

Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH FRIDAY NOVEMBER 30 1888.

WHOLE NO. 64

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

There was a young lady from Niger,
Went out to ride on a Tiger,
They came back from the ride
With the young lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.—Voice.

Boiled cider at the Red Front.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

Pure home rendered lard at Bennett's.

—The Thanksgiving turkey was out of our reach.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

Holiday goods constantly arriving at Bassett & Son's.

—If you have anything to sell, try our "Cheap Column." It will pay.

—Mrs. L. C. Hall left Wednesday for a few days visit among friends at Clio.

—Young men! Did your best girl take you to the leap-year party last night?

For sale cheap, small horse, safe for old people or children. Inquire at this office.

—Mrs. Hackett and child, of Detroit, are guests of her cousin, George Burnett.

—Miss Nellie Crosby, who is attending school at Detroit, is home for Thanksgiving.

A nice pillow sham holder given to every one purchasing a headstead at Bassett & Son's.

Wanted—at the Plymouth foundry wood in exchange for corn sheeters or caldron kettles. 66

—Fred Bennett, of Leslie, came home to eat Thanksgiving turkey and accompany a young lady to the dance.

If you want a piano, organ or sewing machine you can save several dollars by buying it of J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

—The Rev. C. Corey, of the Southern Methodist conference, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning.

—The Wayne county teachers have a meeting at Belleville today and tomorrow. Prof. Brower, of this place, reads a paper on "Educational Maxims."

During the first of December, I will sell trimmed hats for a quarter off the regular price, and will also trim to order at same rates. My stock is large and of the latest style. M. K. Starkweather.

—L. C. Hall received from the war department, Tuesday, a draft for back pay and bounty due his brother, who died at Andersonville prison during the war. The sum was something over \$133.

—Married, in Ypsilanti, on the 13th inst., Wm. Sleaford, of Brighton, and Mrs. Eva Francisco, of Ypsilanti. Mr. and Mrs. Sleaford returned to their pleasant Brighton home the day following. Here's wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life.—Brighton Citizen.

—The widow of Ezra Derby, who was an old resident of Wayne, died at the residence of her son, Spencer Powell, near Belleville, on the 15th inst. from heart disease. The old lady was seventy-two years old and was making preparations to go out for the evening, when she dropped dead. Mr. Derby, her husband, for many years owned the saw mill between here and Wayne and lived on the farm just east of it.

—Information wanted—William McDowell, who lives on a farm about three miles south of Howell, left home October 10, for South Lyon, to obtain information on the culture of celery. He left South Lyon that day, and from thence his whereabouts cannot be learned. He is a man of excellent habits and good reputation. He leaves a wife and five children. As he was out of health of late, it is feared he is roaming the country insane. McDowell is aged thirty-four years, some five feet, ten inches in height, of blonde complexion. He was well dressed. He wore a black suit, also a brown derby hat, and had on an overcoat of a brownish cast. He weighs about 150 pounds, has a scar on one of his cheeks and wears a mustache. Any information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of McDowell will be thankfully received by his sorrowing family and friends.—Howell Democrat.

Malaga grapes at the Red Front.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Michael Conner has been appointed receiver of the Polley, Wherry & Co., agricultural business.

Try Bennett's sausage seasoning, ready mixed, thirty cents per pound. One-half ounce to one pound of meat.

—Bentley & McLaren moved their agricultural implements into their new purchase, the rink, on Wednesday.

Ladies, we have just received a large lot of nice quilts which we can sell you cheaper than you can make them, Bassett & Son's.

—"Nulty" Stevens while at work at Charles Broms' shop the other day, got one of his fingers too close to the knives of a shaper and the greater portion of the finger nail was taken off.

—The Supreme court rendered a decision that the county auditors have no authority to buy a sight for county buildings, the board of supervisors are the proper persons to make such purchase.

—Raffling for turkens have been indulged in quite extensively this week. Some of the lucky ones secured several, while others with not so good luck got never a turk. Such are the ways of this world.

—The union services in the Presbyterian church, on Sabbath evening, as usual resulted in a full house. D. A. Waterman, auditor of the M. C. R. R., gave an instructive bible reading on the evils of drunkenness. The same gentleman spoke in the morning in the Baptist church and in the afternoon to the Band of Hope.

—W. N. Wherry received his letters patent from the United States on his mole trap last Friday, and word that his patent had been allowed in Canada. He has also received about twenty letters so far, from parties who wish to buy or manufacture on royalty. The trap is an excellent thing and we believe there is some money in it if properly handled.

—A couple of plausible fellows are said to be traveling this way on a new swindling expedition. They are "well up" on the sheep question, and being homespun in their general talk and conversation are wont to disarm suspicion. They are after lambs but can never get as many as they can dispose of. They therefore have a general breed of rams, which they sell at \$50 each, cash, on the understanding that they will purchase at a good high figure all the lambs of their get the following season at weaning time. Generally the sale is effected, the inducement appears so great, and the ram is delivered and paid for, but the two frauds never turn up in the same locality.—Ex.

—The following item from one of our exchanges is made to fit any newspaper: A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if there was anything she should do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there half an hour longer, then the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to set around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me and says above all things I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the paper, I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.

—The State board of canvassers has finished its labors and following are the State officers elected and their respective pluralities: Cyrus G. Luce, governor, 17,130; James H. McDonald, lieutenant governor, 20,693; Gilbert R. Osmon, secretary of state, 22,735; George L. Maltz, state treasurer, 22,334; Henry H. Aplin, auditor general, 23,196; Roscoe D. Dix, commissioner land office, 23,941; Stephen V. R. Trowbridge, attorney general, 22,485; Joseph Estabrook, superintendent public instruction, 22,325; Perry F. Browsers, member board of education, 21,570. All Republicans. The pluralities received by the congressmen are these: J. Logan Chipman (dem.), 3,103; Edward P. Allen, (rep.), 1,564; James O'Donnell (rep.), 6,602; Julius C. Burrows (rep.), 4,185; Charles E. Belknap (rep.), 2,667; Mark S. Brewer (rep.), 367; Justin R. Whiting (dem.), 406; Aaron T. Bliss (rep.), 2,185; Byron M. Cutcheon (rep.), 4,374; Frank W. Wheeler (rep.), 115; Samuel M. Stephenson (rep.), 3,353. The vote on the revision of the banking law stood: Yes, 48,531; No, 20,300. The amendment to the constitution relative to circuit courts was carried by a vote of 21,221 to 19,382.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

OVERCOATS!

OVERCOATS!

- Overcoats for \$2.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$3.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$4.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$6.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$7.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$9.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$10.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$12.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$14.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$15.00 Each.

—AT—

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.

Overcoats! Overcoats! Overcoats!

Drowned While Skating.

Yesterday (Thursday) morning while skating on Thompson's lake, in Howell, Clifford Culver, son of Frank Culver, blacksmith, aged twelve years, was drowned. In the morning Clifford started for school as usual, but on approaching the school house, learned that he was late, and not wishing to have a tardy mark with the affixed punishment, concluded to be absent entirely, and in company with several boys about his own age, started for a skate on Thompson's lake. The boys arrived at the lake, put on their skates and for some time hugely enjoyed the pleasant pastime; but nevertheless they were doomed to certain sorrow. An under current rendered the ice unsafe in the locality in which the boys were skating and Clifford went down. However, he came up and caught hold of the edge of the ice, which broke as soon he would renew his efforts to extricate himself. The boy clung in this manner for forty-five minutes to the breaking ice. His cry for help was heard fully a quarter of a mile, but no attention was given to it, as it was supposed the boys were playing. Had his companions, as they found their efforts in his behalf futile, went for stronger assistance, his life in all probability would have been saved; but instead the boys relied too much on their own efforts. And this, in the presence of his amazed and startled companions, this heroic little fellow bade them all a good-by, saying he would like to see his mother again, when he relaxed his hold for the last time. His body was recovered about two hours later in twenty-one feet of water about twelve rods from the shore, and near the place where Marvin, the painter, was drowned about three years ago, and was accomplished by breaking the ice and gaining the place with a boat. The funeral will be held at the Baptist church, Saturday, at nine p. m.—Brighton Citizen.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the system when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, California. Sold in fifty cents and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists. 66

Murder at Detroit.

Another Detroit policeman shot. This time Albert W. Thayer, or "Bert," as he was more familiarly called, was the victim. The faithful officer was following two suspicious characters about ten o'clock Monday night and came up with them on Fort street, near Fifth, when he evidently attempted to make an arrest and was shot dead, the ball passing through his head near the ears. Two pistol shots were heard by some of those living near the scene and shortly after the body of the policeman was discovered. Near by was found a satchel containing a full kit of burglary tools, and a necktie purchased at a Michigan avenue store that day. A fair description of the parties is known and it is possible they may be apprehended.

The police department has offered \$1,000; the county auditors another \$1,000 and the Sunday News \$500; making \$2,500 in all. It is hoped that this amount will secure the conviction of the criminals.

Thayer was but thirty-two years of age and leaves a wife and eight-year-old son. He was a good officer and had many friends. We have known him since he was three or four years old and have met him quite frequently since he has been in the police force. His father, N. P. Thayer kept hotel at Wayne in 1860. He also kept hotel at New Boston for a number of years. About fifteen years ago he was appointed keeper of the Wayne county house. From there he removed to Detroit and kept the Three Mile house, on Michigan avenue. He died last summer.

The Evening News has headed a subscription, for the policeman's widow, with \$50 and others are generously adding to it. Up to Wednesday noon the subscriptions amounted to \$230.

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 Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price fifty cents and dollar per bottle at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

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

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES!
IF YOUR LAWN IS
Being Destroyed
—BY—
MOLES!
Send \$2.50 to
W. N. WHERRY,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.,
For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them. J. C. Stellwagen, merchant at Wayne, Michigan, 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.

ISELL 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 Shafe's Foundry, Plymouth, Michigan

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

The Internal Revenue.

The annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue, just issued, shows that the aggregate collection made and reported to the commissioner during the last fiscal year by the Michigan collectors was as follows: John B. Molony, first Michigan district, \$556,807.79; George N. Davis, fourth Michigan, \$307,511.23. During the last calendar year there were 1,916,796 pounds of tobacco, 90,229,445 cigars and 2,141,100 cigarettes manufactured in Michigan. The state is ninth in rank of those in the union in cigar production. The report shows that there are now in Michigan nine rectifiers, 5,917 retail liquor dealers, 53 wholesale liquor dealers, 544 manufacturers of cigars, 17,521 tobacco dealers and 111 brewers. During the last fiscal year 377,677 proof gallons of spirits were rectified in the Detroit district and 19,225 in the Grand Rapids district. There are now in Michigan 23 wholesale and 204 retail dealers in oleomargarine, and they paid in the last fiscal year \$2,326 in special taxes.

His Labors Ended.

Rev. Carmel C. Olds, father of S. S. Olds, Senator Stockbridge's private secretary, died in Lansing Nov. 21, aged 78 years. He was born in New York state. In 1842 he became president of the Rock River seminary at Mt. Morris, Ill. He came to Michigan in 1849 and had charge of the Indian missions in the Saginaw valley two years. He was pastor of the old First Methodist church in Detroit and then professor of natural sciences at Albion college. In 1891 he founded the once well known Lansing academy, and was principal for five years. Later he was presiding elder of the Lansing and Niles districts and afterwards was pastor of churches at Parma, Grand Ledge, Vermontville and North Lansing. He was one of the best known figures in early Methodism in Michigan.

The Official Canvass.

The official canvass of the vote for presidential electors of Michigan is completed. Harrison receives 236,370, Cleveland 213,404, Fisk 20,942, Streeter 4,543. There is a prohibition gain of 2,539 over 1894 and a loss of 4,237 compared with the vote of 1896. Harrison's plurality is 22,966.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

William R. Moran, Fred Moran and other Detroit men have secured an option from Peter E. Gingsass on 40 acres of ground in the gold range, near Ishpeming. They paid \$20,000 for it. A 40-foot quartz vein carrying free gold extends across the property. The same men have the refusal of ground at \$150,000, which will be paid if future developments are satisfactory.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Detective association was held in Kalamazoo on the 20th inst. Two new associations have been added during the year and the total membership in the state association is over 2,400, representing over \$2,900,000 in personal property, and not a dollar has been lost by theft in year. Thieves are posted on the membership and steer clear of them. One thief who stole from a member in Calhoun county had lists of members from twelve associations on his person. The following officers were elected: President, H. D. Pessell, Quincy; vice, W. Hunt, Kendallville, Ind.; secretary and treasurer, H. Dale Adams, Galesburg; executive committee, J. H. Gardner, Centerville; Benj. F. Morgan, Battie Creek; Wm. Cox, Lawton.

William Bayfield was shot and killed while hunting near Negaunee. Gold has been found about 12 miles from Metropolitan. Explorations are being made there.

Arthur Sanford was struck by a falling tree while chopping near Traverse City, and instantly killed.

Gov. Luce has appointed George B. Congdon of Gaylord agent state board of charities for Otsego county.

The superior court jury in Grand Rapids has rendered a verdict against Julius Berkey, giving Thomas Hedell \$3,375 damages for injuries received 18 months ago in Berkey's factory. The case was tried last summer. A verdict of \$101 was rendered. Then a new trial was granted. Hedell fell into the elevator hole through lack of proper guards and received injuries that have permanently crippled him. The case will probably be carried to the supreme court.

August Scholtz, aged 23, was riding on a small logging engine near Harrison, when the boiler burst. He jumped to avoid being scalded and fell under the wheels. Ten cars passed over his legs. When his fellow trainmen found him his legs were hanging by shreds. "Got an ax and kill me," he pleaded piteously. He died in two hours. The remains were taken to East Saginaw for interment.

An effort is being made to move the county seat of Arenac county from Omer to Standish.

Experts are going to examine ledge of gray and red sandstone on Parisian island, 25 miles above Sault Ste. Marie, to see whether it is suitable for building purposes. Work is to be commenced on the new government dock in front of Fort Brady at the "Saw" this fall.

William Kehr, who stole furs and silks from the Sherman House in Flint, has been sentenced to four and one-half years in Jackson.

Dr. J. F. Gauchoer of Nashville has been found guilty of grave robbery.

George Lardie, Sr., one of the earliest settlers in the Grand Traverse region, died in Traverse City on the 22d inst.

Gale & Buck's saw mill in East Golden was destroyed by an incendiary fire the other day.

Frank Clark was killed at Grand Haven by a pile falling upon him.

A train was derailed near Ishpeming the other morning, and John O'Connell was killed.

Cyril Jean's little child was burned to death in Bay City the other day.

Daniel Storch, who is charged with sending a dun on a postal card, has been held for trial at the March term of the United States court in Grand Rapids.

The "Old Third" Michigan infantry will hold a reunion in Grand Rapids Dec. 19.

The state grange meets in Lansing December 11.

Jim Hopper, who shot Jim Turner at East Jordan, has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to Jackson for life.

Elmer Northrup, a 16-year old boy of Lawton, has been convicted of criminal assault and sentenced to 12 years in Jackson.

The next meeting of the Michigan beekeepers' association will be held in Jackson Dec. 12-13.

The Wayne circuit court is asked to review the action of Justice Patton in giving a verdict of \$40 to Albert Sherman against the American express company. Sherman sent a package containing \$300 to Jacksonville, Fla., and it was \$10 short when delivered there. The American express company delivered it at Cairo to the Southern express company, and the question they

ask the Wayne circuit court to decide is whether they or the Southern express company is responsible for the loss.

It is thought the prison being built at Marquette will be completed in January.

William McCord attempted to escape from jail in East Tawas, but when the sheriff's wife confronted him with a revolver, he went quietly back to his cell.

