

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. 2 NO. 13

PLYMOUTH, MICH FRIDAY DECEMBER 7 1888.

WHOLE NO. 65

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

SEEK HIRE! 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.

—Winter!
Trunks at new harness shop.
Buy the best Phenix mills flour.
—Two weeks from next Tuesday is Christmas.

—Miss Nellie Crosby returned to Detroit, Monday.

Weather strips for doors and windows at Bassett & Sou's.

—A. N. Brown, of Stockbridge, was at his home here over Sunday.

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

—Mr. and Mrs. Leonard were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burrell, of Denton, Thanksgiving.

—Miss Emma Stevens, of Wayne, and Jessie Thomas, of Detroit, were guests at J. H. Steers', Tuesday.

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

Felt hats from sixty cents to \$1.00, feathers and trimmings accordingly, at Mrs. Hattie Shattuck's, over R. G. Hall's store.

—Ed. L. Crosby returned last Saturday from a sixteen days trip East, during which time he sold 4,000 Plymouth air rifles.

—The first meeting of the Plymouth debating club this season, will be held at Labor hall, on Tuesday evening next, commencing at seven p. m.

—Dewett H. Teeple, a member of the police at Washington, since 1864, and a former citizen of this place, has been elevated to a position as lieutenant of the force.

Christmas goods at the postoffice. Christmas cards, dolls, albums, scrap books, scrap baskets, childrens' books, games & stationery, etc., will be sold at cost. Please give us a call.

—Little Annie McClumpha is reported sick with scarlet fever. She was taken down on Sunday. We understand that she is doing remarkably well and unless something unforeseen occurs, will be out again soon.

Fred Shater is agent for the West Park steam laundry, Detroit. Those wishing fine work without injury to goods should leave their laundry with him at H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s, before Tuesday noon, each week. 65tf

—Mrs. K. Anoviky, of Chicago, was attacked by a dog the other day and terribly bitten. The dog died soon afterwards. It wasn't the lady's name as one might suppose, that killed the dog—a policeman shot it.

—W. H. Hoyt was called to near Saline on Sunday on account of the death of an uncle, John L. Hoyt, an old resident of that sect on who died the day before from Bright's disease, being sick only a couple of weeks. The funeral was held on Monday.

—At a meeting of the grange to be held at their hall, on Thursday evening, Dec 13, a discussion on the subject of the "Physical, moral and intellectual education of children," will be a part of the exercises. This is to be a meeting of the patrons only.

—H. Beck, the Chicago anarchist, was convicted last Saturday and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. He was one among several others arrested for conspiracy against the C. B. & Q. railroad several weeks ago and dynamite bombs found in his possession.

—Hamilton Force, of South Lyon, charged with burning a barn belonging to T. Dunlap, in June last and who has been languishing in jail at Pontiac since then, had his trial a few days ago, and was acquitted, but was immediately arrested on charge of burning the roller mills on Christmas night.

The new harness shop is booming. New harness shop sold three harnesses this week.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phenix mills.

—We had a lively snow storm Wednesday. It melted about as fast as it came, however.

—Great guns! Now another air rifle. Bert Panches is the author of the latest, a repeating gun.

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

—O. E. Hawkins has sold the Saline Observer to G. J. Nissly. Mr. Hawkins goes to Eaton Rapids as publisher of the Herald.

—Warren B. Gorton, aged twenty-five years, of Plymouth, and Nettie D. Hearn, of Dearborn, have taken out a license and will soon be married.

—The parties who burglarized the F. & P. M. depot here ten days ago haven't returned the fifty dollars taken away with them and it doesn't look as if they intended to.

—H. F. Brown, of Northville, the photographer, was in town Tuesday. He is well pleased with his patronage from Plymouth. We are told that he averages three sittings from this place to one from Northville.

—Roscoe C. Begole, aged twenty-two, of Pittsfield, Washtenaw county, and Miss Mary Jane Smith, of Bellville, aged twenty-six, have taken out a license and are likely to commit matrimony, if they have not already done so.

—If you have friends away, nothing would be more pleasant to them, for the money invested, than a year's subscription to the MAIL. To new subscribers we will send the MAIL the balance of this month and the whole of next year for one dollar. Subscribe now.

—Mrs. W. R. Corlett and husband; Mrs. Will Corlett and husband; Miss Porter and George Corlett; Miss Fannie Hannan and a gentleman whose name we did not learn; Miss Emma Barber and Elmer Mowrer, the latter from Ypsilanti, and the others from Wayne, attended the party here Thanksgiving evening.

—When you wish to subscribe for a newspaper or magazine call at the PLYMOUTH MAIL office. We take subscriptions for nearly every paper published and can often times give you better rates than you would get direct from the publisher. We can get any book that you may want, and we also take orders for binding books and magazines. Bring us your magazines and get them nicely bound.

—The Soo folks voted a chair to Gen. Ben Harrison, at a church fair, and now the president elect has asked that the chair be given to Mrs. Emp-on, wife of the Congregational minister at the Soo. His request has been complied with.—Detroit Journal. Mr. and Mrs. Empson were located at Wayne until about one year ago, when they removed to the Soo.

—There are numerous pieces of sidewalks in town that need repairing before snow falls. A portion of the walk leading from Main street to the Presbyterian church is in a bad condition; also a portion of the walk from Main street to the F. & P. M. depot. The trouble with the latter is the looseness of the boards. We learn that an old gentleman was tripped by them the other day. Since this was put in type the walk in front of the church has been repaired. Nothing like calling attention to these things you see.

—The business men of South Lyon evidently believe in protection and the common council of that village has just passed an ordinance calculated to protect them—at least, from roaming auctioneers. The ordinance fixes a license fee of fifteen dollars for every day that a transient person shall sell goods at auction within the corporate limits of that village, and the penalty for not first obtaining a license is "not more than fifty dollars and costs of prosecution." We doubt very much that that ordinance as published in last week's Excelsior will stand law, from the fact that no signature whatever is attached to it. It should be signed by the president and attested by the clerk.

Merit Wins.
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and Electric Bitters, and have never had a remedy that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Chas. Lee and Hunter, druggists.

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!

"Where did you get those?"
"How much were they?"
"That all?" "Aren't they nice
—and so cheap?"

NOW FOR

BARGAINS!

Such were the remarks overheard the other day between a couple of gentlemen. The party asking the questions was surprised at the quality, fit and price of the suit of clothes the other was wearing and had learned for the first that it was not necessary to go out of Plymouth to get a suit of clothes neatly made and a perfect fit, and for so little money.

A GREAT 5 DAYS PICNIC!

In order to make room for a Large Stock of Goods about to arrive from New York, we have decided to make a grand

5 DAYS CASH SALE

Beginning with

Monday Next, December 10.

Goods will be sold at such prices as will MOVE THEM WITH A BUSH. There are

Bargains in Every Department!

And those who come first will have the chance of a better selection. Don't let this opportunity go without securing some of these goods.

Remember This Sale is for 5 Days and for Cash.

The Bargain Givers,

DOHMSTREICH BROS.

DOHMSTREICH BROS.
Plymouth, Michigan.

Plymouth, December 6, 1888.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

POLICEMAN MURDERED.

Detroit: The Scene of Another Mysterious Murder.

Albert W. Thayer, a Detroit policeman, was shot about 10 o'clock the other evening, while on duty on Fort Street west, near Twelfth Street. People living in the vicinity heard three shots fired, and rushed to the spot whence the sound came, only to find the policeman weltering in his blood. Officers were at once summoned, and a physician, who examined the wound and found that the ball had entered the head at the base of the left ear and passed clear through the head, coming out half an inch forward of the right ear above the cheek bone.

A thorough search of Thayer's person developed the fact that his revolver was missing. His gloves were in his pocket, showing that his hands were ready for action, and his club lay by his side with the strap around his wrist.

The detectives at once began a thorough investigation. Between the sidewalk in front of Clement Lafferty's and Benjamin F. Sutton's houses and the fence were a quantity of dead leaves, covered with the light snow which fell in the early part of the evening. Through the leaves, with the aid of a lantern, the detectives easily traced the footprints of three men. The leaves were scattered and the prints somewhat blurred as if made while running. They were traced to the corner of Lafayette avenue, where they seemed to halt and then turn abruptly to the right.

When the detectives reached the corner, upon throwing the light of the lantern over the fence they discovered a yellow leather satchel, apparently new. This being taken to the light and examined was found to contain a smaller satchel, several coils of fuse, a small dark lantern, several finely tempered drills, two punches, two large tinners, two packages of dynamite, a pair of key nippers and several other articles belonging to a kit of burglars' tools. Among the articles was a large cloth bag used to hold stolen silverware, an old cap and some collars and cuffs. The burglar master at the Wabash depot, foot of Twelfth street, says that about 10:20 o'clock local time, a few minutes after the shooting occurred, he noticed four men hanging around the depot who attempted to board the outbound train as it was leaving the depot, but who, finding they were discovered, jumped from the train and disappeared among the freight cars.

As Thayer was killed two and a half blocks away from his beat, the theory of the police is that he saw some crooks acting in a suspicious manner, and following, surprised them as they were about to undertake a job, when they turned upon him and shot him dead. Thayer's left ear being blackened by powder leads to the supposition that they surrounded him, and one of them placing a revolver close to his head fired the fatal shot.

The detectives think that Thayer fired the second shot while falling, and that one of the murderers seized the revolver when he dropped it so as to have something to protect himself in case of pursuit.

THE MINE ON FIRE.

The Calumet & Hecla Mine Again Burning—Eight Lives Lost.

The great Calumet & Hecla mine is again on fire. This time the fire started on the sixth level of No. 3 shaft and is burning with terrific force. Like the fire of last year it started on Thanksgiving day, when the mine was practically idle. There were about 200 men on the seventeenth level on the night shift. About 11 o'clock they smelled smoke and at once understood the terrors of their position. An attempt to signal the surface disclosed the terrible fact that the signal wire was not working. They were cut off from communication, and out for the coolness of the men in charge, from escape as well. Word was at once dispatched to warn the men to flee for their lives. Faithful pilots set about leading the squads of terror-stricken miners through different avenues to the main engine shaft, some distance away. Two men started up No. 3 shaft to locate the fire. They found it on the sixth level, and also found the water connections cut above them. There was no hope but flight to a lower level, and escape through the main engine shaft. All doubt of incendiarism is exploded. The fire is the deliberate work of a cool, calculating, murderous fiend, who would not only destroy the mine, but the lives of the miners as well.

Of the 200 miners all escaped but eight, who are certainly dead and not even their ashes are liable to be seen again.

The men behaved with remarkable coolness and slowly made their way to the surface, but none too soon, as in a short time the main engine shaft was filled to suffocation with hot smoke and it is probable that those doomed men met their deaths somewhere between the sixth level and the surface in that shaft on the way up.

The scenes at the surface as the men came out were terrible, and only such as are to be found at a great mine disaster. If it is possible to find the fiend who fired the mine he would be hurled headlong down the burning shaft by the people who are frantic with rage. But, as yet, there is not a clue to point even to a suspicion, except the fact that he was evidently well acquainted with the mine. It would be foolish to attempt to approximate the loss as the fire is in every way much worse than that of last year, and is liable to burn for months.

The whole community is grief-stricken at the horrible fate of eight of their townsmen. The fire must burn itself out, and it may take weeks and even months, unless it can be flooded, which is hardly probable.

Horse Breeders' Association.

The annual meeting of the Michigan trotting horse breeders was held in Jackson Nov. 23, with an unusually large attendance. The report of the secretary and treasurer showed the association out of debt, with about \$200 in the treasury. The committee on stake races reported a series of six races for 1889, as follows: One 2-yr-old stake, open to all, one 3-yr-old stake, open to all colts that have never trotted for money; one 3-yr-old stake for colts, to be named fifteen days before the meeting; one 3-yr-old stake for fillies and geldings, the colts to be named when the nomination is made; one 4-yr-old stake for named horses, and one 4-yr-old stake for horses, to be named fifteen days before the race; \$50 to be added in each race; also one stake for 3 and 4-yr-old pacers, with \$25 added money. The entrance fee in each of these races to be \$25. \$1 to be paid when the entrance is made; \$10 May 1, and \$10 fifteen days before the race.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, L. C. Hurd, Jackson; vice-president, Mr. Benjamin, East Saginaw; secretary, L. C. Webb, Mason; treasurer, Walter Clark, Battle Creek; directors for three years, A. L. Barber, Mason; Frank Lilly, Grand Rapids; M. Farrell, Parma; H. Kingman, Battle Creek; J. C. Deyo, Jackson.

Michigan Electoral College.

Congress has changed the law relative to the meeting of the electoral college so that the Michigan college, instead of meeting on the first Wednesday of December, will meet on the second Monday in January at an

hour and place to be fixed by the coming legislature, which will probably name the state senate chamber at Lansing as the place and 12 o'clock as the hour, as heretofore.

The Count Completed.

The state board of canvassers have completed their work. Following is the vote on governor by counties:

