

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.
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In Advance.
J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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WHAT THEY SAY.

BOYS AND PLUMS.
Two youngsters were sent to the country
To board on a flourishing farm;
Just to free the parents from trouble,
And keep the boys from all harm.
The fruit was found in abundance,
The boys' father wrote to his friend:
"If some fruit you can spare from your orchard
Some damsons to me you'll please send."
But the farmer replied, in great anguish,
My damsons I really can't send,
Your damsons have ate all my damsons.
Your damsons you can have, my friend."

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.
—Prof. Lemen is organizing a dancing
school at Saline.
The cheapest place to buy cow feed is
at Phoenix mills.
To exchange—a large coal stove, for
wood. John Gale.
For best bran and lowest prices go to
F. & P. M. elevator.
—If you have anything to sell, try our
"Cheap Column," on fifth page.
—Rev. Anna Shaw will speak in one of
the churches either on the 5th or 6th of
February.
—T. W. Chaffee, of Pontiac, has been
in town during the past week, called here
by the illness of his mother.
—In giving the officers of the grange
a short time since, through an oversight
the name of Henry Hurd, as vice-president
was omitted.
—The Record claims \$420,000 worth of
business done by the Northville factories
during the year 1888, and that \$129,000
were paid out for wages.
—F. W. Brown wishes to return thanks
to the citizens who have kindly ministered
to the wants of himself and family since
his severe injuries several months ago.
—The young people of Mrs. Voorhies'
Sunday school class will give a public
social at the residence of Chas. Shattuck,
Friday evening, January 18. A collection
of five cents will be taken. All are in-
vited.
—Plymouth grange meets in their hall
over Bradner's store, on Thursday after-
noon, January 24. S. A. Cady, grange
representative, is expected to be present. All
members are earnestly requested to be
present.
—The Picket says that the Chicago
Opera company played a three nights
engagement there; that they were "busted"
when they went there and worse when they
left. South Lyon ought to patronize a
good show when it goes there.
—South Lyon loafers stand around on
the main corners, squirting tobacco
juice and insulting ladies with impunity.
Such fellows should be killed. It wouldn't
be murder, and it would be right. Things
with neither brains nor souls, cannot be
murdered.—Adrian Press. Yes, but what
would become of the town?
—There will be a grange social at the
residence of Alfred Cook, Saturday,
January 26, '89, at ten o'clock a. m. A
sumptuous dinner will be prepared by the
ladies. A general good time is looked for
as Mr. and Mrs. Cook welcomes their
friends in a most cordial manner. A ten
cent collection will be taken.
—An exchange says a man should not
kndle a fire with the aid of kerosene,
walk on a railroad track, attempt to board
a moving train, point a gun or pistol at
another, put his name on another man's
note, keep his savings in an old stocking
under the bed, play a game of chance with
a prepossessing stranger, take unknown
medicines for real or imaginary evils, run
for office when he has a paying position in
private life, or call a bigger man a liar.
—Plymouth grange met as usual, Jan.
10. After the regular routine of business
the following officers were installed for
the coming year: M., J. F. Root; O., Mrs.
L. A. Dean; L., Mrs. Joel Bradner; S.,
Ashley Harlow; Ass't S., Joel Bradner;
Chap., Mrs. A. F. Lapham; Treas., C. B.
Packard; Sect., H. W. Tuttle; G. K., L. A.
Dean; Ceres, Miss Maggie Truesdell;
Pomona, Miss Grace Truesdell; Flora
Miss Nettie Tuttle; Lady Ass't S., Mrs.
Cyrus Packard; Organist, Miss Cora Pat-
tengell. Adjourned till January 24.
(More local on fourth page.)

Farmers! get your grinding done at the
Phoenix mills.
—The estate left by the late David Sloss,
of Dearborn, is valued at \$35,000.
—An entertainment at the Newburg
hall, this and to morrow evenings.
—Miss Nellie Ford, of Detroit, has re-
turned here and is a guest at J.S. Kellogg's.
—Miss Jessie Steers returned home from
Ypsilanti, Wednesday, after a three weeks
visit there.
—Owing to an unusual rush of job work
the past two weeks, we have been unable
to gather much local matter for the MAIL.
—The weather Wednesday evening was
very spring like. At 9:30 o'clock the ther-
mometer indicated fifty-two degrees above
zero. This has been a remarkable winter
for this region, so far.
—Fred Dunn's thumb got to fooling
around a circular saw in Bennett's shop
the other day and now Fred is very care-
ful how he handles it. He didn't lose the
thumb, but spoiled it for present use.
—The silver medal, which is to be
awarded the successful competitor in the
elocutionary contest, to be held on Friday
evening, January 25, is now on exhibition
at John Steele's. The exercises will be
held in the M. E. church. Names of judg-
es will be announced later.
—Warren F. Patterson, ex-editor of
the Citizen, who skipped so unceremoni-
ously from this place about eight months
ago, leaving no trace whatever of his
whereabouts, has turned up at Centralia,
Washington Ter., and the News of Dec. 28,
published in that place, announces that
he will look after the mechanical depart-
ment of that paper in the future. Else-
where in the same issue appears a notice
to the effect that he will auctioneer when-
ever requested to do so. Evidently Mr.
Patterson was not "off his base" as much
as people in this vicinity generally sup-
posed, but his actions are unaccountable."
—Brighton Citizen. Patterson was form-
erly from Ypsilanti.
Cheapest place to buy bran is at the
Phoenix mills.
—The Pontiac Bill Poster has this to
say of Palmer, the man arrested for as-
saulting Mrs. Pierson, of Livonia: "Chas.
Palmer a farm hand working for George
Pierson, of Livonia township, was arrest-
ed December 28, charged with assaulting
the wife of his employer. Saturday the
prisoner was taken to the scene of his
crime for examination, and narrowly
escaped meeting a deserved punishment
then and there. Before the examination
was over the town hall was surrounded by
hundreds of angry and excited men, who
cried, "lynch him," "burn him alive," and
indulged in similar threats, but as no one
appeared to lead them on, the officers were
enabled to get their prisoner safely away.
Eight years ago, when eighteen years of
age, Palmer married fifteen-years-old May
Goodsell, of Novi, in Oakland county.
His young bride could not long endure
his cruel treatment and left him. Oct. 2,
1882, Palmer married Minnie Power, also
of Novi. They lived two years together,
when the wife was forced to leave her hus-
band on account of his cruel treatment.
One child was born, now five years old.
Mrs. Palmer secured a divorce and went
to live with her parents. Subsequently
Mr. Power left his wife and grandchild
alone in the house. Palmer had apparent-
ly been watching for this opportunity, and
he attempted to enter the house. But
Mrs. Power bolted the doors. Palmer
threatened to kill the old lady if she did
not give up the child, but just then Mr.
Power returned and Palmer fled. One
day three years ago the old couple went
to Northville, leaving the daughter and
his child alone. A few hours later Palmer
rushed into the house; his former wife
had a revolver, and opened fire on him;
the bullet whizzed by his head, but he
wrenched the revolver from her and
knocked her senseless. Then he took the
little girl and came to Detroit. Just as he
was about to cross into Canada he was ar-
rested and taken back to Novi. Here he
escaped and was not seen again for eleven
months. A little over two years ago he
was again arrested and tried at Pontiac
on a charge of kidnaping. He escaped
with a fine of \$100, which was paid by his
brother-in-law, Frank Perrin. [Our Liv-
onia correspondent contradicts the story
that Palmer was in danger of being lynched,
during his examination.—Ed]

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!

Business Notices.
(All notices under this head five cents per line.)
—Sewing machines repaired and new
parts furnished when required. Needle
and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.
A new sewing machine at the MAIL of-
fice. Will be sold very cheap.

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

New Harness Shop!
S. COLLINGE
Has just opened a new harness store in the Lauffer
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, MICH. E. COLLINGE.
Opposite Shaffer's Foundry, Plymouth, Michigan.

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

GO TO H. WILLS,
FOR

WINGS

And all kinds of Blacksmithing. Low Prices on
Wagon and Buggy Repairing.
I SELL MY OWN MAKE OF
Wagons and the Wayne
Buggies. All Styles.
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in Exchange for Wagons
and Bobs.
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racy and killing
power on large
or small game.
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AROUND A GREAT STATE.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

They Want Free Elections and Free Text Books.

The executive board of the state assembly, Knights of Labor, met in Lansing on the 13th inst. to discuss matters of interest to the order that are coming before the legislature this winter. They decided to circulate petitions and to make a strong fight for the repeal of the Baker conspiracy law; the passage of bills to establish a system of free text books in schools; for the payment of wages by the week in cash; for the purity of elections, and to make taxation on a basis of land values.

The discussion of the free text book question seemed to show a strong feeling in favor of a system by which counties and cities will have individually uniform systems, not, however, to be necessarily uniform over all the state. Counties or cities are to furnish the books free of charge. This is not an endorsement of the Tyrrell bill, which calls for the manufacture of books by convict labor in Michigan prisons.

No bill for purity of elections has been drafted yet; the knights will wait and see what measures come before the legislature before taking any action. On the land value taxation question they stand essentially with the provisions of the Wetlauffer bill, which was read to them and discussed. The following members of the board were present: Chairman Wesley Emery of Lansing, James O'Grady of Saginaw, L. P. Gauger of Jackson, J. Pallen of Holland, S. E. Kirby of Springwells, and T. M. Sherif, the state secretary, who read his quarterly report. Five new assemblies have been formed among farmers, one among longshoremen, and one that is of a miscellaneous nature. The increase is considered gratifying.

In the Interest of Newspapers.

At the recent meeting of the state press association in Lansing a committee composed of representatives of the four Detroit dailies and Charles Hampton of the Petoskey Independent-Democrat, reported that they had submitted their wishes to Fred A. Baker, a Detroit attorney, who had drafted the following bill:

Section 1. The people of the state of Michigan enact: That in actions for libel there shall be no presumption of either express, actual or legal malice from the mere fact of the publication of the libel, and the burden of proof on the question of malice shall be on the plaintiff.

Sec. 2. In actions for libel, if there is no proof of express malice, or the court or jury shall find that there was no such malice, no exemplary or punitive damages shall be awarded, nor shall any general damages be awarded that are not strictly actual or real.

Sec. 3. No action for libel shall be brought or maintained unless the plaintiff shall, before bringing suit, request the defendant to publish a retraction of the libel, and allow to the defendant a reasonable time in which to publish such retraction, and to make such amendments as are reasonable and possible under the circumstances of the case, and proof of the publication of such retraction or correction shall be admissible in evidence under the general issue on the question of the good faith of the defendant, and in mitigation and reduction of damages. Proof of failure or neglect of the plaintiff to comply with the premises of this section may be given in evidence under the general issue in bar of the action.

Sec. 4. It shall not be lawful for any attorney-at-law to bring or conduct any action for libel for a contingent fee, or on any understanding, express or implied, that he is to receive any portion or all of the damages recovered as compensation for his services; nor shall any attorney-at-law advance any money or incur any liability for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the plaintiff in any such action.

Sec. 5. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

The bill was discussed section by section. Mr. Baker explained the points that were questioned, and was endorsed by the association as a fair and honorable bill for all who may be concerned in it, should the legislature make it a law.

Michigan Mutual Benefit Association.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Mutual Benefit association was held in Hillsdale on the 7th inst. The reports of the officers show the company to be in a prosperous condition and steadily increasing its membership. At the election of directors the following were chosen: I. B. Card, C. P. Cook, C. M. Barre, O. A. James, F. M. Stewart, R. A. Everett, W. H. Smith, J. R. Wylie of Hillsdale; C. McKay of Quincy; J. H. Blain of Adrian, and D. Z. Curtis of Saginaw. The directors held a meeting and elected the following officers: President, Ira B. Card; vice-president, H. B. Rowson; secretary, J. B. Wylie; treasurer, C. P. Cook; medical examiner, R. A. Everett.

Carried for Harrison.

The electoral college met in Lansing on the 14th inst. On motion of Perry Hannah of Traverse City, who has been three times before a member of the college, Gen. R. A. Alger was made chairman. James A. Turner was elected secretary. Don J. Leathers and Harry P. Merrill were made tellers, and the state's vote was cast for Harrison and Morton. Don J. Leathers was elected messenger on the second ballot.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Schoolcraft county will pay its deputy game warden \$25 a year, and allow expenses not to exceed \$100.

The annual meeting of the Citizens' mutual fire insurance company of Kent, Allegan, and Ottawa counties was held in Grand Rapids Jan. 10. The secretary's report showed 5,730 members, a gain of 68 over last year. They have insured \$2,236,754 of property. The income last year was \$23,642.20; losses, \$3,601.61, and they have \$1,532.48 in the treasury.

Mrs. De Lorya of Bay City appeared before the officers the other day, and asked protection from her two sons, aged 12 and 14 years. Her face was one mass of bruises. The latest outrage was when she attempted to prevent them abusing their baby brother. They were both under the influence of liquor and turned on her and scratched and beat her shamefully. The father is said to encourage the boys. The boys have been arrested.

Capt. Chas. M. Averill, one of the oldest residents of Bay City, died on the 10th inst. "Grandma" Jump, an inmate of the Branch county poor house, celebrated her 100th birthday on the 14th inst.

Miss Rufe Jordan of Coldwater, distinguished as the only lady ever graduated from Yale college, was recently married to a Seattle, Wash. T., lawyer.

Houseman, Donnelly & Jones, clothiers of Grand Rapids, suffered about \$5,000 damage to their goods and furniture the other night by the bursting of water pipes.

Mathias Van Every, a resident of Coldwater since 1846, and for 41 years a deacon in the Baptist church in that place, died on the 9th inst.

H. Coleman, an East Saginaw liverman hired a rig to a man named Schwartz. The latter took the horse and buggy to Saginaw City, mortgaged them and skipped out. Coleman has recovered his property, but the mortgage is out about \$200.

Early last year a building burned near Hudson, and the charred body of what was supposed to be James Lyons was taken from the ashes. James Stewart, Lyons's companion was charged with the murder and convicted of a long-term sentence at Jackson. It is now announced that Lyons has turned up well and hearty, and a movement is on foot to secure Stewart's "pardon" for a crime he never committed.

Charles H. Dixon, deputy county treasurer of Saginaw county, left Saginaw some days ago, taking with him a considerable chunk of the county funds. The finance committee of the board of supervisors, now making the annual examination of the books, found several errors, but refuse to state the amount. Treasurer Ross intimates that Dixon is in Canada, and that a woman of bad repute is with him.

The soldiers' home loses 20 per cent of its inmates every year by death. Gen. Pierce, the superintendent, says the institution will be needed for 20 years as a home, when it will gradually be used as a charitable institution.

The total loss by fire of mill property in Saginaw Valley for 1888, was \$120,000.

L. D. Follett, ex-judge of probate of Kent county, who disappeared suddenly about two years ago, is said to be in Helena, Montana, and the sheriff of Kent county has gone there to get him.

The lumber cut of the Saginaw district for last year was as follows: The Saginaws, lumber, 337,743,551 feet; shingles, 150,244,500. Bay City and Essexville, lumber, 478,553,528; shingles, 107,974,500. There are still on hand 838,082,870 feet of lumber and 58,244,750 shingles.