Capt. James B. Muir of the steamer F. & P. M. No. 1, running between Ludington and Milwaukee, died in East Saginaw the other day. He had not been well for twelve days, but attended to his duties on his boat until the day before his death. He was born in Scotland, was 62 years old, and had sailed on the ocean and lakes since he was 7 years old. He was widely known in marine circles. The remains were taken to Buffalo, his former home, for interment.

Dr. F. W. Robinson for many years a veterinary surgeon at Port Huron, died the other day in East Tawas.

Frank Rose was found dead on the street in Sault Ste Marie the other morning. As he was intoxicated the night before it is thought his death was caused by exposure.

John J. Enright of Detroit has been promoted from his disbursing clerkship to the chiefship of the dead letter division of the department. H. P. Hall of St. Paul will be the next disbursing clerk in place of Enright. Mr. Rice has been endeavoring for some time past to secure a good place for Hall in the postal service, and Dickinson some time ago promised Mr. Rice a good place for him if one should become vacant.

B. W. Long, a druggist of Lansing, recently bought a barrel of whisky of a leading wholesale drug house of Detroit, for medicinal purposes only, and found that it was badly adulterated. A revenue officer is looking into the matter, and as the barrel bears the brand of one of the largest distilleries in the country, it is suspected that the adulteration was put into it in Detroit. Neither Long nor the officer will tell the name of the Detroit firm, however.

E. B. Martin, who died recently at Dunningville, Allegan county, was the father of 19 children.

The Dinham brothers of Lee, Calhoun county, have been assessed \$70.71 for stealing three turkeys, the case being first tried twice in justice court.

Charles Rickard was struck by a falling tree while cutting wood three miles from Stanton, and instantly killed. He was 45 years old, and unmarried.

Money has been raised by public subscription to buy wild rice to sow around the lakes of Charlevoix county, to induce wild fowl to come there.

The national editorial association will meet in Detroit next year.

Mrs. Russell G. Ostrander, a prominent society lady of Lansing, is dead.

The case of Bunn Archer, the Lenawee boy who was sent up for obstructing a railroad track, whose sentence was commuted by Gov. Alger and the commutation revoked by Gov. Luce, has been decided. Judge Peck held that Gov. Luce's action was not according to law, and hence Archer's release.

Geo. W. Davis was sent to state prison from Genesee county six years ago for a criminal assault on a 13 years-old girl. Gov. Begie lowered his 20 years' sentence to 10 and Gov. Luce pardons him on the grounds of doubt as to his guilt, the feeble health of his father, and Davis's extreme youthfulness. The prisoner was only 15 when sentenced.

John Koopman has begun a suit for \$25,000 damages against Dr. A. H. Hodgett in the superior court in Grand Rapids. The complainant owns land worth \$10,000 in section 6, town 21 north, range 6 west, in Muskegon county, on which he had a shingle mill, grist mill and other buildings worth \$19,000. The machinery was operated by water power and the complainant says Hodgett built several dams on Clam River above his mills for the purpose of logging and destroyed the value of the water power.

Edwin Mansell, chief engineer at the state public school at Coldwater since it was founded, has resigned and will go into business in that city.

Hunters say that deer are not so plentiful in the north woods this year as in other years.

Nathan Wilson and Hannah Wilson, aged 70 and 40 respectively, have been sentenced at Pontiac for keeping house of ill fame. Nathan goes to the state house of correction for one year and six months and Hannah to Detroit house of correction for three years.

Grand Rapids prohibitionists have formed a permanent club, officered as follows: President, James H. Shaw; first vice president, J. L. McKee; second vice president, H. McMillan; secretary, J. W. Adams; treasurer, Peter Volmaria; librarian, George Koelof's.

William Steel of Ionia paid \$6,000 for a short-horn cow last week.

Ex-Lieut. Gov. M. S. Crosby has been appointed a member of the board of managers of the Ionia house of correction.

Ed. Murphy, a Grand Rapids & Indiana railway brakeman, was caught while coupling cars at Cadillac and one leg and arm cut off. He is aged about twenty-five years.

Mrs. Wakelin, wife of Rev. Thomas Wakelin, one of the oldest residents of Mt. Morris, is dead.

Signor Leonetto Cipriani, an Italian nobleman, has been to Kalamazoo to arrange for a division of an estate of \$25,000,000 in Italy, to which he, the Misses Cipriani of Kalamazoo, and several other people have fallen heirs. He sails for Italy soon.

Thomaston, the new town started by the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad, already has two saloons.

State Game Warden Smith has secured the conviction of 900 game law violators during the 18 months he has been in office.

Harrison Wyman has dug a well at Lansing which is only 35 feet deep and yet produces considerable crude petroleum.

The annual meeting of the board of directors of the northeastern fair will be held at the East Saginaw council rooms Dec. 18.

A large black bear was killed near Flint the other day.

New Agricultural Bureau.

The new bureau in the agricultural department authorized to be established at the last session of the legislature and known as the bureau of correspondence with agricultural stations, has been assigned quarters in the east end of the department building and has begun work under the direction of Prof. W. O. Atwater. A feature of the work will be to engage the ablest specialists in this country and Europe to compile articles on subjects about which information may be required for congress or general distribution, whenever the importance of the subject seems to warrant the expense.

Sixteen Drowned.

The Mackie company's steamship Newburg, of Leith, from Grangemouth to Aarhus, Denmark, laden with coal, has foundered in the North Sea. Sixteen persons were drowned. One survivor was rescued and landed at a port in Norway.

POWDERLY'S POWER.

The K. of L. Let Him Have His Way.

The report of the committee on law was submitted to the K. of L. convention in Indianapolis the other day. It agreed, in full, to all the conditions laid down by Powderly in case of his re-acceptance of the office of grand master workman. Under the new constitution, all officers are to be taken from the floor of the general assembly, with the exception of the general executive board and general co-operative board, and shall, when elected, serve two years. Powderly's influence is most conspicuous in section 16, article 3, which shall hereafter provide that the general master workman shall be chairman ex officio of the general co-operative board, and shall submit the names of four eligible persons, from whom the general assembly shall elect two, who shall constitute that board.

In an open letter to delegates, T. B. Barry claims that he can prove that \$1,250 was illegally paid to Tom O'Reilly; that non-union printers were employed in the general office; that a printer was obliged by the administration to vote at its dictation; that blank forms were used to get rid of clerks who would not submit to the administration's requirements; that the machinery and officers of the general office were used to defeat the choice of district representatives to the general assembly; that district 74, East Saginaw, Mich., was illegally recalled because it supported Barry in the last general assembly session; that the policy of general officers was to destroy small districts and concentrate power into the hands of state assemblies; that records of attachments of locals have been destroyed; that records were manipulated so as to allow illegal representatives in the general convention; that a general officer and trustee of money and property was denied an itemized account of \$495,000 of "poverty's money"; that the Journal of United Labor was used to destroy a man's character; that the order's money was spent by general officers in the last campaign; that the general officers victimized those who differed with them in their opinion; that there were strikes in shops, mills and factories against men with whom the fellow who occupies the chief clerkship in the general office could not honorably be compared; that the charges published in the Journal of United Labor by Powderly, Hayes and Dewey are absolutely untrue.

A Big Flour Trust.

Representatives of 24 flour mills in southern Dakota met at Aberdeen recently and organized an association to advance the standard of their industry. Efforts will be made to secure greater uniformity in grades and to prevent the pirating of brands by Eastern dealers. Conversation with millers from nearly every section of southern and central Dakota developed the fact that their wheat in store is generally less than last year. Estimates of yield per acre in 15 counties show an average yield of 11.69 bushels this year, as against 10.57 last, the highest average given being 15 and the lowest six bushels. Millers say that the Dakota yield is larger than it has been estimated, and believe they are not warranted in buying at present figures.

Work than Slavery.

Chas. T. Parsons of Holyoke, Mass., well known for hiring ignorant immigrants and then leasing their services to farmers, has been arrested for cruelty to a Polish immigrant, whom he had chained to his buggy seat, and who was nearly frozen, tears being frozen fast to his purple cheeks, while his hands were so stiff that he could not use them. He had on nothing but a pair of overalls, a thin coat and a pair of shoes. Parsons claims that the man was insane, that he was taking him to be cared for by some of his own people, and that he chained him because of his violence. Great excitement was caused when Parsons was arrested, and he narrowly escaped being mobbed.

Revenue Collections.

The collections of internal revenue during the first four months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, aggregate \$42,734,985, being an increase of \$1,233,773 over the collections during the corresponding period of last year. The receipts were: From spirits, \$23,311,769, an increase of \$1,544,702; from tobacco, \$10,496,355, a decrease of \$89,572; from fermented liquors, \$8,670,770, a decrease of \$35,692; from oleomargarine, \$2,028, an increase of \$3,321; from banks and bankers, \$1,314, an increase of \$4,982; from miscellaneous, \$80,472, a decrease of \$24,497. The total receipts for October last were \$1,275,122, greater than those for October of last year.

The Tenth Census Completed.

The last volume of the report in the tenth census has been issued. It completes the set of twenty-two quarto volumes of the compendium of the census. The cost of the work, exclusive of printing, engraving and binding, was \$1,853,350, being a sixty-eight cent per capita of the population of the country on June 1, 1890. The appropriation for printing, engraving and binding amounted to \$1,018,116.49. In addition to the statistics of population, manufactures and agriculture, there were special reports, among the most valuable of which were those on newspapers, public indebtedness, mining industries and cotton production.

A Lucky Journalist.

President-elect Harrison has selected for his private secretary E. W. Halford, managing editor of the Indianapolis Journal. Mr. Halford is a man of about 45 years of age, and began life as a printer's apprentice. He had been a reporter for the Journal during the war; he next became city editor, then managing editor, and finally left that paper to accept a similar situation on the Chicago Inter Ocean. In 1881 he returned to the Journal, and has been its managing editor since then. He is a man whose advice is constantly sought, and has always been associated with the influential republicans of Indiana.

Three Killed.

An extra construction train, loaded with ties for distribution along the road, pulled out of Westville, Pa., the other morning and should have taken a side track at Yellow Creek, to allow regular freight No. 88 to pass. The crew overlooked this fact and continued on their way. Both trains were running at a high rate of speed when they met with terrific force on a sharp curve near Hammondville. Three persons were killed, several others injured and the damage to railroad property is great.

Had Killed Thirty Men.

Capt. John Miller, who was killed near Jintown, I. T., a few days ago by one of his tenants named Jim Ables, had a remarkable criminal record, having killed 30 men at different places and under different circumstances. His death was the result of a dispute with Ables concerning the disposal of some cotton, which the latter claimed had been stolen. Miller made a suspicious movement, as if to draw a revolver, when Ables shot him dead.

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Powderly Re-elected.

The election of officers of the knights of labor occurred at the general assembly on the 23d inst., and resulted in the re-election of Powderly as general master workman. John W. Hayes of New Jersey was chosen secretary-treasurer. The general executive board is as follows: A. W. Wright of Toledo, Ont., J. J. Holland of Jacksonville, Fla., John Costello of Pittsburgh and John Develin of Detroit.

Mrs. L. M. Barry, as director and investigator of woman's work, was re-elected by acclamation. General Master Workman Powderly was chosen to represent the order at the Paris exposition.

After his re-election to office Mr. Powderly took the floor and stated that, although his salary had been left at \$7,000, he would accept only \$3,000, and at the end of his term the order could do what they pleased with the remainder.

The composition of the new board is considered by Powderly's friends as very good, some of them laying particular stress on the election of Costello, who represents the miners. On the other hand, it is said that his election will have a bad effect on the Knights of Labor. A leading miner remarked that the election of Costello meant the certain secession of the miners' assembly from the Knights of Labor. This is owing to a dislike for Costello felt by the miners because of his connection with some of their troubles several years ago. The miners will meet at Columbus, O., Dec. 5, and at that meeting will act.

Inauguration Preparations.

The inaugural committee has issued the following: Many organizations and individuals are engaging for themselves quarters in Washington during the inauguration without consultation with the inaugural committee. This creates competition and will tend to induce speculative prices. The inaugural committee will have a record of the available buildings, halls, rooms, etc., in the city, with the list of the prices thereof, and have opened a bureau of information at their headquarters, 925-930 F street. All parties will be aided and protected by communicating with the chairman at that address. It will also facilitate the assignment of organizations who wish to take place in the procession, and will furnish a directory to the location of all strangers or organizations temporarily present in the city.

A Quarter of a Century.

James F. Hedell, the real estate clerk of the law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Lardue & Choate, New York, who swindled his employers and their clients out of \$254,000, of which he spent a part in the policy shop of Emerson & Goss, has been sentenced to 25 years and four months in Sing Sing.

Five Mangled Men.

At Thompson's mill, near Schuylerville, N. Y., while a party of laborers were laying some dynamite preparatory to blasting, it exploded with fearful force. Five men were thrown into the air and terribly mangled. Two of the men were instantly killed, and three fatally injured.

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

New York Produce Market.

Flour—Dull and weak; Minnesota extra, \$3.35; 50 lb; superfine, \$3.65. Wheat—Quiet; No. 1 red state, \$1.15; No. 2 do, \$1.09; No. 2 red winter, December, \$1.05; Corn—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, cash, 48c; December, 49c. Oats—Steady; No. 1 white state, 40c; No. 2 do, 38c; No. 2 mixed, December, 31c. Pork—Dull; new mess, \$16.00. Lard—Steady; \$7.00. Butter—Firm and fairly active; western creamery fancy, 28c. Cheese—Dull but firm; Ohio flat, \$10.00. Eggs—Steady; western, 25c.

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

Cattle—10c lower; prime, 13 to 1.60; steers, \$4.25; butchers', firm, 900 to 1,200 lbs, \$4.00; stockers and feeders, 15c to 25c lower at \$2.50 to \$3.25.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

Hogs—Market active and firm; heavy and mixed lots 5c higher; light grades unchanged; light grades, \$3.25 to \$3.55; rough packing, \$3.25 to \$3.50; mixed lots, \$3.20 to \$3.50; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3.50 to \$3.60. Cattle—10c lower; beefs, \$4.00; cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Sheep—Strong; natives, \$3.00 to \$3.50; westerns, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Texas, \$2.50 to \$3.00; lambs, \$4.00.

Detroit Produce Markets.

Wheat—No. 1 white, \$1.00; No. 2 red, spot, \$1.08; Nov. 1894, \$1.05; December, \$1.05; May, \$1.15 to \$1.14. Corn—No. 2, 4c, nominal. Oats—No. 2 white, spot, 30c, nominal. Clover seed—Prime, December, \$5.40 bid.

Provisions—Detroit mess, \$15.25 to \$15.75; family pork, \$16.25 to \$16.50; short clear, \$18.25 to \$18.50; lard, in tierces, \$4.00 to \$4.25; kegs, \$4.00; hams, \$11.00 to \$11.50; shoulders, \$6.00 to \$6.50; breakfast bacon, \$11.00 to \$11.50; dried beef hams, \$9.50 to \$10.00; extra mess beef, new, \$7.50.

Game Partridges, 35c to 60c per pair; common ducks, 25c to 30c; and Mallards, 75c to 80c per pair; rabbits, 10c to 12c each; squirrels, 75c per doz; venison, saddles, 10c to 12c, carcass, 50c to 60c per lb.

Live Poultry—The market is steady at 60c; for spring chickens, 60c to 70c for fowls, 8c for turkeys, and 7c for ducks per lb. Potatoes—Very dull; almost impossible to place car lots at any price. Car lots are nominal at 25c to 30c, and store lots at 30c to 40c per bu.