| COUNTIES. | Lucas (R.) | Ham. (D.) | Thayer (P.) | Miss. (U. L.) |
|----------------|------------|-----------|-------------|---------------|
| Alcona | 650 | 494 | 6 | 0 |
| Alcona | 289 | 177 | 10 | 124 |
| Alcona | 1407 | 1340 | 112 | 43 |
| Antrim | 1310 | 879 | 112 | 43 |
| Arenac | 350 | 272 | 40 | 458 |
| Baraga | 384 | 412 | 4 | 153 |
| Barry | 2849 | 2679 | 370 | 116 |
| Bay | 4391 | 4282 | 214 | 116 |
| Benzie | 750 | 408 | 90 | 16 |
| Berrien | 5100 | 4725 | 462 | 23 |
| Branch | 4701 | 2794 | 451 | 47 |
| Calhoun | 3770 | 4372 | 386 | 150 |
| Cass | 2857 | 2375 | 278 | 19 |
| Charlevoix | 1285 | 807 | 94 | 1 |
| Cheboygan | 1110 | 1245 | 79 | 7 |
| Chippewa | 1162 | 903 | 76 | 1 |
| Clare | 915 | 906 | 44 | 10 |
| Clinton | 5347 | 2346 | 538 | 89 |
| Crawford | 475 | 1355 | 11 | 1 |
| Delta | 4949 | 2779 | 788 | 350 |
| Eaton | 916 | 1042 | 102 | 1 |
| Emmet | 5108 | 2913 | 817 | 30 |
| Genesee | 519 | 371 | 11 | 1 |
| Gladwin | 1901 | 1110 | 13 | 1 |
| Grand Haven | 1549 | 93 | 34 | 1 |
| Grand Traverse | 5710 | 2564 | 389 | 61 |
| Groton | 472 | 3083 | 582 | 135 |
| Houghton | 2361 | 2741 | 181 | 0 |
| Huron | 1066 | 1333 | 191 | 87 |
| Ingham | 4921 | 4782 | 483 | 108 |
| Ionia | 4447 | 3780 | 467 | 6 |
| Iosco | 1301 | 1642 | 114 | 1 |
| Iron | 2150 | 534 | 2 | 1 |
| Isabella | 6560 | 1840 | 173 | 16 |
| Kalamazoo | 5650 | 5241 | 325 | 144 |
| Kalamazoo | 5498 | 3981 | 520 | 33 |
| Kalamazoo | 740 | 407 | 79 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 12788 | 11810 | 1283 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 414 | 182 | 4 | 2 |
| Kalamazoo | 2049 | 2902 | 246 | 22 |
| Kalamazoo | 3898 | 898 | 666 | 49 |
| Kalamazoo | 3418 | 5638 | 310 | 22 |
| Kalamazoo | 3847 | 2677 | 403 | 119 |
| Kalamazoo | 213 | 171 | 11 | 0 |
| Kalamazoo | 627 | 910 | 13 | 0 |
| Kalamazoo | 2823 | 3780 | 21 | 3 |
| Kalamazoo | 1673 | 2348 | 200 | 43 |
| Kalamazoo | 8 | 120 | 244 | 0 |
| Kalamazoo | 1700 | 1573 | 28 | 7 |
| Kalamazoo | 2531 | 1777 | 231 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 3131 | 3077 | 643 | 43 |
| Kalamazoo | 1270 | 1153 | 117 | 76 |
| Kalamazoo | 638 | 573 | 46 | 2 |
| Kalamazoo | 3282 | 3976 | 187 | 15 |
| Kalamazoo | 4491 | 2491 | 303 | 45 |
| Kalamazoo | 2341 | 306 | 6 | 2 |
| Kalamazoo | 405 | 3496 | 405 | 202 |
| Kalamazoo | 2470 | 1949 | 238 | 82 |
| Kalamazoo | 5426 | 5405 | 554 | 2 |
| Kalamazoo | 1718 | 1421 | 443 | 25 |
| Kalamazoo | 620 | 594 | 37 | 49 |
| Kalamazoo | 320 | 510 | 10 | 10 |
| Kalamazoo | 1911 | 1083 | 201 | 0 |
| Kalamazoo | 285 | 285 | 17 | 9 |
| Kalamazoo | 579 | 434 | 58 | 14 |
| Kalamazoo | 4314 | 3180 | 258 | 63 |
| Kalamazoo | 373 | 515 | 10 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 3823 | 334 | 11 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 6544 | 9108 | 298 | 55 |
| Kalamazoo | 2350 | 2447 | 228 | 69 |
| Kalamazoo | 601 | 586 | 54 | 12 |
| Kalamazoo | 4011 | 3208 | 484 | 20 |
| Kalamazoo | 5423 | 537 | 330 | 20 |
| Kalamazoo | 5423 | 3211 | 171 | 208 |
| Kalamazoo | 3876 | 3120 | 278 | 70 |
| Kalamazoo | 4812 | 2880 | 440 | 8 |
| Kalamazoo | 4556 | 5478 | 586 | 15 |
| Kalamazoo | 18653 | 29404 | 889 | 23 |
| Kalamazoo | 1440 | 1057 | 157 | 1 |
| Kalamazoo | 23280 | 21640 | 2082 | 438 |

Lucas's plurality, 17,128.

The pluralities given the respective state officers are as follows: James H. McDonald, lieutenant governor, 20,693; Gilbert R. Osmun, secretary of state, 22,735; George L. Maltz, state treasurer, 23,934; Henry H. Alpin, auditor general, 23,190; Roscoe D. Dix, commissioner land office, 23,941; Steven V. R. Tombridge, attorney general, 22,445; Joseph Estabrook, superintendent public instruction, 21,370. Bowers, member board of education, 21,370. The pluralities received by the congressmen are these: J. Logan Chipman (Dem.), 3,103; Edward P. Allen (Rep.), 564; James O'Donnell (Rep.), 6,602; Julius C. Burrows (Rep.), 4,186; Charles E. Belknap (Rep.), 2,667; Mark S. Brewer (Rep.), 367; Justin K. Whiting (Dem.), 406; Aaron T. Bliss (Rep.), 2,185; Byron M. Cutcheon (Rep.), 4,374; Frank W. Wheeler (Rep.), 113; Samuel M. Stephenson (Rep.), 3,358.

The vote on the revision of the Banking law stood: Yes, 48,331; No, 20,300. The amendment to the constitution relative to circuit courts was carried by a vote of 21,321 to 19,382.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

A Michigan man has succeeded in making a perfect steam engine which weighs only one-ninth of an ounce.

The preliminary survey for the Marquette City & Presque Isle railway company's line from the fair grounds to Presque Isle has already commenced and the line will be located in a few days. The organization of the company has been perfected, with Timothy Neeter as president and Fred Heffernan secretary and treasurer.

The little village of Stanwood, in Mecosta county, had a \$15,000 fire the other night.

There are 163 cadets at the Orchard Lake academy.

William Eaton, a Fowlerville youth, blew out the gas in his room at the Hudson house in Lansing the other night. For a time it was thought William would be an angel, but the doctors pulled him through.

Wm. Reineke, a German farmer living in Buena Vista township, Saginaw county, was shot by a neighbor named Oscar Schortman, who fired a revolver, the ball taking effect in Reineke's hip, inflicting a dangerous wound. They quarreled about some matter connected with their farms. Schortman is alleged to be of a quarrelsome disposition. His victim is 77 years old.

The farmer's club at Grand Rapids has passed a resolution asking the state board of agriculture to petition next legislature for \$5,000 to be used for farmers' institute work in 1889, and \$5,000 in 1890. They say that Michigan farmers exceed by about one hundred thousand the number of professional men, and yet last legislature appropriated \$100,000 more for professional schools than for agricultural instruction. Hence their request of the next legislature.

James Emory of Bay City shot a 450 pound bear while hunting up north.

The supreme court declares the libel law of 1885 unconstitutional.

Alma college has 125 students this year. They come from New York, Indiana, Ohio, Oregon and Canada, as well as Michigan.

Fire destroyed Carpenter Bros' shingle sheds at Stanwood, 300 feet of the Grand Rapids & Indiana siding, with one freight car, and after that the handsome flour mill of Reed & Beihler, which was built four years ago and was rated at \$10,000. Fire supposed to be incendiary.

John Garrick, foreman of Alexander McDonald's camp near Fishville, Montcalm county, was shot in the breast and dangerously wounded, by Andy McDonald, teamster, during an altercation between them at

Wagar's mill. McDonald went to Stanton and gave himself up to the sheriff.

Work has been commenced on the new 300-foot dock at Benton Harbor.

The supreme court has granted Charles Macard of Kent county a new trial. Macard lived in Wyoming township. One of his neighbors, Michael O'Hara, and he had been on unfriendly terms for a long time, when they met one day in the road near O'Hara's house, when a quarrel ensued. The words led to violence and O'Hara was shot and killed. The trial was held at Grand Rapids and Macard was sentenced to four years in states prison. He is there now.

Gen. Farkhurst of Coldwater, United States minister to Belgium, sailed for that place on the 1st inst.

Thomas Murphy, a tramp, broke into the railroad boarding house in Luther and stole three watches, a suit of clothing and some other valuables. He was captured in the woods with the stolen goods on him. He bails from Lowell.

The Kalamazoo celery crop this year is valued at \$750,000.

John Bushaw and other farmers of near Bay City propose to have more money for their lands before they will let the Bay City & Battle Creek cross their farms. They claim the railroad company defrauded them by paying only about one-third of what it should.

The supreme court has decided that when a man owns all the land around a little lake he may fish in it all his chooses, and bid the game warden's bayonet.

A. E. Worden of Grand Rapids has a bible that was printed in 1539.

The second annual reunion of the Sixth Michigan cavalry will be held at Ionia, Jan. 1, and a big time is anticipated. Gen. Alger will probably be the orator of the day.

Lansing doctors have organized an association to protect themselves from the people who don't pay their doctor bills.

H. E. Olmstead, a clerk in the office of the secretary of state at Lansing, has been appointed to a \$1,200 clerkship in the office of the labor commissioner at Washington.

J. B. King, formerly a well known citizen of Lansing, died in Wyoming Territory a few days ago.

Seaman Curran of Fort Gratiot had a leg mangled while coupling cars at Durand the other day.

An eagle was killed in Montcalm county the other day which measured eight feet from tip to tip across the wings.

Miss Jennie Swellard, the female forger of Kalamazoo, has been released on bail.

A fire occurred in Grand Ledge on Thanksgiving day. Dr. Davis lost two stores and some personal property; W. E. Davison, his drug stock; George Young, two buildings; Moulter & Behr, grocery stock; H. G. McCleek, household goods, and there were other smaller losses. Total, \$18,000; insurance, \$8,000.

Justice Wing of Monroe is writing a history of that county.

The Lansing condensed milk company will establish a branch factory at Sterling, Ill.

C. H. Hall of Ishpeming has given that city a handsome public fountain.

Charles Moth, the wrestler, has been arrested at Muskegon, charged with opening another man's letters.

The citizens of Sault Ste. Marie voted a chair to Gen. Ben. Harrison at a church fair, and now the president elect has asked that the chair be given to Mrs. Emerson, wife of the Congressional minister at the Soo. His request has been complied with.

About 40 residents of Osceola county have moved to Oregon this fall.

John J. Wright of Detroit, has been appointed commissioner of Indian affairs.

Wm. Leighton, the man who killed John Shine, near a lumber camp in the Sault Ste. Marie region about a fortnight ago, has been examined and discharged from custody.

The Third Michigan Infantry will hold its annual reunion in Grand Rapids on the 19th inst.

Powell & Mitchell of Marquette, will build the superstructure of the piers, etc. for the proposed new harbor of refuge at Grand Marais, on Lake Superior, and M. H. Fitzgerald of Duluth, is to do the dredging and make the piers. The Marquette men get \$24,928 for their part of the work, and the Duluth men get 19 1/2 cents per yard for the dredging and \$25,000 for the piers.

The Sturgeon River lumber company of Pikes Bay, Portage lake, Houghton county, has cut 10,000,000 feet of pine lumber this season.

Edson Woodman of Paw Paw bought a colt for \$70, and putting a halter on it took the animal out for exercise, and the first jump it made it broke its neck.

An upper peninsula paper says it has cost Houghton county \$1,000 to prosecute violators of the liquor laws, and not one of the accused has been convicted.

Eugene Morey of Ludington was killed a few days ago by being hit on the head by a shingle block while at work in a mill.

Miss Helen S. Norton of Howell, formerly a clerk in the auditor-general's office at Lansing, and later a missionary to the Hawaiian islands, is now engaged in missionary work in Boston.

Rumored that the Chippewa Valley railroad company is going to build a road from Ohio to Manistee or Frankfort via Big Rapids.

Charles Macard, the Kent county man who killed Michael O'Hara and is to have a new trial, has already served 14 months in the state prison.

A force of 100 men is employed upon the Canadian ship canal at the Soo, a ready surveying the site of the canal and clearing it for the actual digging which begins next spring. The canal and lock will be somewhat larger than the ones now on the American side.

A wheelbarrow factory is being built at the "Soo."

Sam Stephenson of Menominee, member of congress-elect, has published a letter asking his constituents to wait until after March 4, before they ask for a position as postmaster.

G. A. R. men of Michigan are not taking any notice of the movement organized in Indianapolis.

At Jackson on Thanksgiving day Mrs. Rodman Reynolds ate with her five children, 12 grandchildren and two great grand-children. Mrs. Reynolds is 86 years old, and since her marriage there has been but one death in her family—that of her husband, 10 years ago.

Shipped with the Cash. Will Schrieber, teller of the First national bank at Columbus, Ind., has shipped to Canada with \$5,500 of the bank's cash. After the time lock had been set, but before the door had been closed, Schrieber made an excuse for entering the vault and while there, concealed 17 packages of \$50 each, about his person. He said that he was going to spend Thanksgiving day in Indianapolis. A woman, Fanny Jones, in the case. Schrieber had been supporting her for some time.

DEATH OF MRS. W. T. SHERMAN.

The Wife of the Veteran General Sumner Home.

Mrs. Ellen Sherman, wife of General W. T. Sherman, died at the family residence in New York Nov. 27.

Mrs. Sherman has suffered from heart trouble for about five years. About three weeks ago her malady assumed a serious aspect. Everything that skill could suggest was done to prolong the life of the patient, and hope was not abandoned until the morning of the day of her death, when she grew worse, and passed away about 10 o'clock.

Gen. Sherman and his wife had been married thirty-eight years and grew up as children together in Lancaster, O., where Mrs. Sherman was born sixty-four years ago. Her father was the celebrated Thos. Ewing, senator, representative and cabinet officer, and the mother was a Miss Boyle, and it is from her that Mrs. Sherman inherited her noted Catholic faith for which she was noted.

Mrs. Sherman's remains were taken to St. Louis, Mo., for interment. St. Louis is the old home of the Sherman family, several members of which are buried there. A special car was placed at the disposal of Gen. Sherman to convey the remains west. The train started on the morning of Nov. 30, and reached its destination the next morning, the interment taking place in the afternoon.

Among the members of the family who accompanied the body to its last resting place were: Gen. Sherman and the two daughters, Lizzie and Rachel, Thomas Ewing Sherman, the son who is studying for the priesthood, a married daughter, Mrs. Ellen Thockera, at Pittsburg, and Mrs. Fitch, another daughter, joined the party.

A meeting of prominent G. A. R., men was held in Chicago as soon as her death was announced, and the following resolution of sympathy adopted and telegraphed to the General:

The undersigned, whose chief pride in life is that they were of the band you were so distinguished a leader of, beg leave in the hour of your supreme agony to tender an expression of our most intense sympathy. May the God who shielded and preserved you in the seething flame of battle afford you the consolation which mortal power cannot.

Sherman on Canada.

Senator Sherman, who is coked up as President Harrison's probable secretary of state, speaking of Canada's destiny, says:

My belief in the future common destiny of the two English-speaking nations of America has never wavered. The commercial and social ties between the two countries are very close, and growing more intimate every year. The important points of contact are the investment of American capital in Canada and the immigration of native Canadians into the United States. It is estimated that at least \$100,000,000 of American money is locked up in Canadian railroads, mines and industrial and commercial enterprises of various kinds. On the other hand the census shows that 1,000,000 persons born in Canada are now living in the United States. This exchange of capital for labor is knitting closer every year the ties of common interest and social kinship. The truth of this is revealed in the actual state of feeling in Canada. There is a growing conviction there that the future destiny of Canada is absorption in the American republic. The strongest opposition will come from the French Catholic church in the province of Quebec which enjoys valuable privileges under the dominion government, incompatible with the American political system.

The United States is as ready for the discussion of this question as Canada. The most hopeful sign is that the issue does not promise to become either a party or a sectional one. The west is as ready to admit the Canadian provinces as states, and it is the west that is going to control the future destinies of this country. By the west I mean Ohio and everything to the westward. The idea of political union is making rapid growth in the commercial cities of the east, though New England will be opposed to consolidation. I believe that the popular feeling there will control the senators from those states. Their co-operation cannot be counted upon. On the other hand the idea meets with unexpected favor in the south, which has always been hospitable to the notion of territorial extension, and easily captivated by the idea of manifest destiny. Apparently its pride in the aggrandizement of the nation as a whole overcomes any sectional jealousy of extension on the side of the north.

Pa His Debt Statement.

The public debt statement issued from the treasury department shows an increase in the debt during November amounting to \$11,199,817. Treasury disbursements have been unusually large during November, the pension payments alone amounting to \$2,165,000 against but \$4,250,000 in October, while receipts from all sources fell off \$1,500,000 as compared with the receipts of the month previous. The net, or surplus cash in the treasury Dec. 1 is \$32,284,710, against \$74,491,060 on November 1. The interest bearing debt has been reduced \$11,000,000 during the month and now aggregates \$47,068,202. The gold fund balance has increased about \$5,000,000 during the past month and now aggregates \$139,339,133; and the silver fund balance has decreased about \$1,500,000, and Dec. 1 amounts to \$18,113,085. Additional bank deposits Dec. 1 hold \$1,625,078 of government funds, or \$2,500,000 less than on November 1. Government receipts from all sources during November reached \$28,500,103, or nearly \$4,000,000 less than during October past, and fully \$1,000,000 less than in November, 1887.