Gov. Luce has pardoned Alexander Dingman, who was sentenced in 1882 to 10 years in Jackson for assault with attempt to kill.

A rule of the treasury says that no more than 10 per cent of any public building appropriation shall be paid for the site. The site chosen in Bay City costs \$42,000 and the entire appropriation is only \$200,000. If her has had the rule amended and the limit increased to \$100,000 and citizens of Bay City will have to raise the remainder.

Michigan senators in the United States senate have agreed to support the 50-cent reduction in the duty on lumber.

N. C. Smith has been appointed agent of the board of corrections, and J. Charlton for Oceana county and Henry Bishop for Kalamazoo county.

The Farnell brick and clay shingle company started business late last fall, but got out 200,000 brick and 15,000 clay shingles. They will greatly enlarge their operations next year.

The shift in the Calumet & Hecla mine, which has been burning for the past two months, cannot be reopened for some time yet.

Ironwood will petition the legislature to grant it a city charter.

It is charged that Armour & Co. of Chicago are furnishing in the neighborhood of 20,000 pounds of butterine a month to the Jackson state prison.

It is estimated that there are 250,000,000 feet of lumber on the skids at Muskegon.

Adam Miller, aged 21, employed by a farmer named Foster, near Niles, went to the barn the other evening, climbed upon the hay mow and it is supposed fell off, landing upon a pitchfork, as his dead body was found with the fork driven through his vitals.

Mrs. Martin Barber of Lowell made 1,400 yards of rag carpet during 1888.

The roof of the Lake View house at St. Joseph was blown off the other night. It will cost \$1,000 to replace it.

Several Cheboygan people have bought four 10-acre tracts of fruit land at Orange Vale, Cal.

At Flint there are four factories, each turning out four or five different styles of road carts.

Mrs. Ella Hoag Brockway has been engaged as special instructor and preceptor at Albion college.

William L. White of Grand Rapids has been appointed quartermaster of the Second regiment, M. S. T., to fill a vacancy.

Annie Bushaw of Ludington in a spirit of fun tried to cross the railroad track in front of a moving train. She was caught by the engine and crushed to death.

The patrons of industry, an organization of farmers, are boycotting the merchants of Dowington and Deckerville.

The Mancelona bank announces that it has lost \$700 on its deposits in the past year and positively refuses to accept any more money at any rate of interest. Mancelona citizens threaten to establish another bank.

William Keech and Rachel Lemonyer were married in Ulster county, N. Y., in 1875, and they had 14 children, 10 of whom are still living. Nine of these held a reunion at the residence of Alexander Keech, at Rockford, last week.

Vane Reed of Wakarusa, was killed the other morning by the kick of a vicious horse he was harnessing.

Alvin Meyers of Lake Odessa, had his leg mashed in the machinery of a mill the other morning. The leg was amputated, but Meyers survived the operation only a few hours.

The Sheffield velocipede car company's wood working shop in Battle Creek, burned the other morning at about 6:30 o'clock. Loss, about \$20,000; insured.

Will Sanders, aged 12 years, was drowned at Bluffton, near Muskegon, while skating.

Will Fry of Northville, found two burglars in his house when he went home the other evening. They knocked Fry down with a chair, but he recovered himself, drew a revolver and fired twice. The last shot took effect and they fled to a wagon which another pal had in readiness, leaving behind a trail of blood. It is thought the shot took effect in the burglar's face. Fry is not much injured. The robbers got nothing as Fry had his money on his person.

Albion people have petitioned congress to make a law compelling a proper observance of Sunday.

John Abbis of White Pigeon, lost his arm while coupling cars on the Lake Shore road recently. The company notified Abbis that they would furnish him a place as target man until he could master telegraphy, after which they would provide him a place for life. Abbis accepted the offer.

A knitting factory will soon be in operation in Colon.

Judge Burlingame of Kent, will refuse to exempt jurors who plead military duty as an excuse, and will let the supreme court decide whether or not he is right in the premises.

Supervisors of Montcalm county have asked state game warden to abolish the office of deputy game warden.

Nat Upton of Coopersville, took 30 grains of morphine, and died despite the physicians and stomach pumps.

P. D. Beckwith, one of the most enterprising business men of Dowagiac, died on the 12th inst.

The salary of game warden for Montcalm county has been reduced from \$600 per annum to \$1.

In the case of T. V. Canright, against Coldwater, for \$5,000 damages for being thrown from his carriage and badly hurt, the jury has disagreed after wrestling with the case for ten hours.

Veins of coal from five to six and a half feet thick have been found cropping from the ground on the farm of Gottlieb Messer, in Chester township, Eaton county. The coal burns freely.

Mrs. Asel Hollister, an old lady, on her journey from Hillsdale to Shelby recently, was robbed on the train of \$150, all the money she had in the world. The thief was a woman who sat in the same seat with her, and is supposed to have used chloroform.

There is bitter complaint among the people living on the line of the C. & W. M. railroad, north of Muskegon, about the inefficiency of the present mail service. For three days last week there was no route agent on the road and consequently no mail was delivered.

There is a flourishing Mormon community near Chase, although polygamy is not encouraged.

Deputy County Dixon's default on Saginaw already exceeds \$6,000, and when the books are completed may reach \$23,000.

Chris Yaeger, arrested by the state at Port Huron for counterfeiting, was discharged but immediately rearrested by the United States authorities.

Henry Shaw, for over 50 years a resident of Jackson, died on the 14th inst.

Several business places in Hart were destroyed by fire the other night. The town had a narrow escape from total destruction. It is the first fire which has occurred in Hart in over two years.

Joseph Talecki of Bay City, who, with fear of his children, was poisoned by cutting barley grain, is dead. He leaves a widow and ten children.

The will of the late Joseph Heald of Grand Rapids has been filed, and by it he leaves his fortune of \$300,000 entirely to his widow and children.

Joseph T. Talman, who was so badly worsted in a fight at West Hay City on the 14th that he will lose one of his eyes, has commenced suit for \$10,000 damages against Severin Jean, the man with whom he fought.

WRECKED BY THE WIND.

Terrific Devastation in Reading, Pa.—Buildings Blown Down.

A Number of Lives Lost.

A cyclone swept over the northern section of Reading, Pa., on the afternoon of the 13th inst., and laid waste everything within its reach.

The track of this destructive element was not more than 60 feet wide and it is lucky that it touched only the suburbs of the city. It came from the west, but passed along the northern border of Reading. First it touched the Mt. Penn stove-works. Here the corner of the building was struck and a portion of the roof was cut off as nicely as if done with a pair of scissors.

Then the storm cloud scurried across some fields, took off a portion of the roof of J. H. Sternberg's rolling mill, and a number of dwellings were unroofed as readily as if their tin roofs were paper.

The paint shops of the Reading railroad company were blown over, and the ruins set on fire from the escaping gas. Some 20 of the men had a chance to crawl out, but four of them were caught in the debris and burned to death.

The Reading silk mill was struck by the cyclone and fell to pieces as if composed of so many building blocks. Nearly 200 persons, mostly girls, went down in the wreck. One hundred of these were rescued, nearly all more or less injured, but about 80 were crushed to death. About 40 bodies were taken from the wreck in a few hours' time, and everything possible was done to remove the debris in the vain hope that some buried beneath the heavy mass of bricks and timber might be alive.

Wool-Growers Meet.

The national wool-growers' association met in convention in Washington, Jan. 10. Officers were elected as follows: President, Hon. John McMillen, Washington, Pa.; vice-president, Col. William L. Black, Texas; treasurer, I. H. Wallace, Missouri; secretary, J. H. Kirkpatrick, California.

Resolutions were adopted demanding that the duties on wool and on woolen and worsted goods be adjusted and maintained; protesting against some of the provisions of the senate substitute for the tariff bill relating to wool as inadequate, unjust and calculated to cause the decline of the wool-growing industries; empowering the president to appoint a committee to formulate a just schedule of tariff duties for wool, present it to the senate finance committee and urge its adoption, and expressing the hope that if the present congress shall not accomplish definite legislation pertaining to the economic and financial policy of this government in regard to the wool-growing and all other industries of the nation, a special session of the fifty-first congress be convened by President Harrison for that purpose.

A Good Showing.

The December report of the department of agriculture makes the product of corn 1,287,700,000 bushels, grown on 15,672,763 acres, valued on the farm at \$77,561,580, or 34.1 cents per bushel. The average yield of the seven corn surplus states averages 3.2 bushels per acre. The Atlantic coast, south of the Potomac, averages 11.2 bushels of comparatively poor quality. The wheat aggregate is 414,828,000 bushels grown on 37,331,178 acres, valued at \$84,248,000. The average farm value is 22.6 cents per bushel against 68.1 cents for the previous year. The aggregate for oats is 707,737,000 bushels, grown on 29,398,282 acres, and valued at \$195,421,340. This is 23.8 cents per bushel, against 30 cents for the crop of 1887. A comparison of aggregate values shows that the present crop is worth \$31,000,000 more than the previous one; wheat, \$74,000,000 more; oats, \$5,000,000 less.

In the Sunny South.

Ex-sheriff C. C. McKinney of Mitchell county, N. C., was frozen to death on the 10th on Roan mountain at a height of over 6,000 feet and near Cloudland hotel. He was with Columbus Ramsey. The latter made a desperate attempt to save McKinney, and himself had a narrow escape from death. Ice formed in his eyes and mouth and his arms and legs were badly frozen as he crawled upon his hands and knees in the snow. The rescuers found him unconscious, standing erect in a snow drift, his mouth and eyes open.

The same night Charlie Swan, 18 years old, was found frozen near Bakerville, Mitchell county. He had gone after whisky and was returning home when he fell from a precipice into an immense snow drift.

Must Not Be Restricted.

An Ottawa special to the New York Herald says it is indicated that the British government will force Sir John Macdonald to recede from his policy of restricting Chinese immigration as being inconsistent with treaty obligations. The government of China has directed the attention of the British government to the hostile attitude of Australia and Canada toward the Chinese and is discussing the propriety of withdrawing commercial privileges unless treaty rights are observed. Should the Dominion government withdraw the restriction act, the number of Chinese arrivals at Victoria or Vancouver, B. C., would be greatly multiplied, as that would, no doubt, be made the channel of a large influx of Chinese into the United States.

Pleased With Its Work.

In their second annual report the interstate commissioners say that on side of roads affected by ocean competition between the Atlantic and Pacific, the long and short haul clause has been fairly well obeyed. The commission insists that there is no evidence, in spite of railroad protests, that the law has been otherwise than beneficial to the roads. One cause of the losses of 1888 was the "Q" strike. New and parallel lines materially injured net revenues and rates have been very serious. The power to cut rates should be taken from subordinate, and responsible officers should be charged with all rate making. Payments of commissions to obtain business is deplored, and congress will be asked to take cognizance of this evil.

Dodge Explains.

J. R. Dodge, crop statistician of the department of agriculture, referring to his estimate of 414,828,000 bushels as the aggregate of the wheat crop of 1888, given in the December crop bulletin, says that it "represents the quantity of the crop in measured bushels without regard to quality. If reduced to bushels of 60 pounds it would represent less than 400,000,000 bushels. The weight will be estimated as usual in March, from records of weighing by millers from the commercial inspection records and results of other investigations. The estimate of 1,937,700,000 bushels for the corn crop he says, "represents not merchantable corn but the aggregate quantity produced in the Atlantic states."

Says He Invented the Telephone.

M. F. Pease of Des Moines, Iowa, asserts that he is the original inventor of the telephone. He produces evidence to substantiate his claim, which will be investigated in the patent office. Pease began experimenting with the transmission of sound by

electricity in 1838, and in 1837 his efforts were, he asserts, crowned with success. That year, he says, he filed a caveat in the patent office, giving a description of his machine under the name of the electric musical instrument. Later he perfected a telephone, and in 1872 his invention was described in a book entitled "Wonders of Electricity."

A Gigantic Fraud.

Secretary Fairchild has ordered all the special treasury agents in the country who can be spared from their posts of duty to hasten to New York to thoroughly investigate affairs in the office of the appraiser at that post. It is absolutely certain that the New York custom house is a den of thieves, and that millions of dollars of duties are annually lost. It is charged that some importers are favored at the expense of others, although the appraiser, Mr. McMuller, is wholly innocent of anything more than carelessness. The most rigid investigation into the affairs of the office will be made.

Wait the Land Opened.

A memorial to congress, praying for the opening of the Sioux reservation, has passed both houses of the Dakota legislature, and will be forwarded to congress. The original resolution was amended so that the White river shall be the southern boundary of that portion to be opened. There was not a dissenting vote. The members are all in favor of having congress open the reservation without consulting the Indians. It is also the desire that the government should pay the Indians more than 50 cents per acre for the land.

The Old Game.

Two clerks were left in charge of Banquo Willie Marie, at Hull, Ont. While one of the clerks was at dinner a man stepped up to the counter and, throwing down an envelope said he wished to make a deposit of its contents. At the same moment a little girl entered and told the clerk a clerk wished to speak to him outside. When the clerk returned to his counter he found the man who had come to make a deposit had disappeared and with him \$7,000. The robber is unknown.

The G. A. R. Can Attend.

Gen. William Warner, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., has written a letter which says that no one will question that it is the proper thing for the G. A. R. individuals, posts or departments, to participate in Gen. Harrison's inauguration, and the commander-in-chief will secure a place in the line of march for any and all members of the organization who wish to attend the inauguration. It is left to the comrades to decide who they will or will not participate in the ceremonies.

A Sheriff New Yorker.

The Buffalo Courier recently published a correspondence between an English detective from Scotland yard and a Black Rock mechanic who, out of work, conceived the plan of making some money out of the London Times. He wrote, professing to have information bearing on the Parnell case, and J. T. Kerby, a detective, came out at once. He paid the Buffalo man, who drew him all over the country, \$300, and then discovered he had been duped.

Arrested for Arson.

William Bryant, proprietor of the European hotel of Chattanooga, Tenn., which was burned on the night of Nov. 12, has been arrested on a warrant charging him with having set the building on fire.

It will be recalled that five lives were lost in the fire, and the detectives have been at work on the case ever since. They now claim to have enough testimony to convict Bryant, and there is a good deal of excitement over the affair.

The Trouble Settled.

The trouble between the provincial government and the Canadian Pacific railway over the crossings of the latter's line by the Portage extension of the Northern Pacific has been settled, and the crossing peacefully effected. The Canadian Pacific have withdrawn their force of men, who have been guarding the crossing since October, torn down the barricade which had erected, removed the dead engine and cleared away all other obstructions.

Irish in the Church.

It is reported that the Pope has found it necessary to make an investigation as to the truth of the allegations that the Irish Catholics in America are arming to themselves the representation of the Roman Catholic religion in the United States; not getting enough of the preference of church work and of influence in church councils has stirred up the Vatican.

Letters From Stanley.

Direct information comes from an official source that the British government has received letters from Henry M. Stanley, and his safety is assured.

These letters will soon be published, and are temporarily withheld from publication for certain official reasons not given. Of their authenticity, and of the safety of the explorer, there is no doubt whatever.