Hides—Green No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c; cured No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; sheepskins, \$10.00 to \$11.50, as to the wool; green calf, 5c; salted calf, 6c per lb.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$3.50; roller \$1; Minnesota patent, \$3.50; Minnesota bakers', \$3.25; rye, \$3.75 per bbl. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$13 for car lots; small lots, \$14 to 15; clover, mixed, \$12 in car lots; straw, \$5 in car lots.

Wool—Steady; fine, 24c to 25c; medium, 20c to 22c per lb; coarse, 20c to 22c; unwashed, 1/2 off.

Apples, per bbl, \$1.25 to \$1.75. Beans, picked, 1.65 to 1.75; unpicked, 1.25 to 1.35. BEEFWAX, 25 to 28. BUTTER, 21 to 22. TALLOW, 4 1/2 to 5. CHEESE, per lb, 10 to 12. DRIED APPLES, per lb, 5 to 7. EGGS, per doz, 18 to 20. HONEY, per lb, 17 to 18. HOPS, per lb, 13 to 15. MALT, per bu, 10 to 15. OATS, per bu, 1.00 to 1.10. SWEET POTATOES, per bbl, 3.00 to 3.25.

LIVE STOCK.

Hops—Market active and firm; regular, light, \$5.25 to \$5.50; rough packing and shipping, \$5.25 to \$5.50; mixed, \$5.25 to \$5.50. Cattle—Market dull, 10 to 15c lower; beefs, \$4.00; cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Sheep—Market strong; natives, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts and Expenditures, the Circulation, Etc.

United States Treasurer Hyatt in his annual report of the operations during the year and the condition of the treasury at the close of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, reports the net revenue of the government for the year \$379,268,074, and the net expenditures \$277,242,801, the surplus receipts available for the reduction of the public debt being \$102,025,273, an increase of \$7,370,175 over the year before. As compared with 1887 the revenues were \$7,862,797 greater and the expenditures \$7,378,797 less. The treasury balance increased during the year from \$28,224,379 to \$129,047,542. The net change of \$90,823,163 in the balance was produced by an increase of \$57,526,468 in the assets and a decrease of \$33,033,394 in the liabilities. The silver balance fell off more than \$27,000,000. The principal increase of assets was in United States notes and deposits in national banks, and the principal decrease of liabilities in the public debt and the funds for the redemption of national bank notes. There was a net decrease of \$14,798,920 during the fiscal year in the principal of the interest bearing debt. The total purchases on bonds for the sinking fund and out of surplus revenues were \$51,464,800, the net premium paid, exclusive of accrued interest, being \$3,270,842.46.

The gold and silver coin and bullion in the country and all kinds of notes and certificates outstanding on June 30, 1894, amounted to \$1,925,259,882, and on June 30, 1888, to \$2,048,562,073. The stock of gold and silver increased during the year from \$1,007,513,901 to \$1,062,391,000, mostly in gold. The increase in the volume of the paper circulation was \$33,424,400, resulting from an increase of \$110,319,955 in the amount of certificates and a falling off of \$76,895,555 in the total notes and fractional currency. The redemption of United States notes at the treasury during the year amounted to \$63,353,000. Since the resumption of specie payments only \$28,736,454 have been redeemed in gold. With the increase of coin certificates, of which there are now more than of legal tenders, the importance of the latter in the circulation has declined. The denominations below \$10 are being displaced by silver certificates, and those above \$100 largely by gold certificates. The volume of gold certificates outstanding increased \$30,538,333, reaching \$142,023,150, the highest point yet noted at the end of the fiscal year. Taking to account the decrease of the amount in the treasury, the total increase of the circulation was \$29,901,143. There were issued \$105,896,000 of silver certificates, mostly of the denominations of \$10 and under, and \$21,947,878 were redeemed. The amount outstanding increased from \$145,508,550 to \$229,491,772. The increase in the actual circulation was \$83,983,222. It had been impossible to meet the demand for the denominations of \$1 and \$2, and in consequence their issue was suspended between October 18, 1887, and February 9, 1888. Since the latter date the treasury has been able most of the time to furnish them as they have been asked for.

The coinage of silver dollars during the year amounted to \$32,481,672, making the total coinage \$294,424,760. The increase of the net distribution was only \$9,153. Owing to the scarcity of \$1 and \$2 notes and the demand for the movement of crops, nearly \$5,000,000 were drawn into circulation between May and November, 1893, but when the notes were again to be had the dollars came back to the treasury as fast as they had gone out. The treasurer is of the opinion that the people have all of these coins they want or are willing to take, and recommends that if the purchases of silver are to continue the bullion be put into the form of heavy bars or ingots, arguing that the present supply of silver dollars will be sufficient for any demand there is likely to be for them, and that any increase of the certificate circulation could be based with perfect safety on the uncoined metal.

The amount of fractional silver coin in the treasury has not changed much since the first accumulation after the resumption of specie payments. Of a little more than \$28,000,000 held on June 30, 1888, \$20,500,000 was in half dollars and only \$5,500,000 in other pieces. The treasurer points out that this proportion which does not vary much from year to year, is excessive, and that something like \$15,000,000 in fifty cent pieces that are not needed for circulation will doubtless have to be carried by the treasury until they are re-coined into other denominations or absorbed by the growth of business.

At the close of the year the treasurer held \$178,312,450 of the United States bonds to secure national bank circulation and \$50,128,600 to secure public moneys held by depository banks. There was a decrease during the year of \$13,654,050 in the amount of the former, and an increase of \$29,642,500 in the amount of the latter. There was \$58,512,511 of public money held by banks, an increase of \$5,365,731.

To be Contested.

Mischief.

BY HENRY MASSON.

Two young girls, pretty and merry, were sitting in a cozy boudoir, turning over the contents of a box of photographs.

"Where did you get so many, Sue?" one asked.

"Cousin John is in a photographer's gallery, and he gave me a great lot. They are all fancy heads, or copies of paintings. Here is a lovely face."

It was a lovely face Sue Carlington held up for her friend's admiration, fair and sweet, with waves of soft, curling hair, falling loose under a coquettish little hat.

"It looks like a portrait," Nora Leslie replied, taking it in her hand.

"No, there are no portraits here. Oh, Nora, I've thought of something splendid."

"Let's send it to Ned Hazard with a love letter. He is always fancying every girl completely smitten by his great black eyes and huge blonde whiskers. Let's bother him, and have some fun."

"But—"

"But nothing. It is just for mischief, and nobody will ever know. I should like to take a little of the conceit out of that top. Come! I can write a hand nobody will ever recognize, and we will write the letter."

Some madly inquisit in Nora's heart shrank from this freak of her merry companion, but she was overborne by her, and the letter was written. The temptation was certainly strong, for Ned Hazard was the most conceited, empty-headed dandy that ever exposed himself to ridicule of saucy girlhood. But his empty head was decorated with a handsome face, his pockets well lined with inherited wealth, and he fancied himself irresistible. He had come to C—, the pretty town where Nora and Sue were acknowledged belles, for a summer sojourn, and having relatives there, was introduced to society, where his affected manners and evident good opinion of his own merits were soon the laughing stock of the frank, cordial community.

The letter written by Sue, containing the picture of the lovely face, was duly answered, and followed by others, until a sudden summons to his city home cut short Ned's flourishing flirtation upon paper. With a glowing epistle, promising to return at the earliest opportunity, he bade farewell to his unknown admirer, and carried his blonde whiskers out of C—.

A year later, when Sue had nearly forgotten her escapade, there was a sensation in C— caused by the return of Laurence Halstead, one of the boys who had gone from home seven years before to seek his fortune in California. Under the care of an uncle, long resident in San Francisco, he had won an envied reputation as a business man, and had inherited the fortune his uncle had acquired in years of mercantile life. C— was ready to receive him with open arms. His mother, who lived in quiet retirement, moved into a handsome new house, adding to the interest of his arrival by her certainty that he returned home heart whole and fancy free.

One of the first calls Laurence made was at Mrs. Carlington's, and Sue gave him cordial welcome. He had left her a gawky school girl, he found her a wonderfully pretty maiden. But she, remembering well the bright, frank youth who had carried the books so often to the seminary, was not quite so sure that seven years of absence had improved her old friend. He had gone away a bright-animating young fellow, full of life and hope, he came home grave, almost to sadness, reserved and aged more than the added years warranted.

Upon the strength of long friendship, Laurence Halstead became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Carlington's, and by the very force of contrast, he and Sue were soon fast friends. The girl's quick wit, her sparkling conversation, her sunny temperament, were very fascinating to the grave man, who sought more and more in her society diversion from his own gloomy thoughts.

In justice to Laurence Halstead it must be said that, having but a modest estimate of his own powers of attraction, he did not think of any danger to Sue's heart in this pleasant intercourse. He had a misanthropic idea that at thirty he was an elderly man, world-weary—one from whom youth would flee, and lively chatter become grave conversation in his presence. It surprised him that Sue found no chill in his advanced years, but he never reflected that her cordial, sunny liking for him might become a deeper emotion.

The whole year had come and gone since Laurence Halstead's home-coming. He had been Sue's escort at win-

ter parties, at summer picnics, had learned duets with her, had talked with her gravely or gaily as the mood might dictate, and had thought of no further results than a life-long friendship. But his mother, a tender loving woman, read more truly a dawning trouble in Sue's sunny eyes, a soft, shy reserve in her gay speeches, and a tender flush upon her cheek for Laurence's coming.

"My son," she said to him one day, "do you love Susan Carlington?"

"Love her!" he repeated, in accents of strongest amazement. "Why, she is a mere child."

"She is 19, and you are but 30. If you do not love her, Laurence, you are doing her a grave wrong."

"I never intended that," he answered, in a troubled voice.

"For a year now, my son, you have paid her constant attention, have kept others from wooing her by your presence beside her at all times, and, I fear, have won her love."

"I never sought it."

"Not in words, perhaps, but surely in other ways. It made me very happy to think it was so, Laurence, for I love Sue dearly, but now I grieve that my son should have trifled with so true and warm a heart."

"Mother—I—you are sure of what you now say?"

"No, I have no confidence from Sue, Laurence; she is too maidenly to assume your love unless you had spoken it. Only a woman reads a woman's heart. I guess what I have told you."

"I will think of it."

Very gravely, with a serious sense of the responsibility of his task, Laurence Halstead thought of his mother's words. The result was a letter to Sue, offering her his hand—a manly letter, promising her all happiness it was his to give her as his wife, but not a lover's letter.

But in the light of her own love it seemed to want nothing to Sue. He would come for the answer in the evening, he said, and her heart was full of pure, trusting happiness as she awaited him. For, in spite of her merry nature, Sue had a true, earnest heart, full of tenderness; and all her love was given to the grave, reserved man who asked her to be his wife. It chilled her a little when he came, that he asked her to hear him a few minutes, before she answered his letter.

"I wrote to you," he said, in a grave voice that was habitual to him, "asking if you could love me well enough to be my wife, and yet, Susan, I feel that I must make a confession before I hear your answer. I will give you, I trust a tender, true love, if you can marry me, but I cannot deceive you by letting you think you are the first love of my heart. I would spare the story, but as my wife you will be sure to hear it."

A hand of ice seemed to be grasping Sue's heart, but she waited, pale and silent, for what was to follow.

"You have met Adela Haines, my second cousin, have you not?" Laurence asked.

"No; I was away when she visited your mother."

"Seven years ago she was my promised wife. I did not write to my mother, sure of her consent, and wishing to give her a happy surprise on my return home. A year ago, when I was on my way here, I proposed going to Baltimore, urging Adela to again visit my mother, and announcing our engagement. But in Washington I met a school friend I had not seen for years, and in exchange of confidence I found Adela had given the love I believed mine to him. I could have forgiven her if she had frankly confessed to me that the love I had owned had strayed away from me; but she wrote to me as if her heart was still all mine, knowing every line a falsehood. She had seemed to me all gentleness, purity, modesty and sweetness; but by her falsehood she tore away the mask she had worn for me, and I saw her forward, bold and unmaidenly. It was a bitter waking, Sue, for I had given her a strong man's love."

"But might there not have been some mistake?" said Sue, forgetting herself in the sight of Laurence's anguish.

"Sue, I will tell you all. Adela, my betrothed wife—a girl I believed all modest—had seen in C—, a young man, my schoolmate, as I told you a handsome, brainless fellow of wealth. She had written to him in a carefully disguised hand, such letters as no modest girl could have written to a stranger, signed in a fictitious name; but—Sue, you will scarcely believe me—she had actually inserted her photograph to such a fellow as Ned Hazard, for him to parade among his cronies, and display as his last conquest."

White as death, she turned her face aside; but Laurence, unheeding her agitation, said:

"In my own breast, in a locket, I wore also that photograph, believing it had been taken for me only, during Adela's visit to my mother. I abandoned my trip to Baltimore, and wrote to Adela. I told her she might have been free before, had she but frankly told me her love was no longer mine, and I enclosed the locket in my farewell. Now, Sue, you know all, how the love I bring you has been one woman's plaything, but if it may rest on yours it shall be faithful to you only."

There was a long silence in the room after Laurence ceased speaking. Believing that Sue was hesitating to answer him after his confidence, Laurence waited patiently, while Sue fought a fierce mental battle. She loved him. He offered her his hand, and a love she felt sure she could make as true and enduring as the first one her hand had ignorantly wrestled from him. But it would entail a lifetime of deceit, a theft of another woman's happiness, and, it might be, an exposure—that would win her Laurence's contempt for life.

"Laurence," she said, in a choked voice, "if Adela was true to you, would it make you happy?"

"It is scarcely worth while to talk of what is passed now, Sue," he said gently.

"Please answer my question," she pleaded.

"I have told you I loved her," he answered.

"And she loves you. She never wrote those letters to Ned Hazard, Laurence—never sent him her picture."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I wrote them. I sent the picture."

"You!"

In the excess of his amazement Laurence left the sofa where he had been sitting, beside Sue, and stood erect before her.

"You wrote those letters?" he repeated. "You sent Adela's picture to a stranger?"

"I deserve all the contempt you can feel," pleaded poor Sue, "but bear me, please. I thought the picture was a fancy sketch. It was among some that my cousin gave me, assuring me there was not a portrait in the collection. It was a piece of mischief, and if we had carried it out Ned Hazard would have met Nora Leslie's brother dressed in a waterproof cloak and bonnet, by appointment. He was so conceited that we wanted to give him a lesson; but Laurence, I never suspected the picture was a portrait."

"And Adela believes me false!" broke from Laurence.

"Let me write to her. Give me her address, and let me try to remedy the trouble I have caused. And Laurence, if you can, forgive me!"

But looking up, Sue found herself alone. Laurence had not dared to trust himself. He felt it unworthy of his manhood to meet Sue's confession with reproach, and he could not yet forgive the cruel mischief that had given him so many months of acute suffering, and probably tortured Adela as keenly.

The poor girl, whose love of merry pranks had cost her so dear, crept to her own room to weep over her lost happiness, while Laurence Halstead carried the burden to his mother for counsel and loving sympathy.

Early the next day Sue was sitting in her own room with a book in her hand, in whose pages she vainly strove to interest herself, when Mrs. Halstead came to her side. Burning blushes rose to the young girl's cheek as the older said kindly:

"I have come to thank you, dear, for your courageous confession and to assure you that Adela shall never know from Laurence or myself who was the girlish mischief I am sure you are heartily sorry for having committed. Laurence has gone to Baltimore. He could not wait for the mail's delays, but has gone to tell Adela of his regret for ever having mistrusted her."

"I never can tell you how sorry I am," Sue said humbly.

"I am sure of it; and Laurence bade me tell you he could never sufficiently respect your truthful courage in making so painful a confession."

