

# Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY OCTOBER 19 1888.

WHOLE NO. 58

## 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.

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

### WHAT THEY SAY.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well,"  
Why truth should lie puzzles me to tell,  
But by the law of paradox 'tis shown  
If truth lies in a well, then let that well alone.  
—Metropolitan.

—Wheat is on the decline.  
—Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.  
—Dan Adams returned Friday from Dakota.

—It cost \$308,216.19 to run the county last year.  
—Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—Apple packing is keeping a number of our people busy at present.  
—The board of supervisors have been in session for several days past.

—A new harness shop soon to be opened here. I have come to stay, W. K. Gunsolus.  
—Dr. E. O. Bennett, of Wayne, and another gentleman whose name we are unable to recall were in town Monday.

—The Plymouth fair association after paying expenses, lease of ground, etc., expect to have about \$500 left from this year's exhibition.

—The Plymouth fair association desire all those entitled to premiums to call at the Plymouth National bank and get the same as soon as convenient.

—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\*

—The hour for evening services in all our churches has been changed to seven o'clock for the winter. All interested therein will please remember this notice, and be as prompt as possible at that hour.

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

—Wm. Blain, of Wayne, was in town Monday attending a suit of Aulman Miller & Co. vs. Edward E. Smalley indorsers of a note. Smalley failed to appear and Est. Chilson rendered judgment for the amount claimed.

—Lew Clark, formerly of the Kirkwood hotel, Detroit, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. He sold the Kirkwood for \$10,500 taking notes, and chattel mortgages on other property. When he came to sell these he could realize only a little over half their face value.

—The installation of the Rev. Jacques to the pastorate of the Northville Presbyterian church, took place on Thursday evening, of this week. Rev. W. A. Service, of Howell preached the sermon, Rev. J. F. Dickie, of Detroit, charged the pastor, and Rev. G. H. Wallace, of Plymouth, gave the charge to the people.

—The greatest national debt among the nations of the globe is borne by France. It is about \$9,250,000,000. Russia comes next, with \$3,600,000,000; then England, with \$3,560,000,000; Austro-Hungary, with \$2,485,000,000; Italy, with \$2,225,000,000; Spain, with \$1,207,500,000; and Prussia with \$1,000,000,000.—N. Y. Sun.

—"Burgoyne Boy," an imported stallion, belonging to James Bunker, of Belleville, and valued at \$3,000, died of inflammation of the brain a week ago last Sunday night. This is the second high priced horse that Mr. B. has lost since he has been here and he feels the loss very much. "Burgoyne Boy" was purchased when he was four years old by Mr. B. for \$2,500, and he has only had him four years.

—A Kansas City court has made the following decision: "There can be no law which prevents women from dressing in male attire and appearing in public therein, so long as they do not conduct themselves in a disorderly manner. Any ordinances to the contrary are illegal. It is the latest fad for ladies to dress in the garments of the opposite sex, and women are gradually coming to it, it is the correct thing, not only for health, but for comfort."

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Mrs. J. J. Bunting, of Wayne, visited in town Tuesday.

—Andrew Passage is very ill, with little if any chance for his recovery.

—Mrs. Fremont Wallace and two children, of Oxford, were guests at L. C. Hough's for the past week.

—A man of Galveston, Texas, ate twenty-three eggs at one meal. The jury said he died from ova-feeding.—Puck.

—The Detroit base ball club now occupies fifth place. Owing to their poor playing, orchard luck, as you choose to call it.

—Full line of millinery, latest fall and winter styles at Mrs. Hattie Shattuck's, over R. G. Hall's store. All are cordially invited to call.

—Among the many wax figures on exhibition at Wonderland, Detroit, is one of Sheriff Littlefield, which has just been added this week.

—Mrs. O. Westfall, while putting up a curtain on Monday, fell from a chair upon which she was standing, fracturing a rib and otherwise injuring her.

—Rev. P. G. Robertson is in attendance at the Baptist convention, of the State of Michigan, now in session at Ann Arbor. He is one of the delegates from the Wayne Baptist association.

—The Rev. P. G. Robertson will resume his Sabbath evening discourses upon the "Bible Mountains," next Sabbath. The subject of the second sermon is "Mount Moriah. Time, 7:00 p. m.

—George Vandecar moved his barber shop from the Berdan house into the Laufer building, on Tuesday, and Erny Passage immediately opened shop in the room which Vandecar left.

—Fred Shaler 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. 57tf

—On account of a couple of freight cars jumping from the track on the D., L. & N., at Greenfield, last Saturday morning, our citizens did not get their morning's mail until in the afternoon, the road being blockaded.

—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 association has lost about \$15,000 this season. There is some talk of selling out the payers and franchise for which they hope to realize \$35,000 to \$40,000. At the close of last season the club would have brought \$75,000 they say. They come high.

—Harrison Peck and William Coats, of Livonia, while in Detroit last Friday evening, wagered fifty dollars each on the result for sheriff, Peck staking his money on Littlefield (it he received the nomination) and Coats put up his money on Youngblood. Peck and several others were endeavoring to get more bets of the same kind, but they couldn't find any takers.

—The food of the Sultan of Turkey is cooked by one man and his aids. It is prepared in silver vessels, and each vessel is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp after the meal is cooked. These seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who tastes a spoonful of each dish before the Sultan takes it. The annual expenditure of the Sultan's household is over \$41,000,000.—Ex.

—The Band of Hope reassembled in the Presbyterian church, on Sabbath afternoon, October 14, Mrs. Hattie Shattuck presided. Readings were given by Blanche Starkweather and Ella Smith. There was music by the choir and by the children, interspersed with a few recitations. The address was given by the Rev. Geo. H. Wallace, on "The saloon the vesuvius of society." A collection of pennies and a distribution of children's papers preceded the benediction.

—Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price fifty cents and one dollar per bottle at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

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# REMEMBER OUR PLATFORM!

## RELIABLE GOODS AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

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

Remember we are headquarters for Butterick's Patterns.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# 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. Stillwagen, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success. 36

**GO TO H. WILLS,**



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

**I SELL MY OWN MAKE OF Wagons and the Wayne Buggies. All Styles.**

I have been through the factory at Wayne, and know that they use good material.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**

Opposite Shaler'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.

Diphtheria Carries on Trains. Application to the officers of the Michigan Central railroad to carry disinfected bodies dead of dangerous diseases in Michigan, are referred to the office of the state board of health.

Relative to a recent application for the removal of the body of a child that died of diphtheria the last of May, 1887, the secretary of the state board of health feels it his duty to advise that no removal be permitted at this season of the year; and not until a longer time had elapsed since the death.

October Crop Report. The Michigan crop report for October indicates that the wheat product of Michigan for the present year amounts to 23,381,504 bushels, an average of 13.8 bushels per acre.

Peninsular Pointers. The postoffice department has established 28 new money order offices in Michigan. The Sherman house in Flint was robbed of a quantity of clothing the other night.

Guavae Worner, fireman in Leitell's machine works in Grand Rapids, was instantly killed the other morning by the explosion of the boiler. He was 17 years old and had just been promoted to the position of fireman, and that morning came down unusually early to fire up.

Mrs. George Weaver of Hudson was frightfully burned about the head and arms by a pan of boiling water, into which she had placed some gasoline for laundry purposes, taking fire from an oil stove.

Walter Forria, nine years old, of Hudson, was kicked in the head by a horse which he was chasing into a barn, and received injuries from which he cannot recover. He has not regained consciousness since the accident.

Homer W. Nash, United States bank examiner, has been elected cashier of the Fourth National bank at Grand Rapids. The annual reunion of the Second Michigan infantry was held in Kalamazoo on the 10th inst.

At the grand encampment of Michigan Odd Fellows, held in Grand Rapids on the 10th inst., the following grand officers were elected: Patriarch, James M. Crosby; Jackson, priest, A. D. Crookbank; Charles, wolver; sealor, James Dean, Detroit; junior, Wm. W. Owen, Muskegon; secretary, E. H. Whitney, Lansing; treasurer, H. Soule, Ann Arbor; marshal, E. K. Root, Plainwell.

The annual reunion of Company B, Forty-fourth Illinois infantry, was held in Coldwater on the 10th inst. This company was recruited there by Capt. W. W. Barret in '61. Officers for the ensuing year are: President, Wm. A. Miller, Flint; secretary, Benj. F. Rolph, Tekonaha; treasurer, L. S. Daniels, Coldwater; executive committee, Wm. Joles, Dan DeClare, John Rubendorf, Coldwater.

John Nelson, a convict at state prison, who murderously assaulted Keeper Freeman, has gone crazy and has been taken to retreat for insane at Ionia. B. Hawley, who was arrested at Lansing on charge of forgery preferred by Williamston hotel keeper, was discharged by authorities when returned to Williamston.

Entries at university of Michigan closed with 1,649 names. This, with credible estimates of later entries, will be increased to 1,877, far ahead of any other American college. The freshman literary class numbers 354.

A Michigan Central special train, bearing President Ledyard, General Superintendent Vaughn and Assistant Miller, passed through Gaylord at 9 o'clock the other morning. It struck a team and wagon carrying three men. The men and horses were thrown fully forty feet. George Fuller had his thigh broken and was injured internally. Wm. E. Hatch had his head injured. The horses were only slightly hurt.

Alexander Harvey, grandfather of Countess Clerk Harvey of Kent county, died at Grand Rapids, Oct. 11, aged 90. He heard roar of cannons at Waterloo and took part in other events known in European history. The Kent county board of supervisors have awarded the contract for building the county house to the Western construction company (W. E. Avery & Co.) of Detroit, for \$100,000. Work will begin immediately on the foundation.

The bills for the state military encampment, submitted to the military board, show that the expenses this year was a trifle over \$1 less per capita than that of last year's encampment, while the number of men in camp was nearly 250 more. George Williams of Port Huron and a woman named Martha Foster, were arrested in East Saginaw, the other day on a charge of adultery, Williams' wife making the complaint.

At the reunion of the Twentieth Michigan volunteers, in Ypsilanti, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. S. S. French; vice-president, Andrew Knight; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Hicks; executive committee, Henry Barber and Jas. O. Kelly, all of Battle Creek. The annual convention of the grand division of the Sons of Temperance of Michigan was held in Ypsilanti, Oct. 11. Reports of delegates showed a gratifying growth of the order, and financial prosperity. The officers elected for the next year are: Grand patriot, Mrs. Amanda Gumpson, Detroit; grand worthy associate, Mrs. M. C. Fisher, Detroit; grand scribe, Joseph P. Ypsilanti; grand treasurer, H. W. Randall, Ypsilanti; grand chaplain, E. W. Onda, Pine Lake; grand conductor, A. D. Mansfield, Pontiac; grand sentinel, J. O. Palmer, Ypsilanti.

coal barge. In 1838 she was entirely rebuilt and nothing of the original left with the exception of her hull, which is in fine condition, although it is badly chipped off by relic hunters. Harry Trezona and wife of Negaunee quarreled the other night, and the next morning Trezona died. His wife said that he had taken poison, but afterward contradicted herself. The stomach of the dead man has been sent to Chicago for analysis and the wife is in the custody of the sheriff.

The United States court in Detroit has issued an injunction to restrain Hon. William L. Webber, the Michigan executor of the Jesse Hoyt will, from selling certain portions of the estate of the deceased, until a contest now pending in New York city is decided.

The reunion of the First Engineers and Mechanics was held in Lansing October 11. The following officers were elected: President, General William P. Innes of Grand Rapids; secretary, Fay Wyckoff, East Saginaw; treasurer, Charles F. Burdock, Saginaw City; executive committee—A. McMaster, Co. A.; Lansing; J. D. Butler, Co. A.; Charlotte; J. A. Stone, Co. B.; Flushing; R. G. Bishop, Co. G.; Bellevue; H. Knowlton, Co. K.; Eaton Rapids; J. S. Homes, Co. F.; Grand Ledge; G. A. Potts, Co. W.; and William Hess, Co. D.; Grand Rapids; M. M. Currier, Co. D.; Jonia; William Herbert, Co. I.; Hobart; Charles Van Alstine, Co. I.; and W. W. Waldron, Co. C.; Lansing. The next meeting will be held in Lansing the second Thursday in October, 1889.

The Presbyterian synod in session at Flint, adopted a resolution declaring that no christian should call for his mail on Sunday, no one should patronize the grocer, butcher or baker on that day. They should strongly oppose sacred concerts on Sunday, or excursions or anything of such a nature.

R. Kondo of the mining university of Japan, who is reported to be the wealthiest man in Japan outside of the royal family, will soon visit Michigan for the purpose of examining the copper-mines in the upper peninsula. He operates 16 different mines of gold, silver and copper in his own country, and now desires to obtain a thorough knowledge of the mining machinery used in America.

The four story brick building of the Laminated manufacturing company in Kendall, Kalamazoo county, was destroyed by fire Oct. 12. As the village has no fire department, the flames had full sway, and but little was saved. The company manufactured road carts, pulleys, chair seats and veneered woods. The cause of the fire is unknown. Many men are thrown out of work. Several buildings across the street were also burned. The total loss on the company's building, machinery and stock is \$30,000; insurance, \$10,000.