Anti-trusts.

A bill has been introduced in the lower house of the Nebraska legislature to declare unlawful combinations in restraint of trade, productions, manufactures, and to punish persons, associations and corporations engaged therein. It is stringent in provisions against pools, and aims to prevent pools of grain or hogs, or stocks of any kind for shipment.

John Brown's Son Dead.

Owen Brown, son of John Brown of Ossawatimie and last survivor of the Harper's Ferry affair, died near San Francisco a few days ago. The dead man had for a number of years passed the life of a hermit on a remote summit of the Sierra Madre mountains known as Brown's Peak. He was 74 years old at the time of his death.

Mrs. Gould Dead.

Mrs. Jay Gould died at her home in New York on the 12th inst., after a long illness which had made all hopes of recovery untenable. She was the daughter of D. S. Miller, an old wholesale grocer of Brooklyn. Her mother, over 80 years of age, is still living in New York.

A Bridge Gone.

The suspension bridge at Niagara gave way during the terrible storm the other night. The only portions left are the towers, cables and 50 feet of the body of the bridge on the Canadian side. The loss in the vicinity, including the bridge, will reach about \$1,000,000.

Three Girls Suffocated.

The New York patent cigar box factory was destroyed by fire the other day. Three girls were suffocated by the dense smoke. An employe has been arrested, charged with setting fire to the place.

Save a Killed.

A train on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad was wrecked near Talmage, Ohio, the other evening. Four railroad men and three passengers were killed.

The Successful Detective.

BY ROSE EYTINGE.

He had long suspected her. True, she was always kind and affectionate to him. That was just it. She was too kind and affectionate, for he was forced to acknowledge to himself,—himself, mind you; to no one else would he make such an acknowledgment,—that sometimes, only sometimes, he might be a little trying. For instance, when he came home to dinner at seven-thirty, after promising to be at home at five sharp, and then "raising Cain" because the dinner was over-cooked. Or stopping out "with the boys" till three o'clock in the morning, when his wife had sat waiting, in evening bonnet and gloves, from seven-thirty till ten-thirty, in expectation of being taken to the theater, in accordance with a fortnight-old and oft-renewed promise. But why did she so carefully and persistently keep her desk in the sitting-room locked? And why, when the postman's whistle was heard, did she blush so vividly, and become so embarrassed? True, she was always at home. Indeed he sometimes reproached her for not going out oftener, for he could not help noticing that she looked sadly pale and thin. These were the reflections of Mr. Thomas Bleakley, as he walked down town one frosty morning, from his cosy little home in — street, and he there and then determined that he would learn what her desk contained, and why she blushed at the sound of the postman's whistle. So, a few mornings after his reflections had taken this definite form, he asked his wife to pack his traveling-bag, as he was going to Albany for a few days. Cicely Bleakley turned her large blue eyes on her husband in a startled way, and trying vainly to keep back the tears, she said: "Why, Tom, dear! isn't it rather sudden? You never said"— "Yes, yes," said Mr. Bleakley, looking not over comfortable,—for this was his first essay at private detective business; and as his wife stood there before him, with her sweet, gentle face so pale, trying so hard to control her trembling lips, and clasping her hands,—her hands that used to be so plump and dimpled-looking, so thin and white—he did not like it overmuch. "Yes, yes, I'm going for the firm, some business before the Legislature; be back in three days at farthest, sooner if possible. Good-bye," and with a hasty kiss, he fled. Fled in the word, for one more look at Cicely's face, and bag, and fib, and detective business, and all, would have all gone by the board. But just at that moment the bell rang sharply, and the postman whistled. Cicely's face flushed crimson, and her hands fluttered like two little caged birds beating their pretty wings against their bars. This sight nerved Mr. Bleakley to firmness, and with a cold "Ta-ta," he left the house, and walked sharply away. It was nearly ten o'clock on the night of the day of which Mr. Bleakley, armed with his traveling-bag and his suspicions, had started on his trip to Albany. The snow, which had been falling all day, was still steadily coming down, and there was a strong east wind blowing,—one of those east winds that have a way of depositing small specimens of ice just between your neck and your muffler, behind your ear,—an east wind that makes your fingers and toes, and your ears and your nose, feel like small sections of Siberia. The Bleakley house did not look so cheerily as usual. The lights seen through the vestibule doors burned dim and low; the parlor and basement windows were in total darkness; but the light which shone out upon the cold, bleak night from the three windows in the second story, looked uncommonly warm and gracious. At least this is the way it struck a man who passed rapidly, but furtively, up and down on the opposite side of the street, trying ineffectually to keep himself warm. This was Mr. Thomas Bleakley, and as he tramped up and down in the pitiless cold, he could not help thinking how cheery and cosy that room was. And he thought, too, that the day now ended had certainly been the longest he had ever known. Though he had been perfectly free to go and dine in true Bohemian fashion "with the boys," somehow he had not felt inclined to do so. Indeed on the contrary, he felt the strongest objection to seeing, or being seen, by any of "the boys, and now he found himself cold, miserable, faint, and hungry. Just as the bell in the tower of a neighboring church rang out ten

o'clock, his long, cheerless vigil was rewarded. There, walking swiftly down the street, there came the tall, straight figure of a woman. His wife! He would have recognized her anywhere, he told himself, even if she had not been warmly encased, from head to foot, in that sealskin coat he had given her at Christmas. With the jealous frenzy of an Othello, but with the stealthy stillness of an Lazo, he darted across the street, and followed literally in her tracks. Silently he entered the area directly behind her, passed as silently after her through the iron gate, waited, with baited breath, while she searched in her pocket for the key of the basement door, found it, and silently and carefully, but swiftly, as though custom had made the act familiar, unlocked the door, and plunged into the Cimmerian darkness of the basement hall. At this moment his just wrath broke forth; he made one step forward, seized her by the wrist, and hissed into her ear: "Where have you been, madam?" Her only answer to his perfectly just and proper question, was a wild but ineffectual effort to break away from him, and the rapid utterance of a series of shrill screams. In a moment there was heard the sound of hurrying footsteps approaching from above, and there, on the stairs, with amazement in her face, and a lighted lamp in her hand, stood his wife, Cicely Bleakley! And there, standing flat against the wall, against which she had staggered, when Mr. Bleakley in his astonishment had suddenly unloosed his hold upon her wrist, stood Mary Ann MacSweeney, the hired girl. When Mr. Bleakley had recovered his presence of mind, and Mrs. Bleakley had recovered her sealskin coat, together with divers other items of wardrobe and jewelry, which "Mary Ann" had "pre-empted" for the evening's expedition, and when that chest-fallen Milesian maiden had been requested to take her departure the next morning in search of victims, Mr. Bleakley gently, almost reverently, led his wife up stairs. He led her directly to that cozy room in the second story, to that room whence the light had shone out upon him, so short a time ago, when he was keeping that detective vigil across the street. And as he sat in the comfortable arm-chair, in front of the clear, bright fire that burned upon the hearth, and looked in his wife's sweet, pure face, or watched her slender, graceful figure, as she moved about like a ministering angel, bringing to him warmth, and cheer, and comfort, who shall say how deep his sense of shame and self-abasement. The desk, whose locked panels had so often excited his jealous suspicions, now stood wide open, and on it, laid scattered about, many loose sheets of closely written manuscript, and some of them had fallen to the floor. Mr. Bleakley stooped to pick them up, and restore them to their place upon the desk; as he did so, a letter floated out from between the loose sheets, and at this moment Cicely entered the room. Again her face was suffused with a vivid blush—again she became overwhelmed with embarrassment. Her husband—holding in his hand the letter—which had been already opened—asked her, in a tone, into which, despite himself, a little hardness had crept,— "May I read this?" Cicely, standing before him with bowed head, and clasped hands, and the air of a convicted culprit, murmured in a low voice, "If you wish." He did wish. He first examined the envelope. It bore, in one corner, the name of an important publishing firm, and it was addressed to a name which he recognized as that of the author of several of the most popular novels of the day, and to his house. With an expression of bewilderment on his face, he drew the letter from its cover, and read what was evidently a communication from a member of the firm, whose address appeared upon the envelope. This communication stated that they were then publishing a seventh edition of a book which they named, and offering the person to whom the letter was addressed, five thousand dollars royalty on the book for the present year. With astonishment, pride, and shame, curiously blended in his face, Bleakley drew his wife toward him, and, pointing to the sheets of manuscript, and then to the letter in his hand, he said: "Cicely, dear—what does this mean—who is this letter addressed to?" "Oh, Tom dear, to me. I did not mean to tell you—not just yet. I fear-

ed you would not like it,—or, perhaps—would laugh. And so—" "Would not like it?" "What Tom Bleakley at that particular moment did not like, was himself. And what he did most particularly like, was his wife, and he told her so. To an impartial and uninterested observer, Mr. Bleakley's manner of expressing himself might have seemed somewhat incoherent, but it appeared to be eminently satisfactory to Cicely. And Mr. Bleakley, also, was perfectly satisfied, for his first attempt as a private detective had been successful. Where is the stamp? I spied in a paper one day, While languidly looking for news, A sentence that filled me with joy: "We pay for whatever we use!" And sitting me down at my desk, I wrote, with a throb and a thrill, A poem of length and strength, All rhymed with unusual skill. A letter I neatly composed. Because I was anxious to say That I would be wholly content With what they were willing to pay. With care I enclosed my address, And a stamp (to insure a reply); The stamp was a palpable groan, And so, I acknowledge, was I. "Was long, long ago; but, alas! No recompense yet hath appeared, Nor has my effusion, in print, The vision that longs for it cheered. But not these misfortunes alone Have served my ambition to damp: The question that troubles me most Is, What did they do with the stamp!"—Time. Faros—Where Opals Are Found. We climbed the mountain in a blinding mist, our faces beaded with fog drops testifying to the fact. Once on the summit it was time to begin our search and in grim sincerity we fell under the sway of jewel fever. On our hands and knees we groped excitedly over the boulders, pulling away the moss, heather and soil to seek those splints in the porphyry indicative of the latent existence of the opals, the most energetic parts of which were thus bursting toward the light. And, thanks to the knowledge of our guide, we were soon upon the track of some promising stones. Between the boulders, where the downflow of accumulated rains had carried the earth, we spied a number of ruby particles. Digging we discovered larger fragments, and later, having followed the course of these minuter bits, we arrived at the block itself, which by disintegration was enriching the lower soil. Here, then, the hammer and chisel came prominently into use. Tons upon tons of the native porphyry in this locality were specked and flaked with opaline substances, and tiny jewels of every engaging color—rich claret, clear yellow, and red brown, flesh, milk white and gray. It seemed in my ignorant eyes that we were destined inevitably to release just as many stones as we pieced. But, alas, hoped after hope was crushed when the hammer and chisel were brought into play. In the first place, the matrix was terribly hard; and secondly, when it did yield to Johannesson's sturdy blows, the stones embedded in it, and which had formerly looked so fine, good luck, they came out unblemished they proved of no depth, opaque, therefore valueless—mere "laminae." Eventually, after four or five hours incessant labor, digging and hammering, bathed in the eternal fog all the time, we filled our pockets with jewels in better or worse condition, and for the most part environed with a lump of the hard porphyry matrix. The bonder said it was no bad day's work. But when, that evening, we submitted all our treasure to the criticism of an expert who lived in the valley, he shook his head and pronounced sentence: "No good!" No good, that is, as jewels; no jeweler would buy the stones for setting. On the other hand, as mere specimens, pretty and suggestive, they were very good, and with this we were obliged to be content, though for our futher discomfiture our guide told us that the dwellers of the valley often secured many valuable stones with apparent ease.—Chamber's Journal. Reg ste ed Above. When Chaplain McCabe was in Kansas last year, on a tour endeavoring to raise \$1,000,000 for missions, a little boy heard his appeal, and thinking of the large sum he had to raise, determined to help him. The first chance he had early in the week he gathered a basketful of chestnuts, which he sold for five cents. He sent this to Mr. McCabe with the note: "If you want any more let me know."—Christian Intelligencer. A Careful Father. "Yes, it's a bouncing boy." "And what are you going to name it?" "Oh, Benjamin Harrison, of course." "But you're a democrat." "Yes, but you don't think I'd drop a little baby in the soup, do you?"—New York World.

A GLIMPSE OF ARMY LIFE.

One of The Unpleasant Phases Graphically Described.

Not many years ago a regiment of sharpshooters left its station and sailed away for its summer camp at a celebrated watering place some nine hundred miles away, there to receive strict necessary military instruction which, apparently, could not be imparted to it within the narrow confines of its station, and which, according to one officer's idea, is as very much in need of. It was necessary, therefore, to remove the companies to the charming seaside resort above referred to. What arguments were brought to bear on the powers to induce them to pay the traveling expenses of a portion of the standing army on their expedition is a mystery. Just what was expected of all this preparation is as deeply immersed in official hash. Whatever particular thing was expected we are beginning to believe was not realized, but are of the opinion that something was realized which was not expected. Well, in due time, after a stormy passage, these gallant defenders of the nation's honor arrived at their haven of rest and anticipated conquests. The population—white, yellow and black—turned out en masse to view the wonderful sight. After marching through the principal streets the men went to the camp prepared for them on the outskirts of the town. Being young soldiers and with little experience, it was supposed that they did not know how to pitch a tent. After a few days the great, big man himself arrived after being duly heralded in the papers. That night—and on the same night every week thereafter—the band gave grand concerts at the Hotel of the Invalids.

THE CAMP.

The camp was laid out like a picture many views of it being taken for the information of future generations and edification of the chief; tents pitched in mathematical order. The officers' tents on a line opposite the flanks with a very wide avenue between wings; the Colonel's tent at the end of the avenue, through which, from the porch in front of his tent, he could see the young soldiers going through their exercises. Then balls, parties and receptions were received and given in bewildering variety and the court of love and beauty was duly organized.

Whence comes this faint murmur, That is borne on the briny zephyr of the ocean and the midnight fogs of the shore? Indistinct at first, then louder, till 'tis heard mid the breakers' whelming roar! Ah! 'tis the breath of the unseen Reaper, who is striding on the wings of night, Towards the camp of the sleeping soldier throttled by unfeeling might. Still the dance went on, and the reveler thought not of the coming day, 'Till the grim Destroyer, in his skeleton arms, had borne one form away. In the midst of all these rejoicings the hand commenced, to write on the wall, faint at first, but gradually more distinct—so distinct that every one could read the sign except Belshazzar himself (who was intoxicated with the fumes of self-conceit), and the courtiers who bowed down before him.

AS TO THE OFFICERS.