Customs receipts during November amounted to \$15

CRITICISM.

"There's something hidden in the book," I said, "some meaning subtle, strange. I'll search it out, though I should look behind each word, scan every nook within the author's range."

"We crush the dearest buds that grow Along the bordered walks of life; In search of flowers which never blow; In search of that which never grew, Despoil a thousand drovers of dew, And climb the tree for fruit less sweet Than that which lies in our feet. Because a rosebush pleases one Must be uproot it in the sun To find where in the perfume lies! Or color which its blossoms dye! Good waters read by kindred minds Have nothing hidden in their lines," Thus answered me my wife.

—*Charles Eugene Banks.*

The Cause of Her Death.

The first thing I, John Stirling, ever heard of Kate Aldrich, was the boundless love she bore her twin brother.

As often happens in such cases, there was a rare difference in their temperament, tastes and personal appearance.

This has always been a subject of much and varied speculation with students of biology, as it doubtless always will be, for science, with more than her usual reserve, closes her mouth and refuses to open it on this question, and who among her adorers is strong enough or bold enough to fish her secret from her!

Kate Aldrich was a blonde, tall, willowy and merry, while Fred was short, thick-set with melancholy brown eyes which were a true index to the hopeless vein in his otherwise sunny nature.

They were all in all to each other. She was jealous of every girl he looked at, as they grew older, and yet, strangely enough, she was the first to experience a lasting passion after all. It was not until she met me that she really fell in love, nor did he until some time later. Kate always said that if he did succumb to the charms of some woman, it would be a matter of life and death to him, and I suppose it was in that way the despairing vein in his nature was to show itself. Certainly it must be flattering to any man to have so pretty and bright a girl as Kate was, manifest a preference for his society. I wasn't much drawn to her at first.

I am a blonde myself and don't you think we generally choose our opposites? Not through any process of reasoning, but nature has put the true instinct with us, to prefer which is best for us, in this one matter, if in no other, and I firmly believe if the men and the women of the world chose mates entirely without the consideration of wealth, position or policy, each fair-haired Adonis would claim his black-eyed charmer and each blonde-tressed maiden her dark-haired knight.

But a man must be a stick who is impervious to the sweet courtesy and gentle insistence of a girl like Kate Aldrich, and so, after a few months' courtship we were engaged in the true orthodox fashion, and every one knew of it in a quiet way.

All was serene until I went out to spend the Sunday at Bethesda, and my friend Ward introduced me, on the train, to Miss Gibbon. Her name was Leah and she was a tender mite of a thing, with lustrous black hair and a pathetic look in her brown eyes which went right to your heart if you had one.

And I had one, Heaven help me, though of course I ought not to have had.

A woman reading this cannot understand how there could be the space of a straw's width in my heart for any woman except the one I belonged to, but a man will readily see how, without for a moment losing sight of my obligation, I most intensely enjoyed the society of this sweet little thing. I believe if I hadn't been engaged, I should have proposed to her before we ended our journey.

I never saw any one who just suited me so completely as she did; so little, so feminine, so round and abounding in delightful little curves, and such hands! Why I could cover the two of them with one of mine and lose sight of them both. And she was so naive. She sat quite near me and looked up at me with those dear eyes. In the main I'm not poetic, but something which some one said about the shadow of an early death lying in the brown eyes of some woman, came to me as I looked down at her. For all of her innocence and her almost childish appearance, she wasn't a fool, and I loved to see her speak; watching her lips, and knowing that what she said would be different from what any other woman would say on the same subject.

You may call it magnetism or an individuality or what you will, but there was an element in her which made it impossible for you to forget, having once seen her.

Everyone wanted to do something unusual for her. Every man wanted her to be remembered by some favor shown her, the meeting between them. In that respect she was certainly the most remarkable woman I ever heard of.

She liked me the moment she saw me.

It was the master-passion of her life, or so it proved. I should have told her at once that I was engaged, I suppose but how absurd it seemed to me! "Don't touch," "hands off," "hold." I might as well have placarded myself like the vases in a bric-a-brac shop. You might think I needn't have sought her the next day.

On my word of honor our meeting was a pure accident.

But I was exquisitely, foolishly happy when I saw her at the spring at 10 o'clock on her way to church.

As it happened, I was going to church, too, that morning, though I didn't generally go, and Fate decreed we should have decided on the same place of worship. When I started for town Monday forenoon there she was going in to do some shopping.

What a nerveless girl seemed Kate when I next saw her.

Beautiful, yes, much handsomer than Miss Gibbon, but her eyes looked flat and pale; she lacked brains, vivacity, and all things the other was so bountifully blessed with.

One after day I met Miss Gibbon and her aunt in town and took them to breakfast with me. How the whole day glowed, how bright the sun, how clear the sky, and how foolishly happy was I.

I dreamed of her sleeping and waking, but I married the other woman.

The two had met and liked each other immensely. She came to the house and visited us, and my wife spent some days with her out at Bethesda.

"Did you ever hear," asked Miss Gibbon, "of one twin dying simultaneously with the other without any organic disease?" We were at the breakfast table and something brought forth the question.

"Oh yes," quickly answered Kate. "I quite expect to die the moment Fred does. Oh, didn't you know I was a twin?"

There followed much talk of it.

I never knew before how deeply this superstition had impressed itself on my wife's imagination. "I have always known I should not live after Fred died," she said. I was amazed, never having heard the idea before, though I have since learned it is quite a common superstition, or shall we say commonly known fact?

Fred was in Chicago and Miss Gibbon asked my wife for a letter of introduction to him as she and her aunt were going there for part of the winter. As Kate said when he did once fall in love, it would be almost a case of life or death to him.

And he did instantly adore Miss Gibbon.

Who did not, that ever saw her for five minutes' converse? There was a great deal in his letters just then about her.

Did you ever notice that is always the way with a man?

He doesn't know he's in love. And he is very valuable at first regarding her. Sometimes he thinks himself in love with some one else all the while, or he wonders how it is he can see this girl so much and not love her, or he congratulates himself on having at last found a friend of the gentler sex whom he can form a sort of chumship with, and not get sentimental over. And he talks of her constantly to every one he meets. He sees, hears, dreams, thinks, reads, studies, yearns fairly breathes her for a space, and then, behold an ominous silence!

For he looked his love in the face, and it is so mighty, so grand, so entire and exquisite that he is filled with awe. Frivolity freezes in his heart, careless speech on his lip.

When he first knows it his very blood lies still a moment in his veins for love has bound his pulses.

I was in Chicago about that time and saw them together. How he loved her! Was she a siren? For she drew his very heart from his breast into the small hollow of her white hand, and would keep it there forever or throw it hot and bleeding into perdition.

I was absurdly angry at her for letting the boy love her. Was I jealous?

I had even seen his arm about her for a moment and I knew she had kissed him.

He told me, with much feeling, how entirely she owned him, soul and body.

One evening a month or so later, Kate had callers. I was in the drawing room when suddenly my wife rose, pressed her hand to her heart. "Oh," said she in sharp, quick tones, "my heart! 'Tis going from me. Freddie—Freddie—I'm coming," and she fell dead at our feet.

There was an autopsy. "Enlargement of the heart," they called it. Physicians are so learned now. How could they mistake? Afterward I learned that Fred had died precisely at the same moment by the accidental discharge of his pistol.

That evening had been spent with his betrothed, I was told but I asked no questions then or after. I only know that in all the glad world to-day no happier man lives than I am.

Leah is my wife. What man was ever blessed with such a wife! She is sweet, she is suave, she is popular with every one. She queens it in our circle, but in her sweet, girlish innocence she is as prudent as an old matron.

I never dreamed half the fond depths of love and passion of which she is capable. She worships me, and I live for her alone, nor, if she died would I care to breathe again.

But in every Eden creeps some sinuous serpent.

A miserably absurd demon hides behind my arm-chair in the twilight when I hold Leah in my arms, her soft cheek against mine, the little black curls on her forehead brushing my eyes, and this demon laughs and haunts me with some ridiculous idea of her winning that boy's love on purpose to throw him over; reading the hopeless look in his eyes and knowing he will kill himself.

Planning it all for love of me, on the chance of Kate dying, too. Then I put her quickly from me, and, lighting the gas, I draw her within my arms

again and look down into those sweet, innocent, pathetic brown eyes, where the shadow of an early death, child-like arms steal about my neck, and with one kiss of her full red lips, one long and loving kiss, the demon is exorcised.

But, with the pertinacity of fate, when away from Leah, I think of the other woman, and ponder again and again over the cause of her death.—*Madora Clark, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

DESERVES A MEDAL.

How an Irish Retriever saved the Lives of Seven Fishermen.

A good dog story comes from Maine to a Washington letter-writer. A. C. Buell, a former well-known journalist of that city, usually goes hunting during the sporting season on the Penobscot Bay. When not hunting he leaves his dog "Pat," a very flag-bred Irish retriever, in care of a fisherman on the shores of the bay. A few days ago Mr. Buell received a letter from the fisherman, telling of a remarkable performance of Pat in rescuing no less than seven persons from a fishing smack that had been thrown on a reef in a heavy gale. The smack was lodged on one of the reefs of Great Spoon Island, about two hundred feet from the shore. The men hoisted signals of distress, and were in momentary danger of being swept away. Tremendous waves were running, and the crowd of excited fishermen on the shore knew that it would be fatal for them to attempt a rescue, as no boat in their possession could live in that sea. Suddenly the one who had in his care the dog Pat bethought him that the dog had been taught to not only retrieve, but to tow boats by a rope from one point to another, and often when a boat would get adrift he would be sent for it, and would run his nose under the painter till he would come to the end of it, when he would take it in his teeth and fetch the boat to shore.

"Pat" was at once called. A long cod-line was attached to a piece of lath and hung as far as possible into the water. "Pat" promptly sprang in, swam to it, and brought it to the shore. Several times he repeated this performance. The fishermen were in despair. The waves were splashing so high they could not direct the dog's attention to the men on the reef. Finally "Pat" seemed to comprehend that there was something more serious on hand than he had at first thought. He raised his head and looked intently over the water. His eye caught sight of the boat with its signals of distress, and the waves dashing over it. When the lath with the cod-line attached was again thrown into the water "Pat" at once sprang after it, took the lath in his teeth, and instead of turning to the shore, struck out through the roaring surf to the reef. Many times he was buried under the waves, but after a few minutes of intense suspense he was seen from the shore clambering up the side of the reef, and a great shout went up as the imperiled sailors took hold of him and lifted him into the boat in an almost exhausted condition. In brief time a strong rope was attached to the cod-line. The men on shore were signaled to haul away, the rope was made fast to the reef and the shore, and one by one the men passed hand over hand from their place of danger, the brave dog following when he had got his second wind.

Mr. Buell thinks that congress ought to vote "Pat" the most elegant silver collar that can be made. "Pat" is from the famous kennels of Tullamore, near Cork, and is a dog of remarkable beauty and sagacity.

He Lives Unselfishly.

When one like Bishop Welles drops out of life's race, the world of men who knew him owe it to themselves to stop a moment at the point where he has fallen and learn something of the teaching of his career.

For those whose relations with him were intimate—his family, his social friends and others immediately under his administration in the church—his life revealed much of winsome and Christian character of which the community in general must remain ignorant. He was genial, affectionate, devoted, learned; yet these characteristics and others as enviable, were helpfully revealed only to the comparatively few with whom he had direct relations and was in personal contact.

But his official work in Milwaukee publicly illustrated the grace of a splendid, sustained unselfishness, in contemplation of which all the world ought to profit. In devotion to the Cathedral—the free church to which he gave the best years of life, he was absolutely self-sacrificing; not as though self-abnegation in the work he was trying to build up were a mere matter of course. His personal income has been for many years used for interest, running expenses and other outlays for the Cathedral primarily, and for himself only incidentally. In every thing he did and in all he had he rigidly subordinated and sacrificed himself to the advancement of the life work which had been put upon him.

The average lives of men we see about us are not thus unselfish, too often are not unselfish at all; and perhaps the death of Bishop Welles, untimely and unexpected, will emphasize no other lesson which the world so much needs to know as this: That in the almost absolute selfishness of our time, there are, here and there, men and women whose modest, helpful lives are wholly and beautifully unselfish.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

FORCE OF CHARACTER.

Its Essential Elements, Expression and Accomplishment.

There are two essential elements of force of character seldom possessed by pretenders—self-control and a spirit of fairness. No man can be really strong who has not learned to control himself. He cannot master others, except in a brutal or dishonest way, until he has first mastered, not merely learned how to conceal his own temper. In fact the bully or any other pretender rarely ever attains permanently a position in life which belongs to real merit. He is oftener seen in subordinate positions, and is recognized by his propensity to give instead of take directions; to complain when in some exigency more is required of him than usual; to criticize when he cannot shrink, and to impose in various other ways upon those around him. Nor can his influence be of a lasting kind unless he is disposed, to be fair and honest in dealing with antagonists. He may have these qualities and yet be without force of character, but having them, he is possessed of two of the primary elements that made up the leader or ruler of men. Contrary to general belief, then, the man of real force is never a bully, is never arbitrary or unjust, is never passionate, though he may be and generally is aggressive, and may, as occasion requires, give exhibitions of temper that is nevertheless kept in perfect control. Force of character brings with self-reliance and an imperturbable manner. Just as the really courageous man remains cool in the presence of danger, the self-reliant man keeps his temper under provocation because he feels confidence in himself. The coward grows excited and loud mouthed to conceal his real feelings. The arbitrary man, accustomed to force his views upon others, loses confidence in and control of himself when he fails to make his usual impression. It is at such a moment that real force of character begins to tell; it is then that the self contained and self respecting man dictates his terms and asserts his power. But is then also that he must exercise that forbearance which comes of honest purpose and spirit of fairness if he must retain his ascendancy, for reason must approve the terms of peace, else there will be repeated revolts. The consideration of what is the true and what is the misleading signal force of character is of advantage not only in enabling one to put a just estimate upon men but because all of us conscientiously or unconsciously adopt types which we seek to imitate, and and it behooves us not to make the mistake of following a bully instead of a brave man, of looking up to the overbearing instead of those who are just, self-reliant, persistent, and whose force of character is shown not by the way in which they trample upon the people, and ignore their rights and opinions, but by their manner of obtaining ascendancy through the constant exercise of justice, reason, firmness, and self-control.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Astor's Expensive Yacht.

Within a stone's throw of South Brooklyn pier recently were fifteen yachts, sloops, and schooners, little and big. They represented \$1,000,000 of capital. The highest priced was Mr. Astor's big 273 feet long steam yacht Nourmahal, which lay looming up like an ocean steamer. The Nourmahal cost \$300,000, and Mr. William Astor, her owner, uses her for about three months in the year; the other nine months she lies idle. The expense of running this leviathan toy is \$6,000 per month. By the necessary expense is meant the cost of fuel and the wages and keep of her crew. What Mr. Astor spends in entertainments, etc., on board, of course nobody knows but himself. The expense, therefore, of keeping the Nourmahal for a year, outside of her owner's personal expenditures, is: Interest on money invested, \$18,000; expenses for time she is in commission, \$18,000; repairs, etc., each spring, about \$5,000; total, \$41,000. From these figures it would be easy to estimate how much the yacht would cost to keep should she be in commission the year round. About \$100,000 a year would just about cover it. Even Mr. Astor, with all his wealth, could scarcely afford this, and so the Nourmahal lies idle most of the time.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Lessons of Experience.