The employers of women labor in Jackson are agitating the matter of establishing well conducted cheap boarding houses for their operatives. Nearly 2,000 sewing machines operatives find employment in that city, whose wages average about \$5 per week.

The Michigan artillery association has elected the following officers: President, H. V. D. Baker of Hillsdale; vice-president, Capt. M. D. Elliott of Holly; secretary, C. J. Burnett of Lansing; treasurer, F. Faulkner of Duck Lake. The association will meet in Lansing the second Thursday in Oct. 1889.

Twenty choice Hamburg and Leghorn chickens belonging to Herbert Schaefer of Bay City, were stolen the other night. They were valued at \$200, and took first prize at the Grand Rapids poultry show.

Henry Gamble, a lumberman of considerable prominence in East Saginaw, and Miss Catherine Burns of Saginaw City were arrested the other day on a charge of being unduly intimate. Gamble says the matter is simply caused by his wife's inordinate jealousy, but Mrs. Gamble says she has ocular proof of the charges.

George Leichman, a Milford bachelor who has for some time been off his mental balance, hung himself the other day. The United States court at Bay City has been adjourned to Oct. 23. Martin McNeerney of Mud Lake, who was convicted of keeping a "den," has been sentenced to four years and a half at Jackson state prison.

Lightning rod agents are working the farmers in southern Michigan on a new scheme. They assume to have testers which they apply to old rods, and then usually concern them and offer to put up new ones and take the old ones as part pay. They first secure the farmer's name to a contract, which turns up in a note for three or four times the original.

By direction of the acting secretary of war to complete the record, the discharge of First Lieut. Birney Hoyt, Company A, Sixth Michigan cavalry volunteers, June 21, 1865, is amended to take effect May 14, 1865. He is mustered into service as captain of the same company and regiment, to date May 15, 1865; mustered out and honorably discharged as captain June 21, 1865, and he is mustered for pay in said grade during the period embraced between the aforesaid dates.

The grand chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star of the state of Michigan held its twenty-second annual session in Grand Ledge, with a public installation of the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. A. A. Matteson, W. G. M.; C. Waterbury, W. G. P.; Mrs. O. L. Davison, A. G. M.; C. R. Hutchinson, A. G. P.; T. Phillips, G. S.; Mrs. Kate A. Winans, G. T.; Mrs. Mary A. Wilber, G. C.; Mrs. Rosella Leighton, A. G. C.; B. S. Pratt; C. Mrs. Lottie Polhamus, Grand Adah; Mrs. Kate Rider, Grand Ruth; Mrs. Julia E. Clark, Grand Esther; Mrs. A. M. Purdy, Grand Martha; Mrs. Mary E. Decker, Grand Electa; Mrs. Jane Chappel, G. W.; S. H. Hall, G. S.; Mrs. S. L. Marsh, G. M. One hundred and fifty delegates and visitors were present. Nearly every lodge in the state was represented and all enjoyed themselves, as the weather was very pleasant. The next meeting will be held in Lansing.

Harvey Murphy of Standish, who has been arrested for scaling \$200 at Sterling, is only 11 years old. The road bed of the B. C. & D. C. railroad is ready for the iron from Midland City to the Bay county line. The Presbyterian synod of Michigan, at its recent session in Flint, voted to raise a \$100,000 endowment fund for Alma college. Michael Carp of Lawrence has a pair of cattle weighing 4,200 pounds. Another counterfeit money epidemic has broken out in Port Huron and Sarnia, and the Canadian officials are now on the move to see what they can do to capture the chaps who are shoving it. It is claimed that over 3,000 sheep, mostly lambs, have been sent south from Hillsdale county for the winter, to get the advantage of ever green pastures.

W. H. Hood, has been appointed general manager of the Ropes gold and silver mining company at Ishpeming. Dr. J. N. Martin has been appointed to the chair of obstetrics in the university. Al Moore, well known in society circles in East Saginaw, a clerk in Birney's drug store, while under the influence of morphine, it is supposed, remembered the combination of Berney's safe, went there,

opened it and took \$50. He was arrested, and bound over to the circuit court. In default of \$500 bail, he is in durance vile. At the recent meeting of the university regents the question of dividing the medical department of the university was settled for the present beyond question, by the adoption of this resolution: "Resolved, That it is neither practicable nor desirable to remove any portion of the medical department to Le roit or elsewhere; and that it is the settled policy of the board that the university shall be maintained in entirety at Ann Arbor, as it is at present established." Regent Field tried to have the resolution tabled, but every other member of the board voted against him.

Every school teacher in Michigan is cordially invited to attend the meeting of the Michigan schoolmasters' club at Ann Arbor on the 27th inst. Moses Rogers, who had lived in Ann Arbor since 1831, died on the 15th inst. August Gurschka, traveling man for the Detroit Abend Post, had a paralytic stroke at the Sherman hotel in East Saginaw the other day. He was removed to the hospital where he died a few hours later.

The much contended will case of Horace J. Perrin has been decided in the United States court in Detroit by Judges Jackson and Severens, and the complainants were conceded nearly everything they asked. Joel J. Perrin, who was the administrator of the estate, followed by a dozen other heirs, brought the case against Darius Perrin and several others to set aside the deeds to large tracts of land in Michigan. The property consisted of some 3,500 acres of wild and farmed lands, worth some \$100,000, and the old gentleman, instead of willing the property, made numerous deeds of it conveying it to Darius and the others. Joel Perrin and the others attacked these deeds on the grounds that they were obtained under influence and fraud. The decree handed down by the court set aside the conveyance, discharged the receiver and found generally for the complainants with costs.

William Lee, an old resident of Jackson, dropped dead the other day while eating his dinner. Charles R. Ellenwood, formerly collector of the Kalamazoo gas company, and who recently moved in the highest social circles there, has left the city, leaving many bills unpaid, and owing \$60 to the American house for board.

John Elisea, a prominent fruit grower of Lawton, eloped with his servant girl in the absence of his wife. Paul Worth and Michael Grant of Bay City have been held for trial on a charge of robbing the house of William Chisolm in Alpena. A Jewish orthodox synagogue was organized in East Saginaw the other day. The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rigless of East Saginaw swallowed a piece of glass the other day, and died a few hours later in terrible agony.

The 100th anniversary of the Catholic church in Monroe was celebrated on the 15th inst. A magnificent parade of chariots, carriages and horsemen took place, despite the unpropitious weather. The city was crowded with visitors. Articles of association have been filed organizing the Northern Michigan railroad company. The line will be from Houghton to Watermead.

Rev. George Ransom, who has served as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Muir for 24 years, has gone to Hancock to reside. Lumbermen are going into the woods much earlier than usual, which indicates that they expect a demand for a big cut next year. The National copper mine in Ontonagon county is going to resume business again, after a long spell of idleness. The French copper trust has made copper mining more profitable than it had been before in years.

A. T. Slater, who was the sole survivor of the schooner Green Bay when she was wrecked near South Haven last year, has just been safely through three bad railroad wrecks in Texas and a yellow fever quarantine at Galveston.

Detroit Markets. Wheat—No. 2 red spot, and October, \$1 10; December, \$1 13; May, \$1 15 1/2; 17; No. 1 white, spot, \$1 09 1/2 @ 1 09 3/4; October, \$1 09 1/2 @ 1 10; December \$1 11. Corn—No. 2 spot, 46c; No. 3, spot, 45c. Oats—No. 2 white, spot, 30c; October 29 3/4; No. 2 mixed, 28 3/4; No. 3 24 3/4 @ 25c; light mixed, 27 3/4. Cloverseed—Prime, spot \$5 80; October, \$5 90; No. 2, spot, \$5 50. Rye—No. 2, spot, 60c. Barley—No. 2 is quoted at \$1 45 @ 1 50 per cwt.

Provisions—Detroit new mess, \$16 00 @ 16 25; family pork \$16 @ 19 25; short cask, 19 50 @ 19 75; lard, in tierces, 9 1/2 @ 10c; kegs, 10 @ 10 1/2; tallow, 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; hams, 12 1/2 @ 13c; shoulders, 8 @ 9c; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; dried beef hams, \$9 50 @ 10; extra mess beef, new, \$7 50; family beef, \$7 50 @ 8. Flour—Michigan patent, \$8 50; roller, \$3 00; Minnesota patent, \$7 50; Minnesota bakers', \$6 25; Rye, \$3 75 per bbl. Market very strong.

Hides—Green No. 1, 4 1/2; No. 2, 3 1/2; cured No. 1, 5 1/2; No. 2, 4c; sheepskins, 50c @ \$1 50, to the wool; green calf, 5c; salted calf, 6 1/2c per lb. Game—Partridge, 60c per pair; woodcock, \$2 50 @ 3 per doz.; common ducks, 30 @ 35c; and Mallards, 75c per pair; rabbits, 10 @ 15c each; squirrels, \$1 per doz. Hay—in carlots, baled Timothy No. 1, \$11 @ 12 25 per ton; No. 2, do. \$10 @ 11 25; clover, \$7 @ 7 25; straw, nominal at \$5 @ 6 25. Timothy, loose pressed, 45c; in wagon lots, \$3 @ 3 15.

Poultry—Roosters, 4c per lb.; fowls, 7c; spring chickens, 8c; turkeys, 8 @ 9c; ducks, 6c; pigeons, 30c; squabs, 35c per pair. Eggs of all kinds large. Wood—Hard maple, \$3 75 per cord; hickory \$3 75; beech and maple, \$3 25; soft white ash, \$3 50; soft maple, \$5. For sawing and splitting \$1 per cord extra.

Wool—Firm; fine, 24 @ 25c; medium, 22 @ 23c per lb.; coarse, 20 @ 21c; unwashed, 1 1/2 @ 1 15. Apples, per bbl. \$1 50 @ 1 75. Beans, picked, 1 55 @ 1 60. "Unpicked, 1 00 @ 1 25. Butter, 21 @ 22. BUTTER, 21 @ 22. TALLOW, 4 1/2 @ 5. CHEESE, per lb. 9 @ 9 1/2. DRIED APPLES, per b. 6 1/2 @ 7. EGGS, per doz. 10 @ 17. HONEY, per lb. 17 @ 18. HOPS, per lb. 18 @ 18. MALT, per bu. 90 @ 105. ORIONS, per bu. 1 00 @ 1 25. POTATOES, per bu. 33 @ 35. SWEET POTATOES, per bbl. 2 75 @ 3 00. PEAS, per bu. 4 50 @ 5 00. PEACHES, per bu. 85 @ 1 00. CHERRIES, per bu. 2 75 @ 3 00. QUINCES, per bbl. 4 50 @ 5 00. CRAB APPLES, per bu. 75 @ 1 00.

LIVE STOCK. Hogs—Market rather quiet and prices unchanged; light grades, \$5.00 @ 5.05; rough packing, \$3.25 @ 5.50; mixed lots, \$5.05 @ 5.05; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3.90 @ 5.20. Cattle—Inferior to fair native beefs, \$3.25 @ 4.25; medium to good, \$4.75 @ 5.75; cows, \$1.25 @ 3; stockers and feeders, \$2 @ 3.50. Sheep—Weak, lower; natives, \$2 @ 4.25; westerns, \$3.25 @ 3.00; Texans, \$3.75 @ 3.50.

MACKENZIE'S REPORT.

Emperor Frederick's British Physician Defend's Himself.

Charges of the German Doctors Refuted. The British Medical Reporter of London publishes a synopsis of the contents of Sir Morrill Mackenzie's forthcoming book upon the Emperor Frederick's disease and its treatment. At the outset Dr. Mackenzie complains that, in preparing his defense, he has been placed at a marked disadvantage by being refused access to important documents which were available to his assailants. He then declares that he never deceived his royal patient as to the nature of the malady or its serious character. On the contrary, the sufferer was kept fully and accurately informed. The author has ample proof that the German doctors made the charge and the deception knowing it to be false, hoping thereby to prejudice Frederick against his British adviser. Beginning with October, 1887, Dr. Mackenzie says Prof. Bergmann admitted that Mackenzie's course was a correct one. The visit to England had been arranged before Mackenzie was summoned to take charge of the case.

On the much discussed question of unskillful operations, Dr. Mackenzie says that Prof. Bramann's tracheotomy was, on the whole, well done, but the trachea was opened three millimetres to the right of the middle line. Bramann's canula was of unusual shape and size and the lower end impinged on the posterior wall of trachea, causing gradual destruction of the tissue and resulting in intense discomfort and consequent exhaustion of the patient. Dr. Mackenzie asserts that Prof. Bergmann gave his diagnosis as secondary cancer of the lung through finding dullness back of the liver. Bergmann obstinately adhered to this theory, and Prof. Kusamul had to be brought from Straasburg before Bergmann would admit his mistake.

Perhaps the most serious charge made by the English physician is contained in the statement that he does not hesitate to say that the death blow was given the patient on April 11, when the false passage made by Bergmann's tube caused extensive suppuration around the trachea, which steadily drained the strength of the sufferer and shortened his life at least ten months. The statement is made that, except when the false passage was made and Bergmann thrust his finger into the wound Frederick never suffered actual pain.

The British Medical Journal gives facsimiles of two of the last scripts that Frederick wrote. They were both obtained, however, from Dr. Mackenzie. The first, written April 19, has reference to a change in the medicine given him, and reads: "The same Howell tried just before Bergmann ill-treated me." The second is an expression of sympathy with Dr. Howell over the loss of his father.