The officers, not being allowed to keep a mess (either in camp or on the march), took their meals at the "Invalids," going down at 8 a. m. to breakfast, just after returning from their foggy drill, many of them sitting down to the table with no desire to eat—no doubt caused by the drill in the fog and dust, on an empty stomach. At noon they went to lunch—of such of them as were not exhausted after the unceasing exercises in dust and intense heat. After parade they went to dinner, returning to camp at tattoo (10:15.) The camp was located on a rising ground overlooking the town, but without a particle of shade, all the tents being flooded. Water was brought from the city water works by a pipe and stored in barrels; it was poor and after a couple of weeks it began to let its presence be known, there being no way to remove the sediment or properly clean the barrels. The result of this was that after about six or seven weeks the men began to get sick, complaining of chills, slight fever, headaches, pains in the back and loss of appetite, until, I am informed, there were some fifty or sixty men on sick report, several being taken into the hospital tents. At one end of the camp was a large building used as kitchen and mess room by the command—some 300 men—all messing together, company organizations, in regard to messing, being broken up, the same system being carried out on the march. The condition of the water, the incessant drills and exercises in the fogs, dust and heats, and then the stampede through town from noon till after 10 o'clock at night, and the absence of shade did their work. The result can be imagined. The men from being healthy and strong became inactive, pale and

emaciated, and finally fell under, drills and exercises being kept up as vigorously as ever.

THE DRILLS.

And what were those drills? For ten weeks nothing but "selling up," "facings," "balance step," "balance step gaining ground," "bayonet exercise," first part of company drill, "signal drill," and latterly platoon and skirmish drills, and during the last week three or four hours of battalion drill. Immediately after reveille all the company officers were drilled in the bayonet exercise for twenty minutes each morning for one week. About two weeks before the first detachment left, having been in camp three months, some twelve or fourteen of the worst cases were quietly sent up to their post by boat, followed by another detachment a few days after; this in its turn followed by another. The surgeon at the post, not having sufficient supplies on hand to meet these sudden and unexpected wants, made frequent acquisitions on his chief for the same. This faithful old sentinel "smelled a mice" and concluded he'd see what was behind the "curtain," but instead of "a rat," he found a pretty large skeleton, not of a rat, however, nicely tucked away. On the march the second detachment joined the first at Pioneer's station, when some six or eight more sick men, whom they brought along, were placed in the town hospital and left there. During the week the companies remained at Pioneer's station they contributed the receipts of the fair and races then in progress by giving an exhibition of drill on the race track between the races. On the night before they left, a grand ball and supper were given at the hotel to which all the officers and their families were invited, some attending; others preferred needed rest. Next morning the command left at 4 o'clock and got to a little water hole some eight miles from Pioneer station, going into camp. That evening orders were given to leave at 5 a. m. Later it was changed to 4 a. m. and still later in the middle of the night word was sent to the first sergeants that the command would not move next day. Sunday dawned bright and clear; some were up preparing to roll their blankets, others slept on, many wondering what was up that they were not then two or more hours on the march. —Kansas City Times.

Two Negatives.

Two negatives I've heard sweet maid, Make an affirmative, Pray is it true or is it not? An answer quickly give, For you are teacher of a school And certainly should know All that relates to grammar, and She answered: "It is so."

He pressed the tiny hand and gazed Upon the lovely miss, And said I pray you let me take From those sweet lips a kiss; Those lips on which the rose you kissed Has left its crimson glow, She blushed, she sighed, she hung her head And answered him, "No, no."

Wagner in London.

I live here like a damned soul in hell. So deep I had not thought I should ever have to sink again. How miserable I appear to myself holding on in this position most repugnant to me is indescribable, and I acknowledged that it was a true sin, a transgression to accept this London invitation, which under the most favorable circumstances could only take me far out of my proper path. I certainly need not speak to you in detail about my present position; it is the consequent result of the greatest inconsequence that I ever committed. It has brought me to being obliged to beat time for ("abdirigiren") an English concert programme (!); therewith everything is said! I have stepped into the middle of a swamp of proprieties and customs, in which I must now stick fast over my ears, without being able to get the least fresh water for my relief. "Sir we are not used to that," is the everlasting echo that I hear! Even the orchestra can offer me no compensation; it consists almost entirely of English, i. e., clever machines who can never be put in the right right vibration; trade and business kill everything. A public which—as I am generally assured—is very favorably disposed to me, and yet can never be raised out of itself, accepts the most impressive music just like the most tedious, without in any way showing that it has received a real impression. Therefore this ridiculous Mendelssohn cult.—Letters of Wagner and Liszt.

Identified.

Edna's grandmother has two friends, each named Mrs. Jones. As one is tall and the other quite short, they are often called in family big Mrs. Jones and little Mrs. Jones. The other day a neighbor came in and Edna met her with the information: "Gamma's gone to see Mrs. Jones—way-up-high Mrs. Jones."—Youth's Companion.

Churches.

FREEMASONS.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.
METHODIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
BAPTIST.—Rev. P. G. Robertson, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

THE W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Vochris, President.
PLYMOUTH BOOK LODGE No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.
GRANDS, No. 380.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hidden block, O. E. Pattengill, Master.
K. of P., LAFAYETTE ASSEMBLY, No. 5585.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:30, at E. of L. hall, C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.
TONGUES LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. O. E. Pattengill, N. G.; C. G. Curtis, Jr., Rec. Sec.

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WHAT THEY SAY.

SEE HERR! 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.

—They have small pox at Dundee.
 Best buckwheat flour in town at Phoenix mills.
 Lowest prices on ground feed ever known at F. & P. M. elevator.
 —The ladies of the W. C. T. U. have our thanks for remembrances.
 —Miss Mae Taft, of Lansing, Sundayed here, the guest of her cousin A. R. Taft.
 —There is talk of having a dance in Bennett's new store house, some time next week.
 —L. H. Bennett is building a large store house in the rear of his factory. The building is eighty feet long.
 —James Marshall left for Rockford, Ill., Monday. He is special agent for the Forest City insurance company, of that place.
 —The Silver Lake quartet, an organization of considerable notoriety in the East, will sing to our citizens at one of the churches in a few weeks.
 —Willie, eldest son of Rev. D. H. Yokom, of Saline, was drowned the other day at Dundee, where he was visiting. He broke through the ice while skating.
 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. 73rd

—A barn and shed belonging to John Easterly, five miles south of Saline burned to the ground a few mornings since, together with three horses, forty sheep, four cows, a wagon loaded with flour and feed, one hundred bushels wheat, oats, wagon harness, buggies, hay, two stacks straw and farm tools. Supposed to be the work of tramps.
 —The family of George Smitherman, two and one-half miles north-east of Northville, gave him a surprise party on Saturday last, it being his thirty-first birthday, to which most of his relatives, and a number of friends from Northville, Pontiac and this place were present. In the evening the young folks took possession of the house and danced, played games, etc. till a late hour.
 —Samuel Collinge, the Canadian harnessmaker, who opened shop here several weeks ago packed his goods last week and left for parts unknown, to us. When he first opened shop he brought himself quite conspicuously before the public by distributing a large number of buggy whips, throwing them right and left. One boy got six. Collinge was a good hearted fellow, no doubt, but liquor has the best of him.
 —Master Don Safford has had a party. That enterprising and ubiquitous individual first saw the light seven years ago last Thursday, January 10, and on Saturday afternoon full honor was done that event. Twenty-two invitations were sent out, so that young gentlemen could make merry with his friends. And they came, and made merry, and ate and drank, and voted Don a jolly good fellow. Don is only sorry he could not have been born a half dozen times a year, but will try and get along on once. Be a good boy Don, grow up into a litt'le man, and make your fortune, and all your young friends will be happy.

Mr. Sherwood's Reply.

MR. EDITOR:

In your last week's edition of the MAIL I have a good opportunity of "Seeing myself as others see us," there being two pen pictures of me, one in the very complimentary resolutions passed at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Plymouth National bank, of which I have been President for nearly five years, and the other from the pen of George A. Starkweather, President of the First National bank.

The public can "pay their money and take their choice." In reply to his letter which savors more of an attack upon me than a desire to correct a statement, I will say, I never said to any person, that I organized the First National bank, of this place, and I should not be held responsible for any assertion or articles written by others, claiming that I did.

When Mr. Starkweather says that "the bank was successfully organized before Mr. Sherwood was known to, or heard of by the stockholders or directors." I beg to differ with him. In October 1871, I received a letter from the late C. H. Bennett, asking if I would call at Plymouth on my way to Detroit as he wished to see me. I did so a few days later, and at that time he informed me he was trying to organize a National bank, and knowing that I had been connected with the First National bank, of Battle Creek, he inquired of me as to the steps necessary to take in the matter of organization.

I was in Plymouth again in November at which time I was asked by Mr. Bennett, with whom I had been acquainted for more than ten years, if I would come to Plymouth and take charge of the bank when organized, if a position was offered me by the directors, saying that they wanted him to be cashier, which position he would accept in order to sign the necessary organization papers, but that he knew nothing about the banking business and did not want the position unless he could name his assistant. The matter was left in his hands, and I was selected—and there was not a book, blank, draft or paper used in the bank, that I did not order, from the opening of the bank till I resigned in 1880, to take the cashiership of the Grand Rapids National, which I did at the earnest solicitation of its President, C. H. Bennett.

The eight years I remained with the bank Mr. Starkweather says I "discharged my duties in a fairly creditable manner. I am glad Mr. Editor, that he gives me credit for doing fairly well. It takes away the unpleasantness of the balance of his letter.

To do fairly well, is all I ever expect to accomplish, and when such a commendation comes from the President of a rival bank, it must be accepted as truth.

But, Mr. Editor, let us examine a little further into this matter and see how well the bank succeeded under my administration.

On January 1, 1880, seven years and a little over ten months after its organization the bank's net profits were \$59,172.11. Just \$9,172.11 more than its capital stock.

Of this amount \$45,000, were paid to stockholders in dividends, beginning I believe, two and one-half years after the bank commenced business, by paying five per cent. semi-annually, thirty per cent. being paid in the year 1875, and fifteen per cent. the last year I was with the bank, viz. 1879.

January 1, 1880, two months before I resigned, the books of the bank showed the total dividends since organization \$45,000 total surplus fund at that date, \$14,000; total undivided profits, 172.11; making a total profit since organization (Feb. 22, 1872), \$59,172.11.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would not have you infer that this grand success was achieved by my individual efforts. I was nobly assisted by E. J. Penniman, C. H. Bennett, E. D. Shearer, now President of the Plymouth National bank; A. B. Coleman, C. B. Root, James Burns, Samuel Lyndon, and even Mr. Starkweather, who, after he received from Mrs. Davis \$1,000—of her stock, became a director, and courtesy compels me to say he did fairly well.

And not only did these directors work for the success of the bank, but every stockholder is entitled to credit for the part they took in the matter, and not only these, but the business men and the depositors, whom Mr. Starkweather either forgets, or entirely ignores, came forward with their money and influence, and nobly assisted in the success. With John Allen—one of the seven original directors—I had but little business, as he died February 19, 1872, and was buried February 22, the day the bank opened.

And now Mr. Editor, Mr. Starkweather leaves the matter of the organization of bank, which he says was his object in writing his letter, and says, "prior to Mr. Sherwood's resignation, the bank paid no interest on deposits." Of course not, the directors would not pass a resolution allowing me to do so. He further says, "since the appointment of Mr. Fraser as cashier, interest has been paid on deposits, and the rate of interest greatly reduced." The public will smile while read-

ing that statement, for they know the bank did not pay interest on deposits until four years after Mr. Fraser was made cashier, and then only because of the organization of the Plymouth National bank.

Now, Mr. Editor, I leave it to you and the public to decide, who should have the credit for payment of interest to depositors, the old bank, or the Plymouth National, which compelled them to pay it. Which should have the public support. The old bank, which waited twelve long years, or the new bank, which commenced paying interest from its organization?

I am ready to concede to the first directors and stockholders the honor of organizing the First National bank, of this place, and if the editors and reporters of the different papers, who have so generously complimented me upon my appointment to the honorary position of Commissioner of the Banking department, of the State of Michigan, had referred the matter to me I should have declined the honor.

As to whether I assisted in any way in its organization or future success, I leave the public to decide.

Nine years ago I left the First National bank; its surplus account was then \$14,000. The last published statement of the bank shows its surplus still the same, viz. \$14,000.

I honor and revere the memory of the first directors and stockholders of the old bank, who have passed away, and appreciate the friendship of those who remain, I count them among my warmest friends, I also wish the success of the old bank, where I spent so many pleasant and happy days, and am only sorry that its present President should so far forget himself as to go out of his way to punish one he chooses to count a rival, under cover of defending the memory of the dead, whom he never lavishly praised while living.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your editorial comment at the close of the article above discussed, I am sincerely yours,
 T. C. SHERWOOD.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store.

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

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 second day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of EDWARD CHILDS deceased: Francis G. Russell, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account: It is ordered, that Tuesday the twenty-ninth day of January, instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for the examination and allowance of said account. 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.) MORSE ROHNERT, Probate Clerk.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR PLYMOUTH.

E. P. ZERBE & CO.
 Have opened a
:: GIFT ::
TEA & COFFEE
:: STORE ::
 At the Corner of South Main and Church streets.

A Handsome Present!
 Will be given to Every Purchaser of Teas, Coffees and Spices as an inducement to test the merits of our goods, the
Purity and Superior Quality
 Of which will be sufficient recommendation for further purchases.
Special Sale for Next Saturday!
 A Handsome One-half Gallon Pitcher will be given with One Pound of the Best Baking Powder.
REMEMBER THE PLACE!
 Corner of South Main and Church Streets, the Old Bakery, Plymouth, Michigan.

Save the Cents,

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

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

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

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

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

We also carry a Large Stock of

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

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

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

Red Front Drug Store.

1889.

We will make a Special Effort This Year to keep the

FINEST STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS & GROCERIES

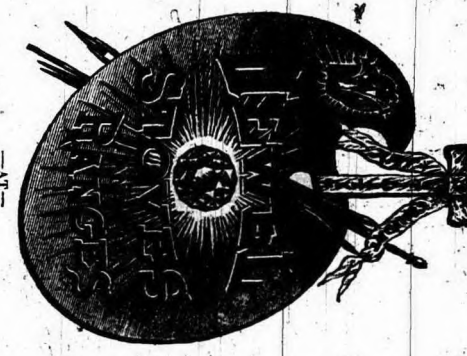
In town, and sell them at the

Lowest Prices!

Parties going to buy Paint are requested to give us a call before purchasing.

JOHN L. GALE.

Anderson Bros.,
 THE HARDWARE DEALERS,
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.
 Reduced Rates!



BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

Castoria.
 Fine Perfumes.
 Pond's Extract.
 Soothing Syrup.
 Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
 Hood's Sarsaparilla.
 Pierce's Discovery.
 Warner's Safe Cure.
 Jayne' Expecto-rant.
 Kennedy's Discovery.
 Johnston's Sarsaparilla.
 King's New Discovery.
 Hall's Catarrh Remedy.
 Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
 Piso's Consumption Cure.
 Shilo's Consumption Cure.
 Stationery and Note Paper.
 Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Best value in Teas and Coffee.

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit...

Belleville.

Prof. J. A. Sinclair has moved into his new residence on Church street, east. F. W. Moon left Monday for Detroit...

Tonquish.

Mrs. Newton is on the sick list. Louis Stoll is attending school at Plymouth. Union grange installed their officers at Wm. Bills' residence...

Livonia.

John Sockow is on the sick list. Mrs. Millroy is very sick at this writing. A blizzard struck this town one night last week...

Wayne.