A few weeks later Laurence Halstead and his bride returned to C—. They are cordial friends of Sue Carlington; but though she has conquered her love for Laurence, Sue can never forget that the sore wound her heart received was due only to her own folly in perpetrating a piece of mischief that almost wrecked the happiness of two lives.—*Yankee Blade*.

No Doubt.

Amateur Actor—Mistah Gibbs, I saw yah in the audience last night. Don't yah think in time I may be able to represent the character of an old man with considerable power?"

Mr. Gibbs—Oh yes; in the course of fifty years.—*Harper's Basar*.

SOME ODD ACCIDENTS.

Many Curious Ways in Which People Are Injured.

The accidents to which frail humanity is liable are not better exemplified than by a circular recently issued by an accident insurance company which fell into the possession of the *Chicago Herald*. This little paper gives the causes of the accidents and the amounts which were paid to the insured. Many of these casualties occurred under the most unexpected circumstances. The display of the amounts paid, however, was something really appalling. For instance: Joseph Panenbacher, of Rock Falls, Ill., was kicked by a mule. It was in fly time, and Panenbacher was behind the animal, which was grazing peacefully in the meadow. Gently the owner laid his hand upon the haunches of the beast. There was a bray and Mr. Panenbacher imagined there had been an earthquake. He found himself soon after lying in the pasture. His nose was decorated with a gash; his eyes were black, and a portion of one of his ears was gone. The mule stood gently by gazing upon his master's unfortunate condition, which he had so suddenly caused. For all this trouble, trial and tribulation the unfortunate man only received \$2 14.

Dan C. Richardson, of Minneapolis, a commercial traveler, was more fortunate, but he was kicked by a horse. He got \$650 for his injury, which consisted of a broken limb, which laid him up for twenty-six weeks. In going over the investigation made by a gentleman connected with one of these accident insurance companies, the reporter made some interesting discoveries. L. Richards is a commercial traveler of Tomah, Wis. He acted as marker for a billiard match in La Crosse. In reaching up to make a count on the wire, he twisted his ankle in such a peculiar way that he broke the tendon, and was laid up for twenty-six weeks, receiving \$650 for his injuries.

N. E. Nuzum of Aberdeen, D. T., met with a strange mishap, indeed. He received a keg of fragrant sauerkraut from a friend in Germany. After having paid its weight in gold in freight charges, he started to carry it down the cellar. The smell of the succulent vegetable overcame him, and he fell headlong, his nose striking the chime of the keg, breaking that facial member. Mr. Nuzum's beauty was not enhanced by this experience, but it cost the company \$46 42. C. H. Dodge is the contracting agent for the Wabash. He was walking near the Board of Trade, in this city, when he tripped over a piece of telegraph wire. He fell on his face, and blackened both of his eyes so badly that he was unable to come out for several weeks.

Emil Bersbach, of Evanston, is fond of Limburger cheese. It is a very strong article from a nasal standpoint, and as Emil was opening the box, the stench knocked him down, supposedly, for he received a severe cut in the arm from the hatchet which he had been using. George Sun is a Milwaukee clothing drummer, who is well known in Chicago. He weighs a little over 450 pounds when in fighting trim. He was putting on a rubber shoe, and in attempting to bend over so as to be able to reach his foot he fell prone upon the floor, receiving such a jar to his aldermanic proportions that he was laid up for six weeks. James Lyssaght of St. Joseph, Mo., in going out for a walk struck his foot against a curbstone and broke one of his toes. F. A. Barr, Kansas City, ascertained the perils of moving by a sad experience. He hired three men to carry his heating stove down stairs. One of the men let go of it and it fell on its owner, nearly crushing out his vitals. He was laid up a number of weeks.

James Jgg, cashier of the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company, was enjoying himself in balmy southern climes. One day while picking wild flowers he was poisoned by ivy, and was laid up for some time. James A. McBurney, of Irving Park, is an enterprising drummer. He found a leak in the water pipe in his cellar and concluded he was plumber enough to repair it. He melted up \$2 worth of nickels one day and started downstairs to stop the leak with the solder. Reaching up with the ladle he succeeded in pouring the molten metal over his hand and wrist. Mr. McBurney now employs an experienced plumber to repair leaks and wears his arm in a sling. James Murph, of Indianapolis, was outridng in a hansom. He tried to shut the door and crushed one of his fingers. E. T. Davis, of Spencerport, N. Y., stubbed his toe while in the bath-tub and broke it. W. F. Hunt knew no better than to take his dog to the north pier one fine day to wash him. A little boy left a piece of soap so that Mr. Hunt stepped on it.

He fell headlong into the drink, striking on a stone as he went down. He was very seriously hurt, and was laid up for a long time. Li F. Collins is the owner of a "jack-knife" bed. One night he let it down when he was ready to get into it, and dived in head first. The bed closed up with him and threatened to engulf him. He reached out his arm to save himself. His left hand was caught and crushed. Mr. Collins is now a stern believer in old-fashioned bedsteads.

F. S. Dause, of Newport, N. H., was up in La Crosse, en route to St. Paul. He took a cup of coffee at the railway restaurant, and immediately after became deathly sick. The coffee had stood in a copper boiler all night, and the liquid had become impregnated with verdigris. This poisoned Mr. Dause, and he narrowly escaped death. It made him so sick that he lost seventy-two pounds in two weeks. That gentleman is now opposed to coffee as a beverage. E. H. Pool, of Englewood, stepped upon a piece of monolithic coal and it threw him, breaking his ankle. It takes St. Louis to furnish a man who was nearly choked to death with a strawberry. His name is R. P. Hennekamp. He sat down in a restaurant to indulge in an unreasonable luxury to which he was not accustomed. The first berry stuck in his throat, and his life was for a time despaired of. George W. Watson, of St. Paul, was hurt by a runaway cable-car at that place. Edward E. Fox, of River Forest, was paid for injuries received from sand-baggers near his home. J. L. Lane, of Kansas City, was engaged in a game of base-ball. He was at the home plate, had struck the ball, and swung around; suddenly, dislocating his knee. The injury laid him up for twenty-one weeks. While witnessing a game of football in Buffalo, N. Y., George F. Hayes was struck by the sphere, breaking the thumb on his right hand.

Beautiful Bamboo Furniture.

"There is one thing our people have learned from the Chinese," said a gentleman in the furniture business, "which is well worth notice. I mean the utilization of the bamboo cane. The bamboo combines strength, lightness and beautiful natural finish, in a way that no other wood in the world does, and by combining it in artistic shapes many beautiful effects can be obtained that cannot be produced in any other way. The use of the wood has grown rapidly within the last few years, and in the last summer we have sold, especially for country and seaside cottages, very many articles of furniture made altogether, or almost altogether, of bamboo.

"For instance, there is a sideboard made of a frame work of bamboo, with no other material excepting the shelves. It is light and pretty and makes a very effective ornament for a sunny breakfast room. Then there are bedsteads made in similar patterns to the favorite brass rod bedsteads, which, for myself, I think are handsomer than the brass. For chairs, especially hall and piazza chairs, the bamboo makes a beautiful material, and even lounges have the framework made of the elegant cane. I expect to see the time when it will be the favorite material for nearly all the furniture of summer homes."—*New York Mail and Express*.

My Little Girl.

My little girl has gentian eyes—
"Mum's fringes long and thick they're set,
Whose curving lips make shady trees
To white lids veiled with violet.
Above her forehead clear and cool
Lie light-ome locks of amber brown,
So soft, so fine, the breezes play
Among them as with thistle down.
Her mouth is like those rich rosebuds
That July suns and air unfold,
So ripe, so red, so honeyed sweet—
'Tis cast in every rosebud mould.
Her ways are winsome, like a bird
She sings the morning sunshine in,
She tipsies through it all the day,
Then, happy, sings it out again.—*Louise Colburn Deane*.

Flossy's Inferences.

Little Flossy was visiting her papa's sister, a maiden lady in the country. The child was painfully impressed with the sameness and primness of everything, and one day asked, "Aunt Maria, what makes you have everything all alike?" "Because I like to have everything match," replied the aunt. "Was that what mamma meant when she told papa that you were trying awful hard to make a match with every old widower in town?" asked innocently Flossy.—*Duluth Paraphraser*.

No Familiarity Permitted.

Mr. Rapidge: "That Miss Prim will be the death of me. What do you suppose her latest freak is? She won't stir out of the house when it rains." Mrs. Scandalle: "Why not, pray?" Mrs. Rapidge: "For fear it will patter on the back."—*Mr. Gandy*.

Churches.

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

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

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

Societies.

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

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

GRAND, No. 300.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. R. Fittengill, Master.

E. OF L. LAPHAM ASSEMBLY, No. 2565.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at E. of L. hall. C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

TONGUE LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. O. R. Fittengill, N. G.; C. G. Curtis, Jr., Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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Agent, F. & P. M. R. R., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information. 371

L. F. HATCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Felham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 231

J. F. BROWN,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office over Postoffice. 22-23 Plymouth, Mich.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—SHE HEAR! 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.

Mince meat in bulk at the Red Front. Weather strips for doors and windows at Bassett & Son's.

—Mrs. Merriman is making numerous improvements to her residence.

—The auction at Lapham's will be continued on Saturday and Monday nights.

—The grange will hold its annual feast at Lafayette Dean's at ten o'clock December 4.

—The wife of Gen. Sherman died at her home in New York City, Wednesday morning, of heart disease. She was sixty-five years of age.

—While on her visit to Ann Arbor, Mrs. Geo. H. Wallace, attended a reception given by President Angell to our late Minister to Russia, G. V. N. Lothrop.

—Preston Fuller, of Livonia, caught seventy-two moles this season with one of Wherry's mole traps, such as are advertised in this paper. They are a sure catch.

Fred Shafer 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. 611f

—The two gun factories here are turning out large quantities of their guns and find hard work to keep up with orders. The Plymouth Air Rifle company are working twelve and one-half hours a day, in their endeavor to catch up with orders. Last week we made mention of their receiving an order from a New York house for ten gross (1,440) guns, and last Saturday a like order came from a Philadelphia firm. They can turn out about one hundred a day at each factory.

A Letter.

EDITOR OF MAIL:

I saw in the MAIL a short time since a letter speaking of the three great political parties. First the Democratic party with its great leaders Grover Cleveland and the great and good Old Roman, Alen G. The man, who are wise and good and great state-men. Second the Third Party, with its all its little us and great men for leaders, to-wit: Fisk and Brooks, who we do not expect to elect but who wish to stand up and be counted. And last and least of all, the Republican party with out any leaders except the New York Tribune, the plumed knight and the blasphemous Bob. But, all these great leaders be speak of were left, and the right priviled, with the statesman Benj. Harrison, who is and has been for years a good christian man and a member of the Presbyterian church and no snide. And there is another man who was bred and born in this great and glorious free country, by the name of Levi P. Morton; he got there too.

Harrison and Morton! They head the great Republican ticket and they got there and left England, free trade, Fisk and Brooks in the stay-at-home parties. Now, if I remember aright, the letter I speak of did not mention either Harrison or Morton's name, but it did mention the New York Tribune, the plumed knight and the blasphemous Bob. Now if those three could elect 239 electors out of 401 then I think they are ahead of Cleveland, the old Roman, the Fisk and Brooks combination, England and free trade combined. C. I. F.

Plymouth, November 28, 1888.

Husbands, Wives and Money.

Some observer of the peculiarities of mankind has said, that "a man's prosperity depends upon his wife."

We believe this to be largely, tho' not always true. No matter how sober, industrious or economical a man may be, it is almost an impossibility for him "to get along" in the world, if he has a wife that lacks judgment, is lazy, is a waster, or extravagant. But if his wife is industrious, systematic and economical, with regard to family and personal expenses, then there is every reason why they will thrive and pass up in the social scale.

In this last sense therefore, the observers observation is true. Anyone who has had his eyes open to note such things can point out a dozen proofs of the fact. Now, then, the question we wish to ask is this, "if the man's prosperity depends upon the character and conduct of the wife, why then is she not allowed a little more liberty especially in the use of money?" Two parents in business divide the profits, each has a share of the honors, and all freedom to use the money as they like. But no matter how able and economical a wife may be, she has to ask her liege lord for every nickel or dime that she has need of. What right has he to pocket all the proceeds of a just partnership, and dole her out a pittance oftentimes not sufficient to cover the most necessary expenses.

Wives are very tender and diffident on this point. They are ashamed to be continually asking for money for the hundred and one things necessary for the home comfort, or for personal necessity. We have known a number who denied themselves necessities, and in secret wept over the thoughtlessness of otherwise kind husbands, who kept them penniless. This is a wrong and a sin, for the wife helping to earn, has a right to position of a beggar.

The average woman is more able to take care of money and expend it, than the average man. She does not smoke, nor drink, nor "set 'em up" for the boys, and in her management of household affairs will save quadruple what the man will in any other way.

The wife therefore should have a pocket book of her own, which is never empty, so that when any little thing is necessary she can get it, without asking morning, noon and night, her husband for the various little amounts, accounting like a child for every cent. But this should only be the privilege and prerogative of the kind of woman we have mentioned. If after fair trial, the husband finds that his wife knows not the value of money, nor how to expend it, nor how hard it is to get it, that she is indolent, careless, wasteful; that her personal expenditures or those of the family are extravagant, then he does right to keep a tight hold of the purse-strings, and look sharp after household expenses. He need not be mean nor miserly, but he must see to it that the outgo of his money is less than his income. Other proceedings mean debt, ruin, oftentimes dishonor and disgrace.

Give the wife a chance, fair and square. You married her; she gave herself and all into your hands; deal fairly, thoughtfully, generously with her, and then if not trustworthy, do that which prudence and manliness suggests and approves. G. H. W. Plymouth, Mich.

Another Pioneer Gone.

Died, November 22, 1888, at the residence of her son-in-law, Ed. Bennett, Mrs. Sally A. VanAkin, aged seventy-nine years and seventeen days.

The deceased came to this State together with her late husband, Gen. L. A. VanAkin, whose death preceded her some six years this present month, from Ontario county, New York, in the year 1852 and settled in the town of Nankin, in the fall of the same year, when the State of Michigan was a wilderness. Her husband lived there until his death, which occurred November 22, 1882.

Mrs. VanAkin was the mother of nine children, seven girls and two boys, of which six girls survive her, namely, Mrs. L. M. Brady, of Plymouth; Mrs. Olive McKinny, of Livonia; Mrs. E. Bennett, of Livonia; Mrs. Martha Cooper, of Chicago; Mrs. Lida A. Tuell, of Chicago; and Mrs. Ella Bills, of Kansas, all of which mourn the loss of their loving mother. She was a consistent and devoted christian and was a member of the Presbyterian church for more than fifty years.

The funeral services were held at the Union church, at Livonia Centre, Nov. 24, at two o'clock p. m., the Rev. G. C. H. Wallace, of Plymouth, officiating.

The friends of a deceased wish to return their heartfelt thanks to the Newburg choir for their beautiful selections on the occasion.

Happiness and Health

Are important problems, the former depending greatly on the latter. Every one is familiar with the healthy properties of fruit, and no one can afford to be sick and miserable while the pleasant California concentrated liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Fig, may be had of our enterprising druggists. Sold in fifty cents and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 63-68

MISS KATE'S NEW BEAU.

The Town Turns Out to Help a Stranger Win His Bride.

A stranger needs no guide-book who goes courting in a quiet Kentucky village. If he can make any sort of favorable impression upon the villagers they will speedily get up a pool to help him win the object of his affections. They may not help him any, but there will be apparent enough good intentions to pave the bottom of the other place, and to reconstruct all the sidewalks on Broadway. Sometimes a girl will live in a riverside hamlet, a mile from the nearest railroad station.