The Daily News prints the following extracts from a letter from Empress Frederick to Dr. Mackenzie, which is not included in Dr. Mackenzie's book: "I took care to tell all the eminent German doctors I met that you said, the first time I saw you, that though what you saw was innocent, yet you could not be certain until Prof. Virchow made an examination, and that you said that malignant disease might be present somewhere out of sight, though there was no proof of it, the most unfavorable element in the case being Frederick's age. You also said that you could not promise any security that a malignant growth might not appear some day. You said that the operation proposed was running too great a risk, and then even if it should succeed the condition of the patient would be so terrible after all that his chance if let alone, would be more favorable. I have since heard that different German doctors approved this course as the best under the circumstances."

The Grand Stand Feil. A grand stand which had been erected in Quincy, Ill., to accommodate 5,000 people who were to witness the display of fireworks, the "Bombardment of Alexandria," by Pain & Sons, fell on the evening of Oct. 10.

The amphitheatre was crowded with people, and probable not less than 6,000, instead of 4,500 as at first reported, were massed upon the seats. Scarcely had the first rocket been fired when the supports at the west end of the structure gave way, and the 800 feet of seats slid over, and the vast multitude were hurled upon the ground to be buried in the mass of lumber that fell upon it. The air was filled with the cries and moans of the wounded, while the panic-stricken people sought escape from the debris. With the descent of the platform the electric lights which were to light the grounds, but which were extinguished by said the display, were incapacitated for service, and the darkness of the scene added to its terrors.

As the lights from the pyrotechnics lighted up the horrible scene the able-bodied sought their friends, while the more humane began the work of aiding the injured. The adjacent houses were converted into impromptu hospitals and improvised stretchers bore the wounded from the spot. A. W. Wells, a prominent attorney and member of the legislature, and J. M. Stewart are fatally injured, while others barely escaped instant death.

October Crop Report. The October crop returns show that the condition of the present corn crop has been equalled only three times in 10 years, and is exceeded materially only by 1879, when the condition was 98, and the subsequent ascertained yield 28 bushels. The present average of condition is 92, against 94.2 in September. There has been no decline in the northwest, and the status of the great corn surplus states remain as on Sept. 1. The indications favor a result ranging from 28 bushels per acre making a full average.

The general average for winter wheat is 12 bushels per acre, and for spring wheat slightly over 10 bushels. The former has yielded better than the early expectation, the latter much worse. The quality is much below the average, which will still further reduce the supply, as will be shown more exactly hereafter from testimony of inspection and millers' weights. The winter wheat averages of states of considerable production are: New York 14.1 bushels, Pennsylvania 13.7, Maryland 14.5, Virginia 8.7, Texas 11.2, Michigan 14.5, Indiana 11.3, Illinois 13, Missouri 12.6, Kansas 14.7, California 12.7, Oregon 16.3.

The spring wheat averages are: Wisconsin 11.8, Minnesota 8.7, Iowa 10.3, Nebraska 10.8, Colorado 17.5, Dakota 9.2, Montana 16.5, Washington 18.5, Utah 16.6. The spring wheat of the New England states ranges from 14 to 16 bushels.

A Bold Mail Robbery. A bold mail robbery was perpetrated on the night of October 12, by which most of the arriving mails in Buffalo, N. Y., from all points were plundered, and papers, documents and money extracted.

An examination revealed the fact that the robbery had been general in character, and covered letters from Canada, Pennsylvania, New York State, New Orleans, Boston, and every point east, west, north and south. There were in the basket checks, drafts, mercantile orders and the usual miscellany which goes to make up a business mail. Among other things were Louisiana lottery

tickets. The thief had disregarded everything but cash, and checks and drafts were thrown aside after being mutilated. John Shields, a night clerk in the office, was arrested on suspicion, and has since made a full confession.

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT.

One Ekursion Train Crashes Into Another.

Killing 25 Persons and Injuring 40 Others. A special train on the Lehigh Valley railroad carrying the Wilkesbarre delegation home from Hazleton, Pa., from the Father Mathew celebration on the evening of Oct. 10, was wrecked above Penn Haven and the cars piled in a shapeless mass, one being stood upon its end. All the cars were crowded and the fatalities will run into awful figures, the number of killed being 25. Many were crushed to death instantaneously, while others suffered agonizing torture before the end came. Hundreds of others were injured, some of whom will die.

The first train left Hazleton about 5 p. m. The first three sections came through without accident, the disaster happening to the fourth and fifth sections. For some reason not explained the fourth section was standing on the track near the little station of Mud Run, five miles below White Haven, when the fifth section shot around a curve close behind and crashed into it.

The cars were smashed and broken, and hurled off the track. The road lies close beside the Lehigh river, a steep embankment 60 feet high running down to the water. Several of the cars rolled down this, and others were crushed against the cutting on the other side.

The responsibility for the catastrophe is not fully determined.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The senate has practically determined that final action on the tariff bill will not be taken until after election.

The acting secretary of war has appointed Capt. Geo. M. Randall, Twenty-third Infantry, to act as inspector of certain camp and garrison equipment and recruiting property, at the recruiting rendezvous, No. 61 West Congress street, Detroit, reported as requiring the action of an inspector, and for which Capt. John S. Loud, Ninth cavalry recruiting officer is accountable.

Speaker Carlisle characterizes the senate tariff bill as a bad measure.

The house has passed the bill to pay the freedmen of the Cherokee Indian nation \$75,000.

The house has passed the bill providing for the counting of the presidential votes. It directs that the certificates and lists of votes for president and vice-president of the United States shall be forwarded to president of the senate forthwith after second Monday in January, on which the electors shall give their votes; and that section 141 of the revised statutes of the United States is hereby so amended as to read as follows: Whenever a certificate of votes from any state has not been received at the seat of government on the fourth Monday of the month of January, in which their meeting shall have been held, the secretary of state shall send a special messenger to the district judge, in whose custody the certificate of the votes from that state has been lodged, and such judge shall forthwith transmit that list to the seat of government.

The senate has passed a bill to pay the widow of the late Chief Justice, Waite \$4,475, the balance of his year's salary.

John H. Oberly, recently nominated and confirmed as United States commissioner of Indian affairs, has taken the prescribed oath and formally entered upon the duties of the office.

The bill appropriating \$50,000 for the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion act has passed the senate.

Seventy-two Sioux chiefs arrived in Washington the other night to confer with the secretary of the interior and the President regarding the treaty.

The effects of the Chicago wheat "squeeze" upon the export of the cereal from the United States ports is shown in the treasury statement just issued, giving tables of the exports of breadstuffs for the month of September and for the three months ending with Sept. 30, together with a comparative table of the exports of the same articles for the similar periods of 1887. The statement shows that for three months just ended the entire exportation of wheat from all ports of the United States during the past three months was only 16,273,975 bushels, against \$3,128,170 for the same period of 1887. Of the wheat exports this year 3,736,034 bushels were shipped from the port of New York, against 13,537,413 bushels a year ago. Boston shipped 481,658 bushels during the three months, against 1,571,211 bushels for the three months ending with Sept. 30, 1887. The proportions were in the same ratio from all other ports, except those on the Pacific coast, where the returns show an increase, the total exports of wheat from San Francisco and Portland having been 7,237,220 bushels during the past three months, against 5,665,615 for the corresponding period of 1887.

Mrs. Cleveland has returned to Washington from her vacation in the Adirondacks.

Sixty-one chiefs and sub-chiefs from the great Sioux reservation in Dakota visited President Cleveland the other day. Prominent among them was Sitting Bull, who "made the medicine" for the Custer massacre; Gall, who commanded the Indians in that fight, and John Grass, said to be the most intelligent Indian in the Sioux nation.

The commissioner of the general land office has been informed of the conviction of Charles E. Beach for subordination of jury in connection with the entry of 57,000 acres of red wood timber land in California. The timber on the land is estimated worth \$11,000,000.

A Disastrous Fire. There was a large fire in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 10th inst., which resulted in a loss of \$250,000. The fire broke out on the steamer Harris, and spread with surprising rapidity to the Standard oil works, which were a block. As soon as the fire reached the other side of the river the fire reached the other side of the river. There were about 15,000 barrels of oil burned, besides the destruction of a large amount of valuable machinery. The loss is said to be upwards of \$2,000,000. The Standard oil company rarely have any insurance on their property, and it is believed there is no insurance on the property here. The Pennsylvania & Scranton companies sustains a loss of \$20,000 to their property.

Amicably Settled. The Chicago street car strike, of duration of nine days, has been set on a basis satisfactory to both sides, and the promise having been effected on the question of wages.

## Taken at His Word.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bedroom, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months, and to such a nice, handsome man, as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had been until, to tell the truth, Bob Palmer, forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies, at all the parties in Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six-months wife cry, especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

Not that Robert Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage, neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man and loved to abuse himself and to be amused. "Hello! been crying again? I declare!" exclaimed Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle as he entered the room on returning from his office. "What's the matter now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing, or Mrs. Vigliani not put flowers enough in your bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob! how can you?" sobbed Nellie, beginning afresh. "If you know how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and—"

Here poor Nellie broke down. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"Whew!" whistled he; "if this isn't really absurd. So she's jealous!"

"Indeed, no, dear Bob! But—but"—she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before every one, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals—like Isabel Baden."

Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You're an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Baden were anything to me beyond a pleasant and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!"

"She don't think so," said Nellie; "and—and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out, and is trying to let people see it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense, as well as temper." he added severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron strings, and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and corners like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband to see if you can detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears and mopped awhile, with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it, I will amuse myself as he does and see how he likes it. Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not used to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more, despite her resolute closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be, that very evening, a party at Colonel Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval and his remark that the pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter and her spirits more buoyant as she entered Mr. Johnston's crowded drawing-rooms. Soberly had they paid their respects to the hostess when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage, and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer.

She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention from her husband and his companion, until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden determination, to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town, very

pleasant and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable, that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned; and, to her surprise, she found that she was enjoying herself.

Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did; and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer betthought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph albums, not talking to the deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

"She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying to disguise it under the pretense of being ill. I dare say I shall find her crying or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling bottles round her, or perhaps she's gone home."

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and turning to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the duce!" was his thought, "what on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then suddenly meeting his wife's eye he smiled and whispered, "Enjoying yourself, Nellie?"

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

He passed on, but didn't go far, and as he stood, whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking, and how gay she was, and now coquettishly she was exchanging light repartee with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the time the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her.

"If she were not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her, my wife," and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than on this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you have danced enough for one night," said her husband, toward the close of the evening, "for a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered, cheerfully, "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forgot I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired, as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man, with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered, stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell of the artillery. Ah, here is—just one moment, dear, I quite forgot—"

And Nellie spoke a few words to the Captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "that book."

"Upon my word," he said, sarcastically, "you appear very intimate already."

"Because, love, we've discovered that we're congenial spirits. We like the same things, books, music, scenery; indeed, everything, and have the same opinions on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you; not your outer self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy."

"Soul fiddlesticks!"

"You never did have much sentiment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured tone.

"Sentiment be hanged! Come, Nellie, be quick with your wrappings. It has been a stupid evening and I shall be glad to get home and to bed."

When Robert Palmer came home next day he found his wife, not crying, as before, in her bedroom, but in the parlor practicing a new song.

"Captain Lovell called this morning," she said, "and I have promised to sing this song for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah," he answered, with an expression of indifference; and as his wife again struck up with the first few notes, he muttered to himself, "Confound Captain Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer, and then other gentlemen discovered her attractions,

pliquancy, coquettishness, and flirtableness, and so in a very few weeks Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and, indeed, he could rarely get a word with her at all when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl," and that he was her husband; but she only laughed and said there was no harm done, and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully, and felt herself more a belle than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed heart and soul in Bob Palmer. But now it was Captain Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent, and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing captain. "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected—most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow Lovell. He is constantly in my house; and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood, for two hours, the center of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself."

"Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spider,' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am more ashamed of you now," he retorted severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, reproachfully; "and now that I am obeying you, you get jealous."

"Jealous? Not I! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell—"

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Baden, I presume," said his wife.

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he demanded, angrily.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Baden."

"A man may do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah, that is it!" said Nellie, with her old sigh. "You men may neglect a wife—may wear out her heart and life with anguish—may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintance by showing devotion to another; and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy, lest she should offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob, and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for Captain Lovell; but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world, I am not a slave, but a wife and demand the honor due to me!"

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright, clear eyes, in whose depths he could still read great tenderness, and he at once comprehended the whole matter.

Coming Down the Lane.

Along the fields the shadows fall  
The sun is hanging low,  
And on the ivy muffled wall  
The soft lights come and go.  
A zephyr wafted from above  
Drifts o'er the waving grain,  
My heart goes out to meet my love,  
As she comes down the lane.

I lean upon the moss-grown bars,  
As 'long the path she fares;  
My gracious queen, no blemish mars  
The coronet she wears.  
The scepter in her woman's hand  
Will banish care and pain,  
For I am lord of all the land  
When she comes down the lane.