American naval commander: "Ship ahoy! There comes a foreign man-of-war! To y'r guns! Splice the mainbrace! Load with grape and canister! Don't give up the ship! Victory or death!" Cabin boy: "That ain't a man-of-war. It's a tug-boat." Commander: "Eh? Wha—. A tug-boat? Great Perry! Pile on all sail! Away! The darn thing'll run into us an' bust our rudder."—*Philadelphia Record.*

MINOR MENTION.

A Wisconsin man married his moth-in-law.

The fresh fruit crop of California, this year will sell for \$10,000,000.

The Calumet & Hecla mine turned out 942 tons of copper last week.

A scarcity of \$100 bills is reported. This will be nothing new to a great many people.

The native Hawaiians are said to be disappearing very rapidly and it will not be long before the race is extinct.

The Women's College, which has been built in North Baltimore at a cost of \$130,000, opens this fall with 100 students.

Out of 500 toilets and 750 hats surveyed on a recent afternoon on Broadway no two were alike, while all were fashionable.

Californiaans are enthusiastic over the China date tree, which is now filled with luscious fruit, worth 35 to 40 cents a pound.

It is estimated that in England one man in 500 gets a college education. In this glorious country one man in every 200 takes a college course.

The apple crop of New Jersey is so abundant that the farmers can not get a profit by marketing the fruit and are feeding their hogs with it.

The Bishop of New York has the largest personal revenue in this country. It is \$16,000 a year. The Bishop of Maine has the smallest. It is \$1,330 a year.

Ground was broken for a new railroad at Nicholasville, Ky., a few days ago, and the first wheelbarrowful was wheeled away by Miss Maggie Chenault, a young lady of fifteen.

When Gen. Grant was in Japan Prince Kunz, the premier, endeavoring to compliment him by saying that he was born to command, said: "Sire, brave generale, you vos made to order."

There are 1,500 Americans in Honduras engaged in mining. There was about \$1,000,000 of gold and silver taken out last year, chiefly from one mine, and this year the product will reach \$3,000,000.

Mrs. Crane Washington, a colored woman living near Charleston, S. C., has given birth to five children during the past year. Last January she became the mother of triplets, and a few days ago of twins.

Here is a question proposed among others by an Illinois school committee to some teachers: What is a child? If defined as having spirit, soul and body, what relation does the mind and heart sustain to either, or all three?

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elmer" is an Australian, having been born at Hobart. Her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, held an educational position in Tasmania where he married the daughter of Gov. Sorell.

Annet T. Euley, a colored woman who lives in Marion county, Ky., is said to be 121 years old. She never nursed George Washington, but she recently walked from her home to Lebanon and back, twenty-eight miles, to attend a circus.

At the congress of the advocates of cremation, recently held in Vienna, it was stated that there are throughout the world fifty crematories, most of which are in the United States, twenty in Italy and one each in Germany (Gotha), England, France and Switzerland.

A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State Prison by which hereafter convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes, but if after that period they become unruly again they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

W. P. Taubee, of Kentucky, represents the largest congressional district in the country. It is composed of twenty-one counties, and extends from the famous Blue Grass region to Cumberland Gap, a distance of over two hundred miles. It is a backwoods district, without railroad or telegraph communication, and is canvassed on horseback by the candidate for congressional honors.

"I hear," says London Truth, "that the duke of Edinburgh and a party of twelve went seventy miles up in the mountains to hunt when the Mediterranean squadron was at Adalia, and they expected abundant sport, but were woefully disappointed, for hardly any game was seen, and the bag consisted of two deer and a sow, which last creature the duke shot by accident."

At St. Ann's church, Montreal, among the attractions of a mammoth bazaar was a contest in which the boys of the society tried to quilt half a quilt in the time it took the girls to saw half a cord of wood, and were most gloriously beaten for their pains. One of the judges said that they might have won had not the quilt-frame fallen down and played havoc with needles, thread, thimbles, etc.

The etymology of the word honeymoon is thus given by good authority: "Among the northern nations of Europe there was an ancient practice of newly married couples to drink methuzello or mead, a kind of wine made from honey (hydromel) for 90 days after marriage. Hence the term honeymoon or honeymoon. Attila, the Hun, drank so much mead at his wedding feast that he died."

From Brownsburg, Ind., comes the story that a young lady sent a note to a discarded lover requesting the return of a lock of hair which during his courtship he had clipped from her dainty tresses. His reply was brief and to the point. Rushing his trunk he collected a number of tresses culled from various "best girls" during his love-making career and forwarded them in a bundle to the girl, inclosing a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded and return the rest at her convenience. They don't speak now as they pass by.

Two Californians crossing from Avalon, Catalina Island, to San Pedro in a small yacht had a peculiar experience. About half way across they saw ahead a big white whale floating on the water. There was a pale blowing, and the whale wouldn't budge, and before the course of the boat could be changed she ran upon the tail of the monster. Luckily the big fellow didn't strike, but only spouted severely, and the boat, after almost capsizing, slipped off of the tail and went safely on its course.

Stopped His Paper.

Stay, foreman, stay that ruthless speed. At task of type arranging, For at this moment there is need Of multitudes changing; Turn all the brass column rules, Take out the head and drags or With signs of woe—that prince of fools, Old Sneakley 'n' stopped his paper!

Livonia.

Mr. Brown, from the west part of this State, is visiting friends at this place. Our school teacher, Miss Sophia Lauffer, spent Thanksgiving at her home, at Plymouth.

E. Millard and Wm. Smith, of this place, started for Ypsilanti to attend school the first of the week.

Your correspondent and his better half helped devour a fat goose at the residence of John Baur, Thanksgiving day.

One evening last week Seymour Lambert tipped his carriage over and split his best girl out. No damage done except a smashed up buggy.

Tonquish.

Mrs. John Tait is convalescent.

Tate & Hamlyside have rebuilt the coal kiln, which was lately demolished by too great heat.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickerson are at Grand Rapids, called there by the serious illness of Mr. D.'s brother.

Union grange celebrated its 17th anniversary at Albert Stephenson's, last Tuesday, in a very interesting and agreeable manner.

Mrs. John Packard died very suddenly last Sunday morning. Mrs. Packard had lived in Canton on the farm where she died for many years, and was an estimable and greatly respected lady.

Belleville.

Miss Cora Jewett is suffering from an attack of the quincy.

The lecture Friday evening by Prof. George was well attended.

The Teachers' association held its sessions here Friday and Saturday.

George W. Frin and wife returned from their wedding trip Saturday evening.

Mrs. Farnaby Horner has been very sick with congestion of the lungs, but is gaining.

Mrs. F. L. Holmes, of Edmore, is visiting friends and relatives here for a few days.

Joe. W. Clark has manufactured 39,000 bushels of apples into cider and jelly this season.

Salma Moon died at his old homestead, north-west of this place, Sunday, Dec. 2, aged eighty-six years. Funeral was held from M. E. church, of which he was a member, Tuesday at two o'clock.

Wayne.

George O'p, of Ann Arbor, was in town Tuesday.

Harry Robinson was seen on our streets, Friday last.

Ed Corliss, of Plymouth, was in town Saturday last.

Ed. Collins was out from Detroit, last Friday, visiting his friends.

Will Smith left Saturday for Fostoria, Ohio, to work in a carriage factory.

The R. U. E. club gives a happy year party New Year's evening, at the Palace rink.

D. M. Doyle moved his family to Ypsilanti last week, where he has gone into business.

On Friday night, Nov. 30, thieves took from the premises of James Carmichael a stallion. On Saturday night, Dec. 2, they returned, stealing a harness of Thomas Reynolds, one mile south of Inkster, and one mile and one-half west and south of Reynolds; they stole a new Jackson wagon of a farmer; they then proceeded to the residence of Chas. Foss and Hugh Austin, in Romulus, and stole a number of bushels of rye and wheat. A reward of \$50 was offered for the stallion by Mr. Carmichael and on Monday the property of all the parties was found by the officers in Springfield.

On Monday night horse thieves called at Philip Sellwaer's barn, and larcened his celebrated stallion, St. Ignas, but owing to his hatred to strangers, and especially to these, they concluded to leave him. They then took Mr. Sellwaer's best bleeding mare and transferred her to another barn and left her. Mr. Durfee's premises were next visited, and his black horse and democrat wagon stolen. The thieves then drove to Philip Koch's, south of Inkster, and left Mr. Durfee's horse in his barn yard and hooked up Mr. Koch's best horse. Mr. K. soon discovered his loss and gathered a force of men and started in pursuit. They had not gone more than a mile and a half before the thieves were discovered on the James Bayhan road, near Mr. Shoemaker's (the gardener) place. The thieves (six or seven) so close upon them, jumped from the buggy and made good their escape across O. VanAstine's woods.

The Detroit Floral Exhibition.

A floral exhibition on a large scale is being organized by the Detroit Journal for the benefit of the various Detroit charities. It will be held next April, in the Detroit rink, which, by the way, is located on the site of the 1883 Art Loan. Each of the charities has appointed a representative to co-operate, and all the florists have signed an agreement to co-operate. It promises to be an affair of great interest, and for a most worthy object. The entire proceeds is to go to charity.

Curiosities in Figures.

A very curious number is 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point; but if multiplied by 7 gives all nine: Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857, multiplied by 2 equals 285,714, multiplied by 3 equals 428,571, multiplied by 4 equals 571,428, multiplied by 5 equals 714,285, multiplied by 6 equals 857,142 multiplied by 7 equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

Another mathematical wonder is the following: It is discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45 take 54 as the multiplier, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand, 987654321, and take 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,34—all 8's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Take the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 as the multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71,111,111,112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72, the multiplier.—Journal of Education.

An Anecdote of Longfellow.

A New York paper, in some pleasant gossip about Mr. Longfellow, tells a story of the way he treated the charges of plagiarism against the Indian poem, "Hiawatha," in following closely both the form and substance of The Kalevala, the national epic of Finland. When they began to appear, he showed a profound indifference on the subject; but before long his publisher thought best to call his attention to them and suggested that a reply from the poet be written. "Well, I'll think about it," said Mr. Longfellow, and there the matter dropped. The press continued to echo and re-echo the charge; and the publisher again called on the poet, saying, "Really, Mr. Longfellow, I think it is high time this charge was answered." Again Longfellow said, "I'll see about it." Again, quickly, "How is the book selling?" "Oh, wonderfully well," said the publisher. "Better than my other books?" "Oh, much better," and he named the figures. Shortly after this interview (Mr. Longfellow still keeping silence), the Tribune came out with almost a page of broadside on the subject. The publisher was now really excited. He called on the poet again. "It will not do," he said, very decidedly, "to let this thing go on any longer." "How does the book sell?" asked Longfellow. "Amazingly—the sale is already equal to the combined sales of other books." "Then," said Longfellow, "I think we ought to be thankful to these critics. Let them talk. Seems to me they are giving us a large amount of gratuitous advertising. Better let them alone." And let alone they were. The fact that at that time there was no existing translation into English which would enable readers to make comparisons, read Mr. Longfellow's silence comparatively safe. Now that a complete translation is published in fine and popular form by Alden, readers will have a justifiable curiosity to investigate, and see wherein the resemblance lies. And, as commonly is true in comparing originals and imitations, it will be found that great as the merit is of Mr. Longfellow's work, and characteristic of his own individuality, The Kalevala is a work of almost infinitely higher order.

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.

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 Chaffee & Hunter, druggists.

—There has been considerable horse stealing about Wayne within a few days, as may be learned from our Wayne correspondence. Jas. Cramk-hall's horse which had been stolen and just returned, was stolen again Wednesday night. It was soon missed and Deputy Sheriff Joe Smith of Wayne started after him, overhauling the thief near Dearborn, who upon seeing the officer jumped from the buggy and ran. Smith called him several times to stop and threatening to shoot, but he wouldn't stop and Smith shot, killing him. He had been hanging about that section for some time and was a suspect. His name was William Norme. Smith ought to be given a medal.

Great Fun Ahead.

The Detroit Journal published a letter from St. Nicholas last Saturday, in which that paper was commanded to purchase 500 pairs of children's stockings, and get them filled and ready for distribution on Christmas morning, at which time Santa Claus promised to call for them and give them to the good children on his list. In compliance with the command the Detroit Journal has ordered the stockings.

W. O. T. U.

"General misunderstanding" mounted his steed when our N. W. C. T. U. convention met in New York City, and he has spurred onward ever since with clattering hoofs across the continent. It would be fabulous, were it not fatuous, the twisted meanings of almost every sentence sent out by the secular press since October 19-23. For instance: By request of the minority we repealed the by-law providing that on political questions we should vote without discussion, and let the press say we were so wild as to remove from our constitution a provision that had guarded us against discussion, and then proceeded to plunge into the labyrinth of political debate. We spent less than two hours debating on questions of a partisan nature, but the press has given the public reason to believe that from early morn till dewy eve we did little else than shout in chorus, "Fiak and Brooks." Mrs. Foster by actual count spoke fourteen times, yet the religious and secular press declares that the minority of our society is under "gag law," that we force woman suffrage down everybody's throat, and that we specifically declared for a new clutch. The statement so generally made, to the effect that the W. C. T. U. requires its members to lead their influence to the Prohibition party, or if they do not, declares them disloyal, is totally incorrect. Members are left free as to their political affiliation.

A resolution saying that members should not, from the public platform, antagonize the policy of the organization to which they belong, was voted down without debate.—Union Signal SUPT. OF PRESS.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Our lady readers can hardly fail to have their attention called this week to the latest combination of improvements in that most useful of all domestic appliances, the "sewing machine." As we understand it, a machine for family use should meet first of all these requirements: It should be simple in its mechanism; it should run easily; it should do a wide range of work; it should be as nearly noiseless as possible; it should be light, handsome, durable, and as cheap as is consistent with excellence throughout. These conditions the "Tight Running New Home" certainly meet. It has also several very important and useful attachments and "motions" of its own, which go far to make good its claims to popular favor. The "New Home" specially recommends itself to purchasers on account of its superior mechanical construction, ease of management and reasonable price. Over half a million have been sold in the last three years, all of which are giving universal satisfaction. This unrivalled machine is manufactured by the NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., Orange, Mass., and 25 Union Square, New York.

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.

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. New parts furnished when required. J. H. STRAIN

SALESMEN WANTED. Men of energy, tact and judgment can obtain steady employment with us the year round, to solicit orders for new and valuable varieties of hardy 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.

A XMAS GIFT.

AN ELEGANT LIFE SIZED PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF

Worth \$25.00 if you draw the lucky number. Every person buying a dozen of our lovely Cabinet Photographs DURING DECEMBER Has an equal chance.

13 FOR A DOZEN THIS MONTH 13

And remember our work is second to none regardless of price. Nothing more elegant as a Christmas Present to a friend than one of our Cabinet Portraits.

GIBSON & BROWN, NORTHVILLE

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

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, 35 cents; six times, 40 cents; seven times, 45 cents; eight times, 50 cents; nine times, 55 cents; ten times, 60 cents.

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

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE at a Mail office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly sent and to.

Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, L. D. SHEARER, President, Vice President. DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. C. Housh, E. F. St. John, O. R. Pattergill, William Geer, L. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer, T. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle, Alfred D. Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

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 fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of LEROY FARWELL, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate; and Polly Farwell having filed therewith her petition praying that administration with the will annexed of said estate may be granted to Latsy, the Deceat:

It is ordered, that Wednesday, the second day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register 65-67

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 the matter of the estate of WILLIAM M. OUTHWAITE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Isabel Rathbone, 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 weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register, 65-67

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 Hannah J. Ash, deceased, license to sell the real estate, wherof 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 8th 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 Deer streets to the center of Bowery street; thence westerly along the center of Bowery street to land owned by C. E. Crosby; thence northerly along the center 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. Collier; thence northerly along the easterly line of J. M. Collier's 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.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by

The Inter Ocean

Is Published Every Day of the Year, and is the LEADING REPUBLICAN PAPER OF THE NORTHWEST.

Price, exclusive of Sunday, by mail, postpaid \$8.00 per year Price, Sunday included, by mail, postpaid 10.00 per year

THE SEMI-WEEKLY INTER OCEAN.

Is published on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, and besides the news condensed from the Daily, it contains many special features of great value to those so situated that they can not secure the Daily every day. The Monday issue contains the sermons printed in The Daily Inter Ocean of the same date.

THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN.

Is the Most Popular Family Newspaper published West of the Alleghany Mountains. It owes its popularity to the fact that it is the BEST EDITED and has the HIGHEST LITERARY CHARACTER of any Western Publication. It is CLEAN and BRIGHT, and is the able exponent of IDEAS and PRINCIPLES dear to the American people. While it is broad in its philanthropy, it is FOR AMERICA AGAINST THE WORLD, and broadly claims that the best service that can be done FOR MANKIND IS TO INCREASE AND MAKE PERMANENT THE PROSPERITY OF OUR GREAT REPUBLIC. Conscientious service in this patriotic line of duty has given it an unusual hold upon the American people. Besides, no paper excels it as a disseminator of news.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE RELIABLE AND COMPLETE. THE NEWS OF THE WORLD is found condensed in its columns, and the very best stories and literary productions THAT MONEY CAN PURCHASE are regularly found in its columns. Among the special family features are the departments—THE FARM AND HOME, WOMAN'S KINGDOM, and OUR CURIOSITY SHOP. On the whole, it is A MODEL AMERICAN NEWSPAPER, and richly deserves what it has, THE LARGEST CIRCULATION of any publication of the kind in America. It is the best paper for the home and for the workshop.

The price of The Weekly is \$1.00 per year The price of The Semi-Weekly is \$2.00 per year

For the accommodation of its patrons the management of THE INTER OCEAN has made arrangements to club both these editions with THAT BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL PUBLICATION, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

One of the best Literary Monthlies in America, and which compares favorably with any of the older Magazines in illustrations and literary matter. THE PRICE OF THE MAGAZINE IS \$3. but we will send THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, both one year, for THREE DOLLARS. Both publications for the price of one. THE SEMI-WEEKLY INTER OCEAN and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, both one year, for FOUR DOLLARS.

In the political campaign that ended in the election of HARRISON and MORTON and THE TRIUMPH OF PROTECTION PRINCIPLES, no paper had more influence than THE INTER OCEAN. It has been first, last, and always Republican, and during the campaign came to be recognized as the LEADING REPUBLICAN PAPER OF THE WEST. It will maintain this position, and will give special attention to governmental and political affairs.

Remittances may be made at our risk, either by draft, express, postoffice order, express order, or registered letter. Address

THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.

New Harness Shop!

S. COLLINGE

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

CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS.

First-Class Workmen and the Best of Stock.

Please give us a call.

Plymouth. 87 S. COLLINGE.

C. A. FRISBEE,

Dealer in

Lumber, Lath, :

: Shingles, :

: and Coal.

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

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

one in the best manner and

at reasonable prices.

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

FOR

LARGEST STOCK!

AND

BEST BRANDS!

OF

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.

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Strazza, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

The vicious character of slave labor has long been patent even to the former slave holders of our southern states. The emancipation of slavery in Brazil has brought to an abrupt termination the pecuniary embarrassments of the coffee planters who, like our own cotton lords, were invariably one year behind. Year by year the landholders obtained by a mortgage on his ensuing crop the supplies necessary for the slaves. When they were freed and had to be paid ready money wages in lieu of food and clothing, the Brazilian planters found themselves metaphorically up a tree. They had no money with which to pay wages and they had no adequate machinery for husking and cleaning the coffee berries, having hitherto relied greatly upon the rudest implements in the mistaken notion that they could economize in machinery as they had abundant slave labor which cost them nothing. In reality slave labor is the dearest in the world, and the Brazilian planters were behind hand because it was so, and not because they were luxurious or extravagant. The beloved emperor, Dom Pedro immediately came to the relief of his subjects, and loaned \$3,000,000 to the planters at six per cent. This was a decided improvement on the old order of things, and the planters will soon realize that they have been released from a great burden, and are in a fair way to obtain lasting prosperity.

The Australian land owner must keep down his rabbits, or the government will employ men to do so at his expense. In many instances men have given up their land because of the cost of killing rabbits was so great. This shows what perils are run when men thoughtlessly disturb the balance of nature. For this tremendous pest was not indigenous to Australia, but was introduced because that country was very deficient in game, having only kangaroos and wild dogs, and several kinds of rats. When the whole boundless continent of Australia was thus handed over to the English rabbit with express orders to increase and multiply, it obeyed orders with a vengeance, and the land owners have calculated ruefully enough that a pair of rabbits will in two years be the progenitors of two million rabbits. The farmer has ceased cultivating the soil, and has gone into the rabbit canning business, taking contracts from friends to keep their lands clear. Each can contains a rabbit and a half, and the profit on a dozen cans is 35 cents. But as he has sent to England 40,000 dozen cans every year for the past three years, he is making money. The poor of England might be supposed eager to buy canned rabbit, but on the contrary they show repugnance, and the demand comes from the middle classes and the well-to-do.

There are many level-headed people who have an abiding faith in charms or fetiches for procuring good luck. One of the most common is to carry in purse, or pocket a coin lathered with all recognition, though many hold that the great requisite is simply a piece of money not current. There was a time when this idea was all but universal in England, and children were carefully provided with lucky pieces by fond parents. Sometimes the mother sewed the coin in a little bag and strung it around her darling's neck. The sporting man in the east has developed the fact that racing men whenever they meet a hunchback touch his back for luck. This also can also be traced to English sources, for during the South Sea bubble a hunchback used to present his back as a lucky desk on which to write orders for stock in the thousand and one companies that were created. But the most singular superstition was disclosed recently in Newlin, a flourishing city of Wyoming territory, the center of its wool trade. There was a hanging recently in that place, and after the body had been cut down a number of women asked permission to touch the hands of the dead desperado. "Just for luck."

Mr. Halford, who has been asked to be private secretary to President Harrison, will enjoy a great responsibility and a salary of \$9,250 per year. In the executive department under him will be one assistant at \$3,250 per year, two clerks at \$2,000 each, two clerks at \$1,800 each, two clerks at \$1,600 each, one clerk at \$1,200, a steward at \$1,400, an usher at \$1,400, nine ushers, lookkeepers and messengers at \$1,200 each, a watchman at \$90, and a fireman at \$80. He will be at the head of a force of twenty-four men, having directly to do with the chief of his nation.

Sidney Bartlett, who was graduated at Harvard college 70 years ago, and whose name was a familiar one in Massachusetts reports a more than sixty years ago, argued a case before the supreme judicial court of that state recently, and his argument is described as possessing the exquisite lucidity and logical continuity for which he is famous. Mr. Bartlett is 90 years old.

CLEVELAND'S VALEDICTORY.

He Pleads for Reduced Taxation—A Resume of the Government Business.

The 50th congress assembled for its second and final session at noon on the 3d instant. Senator Ingalls entered the chamber escorting the chaplain, Mr. Butler. When the gavel descended there were 42 senators present. Mr. Butler's prayer was brief. At its conclusion Senator Ingalls announced the senate in session. Mr. Sherman offered a resolution instructing the secretary to notify the house that the senate was ready for the transaction of business. The resolution was adopted. Under a resolution offered by Mr. Morrill and adopted, the president pro tem appointed Mr. Morrill and a committee to notify the president. The senate then went into informal recess to await the president's message. The house was called to order, and after the chaplain had offered prayer, the clerk called the roll of the house. The secretary of the senate read the announcement that the upper body of congress had re-assembled, was ready for business and had appointed a committee to act with a similar committee on the part of the house to wait upon and notify the president that congress awaited his pleasure. At the conclusion of the roll call, the speaker appointed Messrs. Holman, O'Neill and Turner members of the committee to notify the president. The house then took a recess to 1:30, at which time the message was submitted.

SYNOPSIS OF THE MESSAGE.

The president's message opens with a reminder that this session of congress will mark the close of a century of constitutional existence. He reminds congress that the constitution was the chart of guidance laid down by the fathers of the country, and that departure from it means failure of our institutions. He draws a bright picture of the country's growth, but says that "upon more careful inspection we find the wealth and luxury of our cities mingled with poverty and wretchedness and unremunerative labor. A crowded and constantly increasing urban population suggests the impoverishment of the rural sections and discontent with agricultural pursuits. The farmer's son, not satisfied with his father's simple and laborious life, joins the eager chase for easily acquired wealth, and so economic conditions have become difficult of solution. We discover that the fortunes realized by our manufacturers are no longer so society a reward of sturdy industry and enlightened foresight, but that they result from the discriminating favor of the government and are largely built upon undue exaction from the masses of our people. The gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling poor."

"As we view the achievement of aggregated capital, we discover the existence of trusts, combinations and monopolies, while the citizen is struggling far in the rear or is trampled to death beneath an iron heel. Corporations, which should be the carefully restrained creatures of the law and the servants of the people, are fast becoming the people's masters. Still, congratulating ourselves upon the wealth and prosperity of our country, and complacently contemplating every incident of change inseparable from these conditions, it is our duty as patriotic citizens to inquire, at the present stage of our progress, how the bond the government made with the people has been kept and performed."

Instead of limiting the tribute drawn from our citizens to the necessities of its economical administration, the government persists in exacting from the substance of the people millions which, unapplied and useless, lie dormant in its treasury. This flagrant injustice and this breach of faith and obligation add to the extortion and the danger attending the diversion of the currency of the country from the legitimate channels of business. Under the same laws by which these results are produced, the government permits many millions more to be added to the cost of the living of our people and to be taken from our consumers, which unreasonably swell the profits of a small but powerful minority. The people must still be taxed for the support of the government under the operation of tariff laws; but to the extent that the mass of our citizens are inordinately burdened beyond any useful public purposes and for the benefit of a favored few, the government, under pretext of an exercise of its taxing power, enters gratuitously into partnership with these favorites, to their advantage and to the injury of a vast majority of our people. This is not equality before the law."

After the prelude the president argues that such conditions are injurious to the nation, making the government an instrument for private gain; and he says that the farmers and laborers will see only too soon that they are being taxed under an unjust theory of taxation, without compensatory favor. When this discontent and the selfishness of the beneficiaries of protective tariffs are realized, we will realize that the beneficent purposes of our government are endangered. "Communism is a hateful thing, and a menace to peace and organized government. But the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, which insidiously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of rule."

"There are people who propose that the government shall protect the rich and that they in turn will care for the laboring poor. Any intermediary between the people and their government, or the least delegation of the care and protection the government owes to the humblest citizen in the land, makes the boast of free institutions a glittering delusion, and the pretended boon of American citizenship; a shameless imposition."

"A just and sensible revision of our tariff laws should be made for the relief of those of our countrymen who suffer under present conditions. Such a revision should receive the support of all who love that justice and equality due to American citizenship; of all who realize that in this justice and equality our government finds its strength and its power to protect the citizen and his property; of all who believe that the contented competence and comfort of the many accord better with the spirit of our institutions than colossal fortunes, unfairly gathered in the hands of the few; of all who appreciate that the forbearance and fraternity among our people, which recompense the value of every American interest, are the surest guarantee of our national progress, and of all who desire to see the products of American skill and ingenuity in every market of the world, with a resulting restoration of American commerce."

The president argues then on the necessity of tariff reform being patent to all and says it should be honestly met and effectively remedied. A plan should be effected,

"fair and conservative toward existing industries, but which will reduce the cost to consumers of the necessities of life, while it provides for our manufacturers the advantage of freer raw materials and permits no injury to the interests of American labor."

Dealing with the state of the union, the president says foreign relations have been strengthened. The international questions which still await settlement are all reasonably within the domain of a capable negotiation, and there is no existing subject of dispute between the United States and any foreign power that is not susceptible of satisfactory adjustment by frank diplomatic treatment.

"The questions between Great Britain and the United States relating to the rights of American fishermen under treaty and international comity in the territorial waters of Canada and Newfoundland, I regret to say, are not satisfactorily adjusted."

He recites the diplomatic history of these disputes. He then goes on and says: "Having essayed in the discharge of my duty to procure by negotiation the settlement of a long-standing cause of dispute and to remove a constant menace to the good relations of the two countries, and continuing to be of the opinion that the treaty of February last, which failed to receive the approval of the senate, did supply a satisfactory, practical and final adjustment upon a basis honorable and just to both parties of the difficult and vexed question to which it related, and having subsequently and unavailingly recommended other legislation to congress, which I hoped would suffice to meet the exigency created by the rejection of the treaty, I now again invoke the earnest and immediate attention of the congress to the condition of this important question as it now stands before them and the country, and for the settlement of which I am deeply solicitous. Near the close of the month of October last, occurrences of a deeply regrettable nature were brought to my knowledge which made it my painful but imperative duty to obtain with as little delay as possible a new practical channel of diplomatic intercourse in this country with the government of Great Britain."

"The correspondence in relation to this incident will, in due course, be laid before you, and will disclose the unparadonable conduct of the official referred to, in his interference by advice and counsel with the suffrages of American citizens in the very crisis of the presidential election near at hand, and also in his subsequent public declarations to justify his action, superadding impugment of the executive and senate of the United States, in connection with important questions now pending in controversy between the two governments."

"The offense thus committed was most grave, involving disastrous possibilities to the good relation of the United States and Great Britain, constituting a gross breach of diplomatic privilege and an invasion of the purely domestic affairs and essential sovereignty of the government to which the envoy was accredited. Having first fulfilled the just demand of international comity, by affording full opportunity for her majesty's government to act in relief of the situation, I considered prolongation of the discussion to be unwarranted, and thereupon declined to further recognize the diplomatic character of the person whose continuance in such function would destroy the mutual confidence which is essential to the good understanding of the two governments, and was inconsistent with the welfare and self-respect of the government of the United States."

A survey of the Alaskan boundary is recommended. An arrangement with Great Britain looking to the removal of obstacles to the humane relief of shipwrecked sailors on the great lakes is suggested.

The relations with France on the impressing of American citizens into its military service, and the relations with Samoa and China on the restriction act, are retold. The convention with Japan is still in progress. A consular court in Korea is recommended. Our representative in Hayti has been instructed to abstain from interference in the revolution now on there, while due precautions for the observance of neutrality laws have been taken. Submarine telegraph connection with Honolulu is recommended. A precise location of the Mexican boundary line is urged to avoid future complications. Claims of American citizens against the foreign governments have been amicably settled.