J. J. Downer left Tuesday for Marquette to live. Chas. Wolger, of Detroit, was in town Saturday. Chas. B. Wortley, of Detroit, was out over Sunday...

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. CHENEY & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years...

Messrs. F. J. CHENEY & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you...

A VERY CONTENTED MAN.

He Differed with His Wife on Religion, but Still Was Happy.

A physician while strolling through the woods near Jacksonville heard a peculiar noise, and looking about him discovered an old negro sitting on a log, humming a tune...

"You seem to be happy, old man." "Wall, sah, I ain't got nuthin' ter 'plain erbout."

"Do you know that yellow fever is raging all around you?" "Ought ter know it, sah, when I dun buried my wife yistidy."

"Then how can you sit around here and sing?" "Dis yer is God's worl', ain't?"

"I suppose so." "An' I b'long to God, doan' I?" "Yes."

"Well, ef de Lawd put it in my heart ter sing, I doan' see why I oughter keep my mouf shut."

"Are you not afraid of taking the fever?" "What's de use'n bein' efereed? Ef de Lawd wants me ter take it, I will, an' if he doan' I ain't, dat's all; an' sides that, I ain't goin ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I lay you may go round dat town now, and you'll fin' mos' o' de folks what's got de feber didn't sing er tall."

"I don't see," said the amused physician, "how you can feel disposed to sing when your wife was buried only yesterday."

"No, sah; case you didn't know dat lady like I did."

"Didn't you get along well together?" "Didn't get erlong tergedder ez well z we did erpart, sah."

"Old man, do you want a job of work?" "No, sah, I kain' say dat I does."

"Isn't your name Reuben White?" "Dat's my nomination, sah."

"Didn't I see you some time ago going around asking for work?" "Yon mout; yes sah."

"Why did y'ou want work then?" "Had to work den to git suthin' to eat."

"Well, but don't you have to eat now?" "Yes, but I doan wuck for it. Look yere, you reckon Ise gwine to wuck w'en de folks all ober de country is sendin' ham and flour and all sorts o' provisions down here? Is er cat gwine to w'ar herself out scratchin' roun' after mice w'en dar's er big piece er meat lyn' side her? Look yere, man, what sorter flospher is you, nowhow?"—Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolis.

How a Boy Began His Career.

Some five years ago many people who happened to pass a certain newspaper office might have noticed a bright-faced lad of about 12 years of age, who kept his eyes fixed on the entrance to the counting-room...

Whenever any one issued from the office, if a grown person, the boy would address him, with an eager glance: "Are you lookin' for a boy, sir?"

He came on duty every morning early, fresh, bright cheerful, and apparently undismayed by the unbroken current of "noes" that flowed by him. In a week he disappeared. Last week, while the writer was chatting with the manager of one of the largest wholesale establishments in the west, a bright active young fellow, with cheeks full of color and eyes shining with good nature and eagerness, came up and handed the manager a paper. It was the lad who had stood before the newspaper office in search of a man who wanted a boy.

"Who is that lad? He seems above the average."

"I picked him off the sidewalk in front of a newspaper office. He is one of the brightest, quickest and most faithful of the boys in this establishment. Some day he will be at the head of some big business. He is of Irish parentage, and supports a widowed mother and a brother and sister."—Chicago Globe.

A Pleasant Programme.

Mamma—"Meroy me! Don't take so much candy."

Little Dot—"But you said I could have some candy for taking that medicine."

"Of course, but so much will make you sick again."

"Well, then I can take some more medicine and have some more candy, can't I?"—New York Weekly.

Military Obedience.

"Now, Bridget, when you've swept my room, be sure to lock the door."

"Yis, mum."

In a half hour Bridget comes down stairs.

"Bridget, did you lock my door?"

"Yis, mum."

"Where's the key?"

"In the door, mum. Do yez want it?"

—Times.

STARFISH AND DRILL.

The Most Voracious Enemies of the Peaceful and Popular Oyster.

The presence of the United States steamer Fish Hawk in Rhode Island waters created in the mind of the Providence Journal reporter suspicions that the steamer was looking after pirates or searching for the sea serpent. Investigation proved that the reporter was wrong in his surmises, for the men on board the Fish Hawk were investigating the habits of the starfish, the drill, and the winkle, the devourers and enemies of the oyster.

Starfish infest the coast from New York to Cape Cod, but are not found in any appreciable numbers south of Sandy Hook. They come to Long Island Sound and stay all the time, and their favorite summer resort is Narragansett bay and Providence river, where they also pass the winter and raise a family in the spring, spawning with the oysters in May and June.

They are the worst enemy of the luscious bivalve on earth except voracious man. The work of the steamer, which is in the employ of the United States Fish Commission, has been lately to thoroughly patrol Narragansett bay and the oyster beds in the river, make scientific tests of the temperature of the water, as well as of its specific gravity—or salinity—with the salinometer.

Thus determining how cold or warm, and just how salt the starfish likes to have the water where he lives. In the course of these researches it has been ascertained that he does not care for too warm or brackish water, but prefers the cool and salty waters of the Narragansett bay and river.

Besides the starfish, there are the "drill" and "winkle" and mud. The "drill" is a very likely worker, with a shell like a snail or winkle, and attacks young oysters, especially the two-year-olds. They do nearly as much damage as the starfish.

They drill a circular hole in the shell of the young bivalve by means of inserting from the inside of their shell a tongue which is armed with rows of saw-like teeth, which rasp like a file, and bore a little circular hole into the interior of the oyster, or clam, or mussel.

The "winkle" has a penetrating way of introducing the proboscis of his shell, and then projecting his tough nozzle and sucking out the shell containing the innocuous mollusk.

But the star-fish is truly the "star" operator of the slimy depths. He is partial to mussels because he can coax their shells open easily, and he frequently will devour six or eight of them in a day. The oyster attacked depends on its size, as compared with his enemy. Large starfish attack large oysters, and vice versa, though the two year-old oyster is the favorite size.

His method of opening the bivalve is to lay himself above or on the flat upper shell of his victim. If the oyster opens his shell, he takes advantage of it, and proceeds to dine; but if the victim declines to furnish his interior for the starfish's interior, the latter proceeds to chip away the delicate edge of the shell, and will actually force open the shell by mere muscular strength.

He lifts it, and embracing the helpless oyster, who can not move away from his unwelcome visitor, proceeds to insert his stomach, which envelopes the gills and pulpy body of the oyster, and the process of digestion begins, the oyster being speedily assimilated by the greedy starfish, who empties the shell, and then travels away for fresh conquests.

There seems to be no way of getting rid of these pests unless they are removed bodily.

An Old Smoker's Advice.

It is remarkable that people smoke so much tobacco, in its various forms, that is impregnated with deadly nicotine, when by a simple method, which would not detract one whit from its good quality, but would remove all that is objectionable, the tobacco could be made free from this poison.

Merely soak the tobacco a day in a shallow trough and then lay it in the sun, if feasible; if not, dry by the most convenient means, and the weed is robbed of all odoriferous properties, and of nicotine. It is then so sweet the fumés would not offend the most sensitive lady because it has no fumes. Besides, the vessel in which it is burned does not become "strong"—a valuable thing for a man who prefers a meerschaum pipe to cigars.

Nothing Is Perfect.

Agent (to woman who has bought a Bible on instalments)—I've called, ma'am, for the monthly payment.

Woman—All right; I've got it tied up in a rag for you. I'll fetch it.

Agent—You are pleased with the book, of course, ma'am?

Woman—Well, yes; I like the kiver, but neither me nor the old man are much set on the readin' matter.—Life.

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 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, Chaffee and Hunter, druggists.

The "Mother's Friend"

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it, but greatly diminishes the danger of life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

For Sale.

One very fine, nearly new, upright piano, cheap for cash, or on easy terms to respectable parties, as the owner has no use for it. For particulars inquire at this office.

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 lines, one time, 15 cents; two times, 25 cents; three times, 35 cents; four times, 45 cents.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE

at the MAIL office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

Table with columns for stations (West, East) and times for various routes including Detroit, Lansing, and Northern R.R.

CONNECTIONS.

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

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscolored news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents. VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash-Commission offers of working for our valuable and popular premium. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

Subscribers!

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

We trust that when you are notified your time is out, you will give us permission to continue it. THE PUBLISHER.

Bargains in Real Estate.

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

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

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

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

The Homliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN, As well as the Handsome can get a

FINE PORTRAIT!

If photographed at our Studio.

INSPECT OUR WORK!

And you will be convinced that it is:

Second to None in Excellence!

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

Gibson & Brown, PHOTOGRAPHERS, MONTVILLE.

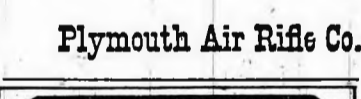
Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated.

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

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

THE LIGHT-BURNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE



PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS. CHICAGO - 30 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. - DALLAS, TEX. ST. LOUIS, MO. - SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Reliable agents wanted 245 State street Chicago Illinois.

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

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STEERS, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN, a son of the late Charles Darwin, has been elected university reader in botany at Cambridge, England, in succession to Dr. Vines, now professor at Oxford.

You can run up as big a liquor bill as you please, or rather as the liquor dealer pleases, in Vermont without fear of a law suit, the courts there having declared such debts uncollectable in the state.

SINCE rabbit coursing is only intended as a competitive trial for the dogs, why not invent for the sport an automatic rabbit to run by clock work? This would be on the principle of clay discs for pigeon shooters.

A NUMBER of prominent labor leaders in Pittsburgh, including John Barrett, Charles Litchman and Eccles Robinson, are preparing to form a new and gigantic labor organization. It will deal with political questions, but its promoters claim that it will be non-partisan. Litchman is at work upon the constitution and a plan of organization.

THERE are five thousand Indians in New York state, exclusive of the Tammany sachems and braves. In fact, there are almost as many Indians in New York as in far-off Minnesota. The New York Indians haven't raised a scalp these hundred years. They find the raising of corn, rye, wheat, oats, beans and pumpkins more profitable a well as safer.

The people of the United States are receiving many lessons in diplomacy as the result of the Sackville incident. From London sources it is learned that Mr. Hebert, at present the senior secretary of legation, is not British charge d'affaires, but is simply charge d'archives. Everybody will feel relieved at learning of the existence of such a subtle distinction of diplomacy.

No arrangements have yet been made or date fixed for the formal installation of Rev. D. Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth church, and there is also some doubt as to whether any installation services will be held. The laws of the Congregational church leave it optional with each church whether any installation services shall be held, and in New England the practice lately has been simply to call a minister.

THE Marquise Taffini d'Accoglio, of Italy, considered one of the beauties of King Humbert's court, was formerly Miss Wickersham, of Philadelphia. Her husband, the Marquis, is a Lieutenant General in the Italian army, and a man of wealth, besides being the twenty-first inheritor of his title. A sister of the Marchioness married a brother of ex-President Gowen, of the Reading Road.

A FEW nights ago President-elect Harrison was given a dinner by William Noble, of Indianapolis. Among the delicacies of the dessert were ices arranged in fanciful forms. One was that of a Chinaman, which fell to General Harrison. Everybody laughed, and the President-elect could not help smiling to himself. But he did not hesitate a moment. With heroic firmness he ate the cold figure of the Celestial, and seemed to enjoy it.

WHAT a very pleasant winter Mrs. Cleveland may have this year with all the power and all the opportunities of other years, and none of the responsibility! For the first time she may do what she pleases without dreading its effect on her husband's future. Probably what will please her will be kindness and graciousness, but she might be the direct reverse if she liked, and yet do no harm. On the other hand, the wives of all the office-holders except the justices will be in tribulation lest, in an unguarded moment they may do or say something fraught with evil consequences for their husbands.

THE Army and Navy Journal says that if "discharge by purchase" is made a part of the army system, it will be a welcome boon to congressmen, who are bored to death with applications from the relatives of soldiers asking their influence to release them from their contract of service on one plea or another. A New England congressman, we may add, lives in the hope that Newport will be enlarged sufficiently to hold all the officers in the army, and that all the navy will be ordered to the Mediterranean. Then he thinks he may have time to devote to something besides the application of army and navy officers for assignments to Newport or the European squadron.

THE UNIVERSITY'S NEEDS.

AN ITEMIZED LIST OF THE PROPOSED APPROPRIATION.

The Permanent Committee of the Legislature.

Legislative Notes.

The board of regents of the university have presented an estimate of expenses of that institution to the legislature. They declare the growth of the institution has been so rapid that its natural endowment of student's fees are no longer adequate to supply its wants. If these wants are met it must be by the state. If aid is denied, a large number of teachers and students must be dismissed, some departments and some methods of instruction abolished. They compare the expenses of the Ann Arbor institution with those of Yale, Harvard and Cornell, to the advantage of the former.

The running expenses of the Michigan university last year, with 1,655 students were \$107,000. This year the students will exceed 1,850. What they want may thus be summarized:

1. Repair of buildings, \$4,000 which the board regards as very moderate.
2. For the homeopathic college, \$3,200, an increase of \$2,000 to establish a chair for a professor on eye and ear diseases and club feet; university hospital \$1,000, an increase of \$1,000; dental college \$10,000, an increase of \$2,000, made necessary by the increase in number of students.
3. For the expense of boxing and transporting the collection of the works of Randolph Rogers, which the artist has presented to institution, \$5,000.
4. For books and libraries, \$10,000 per year.
5. For the contingent fund and additional teachers, \$10,000.
6. To furnish the engineering laboratory, \$2,000.
7. To complete the boiler house and steam heating connect on, for which \$15,000 was voted, \$7,300 additional.
8. For the anatomical laboratory, \$7,058.
9. Equipment of the engineering laboratory, \$5,000.
10. Instruments for civil engineers, \$2,000.
11. Hygienic laboratory, \$4,000.
12. Equipment of dental college, \$6,000.
13. Enlargement of chemical laboratory, \$21,000.
14. Hospital, \$59,000.

The total appropriation asked for the two years is \$229,249.

The following is a list of the standing committees of the senate.