One day a wagon will take up a young man passing through the state, who remembers that somewhere near is a bright-eyed, mischievous girl whom he flirted with once in the moonlight while she was away at a boarding-school. She was charming then, she must be more so now, and he has heard casually of late that she is still unmarried. The young man travels with an accident insurance policy, and he will dare even to stop here and see the minister's daughter. There is to be moonlight this evening, too.

"Pomp, run out with this note and bring me an answer," and the grinning darkey at the gate knows in advance of the directions to whom it is addressed. Before many minutes he is at the traveler's room door.

"It's all right, boss."

"What's all right, you impudent dog?"

"Oh, I axes yo' pabdon, but I see it in her eyes. Yes, sah, Miss Kate's to home"—all this before he can deliver the written message from the parsonage.

The grinning African is soon forgotten under the influence of moonbeams, hammocks, and Titian locks. But Pomp's memory has served him better. The stranger who arrived in the afternoon is soon a stranger no longer. "Miss Kates new beau" is a subject of wide speculation before the hamlet is asleep. More than one villager makes overtures toward acquaintance. And the overture always leads up to—

"I believe I saw you walking out with Miss Kate this morning?"

"Yes, sir. The walk up to your cemetery is delightful. Really, I had no idea of the fine view to be had from the river."

"Yes it's pretty fine, but Miss Kate—there ain't many girls like her now. And one is told of her good qualities as if he had never yet beheld her."

At the inn dinner is table d'hote, of course. There is but one table. The proprietor's wife and all the ladies beneath the roof are ranged in a line opposite the man who came a-wooing. Pomp has done such good service that formal introductions are unnecessary. Doesn't everybody know the stranger's mission now? And doesn't the register tell his name?

"It's fine weather, Mr. Dash," the landlady observes.

"Very fine, madam."

"And good weather to be out with so fine a girl as Miss Kate. I declare it ain't every town where there's such a fine girl lives. Why, she?"

"How long will you be out?" asks the lively man.

"Oh, an hour or so."

"Goin' to just drive about town, I reckon?"

"Well, not very far out."

"Just goin' to take Miss Kate out for a drive, I reckon?" This honest man of business, in the democratic community that this is, seems a substantial citizen and pillar in society, and one cannot be rude to him.

"I am anticipating that pleasure, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. And I may say that you'll find a mighty fine young lady when you get her. I've known her folks."

Why it was that the stranger never returned and that another stranger appeared suddenly at the parsonage one day and carried off its especial prize to a great city is of course, plain enough to the villagers, but the information never came from either "Miss Katie" or from the "beau" whom Pomp drove into town. The explanation was made in part by the innkeeper's boy himself and in part by the village postmistress.

"I could have told you so all the time," said that worthy functionary, as the village watched young Dash drive out the golden-haired maiden. "I knew something was up when I see a letter or two coming to Miss Kate in a strange handwrite. There wasn't nothing to say who they might be from, but one day I see a letter in Miss Katie's handwrite go through my office directed to this same gentleman—and then he sent her newspapers and things"—and the oracle magnified into a tender correspondence the exchange of two or three formal letters which had passed between the ex-school girl and her friend, chiefly about some new music or novels, he had some time promised to find for her.

The village editor had a whole week in which to construct a fitting paragraph, and here is what the next Olive Branch had to say:

The amiable and accomplished Col. G. Arch. a Dash, from the city, paid a hasty visit to one of our belles last week. He appears to be about the most intelligent young man we have ever had the pleasure to meet. It is rumored that there is to be a wedding before the snows again cover Cemetery Hill. Come again, Col. Archie.—New York World.

Save the Cents,

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

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

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| For White Lead and Linseed Oil. | For Clothes Baskets. |
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| 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.

REMEMBER!

—THAT—

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SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT—

BOYLAN'S

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

Belleville.

Milo W. Whittaker has taken a short hand scholarship in Cleary's business college, of Ypsilanti.

The Wayne County Horse Breeders association, of this place, have dissolved and James Bunker the manager will move to Howell where he will manage a stock farm.

Newburg.

A. T. Radcliffe is improving. Mrs. I. J. Bradner is no better. Miss Edith Pickett is visiting friends in Detroit.

Willie Farwell, of AnSable, is visiting friends here. Charles Lord, of Ypsilanti, is visiting Miss Allie Jenner.

Ed. L. Crosby is selling the Plymouth air rifle in the East. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith visited friends at Romulus last week.

Mark and Jimmy Joy are recovering from the typhoid fever. Miss Nora and W. I. Smith visited friends at Birmingham last week.

Lester Bond and family, of Clinton county, are visiting at S. D. Strick's. The many friends of Mrs. Sarah Armstrong are glad to see her home again completely cured.

A newly married pair, cousins of Mrs. J. H. Springer, spent a few days with her last week while on their wedding tour.

All are invited to the bee in Uncle Si Smith's woods, Saturday, December 1, for the purpose of cutting wood for the church.

Frank Strickland returned to his home in New York, last Saturday. The young folks gave him a farewell party last Friday evening.

Leroy Farwell, of Plymouth, was buried in our cemetery Friday, Nov. 23, and Mrs. Chas. Straight, of Perrinville, Nov. 27, two old residents inside of a week.

A fine time and a financial success was the pound social at Newburg hall, last Saturday evening for the benefit of the Christmas tree; \$8.50 was the proceeds.

Our lyceum is again in a flourishing condition. There will be a good programme next Saturday evening; the question is "which is the more beneficial to the Country, the farmer or the mechanic."

Chas. Ryder, township treasurer, will be at Livonia town hall each Friday in December; Stark postoffice, Wednesday, December 19; Elm postoffice, Wednesday, December 26, to accommodate tax payers.

It is hoped all will take part in our Christmas tree and try and make it interesting as it can easily be done. The committee on arrangements are doing their best, they are Mrs. J. H. Springer, Mrs. G. N. Dean and Mrs. C. E. Ryder, who are ready to answer all questions pertaining thereto.

Livonia.

Mrs. Charles Strote is dead. A. Meining is out at work again. There is a large amount of corn to husk in this township yet.

Our town board will meet next Saturday to audit accounts. John Stringer has built a slat and wire fence in front of his farm.

Mrs. A. Tuell will return to her home in Chicago, November 30. Yes, coal is way up, and potatoes down, below zero; that helps the farmer, in a horn.

Anyone having hogs to butcher would do well to employ R. Z. Millard and Levi Joslin. The bridge that Meising and King-ley broke down with their engine has been rebuilt.

The article in last week's MAIL should have been read. He claims to be a great "politition" instead of Prohibitionist.

A. J. Stringer, of Farmington, and Norton McHenry, of East Bloomfield, visited at A. Stringer's, at this place, last Sunday. There was about forty couple at the dance held at the town hall last Friday evening, and a very pleasant time is reported.

Born, November 24, unto Mr. and Mrs. D. Bour, a daughter. Mother and child doing well. Father as well as can be expected.

We hope the editor and all the correspondents of the MAIL will have a good time and plenty of turkey on Thanksgiving days [Thanks, Ed.]

Our town clerk was home over Sunday. He thinks the board of county canvassers will get through in about two weeks. Why not take all winter?

Mrs. VanAkin, who has been sick so long, died last Wednesday, at the home of her daughters in this township. She was seventy-nine years old and the widow of the late Gen. VanAkin, of Nankin township ship. The funeral was held at the union church, on Friday, Rev. Geo. H. Wallace, of Plymouth, officiating. The Newburg choir sang some beautiful anthems.

We miss thee from our home dear mother, We miss thee from thy place, A shadow o'er our life is cast, We miss the sunshine of thy face.

We miss thy kind and willing hand, Thy fond and earnest care, Our home is dark without thee— We miss thee every where.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

T. C. Sherwood went to Grand Rapids yesterday. Matters over at the new harness shop doesn't seem to improve with age.

Joseph Miller, of Belden, and Bertha Minchart, of Livonia, have taken out a marriage license.

Miss Eva LaBonta, of Detroit, returned to her home yesterday after a visit of several days at M. Conner's.

The following from the PLYMOUTH MAIL calls for blund: "A prophetic orange social" and "chocolatsire" is what they call it at Pontiac. The asylum is there."—Pontiac Bill Poster.

Some parties made sad havoc with Ira Patt's vacant house, south-east of town, the other night, smashing in the doors, knocking off the chimney and other sports of that kind. The damage is estimated at about thirty dollars.

Nine of our citizens belong to the Northville Commandery Knights Templar and they have been going over there quite frequently of late, drilling. Tuesday night the train on which they usually came home was one hour and forty-five minutes late and the half dozen knights who went over concluded that they would rather walk home than wait for the train and they did so. It was a novelty, but the novelty wore off before they got home. The commandery are in Detroit this afternoon and evening.

Clarenceville.

Mrs. Gusta Waack is on the sick list. Brownel Cook is making his home at his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tolman, this winter.

Lost, three coarse wool sheep, Tuesday, November 13. A liberal reward will be paid for information of the whereabouts or the return to Frank Mickley, Farmington.

Purdy Bros., of Southfield, arrived home from the north woods last week, bringing with them three fine deer, among them being the monarch of the forest, tipped the beam beyond 300 pounds, and having horns enough for half a dozen decent sized bucks. The meat is, as J. Bird, of Redford, can verify from actual test, a luxury that cannot be beaten. The heads are being mounted for parlor ornaments.

Wayne.

D. B. Newkirk, of Detroit, was in town Monday last. Mrs. Philip Chambers is quite sick at present writing.

John Marker is home from Ann Arbor, for Thanksgiving. Frank Rutter, of Romulus, was seen on our streets Tuesday.

B. M. Doyle, of Ypsilanti, was in town over Sunday visiting his family. Chas. Miller and Chas. Berdan, of Plymouth, were in town Sunday.

John Ryman, who has been sick with typhoid fever for the past three weeks is on the gain at present. Joel Stephenson has returned from the north woods, where he has been hunting deer. He only got one.

The Carriagemakers Social club gave a masquerade, Tuesday evening. There were about 100 couple present. Everybody reported to have a good time.

Stark.

Miss Grace Dean is quite sick. Died, Sunday morning, Nov. 25, Mrs. Charles Straight, of heart disease.

Mrs. A. L. Chapman spent last Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Bennett. Mrs. Henry Dean and her grandson Fred, were visiting friends at South Lyon last week.

Daniel Baur raised from one bushel of seed, fifty bushels of buckwheat and 1360 bushels of corn from thirteen acres. Pretty good for a poor country.

Ernest Brown has been very sick with diphtheria, at Wall Lake, but is reported better. His sister, Miss Lena Brown, of this place, is with him.

Wm. Rosenberg and J. Bennett moved Mrs. Dolan to Canada last Saturday. The two ferocious dogs went also, and they will certainly be missed from this vicinity.

A stranger entered the home of Daniel Baur, last Saturday, which is now esteemed as the right Baur, (owner) but in time will prove to be the queen of hearts.

The birthday surprise party in honor of Mrs. Townsend was a success. She received many nice and useful presents. In the evening the young people came with music and dancing was the order of the evening.

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."

Jesse Middlewert, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

Subscribers!

Please bear in mind that we discontinue the MAIL in every case, when the time is up for which you have paid, unless we have your permission to continue it. When you subscribe for one year it is impossible for us to tell whether you will want it longer, unless you say so. We send the paper to no one on the start without it is ordered, and we send it to no one after their time is out, unless it is ordered. It is necessary for us to have some rule and adhere to it and we have adopted the above. We trust that when you are notified your time is out, you will give us permission to continue it. THE PUBLISHER.

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. Persons seeking for homes, or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

"Dunraven Ranch" is the name of the new novel which Captain King contributes to the December number of Lippincott's Magazine. "Cap." King like good wine improves with age. His stories have more and more exuberance. "Dunraven Ranch" is the best story he has yet produced. An excellent, fullpage portrait of the author appropriately decorates the number. It represents a fine, manly, and soldierly face. A biographical sketch by Lieutenant Philip Reade, who has been King's life-long friend, gives many entertaining and thrilling episodes in the life of the soldier-author. The serial "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher," by John Hubbard, is full of humor and interest. "With the Pauls and the Wines," by G. S. R., is a sketch full of interesting information. Thomas Lewning has a valuable article on "Trust and Title-Insurance Companies," in which the growth and development, the uses and possible abuses, of these novel institutions are treated from an abundance of knowledge. The One Hundred Prize Questions are as interesting as ever. Of the poetry, the most notable is Edgar Sulist's "Imeros" and a series of sonnets by Anelle Rivers, "To all Women," which will attract attention from their exquisite beauty and purity, and their large-hearted, tender love and charity. The departments keep up their interest.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

Advertisement for Plymouth Mail subscription, featuring a large 'S' and 'M' graphic. Text: 'SUBSCRIBE FOR Plymouth Mail. ALL THE NEWS FOR \$1 PER YEAR.'

Advertisement for Howe Sewing Machine. Text: 'WE STAND AT THE HEAD! WITH OUR LATEST SUCCESS! THE NEW HOWE SEWING MACHINE. EASY RUNNING SEWING MACHINE. 1,500,000 HOWE SEWING MACHINES IN ACTUAL USE.'

Business Notices.

[All notices under this head five cents per line.]

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

Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

Bargains in Real Estate.

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

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 40 rods on the D road and 24 rods deep, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth good house, barn and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit; good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,300, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road in gas on land; 50 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double doors; eight and a half windows etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and to C. Splendid well of never failing, pure water and a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. Title perfect; no encumbrance; very terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.—Time Table, Taking Effect Sept. 30, 1888.

Table with columns for WEST, STATIONS, and EAST. Lists train routes and times between Detroit, Lansing, and other stations.

CONNECTIONS.

Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago, with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R. and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R. R. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan; Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

SALEMEN WANTED. Men of energy and judgment can obtain steady employment with us the year round, to collect orders for new and reliable varieties of hard nursery stock. Previous experience not essential. We pay from \$40 to \$100 per month and expenses to successful men. Best references required. Apply to L. L. May & Co., Nurserymen, Florists and Seedmen, St. Paul, Minn. 63-68

NOTICE—Take notice, that on the third day of December, 1888, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the farm of Edwin Whipple, in the township of Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, one bay horse about twelve years old, according to the statute provided for the sale of stray beasts.

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

In re: the estate of WILLIAM M. OUTHWAITE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Isabella Rathbun, praying that administration de bonis non with the will annexed of said estate may be granted to John F. Brown:

It is ordered, that Tuesday the eighteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to an order of the Probate Court, of the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, granting unto the undersigned administrator of the estate of H. J. Ash, deceased, license to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized and possessed, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, interest and charges:

The undersigned administrator will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises lately occupied by said deceased, on the 5th day of January, 1889, at one o'clock p. m. local time, the real estate of said deceased and described as follows:

Beginning at the center of Ann Arbor and thence southerly along the center of the center of Dear street to the center of Howery street; thence westerly along the center of Howery street to land owned by C. B. Crosby; thence northerly along the easterly line of Crosby's land to the north-east corner of said Crosby's land; thence westerly to the south-east corner of land owned by J. M. Collins; thence northerly along the easterly line of J. M. Collins' land to the center of Ann Arbor street; thence along the center of Ann Arbor street to place of beginning, and situated in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, State of Michigan.

CASE J. ALLEN, Administrator. Holy, November 14, 1888.

New Harness Shop!

Has just opened a new harness store in the Laugier building, where he would be pleased to show a

S. COLLINGE

CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS.

First-Class Workmen and the Best of Stock.

Please give us a call.

Plymouth, S. COLLINGE.