The president then takes up the question of naturalization, dealing with it thus: "With the rapid increase of immigration to our shores and the facilities of modern travel, abuses of the generous privileges afforded by our naturalization laws call for their careful revision. The easy and unguarded manner in which certificates of American citizenship can be obtained has induced a class, unfortunately large, to avail themselves of the opportunity to become absolved from allegiance to their native land, and yet by a foreign residence escape any just duty and contribution of service to the country of their proposed adoption. Thus, while evading the duties of citizenship to the United States, they may make prompt claim for its national protection, and demand its intervention in their behalf. International complications of a serious nature arise and the correspondence of the state department discloses the great number and complexity of the questions which have been raised. Our laws regulating the issue of passports should be carefully revised, and the institution of a central bureau of registration at the capital is again strongly recommended. By this means full particulars of each case of naturalization in the United States would be secured and properly recorded, and thus many cases of spurious citizenship would be detected and unjust responsibilities would be avoided."

"The reorganization of the consular service is a matter of serious importance to our national interests. The number of existing principal consular officers is believed to be greater than is at all necessary for the conduct of the public business. It need not be our policy to maintain more than a moderate number of principal officers, each supported by a salary sufficient to enable the incumbent to live in comfort and so distributed as to secure convenient supervision over a considerable district. I repeat the recommendations heretofore made by me, that the appropriations for the maintenance of our diplomatic and consular service should be recast; that the so-called notarial or unofficial duties which our representatives abroad are now permitted to treat as personal perquisites, should be forbidden; that a system of consular inspection should be instituted; and that a limited number of secretaries of legation at large should be authorized."

The preparations for a centennial of the inauguration of Washington, to be held at New York, are adverted to. The message then goes on to deal with the reports of the various departments, heretofore sent out by the press. The surplus in the treasury is put at \$104,000,000. The money saved by purchase of bonds not yet due is put at \$27,163,000. At first sight this would seem to be a profitable and sensible transaction on the part of the government, but as suggested by the secretary of the treasury, the surplus thus expended for the purchase of bonds was money drawn

from the people in excess of any actual need of the government, and was expended rather than allowed to remain in the treasury. "If this surplus under the operation of just and equitable laws had been left in the hands of the people, it would have been worth in their business at least six per cent per annum. Deducting from the amount of interest upon the principal and premium of these bonds for the time they had to run, at the rate of six per cent, the saving of two per cent made for the people by the purchase of such bonds, the loss will appear to be \$32,760,000."

"With regard to silver coinage, the secretary of the treasury recommends the suspension of the further coinage of silver, and in such recommendation I earnestly concur. For further valuable information and timely recommendations, I ask the careful attention of the congress to the secretary's report."

The reports of the war department are given in abstract and the recommendations concurred in. The death of Gen. Sheridan is spoken of thus: "The death of Gen. Sheridan in August last was a national affliction. The army then lost the grandest of its chiefs; the country lost a brave and experienced soldier, a wise and discreet counselor and a modest and sensible man. Those who in any manner came within the range of his personal association will never fail to pay deserved and willing homage to his greatness and the glory of his career; but they will cherish with more tender sensibility the loving memory of his simple, generous and considerate nature."

The movement for the return of the Apache prisoners to their reservations is spoken of as a dangerous and ill-judged piece of philanthropy.

The report of the secretary of the navy is given in abstract and the recommendations approved. The same disposition is made of the postmaster-general's report, published to-day, and recommendations made of legislative adjustment of much of its machinery. The president favors Mr. Dickinson's plan to place the erection of postoffice buildings in the hands of the department on a basis of business done. Much legislation, reasonable and proper at the time it was made is out of date to-day, and should be revised for the benefit of the postal establishment.

The work of the department of justice is related, special attention being called to the prosecution in Utah, of offenders against anti-polygamy laws, and the opinion is expressed that under such a firm and vigilant execution of these laws, and the advance of ideas opposed to the forbidden practices, polygamy within the United States is virtually at an end.

Secretary Vilas' report has one feature called attention to, that relating to public lands. "We have no excuse for the violation of principles cogently taught by reason and example, nor for the allowance of pretexts which have sometimes exposed our lands to colossal greed. Laws which open the door to fraudulent acquisition, or administration which permits favor to rapacious seizure by a favored few of expanded areas that many should enjoy, are accessory to offenses against our national welfare and humanity, not to be so severely condemned or punished. Our dear experience ought sufficiently to urge the speedy enactment of measures of legislation which will confine the future disposition of our remaining agricultural lands to the uses of actual husbandry and genuine homes. Nor should our vast tracts of so-called desert lands be yielded up to the monopoly of corporations or grasping individuals, as appears to be much the tendency under the existing statute. The lands require but the supply of water to become fertile and productive. It is a problem of great moment how, most wisely for the public good, that factor shall be furnished. I cannot but think it perilous to suffer either these lands or the sources of their irrigation to fall into the hands of monopolies."

Legislation for the adjustment of state grants is recommended, in the equal interest of the nation, the states and the settlers. The failure of the Sioux land treaty is related. The number of pensioners added to the rolls during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, is 60,232, and the increase of pensions was granted in 45,706 cases. The names of 15,730 pensioners were dropped from the rolls during the year for various causes, and at the close of the year the number of persons of all classes receiving pensions was 452,553. Of these there were 806 survivors of the war of 1812, 10,757 widows of those who served in that war, 16,000 soldiers of the Mexican war and 5,104 widows of said soldiers. One hundred and two different rates of pensions are paid to these beneficiaries, ranging from \$2 to \$416 66 per month. The amount paid for pensions during the fiscal year was \$5,777,801 92, being an increase over the preceding year of \$3,308,860 37.

"I am thoroughly convinced," the president says, "that our general pension laws should be revised and adjusted to meet as far as possible, in the light of our experience, all meritorious cases. The fact that 102 different rates of pensions are paid cannot, in my opinion, be made consistent with justice to the pensioners, or to the government; and the numerous private pension bills that are passed predicated upon the imperfection of the general laws, which, while they increase, in many cases, existing inequality and injustice, lead additional force to the recommendation for a revision of the general laws on the subject."

"The laxity of the ideas prevailing among a large number of our people regarding pensions is becoming every day more marked. The principles upon which they should be granted are in danger of being altogether ignored, and already pensions are often claimed because the applicants are as much entitled as other successful applicants, rather than upon any disability reasonably attributable to military service. If the establishment of vicious precedents be continued, and the granting of pensions be not divorced from partisan and other unworthy and irrelevant considerations, and if the honorable name of veteran unfairly becomes by these means but another term for one who constantly clamors for the aid of the government, there is danger that injury will be done to the fame and patriotism of many whom our citizens all delight to honor, and that a prejudice will be aroused unjust to meritorious application for pensions."

The work of the agricultural bureau is related, and co-operation with the states recommended.

The adjustment of the relations between the government and the railroad companies which have received land grants, and the guaranty of the public credit in aid of the construction of their roads, should receive early attention, and be treated as a purely business proposition. After making recommendations relative to the District of Columbia, the president concludes as follows: "The consciousness that I have presented but an imperfect statement of the condition of the country and its wants occasions no fear that anything omitted is not known and appreciated by the congress, upon which rest the responsibility of intelligent legislation in behalf of a great nation and a confiding people. As public servants, we shall do our duty well if we constantly guard the rectitude of our intentions, maintain unswayed our love of country, and with unselfish purpose strive for the public good." GROVER CLEVELAND.

FORMED A NEW SOCIETY.

Democrats Are Deserting the G. A. R.

The Tariff Question. About 1,200 democratic veterans members of G. A. R., posts scattered over the state, held a secret meeting in Indianapolis, Nov. 27, at which it was resolved that every democratic member of the G. A. R. should abandon the order, and all present pledged themselves to withdraw from their posts. Adjutant Gen. Kooztz presided. Another meeting was held the next night at which an organization was perfected, known as the Democratic Soldiers' and Sailors' Association of Indiana. This organization is the result of what has been termed the revolt against the G. A. R. The object of the new association is set in the following preamble to their constitution and by-laws:

The purpose of this association shall be to inculcate the true principles of patriotism, love of country and to foster and maintain true democratic principles in the administration of the government, both state and national, and secure a pure, simple and efficient administration of the same and to resist with all our might any and every encroachment upon the constitutional rights and liberties of the people.

To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which should bind together those who, as soldiers, sailors and marines, united to suppress the rebellion and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.

To aid in every possible way all persons who have been honorably discharged from the military and naval service of the United States. To secure for them preferment and promotion in the civil service, etc.

After the adoption of the constitution the following officers were elected: President, R. A. Taylor; secretary, W. C. Tarkington; treasurer, L. C. Daniels; vice-president, Samuel C. Green.

Under the constitution the entire management of the association is placed in the hands of an executive board. George W. Kooztz was elected chairman, and was given power to appoint the other members of the board, which he will do by naming one man from each congressional district and two from the state at large at the next meeting.

Grand Army men in New York predict that the movement started in Indiana will be national in extent.

A New York Man's Opinion.

Grand army men in the east express regret at the fact that a political organization of grand army men in the west will be formed. Post Commander E. J. Atkinson of H. B. Clavin post No. 578, and secretary of the memorial committee, said that while in the grand army parade at Columbus members wore political emblems, in New York such a thing was unheard of. The movement, he thinks, will not have any strength, although there are people who are ready to go into anything that will make them notorious. If there are any such men in the G. A. R., they are willing to let them go ahead. They are not of much account.

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

Detroit Produce Markets.

Wheat—No. 1 white, \$1.02 1/2 @ 1.03; No. 2 red, \$0.97 1/2 @ 0.98; No. 3, 34c; No. 4 white, 32c; No. 2, yellow, 67c; No. 3, yellow, 55c; Oats—No. 2 white, 30c; light mixed, 27 1/2c; Clover seed—No. 2, \$4.55; Rye—No. 2, 63c. The increase in the visible wheat supply amounts to \$44,691 bushels. Provisions—Detroit mess beef, \$15 @ 15 1/2; family pork, \$16 @ 16 1/2; short clear, \$17 @ 17 1/2; lard, in tierces, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; eggs, \$1 @ 1 1/4; hams, 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4; shoulders, 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2 @ 11 1/4; dried beef hams, \$9 50 @ 10; extra mess beef, new, \$7.50. Game Partridges, 40 @ 60c per pair; common ducks, 25 @ 30c; Mallards, 75 @ 80c per pair; rabbits, 10 @ 12c each; squirrels, 75c per doz; venison, saddle, 12 @ 13c; carcass, 8 @ 9c per lb. Hides—Green No. 1, 4 1/2c; No. 2, 3 1/2c; cured No. 1, 5 1/2c; No. 2, 4c; sheepskins, 50c @ \$1.50, as to the wool; goat calf, 5c; sailed calf, 6 1/2c per lb. Poultry—Market easy. Live fowls, Geese—live spring chickens, 7c; dressed, 8c; live turkeys, 8c; dressed, 10c per lb. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$12.50 for car lots; small lots, \$13.40; clover, mixed, \$10 in car lots; straw, \$6 in car lots. Butter—Creamery butter is scarce and firm at 25 @ 27c per lb. Best dairy receipts selling at 22 @ 23c, and fair grades at 19 @ 21c per lb. Eggs—Dealers find trouble in supplying their customers with fresh eggs. The market is steady at 22 @ 23c, but pickled are plentiful at 17 @ 20c per doz.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$3.50; roller, \$3; Minnesota patent, \$7.50; Minnesota bakers' \$3.25; Rye, \$3.75 per bbl. Buckwheat flour, \$3 per cwt. Wool—Market firm; fine, 28 @ 29c; medium, 30c; coarse, 26 @ 27c per lb. Beans—Market dull and easy at \$1.60 @ 1.70 per bu. for city hand-picked mediums. Potatoes—Market quiet at 27 @ 30c for car lots on track, and 35 @ 40 for small lots. Apples—Market well supplied and steady at \$1.25 @ 1.75 per barrel. Cabbages—Market over supplied and easy at \$1.75 @ 2 per 100 heads. Cheese—A fair supply, and moving freely at 11 @ 11 1/2c.

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs—Market quiet and lower; light, \$5.10 @ 5.35; rough packing, \$5.05 @ 5.55; mixed, \$5.15 @ 5.25; heavy packing and shipping, \$5.15 @ 5.25. Cattle—Market weak and lower; beefs \$16 @ 17.50; cows, \$13 @ 23; stockers and feeders, \$2 @ 3. Sheep—Market unchanged; muttons, \$7 @ 8.50; westerns, \$2.25 @ 3.25; Texans, \$2.50 @ 3.40; lambs, \$3.75 @ 5.25.

New York Produce Market.

Flour—Steady and without change in price; Minnesota extra, \$3.30 @ 3.50; superfine, \$3 @ 3.25; fine, \$2.20 @ 2.30. Wheat—Quiet; No. 1 red state, \$1.12; No. 2 do, \$1.05; No. 2 red winter, December, \$1.08 1/2. Corn—Steady; No. 2 mixed, cash, 48 1/2c; December, 48 1/2c. Oats—Steady; No. 1 white state, 40c; No. 2 do, 31 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 31 1/2c; December, 32c; January, 31c; Pork—Dull; mess, \$13.25 @ 15.50. Lard—Steady; \$3.20, December; \$3.15, January. Butter—Quiet; state creamery fancy, 34 @ 35c. Cheese—Moderately active and firm; Ohio flat, 10 @ 11 1/2c. Eggs—Moderately active and steady; western, 25 1/2 @ 26c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

Hogs—Market quiet and prices 5c lower; light grades, \$5 11 @ 12 35; rough packing, \$5 05 @ 5 15; mixed lots, \$5 05 @ 5 25; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$5 15 @ 5 35. Cattle—Beef, superior to fair, \$3 @ 3 1/2; medium, \$4 25 @ 4 50; choice, \$4 75 @ 5 25; cows, \$1 30 @ 2 30; stockers and feeders, \$2 @ 3. Sheep—Muttons, \$3 @ 4; westerns, \$3 25 @ 3 85; Texans, \$2 50 @ 3 40; lambs, \$3 75 @ 5 25.

Chicago Markets.

Wheat—December, \$1.01 1/2; January, \$1.03; May, \$1.08 1/2. Corn—December, 37c; January, 36 1/2 @ 36 3/4c; February, 35 1/2c; May, 37 1/2 @ 38c. Oats—December, 25 1/2c; January, 26c; May, 25 1/2c. Pork—December, \$13.25; January, \$13.25; May, \$13.25. Lard—December, \$2.97 1/2; January, \$2.90 @ 2.92 1/2; May, \$2.87 1/2. Short ribs—May, \$7.07 1/2.

EFFIE BURNS;

—OR—
Until Death Doth Part.

BY WILLIAM H. BURNELL.

PART I.—IN SCOTLAND.

"Clear the ring!"
The crowd that had gathered at the yearly fair drew back, the dancing was suspended, the games lost all of pleasure. Nothing excited or interested such an assembly more than wrestling.

From the tents, where they had been resting, the chosen champions stepped proudly forth. In age, height, muscle, training, and skill they were equal. But Tom Armstrong was the favorite on account of his winsome smile, bonnie face, and generous nature. His golden hair, blue eyes, clear white and red complexion contrasted strongly with the black curls, eyes and swarthy skin of his antagonist—the brother of the girl he loved; his cheery laugh and tender manner, with the reticence and violent temper of Rob Burns—a very unpoetical namesake of Scotland's sweetest singer.