- Agricultural college—Messrs. Holbrook, Taylor, Harshaw.
- Agricultural interests—Messrs. Berry, Toan, Grosfield.
- Asylum for the criminal insane—Messrs. Dunstan, Toan, Grosfield.
- Asylums for the insane—Messrs. Leavitt, Galbraith, McCormick, Griffey, Tyler.
- Banks and incorporations—Messrs. Galbraith, Gilmore, Nagel.
- Cities and villages—Messrs. Ranney, Fox, Milnes, Blackwell, Barringer.
- Claims and public accounts—Messrs. Gilmore, Harshaw, Nagel.
- Constitutional amendments—Messrs. Wessels, Palmer, Harringer.
- Counties and townships—Messrs. Den Herder, Taylor, Tyler.
- Education and public schools—Messrs. Blackwell, Green, Gorman.
- Engrossment and enrollment—Messrs. McCormick, Griffey, Rentz.
- Executive business—Messrs. Ranney, Green, Dunstan, Wessels, Harshaw.
- Federal relations—Messrs. Toan, McCormick, Harshaw.
- Finance and appropriations—Messrs. Chapman, Ranney, Blackwell, Den Herder, Gorman.
- Fisheries—Messrs. Gurney, Leavitt, Barringer.
- Geological survey—Messrs. Gilmore, Berry, Harringer.
- Horticulture—Messrs. Taylor, Toan, Wisner.
- House of correction at Marquette—Messrs. Griffey, Palmer, Holbrook.
- Immigration—Messrs. Colgrove, Dunstan, Gorman.
- Industrial home for girls—Messrs. Fox, Gurney, Grosfield.
- Institutions for the deaf and dumb—Messrs. Giddings, Palmer, Wisner.
- Insurance—Messrs. Colgrove, Gurney, Rentz.
- Judiciary—Messrs. Palmer, Dunstan, Colgrove, Wessels, Wisner.
- Labor interests—Messrs. Giddings, Milnes, Colgrove, Holbrook, Harshaw.
- Liquor traffic—Messrs. McCormick, Green, Tyler.
- Mining interests—Messrs. Blackwell, Den Herder, Wisner.
- Mechanical interests—Messrs. Berry, Gurney, Harringer.
- Military affairs—Messrs. Milnes, Galbraith, Wisner.
- Mining school and mining interests—Messrs. Dunstan, Wessels, Babcock.
- Normal school—Messrs. Green, Gilmore, Barringer.
- Printing—Messrs. Griffey, Giddings, Gorman.
- Public buildings—Messrs. Green, Holbrook, Rentz.
- Public health—Messrs. Milnes, Berry, Grosfield.
- Public improvements—Messrs. Chapman, Milnes, Gorman.
- Public lands—Messrs. Fox, Leavitt, Harshaw.
- Railroads—Messrs. Griffey, Babcock, Giddings, Green, Wisner.
- Reformatory school—Messrs. Wessels, Ball, Barringer.
- Reformatory at Ionia—Messrs. Toan, Dunstan, Nagel.
- Religious and benevolent societies—Messrs. Den Herder, Ranney, Tyler.
- Roads and bridges—Messrs. Leavitt, Taylor, Tyler.
- Rules and joint rules—Messrs. Chapman, Gilmore, Harshaw.
- Saline interests—Messrs. Gurney, Tyler, Wisner.
- School for the blind—Messrs. Ball, Gurney, Nagel.
- Soldiers' home—Messrs. Palmer, Milnes, Rentz.
- State affairs—Messrs. Babcock, Colgrove, Gorman.
- State library—Messrs. Taylor, McCormick, Rentz.
- State prison—Messrs. Fox, Colgrove, Grosfield.
- State public school—Messrs. Galbraith, Berry, Harshaw.
- Supplies and expenses—Messrs. Babcock, Giddings, Grosfield.
- University—Messrs. Blackwell, Galbraith, Nagel.

Speaker Dickema in the house announced the following house committees:

- Engrossment and Enrollment—Dalton, A. A. Smith, J. L. Preston, Baker, Alexander, Fitch, Aleshire.
- Federal Relations—Hobart, Wood, H. W. Brown, Mellen, Austin.
- Fisheries—Wells, A. A. Smith, Zogel, Angerer, Chambers.
- Geological Survey—Alexander, Hoaglin, Southworth, A. Probert, Mellen.
- Harbors—Hanscom, Crosby, Rauthier, Chambers, Jasnowski.
- Horticulture—A. A. Smith, O. S. Smith, White, Dalton, Lowden.
- Immigration—Stoife, Sherman, Zogel, Meyer, Austin, Gibbons.
- Insurance—J. L. Preston, O'Keefe, Northup, McGregor, Gregory.
- Internal Improvements—Rogers, Hawley, Jasnowski, Judd, Murtaugh.
- Judiciary—Godrich, Peeler, Waite, N. J. Brown, O. S. Smith, Taylor, Randall.
- Liquor Traffic—Watson, Peeler, Collins, Aleshire, Gill.
- Labor Interests—Collins, R. Robinson, Godrich, Gill, Wetliuger.
- Local Taxation—Cole, Salisbury, Spencer, Gregory, Warraton.
- Lumber and Salt—W. W. Preston, Russ, Hall, Peabody and McKinstry.
- Manufactories—Van Orthwick, Russ, Dyer, Dewey, Huebner.
- Michigan Asylum for the Insane—Stout, Sherman, Baker, N. J. Brown, Lowden.
- Michigan Institute for the Deaf and Dumb—Crosby, W. W. Preston, Tinklepaugh, Waite, Mellen.
- Michigan Asylum for Insane Criminals—Wood, Hobart, Harris, Baldwin, Canfield.
- Military Affairs—Eaton, Tyrrell, W. W. Williams, Wood, Fitch.
- Mines and Minerals—Spencer, Hanscom, Wagner, Dalton, Ferguson.
- Municipal Corporations—Hoaglin, Dyer, Southworth, Curtis, Swift, Rand, L. Killen, Norman, School, Slosson, Hall, J. L. Preston, Northrup, Gibbons.
- Northern Asylum for the Insane—H. W. Brown, Damon, W. W. Williams, McMillan, Ferguson.
- Printing—Tinklepaugh, Cole, Stoife, W. W. Preston, Murtaugh.
- Private Corporations—Potter, Morton, Deering, Briske, Huebner.
- Public Health—Curtis, H. W. Brown, Peabody, Ferguson, Wheaton.
- Public Lands—O'Keefe, C. W. Williams, McKay, Heineman, Jackson.
- Railroads—N. J. Brown, McMillan, Turner, Rogers, Slosson, Bignall, Hollister.
- Reformatory School—Turner, Wagner, Eaton, White, Wente.
- Reformatory School for Girls—Russ, Van Orthwick, Lusk, Wetliuger, Bignall.
- Religious and Benevolent Societies—C. W. Williams, Van Orthwick, Deering, Stone, Gill.
- Roads and Bridges—Baldwin, Hinkson, McKay, Gibbons, Lindon.
- Rules and Joint Rules—Harris, Hinkson, McGregor, Wetliuger, Dec.
- State Affairs—Abbott, Watson, Eaton, Dee, Wachtel.
- State Capital and Public Buildings—Hall, Damon, Turner, Tyrrell, Dec.
- State House of Correction—Tyrrell, Hoaglin, Stout, Huebner, Jackson.
- School of Mines—Southworth, R. Robinson, Morton, Abbott, Connor.
- Soldiers' Home—Judd, Cole, Spencer, Probert, Hollister.
- State Library—McMillan, Stout, Wells, Dewey, Connor.
- State Prison—Peeler, Alexander, Geo. rich, Lindon, Briske.
- State Public School—Deering, Rogers, Kibby, Rauthier, Fitch.
- State School for the Blind—Dyer, Curtis, Hanscom, Murtaugh, Austin.
- Supplies and Expenditures—Wiggins, Lusk, Judd, Hollister, H. W. Robinson.
- Towns and Counties—Damon, Rauthier, Kibby, Chambers, Lindon.
- University—Taylor, Hinkson, Waite, Aleshire, McKinstry.
- Upper Peninsula Prison—McGregor, McKay, Potter, Watson, Killen.
- Ways and Means—Baker, Potter, Waite, Wiggins, Hawley, Wheaton, H. W. Robinson.

Representative Damon of Tuscola county has presented a resolution amending the constitution so as to increase the governor's annual salary from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The resolution calls for an election over all the state on the first Monday of next April to decide the matter.

Representative Watson of Montcalm declares his intention to present a bill providing a home for the training of the feeble minded.

Representative Randall of Wayne has given notice that he will present three bills. One will ask for the repeal of the tax on mortgages as personal property, a measure that has been opposed by the state grange. The second bill provides for the assessors crediting the owners of land with the amount of incumbrance or incumbrances thereon, and assessing the mere equity, placing the remainder of the tax on the mortgage. This bill is similar in character to the first. The third bill is to define the powers and duties of the auditors of Wayne county and restrict the same so as to come within the recent holding of the supreme court.

The speaker of the house has appointed the following messengers: Allen Felling of Cheboygan county, Geo. Salsbery of Midland, Ernest D. McMillan of Kent, Marquis of Van Buren, Allen Houk of Oceana, Harry Haynes of Genesee, Victor La Londe of Roscommon, N. Starbuck of Oakland, Geo. T. Stormont of Oakland, Hurton D. Parker of Wayne, Gussie Markey of Livingston, George C. Robinson of St. Clair.

Bank Commissioner Sherwood has decided to appoint E. A. Sunderlin of Lowell his deputy. Mr. Sunderlin is about 40 years old, and a man of wide experience in his business.

The purity of elections bill that Representative Wells of Wayne proposes to present is essentially the same as the Grenell bill which nearly became an act of the last legislature. Representative Hinkson's bill will provide about what the Massachusetts law does. Senator Wessels has in mind a bill for provision of first in class of 10,000 inhabitants or more. It calls for portable booths, the polling place in which is removed 100 feet from corrupting influences, the cities and counties to furnish all tickets. The plan is not unlike the Australian system.

The committee appointed to investigate the alleged election frauds in Detroit will go to that city on the 17th inst. to begin investigation.

The present legislature will be asked to make a law by which a man may inherit his deceased wife's property.

A bill has been introduced in the house providing the sale of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes to minors.

The governor has re-appointed Professor V. C. Vaughn of Ann Arbor and Delos Fall as members of state board of health. Hiram F. Hatch as warden of the Jackson state prison, and Philo P. Parsons of Detroit as one of the commissioners to attend the Washington inaugural centennial at New York.

Senator Ball has a bill to forfeit to the

United States all lands granted to the aid of the Ontonagon & State Line railroad and at present unearned. These are the Brule river road, and this action is taken to hurry along the process of opening the lands to settlement.

The formal election of a United States legislator was the important business of the legislature on the afternoon of June 15. The caucus which nominated James McMillan and M. H. Ford of course settled the matter, so that the process of voting was a quiet, tame affair with no excitement of any kind. The senate elected off with the following result:

- McMillan.....22
- M. H. Ford.....7
- Absentees.....3

The house followed a few moments later, and the vote in actual figures showed like this:

- James McMillan.....68
- M. H. Ford.....57
- Absentees.....5

The two houses met jointly the next day when the vote was canvassed and McMillan declared elected.

Senator Dunstan's bill to punish burning or setting fire to mines or mine buildings and to punish malicious injury to mine property passed. Both take immediate effect.

Senator Fox has given notice of a bill to regulate general elections. It specified that the secretary of state shall issue all tickets; that voters shall register more specially than under the present law; that numbered certificates shall be issued to each voter; that each certificate shall be presented at the polls on election day and be stamped at the time of voting with the name of the polling place, the date of the election and word "voted"; that the ballot boxes shall not be removed during intermissions; and that challenges may be made at the time of registration.

A concurrent resolution has been presented in the senate requesting the Michigan members in congress to try to secure the opening of the Ontonagon & Brule River railroad company's unearned lands in the upper peninsula for homestead or preemption entry.

A resolution has been introduced in the senate relative to increase the salaries of state officers.

The committee on state affairs, through their chairman, Mr. Abbott of Lenawee, has reported the bill relative to the salary of governor, amended so as to make the figure \$10,000 instead of \$5,000, provided in the bill, and recommended its passage.

The supervisors of Van Buren county ask the legislature to enact a measure providing for the collection of delinquent state taxes by county treasurers.

Battle Creek will petition the legislature to extend the limits of that city one-half mile in each direction.

St. Joseph county voters want the game laws amended and have petitioned the legislature to do this.

W. W. Preston of Isabella county has asked the legislature for the readmittance into the soldiers' home of one Edison, discharged for pilfering there, whose life in the Isabella county poorhouse evidences sufficient reformation to warrant his return.

The bill fixing the rate of interest at six per cent, and rendering void all interest accrued at a higher rate, has been placed upon the general order.

Detroit Produce Market.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 95¢; No. 3, 92¢; No. 4, 89¢; No. 5, 86¢; No. 6, 83¢; No. 7, 80¢; No. 8, 77¢; No. 9, 74¢; No. 10, 71¢; No. 11, 68¢; No. 12, 65¢; No. 13, 62¢; No. 14, 59¢; No. 15, 56¢; No. 16, 53¢; No. 17, 50¢; No. 18, 47¢; No. 19, 44¢; No. 20, 41¢; No. 21, 38¢; No. 22, 35¢; No. 23, 32¢; No. 24, 29¢; No. 25, 26¢; No. 26, 23¢; No. 27, 20¢; No. 28, 17¢; No. 29, 14¢; No. 30, 11¢; No. 31, 8¢; No. 32, 5¢; No. 33, 2¢; No. 34, 0¢; No. 35, 0¢; No. 36, 0¢; No. 37, 0¢; No. 38, 0¢; No. 39, 0¢; No. 40, 0¢; No. 41, 0¢; No. 42, 0¢; No. 43, 0¢; No. 44, 0¢; No. 45, 0¢; No. 46, 0¢; No. 47, 0¢; No. 48, 0¢; No. 49, 0¢; No. 50, 0¢; No. 51, 0¢; No. 52, 0¢; No. 53, 0¢; No. 54, 0¢; No. 55, 0¢; No. 56, 0¢; No. 57, 0¢; No. 58, 0¢; No. 59, 0¢; No. 60, 0¢; No. 61, 0¢; No. 62, 0¢; No. 63, 0¢; No. 64, 0¢; No. 65, 0¢; No. 66, 0¢; No. 67, 0¢; No. 68, 0¢; No. 69, 0¢; No. 70, 0¢; No. 71, 0¢; No. 72, 0¢; No. 73, 0¢; No. 74, 0¢; No. 75, 0¢; No. 76, 0¢; No. 77, 0¢; No. 78, 0¢; No. 79, 0¢; No. 80, 0¢; No. 81, 0¢; No. 82, 0¢; 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In Bondage.

BY SALLIE A. SMITH.

It was a beautiful morning in perfect June. The sun was just peeping through the pines fringing the Eastern horizon, fleecy mists were rising, like "ghosts of the valley," from every brook and low place in field and pasture betokening a warm, fair day. The heavy front door of Mr. Warner's old, gambrel-roofed house was open to admit the cool breeze, the sweet air laden with the perfume from white and red roses, southernwood, heliotrope, clove-pinks and a thousand other blossoms, all glistening with dew-drops in the old-fashioned garden. The well was very deep, and leaning over the curb looking into the clear water was a young girl, not over sixteen years of age, with a fair, sweet face, and an aureole of golden hair. She little knew what a beautiful picture she made while standing there, every line of her graceful figure was seen to the greatest advantage, although her garments were of calico and simply cut, an artist who could have painted her as she gazed thoughtfully into the water, with the glorious coloring of sunlight and flowers about her, would have immortalized herself. So thought a gentleman, as he rode slowly along the dusty highway, and, halting at the gate, asked the damsel if she would give him a drink of the cool, sparkling water. Blushing and dipping, she invited the stranger to enter. In the kitchen from the open window of which came the delicious scent of coffee, a buxom-looking woman was setting the table, and, bidding the gentleman welcome, asked him to stay to breakfast; an old man came in from the fields, and soon the party was joined by the young girl. This was Clement Lester's first introduction to Daisy Warner and her parents. The young man was tall, handsome, and well made, with dark eyes and hair, and a slight moustache that served to set off the classic cast of his face.