OUR CHEAP COLUMN. TRY IT!

Advertisements will be inserted in this column until further notice at the following low rates: Not exceeding three lines, one time, 10 cents; two times, 18 cents; three times, 25 cents; four times, 30 cents; five times, one time, 15 cents; two times, 25 cents; three times, 30 cents; four times, 45 cents.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM a new and very desirable residence on West Fort street, Detroit. Inquire at MAIL office. 6542

Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President.

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 Wood.

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.

FOR LARGEST STOCK!

BEST BRANDS!

WHEAT AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR!

GO TO F. & P. M. Elevator.

SPECIAL PRICES!

To those wishing to buy Large Quantities of Ground Feed for Winter Use!

If taken from the cars before unloading.

L. C. HOUGH.

YOU WILL FIND!

Latest - Newspapers, and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, Etc.,

At the Postoffice News Depot, PLYMOUTH.

Subscriptions taken for any Publication.

The Homeliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN, As well as the Hand-ome can 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.

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STANLEY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

JOHN RUSKIN has at length permitted a photograph of himself to be given to the public. Ruskin loves beauty, but he is not beautiful.

JOHN G. WHITTIER's great ambition when he was a boy was to become a politician. But the world gained by the fact that he did not lay his pipes but piped his lays.

THE late Sir John Rose is said to have left a fortune of \$1,700,000. His widow, Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, gets a settlement of \$4,000 a year, and the rest of the property is divided between his three sons and two daughters.

MME. DIEULAFOY, the intrepid wife of the explorer of north Africa, is one of the latest women to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Rosa Bonheur is the only artist who has been honored, though thirty-four women in all have been given the red ribbon.

DWIGHT L. MOODY, the evangelist, who arrived at San Francisco a few days ago, has decided to spend the entire winter on the Pacific coast, and will begin a series of meetings in San Francisco on Jan. 1. He has gone to Portland, Oregon, to hold a series of meetings at different points in the northwest.

THE will of Susan P. Allyn, widow of Timothy M. Allyn, founder of the Allyn House at Hartford, makes bequests amounting to \$81,000. Among the public gifts are the following: The Connecticut Industrial Schools for Girls, \$10,000; Old People's Home of Hartford, \$5,000, and the same amount to the Hartford Orphan Asylum.

THE news comes from Europe that Mme. Nicolini Patti, not being able to find a purchaser for *Craign-Nos*, has decided to turn the cattle into an institution for the cultivation of the voices of poor but gifted girls. If she shall carry out this design her "farewell concert" tours and even her high prices will be forgiven.

Mrs. TOWHOM, who had been housekeeper at Warwick Castle, England, for a great many years, has just died, leaving a fortune of \$350,000. All of this money she bequeathed to her master, who is not wealthy. Mrs. Towhom made her money from tips obtained from sightseers—a case of getting wealth in fee simple, as it were.

SITTING BULL, the rascally Sioux chieftain, has made quite a sensation in Washington. He has strolled about the streets in haughty solemnity, with a big blanket wrapped around him and his face clothed in a contemptuous smile. He has also added the white man's "smile" to his belongings, and carries a huge flask concealed somewhere in his blanket. He seems to exercise but little influence over his companions, who look upon him with suspicion. They have doubtless learned that he is essentially a red skin.

SPEAKING of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, a recent writer says: "Never having had any companions, he did not acquire a love for outdoor sports. He cares nothing about hunting, although he likes horseback riding on well-trained animals. He never learned how to swim. He detests tobacco, has no ear for music, but is a great admirer of good pictures and possesses a fine collection. He has almost as great a craze for building as Mme. de Pompadour. Very accessible to callers, King Leopold can converse with them in French, German, English and Flemish. Remarkably affable as a general rule, he can be decidedly emphatic when he is vexed." During his long reign Leopold has never signed a death warrant.

A MAMMOTH locomotive is now nearly completed at the Hinkley works, Albany street, for the Atchison railroad, says the *Boston Transcript*. It is designed by G. S. Story of New York, carries two cabs, one over the centre of the boiler for the engineer, the other in the old style for the fireman. It is the largest passenger locomotive ever built. All the wheels are of paper, with steel tires, and the driving wheel the largest ever manufactured. A Worthington steam pump so works that a great part of the exhausted steam is pumped back, and serves to heat the water in the tank. Another economy in fuel is the work of a large combustion chamber, which burns up all the gas. It is expected to make eighty miles an hour with ten passenger cars on an ordinary road.

POLLY IN A COURT-ROOM.

A Learned Bird Makes an Interesting Witness Before a Judge.

"Oh, I'm glad I'm here. I'm glad, I'm—scat!"

"Put that drunken man out, Mr. Bailiff," shouted Judge Lawler, wearily.

"It's only Tom Sawyer," responded Mr. Neagle.

"I don't care the sneeze of a corpse who it is—put him out."

"But it's a parrot, your Honor."

"Ah, there, my pretty!" sung out the same voice.

The judge scratched his nose reflectively and awaited developments.

An officer hove in sight bearing a cage containing a dissipated-looking parrot.

"Let me out," screamed the bird.

"I'm Tom Sawyer. You're a thief. You're a thief!"

"Order in court," cried the bailiff.

"Order yourself," retorted Polly.

"I'm the cock of the walk. Ho, Tom."

"What crime has this gentleman committed?" queried his honor, pointing to the lively bird.

"He is here on a search warrant," replied Mr. Mott. "Mr. Sawyer, who is the original of the character in Mark Twain's famous book entitled 'Tom Sawyer,' claims the bird and seeks to recover it."

"Well, let us hear the story."

"To-w-i—to-wee—to-whittle—to-wee."

"Polly, you must not whistle in court," warned Mr. Sawyer, as he took the stand. "It isn't dignified."

"Oh, you're joking, I know," chuckled the bird.

"I have had this parrot nine years or more," said the witness, "and it is the most intelligent and best educated bird in the state. What Polly doesn't know isn't worth knowing. I guess I have been offered \$75 for him, but I would not take \$100."

"How did you lose it?" asked Mr. Mott.

"Whew!" ejaculated the bailiff. "Let go my finger, you little devil!"

He had placed his finger thoughtlessly between the wires of the cage, and Tom Sawyer had promptly punctured it.

"I guess you had better let him out of the cage," observed the owner. "He will be quiet then."

Polly was released, and stepped out with a mien as stately as that of Edgar Poe's "Raven."

"I missed the bird on the 21st of last June," resumed Sawyer, "and I felt pretty bad over it. I have searched for it ever since, and I saw it yesterday in a store kept by a man named North, at the corner of Twelfth and Folsom streets. The parrot recognized me as soon as I came near, and sang out, 'Tom Sawyer, take me home!'"

"You are right," remarked Polly, as he winked one eye and twisted his head on one side. "What a brain you've got, as Mark Twain used to say."

"That seems a pretty knowing bird," said his Honor. "I don't see why he should not be a witness in this case. Swear him Mr. Clerk."

"Oh, I never swear, but I'm d—hungry!" ejaculated the parrot. "Let us pray."

"No levity, sir," said Clerk Kaplan with gravity. "Take the stand and hold up your right hand."

Polly muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady" as he obeyed orders.

Then he raised his foot and repeated the oath after the clerk.

"Thank goodness that's over," he remarked. "Say, I'm dry. Let's adjourn to take a drink."

"What is your name?" asked the court.

"Tom Sawyer, and I'm a dandy, but no dude."

"How did you stray away from home?"

"Well, now, your smart. Stray away? I was carried away."

"How was that?"

Polly paused to scratch himself and then replied:

"Well, I was sitting in front of my saloon and a boy grabbed me and ran. I swore at him, but he was a German and didn't understand me. At last he met a man, and he told him he had a bird and wanted to sell it. The man bought me for four bits and took me to a place on Harrison street. Why, I almost committed suicide when I found myself there, for I tell you I have been in select company in my day."

"Doubtless," said his honor, laughingly. "But how did Mr. North get you?"

"Oh, I bit the wires of the cage until I could get out and I flew until I got tired. Then North happened along and took me with him. Oh, I have had a gay time, I assure you."

"Ever known Mark Twain?" asked Mr. Mott.

"Well, I should remark. Know Mark! Why, bless your heart, I knew him when he was in his first pants. You know the book he wrote about my boss?"

The court officials nodded assent.

"Well, you didn't know that I made him write it, did you?" No? Yes, sir; I said: 'Mark,' says I, 'you just take your pen and write a story.' He and my boss had made mud pies together and swopped chewing gum, dead cats and lies. He wrote the story and I edited it. See?"

"Remember, you are under oath," remarked Mr. Mott.

"Bless my soul. That's so. I take it all back," said the bird, nervously.

While his honor was tying his shoestring, Polly hopped on to Clerk Kaplan's head and dug his claws into the clerk's skull. The man who administers oaths knocked Polly sick with a blow in the stomach.

His Honor said he guessed Mr. Sawyer would have to train him afresh, as he was getting too fresh. He ordered the bird returned to its legitimate owner.

As they left the court one of the bystanders remarked to the reporter:

"Tom is a pretty good ventriloquist, isn't he? He has built up a reputation for that bird, and nobody knew that Polly didn't do the talking just now. Tom is as big a joker as when he fooled the boys into whitewashing his fence for him."

Tom sent the bird to his saloon at No. 935 Mission street and then celebrated the return of the wanderer. When he got home he saw two birds and two cages. His hat was also much too small for him. The weather was warm, very warm.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

A Sign.

If her color comes and goes,
First the lily then the rose,
At the moment you propose—
What then?

Well, you may be sure she isn't painted.—*Boston Courier*.

Butter-Fingers.

We sat together at the game
(The sad remembrance lingers);
A foul was knocked—my hands it dropped—
She called me "Butter-fingers."

That night I breathed to her my love
(The sweet remembrance lingers);
I asked her madly for her hand;
She gave me—but her fingers.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Mary Ann in New York.

"An' have ye herd any more from Mary Ann, neighbor O'Raherty?"

"Divil the wurrud, Mrs. O'Flaherty, only that the Frinch Count got so julous av several gentlemen at Chitauquaky that he did take her away an' aff to New York."

"An' phwy didn't he bring the child home to her mither, inshtead av takin' her away aff to New York?"

"An' sure it was to home he did want to bring her, but Mary Ann, havin' never been in New York, an' wantin' to see the shitoiles, ye know, an' to learn more av the wurrud afore she do go on the stage, she prevailed on the Count to take her there for a few days."

"An' how does she loike it there?"

"Loike it? Faith an' she sez it aven bates Chitauquaky for great gentlemen. She was no sooner sated at the table at Dilmonico's, I believe it is she calls it, than the eyes of all the gentlemen in the room were upon her. They fairly shtopped aitin' they did. An' the next mornin' at the hotel she do be shtoppin' at she received card after card av the most illegant flavor, so noice that she sez she could ate them, from the most fashiopest gentlemen in the city. But I tell ye the Frinch Count is a daisy—divil the wan av the whole gang did be allow to inter Mary Ann's room, so much loike a father to her is he, ye know."

"Lo ke a father!"

"Indade an' sometimes I fale afraid there'll be great trouble betwixt the Count and some other gentlemen, owin, ye know, to Mary Ann's great figure an' takin' ways. Especially I'm afraid av that Gibhardt felly. They say he's a very divil after beauty. Well, me washin' is waitin' on me. I must go in. Plaise excuse me."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

Peace Must Prevail.

Husband (impatiently): Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly): Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband: Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for fifty dollars that you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly): Children, go upstairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.—*Life*.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The Reason Why Marriage is Often a Failure.

Many letters we have read with sadness lately, prove that the majority of unhappy homes have resulted from too slight acquaintance previous to marriage. A handsome face, a pretty figure, the step that suits in a waltz, the chatter that amuses for an hour, are in too many cases all it is deemed necessary for a life long companionship. Others have failed because each have started with the idea that marriage means getting, not giving; the man intent only on the comfort he can obtain from an unpaid housekeeper, the woman on the attention and adulation of an ever-present lover. No alterations in marriage laws or civil contracts can make such unions happy or successful.

Let men learn to be patient and sympathetic, to pause sometimes in their fuller, more varied lives to brighten with a little thought and love the duller, more monotonous ones of their women-folk; and let women realize that the lives of true men and citizens cannot always be cramped in their narrower home circles, and strive to take an unselfish pleasure in and to show a ready sympathy with those wider outside interests and ambitions. Just imagine the kind of thing which a Frenchman who in theory held the legality of marriage to be unimportant to morals, would have written, and contrast it with a letter, and its note of intense though conventional domestic piety. There are scores of letters breathing that spirit, though usually expressed with much more clumsiness, and, to use the word which best expresses the fact, "humdrumness." It is that quality which is to us the satisfactory feature of the letters.

The humdrums are in England the immense majority, and to judge from these letters, they have no more intention of attacking the marriage laws, as far as their main principle is concerned, than they have of agitating against the principle of caveat emptor, or the rule that a jury should consist of twelve. They have, in fact, never considered marriage as an institution like any other, but as a human condition, the very healthiest state of mind a community could enjoy. It is only when a community feels that marriage needs to be sustained by argument, that it begins to be in danger. Even the few who would abolish marriage have never really considered their proposal, for they neither suggest a substitute, nor apparently, have thought for an instant what the social consequences would be, to what after slavery it would reduce women—to whom, after forty, a threat of divorce would be like a sentence of slow death—or what the ruin it would work on the next generation. They propose the change to get rid of discomfort, just as they propose federation to be rid of the Irish difficulty, or socialism to be rid of occasional cases of suffering from want. Their lightness of thought is bad; but, like the density of their opponents, thought, it proves that there is no real question in the public mind.

It is, perhaps, only another instance of the general absence of any serious consideration given by the writers to the subject, but we have often a little surprised at the general consensus that divorce ought to be granted for adultery on either side. That is perfectly sound from the moralist's point of view, though many Christians will pause to reflect that divorce is only permitted by Christ, and that permission to divorce the husband was not included in his deliverance on the matter; but no statesman in the existing state of opinion would propose any such law. It would be simply a permission to all profligate men to divorce themselves at will. Opinion at present sentences the adulteress to a life of intolerable humiliation, and even suffering; but it does not sentence the adulterer, and till it has been improved, to grant divorce for man's adultery would be simply to give a privilege to the bad. Any corrupt man tired of his wife would force her to divorce him. The woman would speedily be forced by the opinion of her sex to demand her right, and the number of divorces, which are nothing but unavoidable evils of a grave kind, would be multiplied a hundredfold. The writers seem to think the change of law would act as a check on men; but they either have given no thought to the matter; or they do not know the world.—*London Times*.

Or a Man Dressing a Baby.

An eminent theologian, who ought to know if an body does, says the angels never laugh. Then the angels never saw a woman trying to saw a stick of cordwood, that's all.—*Burdette*.

FACT AND FANCY.

Premier Crispien says Italy wants peace. Heavy floods have occurred in Greece. King Milan has returned to Belgrade.

The Afghan rebellion has been suppressed. The price of coal in England has advanced. The rising of the natives in Hayti is increasing.

An iron syndicate is forming at Glasgow, Scotland.

The session of congress just closed lasted 821 days.

A colored man 123 years old died in Georgia last week.

One of the leading printing firms of Chicago failed last week.

Australian yachtsmen propose to compete for the American cup.

There are 637 Indian boys and girls in the schools at Carlisle, Pa.

A race conflict is feared in Fort Bend and Brazoria counties, Tex.

English supplies will be asked for the expedition for Emin Bey's relief.

Ninety Chinese from Alaska have been denied entrance into San Francisco.

Gen. Badaula su t against the widow of Gen. Grant has been postponed to November.