Swayed by conflicting emotions, Effie Burns, the fairest lass in the country, and as different from her brother as sunshine from darkness longed for and yet feared the result. Her eyes lighted with something of pleasure at the greeting her brother received, and flashed with joy when her lover took his place, and cheer after cheer welcomed him.

After a distinct avowal of the rules that were to govern, and a few words of caution, the men took hold of each other, and the struggle for mastery began. And it was no child's pastime—was a battle as of giants for a crown.

Minutes elapsed and no fall had been gained. The muscles of neck, arms and limbs stood out as whipcords. Great drops of perspiration were dripping from their bodies. The brow of the brother was corrugated with passion; his lips pressed together in determination; his intense eyes flashing with malicious vindictiveness. The face of the lover, save being flushed by the fierceness of the struggle, gave no evidence of unusual excitement. His eyes had an almost amused expression, and his lips wore the customary smile when glancing at Effie, who standing at a little distance, was watching a most breathlessly.

"Rob will win!" shouted a portion of the now settling crowd, as he obtained a slight advantage.

"Tom has him on the hip now!" was answered back triumphantly, as Armstrong escaped the trap set for him, and flung his opponent heavily upon his back.

"A fair fall! Tom Armstrong wins," was the decision of the gray-haired judges, and the air rang with plaudits yelled by a thousand throats.

Without waiting to be told of victory, without acknowledging the compliments, Tom sprang forward and assisted Rob to rise.

"I'm sorry, Rob," he said, as well as he could for his laboring breath, "but one of us had to win, you know, lad. I hope you aren't hurt."

"Much you'd care," was the sullen answer. "I do care, Rob. Anyhow, you'll own all was fair on my part."

"Fair or foul, I'll be ever with you, see if I don't."

Burns slunk away, and Tom Armstrong hastened to where Effie was standing. Tacitly they withdrew from the boisterous crowd, and when, screened by the hawthorn hedges, he gave the prize—a purse of gold—into her hands, with words that caused her eyes to become luminous, and deeper and richer blushes to crimson her cheeks.

"It will start us housekeeping, Effie," he whispered, "and now nothing remains but for you to name the happy day."

"Yes, Tom, dear," she answered, with a sigh, great as was her pleasure, "but think how badly my poor brother must feel!"

"I know, Effie, and wish it had been anyone but him," Tom replied honestly, "but he'll soon get over it. One tumble don't make a champion any more than one swallow does summer, my lass. If he had thrown me, I'd have taken it in good part."

"I know it, dear, but all men are not as generous as you are, and Rob is very proud and jealous of his skill!"

"As I am of his sister. But I'll see Rob and make everything right."

He drew her to him, kissed away the tears from her eyes, kissed lips whose color shamed the roses upon her hair and bosom, and pictured the delights of the cottage home he hoped would soon be theirs.

"Never fear, Effie," he said cheerily, "Rob will soon see my brother as well as yours; we'll have him live with us, lass, and all will be well."

"Yes, dear, and—hark!" she exclaimed, springing from his embracing arms, and looking around in terror. "Tom, what sound was that?"

"N othing but the old rooks croaking at being disturbed."

"And, Tom," she continued, clinging to him, "I am certain I saw a pair of fiery eyes watching us from the hedge."

A fox, my dear lass, nothing more. I almost wish it was that I might prove to you how strong the arm you will have to lean upon through life, and how true the heart you have won in exchange for your own."

"Tom," and her voice sank to the lowest tones, and was tremulous with emotion, "if anything should happen, any one come between us, it would kill me."

"What can happen, lass? Your father and mother having long been dead, who can prevent our marriage?"

"I don't know—See!" and she drew nearer to him for protection.

The eyes in the hedge had become more dangerously blazing, the noise more distinct. Then there was a slight rustle of leaves, they faded out, and all was silence.

To satisfy the girl more than himself, Armstrong sprang into the bushes, ready to deal summary vengeance upon any listener. He searched but found nothing to justify suspicion. Returning, he reassured the trembling girl, and walk'd home with her, lingering in the sweetly perfumed air, and beneath the golden, twinkling stars.

"You will come to-morrow night, Tom!" she whispered, questioningly.

"Till death doth part," she accented solemnly, and she raised her lips for the parting kiss.

They—passionate lovers—thought it simply a fond endearment to be renewed in a few hours. Yet it might be a parting for years, might be forever; might be the severing of hearts not to be reunited again, save in the glorified love of heaven.

Upon entering the little cottage that had been the home of her brother and sister since their orphanage, many years previously, Effie found Rob waiting her return. His face needed not the evidence of jug and cup upon the table to convince her that he had been drinking heavily.

"So," he growled, glancing up at her with dangerously flashing eyes. "So you have returned at last, have you?"

"Yes, Rob," she answered, stepping to his side, and capellatorily brushing back the tangled hair from his forehead. "And, Rob, I am sorry you had to lose to-day, and so is Tom—he told me so—and—and—"

"A lot more of rubbish he'll never have a chance to say again."

Every particle of color instantly faded from the face he looked upon; the brightness of eyes were dimmed by tears, and with quivering lips she faltered:

"O, Rob, what do you mean?"

"That Tom Armstrong shall never come here again; never speak to you; that everything between you must be broken off. If it aren't I'll—"

"You would not kill him?" she intercepted, gaspingly.

"Yes, just as I would any other bound," he answered with a curse. "He stole from me the dearest thing on earth, and I'll rob him of what he (with a sneer) pretends to consider so."

"But, brother!"

"Don't bother me! I saw you rejoicing when I fell. He couldn't have thrown me if my foot hadn't slipped—and I wanted the gold so bad."

"Take it, Rob," she exclaimed, almost joyously, thrusting it into his hands, and delusively believing it would heal his wounded pride, and make peace between him and her lover.

Bright as when minted, the gold appealed to one of the strongest passions of his nature. He was of the kind almost willing to sell his soul for it. And perceiving all might have been well had she permitted avarice to work in silence. Fatal, however, she broke the spell before it had time to become perfect in its control.

"Take it, Rob," she urged, "Tom give it to me to buy things for our housekeeping, but—"

With such an oath as she had never before heard him utter, even in his fiercest moods, he flung the gold out of the window, and raising his arm threatened to strike her.

"Never mention that name to me again, or sister though you are, it will go hard with you," he said brutally. "Promise me that you will not see him—the treacherous dog, or—"

The newly-kindled soul flamed in her eyes; the passionate yearning born in the purity, and depths of her heart made her strong. An hour had wrought a great change; she loved and was a woman firm in resistance, as she would be patient in suffering. Wife she might never be, but lover would remain until the end, ere even (as she had said) "till death doth part."

"I will not promise, Rob, and you have no right to ask it," she answered, drawing herself to full stature, and flashing back glance for glance. "I have given Tom my heart—all of it—and can never take it back again—never! But oh, brother," with softening tones and eyes whose brightness was as the sun struggling through gathering rain clouds, "you will not make me wretched for life?"

"Go against my wishes and see what will come," he growled in response, with his face half hidden in the cup, whose contents he kept draining to gain—the brutal courage necessary for the hateful part he had determined to act.

"Rob, brother," she pleaded, with her face convulsed with agony, you will not, cannot, tear us apart; never permit us to meet again."

"Try it and see. From the lowest depths of my heart I curse Tom Armstrong, as I will you, if you ever dare to speak to him again."

Throwing herself at his feet she clasped his knees, raised eyes now sightless from the fast falling tears, and pleaded as only a loving girl could have done for mercy. Impatiently he listened, then flung her roughly from him. Upon the floor, where she lay benumbed by pain, she watched him momentarily expecting death.

But he took not gun from the antlered bracket, or knife from the closet shelf. With hands nerve to iron by bitter hatred, he snatched a book from the mantel, and held it before her eyes, exclaiming:

"Swear on this that you will do as I have bidden."

"My mother's Bible!" she sobbed, rescuing it from his hands, and hugging it to her bosom, as if it could give protection.

"Yes, and you will not dare break the oath after your lips have touched it, my lass," and snatching it again, he held it close to her mouth.

"Swear to never see Tom, dear Tom Armstrong again!" she falteringly murmured. "To never speak to him again! Oh, Heaven! why did I not die before I saw him!"

"Swear," he continued, coupled with the most impious words.

"I cannot, cannot. I love him so. O Tom, dear Tom, why are you not here to save me!"

The fist of the brother was cecched, his arm raised to strike her down. But as if love had indeed power to call love back from the wanderings, a man sprang through the open window and confronted Burns.

"Coward to strike a woman!" he exclaimed. "Madman, would you commit murder! How dare you even think of staining your hand with the precious blood of a sister!"

"Begone, Tom Armstrong, or look out for yourself," answered Rob, raging under combined effects of passion and strong drink, and stepping across the room he took down the gun, and held it ready for dangerous execution.

"Brother! Tom!" screamed Effie, springing between them. "O, Tom, dear Tom, I knew you would come and I—"

Her sensitive, girlish nature could no longer endure the strain. She staggered toward her lover to shield him, fell with arms clasped around his neck, and fainted with

her head resting upon his broad, manly bosom.

Gently he raised and carried her to a bed in an adjoining room, gently he laid her upon it, and regardless of another curse and murderous weapon, smoothed the agony damped hair and kissed it reverently. Then bold fronted and magnificent in his bravery, he turned to the brother and said:

"You must be mad to act as you are doing. I came back, hoping for one more sweet good-night from my dear girl, and heard your threats."

"Seeking as you always are."

For a moment it was in the heart of Tom Armstrong to spring upon and throttle his insulter. And it would have been had not the pitiful, white face of Effie arose before him as an appealing angel.

Mastering his anger he continued: "You shall not tempt me to do anything that would cause her dear heart a single tear. For her sake I will bear a thousand times as much."

"Begone!" and the gun was poised threateningly.

"I will, and forever, if you will swear to never speak unkindly to Effie again; never so much as raise a finger against her."

There was a long hesitation. The devil of revenge, and the lingering of mercy due to his own flesh and blood were struggling for the mastery. In its fierceness, in the careless handling of the weapon, it was fired, and the shot ploughed their way through the hair of Burns, inflicting painful, though not dangerous wounds.

Sobbed by the blood trickling down his face, and fearful Effie might appear and thwart his plans, Rob turned to Armstrong, and said hoarsely and multiloqually:

"There is my hand on it, man. The black blood between us can never grow red again. Go, and I'll take good care of Effie."

"As you deal with her may God deal with you," was solemnly responded.

Armstrong took the sullenly proffered hand; even wrung it warmly. Then he passed into the chambers, where insensibility, twin-brother of death, was battling with life for possession.

Kneeling by the bedside, he took the limp and icy hands within his own, kissed them, kissed the rippling hair, kissed, with all hope and longing, the aching lips. There was no response. He called her by every endearing name, but there came no reply.

"Better so, dear, so," he murmured, with his voice broken and strong from shaking. "Better to be spared the pangs of parting. May God bless you, and should we never meet again on earth, heaven will be more kind, long love will remain unchanged."

Another wild embrace, another wild pleading for recognition, and with bowed head and fitfully heaving breast, he left the house and was walking away when the scattered dog caught his sight. Gathering it up, he tied it in his handkerchief, returned and bound it to the arm of Effie. Then seeing her brother looking on in wonder he said:

"She may need it, poor lass. Remember it is hers alone, and may God curse you now and for ever if you ever touch a farthing of it."

"Where are you going?" was questioned, in a dazed manner.

"To America, the land of freedom, of noble speech, chivalry and bravery; to the land where speech, worship and love is free as the mountain air. But remember your promise, or if alive, I will come back for your heart's blood; if dead, I will haunt you by day and night."

He remained for a moment glaring at him, then he passed from sight, and never again did his feet tread those beloved paths, or cross the door-sill of the ever-to-be-dearly-remembered cottage.

PART II.—IN AMERICA.

"To the mine! To the mine! The Etna has caved in!"

With pale face, with white and trembling lips the words were shouted from shanty to shanty. The news flashed along the wires over the land, under the sea and thrilled the heart of the world. In the immediate vicinity, men forgot business, women their household duties and children their play. Pulsed by a common sympathy and humanity all rushed to the scene of disaster—to find themselves powerless to do good.

Palsied with fear, mothers, wives, daughters and sweethearts questioned as to who had been caught in that fatal trap; who escaped. Strong men wept as children, and women tore their hair and screamed in pitiful uselessness, until the devious shadow of relief came in the exclamation of an old miner:

"We must dig 'em out, mates."

With tools of every kind, with bare hands, the work was commenced, but soon abandoned. For every load of earth removed, scores fell in its place, and entombed the unfortunate wretches still more deeply.

Some other method must be used. Boring—it was the only chance—was begun and carried on night and day. In calm and storm, brave hearts and strong arms worked, and women cheered, prayed, and called down blessings upon them.

If terrible the response above, what must it have been to those hundreds of feet beneath the green earth, without a ray of natural light, with scanty food, and worse than all combined, without air, save the ever-growing more noxious, more scanty, with every swift beating of the pulse.

Never lightning came more sudden and with less of warning than the caving-in and falling down of millions of tons of earth and coal upon the hard-working men in one of the most extensive coal mines in Pennsylvania. As some were laboring cheerily, some just entering, some leaving, some with song and just upon their lips, some thinking of home and loved ones, the crash was heard, the darkness became as eternal night, their giant grave as one sealed for all time.

Back—step by step, the unfortunates were driven, the shifting earth, the rolling crushing stones, forced retreat. There could be no battling against the encroachment, no staying the mighty mass that was rushing in as if the sea had broken through confided banks and was flooding the excavated area.

With the first backward rushing of air, the closing of shaft and stopping of pumps, every lamp was extinguished; many men thrown down, some crippled, some caught and smothered. The remainder retreated beyond the reach of flooding water and the earthy avalanche—then were forced to stand face to

face with death. Some threw themselves down upon the floor and moaned in anguish or became suddenly dumb. Few knew who were beside them. Many were strangers; some were working their first day—their last!

"My God!" came in shuddering accents that broke upon the terrible silence with startling distinctness, "will they not dig us out before we are suffocated?"

"That can never be," was answered by the voice of one superaturally brave, reckless to desperation, or with the fearful calmness born of despair; "never be; for, beside the earth and rocks, the pillars have been swept away, and the coal has fallen between us and the shaft."

"Then—Heaven have mercy upon us!—we must stay here and perish!"

"Well, we won't give it up quite yet, mate. While there is life there is hope. There are chambers beyond this. Don't you know that?"

"No; it is my first day here."

"Take my hand. I know the way; have often traveled it in the dark," was answered aloud; and then, as if he were whispering to himself: "but this looks like the last journey."

Cautiously, slowly, feeling the way with his feet, brave to the last, and with self-negation that was marvellous, the man drew his companion away from the others. One of the few who had looked ahead for disaster, he possessed the means of light; but he was reserving it for a more desperate emergency; for the last feeble struggling moments of exultance; was determined not to die in such horrible darkness!

From time to time he cheered the man who clung to him—one as strongly muscled as himself but weak and helpless now as a little child. He knew the old miners would adopt the same course as himself, and resolved to be foremost in the selection of a place to die.

Through winding galleries, through chamber after chamber, they passed; then the guiding and controlling spirit said:

"We can go no further. Here we must meet our fate, whatever it is to be. Crawl up upon this ledge beside me. There is just room for two."

"O God!" was screamed in response, "must we die thus like dogs?"

"Keep up your spirits, mate. It is better to fight to the last than give up like cowards."