"You are a stranger in these parts?" said Farmer Warner, as he finished his eggs, corn-bread and coffee, and pushed back his chair for a social chat.

"I am, but hope to become better acquainted with you and your family before the summer is over. I am from Boston, am a lawyer, and have come to Cloverbrook to spend my vacation. I am boarding at Woodbine farm, some two miles from here, and started out on a voyage of discovery before sunrise this morn." If the young fellow, whose life had always been thus far so pleasant and without a cloud, could have lifted the mystic veil that hides the future, he would not have been so merry and light-hearted. "It is well we cannot see what the end will be."

"You are in a comfortable place, young man, and your pale face will, before you have been many weeks in the pure air of Cloverbrook, and eaten the good things provided by Dame Martin at the farm, be as rosy and plump as that of my old man opposite to you," laughed the good-natured Mrs. Warner, as she opened her mouth to its fullest extent to partake of her hot corn-muffin steaming before her. The young lawyer tried to draw the pretty Daisy into conversation, but she was shy and said but little.

Lester was barely two and twenty years of age, and just at the time of life when a beautiful face and perfect form charm more than intellect, goodness, or wealth; so with each sun that rose, each golden, blissful summer day that passed, the youth drank deeper and deeper the draught of love, thinking and caring nothing about birth or education.

His pretty wild flower, his woodland daisy was his idol, to be enshrined in his inmost heart. So in the soft evening twilight, when the sun lighted up the western hill, with a flood of crimson splendor, when a tender, subdued gleam rested on all the earth, in this most witching time of all the day, the pair—he with his bright, manly face and dark eyes full of passion, she, so foolish and vain, yet winsome and lovable—walked together, and the tale so old, but ever new, ever sweet, was told.

When the farmer and his wife knew of their daughter's betrothal to the "rich city-feller," as they styled him, they were very angry, for although ignorant, yet they had good common-sense, and felt the match would be unequal, unsuitable in every way.

"I tell you, boy," said Mr. Warner, while his surburban countenance wore a sober, even sad air, "I tell you it will be a sorry day that sees you and my gal wed. My Daisy is good enough in her way and pretty enough, but she is not educated like your fine city women folks; she can do lots of chores at home, but she is not fitted to flaunt in silks, or lounge around in finised rooms, such as you are used to."

"Now, Hiram," interrupted his good-natured wife, "you need not say quite so much agin the match. I've no notion of favoring it more than you, but as to the children, for they are little more, are bound to jine hands for life, we must grin and bear it, but I am afraid no good will come of it." And this was the way that the honest, old country people felt about the coming marriage of their only child.

Beacon street, thirty years ago, was quite a fashionable promenade in the cool summer evenings, and crowds of elegantly dressed ladies with their attendant cavaliers passed up and down the broad-walk, on one side, the noble, old Common with its grand shade trees, and on the other, the palatial residences ablaze with lights. In one of the grandest and most stately of the edifices on this street of wealth and fashion lived the high-born Lesters. The house was of white marble, with rooms light and lofty, corridors long and spacious, rich in grand oak carvings, priceless oak-paneled walls, a matchless picture gallery, and fine ball room. In her luxurious dressing-room sat a fine-looking lady, with a haughty, handsome face and robed in richest satins. Everything that surrounded her was costly; rich jewels gleaming in their satin cases, fans, slippers, ornaments of every kind, intermixed with choice flowers, made a very confusion of beauty; the delicate carpet of soft and thick hangings were of white and pink; choice engravings adorned the walls, treasures of marquetry, dainty carvings and lovely statues could be met on every

side; such was the home of our young friend, the lawyer.

"My dear William," remarked Mrs. Lester, as she toyed idly with her fan, "will you be so kind as to ring the bell, I wish to ask Stephen if he has been to the post-office. I am expecting a letter from Clement." The portly-looking husband, with a faint apology for his neglect, took a letter from his pocket, and seeing a frown gathering on his wife's fair face said:

"I am sorry, Agusta, that I forgot to hand you the missive; but Archer, the banker, called on me, and in conversing with him the letter slipped my mind." But his wife was now busy reading the long, closely written epistle and Mr. Lester took up the evening paper. Suddenly Mrs. Lester uttered a faint cry, and looking up the merchant was just in time to catch the half-fainting lady whom he placed on a lounge, and then, picking up the letter from the carpet, read the news that so affected his wife. It was, that Clement, their only son, had married a farmer's daughter, and for the first time in his life Mr. Lester, the refined gentleman, uttered an oath, while his florid face was pale with anger. "I will never forgive him, never," he hissed between his set teeth. "To think my boy, my handsome talented son should throw himself away, entrapped by a brazen, shameless, country girl, ignorant and low." Weeping and hysterical, Mrs. Lester passed a sleepless night.

The next day a reply was sent to the New Hampshire farmhouse in answer to the young man's letter, in which, in no gentle language, the father told his son he had brought sorrow and disgrace on his honored home, that his wife would never be recognized or received, etc. So Clement's troubles had thus early commenced; but having a fortune of his own, the young husband, now so deeply in love with his pretty wife, gave up all for her.

Two years passed, and Mrs. Clement Lester, as the time flitted by, did not improve with age. They were living in a pretty house at the South End in Boston, and the innocent country girl had been transformed into the bold and rather coarse city lady.

"I will go, I tell you, Clement, you are not going to lord it over me any longer. I am capable of taking care of myself and my house; I do not meddle with you, go your way, and I will go mine. I have promised Fanny Frost and her brother I would spend the evening with them, and I shall do so, so there, now," and, turning away, the fair Daisy coolly commenced arraying herself for her visit.

"My dear wife, I am sorry to anger you; but I positively forbid you keeping company with those Frosts. The sister is called fast, the brother is a row and drunkard, you forget perhaps you are my wife, the wife of Clement Lester," and the proud, pale face wore a stern, hard look, as he gazed on the woman whom he had married in such haste, only to repent now at leisure.

"No, I do not forget I am married to you, I am told enough of it, and I regret the day I made my vows at the altar; your proud parents do not think me worthy of notice. The day may not be very far distant, when their haughty heads may be brought lower still, I hate them and I hate you, too; what is luxury to me? I was far happier in my country home than I have ever been with you." Clement, hot-tempered and out of patience, retorted in the most bitter language, speaking of the disgrace of his marriage, of his being banished from home for her sake, and of her love for low, unrefined society, and the mortification she caused him; "but," continued the young husband, as he prepared to leave the room, "I shall expect you to obey me in regard to your acquaintance with these Frosts. I will not, will not, you understand, allow my wife to visit people I consider low, ill-bred and without character," and, leaving the room soon after, Daisy heard the street door shut, and saw the tall form of her husband hurrying along the gas-lighted street.

Two short years of wedded life, and the man I thought I adored, I now hate, and he has tired of me. I can see in every look, every act, his aversion to his country-bred wife. He never takes me to his swell parties, scarcely goes into the street with me; once it was "my darling" and "my woodland daisy," now I am "Mrs. Lester" and "madame," but I do not care a fig for his slights or his love now. I know who does think me perfection, who calls my hair sunshine and my eyes forget-me-nots; so, my lord and master, you forbid my seeing or visiting the Frosts: you will find how much I care for your commands." Crossing the large parlor, the rather stout, but still beautiful, woman surveyed her handsome but flushed face in the mirror, went to her chamber, put on plenty of pearl powder, braided her amber tresses, robed herself in azure silk, sent for a carriage, and soon after appeared in the flashy, brilliantly-lighted parlors of the Frosts.

Another year passed. The young couple quarreled continually, and, in secret, the one innocent and shy Daisy now met her lover, the dashing row and gambler, Fred Frost.

At length the husband's eyes were opened, and, going home one evening from his club, he found to his horror that his guilty wife had fled, had dishonored his home and his once fair name. Bowed to the earth with shame, the proud man in whose veins ran the bluest of blood, on whose eschutcheon there had never been a blot, now felt ashamed to meet the sorrowing glances of friends and the sneers of enemies, so, giving up his extensive law business, shutting up his elegant home, he fled to a foreign land, an outcast, a wanderer. In spite of happiness and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, life and death, the world moves on, time passes, and with its passage wounds are healed, hope revives in desolate hearts, joys are renewed, sorrows almost forgotten. So in the ten long years that Clement Lester has been an exile from his native land, his heart has cast off its burden somewhat, and, looking to the future, the bright spirit hope, beckoning him on to fairer scenes, while the shadowy past gradually fades from view.

The sullen gray light of a dull November sky fell over sea and land. The great hill that lay between the wide woodlands and Prior Park looked brown and arid. The tide was high and the huge waves boomed at the foot of the rocks. It was a chill, uncomfortable evening with a cold wind blowing, the clouds falling lower and lower and

threatening rain, a mist spreading from sea to land, clinging to the trees and hedges and lying like soft clouds on the grass. There was no sound of bird or bug, no glimpse of a flower, all was still and silent, except the sullen roar of the waves and the wailing of the wind. Summer sounds and scenes were dead. Autumn reigned supreme.

But at Prior Park, the home of Sir Reginald Prior, the young English baronet, all was life and gaiety. A fancy ball was to be given in honor of Miss Doris Prior, the sister of Sir Reginald.

The young lady had been absent for three years, had been traveling with friends, and to celebrate her return her brother had planned the party.

"Now Clement you must come. Do not refuse me, for the year that you have been my neighbor you have not once entered my home," said the baronet, as he sat in the club room smoking in company with a tall, stately, gray-haired man, whose sad eyes and sadder countenance bore traces of past sorrow.

"Sir Reginald, I thank you, but I must refuse. I do not as you know care for society. I have not entered a ball-room, have not been in the company of ladies for over ten years. I am a rusty old recluse, unfitted for a carpet knight," and he laughed rather bitterly as he concluded.

"Nonsense, I will not be refused. My sister has heard so much about you in my letters she is dying of curiosity to see my model of manhood, as she terms you. There, you smile, you relent, you are not marble after all," and the good-natured young man having gained a reluctant consent from our old acquaintance Clement to appear at the ball, hastened away.

"Heart's-ease," a tall girl dark and pale dressed in velvet of the color of a purple pansy, with amber heart's-ease in her dark hair, and shining golden stars on the surface of her dress. This was Doris Prior, not handsome, but sweet looking, gentle, refined, her every movement replete with grace and harmony.

"I have passed a delightful evening," remarked Clement, as he bade his host good-night, and, bending low over the white jeweled hand of Miss Doris, returned to his lonely home to be haunted in his dreams by the dark eyes of the English girl. Again love came to the heart of Clement Lester, but this second attack was very different from that of his youth. The first was a boyish passion, not the deep and lasting affection of manhood.

"But I am bound, bound with letters strong as iron," cried the unhappy man, as he paced his lonely chamber. It was some three months after his first meeting with the gentle Doris, and each day but added to his passion.

"I would that I were free! Oh, when will this bondage end? I will not obtain a divorce, for my proud parents sake, as well as my own. There has been scandal enough already. No, I must submit to my fate and give all that makes life worth living, the love of a sweet, pure and gentle woman."

And how was it with the dark-eyed Doris? She was so simple, so modest, so completely without vanity or coquetry, she had not dreamt of love, but deep in heart lay a dim vague knowledge, half hope, half fear, that some day or other this beautiful dream would come to her, and when she met Clement Lester, although the difference in years was so great, she felt she had met her fate. How handsome he was, how noble, how good! What a kingly face was his, what a courtly manner, she could now understand the true meaning of the word gentleman, and she felt she would be the happiest girl on earth if his heart were hers. But when the day came that Clement could no longer restrain his emotions, could no longer hide his love, he felt it was his duty as an honorable gentleman to tell the sad story of the past to Sir Reginald and the dark-eyed Doris.

So as they three sat together in the pleasant library at Prior Park, with the heavy silken drapery shutting out the cold and gloom, and the glow from the fire lighting up each separate object in the vast apartment, the story of his marriage and disgrace was related, and the soft eyes of the pale girl beside her brother sparkled with tear drops, and her sweet countenance in its agitation and emotion, told the unhappy man, looking so earnestly upon her, that she loved him.

"I am going home," said Clement, after he had concluded the history of the past. "My parents have long since forgotten me. They want to see me after all these years of parting, so I must leave England and return to my native land."

As he concluded he sighed deeply and, not daring to glance at Doris, sat with his eyes on the burning coals.

He saw Sir Reginald the next day, told him of his deep love for his sister, but that honor forbade his confessing his passion to her, and in a few days after he said good-by to Doris, pressing her hand and asking her not to quite forget him, turned his back on his adopted home and sailed for America.

Once more after all these years, Clement Lester trod the soil of his native land. Once more he stood before his parents. The grand drawing-room looked so bright, so homelike, with its pictures and statues, the harmonious tints of the thick soft carpet, the groups of innumerable flowers which perfumed the air, and there before him was his handsome, stately mother, with white hands held out to greet him, and his proud old father, his face agitated and his eyes shining.

Clement grew pale as he embraced his parents, and silence reigned, for their emotion was too great for words. At length when evening came, the little family group assembled together and the past was reviewed.

"Have you ever heard from the woman you once called wife?" remarked old Mr. Lester, after having heard all about his son's travels, his secluded life, and then of his present English home and friends.

"No, since the evening the shadow of disgrace fell on my home, silence has reigned. I know nothing of Daisy or her fate."

"Her parents are both dead," remarked Mrs. Lester, "we saw their death in the paper, and the farm has passed into the hands of strangers."

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Lester, in the privacy of their chamber, talked over their son's affairs, and the happy mother prayed the shadow might be lifted from her dear

son's life, that his bonds might be loosed, and that some time she might be permitted to receive for her daughter one worthy to bear the name Lester.

The spring blossoms opened their pretty eyes to the golden sunlight, the summer flowers bloomed in all their royal loveliness, autumn put on her rainbow-hued garments, and winter threw her robe of ermine over the earth, so one year had glided away, and Clement was still absent from Prior Park.

Doris had grown more grave, more quiet, more gentle, in the past year even, than before she loved the sad, retired man, and felt that he returned her love, and she knew that while his wife lived the gulf could never be bridged, the chains that bound him never be broken.

The girl passed her time in deeds of charity. Everybody, rich and poor, worshipped pretty Doris Prior. The servants worshipped her, and so did every one who knew her, for she was both just and generous. Her brother, Reginald, thought her an angel, and grieved in secret over her ill-fated love affair.

"I pity the poor on such a dreadful night as this," remarked Doris to her brother, as they sat at dinner in the luxurious dining-room of their beautiful home. "Hear the wind moaning, and how the cold increases," shivered the girl, as the windows rattled and the icy particles dashed against the glass outside. At this moment a servant entered and handed Doris a note. She read it, then handed it to her brother.

"You can't go, Doris, the storm is too severe. Your splendid health will not stand everything."

"But Reginald, you know how faithful Jones was when she was in my service. Now she is nurse at the little hospital I built, and she says in her note that the woman was found nearly frozen in the storm, and that on her finger is a ring marked 'From Clement. I want to see her and find out who she is.'"

So Reginald could not refuse her pleadings, and a close carriage being ordered, Doris went out into the stormy night on her errand of mercy.