The daisies nod as she goes by,  
The wild rose blushes pink,  
Sweet song-birds round her pathway fly,  
And sing the praises they think.  
She lifts her head, her eyes so clear,  
Smile into mine again;  
My heart cries out, "God bless you, dear,"  
As she comes down the lane.

—*Mail and Express.*

A Sensible Bathing Costume.  
Miss Spinster (to saleswoman):  
"Bathing suits, please." Saleswoman:  
"Yes, ma'am; something of that style?" Miss Spinster: "Mercy, no! I want one with a train, and cut close to the ears."—*New York Sun.*

A Suggestion for Country Residents.  
A wire fence with an arc light current will keep out traps.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## FABLES.

### THE LION AND THE ASS.

It is an established fact in natural history that the lion cannot endure the crowing of a cock. He hates a cock crow as a tidy house-wife detests a cockroach.

One morning on hearing the cock's shrill clarion (after partaking of his echoing "horn," I suppose) the frightened lion took to his heels. The ass, being in the neighborhood and perceiving the sudden fright of the lion, imagined that he had frightened the beast, and without a moment's reflection took after him.

It must have been a queer spectacle, for everybody knows that under ordinary circumstances the ass doesn't take after the lion in the slightest degree.

The lion didn't stop to look back but kept on running, and the faster he ran the more eager the ass was to overtake him. The innate ferocity of the ass was never so strikingly displayed before, or since. His savage eye glistened in a bloodthirsty way, and it occasionally swept the horizon to see if there were any more lions that he might devour after finishing this one.

"Oh, let me get at him!" growled the ass as he quickened his gait, and he jerked his head from side to side to show how he would shake the stuffing out of the lion when he overtook him and got him by the nape of the neck.

Just as the ass was nearly up with him, and it seemed as if he was about to make a spring and tear that poor lion all in pieces, the latter happened to look around, and—

The last words of the foolish animal that attempted to run down a lion were: "Never made such a consummate ass of myself in all my life."

### THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SWALLOW.

A prodigal young spendthrift who had squandered his patrimony, and any other money he could get hold of, took a melancholy walk one morning near a brook. It was in January, but one of those warm, sunshiny days that sometimes occur in midwinter. He saw an injudicious Swallow, that had also been tempted abroad by the mild and unseasonable weather, skimming along on the surface of the water, and jumping at once to the conclusion that summer had arrived the young man went and pawned his overcoat for a raise.

With the proceeds he played faro, and when his money was gone, why he took another walk. But the weather had changed and the Swallow lay on the ground frozen to death. Then the young man in unkeen pants shivered painfully as he recalled the fact that one Swallow doesn't make a summer drink.

Moral—Beware of the first Swallow.—*E. Soap, Jr., in Texas Ditties.*

### Too Hard For Him.

"So you are going to move out of this neighborhood," said a white man, speaking to an old negro who had just finished loading his household plunder on a wagon.

"Yas, sah; gwine ter quit you."

"Why so?"

"Wall, becaze de folks round yere too hard for me. Doan wanter fetch my chillun up in no sich er neighborhood. Man hatter be mighty particular, sah, how he fetches up his chillun, becaze de bible is mighty p'inted on dat fact."

"In what respect are the people hereabouts too hard for you?"

"W'y, sah, da's too brash."

"How brash?"

"Oh, wall, da's cuis."

"But how cuis?"

"Doan you lib here?"

"Yes."

"Den you ougter know how da is cuis."

"But I don't."

"Wall, ef you doan I kain't he'p it, dat's all."

"Yes, but seeing that I am ignorant, you might enlighten me. You must remember that I live here and any charge which you bring against the neighborhood in general reflects relatively upon me."

"Wall! I'll say right now dat you ain't got nothin' ter do wid my leavin', an' I'll also say ergin dat deze yere folks is too hard fur ma."

Just then a constable came up with a warrant for the old negro's arrest.

"Dar!" he exclaimed when the warrant had been read to him. "I tole you deze folks wuz too hard fur me. Now da come cuis me o' stenlin'. Seeln' dar recksome ways jes natchully tole me da wuz goin' ter try ter git me inter trouble. I spize ter be projekted wid dis way. Who says I wold anything?"

"The warrant was sworn out by Colonel Jackson," the officer replied.

"An' he 'cuses me o' stealin' er set o' harness?"

"Yes."

"Ah, hab, dat's jist erbout like him. W'y, er man kain't go 'round him widout gitin' inter trouble."

"You would not get into trouble if you were to behave yourself."

"Does 'ave myself. Longs ter de church, an' all dat. Come 'cusin' me er stealin' harness. I reckon he'll say dem's de harness right dar" (pointing.)

"No doubt of it," the officer replied.

"Wall, den, take de ole harness an' let me go on erbout my bizness."

"I'll take the harness, but you must come with me, too."

"Whut's de use'n me goin' ef you's got de harness?"

"Come on, old man."

"Wall, dis do beat de worl'. Gits er set o' harness fur nuthin', an' dea wants er po' ole innocant man slung inter de bargain. Oh, dat's whut makes me say whut I does. Dis neighborhood is too hard fur me."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### His Feelings Shocked.

A party of young Milwaukee sportsmen recently went up into Minnesota for a chicken hunt, and among them was one young fellow noted for his quiet unassuming manner, and tasteful dress. He wouldn't knowingly offend a fellow mortal for the world, and he, all who know him it is plain that his life's pathway has been smooth and free from obstructions. Nobody had ever spoken harshly to him, and he did not know what it was to have his feelings rudely shocked, but his time had to come sooner or later, and it came when he least expected it. The journey had been unusually hot and dusty, and our young friends had suffered so with heat that nearly the whole of the way they had sat in their shirt sleeves. One noon, when the sun was just frying everything it struck the train pulled into a station, where dinner was announced, and as the eating house was a quarter of a mile away, the passengers had a pretty hot walk before them. All the boys started for the hotel, having donned their coats, with the exception of our quiet young friend who forgot to put his on. After a very uncomfortable walk they reached the place and filed into the dining-room, the costless party bringing up the rear. He had hardly got inside of the door when somebody yelled in his ear, loud enough to take the top of his head off.

"Say you!" Our friend turned around in his quiet manner and said "Well!" Then the big man, who had addressed him said: "Well, it ain't well at all, you little sawed-off jay, an' I want you to understand that no man comes into my house without his coat on. This is no tramp's lodgin'; the next thing you fellers will do, will be to come into my dining-room without your pants. Out wid you, an' don't you come back till you've got all your clothes on, or I'll fire you down dem front steps on your neck!"

The young man explained that he had left his coat in the car by mistake, but it was no use, and he had to go way over to the car and back before he could get his dinner. Later, in speaking of the matter to the boys, he said that while he realized that he was greatly at fault, it was none the less humiliating to be thus harshly addressed by a total stranger.—*Peot's Sun.*

### A Scientific Test.

A native of Te Kiao, North Cape, New Zealand, on May 4 found a bottle stranded on the beach. It contained a paper, and the following is a translation of the German words written thereon: "This bottle was put overboard at 12 o'clock noon on February 15, 1886, in latitude 40 degrees and 17 minutes south, longitude 111 degrees, 56 minutes and 50 seconds east, from Greenwich. Ascher, on board the ship Bismarck, on a voyage to Sydney. This bottle was weighted with sand. Whoever finds this paper is requested to send it to the imperial admiralty at Berlin." It is also requested that the finder should add some particulars as to the time and place at which the bottle was found. The existence of an ocean current setting in from the Indian Ocean toward the southern end of New Zealand is a fact well known for many years. It strikes the southern end about the Bluff, and chiefly passes to the eastward, but apparently New Zealand to some extent divides it, and, though the bulk passes to the eastward, a small stream comes up to the westward of New Zealand, and naturally impinges against the western side of the northern part of the Auckland provincial district.

### The Best Substitute for the Fool Killer.

Some higher bridges must be built to accommodate the lunatics who jump from bridges for a living.—*Polymer.*

### Churches.

**PREBYTERIAN.**—Rev. G. E. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

**METHODIST.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 11:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School afternoon service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

**BAPTIST.**—Rev. P. G. Robertson, 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.

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

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

**GRANGES, No. 380.**—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block, O. B. Pattengill, Master.

**K. of L., LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5665.**—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, C. G. Cur La, Jr., K. S.

**TOWNSHIP LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.**—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. O. B. Pattengill, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Rec. sec.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

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

—Call on—

**GEORGE D. HALL,**

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

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

Offices over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 23ct

**J. F. BROWN,** ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office over Postoffice. 23-29 Plymouth, Mich.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

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

—Election two weeks from next Tuesday.

Found—a spring wagon seat and cushion was left at A. Passage's during fair time. It can be had by proving property and paying for this notice.

—Mrs. David Preston and Mrs. Bamblett, of Detroit, and Mrs. Jennie Voorhis, of this village, are in attendance of the N. W. C. T. U. now in session in New York City.

—Andrew Passage, of this place, who has been sick for some time died early Wednesday morning at the age of sixty-two years. Funeral was held yesterday afternoon at the residence, Rev. J. M. Shank, officiating.

—Mr. James Gilmore, of Detroit, formerly Mrs. Stralizer, of north-west Nankin, and later of Wayne, died in Detroit last Saturday at the age of sixty-three years. The deceased, if we remember aright, moved to Wayne in 1864 and opened quite an extensive store. She also, after marrying James Gilmore, opened stores at Detroit, Three Rivers, Fenton, and several times at Wayne, finally settling at Detroit. She was a woman of considerable business tact.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian church have again done the thoughtful and generous thing. Last week they presented Lorenzo Pooler with a handsome easy chair, much to that gentleman's astonishment and wonder. The only offence he was guilty of was, that he would help the ladies, doing many things voluntarily, that involved time, labor and money, and for which he always scouted remuneration. It is a question now which is ahead, the ladies or Mr. Pooler, for though they "chained" him, yet he "sat down" on it.

—Amos Rea is a man who is liable to fill up with "booze" whenever an opportunity offers. On Monday evening he was somewhat that way and was bounced from Wittmire's saloon several times, but sure to return again. During the third bouncing process he got out with a black eye. He soon went back however and Marshal Dunn hearing of the trouble endeavored to get him to go home, but it was no use he wouldn't and the marshal finally took him to the lock-up. The next morning he appeared before Esquire Chilson, who gave him until three o'clock in the afternoon to raise ten dollars to settle matters or go to the house of correction for sixty days. His son secured the necessary ten dollars and he is free once more.

—The union gospel temperance service in the Baptist church, on Sunday evening, Oct. 14, naturally called out a splendid audience. The house was filled by an interested audience. Mrs. Jennie Voorhis was the presiding genius, and with her accustomed ease and grace dealt out the programme. After opening services by the Rev. Wallace, the Rev. Robertson delivered the sermon, his text was Heb. 2:15 "Woe to him who giveth his neighbor drink," and with considerable fullness he showed up the nature of the liquor traffic and our individual responsibility therein. He was followed by brief remarks from Rev. Grove and Shank, showing the need of temperance work, and hoping that ere long the evils of the drinking habit might be exterminated.

—Republican meeting to-morrow night. —Henry Moore, of Novi, is to get a pension.

—Remember we print tax receipts as neat and cheap as any one.

—The report that our Belleville correspondent was dead, has been contradicted! We hope to hear from him soon.

—Wheat is on the downward road and some of the farmers are kicking themselves because they didn't sell sooner.

—A man named George Leichman, of Millford, committed suicide last Friday by hanging himself to the limb of a tree. He was considered a little "off."

—D. R. Penney, who has been suffering from a cancerous affection of the face upon which several operations have been performed, is quite poorly just now.

—Pete Micol bought 500 bushels of wheat of a farmer in Salem the other day at \$1.25 per bushel, the wheat to be delivered in Plymouth upon Micol's order any time within eight months from the time of purchase.

—The daily papers are just now telling of a new discovery—a solution which when applied to wood makes it fire proof. There's nothing new about that. Some of those parties who haul wood to market have known it for years—we've had some of the wood.

—Mrs. Manning, who removed from this place to Detroit the other day into a house on Fifth street, writes us that she has moved again to 312 Fort street, west. They found that they were not the only occupants of the house on Fifth street; the other party were too numerous and too lively for them.

—While T. S. Vanstone was moving an old shed in Detroit, Wednesday, the shed being drawn by several teams of horses the top of the shed came in contact with a guy rope from an electric light tower on the corner of Third and Henry street, breaking the guy, which caused the tower to break and fall. No one killed but it was a close call. The shed was worth \$30 and the tower \$900.

—The Diamond Drill tells the following story: C. G. Campbell's cow was lost several days, and when found near Runkle lake was in a curious predicament. Her horns cock towards her eyes, and in them she held in solid embrace a year old calf the horns encircling the calf's neck. In order to extricate it, it was necessary to amputate one of the horns. Both animals were nearly dead, both being unable to get any food.

—A western farmer writes to the secretary of the county fair association, as follows: "Please offer a premium for the biggest fool in the county and I will be there to take it. I stopped my paper and a few days later a traveling swindler did me up for \$80, in good money. I renewed my subscription and secured all the back numbers and the first issue after I quit taking it contained a full exposure of the same trick that got away with me."

