriggled to a small "resin weed" growing in the bare spot, and coiled himself tightly around it. By this time our companion had returned with a rock, and dismounting, we threw it at the snake. It struck the ground a few inches beyond him, and he never moved.

Approaching cautiously we drew away the stone with the crooked handle of an umbrella and again threw it at the snake. This time it did not quite reach him, but struck the ground near him and rolled over so as to touch him lightly. Still he never moved or rattled.

With some fear of danger we quietly touched him with the end of the umbrella, and as he still remained motionless and quiet we cautiously unwound him from his coil around the weed. He was limp as a rag, but entirely dead—dead all over; not even his tail gave any signs of vitality. There was not a bruise about him, and certainly we had not hurt him with either ball or rock. We could only conclude that in his rage or fright when fired at he had bitten and thus killed himself.

A Smoker's Ingenuity.

"Talking about ingenuity," said a drummer to a reporter of the *Chicago Herald*, "I want to tell you what I saw last winter out west. I was on a train that was snowed in for three days. The company sent us food, but they didn't send any cigars, and the train boy's stock was exhausted the first day. In the express car we found and confiscated a box of smoking tobacco, but there wasn't a pipe on the train. Among the passengers was a Connecticut Yankee who was just dying for a smoke. He got out in the snow and looked around for a weed, or something of that sort, which he might use in making a pipe, but couldn't find a thing. 'I'm going to have a pipe anyhow,' he said. So he took a lead pencil, opened the wood, took out the lead, and, placing the two strips together again, wound them tightly with the tin foil that came off the packages of tobacco, making them air tight. Then he took an apple, hollowed a bowl out of it, stuck his lead pencil stem into it, and had one of the nicest pipes you ever saw. If you don't believe it, make one for yourself sometime and try."

Distress in Venice.

A friend writes to me from Venice that inconceivable distress prevails there among the working classes, owing to the miserable low rate of wages. Skilled tradesmen who work hard for twelve hours a day six days in a week can only earn from 9s 6d to 14s per week. Clever woodcutters average 22s per week; clerks in private employment get 5s to 10s; those in public offices, 10s to 20s, and even those in the higher post get only 25s. The average government pay to post and telegraph functionaries is 15s 6d per week, from which income tax has to be deducted. Women engaged in lace and bead work, if industrious, earn 4s 6d to 6s. A daily governess, employed six hours every day, is paid 15s to 18s per month. The wages of agricultural laborers in the province of Venice average 3s to 4s 9d a week. The people yearn for the old Austrian days when wages were higher and there were practically no taxes.—*London Truth*

SNAKES IN PIECES.

A Serpent That Joined Itself Together After Being Cut in Two.

Persons that never saw a joint snake are naturally incredulous as to the fact of their existence. The observation of the writer and the killing of four or five of the "critters" in his life has removed all doubts, so far as he is concerned, says the *Corinth (Miss.) Herald*. The only open question remaining is: Do the disjointed snakes unite the pieces and live again? This is by many persons asserted, and yet by as many disputed. The uniting is just as reasonable as the disjointing. It is the tail, which constitutes about two-thirds of the animal, and not the body proper that disjoint. An old darkey whom we interviewed said: "I knows they gets together again, for I killed the tail of one, left in little short pieces; the head got away, and when I got back to the place the head had gathered all the pieces together and gone off." John Patterson, a very intelligent colored man, testified more directly to the point. He said: "I know they get together again. I have watched them; the head and body just back up to the pieces and bent its head back and hitched them on like coupling cars." Being closely cross-questioned, he said: "The snake searched about in the grass till it found the pieces, then turned its tail end to the piece and bent its head back and hitched the piece on; then gathered up the other pieces the same way."

The skin of these reptiles is somewhat of the nature of scales running around in rings. The joints are on the dove-tail order, the flesh appearing to be spongy and bloodless with a small bone running through the middle. When molested the snake throws off its tail into several pieces, and while the attention is directed to the floundering pieces, the head and main body slips off and hides. This much we know, and we don't doubt its ability to "put itself together again" if left alone to the task.

How Pussy Kills the Snake.

The experience of fear has enabled domestic animals to discern the presence of the enemy (the fer-de-lance) while invisible to man. Your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats; do not try to ride on until you are assured the way is clear—your animal has perceived far ahead two scintillating points, two moving sparks of fire. Or your dog may come running back, whining, shivering; accept his warning. The animals kept about country residences have learned to fight for their lives, the hen battles hopelessly for her chickens, the bull tries to gore his supple enemy, the pig gives more successful combat; but the creature who fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and begin to feint, teasing him, starting him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the topazine eyes glow then—they are flames. A moment more, and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the strong stroke of the armed paw that smites the horror aside, flinging it mangled and gasping, in the dust. Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; the enemy, still active, has almost instantly reformed his coil; but she is again in front of him, watching—vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful countering; the living death is hurled aside, the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye-socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But now the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied; before he can attempt to coil, Pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her—in vain! he will never lift his head; an instant more, and he lies still; the fine white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebrae just behind the triangular skull.—*Luscaden's Hearn, in Harper's Magazine.*

Bright and Quick.

Visitor (to convict)—"It seems a pity, my friend, that an intelligent-looking man like you should meet with this dreadful luck. What are you in for?"

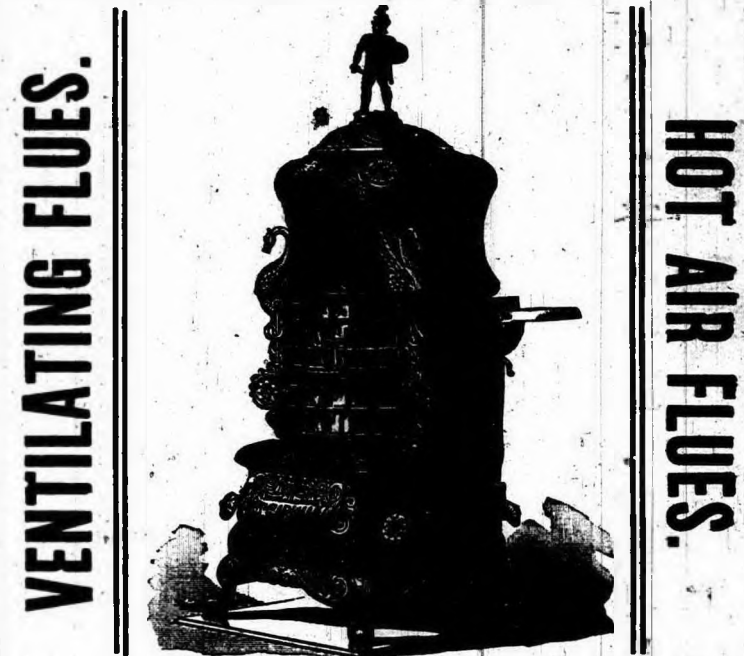
Convict—"Stealing."

Visitor—"And yet how easy it would have been for you to make an honest living. You are naturally bright and quick, are you not?"

Convict (with deep emotion)—"Yes, sir; I was always quick to pick up anything."—*Epoch*

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