A wealthy young Englishman has married a half-breed Indian girl at Standing Rock, Dak.

The results of Emperor William's visit to Rome are regarded as unfavorable to the Pope.

An oil well recently struck near Clarion, Pa., is one of the largest ever found in this country.

All the Wheeling, W. Va., mills have discontinued the use of natural gas on account of its cost.

A leading orange grower in Florida asserts that the yellow fever will not affect the orange crop.

The last census of India indicates a population of 68,981,000, with 6,000,000 more males than females.

In many towns in Germany the boss barber never shaves people. He pulls teeth and does surgical trade.

The Dominion government is said to be disposed to make any more concessions in the fishery dispute.

Epidemic typhoid is reported from different parts of the country, the result of improper sanitary conditions.

An invention of a dynamite gun by an American has been sold to the French government for \$500,000.

A railroad train was buried in a land slide at Lotenza, Italy, last week, and 99 persons were killed and 70 wounded.

The Portland and Vancouver railroad has built a trestle across the bottom lands of the Columbia river 8,000 feet long, extending 700 feet into the stream.

The success of the great world's fair at Melbourne, Australia, has incited San Francisco to undertake a "Great Pacific Slope and International exposition" in that city in a year or two.

"Don John Demijohn Upjohn St. John" is the name of a western baby whose father wanted to please all parties and satisfy everybody. There will be a racket in that family when bub grows up.

A German professor says that natural gas is created by the presence of a mass of rock on a bed of peat, and that hydraulic pressure would create the same vapor if sunflowers were used to feed it.

A Michigan man who was traveling in Wisconsin bet that twenty out of the next twenty-nine Swedes he met would be named Ole Johnson, and he won. He got twenty-three out of the twenty-nine.

"No presents" is now attached to every wedding invitation issued in fashionable society and that's one reason why the ratio of marriages has decreased. "When one has to buy his own outfit it's a different matter."

A French savant who started for Africa forgot his glasses and said the ship to turn back when 185 miles out. Then he gave up the voyage because he feared that he could not get his collars laundered on the Dark Continent.

It is amazing how quick the bakers find out when flour goes up, and how awfully deaf and blind they are when a slump in the market knocks \$2 off the price of a barrel. They must want to make some money out of the business.

Nous Flynn, an eccentric chap in Chicago, will not permit anyone to enter his door until they have removed their shoes, and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Lots of Chicago people would visit him if they could only remember the prayer.

Mrs. James Brown Potter says she hasn't read a line in a newspaper in fifteen years. That's where she missed it seriously. The papers have given her scores of nice little notices, which have all probably been accepted by her cook.

Kentucky has raised a tomato this year which just fits into a four-quart measure, while Missouri produces a pumpkin which wouldn't go into a washtub. Politics can't hold this country on the grass long, even in presidential years.

There are twenty-two different lives of Daniel Boone in print, and yet about all he ever did was to hunt and discover Kentucky. Suppose he had never discovered it at all! We can't see why he should overtop George Washington by seven lives.

A rejected suitor in Kansas didn't shoot three or four bullets into the girl, as is usually the case, but he drew a razor and cut the least tip of her ear off and then defied her to find a man who would have her. The scab has come off, but the def still holds good.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card, but that's all he's good for. One dog who would bite a tramp in twenty-seven places would be worth fifty canines who could tell the time of day.

From January to July twenty-three letter carriers, five clerks, three postmasters and three mail agents went wrong and were arrested. In no case was the sum of money over \$100, and in some it was only \$5. It is strange how cheap some men hold themselves.

FARM AND HOME.

Early Maturity.

When it requires double the time to mature one animal that it takes to mature another, and then after maturity the slow maturing animal is not worth as much as the rapidly maturing animal, it does not require argument to show that the former is unprofitable. Stock that is kept for the production of meat is profitable in proportion to its early maturing qualities. In all our improved stock the object has been to insure early maturity. The breed that will mature the earliest is the breed that is finally going to be pronounced the best beef producing breed as the result of the contests at our fat stock shows. Now our scrub stock does not possess the quality of early maturity. The thoroughbred and grade beats it out of sight in this respect, and at almost every fair held this fall, that fact has been established to the satisfaction of every one who took the trouble to make observation. Those who have not given this matter as much investigation as their own interests demand are urged to do so, and to begin at the fair. Take the trouble to inquire as to the age of the Shorthorn, Hereford, Polled Angus and Galloway exhibits, and then compare the animals with those of the same age that are within your knowledge. Frequently the two classes stand side by side at a fair, and that furnishes a complete opportunity to make the comparison. It is very true, and it ought not to be forgotten, that as a rule the grade or thoroughbred has received better care and treatment than the common stock has received, but make all the allowances that in reason can be made, and still there will be a very large per cent in favor of the natural superiority of the better stock.

Our only interest in calling attention to the superiority of improved stock is, that we would like to see every farmer and breeder employ the best instrumentalities at his command to make him profits. When we say breed up we know that we are telling the breeder of common stock of a way to greatly increase his profits. It is not guess work and is not theory. It is a fact and one that is with the personal knowledge of every man who has bred the two kinds of stock.—*Practical Farmer.*

Hoarse Paralysis.

Paralysis in horses almost invariably affects the hind limbs, and is due to a disordered condition of the sciatic nerve. The attack is generally very sudden and occurs when the animal is in harness, the first symptom being a weakness in one hind leg, which will be thrown out toward the shaft or traces, accompanied by a knuckling of the fetlock. The first thought that usually occurs to the driver is that the animal must have stepped upon something that has injured its foot. Unless the horse is stopped and active treatment begun at once the other leg will generally be affected in a short time, when if the attack is severe the animal will fall upon its haunches and cannot rise. Upon the first appearance of faltering and knuckling the horse should be stopped and covered with blankets so as to keep the loins and hips warm. The hip quarter and gaskin should then be rubbed briskly for a short time. Call in the assistance of some strong men, and after removing the patient from the shafts place a blanket, robe or strong piece of canvas under the belly, walk back toward the hind legs, and let one or two men take hold of it on each side to help support the animal, which should be led carefully to the nearest stable. Any attempt at hurrying will aggravate the complaint, and if the sufferer falls the chances of recovery are very much diminished. Call in a veterinary surgeon at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime, after reaching the stable apply water as hot as it can be borne to the loin, hip and thigh. A little mustard added to the water will increase its stimulating properties. As a remedy give a half dram of nuxvomica in a pint of milk, night and morning. Paralysis is sometimes mistaken for spinal meningitis. A horse suffering from the latter complaint, when he is placed upon his feet by means of a sling, can support himself, while in paralysis it is impossible for him to bear his weight upon his legs. The fact should be borne in mind that it is of the utmost importance to stop the animal and take it from the carriage, if upon the road, the instant any indication of faltering or knuckling is noticed.—*Practical Farmer.*

A Holstein-Friesian Record.

Messrs. Powell Bros. of Springboro, Pa., report another remarkable record made this summer by their Holstein-Friesian cow Shadeland Boon 8877. Between the dates of June 6 and July

6 inclusive—thirty-one days—she produced 125 pounds 12 ounces unsalted butter, which was made from 1,772 pounds of milk. 14.09 pounds of milk being required to produce a pound of butter; the average of the whole period being over four pounds of butter per day. For seven consecutive days she produced 31 pounds 15 ounces, during which week she gave 400 pounds 4 ounces of milk, so that but 12.51 pounds of milk was required for that week. For four consecutive days her milk is said to have produced nineteen pounds and one ounce of butter, thus lacking but three and three-quarter ounces per day of an average of five pounds for that period. The milk was carried several miles to the Albion Creamery, where the cream was separated, churned and the butter weighed. A general invitation was issued to all to come and see the cow milked and the product weighed, and put under lock and key when sent to the creamery, and the milking, transporting, separating, churning, working, and weighing of the milk and butter, respectively, were wholly done by disinterested and responsible persons, who stand ready to make an affidavit to all of the facts. The Messrs. Powell Bros. are to be congratulated upon this altogether remarkable test.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Feeding Value of Apples.

There is this year in many places a good crop of apples. Many of the early sorts are going to waste, as they sell for scarcely enough when teams are busy, to pay for gathering and taking to the city. But they are too valuable for feed to be allowed to lie on the ground and rot. There never was a wiser plan of managing this thing than the old-fashioned one of making the apple orchard a pig pasture during the bearing season. After a tree gets of size large enough to bear what can be grown under it is not worth the labor of plowing and cultivation. The pigs, if inclosed and left without rings in their noses, will keep the soil loose, and will at the same time cover up their own droppings so that they will not soil the fruit. There is no stock to which a small mess of apples daily is not an advantage, but horses at hard work and milch cows should be restricted to very few per day.—*Tennsylvania Press.*

Farm Notes.

Good, well-pressed ensilage weighs about forty to forty-five pounds per cubic foot.

It is estimated that the hog product of the west this year is short about 14 per cent and shorts about 11 per cent.

Our English cousins grow considerable quantities of water cress, artificially in ditches through which a flow of fresh water is maintained.

The Royal Agricultural Society has issued a new list of prizes for preserved fruits, jams, etc., made exclusively from fruit of the British Islands.

A good sugar grove of maples, it is estimated, ought to yield an income of about fifty cents per tree, with a little labor as any other crop of same value.

Too many milkers spoil a cow, reduce the milk and lessen the profits. A kind, gentle, good-natured milker is a treasure a dairyman cannot overestimate.

It is said that large quantities of cotton seed oil are shipped to Spain and Italy, and are there used to mix with "pure olive oil," the mixture being sold under the latter name.

Hay should be of the best quality. Grass is more valuable for hay when cut in the bloom. If allowed to seed it loses a portion of its feeding value. Hay should never be overripe.

When cleaning out purslane not a leaf should be left in the ground. It is a persistent weed, and can only be destroyed by exposing every part of the plant to the sun, so as to scorch it.

In consequence of the generally bad crops and bad weather in England, and the farming population are turning more attention to fruit growing than formerly, and also to poultry and vegetable growing.

A vegetable and small fruit grower of Arlington, raised on 2,000 square feet—less than half an acre—\$830 worth of strawberries, besides what were used in the family. The fruit was sold at wholesale rates, and the varieties were Sharpless and Belmont.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maple wood, and make a hot fire, and the seed heads, with the seed in are said to burn better than hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Non-chole Hint.

You can make cloth waterproof by varnishing it with linseed oil, coating with solution of rubber in naphtha.

To take ink out of linen—Dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow and the ink will come with it. This is unfailling.

To protect children's clothing from fire—Add one ounce of alum to the last water used in rinsing clothes. This renders them unflammable.

To revive old silk—When silk has lost its gloss and becomes limp it may be restored by sponging with a solution of half an ounce of gum tragacanth in a pint of hot water.

Eucalyptus in any form is said to be quickly relieved by filling the ear with chloroform vapor from an uncorked bottle; vapor oily, not the liquid. Ten drops upon a lump of sugar is also considered an excellent remedy for hiccup and ordinary nausea.

Keep your stove blacking-brush and plate handy, and after dinner each day brush off your stove, and you will find it much nicer than washing it off; besides, with an occasional brushing your stove will always look nicely, and if your stove is not kept looking clean, the whole kitchen looks untidy.

To test the purity of water—Take some of the suspected water in a clean, glass-stoppered bottle; add a little pure cane-sugar; expose, having well stopped the bottle, to the light in a warm room. Should the water, even after a week's exposure, become turbid, it is dangerously impure for drinking; if it remains clear, it is safe. This is Heintsch's sugar test.

Varnished light wood chairs should be wiped over once a week with weak ammonia water, and they may be kept looking nice for a long time. It is a mistake to use soap on this kind of furniture, for it will certainly remove the varnish in a very short time. Too much ammonia will remove the gloss, therefore a teaspoonful to one-half pail of water is usually sufficient.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to persons with good digest they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes which is usually the cause of the cough, but if eaten freely at the outset of a cold they will break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.

To remove grease spots from cloth—An excellent mixture to remove grease spots from boys' and men's clothing, particularly, is made of four parts of alcohol to one part of ammonia, and about one-half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease spot, and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease and the ammonia forms a soap with it which is washed out with the water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only spreads the spot and makes it fainter.

Devoted Love.

There's a pretty little child uptown, a girl, who has a boy cousin. They are much of an age, and they are very fond of each other. The girl was taken sick, a few days ago, with the measles. The boy was wildly excited and he went to his mother.

"Please, mamma, Esie has the measles. I want the measles, too."

"What? No, dear."

Then the boy would not be comforted until his mother promised if he was a good boy he should have the measles, and he has been so good and he has built so much upon having the measles that they are afraid he'll lose all faith in his mother if they don't let him have them.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Scepticism.

In one of our Sunday-schools recently the subject of the creation of man was under discussion. A bright boy who had cavilled at nothing which had preceded when the story of the production of Eve was reached declared that he didn't believe a word of it. "For," said he, "there was any quantity of the same material that Adam was made of lying around loose, and I don't believe God would have ripped up Adam, whom he had just finished, just to get a rib to make Eve with."—*Lowell Courier.*

A Modern Instance.

"Madame, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir; I haven't time to be." "Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting who would you support?" "The same man I've supported for ten years." "And who is that?" "My husband."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Her Mistake.

The infant of the household was in its evening cradle. The head of the house was at home peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered, meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—*Utica Observer.*

LITTLE TRICKS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Three or Four Odd Items of Knowledge About Keeping the House in Good Order.

"I have great trouble with my furniture, and especially bric-a-brac," said a young matron, relating her experiences in housekeeping. "Of course servants are at the bottom of the trouble. They are always more or less careless, and when things get a little out of order I am often at a loss to know what to do. Yet I suppose if one knew how, it is generally easy to put them right. For instance, Aunt Julia, how would you fasten embossed leather on wood when it gets loose?"

"I would make a little cement of melted India rubber mixed with shellac varnish," said Aunt Julia, who is credited with knowing more about the odds and ends of housekeeping than anybody else in her circle.

"And how would you keep varnished wood looking fresh and bright?"

"I would rub it thoroughly with oil from time to time. Only a little oil must be used, and that should be carefully rubbed in till it seems to be all rubbed off. Otherwise it will catch dust, and the last state of the wood will be worse than the first."

"And suppose your white marble slabs and mantels get discolored, what would you do?"

"I would take very strong soap-suds and mix it with quicklime till it is about like milk, and spread the mixture on the marble; clean it off with soap and water after twenty-four hours' time, and rub the marble with fine putty powder and olive oil."

"How do you polish oilcloth?"

"I use a mixture of equal quantities of linseed oil, beeswax and turpentine, and have the girl rub it well."

Epidemics in Madrid.

The abnormally high death rate of Madrid has long been a source of anxiety to the authorities and the faculty and a perplexity to the public. Epidemics of diphtheria and smallpox have lately assumed such serious proportions that the government has found it necessary to take energetic measures for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the capital. An exhaustive report has lately been issued by order of the home office, and Senor Moret now issues a strongly-worded royal order embodying effective reforms, among them a complete system of disinfecting drainage, severe rules of sanitation, public laundries, a more vigorous system of inspection of live stock destined for public consumption, better ventilation, the enlargement of existing hospitals, and the erection of permanent and separate hospitals for contagious and chronic diseases, the cultivation of trees and shrubs in and around the city, the increase of gratuitous medical services, and a closer inspection of articles of food. The order also proposes the compulsory earlier closing of theaters and other places of amusement. The programme is excellent and can scarcely fail to prove efficacious if strictly and legitimately carried out. The report above referred to gives the death rate this year at no less than 45 in the 1,000, and the average of eight years, 1880 to 1887, (including the cholera epidemic of 1785, when the rate was 47.62,) nearly double that of London, which is given at 21.60. The rate for Madrid is calculated on a population of under 500,000.—*Madrid Dispatch to the London Times.*

The Great Shut-In.