—We are in receipt of announcement and complimentary to the fifth anniversary exercises and banquet of the Cleary Business College, of Ypsilanti, Tuesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 23. The college is a first-class institution; the announcement beautiful in design and finish and the program such as will make the anniversary interesting and well worth attending. Among the prominent persons expected to be present and take part are Gov. Luce, Postmaster-General Dickinson, Senator Palmer, Gen. Alger and others.

—Samuel Thompson, a well known farmer residing near New Hudson met with a very shocking and sudden death Sunday evening. He and his son were at his barn attending a sick colt. The father thought it would be best to place him in another stable. The son was leading him across the barn yard, and as the horse passed Mr. Thomas he imprudently struck him with a rope. The colt kicked him in the abdomen, and he lived only a few hours. His funeral was held at New Hudson, Tuesday, and was very largely attended. Rev. S. Calkins preaching the sermon. He was forty-seven years of age, and leaves a wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, one of whom is married.—South Lyon Packet.

—The State game warden points to the following law in regard to deer shooting: "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 liability 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 of \$50, and deputy wardens are instructed to prosecute every offender."

—There was a man in town yesterday looking over the place with the view of opening up a harness shop here.

—Charles D. Durfee, of this place, has been drawn as one of the traverse jurors for the November term of the U. S. court.

—We learn that Dr. Frank Knickerbocker, of Ypsilanti, formerly of Wayne, has gone to Dakota with the intention of locating there.

—Dr. J. M. Collier expects to leave today for his old home at Defiance, Ohio, for a visit of a week. Mrs. Collier has been there for several days, having accompanied her sister who had been visiting here.

—At about eight o'clock Tuesday morning one of the boilers in Cornwall's paper mill, two miles west of Ypsilanti, exploded killing Jake Sisson and injuring two or three others besides damaging the mill about \$15,000.

—The Journal says that Augustus Millcock, of Stark, was tried before Justice Kurth, of Springwells, Tuesday, for selling adulterated milk and was fined eleven dollars. Charles Rank was to have had trial for a similar offence, but failed to appear.

### Auction Sales.

We have turned out bills for the sale of a large amount of personal property of the late Reuben S. Durfee, one and one-half miles west of Plymouth, on Thursday, October 25, at ten o'clock, sharp.

Also for the sale of a lot of household furniture, etc., belonging to Mrs. Charles Williams, in Plymouth, Saturday, October 20, at 1 o'clock p. m. Mrs. Williams having sold her house and lot desires to sell her furniture.

### Republican County Convention.

At the Republican county convention held in Detroit, last Saturday, the following ticket was nominated:

For Judge of Probate—Edgar O. Durfee.

For Sheriff—Louis B. Littlefield.

For County Clerk—Homer D. Warren.

For County Treasurer—Milton E. Calkerton.

For Register of Deeds—Robert E. Collier.

For Prosecuting Attorney—James V. D. Wilcox.

For County Auditor—Michael Kilkeline.

For Coroners—Stephen Long and Phillip M. Brown.

For Surveyor—Eija J. Gode's.

### Democratic County Committee.

The following gentlemen have been appointed as the Democratic county committee: First ward, Patrick Dee, second Chas. V. Bryan; third, Mat. Kramer; fourth, Wm. S. Sheeran; fifth, Gus. Pfeiffer; sixth John Carroll; seventh, C. M. Rousseau; eighth, P. C. McLaughlin; ninth, C. K. Trombly; tenth, M. Quirk; eleventh, Michael Halloran; twelfth, John Haire; thirteenth, Wm. O'Reagan; fourteenth, Wm. J. Shields; fifteenth, Anthony Kennedy; sixteenth, T. J. Taffe. Townships: Brownstown, Dr. Gregory; Canton, John Chavy; Dearborn, William Holtz; Ecorse, H. F. Riopelle; Greenfield, Timothy Kelly; Hamtramck, George W. Voorhis; Huron, Joseph Waltz; Livonia, J. C. Chilson; Monguagon, Samuel T. Hendricks; Nankin, Chas. H. Cady; Plymouth, L. C. Hough; Redford, Edwin Sackett; Springwells, Adam Weithoff; Sumpter, William Attyo; Taylor, Cornelius Crowley; Van Buren, Frank L. Robb; Grosse Pointe, David Trombly; Wyandotte, John C. Cahalen; Romulus, Dr. Whitaker.

### Republican Meeting.

A Republican meeting will be held at Amity hall, Saturday evening, October 20, 1888, at seven o'clock, sharp.

Rev. F. A. Blades and J. M. Richardson, of Detroit, will address the meeting.

Everybody invited, and a special invitation extended to the ladies.

The following have been appointed Vice Presidents for the occasion and are requested to report at the hall at seven o'clock, sharp:

W. O. Allen, C. L. Wilcox, L. C. Sherwood, H. C. Bennett, Burt Roe, Chas. F. Bennett, E. W. Chaffee, R. L. Root, Wm. B. Re; E. P. Lombard, George Hunter, Henry Dohmstreich, E. N. Passage, A. A. Taft, A. H. Dibble, Wm. H. Bassett, Loue Dohmstreich, A. R. Taft, H. W. Baker, J. M. Collier, C. B. Crosby, E. C. Leach, Sewell L. Bennett, Henry C. Valentine, Harry Cole, Mark Ladd, Phanele E. Brown, Will C. Brown, George W. Jackson, Jesse Morgan, Frank Morgan, M. J. Springer.

Homer Warren, the Republican nominee for County Clerk is expected to be present at the meeting, Saturday night. As Mr. Warren is a noted singer, he may be induced to sing instead of speak.

### 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

# Save the Cents,

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

# BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

### PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

We also carry a Large Stock of

### Moldings and Picture Frames, Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

### COFFINS AND CASKETS,

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

### GO TO THE

# Red Front Drug Store.

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| For Physicians Prescriptions.      | For One-half and Bushel Baskets.         |
| For Fine Drugs and Chemicals.      | For Two Bushel Baskets.                  |
| For White Lead and Linseed Oil.    | For Clothes Baskets.                     |
| For Peninsular Liquid Paints.      | For Market Baskets.                      |
| For Rubber Liquid Paint.           | For Timothy Seed.                        |
| For Colors All Kinds in Oil.       | For Clover Seed.                         |
| For Colors All Kinds Dry.          | For Garden Seeds.                        |
| For Stains in Water.               | For Hungarian Grass Seed.                |
| For Stains in Oil.                 | For Codfish, Whitefish and Mackerel.     |
| For Paint Brushes.                 | For Salmon, Lobsters and Clams.          |
| For Varnish Brushes.               | For Pickles in Bottles and Bulk.         |
| For Scrubbing Brushes.             | For Hams, Salt Pork and Lard.            |
| For Shoe Brushes.                  | For Oranges, Lemons, Peaches and Grapes. |
| For Shoe Blacking in Boxes, Men's. | For Celery, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Etc.      |
| For Liquid Shoe Blacking, Ladies'. |  |
| For Powder, Shot and Cartridges.   |  |

JOHN L. GALE.

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## Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

Largest Stock and Best Assortment

—OF—

## SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT—

# BOYLAN'S.

The World is Very Funny.

This world is very funny, For no matter how much money Men is earning he will spend it, and be hard up all the time;

Newburg.

Uncle Wm. Vinton is very bad with the rheumatism. Burt Hodge, who is selling organs for an Ann Arbor firm is meeting with good success.

Novi.

Getting a little cooler. Mrs. A. Roblin called on friends at Wilcox, Tuesday. The same old story; our barber is to leave us. He goes to Detroit.

Livonia.

The diphtheria patients at Elm are reported all better. There is a great call for hired help just now in this town.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements: C. L. Wilcox, eighth page.

Wayne.

Miss Cora Hills is on the sick list this week. A. L. Nowlin, of Ypsilanti, was in town Tuesday.

Clarenceville.

Fred Warner and his bride returned to their home in Farmington last week after a pleasant tour in the east for nearly three weeks.

Mead's Mills.

M. Sutton has sold his favorite horse to Wm. T. Johnson. Price not known. Mrs. Cranson, of Northville, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Ramsdell.

Pontiac.

This is too good to keep. One of Oakland's best known farmers and a Democratic thoroughbred, took in a recent excursion to Holly and for that purpose drove to the nearest station, Drayton Plains.

W. O. T. U.

The German Bureau, having quarters occupying the third floor of the building, at 96 1/2 Avenue, New York, is circulating, through L. W. Habercorn, a liquor advocate from Washington, D. C., anti-Prohibition, pro-liquor literature of the most outspoken and venomous kind.

TO EXCHANGE.

A good brick double store on Michigan avenue, Detroit, for a good farm. Inquire at PLYMOUTH MAIL office.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

A Tall Sensation in Paris.

The Eiffel tower, now 360 feet high, and to be 1,000 feet high, is the sensation of the hour in Paris. M. George Price, a Paris Reporter, gives the following account of the work:

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the system when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers, to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc.

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

Hucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid indigestion, constipation or colic, if we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 50 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 503 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 57

Table with columns for WEST, STATIONS, and EAST. Lists train schedules for Detroit, Lansing & Northern R.R. and other lines.

CONNECTIONS. Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway.

Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation—healthy in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides.

Bargains in Real Estate.

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

- BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3/4 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 28th day of August, 1888, a writ of attachment issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, Michigan, George A. Starckweather being plaintiff therein, and Byron Poole being defendant therein, for the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

Advertisement for NEW HOME THE LIGHT-RUNNING. Features an illustration of a woman and text describing the sewing machine's benefits.

LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY. Secure 12 Complete New Novels, besides Essays, Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc. Each number complete, and a volume in itself. One year's subscription makes 7 books of NEARLY TWO THOUSAND PAGES.

FOR SALE.

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

Plymouth National Bank.

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

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

C. A. FRISBEE,

Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coal.

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Oak.

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth

Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated.

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

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

Now!

Is the

TIME TO BUY!

Fertilizing Salt to sow on Wheat and Grass.

Grand Rapids and New York Plaster for Clover and Potato bugs.

Diamond and Homestead Phosphates for Oats and Corn, Etc.

Linseed Meal for Stock. Also, Flour, Feed, Corn, Oats, Grass Seed, Peas, Etc.

F. & P. M. Elevator.

YOU WILL FIND!

Latest - Newspapers, and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, Etc., At the Postoffice News Depot, PLYMOUTH.

Subscriptions taken for any Publication.

Agents for the Parkman Steam Laundry, of Detroit. W. J. BULLOW, Proprietor.

The Homliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN, As well as the Handsome ones get a FINE PORTRAIT!

INSPECT OUR WORK!

Second to None in Excellence!

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

Gibson & Brown,

PHOTOGRAPHERS, NORTHVILLE.

The message of President Diaz to the Mexican congress takes an encouraging view of the future of the country. He congratulates the people upon the continuance of domestic peace and upon the signs of increasing industrial and commercial prosperity, recounts the rapid extension of the different railroad systems, speaks of the enlarged postal facilities and the increasing postal revenues, and narates the progress of common schools. Even of the financial condition, his nightmare for the past four years he can now speak in a tone of moderate hope. The Berlin bankers have taken another third of the loan proposed last March, and he hopes that they will yet take the remainder. General Diaz gives, however, few figures to substantiate his statements that the treasury is really out of the crisis. The exports have fallen off slightly. What the imports were he does not say, though the slight gain in the national income would seem to imply that they were larger than last year's. Even so, the revenues are about \$4,000,000 short of the estimated expenditures. In foreign relations, Mexico is on an excellent footing with her neighbors and all the world.

The sensation and the situation produced by the publication of those remarkable extracts from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick grow more and more interesting. The latest dispatches state that Bismarck has threatened to resign because Emperor William disapproves the idea of criminally prosecuting Prof. Geffken, who gave the diary for publication, and also was displeased with the chancellor's report on the affair. This has been Bismarck's way of forcing an acceptance of his policy, and it remains to be seen whether it will be so effective with the present emperor as with his father and grandfather. In the meanwhile it must be admitted that the chancellor has been hard hit. A distinct shrinkage has taken place in his dimensions and he is no longer the unapproachable Jove of European politics. He seems to be painfully conscious of the circumstances, and is talking and acting in a manner far from being marked by his wonted shrewdness, and which can only make matters worse. For once the man of blood and iron seems to have lost his head.

It is inconceivable that a government so strong as that of Russia should stoop to the vexations of the passport system. The news comes that so far from relaxing their onerous rules they have added other, some of them directed squarely against the Jews, not only those who are of Russian nationality, but against men of the race, whatever their land. What is the secret of this Slavonic hatred against the Jews? It is a mystery, for naturally the Slavons are light-hearted, friendly, good-natured people, who in remote ages, certainly displayed no animosity to the Jews, but on the contrary, a strong liking for them.

The French propose to restrict immigration into France. This decision is aimed against the Italian laborers who tramp over the Alps and find work as stonecutters and as railroad laborers. They are willing to accept lower wages than the native laborers, who certainly have not been very grasping in their demands. The French evidently accept the formula that the work of a country belongs to the workmen of that country, and that is, in fact, the basis of the social compact, and the only reasonable ground on which a state can claim a citizen as a soldier for its defense from invasion or for the preservation of order.