"I am not thinking of myself, man, but a poor lass I have deeply wronged. Heaven forgive me, I can see it all now. Poor Effie! poor Effie!"

Effie! Effie! who? was demanded, in tones for the first time natural,—the thick dust, the murky air, the poisoned gas, having almost instantly parched lips and seared throats.

"Effie! Father in heaven, of whom are you talking?"

"Of Effie Burns, my sister—and—and—Tom Armstrong. I know you, you know me, and I wonder you do not kill me."

"Death will come soon enough, Rob, and both have sins enough to answer for without adding another to the score. But tell me of Effie."

"I kept my word to you, Tom. From the hour you left I never so much as spoke a cross word to her—couldn't, the poor lass!"

"Thank Heaven! But she, Rob, she?"

"Went about weeping and moaning, growing thinner and thinner, never singing, never smiling, and the neighbors said she was dying from love to you."

"The poor, dear lass!"

"I couldn't bear to look at her, Tom, and kept out of the way. Her eyes haunted me, and one day, when I came suddenly upon her and saw her fondling and kissing every piece of gold you had given her, I broke down entirely."

"Where is she now?"

I left her at the village. She heard you were here and would follow."

"The dear, true-hearted girl! But she will never see me again, not even my poor dead body. Rob Burns, may God forgive you, but—"

There were curses upon his tongue, in his heart, but under the shadow of the swiftly approaching and terrible doom, he shrank from uttering them. He trembled even at the thought of sending his soul before the bar of Judgment laden with profanity; and Rob, wretch though he had been, was the brother of the girl he loved, and for the time was almost holy in his eyes. No, he could not call down the wrath of an avenging Heaven upon him.

Neither could he instantly forgive. The knowledge that Effie was so near; that he would never see her dear, sweet face again; would feel the touch of her soft hands; never be thrilled by kisses from her lips, almost drove him to madness. With the terrible reality of the then a picture of what might have been arose before him, and he groaned in agony of spirit.

"Tom?"

"Don't speak to me! Devil that you are, you have robbed me of an angel. O Effie, my darling, so near, and I 'prisoned here! Miserable misery!"

There was a long silence between them, though not stence around. From hundreds of cracked lips, from hundreds of burned-out throats, came sighs, groans, and shrieks of despair. With every breath the air became more foul, more deadly. Some had already expired, many were gasping their last, and soon the bloated, festering bodies would be added to the accumulated horrors. Even the looking upon another's face—though that were mercy—were denied.

So the long painful hours passed. Night came to the upper earth, but it was as nothing to the darkness they were in—a night as if eternal, and gloom never to be broken. And weaker they grew; less able to bear the agonizing strain. With prayer upon their lips some died; with curses, others, struggling for sanity and with raving with madness, others; the living envying the dead.

"Rob Burns?" questioned Armstrong, suddenly rousing from the stupor that had fallen upon him, "are you still living?"

"Yes," was faintly whispered. "Yes, and heaven bless your words. I thought you were gone, Tom; that I was lying by your corpse. Tom, will you forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven, Rob, and both of us have need of it."

"Then there is no hope?"

"Alas, none! Had rescue been possible it would have been accomplished before this."

"Will not friends continue seeking for us?"

"Yes, brave hearts, night and day without food or rest."

"And find us, Tom?"

Perhaps, when it is too late. There can be but one way of reaching us. That is by sinking a new shaft. But the digging will be very deep, and long before it can be done not one will be living. May God take Effie into His holy keeping when we are gone.

"Amen."

"Rob, I have been thinking that should our bodies be found, it would be a consolation to Effie to know that we did not die enemies; that the last breath we drew was in friendship and with a joint blessing upon her."

"Yes, Tom, yes. Oh! that I had always been kind. But what would you do?"

"The poisonous gas is fast eating us the little of pure air that remains. My tongue is swollen, my lips dry, my brain burning, my head bursting. Whatever is done must be done quickly."

He still carried the mining lamp upon his cap, a safety lamp, for otherwise the fire-damp more dangerous than gun-powder would become ignited and an explosion follow, rivaling an earthquake, and burying them beyond all possibility of earthly finding.

Well Armstrong knew this, and was afraid to use a match. Yet, if fatal, it would only be a swifter ending of their suffering. Without it no message could be left for the dear one who, driven by love, had crossed the ocean; and come only in time to mourn.

With infinite care the attempt to light the lamp was made—was successful. From his pocket, Armstrong drew paper and pencil and handed them to Burns who tremblingly scrawled:

SISTER EFFIE—Tom Armstrong forgives me. Forgive me as I hope God will. Rob.

The message of Armstrong was almost as brief. But what melting tenderness and touching heart-paths in the few lines! In all of romance, in all of history there is nothing to equal the calm resignation, the facing of death.

Effie—Farewell, dear heart, Rob and I are dying as brothers. We go hand in hand. My last thought will be of thee, lass, my last prayer for thee, my darling. With your dear name upon my lips I will close my eyes upon earth. May God bless and guard you evermore, my first and only love.

Tom.

The little they had of light fast faded and intense darkness would soon surround them again. By its flickering rays Armstrong pinned the scrap of paper upon the coat of his companion; upon his own. He realized how little chance there was of their ever being read, and yet earnestly hoped that some day they would reach those for whom they were intended, and a little of comfort come to the broken heart with the knowledge that as brothers they had passed through the gates that ever open swing.

Another silence came; one that could not be broken. They were beyond speech—almost motion. By a desperate effort their hands reached each other, their fingers were interlocked, and if ever found it would be thus.

Ever found? To the anxious earnest toilers for their rescue it seemed as if that would never be. Hour after hour they worked ceaselessly, and when about to give up in despair, the bottom was reached and the foil air rushed out.

Who would be the first to venture within that chamber of horror and death? The bravest hesitated. Then a girl pushed them aside, tied a rope around her body, sprang into the hole and bade the men "lower away."

A mighty cheer burst from the lips of the multitude, but she heard it not. As a white-winged angel descending into the depths of doom she disappeared. A moment later she was bending over her loved one, was holding a flask to their lips and as one—the dearest—feebly murmured her name she fainted upon his breast.

A few weeks later brave, loving, tender-hearted Effie Burns repeated within a church, "till death do us part," in the ears of her happy husband, in the hearing of her brother, and never again would the parting be so near without being final.—*Yankee Blade.*

All Was Forgiven.

Wife (piously)—Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so.

Husband (shocked)—I don't swear my dear.

Wife—Yes you do; or just the same thing. You mustn't say "by George," or "by Jove," or "by Ned," or by anything.

Husband (submissively)—Not even buy a new bonnet, love?

Then she was very, very sorry for her thoughtless reform movement, and coming close to him, threw her arms about his neck and asked him to forgive her.—*Washington Critic.*

Why He Read It.

Young author (to friend)—I say, Fred, did you read my last article in *Every Other Monthly*?

Friend (enthusiastically)—Yes, indeed, old boy; I read it through twice!

Young author—Oh, then you have found it very interesting?

Friend. Well—or—no, not so much that; but Fred Smith bet me \$10 that I couldn't read it through twice and I bet him \$10 that I could.—*Life.*

A Change of Mood.

Old gentleman (kindly, to little boy): "I'm sorry to hear you use such words, my boy. You should always be kind and patient to your little playmates. Never lose your temper, and you will find yourself happier for it." Just then one of the little playmates accidentally bumped into the old gentleman and knocked his spectacles off. Kind old gentleman (frantically): "D—ye, you miserable little scoundrel! I've a great mind to have ye locked up!"—*E. O. H.*

Love making is one of the arts in which experience is not essential to success.—*Merchant Traveler.*

MINOR MENTION

One acre of land in Wall street New York, is worth \$14,000,000.

The London Telegraph got 2,300 letters on "Is Marriage a Success?"

During ten weeks forty nine men committed suicide at Monte Carlo.

A cigar dealer in Mannheim has a rooster which can walk shoe strings.

A St. Louis man drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana lottery, but lost his reason.

A Chicago advertiser sets forth that he has a diamond ring to exchange for coal.

The roller skating craze is now at its height in Washington Territory, Oregon and Manitoba.

A Brighton (Mich.) woman digs forty-five bushels of potatoes a day and comes up smiling.

A Cunard steamer will shortly begin monthly service between Halifax and the West Indies.

Cornell University claims the largest freshman class ever entering an American college. It numbers 400.

Gainesville, Fla., is the only city having yellow fever which has not been proffered aid from outside sources.

A Frenchman spent ten years of his life to invent a noiseless clock, and when he had succeeded nobody would buy it.

A boxing match between two London boys, aged eight and ten years respectively, resulted in the death of one of them.

A "century plant in full bloom," is advertised as on exhibit at a ball in Baton. It costs twenty-five cents to see it.

A reporter at Manchester, Eng., being unable to find any startling news, attempted suicide and wrote a column about it.

John Swan, of Strood, England, drowned himself through derangement, owing to overhappiness at his approaching marriage.

A single shad produces 100,000 eggs, and only about 5,000 are hatched natural. By the artificial method 95,000 are successfully hatched.

An inhuman fellow who cut out a horse's tongue was sentenced last week by Judge Staples, of Springfield, Mass., to three years in state's prison.

An esthetic-looking blue lobster, with a delicately tinted pink tail, was captured at Portland, Me., recently and is now swimming in close quarters as a curiosity.

The longest through car service of any railroad line in the world is said to be on the Southern Pacific road, between New Orleans and San Francisco, 2,495 miles.

The twenty-four men who composed the petit jury for the September term of the Buchanan county court, in Missouri, weighed 5,328 pounds, the average of 223 pounds.

The Honiton lace industry is dying out. The race for variety and cheapness has driven the hand made lace from the market. Machine imitations having taken their place.

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.

One of the best gas wells in the Indiana field is the one recently opened at Lafayette. It is less than 90 feet deep, and two flames, each 75 feet high, burn from the three-inch tubing of the well.

A recent English testator bequeathed his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post unpaid, because in his lifetime she was in the habit of addressing him as "Old Pig."

Calvin Bowker, who has just resigned his place as postmaster of Savoy Hollow, Mass., was appointed in 1841 under President Tyler, and has held the office continuously ever since. He is eighty-two years old.

An unknown rascal entered a stable at Troy, Ga., and administered strychnine to twelve valuable horses. When the dastardly act was discovered most of the horses' jaws were locked, and they were writhing in agony.

A colored man at Waterville, Me., who has just spent three months in jail for helping himself to a barrel of flour not his own, was a re-son for his misdemeanor the fact that he had been entertaining a good deal of company lately.

Dr. Schullize, of Vienna, advises strongly the drinking of beer out of mugs instead of glasses. Beer deteriorates very quickly under the influence of light and mugs, particularly covered mugs, are much preferable to transparent glasses.

M. Jules Oppert, the Assyriologist, has just communicated to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres the translation of a cuneiform inscription describing two eclipses, one of which was observed at Babylon in the year 186 of an unknown local era, and the year 256 B. C.

The wife of a wealthy Chinese merchant on the Pacific Coast over a year ago started on a trip to the Flowery Kingdom. During the voyage she gave birth to a child. Now, on arriving at San Francisco, the Customs officers refuse to allow the woman to bring the infant ashore.

Six thousand pounds of powder were set off at a single blast in San Francisco, causing a trembling of the earth for miles around and to that produced by an earthquake. The charge was fired in a quarry on Telegraph Hill, and disintegrated, it is estimated, from 20,000 to 50,000 tons of rock.

A passenger on a west bound train from Chicago hid his money in one of his shoes on retiring for the night and then placed the shoe and its mate in the aisle, near his berth. A porter having subsequently blackened the shoes and found the "hidden treasure" returned it to the owner, who demanded a light, so that he could count the money, and see if the finder had taken any.

A merchant in Philadelphia had in his possession seven quarter dollars that he had taken at different times. These quarters had a hole punched in each of them and the merchant had placed them on a shelf in his counting room, intending to take them to a broker and sell them for what they were worth. Somebody stole the quarters, and when the merchant was away took advantage to pin these seven quarters back on the shelf in one day in payment of purchased goods.

IRON FOR FIREPROOF BUILDINGS.

How It Should be Used—It is Not so Fireproof as Some Persons Imagine.

"Iron is in more general use in the construction of large buildings than formerly," remarked a well-known builder the other day. "In former times the iron was left unprotected and had to carry all the weight of many tons of brick walls. Often when such structures were burned great danger resulted from their liability to fall. Now things are done differently. In walls, brick of any kind, but more particularly fire-brick, if properly laid in sound mortar or cement, will resist all efforts of heat for a considerable time; for stairs, stone is a very dangerous material unless imbedded in some substance which can carry it when it gets hot. But of all building material there is none which requires more extra care and delicate treatment than iron. Imagine a straight rod supported at its ends and capable at ordinary temperature of carrying a heavy weight in the middle. Let it be heated and in a few moments the rod will bend, first sagging at the middle, then dropping altogether. Yet this is a material which many persons consider fireproof, and put it to carrying loaded floors, which are also termed fireproof. Whenever iron is used it should be protected by terra cotta, good brick work and sound plastering, or if nothing better can be found for the purpose, solid wood-work should be built around it. Woodwork, if solid, will resist for a long time every possible effort of heat short of actual flame."

Jim's Curiosity.

Jim was a little boy, and about as full of curiosity as any midget that ever lived. He was never satisfied with questioning his seniors concerning certain subjects, but endeavored always to find out by practical experience. His mother was at her wit's end to know what to do with her precocious youngster, for he kept up a continual volley of questions, and even upon being amply informed as to all the particulars, he was not satisfied until he found out for himself.

One day his mother heard a military band passing the house, and anxious to give Jim a chance to satisfy his curiosity without asking questions, she called him to the open window. But this was not enough for the little questioner. He looked for a few moments at the gaily dressed musicians, and then inquired:

"Maamma, what do you call those men?"

"Why, they are called the drum corps, my boy," answered his mother. "What a funny name, isn't it, maamma?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned his maamma with a sigh.

After the band had passed little Jim was unusually silent. Evidently he was thinking. At last he inquired:

"Maamma, hasn't an apple got a core?"

"Why yea, Jimmie, why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing."

The next day Jim wanted a drum, and a drum he must have. His mother had a great deal of consideration for her neighbors, and she hesitated to bring this torture to bear upon friends. Then again there was another thing to be considered. She was in the habit of borrowing parched coffee and a little bit of tea when she ran short, not to say anything of the butter, eggs, bread, vegetables and other trifles which go to make up the ordinary meal. If she offended her neighbors they might retaliate and cut off the source of supplies. But at length she yielded, and a drum was bought.

In the afternoon little Jim who had employed the whole morning in driving the neighbors insane, entered the house with his drum in several sections. When his mother witnessed this strange state of affairs she inquired:

"Well, well, Jimmie, what have you been doing with your drum?"

"Way, maamma," answered Jimmie with a look of wonder in his eyes, "you spoke of the drum corps when that band passed here. I took my drum apart to find the core."

Probably his mother did not laugh and kiss her boy when he gave that answer. I think she did.—Catholic Youth.

His Reason for Asking.

Billy Brown is very generally and generously indebted: "By the way, Brown," said he to a friend the other day, "can you tell me how much I owe you?" "Certainly," replied his friend with expectant anxiety, "just \$17.50." A pause followed which was broken by the remark: "I thought you might have some reason for asking?" "I had," replied Billy, "I was in hope you had forgotten it."—Albion Traveler.

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