Miss R.— was telling her Sunday school class of small boys about the Shut-In society, an organization whose members are mostly young persons confined with illness to their beds or rooms.

"Whom can we think of," said she, endeavoring to awaken the interest of the class in these unfortunates, "that would have had great sympathy for these that are so shut in?"

"I know," said a little boy, with brightening face; "someone in the Bible, isn't it, teacher?"

"Yes," said Miss R.—, "and who, Johnny?"

"Jonah," was the spirited answer.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Obedied Promptly.

"Clara!" shouted the old man from the head of the stairs. "I called down ten minutes ago that it was time for that young man to go, and I haven't heard the front door close yet." "No, papa; he left by the window."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Cheeky Nurse.

Nurse: "Can't I put baby in the crib, ma'am?" Mother: "No, doggie is in the crib. Wait till doggie has had his nap."—*Lowell Courier.*

THE NEW YORK GIRL.

One of the "Great" Ones Who Gave a Dude His Due.

The girl part of New York is great. There is every kind of girl there that has ever been made, could be made, or would like to be made, and a few of them at least are somewhat curious creatures.

The average girl is generally pleased at the admiring glance bestowed upon her as she trips her high-heeled way up Broadway or Fifth avenue, according to her business. The Fifth avenue walker usually tips her dainty nose a trifle higher at the glance, but nevertheless a little flutter of pleasure thrills through her as she thinks—"another."

Girls who make a practice of walking on Broadway until they are thoroughly well known, who dress conspicuously, and although not fast in the entire sense of the word, endeavor to attract attention should not be surprised if they are spoken to by men who are ready to admire and make fools of themselves over each pretty face they see. That sort of thing is not to be wondered at when the men are sufficiently encouraged, but unhappily, many sensible, well-behaved girls have, to suffer too. It is a pity that the "working girl" is ever prettily for her beauty is often her ruin. She is subject to much annoyance from men, as her hours for being on the street are early and late. However, they soon become used to it, and are able to choke off the advances of the would-be mashers.

One of the exceptionally pretty girl clerks of Stearns's while going home the other evening, was thus accosted by the sweetest dunder:

"Ah! good evening."

"Good evening," she replied.

"Nice evening," he said.

"Nice evening," she replied. Then she looked at him a moment and said in a solemn voice: "Let me give you a bit of good advice; you go home and tell your mother to wash your face, speak you well and put you to bed."

The dunder looked much hurt, and let her go her own way in peace.—*New York Graphic.*

Scenes at a Depot.

There is no place on God's footstool where any more ludicrous scenes are witnessed than at a metropolitan receptacle for the weary traveler or the gay tourist, as the case may be. One of a touching as well as of a laughable character is that of a parent as he or she will hastily disengage themselves from their offspring and insanely chase the tinkling bell of a switch engine, and after performing several antics of a saw-dust nature, find they are following a piece of a freight train instead of a train allotted to human freight. They will then with a crestfallen visage, resembling that of pressed tin, heedlessly wend their way back to the not over fragrant waiting room.

The depot of a metropolitan city, where many railroads center, is one of a combination of piety, the very wantonness and refinement, with a fifty grain capsule of squalor added. The tainted odor of bilge water and seaweed paints a vivid chromo before one's nostrils of the steerage and Castle Garden. There are also heartrending scenes as the iron horse majestically and proudly snorts as he enters the passengers' refuge. There can be seen on the thickly dotted platform by the trained eye of the trainman the wan and tearful features of a sorrow-stricken mother as she anxiously and with a nervous tread approaches the baggage car to see the casket that contains the remains of her poor and only boy, who met a horrible death in a distant city, removed. It is a sad sight, one to be ever remembered.

Why He Sold His Yacht.

"Yeth," he said, "yeth, I've sold my yacht. You see the captain and crew sued me for wages, by Jove. I had to sell out to pay them, don't you know, for both me and pa are in Europe, by Jove!"—*Ocean.*

All the Rage.

The only paper which has nothing to say about the tariff is fly-paper, and that's out of season now.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

An Unfair Suggestion.

"Well, Mr. Meek, how do you propose to vote this fall? I suppose, as a clergyman, you will vote the straight ticket?" "I shall vote as I pray." "Which means, I suppose, that you will vote early and often."—*Lincoln Journal.*

A Difficult Commission.

Lady: "You know, sir, I wish my portrait to be a total surprise for my husband." Artist: "Yes, madam, I understand." Lady: "And you will try not to have too strong a likeness as I would not wish him to recognize it at the first glance."—*Life.*

LUM WILLIAMS'S CLOSE CALL.

He Had to Whip His Weight in Wild Cats Before he was safe.

Lum Williams, an old mountaineer and hunter, of Panther Mountain, had an adventure a few days since which he will not soon forget.

As he sat on the porch at Farmer Peters' and told the following story, he was the picture of about as badly dilapidated a specimen of humanity as one sees in a lifetime. One arm was carried in a sling, his right leg rested upon a stool wrapped from thigh to ankle with linen cloths, while his face, once smooth and fresh, notwithstanding his age of over half a century, had the appearance of having been cultivated with a fine-pronged garden rake from his hair to his coat collar.

"I was going up the mountain on a squirrel hunt with my two squirrel dogs, Snap and Nig," said the old mountaineer. "We had gone about a mile, and I had killed five or six squirrels, when Snap began to bark in a fierce way about one-hundred yards off. Before I got to the dog Nig had joined him, and the two kept up a terrible racket.

"I hurried on, expecting to find that they had treed a coon or holed a fox. When I got to the spot I found the dogs had holed some animal in a hollow, rotten log. The log was poplar, and about twenty feet long, with a hole nearly a foot in diameter at the mouth."

"The dogs wouldn't go in. I thought that strange, as they never before went back on a fight with a coon, and that was what I thought was in the log. So I tried to poke the coon, as I supposed it was, out of the hole, but the only pole I could get wouldn't reach. Finding I could not move the game that way, I threw down the pole and examined the log. I soon discovered that it was very rotten and that there was a crack in it about half way down. I made up my mind to try and pry that log open, and I'm sorry to say I succeeded.

"Almost as soon as I got a stick in the crack and began to pry, the confounded thing flew apart and out sprang three thundering big cats—mountains. Great Scott! how they did pitch into us. Two of them sprang at me. One seized my left arm near the shoulder and ripped it from shoulder to wrist with his long claws. I struck at the brutes with the heavy oak stick I held, and by good luck knocked one of them over just as the other one jumped at my face. I couldn't stop him, and he came down on my face with both claws, ripping through the skin and flesh like red-hot irons. Just then Snap caught the cat by the flunk and pulled him off. That saved me. The dog and cat rolled over and over on the ground, while I was trying my best, with the blood pouring down my face, to get a blow in on the cat. I succeeded at last in striking it across the small of the back as it rolled over on top of the dog. That blow broke its back, but it had done for the dog, which was torn almost into ribbons.

"I had overlooked the one I struck in the first place, and by this time the infernal brute had got on its feet and sprang on me just as I raved from striking the other one. This fellow did not get a fair hold on me, but he got close enough to rip my leg from thigh to calf with his claws. I struck it in the face with the end of the club, and as it dropped to the ground, I threw my whole force in a blow, which I delivered upon its head, knocking it over on its back, and I beat it to death.

"The cat which had jumped at the dogs in the first place I now saw lying about twenty feet away, with Nig holding it by the throat. The cat was dead, and so was the dog, which lay with entrails torn out, but still with a death-grip on the throat of the cat. If the dog had ever let go of that cat I would have been finished between them. As it was, after the fight was over, I fainted with pain and loss of blood, and lay, I suppose, on the ground for an hour or more. When I came to I dragged myself to the road, half a mile away, where I found water, with which I bathed my wounds. Luckily for me Peters, here, happened to come along, and brought me to his house.

"I have had many close fights in my time with bears, panthers and wildcats in these mountains, but this one was the closest call I ever had, and it was all owing to the fact that I neglected to take a knife or pistol with me."—Panther Knob Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

Earthquake Movement.

An earthquake always begins with small vibrations, according to Prof. J. A. Ewing, and of those which follow none stands out remarkably abrupt from the rest. The motion is scarcely a shock at all, but a wobbling of the ground in every conceivable direction. A movement of the earth of an inch and three quarters is the greatest yet recorded by the instruments in Japan, while the motions are usually to be measured only in hundredths of an inch.

No More Big Timber Rafts.

Mr. Leary, who has built the great timber rafts at the Joggins, Nova Scotia, has instructed his agent to sell the timber used in frames and other materials on hand at the Finger Board, as he will build no more rafts. The expense of constructing and then of breaking up rafts renders the big raft system more expensive than vessels.—Bangor Commercial.

WITH A MANIAC COMPANION.

Shut Up in an English Railroad Car with a Madman.

On my way from Wales to London I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed. One they call the Flying Dutchman. Another they name the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying behind one of these locomotives sixty miles an hour. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in an English car, which is a different thing, as most people know, from the American, the English car holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them occupying one seat facing four on the other. We halted at the depot.

A gentleman came to the door and stood a moment, as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door I made that death impossible.

A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was: "What will the madman do next? A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demonic strength that comes to such a one he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Also it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go." Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death," and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in English railway trains is outside of the car and near the roof and difficult to reach. I give it two or three smart pulls, but there was no slackening of speed.

Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string. When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope on the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and, as it is not once in a thousand times anyone is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope, the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which should have supremacy of that car, right, reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it belonged to him and all the rest were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers.

At this moment, when we thought the horror had climaxed, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage, eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May the occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or what way. We waited for the light and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When at last the light looked in through the windows we found the afflicted man lying helplessly across one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the poor unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Small Favors Thankfully Received.

Snap actor: "I called, sir, to ask you to insert a line to the effect that I have just refused an offer of \$500 a week. Accommodating editor: "With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" "That's all, unless you have a spare dime about you."—Philadelphia Record.

Husband—"I'm feeling awfully queer this morning, my dear." Wife—"Well, you needn't be alarmed. It's because you are sober."—Boston Budget.

LEAVE THE HORSESHOE ON THE DOOR.

An Old Superstition Nelson Believed in when He Named a Horseshoe to the Mast.

The old superstition of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house as a protection against evil spirits, and an assurance of good luck, is as widely spread in the United States as it is in England or Ireland. It also prevails among nearly all Teutonic and Scandinavian races and flourishes largely in the East and West Indies and Hindostan. The old writers tell us that there are three elements united in the horseshoe; in the first place it is crescent shaped, secondly it is a portion of a horse, and lastly it is made of iron. Popular superstition has long endowed iron with protecting qualities. During the time of the plagues in Rome, the inhabitants of the Eternal City drove nails in the walls of their houses as a safeguard against the dread disease. When the Arabs in the desert are overtaken by the deadly simoom they seek succor from heaven by crying "Iron! Iron!" Celtic, Finnish and Welsh superstitions all agree that against witchcraft iron is considered the only guard. Custom even recites that it has always been considered a good omen to find old iron and particularly to find an old horseshoe. In the mythology of England horses were, and are to this day, looked upon as luck-bringers. In some parts of England and nowdays it is still thought that many forms of disease can be cured by burning a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is considered a specific for many complaints in the north of Scotland. Many years ago in Ireland, so it is said, upon the death of a favorite horse its feet and legs were hung up in the house, and even the hoofs are kept sacred. All of which it is claimed serve as a preventive of ill-luck or disease.

Even in New York, among a certain class, the horseshoe may be seen nailed up over many a house or shop door. The well-known song which was sung by Edward Harrigan a few years ago made lasting impression, and served to remind many of the luck attending old iron shoes. One of the stanzas was:

There's a story that is told in Irish history, Far beyond the days of King Boru,

That luck will surely always wait upon you If you pick up on the road a horse's shoe.

On account of its form, historians state that the qualities formerly accorded to the crescent have been transferred to the horseshoe. The Chinese build their tombs at the present day in a semi-circular form like a horseshoe, and the Moors use it in their architecture. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of his flag ship, the "Victory," and guarded it as if it had been a citadel. Dr. James, of London, who earned the sobriquet of "Buck" from the amount of money he made out of his patent medicine, attributed his phenomenal success to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage.—New York Mail and Express.

CHIEF GALL.

A Vindictive Sioux, Who Does Not Yet Fill the Bill as a Good Indian.

The Sioux Indian chief Gall is one of the fiercest and most vindictive of his tribe, and has given the whites and the soldiers and the authorities more trouble and anxiety than all the rest of the chiefs put together, if Sitting Bull may be excepted, says a Helena Dispatch. He is a shrewd, cunning, heartless rascal, and bates a paleface worse than he does a snake, and his treacherous nature has led him to the commission of many barbarous and devilish and revolting deeds. His character is very clearly pictured by the course he has taken in opposing the commissioners at Standing Rock agency. An army officer, who was engaged in the Indian operations in this country with Gen. Miles, and who is well acquainted with Gall, relates some interesting incidents about him at that time.

When the representatives of 800 lodges surrendered at the mouth of Cabin creek—a tributary of the Yellowstone—in October, 1876, Sitting Bull deserted his people and fled across the British line with only thirty lodges. Gall afterward followed him with fifteen lodges. When the nine chiefs surrendered themselves to Gen. Miles as hostages Gall was present at the council, but refused to take any part in it. He stood leaning on his rifle, in a defiant attitude, a considerable distance away. When the council ended and peace was declared Gall walked away with a sullen air and crossed to the south bank of the Yellowstone. Capt. Casey and Capt. Butler soon afterward relieved each other as officers of the day. They walked out leisurely to the end of a point of land jutting into the Yellowstone to visit a picket of ten men that had been established there. The officers had just turned to go back to the camp, after inspecting the picket, when a bullet whizzed between them in close proximity to their respective ears. It came from the rifle of the treacherous Gall, who fired from behind a tree. It was useless to pursue him, and he disappeared.

Capt. McDonald was another who came near being a victim to Gall's treachery. He was seated in his dog tent sewing on a button and was summoned hastily away. It was a fortunate thing for him. He had not gone more than a few paces when a bullet tore through the tent about where his head would have been had he remained inside. Gall knew all about the interior of the tent, and made a close calculation as to where the captain was sitting. It was he who fired the shot.

A Pair of Plucky Herons.

My herons, "Tom" and "Peggy," says Dr. W. Van Fleet in the American Magazine were plucky in the extreme, and, though peaceable enough when not imposed upon, resented fiercely any domineering from the barn-yard inhabitants. Their combined forces were always more than sufficient to rout the enemy. Once only we witnessed an instance of their partial discomfiture. "Tom" had accepted the challenge of a bullying young rooster, and at the first pass was placed hors de combat, with a spur through his throat. Before the cock had time to sound his clarion of victory "Peggy," with a savage cry, came darting through the air, and slitting in on his back, by a fierce stroke of her spittle bill, deprived him of an eye. So viciously did she follow up her advantage that most energetic interference was required to save the fowl from complete destruction. "Tom's" wound was so severe that a considerable portion of his internal anatomy was exposed; nevertheless he recovered rapidly. A contraction of the gullet followed, which afterward often caused him great astonishment by refusing to pass such large articles as formerly. Occasionally he would attempt to swallow a dried sun-fish or other spiny object, which, sticking fast, could be neither cast up nor down. A little water, with some careful manipulations, always relieved him from his unpleasant predicament; but to the last experience did not render him wiser on this point. Their exceeding tameness exposed them to great danger when they chanced to wander from their adopted home; and their fate, at last, was that of being stoned to death.

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