The Philadelphia Record gathering valuable statistics on the decline of the bustle reports as follows: The reporter took up position at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets for the purpose of learning how the usage of Mrs. Cleveland had been obeyed. He kept tally upon a card for one hour with this result: No bustle, 24; bushel-basket bustle, 18; moderate-sized bustle, 87; small-sized bustle, 92; couldn't tell whether it was bustle or girl, 64. Just as the last row had been tallied a policeman came along and said: "If anybody is to stand here and count off the girls I'll do it—see move on."

Henry Fyring, representative of the Mormon colonies in the state of Chihuahua, denies the report that the Mormon church has bought 4,000,000 acres of land in that state. He also denies that the Mormons contemplate moving en masse to that country. The Mormons there now number only 150 families, occupying 200,000 acres in Chihuahua. There is much discussion in the press regarding Mormon immigration, and the general sentiment is adverse to it.

Miss Emily Faithfull has received from the Queen of England a portrait of Her Majesty, bearing an autograph inscription. It is a token of appreciation, marking the thirtieth year of Miss Faithfull's philanthropic work.

A JAW-BONE OF GOLD.

The Horrible Condition of a Condemned Phosphorus Fiend.

A man forty years of age, named James Wallace, was admitted to the German hospital a few months ago, writes the New York correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His case was very remarkable, not to say unique. On examination it was found that he was suffering from necrosis, or death of the inferior maxilla (lower jaw), and at the same time was subject to constitutional symptoms of the gravest nature. Physically he was a complete wreck, and mentally little more could be said of him. The natural character and expression of his face was destroyed by the swelling of the tissues surrounding his jaws, and his mouth was distorted in a manner that made him a horrible object to look at. The face had a peculiar ashen pallor, different from that usually found in most kinds of severe sickness. He was almost completely bald, his hair having come out during the last year. All the teeth in the lower jaw had fallen out, and he had but four left in the upper. The cavities from which the teeth had fallen were filled with pus, while the gums were contracted, showing here and there portions of the jaw. The odor emanating from the parts was unbearable.

As it was impossible for him to masticate he lived on liquid food which was not proving sufficient nourishment, and death from starvation was among his possibilities. About his lower jaw immense abscesses had kept forming during the months before he came to the hospital. In stating his case to the attending surgeon he said that he was a chemist by profession. Several years ago he was taken sick while in Paris. He had worked too hard and was much run down in mind and body. The physicians who attended him at that time gave him phosphorus in pills. The drug had an excellent effect on him at the time; he recovered, paid his doctor, left Paris and thought no more about it. Two years ago he was attacked with symptoms of much the same kind as he had while in France, and immediately took a dose of phosphorus. It seemed to put new strength into him at once, and after a few doses he stopped taking the drug, but the nervous debility returned worse than before, and he again took the drug. He now continued several months to use it without ceasing, at the end of which time, feeling much better, he tried to give it up. To his horror he found that he could not get along without it. He had all the symptoms of an opium eater deprived of his stimulants.

Abscesses soon began to form on different parts of his body. His finger and toenails began to drop off, his teeth to come out, and at last the lower jaw showed symptoms of crumbling away. He knew very well that the phosphorus he was taking was the cause of all his troubles, but he delayed seeking medical assistance, because he felt sure that he would be obliged to give up the drug to which he had now become an abject slave. Had not neuralgic symptoms of the intensest kind appeared, he, probably, would not have applied to the hospital. The only hope the doctor held out to him was the removal of the dead jawbone and the total stoppage of the drug. But the system of the patient was in such a condition that it made a very dangerous complication, and rendered the result doubtful at best. However, as the patient was becoming weaker daily and a fatal termination was only a matter of time it was decided that the operation be performed at once.

The patient was taken to the operating room, and ether was administered by the house surgeon. In the delirium which comes in the early stages of anaesthesia, he struggled frantically to get free, and constantly implored the doctor to give him "a little phosphorus." When well under the effects of the ether, the doctor selected a keen-edged scalpel and made an incision from the point of the chin to the lower lip, the vermilion border of which was carefully avoided. From the point of the chin, or symphysis, the incision was carried to the right along the under side of the bone to the protuberance of the ear. A similar incision was made on the opposite side of the face. Then the cheeks of both sides were dissected from the bone, and the loosened flesh reflected up, in flaps over the face. This exposed the festering bone in all its hideousness. It was a mass of corruption. Pus oozed from it and from the tissues about it. There was also considerable hemorrhage. The bone was carefully seized with forceps, and crumbled even under the lightest pressure. As the bone would break away a new hold was taken, until it had been removed up to the limit of the incision. Thus it was

literally chewed away. To complete the removal of what remained, the incision had to be enlarged, the knife run through the tissues in front of the ear.

The right of articulation was removed with great ease. It was not so badly affected as the left, but was loose from all tendinous or muscular attachments. The left articulation had been the seat of a recent abscess, and the tendons and bone were mixed with unhealthy granulating tissue. This had to be cut away and the tendons severed before the sequestra was fully removed. All the diseased and ulcerating tissues were scraped with a sharp spoon-scoop and the open surfaces washed with a solution of bichloride of mercury. Then began the tedious and delicate task of repairing damages. The flaps were put back in their normal position and sutured with fine carbolized silk. The muscles of the tongue, throat and face were brought together and held in such position that they would unite to each other in absence of the jaw bone, their natural attachment place, by silver sutures. This completed the operation.

During the first two weeks of the patient's convalescence he suffered greatly for phosphorus, but none was allowed him. He was, however, given morphine freely during the first week. Two weeks after the operation a light frame, made of gold, in the shape of a jawbone, was placed inside his mouth, and at once corrected the horrible appearance left after the bone's removal. This gold jaw is so arranged that it will be fully under the action of the facial muscles, and will carry a still lower set of teeth. He will have a set of false teeth above also. He left the hospital a few days ago, fully recovered. The wounds had healed very quickly, in spite of the surgeon's forebodings. He disclaims any longings for phosphorus, and declares he would rather die than again become the victim of any drug habit.

A Vision of Loveliness.

Who can believe who sees a maid  
In fannel, 'mong the wavelets tossed,  
That beauty when 'tis unadorned  
Is then adorned the most?  
This is an error, we contend.  
The following are truthful words,  
And form a proverb often heard:  
"Fine feathers make fine birds."  
The summer girl in lawn or tulle,  
And ribbons, furberlows and things,  
Is stately in the eye of youth  
An angel lacking wings.

Jo Howard on Little Women.

Little women are known the world around for their influences in affairs, their pronounced impression upon the surroundings. You never heard of a big vixen. The expression is always "She is a little vixen." Byron wrote, perhaps you remember, "Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman." That's all very well. Dumpy is one thing, but little is another. I don't know that I care particularly for a dumpy woman, but I have always admired little women. They are brainy as a rule, enterprising, quick-witted, and, above all, they are pronouncedly factors in affairs. A woman who is little in youth may grow to larger proportions with maturity or with age, but I refer now to the woman as she starts. Is it not a fact that among your acquaintances the forceful, the leaders, the influential, are the little women, rather than the over-sized? Patti, the greatest artist the world has ever known, is supposed to be worth in dollars about ten millions. Although the wrinkles of thought, of time, of work are making her face less attractive than in days of yore, her figure remains unchanged. She is, to-day, precisely as she was in 1859, when she made her debut in Lucia, in the Academy of music, in this city, precisely as she was in the autumn months of 1860, when she danced with the Prince of Wales, and flirted with New York correspondents in the magnificent ball-room of Montreal. She is undersized, and I don't hesitate to say that she would, of her ten millions, cheerfully give five if she could but add three little inches to her stature, so that before she dies she could show the world of fashion, of literature, of science, and more especially the world of art, what Norma should be, what Lucretia Borgia could be.

Easily Recognized.

Belle (on the stand)—Introduce me to your Pittsburg friend, dear. I hate to see a girl want all the good things in life.  
Nell—How did you know he was a Pittsburg man?  
Belle—By his ironical smile and steel-blue eyes.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Liked the Results.

Seedy party (to bartender): "Whisky, please?"  
Bartender: "What kind, friend?"  
Seedy party: "Gimme the same as the feller had wots lyin' under the billiard-table."—Life.

QUEER YANKEE CATS.

A Suicide, a Food-Eater and a Fly-Paper Gourmand come to Grief.  
A cat committed suicide at Almyville in a queer way recently, writes a Norwich (Conn.) correspondent of the New York Sun. As Mr. Thomas Mathews was strolling across his lot near the woolen mill in that place in the morning he heard a scurrying in the dried grass behind him; a strange striped cat dashed past him. At full speed she ran to the river, distant forty rods, and she looked neither to the right nor left. At the brink she paused a moment, then deliberately and slowly walked into the stream. When the water became too deep for her to walk further she went under the current and died.

Another Connecticut cat, a New London animal, had a serious experience with fly-paper, on Church street, in that city, the other day. He nonchalantly strolled up to the paper, which was lying on the window sill, and smelled of it. The cat had no sooner touched the paper with his nose than it wrapped itself about the animal's nose, gathering in both eyes and his long, stylish smellers, then reached out and got a dab at his left ear, retaining its hold with touching tenacity. Next it absorbed the other ear, and got a back hold on the cat's head and neck. Then the cat lay down on his back and passed in his front paws, a moment later throwing in both hind feet. After doing which he rolled over seven times on the floor, and then there was no longer anything purely feline visible except a swelled tail protruding from a round brown paper parcel.

From the interior of the curious lively cocoon smothered ejaculations in feline volapuk, hisses, sneers, wheezy coughs and saccharine-smear-mat cat-calls came forth brokenly, and at irrelevant and unlikely moments. All this time the cat was flouncing about on the floor, bounding and ricocheting, and kicking vigorously with all his feet. At last there was a rippling and sneezing, and then a spasmodic and grating contortion, and the cat bounded forth from his sticky chrysalis, but he was a queer-looking beast. He was annotated all over with sweetened gum, embellished in spots with constellations of dead flies, and pasted with bits of fly-paper, like a pugilist who has got away from a mill that ground exceedingly fine. Besides, he was discouraged in mind; his confidence had been violated. He picked up and wiped off as much fly-paper as he could, and then he went to a lonely corner and reflected for two hours or more.

Another cat of an inquiring mind belongs to a man in Newington. She was curious to know whether toads are good to eat. She ate a large one. Within an hour thereafter she frothed at the mouth, had cramps, and her owner, with whom she is a pet, thought her trouble was hydrophobia. He doosed her with the white of an egg, sulphur, mustard and some lard, and saved her.

Monsieur Bourgeois at the Picnic.

I veel go on two condections; first zat I pay my share—in advance. Second, zat I am not on zee comeetee.  
At zee last peek-neek ves vere zree on zee comeetee; zee proprietaire of my house, zee zentlemen of zee newspaper, and mee.

Zee ladies brought peegeon piee, zey brought sandweeches, zey brought geenger beer. But I had to breeng lobsters, I had to breeng filets de boeuf, I had to breeng champagne—because I vans on zee comeetee.  
Ommebusse, museek, rowboats! Ah, pourboires everywhere!

I could not ask zee proprietaire and hees guests to pay—because hee would not have repaired my veen-dows.

I could not ask zee zentlemen of zee newspaper and hees guests to pay—because hee would have put everybody's name in zee newspaper except mine.

I could not ask my guests to pay. Zee people ate my deeshes; and I had to eat of only zee deeshes—because I vans on zee comeetee.

Zee proprietaire made zee lobster salade, and carved zee filets de boeuf. Zee gentleman of zee newspaper took zee corkscraw of zee penknife, zere vans no omer anywhere—(oas you toll mee yhere is sat deer leetle penknife vith an ivory handle!) Hee made zee cork fly, and poured my champagne fall in zee beegest glasses.  
I had to help everybody—because I vans on zee comeetee.

Zee drank my health; I had to vash zee plates—because zey vere my plates.  
Zee champagne vans pleasant, zee deakers felt freesky. Zee proprietaire zrew some bread at zee fat laadee; zee saught it vans zee judge; zee

zrew some at hee sva. Hee zrew some at her, but hee zee Colonel's wife. Shee zrew some at zee judge. Everybody laughed, ever, bodoe zrew bread.

What an example for my daughter! I have brought her up for twenty years with econom. Eef shee leaves only as beeg as her leetle feenger of bread at dejeuner, shee finds it under her napkeen at diner, and shee must avallo w it. I sa to her: "Mam'zille, eaf you leave so much bread to-day so much to-morrow, so much zee day after, so much every day—it ees a sin!—at zee end of zee year, you have lost so much of your dot."

When zey had vasted two loaves of good fresh bread, zey took zee ball of zee leetle gril of zee doctor, and, like beeg cheeldren, zey played at tenneece.

Zey had no raquets; it did not matter, zey played vith my plates; because my plates vere clean; and zey played teel my plates vere broken.

Zee fat laadee fell on zee grass. I had to earry her—because I vans on zee comeetee. Her ugly pug dog vith a broken nose, carr ed off a peece of fillat de boeuf beegre zaa I eat in one week. Zee fat laadee laughed vile I carried her; everyone bravoed, and I had to look hapee—because I vans—No; I veel go on two condections; first, zat I pay my share—in advance; second, zat I am not on zee comeetee.—Galiganian's Messenger.

Lord Lorne on American Institutions.

To foreigners, the great nation which is the predominating power in the New World offers a spectacle of admiration and envy. She is not obliged, through fear of her position being lowered, to place a tremendous tax on the wage-earning power of her people, by the obligation of military or naval service. With the mass of exports to offer, and with the immense population demanding foreign goods, she will in time draw to her more commerce than has ever been handled in the history of the world by any empire. It is safe to assume that her millions will at a future date prefer to have their own flag over the countless cargoes that will pour from and will pour into her harbors from Asia and from Europe.

In comparing systems of government, few of the older republics, empires or kingdoms, are found to enjoy more real stability than the system founded under Washington. The American ship of state is built in so many compartments, that even if several became water-logged the ship would float. This cannot be said of many older nations. Mere centralization, either in the hands of a monarch, or in the hands of a democratic "Chamber" has reached to such a point that any great popular impulse, any wave of passion promoted by disaster, and driven by envy and poverty, may overturn the vessel and cause it to become for a time a helpless wreck. This is not conceivable in the case of the United States. There is so much check and counter check, so slow an operation of the forces of movement, that men have time to consider. To those who look upon the United States from a European standpoint, it appears that there is far more of real sovereignty in the hands of the president than there is in the hands of any of the kings who in Europe govern by means of imitations of the English constitutions. That constitution makes the sovereign reign, but does not allow him or her to govern. In modified forms this is the same in Italy, in Sweden and Norway, in Belgium, and in Spain. It is the same in the republic of France. Only in Russia, and to a less extent in Germany, does the monarch immediately sway the destinies of his people.—Forum.

Some Sound Advice.

Customer (in restaurant)—Gimme some broiled chicken, waiter, and as I'm in a big hurry, you had better bring it cold.

Waiter—If yuse in a big hurry, sah, I wud advise yo' to take it hot.

Customer—Why?

Waiter—Kase it'll take or long time fo' dat chicken to cool, sah.—Epoch.

The Manner of It.

Dora—How did you fetch him at last, dear?

Laura—I told him I'd about made up my mind to become a sister of mercy.

Dora—How did that affect him?

Laura—He asked me if I wouldn't practice on him as my first unfortunate.—Time.

Not to be Wondered At.

"Isn't the baby a wee little thing for seven months?"

"Oh, not so very. He's small naturally. They feed him on condensed milk."—Harper's Bazar.

# A Faith Cure That Worked.

BY EMILY HEWITT LELAND.

It was at the close of an unusually bleak day in our so-called flower month of May, that Will Phillips ascended the long flight of stairs leading to the rooms in which he and his wife Agnes had bravely kept house for two years.

The rooms were called "a flat" by the landlord, but this distinction did not lessen the wearisomeness of the stairs, nor take away the stiffness of the mantel-bed, nor lighten the drugginess of the dimly-lighted dining-room.

Will Phillips was a sub-editor in a large daily newspaper published in a low-lying lake shore city. He had been on the staff for four years, and coming of hard-working, ambitious New England stock, he had applied himself zealously to his work and taken the fowls and briefest breathing spells. Although being counter-born and an earnest lover of nature, his spirit now and then, on a tender spring day or a royal autumn morning, would stray away to the hill tops and the woodlands while his body, and no doubt the business portion of his brain, remained in the dusty suctum presently plotting on through news summaries and political weather-signals.

Coming home on this chilly May evening, he ascended the stairs with a noticeably lagging step, and at the top paused a moment for breath. In one hand he carried a little basket of fruiting artubus, and in the other a bundle of exchanges, for examination during the evening. Having gotten his breath, he passed along the hall whistling a merry air, and knocked at his parlor door, coming with mock ceremony when it was opened by a vivacious little woman clad in a green and a large, white apron.

"One of God's poems," he said, extending the basket solemnly.

"Yes—so they are!—so sweet—and the lovely pink sort—and you are kind to bring them, dear. But tell me why you whistle—is it old Slamm again?" and giving the flowers up absent-mindedly, she sat them in the midst of the small dinner table, and turned to her husband, putting her hands on his shoulders, and looking into his eyes with searching seriousness.

"Goodness! can't a fellow whistle!"

"No, not your sort of fellow! I've never heard you whistle but four times since we were married, and on these occasions there was always some serious matter at hand. I'm getting to know you pretty thoroughly, my child! Come, confess at once, and we'll have dinner!"

"Oh, it's of no consequence just now—I'll tell you later," laughing, and averting his eyes, but not in time to hide the sad and wistful look that lay at the bottom of their genial brown depths.

"William Phillips, the longer you wait the more scared I shall be! Has old Slamm disinherited you, or have you had bad news, dear?"

Old Slamm, let it be understood was at the head of the editorial and publishing firm, and was given to periodical attacks of something bordering on hydrophobia—attacks which never carried him quite off, but rendered him exceedingly unpleasant to anyone within the radius of half a mile. In these dark hours passy an innocent head meekly bowed before his storms of abuse, or indignantly bowed itself out of his presence forever; and always everybody trembled, from the literary critic and musical reporter down to the very newsboys who crowded around the basement door, and waited the birth of the earliest edition.

Well—if you must know—it isn't old Slamm, and it isn't bad news—that is, not so very bad, as the world goes. Things can always be worse, you know. I just ran in to see the big Dr. MacWithers this morning, about some miserable stupid feelings I've had here for some time," tapping his chest, "and the long and short of it is that probably before forty or fifty years more of my eventful life have passed, I'll be going as Tom and Ed did—poor fellows! But not for some time, child!—not for three or four, perhaps. Bless your heart!" and Will pressed closely to his breast the head that had fallen upon it.

What sharp and exultant exclamations flashed through that bowed head, what sudden sense of desolation and life-long loss, all may imagine who have had dealings with that croaking, fair-faced assassin—consumption!

For a long minute the wife stood there, her arms tightly clasped about her beloved and doctored one. Then she lifted her white face and—laughed. It was not the happiest laugh in the world, but it had a brave ring. And she shook her husband by the shoulders as if he were some bad little boy who needed setting to rights.

"Dr. MacWithers doesn't know what he is talking about! I haven't a doubt but he's one of these passive old pessimists who think everything must take its course. Bah! Don't you mind what he says! Poor Tom and Ed didn't try any remedies in time, and they had no one to fight for them as I will fight for you—providing there is an occasion. Go get ready for dinner, dear! Baked white-fish and artubus against the world!" and Mrs. Agnes whisked away into the little kitchen. If her movements among the kettles and saucepans were somewhat agitated, and two wild hot tears fell upon the bib of her white apron, no one knew. It was a calm and hopeful household who brought in the dinner, and a cheer and well-loved comrade who, after dinner was cleared away, looked over the exchanges and helped make up a fine column of "world waifs."

II.

"What in the world is the matter with Jimmy-the-Lumberman!" inquired Will Phillips of his wife, some ten evenings later. His wife had several brothers scattered about the west, and it was Will's way to designate them according to their various employments. As he spoke he handed an open letter across the table.

"He is well, I hope," answered Mrs. Agnes demurely, beginning to read, and her face lighting up as she glanced rapidly down the page. "Why—an offer of partnership—just that! and he really is doing a good business. Hum—wants a man of brains—that's you!—a responsible and level-headed individual—that's you again! Climate the healthiest in the United States—that's good! Living expenses a mere song—good again! No reason why a comfortable competence should not be

realized within five years—of course not! Glad to hear from you at earliest convenience. Wh—William Phillips! Isn't this what people call a business?"

"I don't understand it!"

"What—the lumbering business?"

"No—the offer. Begging your pardon, Jimmy has always been a little stiff with me since Cleveland's election. He's seemed to think that our enterprising little paper delects of his party."

"Very likely! and this is a deep scheme to get you out of the paper so his party can rise again. When shall we start for the city?"

"You're not in earnest, child! Do you think you could go to that wild region and live among stamps and eat baked beans and drink strong cheap tea without any milk? Oh! I know what it is! I've visited lumber camps, and they are howling jungles so far as the shopping sex is concerned. You can never match a ribbon there, nor get just the shade of plush you want. Besides, you'd miss your Shakespeare Club and the Extension concert. Jimmy is kind, but—"

But after two evenings of spirited discussion Will Phillips wrote an acceptance. He added a postscript, which his wife did not see, as follows: "The prospect is all bright down generally, bye and bye, but I'll be good for something for a while, and when the end comes—well, I sort of fancy the idea of dying where there's plenty of room, and where I can leave Aggie under a brother's wing."

III.

After all it was not such an out and out wilderness—the young town where Jimmy-the-Lumberman presided as King There was first of all a large saw-mill, then a boarding house, a little school-house in which the inspired teacher held well-attended praise services every Sunday night; a provision store with a few shelves of calico and flannel and in one corner a real little postoffice, and along the one struggling empyrean streets stood a few board cottages where all the "hands" who had families lived—the largest cottage, distinguished by lace curtains and a terra cotta chimney, containing Jimmy's household. To this cottage a "wing" had been freshly attached in which Will and his wife were to live until their own cottage could be erected.

There is something in this home-building business—even if the home is only of the cheapest sort and set in the midst of a forest—that takes hold of the soul—if there is a soul—and in this case there were two, and well filled with the fine artistic "kick" that comes of dwelling in a great center of civilization.

The site was the first great question. Much time, artfully prolonged by Miss Agnes, was spent in roaming to and fro under the murmuring pines, seeking out an eastern slope, shade and sunlight in right proportions, proper elevation, and a distance from the board cottages sufficient to clothe them with some degree of enchantment. Finally it was found—the site—a gentle knoll covered with vigorous young pines in their teens, and yet standing so well apart that on a few needed to be cleared away to make room for the house.

And the house—nothing more ethereal than pine logs twenty inches in diameter, entered into the construction of its walls. These logs were hewn only so far as was necessary to fit them snugly together and were left otherwise in their natural state; rough-barked and resinous. There were but two rooms, but these were of good size, and at the end of each rose up a big rough stone chimney, with a fireplace at the base large enough for old-style backlogs and firesticks. "The wood is only in the way here, so make all the fire pieces you like," said Jimmy the lumberman, and every night he would stroll up to the knoll to look at the "younguns" and to bestow broad grins on his brother-in-law's architectural freaks.

"Wait until we are settled and you are invited to our first Sunday dinner, brother mine," laughed Mrs. Agnes, "you'll see method in our madness, when all is finished."

The roof covering was of the sort called "shakes"—long and primitive looking shingles, set closely together with slender splinters laid above them as fastenings—giving a sort of thatching effect. The small paneled windows were low and wide, and opened on huge—deep-set, solid, old English windows, with wide sills that made comfortable seats. In the ceiling, composed of matched boards, some young pines with bark left intact took the place of hewn beams. The floors—the one weakness, Agnes declared—were of clear pine planks, oiled and polished to such a degree that it seemed wicked to walk upon them.

"They seem a mistake somehow," said Mrs. Agnes, after Will had gone over the m for the last time and was resting with rolled up sleeves, from his labors. "They are beautiful, but I'm afraid of them. They have an air of superiority, as if they were going to boss me about and make me a slave to them. I almost wish we had used hewn logs."

But on that happy day when the goods from the city flat were unpacked and arranged, the young housewife lost her fear. Her two cheap but pretty terra "art squares" of soft yellow and browns were spread in the center of the shining floor, and just enough of the polished surface remained to be a comfort and a joy.

The windows were marred by no drapery beyond light curtains of creamy scrim, and the possibilities that were sprouting up from two handsome old yellow ginger jars of ivy. And across the wide entrance between the two rooms, suspended from a pine sapling pole, hung more folds of scrim in a leafy brown and gold pattern that took kindly to the log walls and the art squares.

Beyond two willow rocking chairs and a portable bookcase, all the furniture was home made. The bedstead was beautifully clumsy—purely Queen Ann. Mrs. Agnes was sure—and it had a mattress of pine boughs that filled the room with a sweet resinous fragrance. The wash stand and toilet table were made of packing boxes covered with cheap dotted Swiss muslin, and the ample mantel shelf was treated to a lambrquin of the same cool and pretty material. In the dining-room, which was also to be parlor and kitchen, the table was of a large and hospitable sort and under its fringed cardinal cloth showed about colonial legs, with things at the ends that a vivid imagination might take for lion's feet—being a bit of Will's rainy-day jack-knife work. The chairs were models of strength and simplicity, and busy Mrs. Agnes had already made for them some tatted cre-

tope cushions. In the corners, at either side of the fire place, were shelves for china and cooking utensils, and above the mantel "as first a rifle and Grandfather Phillips's sword, and then a little decorative flurry of fans and peacock feathers, and a bronze clock. In the fire-place was fixed an old-fashioned crane with three hooks of different lengths depending therefrom. At one side of the room was the bookcase well filled with choice authors, and on the other side appeared an innocent looking species of side board, made of oiled pine and covered with a neat linen scarf, and holding inside a variety of such cooking supplies as are needed in even the lightest housekeeping.

"A fine time you will have without a cook-stove!" the sister-in-law sarcastically remarked.

"So we will," laughed Mrs. Agnes, "a fine, simple, healthful pioneer time! What we cannot roast before the fire, or boil in kettles over the fire, or bake in our charming tin oven, we'll cheerfully defer to your Stewart range, my dear. We are going backward a hundred years or so. We'll not only cook with an open fire, but we'll burn a pine knot for illumination, go to bed at 9 o'clock and rise at 5 and spend most of our time out of doors. I've found a very picturesque spot in the shade of trees by the creek, where I shall prepare our dinners on hot days, and where I shall do our washing every Monday—the weather permitting."

And thus they "settled" in their plucky home.

IV.

"I'd really like to live a few years, if I might, in this simple, jolly fashion," said Will to his wife as they sat before the dining room fire the first evening after their removal from brother Jimmy's roof. There had been a lively thunder-shower in the afternoon, and the air had cooled just enough to make a handful of blazing knots a pleasant thing to sit by.

"You've come to live four times ten years at least, Will, dear," answered Agnes, tranquilly, "but not in this place. A stock ranch in Colorado, or Northern California, will be the thing, after a few years of rejuvenation here among the healing pines."

Will glanced at his wife expecting to see a sort of forced smile accompanying these brave words, but she was looking up soberly and intently into the dancing flames.

"You never discovered much nonsense about me, did you?" she questioned, turning abruptly toward him.

"None—except of a rather endurable sort," replied Will, gallantly taking her hand in his with a loverlike squeeze.

"Well, a strange thing happened to me just before I wrote to—that is, a few days before brother Jimmy's offer came. It was after you had gone down town that dark, wet morning, you remember, the morning after you told me about the—trouble. I watched you till I saw you take the car at the corner, and then I went back into the dining-room—and, Oh, how dark the room was that black morning—and I knelt by your chair." The face of Mrs. Agnes was now hidden on her husband's shoulder—"and, Oh, I prayed! not out loud, for I could not speak, but in this place now and then, and then tears rushing just as they'd wanted to rush all those hours. And, by-and-bye—it was the queerest thing—a great peace and comfort came over me, and a great shining faith seemed to draw near and fill my soul. And it is here yet, dear." She lifted her face, pale with intense feeling, her eyes bright and wide and far-seeing, and laid her hand upon her breast.

"I feel that you are going to live for years. I know that you are not going to leave me. Will, dear until I am a white-haired old woman slipping about in cloth shoes and wearing white lace caps," and Agnes began to smile a little.

"Bless our dear heart!" was all Will could say. The tears were tumbling down his cheeks and sparkling merrily in the firelight.

"But this isn't all of the queer thing," Agnes continued. "All that morning, all that day, in fact, I had a faint, dim, persistent feeling of being among pine trees. You may smile, and welcome, but it's a fact—and impression of breezy, balsamic fragrance, and of little hill-tops steeped in sunshine. How much better such a place for Will, came the thought, than that dusty old editorial room! And so, thinking of the pines, I got to thinking of brother Jimmy. And then I wrote to him concerning the beautifulness of pine forests, and said that perhaps we might pay him a visit, and—no, sir, not one word about business, or anything of the sort—and back came his reply—his offer—and here we are!"

Will, with Agnes drawn closely to his side, looked long and thoughtfully into the fire. That he was feeling better and stronger, and gaining in breathing-power every day, he was well aware. The complete change in his work and ways of living—the muscular exercise—the pure aromatic air—the early hours—the plentiful sleep—the appetizing taste of things cooked before the primitive fire—it would be singular indeed if these things did not yield him benefit—for a time, at least! But what had brought him to this—this thing—and why had his wife's little confession thrilled him so strangely? He had always been a square-thinking, square-acting sort of fellow, and his mind toward spiritual and undemonstrated things had never been exercised very much. If skeptical, however, with the fashionable skepticism of the age, no one knew it. He was too kind-hearted, too large-minded to scoff at any belief that could make even one soul the happier and the better; and for himself he kept silence.

As he looked into the fire, a portion of a stick fell down and lay smouldering at some distance from its blazing comrade. "If it goes out, I'll follow Tom and Ed," was his thought, "if it lights up again, I'll live, and Agnes is right."

The little ember smouldered on, brightened for a moment and then seemed to die out utterly. A shade crept over Will's face. We all have a speck of superstition hidden away somewhere in the strata of hard common sense. Then he smiled slightly, think of it himself—"It would be a pretty small sort of Providence who would go about doing little tricks of that kind." Then under pressure of some unaccountable wave of feeling he bowed his head and said aloud—"Lord, I believe—"

A breeze came rushing through the pines; the chimney drew a long breath; the fallen ember quivered and snapped and sparkled, and in a moment was enveloped in flame. It shone dazzlingly into Will's eyes as he lifted his head—"Emily H. Leland in Milwaukee Wisconsin."

# COUNTRY COURTING.

The Loves of Daphne and Chloe Described by an Expert.

Every lad in the country, no matter how lowly his occupation may be or how small the wages he may earn, makes it a point to own a set of harness and a buggy, says the New York World. This, any way, and, if possible, a horse. If he can't get the horse, however, it doesn't make so much difference, for he can generally manage to borrow an animal of some sort, either from his employer or some neighboring farmer. These things are absolutely essential to the kind of courting he does, and the only one who doesn't enjoy it is the horse.

When Saturday afternoon comes around the boys may be found hard at work with a bottle of harness polish, making the horses apparel shine for the regular Sunday turnout. And then a bucket of water and a sponge are brought into play, and the buggy is made to look as bright and clean as new. Sunday afternoon everything is in readiness, and decked out in his best suit of clothes, which sometimes fits him but more often doesn't, he ties a piece of bright ribbon on his whip, climbs into the buggy and drives off.

May be he has a friend from some other point stopping with him, and in that case the friend goes along. The latter is taken to some house along the route where there is a daughter in the family. She is asked whether she expects any caller or not that evening, and if the answer be in the negative the friend is introduced and left in care of the girl, who treats him just as if they had been life-long friends, and he in turn does his share towards carrying out the presumption. He takes tea with the family and then is escorted to the parlor, when he and his new found acquaintance are left alone to entertain each other as best they see fit.

In the meantime the buggy owner has driven on to his destination. His best girl welcomes him with open arms. A hug, a kiss and a how-do-you-do comprise the salutatory, and then he goes through the same course as the friend whom he has left behind. After tea he goes to the parlor and he and the object of his admiration sit and chat together the whole night long. This is a fact, and they don't sit as city folks do, either. They huddle together on a lounge or sofa and, clasped in each other's arms, sit and ooze like a pair of turtle doves. No one is there to disturb or embarrass them. The old folks have gone to bed and the youngsters are alone in the glory. For a time they talk about crops and the weather and discuss the habits of some mutual acquaintance, and when they have exhausted all subjects on which they find it easy to converse they don't go ahead and talk for the sake of saying something, as city folks do, but they remain silent and sit for hours hugging and kissing each other, until the break of day warns the youth that it is time for him to retire. Then he gives his girl a parting kiss and hug, another for good luck, and takes his departure.

# Salomon, of Hayti.

Just as we are launched upon the tempestuous sea of a presidential election, besides being threatened with a war with Canada, ex-President Salomon, of Hayti, comes here and tells us there is a revolution in his country and he has been ousted. We must say that Salomon has chosen a very poor time for bringing his griefs to our attention. We have as much on our hands as we can possibly attend to, and if he is keeping any run of American affairs he must know it. Why couldn't he have had the revolution postponed awhile, or at least waited until after election before bringing us the news of it? If he had only looked in this direction he would have seen a large sign hanging out, "This is our busy season." That should have deterred him from intruding upon us. We have a friendly feeling toward Hayti, which Columbus discovered about three years after he discovered us. He called it Little Spain, and, founding the town of Isabella, established in it the first colony of Europeans in the New World, making his brother, Diego governor. Perhaps Salomon doesn't remember this, but we do. It was the French who succeeded the Spaniards as masters, who called Hayti *La Reine des Antilles*, which title remains to this day, although the French didn't, being driven out, as Salomon was by a revolution, in 1803. Hayti became an independent state, then an empire, then a republic. —*Chicago Tribune.*

# Spice of Life.

"You know," she said as a clicheer, "woman is the salt of the earth." "Yes," replied he, savagely, "and the pepper, too." —*Chicago Tribune.*

# THURMAN'S LETTER.

Accepting the Vice Presidential Nomination.

A Brief but Pointed Epistle.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 14.

Hon. Patrick A. Collins and others, committee: Gentlemen.—In obedience to a motion I send you this formal acceptance of my nomination for the office of vice president of the United States, made by the national convention of the democratic party at St. Louis.

When you did me the honor to call upon me at Columbus and officially notify me of my nomination, I expressed to you my sense of obligation to the convention, and stated although I had not sought the nomination I did not feel at liberty, under the circumstances, to decline it. I thought then, as I still think, that whatever I could properly do to promote the reelection of President Cleveland I ought to do. His administration has been marked by such integrity, good sense, manly courage and exalted patriotism that a just appreciation of these high qualities seems to call for his re-election.

I am also strongly impressed with the belief that his re-election would gratefully tend to strengthen that feeling of fraternity among the American people that is so essential to their welfare, peace and happiness, and to the perpetuity of the union and of our free institutions.

I approve the platform of the St. Louis convention and cannot too strongly express my dissent from the heretical teachings of the monopolists that the welfare of a people can be promoted by a system of exorbitant taxation far in advance of the wants of the government.

The idea that a people can be enriched by heavy and unnecessary taxation, that a man's condition can be improved by taxing him on all he wears, on all his wife and children wear, is obvious absurdity.

To fill the vaults of the treasury with an idle surplus for which the government has no legitimate use, and to thereby deprive the people of currency needed for their business and daily wants, and to create a powerful stimulus to extravagance and corruption in the expenditures of the government seems to me to be a policy at variance with every sound principle of government and of political economy.

The necessity of reducing taxation to prevent an accumulation of surplus revenue and the consequent depletion of the circulating medium is so apparent that no party dares to deny it; but when we come to consider the modes by which the reduction may be made we find a wide antagonism between our party and the monopolistic leaders of our political opponents.

We seek to reduce taxes upon the necessities of life; our opponents try to increase them. We say, give to the masses of the people good and cheap clothing, cheap tools and cheap lumber. The republicans by their platform and by their leaders in the senate, by their proposed bill, say increase the taxes on clothing and blankets and thereby increase their cost, maintain a high duty on the tools of the farmer and mechanic and upon the lumber which they need for the construction of their modest dwellings, shops and barns, and thereby prevent their obtaining these necessities at reasonable prices.

Can any sensible man doubt as to where he should stand in this controversy? Can any well informed man be deceived by the false pretense that a system so unreasonable and unjust is for the benefit of laboring men?

Much is said about competition of American laborers with the pauper labor of Europe; but does not every man who looks around him see and know that an immense majority of the laborers in America are not engaged in what are called the protected industries? And as to those who are employed in such industries, is it not undeniable that the duties proposed by the democratic measure called the Mills bill far exceed the difference between American and European wages, and that therefore, if it were admitted that our workmen can be protected by tariffs against cheap labor they would be fully protected, and more than protected, by the bill.

Does not every well informed man know that the increase in price of home manufactures produced by a high tariff does not go into the pockets of laboring men, but only tends to swell the profits of others?

It seems to me that if the policy of the democratic party is plainly presented all must understand that we seek to make the cost of living less, and at the same time increase the share of the laboring man in the benefits of national prosperity and growth.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant, ALLEN G. THURMAN.

# Twenty-one Men Drowned.

The national line steamer Queen collided with the fishing schooner Madeline on the 5th inst. Twenty-one persons perished. The collision occurred during a fog off the banks of Newfoundland. The Queen struck the Madeline amidships, cutting her in two and sinking her immediately. The captain, first and second mates and steward of the fishing schooner were rescued after they had been in the water nearly an hour, but the rest of the crew, numbering twenty, were lost. In the collision the Queen lost her bowsprit and foremast. The Madeline was a French fishing schooner.

# A Hot Chinaman.

Mung Kow, a Chinaman, but naturalized British subject since 1882, manager in business of King Chong Foo of Hong Kong, has instructed his counsel in that city to consult leading Washington attorneys with a view of testing the Chinese exclusion act. Mung Kow was prevented from crossing the frontier, and on applying to Consul General Anderson was told the law forbade his case. The company he represented is extremely wealthy, and willing to spend money in testing the act. Mr. Mung Kow is quite mad about the new law.

# Two Large Funerals.

The funerals of 27 of the victims of the Mud Run disaster occurred at the Pleasant Valley Catholic church on the 13th inst., with appropriate ceremonies, after which the bodies were in a red in the Pleasant Valley cemetery. There were whole families laid away together in two or three cases, but the majority were favorite sons, fathers or mothers, and the scenes were pitiful. There were 15 other funerals at Scranton. The bodies were placed in separate graves, and the commitment service read over each.

# Emperor William's Escape.

A Berlin paper has published the details of the alleged plot to assassinate Emperor William during his tour in South Germany. It says 10 anarchists left Switzerland with the intention of blowing the Kaiser to pieces with bombs while he was passing through Wortenberg. The police were informed and a change of route was made, by which the plotters were foiled.

# Germans are Pleased.

The universal gratification felt in Germany at the honors paid Emperor William in Italy, may be summed up in this expression of the North German Gazette: "The splendid reception extended to Emperor William in Rome makes the heart of every German patriot beat faster."