On a low couch lay a woman dying. A woman with faded blue eyes, golden hair streaked with gray, a pale wrinkled face and emaciated form.

"She will live but a few hours," said Dr. Willard as Doris entered the room.

The young girl sat beside the dying woman; heard her rave of her far off country home, of her kind parents, her handsome lover, so rich and proud. Then came the glimpses of her wedded life, her quarrels, her elopement with her gambler lover, her wandering life in foreign cities, her desertion, her hours of want and despair, then the final scene, starvation and almost death in the streets of London. At last, just before death relieved her sufferings, the woman said she was once the wife of Clement Lester, and soon after closed her weary eyes forever.

Six months after her last sad scene, Doris sat in her pretty boudoir. It was all white and gold. The hangings were of white satin heavy with golden fringe, the carpet of white velvet, the couches and chairs were of white satin, pure and spotless as the young mistress, who, with smiling, tender eyes of brown, a sweet sensitive mouth, and her graceful form arrayed in shining white with orange blossoms in her glossy tresses, waited the coming of her lord, and when he came her eyes brightened, her lips quivered, and sweet face flushed with emotion.

"My darling, my heart's ease," murmured the happy Clement, as he clasped his betrothed to his heart. "You will soon be mine forever, my hated bonds are broken at last."

No sweeter bride ever stood in the grand, old home of the Lester's than the fair Doris, and at last the desolate life of Clement Lester was filled with brightness, warmth and color, it became all poetry and romance through the fire of true love.

Erilliant.

In the restaurant. Young lady (to escort)—"Actors, so gracefully gifted with sublime expression, must, indeed, be charming in conversation. What communion when they meet off the stage. A flock of poetry, with wings tipped with gold, must fly about their heads."

Escort—"There sit two actors. Let us listen to their conversation."

First Actor—"Where is Skippy now?"

Second Actor—"With the Pug sisters."

"He's a ham."

"Regular hamfatter."

"Bilson is with the Cats-paw company."

"Yes, and he's a Jonah."

"Ah, and a ham."

"You bet."

"Robson is a tough."

"He's a sausage. Do you know Bowles?"

"Yes, hamfatter."

"Where is Jackson?"

"Out with the jim-crow gang."

"He's a ham."

"Canvassed. Do you know Sisbos?"

"Yes, the ham."

"Hamfatter."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Approaching the Danger Line.

Little Edith was required by her mother to assist in household labor, and it fell to her lot to dust the stairs. When dusting day came around, Edith would moan. "Oh, how unhappy I am!" but after she had completed her task she would change her tune and say, "How happy I am!" On the last recurrence of the dreaded day, Edith went about her work without being told. When she had finished, however, she came into the sitting-room with a sad, troubled face. "Mamma," she said, "I'm afraid I'm going to die. I've got so good that I love to dust."—Boston Transcript.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Crude petroleum was successfully used as fuel on a locomotive in Ohio.

The largest power mills in the world will be erected at Somerset Mills, Me.

A theft of \$200 in printed treasury notes was discovered in Washington.

A large transfer boat and 5 passenger cars were burned in New York harbor.

Iron works at Cleveland, O., were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$200,000.

The Union Labor party elected 12 assemblymen and a state senator in St. Louis.

A trial of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, gave a speed of 21.47 100 knots per hour.

A new cable from the straits of Belle Isle to the coast of Scotland or Island is talked of.

About 7,000,000 feet of lumber was burned at Muskegon, Mich., causing a loss of \$150,000.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives to divide California into two states.

There are 3000 Roman Catholic parochial schools in the United States, with 511,000 pupils.

At a sale of thoroughbred horses in New York city recently very low prices were obtained.

A cattle disease in Bucks county, Pa., is causing considerable apprehension among farmers.

The president has issued an order extending the civil service rules to the railway mail service.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives to repeal the inter-state commerce law.

The normal school building at Leek Haven, Pa., was destroyed by fire causing a loss of \$150,000.

Since the war the farmers of Georgia have produced and sold more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of cotton.

The pension appropriation bill completed by the sub committee appropriates \$31,767,500 for the next fiscal year.

The U. S. senate has taken up the senate substitute for the Mills tariff bill and will push it through as fast as possible.

At the next session of the Wisconsin legislature the question of hiring out convicts by contract will be considered.

It is said that the governors of Delaware will, take a hand in the choice of a U. S. senator by the legislature of that state.

The wages of the feather workers in New York city have been decreased for the last four years from \$2 to \$3 per week.

Colonel Duncan, M. P., a noted English soldier, died recently from painters' colic, traceable to sleeping in a house newly painted.

The meeting of miners at Columbus, O., last week has resulted in two organizations of miners, one in the west and one in Pennsylvania.

An attempt was made to blow up a whisky warehouse in Chicago with dynamite. The owners charge the whisky trust with the attempt.

A movement is on foot to organize all the railroad employes in the United States into a Federation with a membership of about 100,000.

Mr. Edward Atkinson will read a paper on "Creeds considered as an obstruction to the progress of religion," before the Unitarian club of Boston.

The increase on horseback riders in Washington is truly marvelous. In no city probably has this pleasant and healthful pastime made such rapid strides.

Four government vessels have been sent to Hayti to enforce the demand of our government that the seized steamer Haytian Republic shall be given up.

Suits aggregating \$13,000,000 have been commenced against persons and corporations in Carson City, Nev., for cutting timber on unsurveyed government lands.

A pitched battle occurred at Macon, Mo., between Swedish miners and striking miners. A number were wounded and neighboring buildings were riddled by bullets.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives to establish a graduated income tax on incomes of \$5,000 and upwards per year. The tax to range from 2 to 10 per cent.

William Vantassell, of the New York auction firm of Vantassell & Kearney, fell through an elevator shaft at his place of business, and fractured his skull, dying soon after.

Miss Grace Litchfield, whose writings are familiar to all readers of the leading magazines, will spend the winter in Washington, where she has taken a house on Connecticut Avenue.

It is said that Mr. Whithey has had every newspaper reference to him since he became secretary of the navy clipped out and pasted into a scrap book. The scrap book now comprises forty large volumes.

Penny Wilkins, a 7-year-old negro boy in Coffee county, Georgia, weighs 194 pounds, and his sister, Charity Wilkins, aged 12 years, weighs 214 pounds. They are said to be the largest children in Georgia.

Isaiah V. Williamson, the Philadelphia millionaire philanthropist has carried the same umbrella for fifteen years and it is easier for him to give away \$10,000 than purchase a suit of clothes for himself.

In purchasing the Wadsworth Tower property on Talcott mountain, between West Hartford and Avon, Mr. Robert Hoe of New York took to himself the most sightly and picturesque of Connecticut's pleasure grounds.

Mr. W. C. Vandergriff of Lithonia, Ga., had a game rooster to commit suicide by jumping into a well last week because he was whipped by another rooster. The rooster had never before been whipped, and the humility of defeat, was more than he could stand.

Mr. Romulus Lawson of Allensville, N. C., is evidently an expensive guest to have to dinner. He has a record of having devoured at one meal a quarter of mutton, two half-grown chickens, a pound of bacon, five loaves, a loaf of corn bread, eighteen biscuits and a pound of candy.

A SCOTCH BUTLER.

He Insisted Upon Categorical Answers to His Master's Questions.

George Grossmith, the noted English humorist, tells the following in his book "A Society Clown":

"A laird sent his Scotch butler to me one evening to make inquiries respecting my entertainment. The butler, an elderly, pompous and exceedingly stupid man, produced a piece of note-paper containing a string of questions which he was instructed to ask me.

"The first question was: 'Can Mr. Grossmith give an entertainment at Aberdeen on January —?'"

I replied that my nightly engagements at the theater would totally prevent my accepting an engagement at Aberdeen. I could only sing at afternoon parties in town or a short distance from it.

The butler made a note of the terms and continued: "Will the entertainment be consistent?"

"What?" I ejaculated.

"Will the entertainment be consistent?"

"Consistent?" For the life of me I could not see what he meant.

"Yes—consistent."

I thought a little and then said: "Would you kindly explain the question? I do not understand it in the least."

The butler said: "Well, you must know the laird is a strict Presbyterian, and all the guests will be strict Presbyterians, and he wants to know if your entertainment will be consistent."

"Now I understand you," I replied.

"Certainly, my entertainment will be quite consistent. I am always very careful and shall only sing Presbyterian comic songs."

He made a note of my remark in the most serious way and left, saying: "The laird himself will write to say if he can accept the terms."

This occurred nearly ten years ago and the laird has not written yet.

Success Out of Failure.

In the salon of Mme. Necker in Paris there was gathered upon one occasion, 100 years ago, a brilliant company of literary people to listen to the reading of a romance entitled, "Paul and Virginia," by the author, one Jacques-Henri-Bernardin de St. Pierre. As the reading proceeded the attention of the listeners flagged, some of them whispered to each other and looked at their watches, those near the door stole out, and one or two either went to sleep or pretended to do so. Some of the ladies wept over the sorrowful conclusion, but as no word of praise was heard at the end of the reading they did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The officer left the salon in the deepest depression, believing that his literary sentence of death had been pronounced.

Among the friends of St. Pierre was Horace Vernet, the celebrated artist. Visiting his friend one day in the humble quarters which St. Pierre then occupied, he found him sunk in despair, for the disastrous scene at Mme. Necker's was never out of his mind. Vernet inquired the cause of his friend's grief, and when told asked to have the narrative read to him. Vernet's mood of critical attention soon gave way to one of unrestrained delight, and when the reading was finished he rose and embraced his friend, exclaiming enthusiastically: "Happy genius! You have produced a chef-d'œuvre! My friend, you are a great painter, and I dare promise you a splendid reputation."

The effect of this warm praise upon St. Pierre's drooping spirits was to give him confidence in his own powers. By and by he took courage and printed his "Paul and Virginia" and became at once one of the most foremost literary men of his time.—Wide Awake.

A Wise Man.

John (outside)—Is your father in, Mary?

Mary (inside)—No. Come in.

John—Has he gone out for long?

Mary (encouragingly)—It doesn't matter. He won't say a word to you. Come right in.

John (hesitatingly)—This is my first call, you know, and he—

Mary (impatiently)—Come right in, you fool. Somebody presented father with a bull dog to-day, and as there are six girls of us in the family he has just gone down to the wharf to drown it. He won't be back for two hours, and if he was here now he would be delighted to see you.

Proof Positive.

Said William to Martha—But you must remember, my dear, that my taste is better than yours.

Said Martha to William—Undoubtedly, when we come to remember that you married me and I married you.

And William said not a word, but seemed to be thinking.—Harper's Bazar.

UMBRELLA STUDIES.

A New Way of Studying the Character of Your Friends.

There is a curious thing which one may notice on a rainy day. It is the way in which the manner of carrying an umbrella reflects the character of the individual. Most men, indeed, have a stereotyped common-place way of bearing the emblem of our civilization; they grasp the umbrella by the loveliest extremity of its handle, extending the thumb upward on the inner side, and tipping the umbrella backward a little so that a considerable portion of its weight bears upon his thumb. This is a very good way to carry an umbrella, and the Boston Transcript Listner, in the course of a tolerably long walk in the rain, noticed about four out of five men carry it that way. The fifth is apt to seize it squarely about the handle, without any upturned thumb; and what is a rather unaccountable thing, four out of five women carry it in this way.

Why should men tend to stick up their thumbs on umbrella handles, while women do not? The Listner will not undertake to account for it any more than he will for the fact, which he had also noticed, that the male sex, which ordinarily is in all things less perceptive and sagacious than the female sex, tends to project an umbrella in the direction from which the rain or the sun comes, and thus get the maximum of protection for the body, while women have a tendency to hold an umbrella or parasol in a fixed direction always, either straight up or over one shoulder, permitting access to a good deal of storm and sun which might be excluded.

The actual idiosyncracies of individuals in the matter of carrying umbrellas, however, are more easily accounted for. Some individuals are bound to be very individual, and such have a strictly individual way of carrying an umbrella, as well as of doing everything else. Some hold it with a grasp well toward the top of their heads. Some put it over their shoulders, and march through a crowd regardless of consequent collisions. Others run to the opposite extreme, and carry it edgewise, in order not to incommode anybody, and so manage to get the ribs of their umbrellas tangled with umbrellas and clothes of half the passers-by, and others put it away up in the air, in a lordly way, above the tops of all other umbrellas.

Drove Him Away.

Mark Twain, during his early days, did not stand well among boarding-housekeepers. The drawing youth was too lazy to pay board. Once, while working on the St. Louis Republican, Twain, after many boarding-house hardships, cast his hungry lot with a hard featured widow named Perkins. The printers had told him that she was a woman of gentle nature. They gleefully awaited the end of the first week. Monday morning when Mark came to the office his face wore an anxious expression.

"How are you, Clemens?" said the foreman.

"Slow."

"That's a fact. Glad to see that you have entered upon the week in so truthful a way. How is your landlady?"

"Bad."

"Did you pay her Saturday night?"

"No."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing but she looked as though she were chiseled out of stone."

"I should think," a tramp printer rejoined, "that she looked as though she were chiseled out of board."

Twain cast a quick glance at the speaker, and, lazily reaching for his coat, said: "My immortal soul is too tender to stand the cruel shafts of sarcasm. Good bye."

He dragged himself out of the office. His career as a printer was at an end.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Singular Fatality.

A sad and singular accident occurred at Desert, Utah, a few days ago. A 24-year-old girl, daughter of Albert Dunford, was playing with a beer bottle which she had improvised into a doll. It appears that the little one dropped the bottle, breaking the neck, and afterward fell upon it. It striking her in the region of the heart, severing an artery and causing death instantly. The little innocent was in the dooryard at the time the accident happened. The mother picked her child up, but she never opened her eyes or spoke.

His Objection.

Miss Jellyby—And now that I have said "Yes," my dear Claude, I wish you would ask papa at once, and while you are about it you might say a word to mamma, and—er—Aunt Mary has been so kind, you know; just mention it to her and ask if she is willing; and then Uncle George might—

Claud—Pardon me, Miss Jellyby; isn't it a little rough on a fellow to make him secure a wife on the installment plan?—Judge.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

An Amusing Dialogue Between a Deaf Old Lady and Her Waiter.

An honored guest at one of the up-town hotels recently was a portly and dignified old lady, says the New York Tribune. She was dressed in rustling black silk and a stiff white cap, and even the clerk was awed by her presence and conversation. It was a highly-edifying sight at meal hours to watch the head waiter obsequiously conveying this piece of ancient respectability across the dining-hall to a seat. Increasing deafness led the old lady always to carry an ear-trumpet with her, but the presence of that implement did not detract from the impressiveness of the scene. The ceremony of seating having been duly performed, she would order her meal, and the waiter having humbly dropped a few words of explanation or suggestion into the business end of the trumpet would depart on his mission.

It happened, however, a few mornings ago that the old lady reached the breakfast table without her trumpet. She did not seem troubled at forgetting it, but adjusting her glasses inspected the bill of fare and ordered breakfast, concluding with a request for some fish-balls.

"There ain't any fish-balls, ma'am," said the waiter, respectfully.

"I prefer them done brown," she said.

"There ain't any fish-balls this morning."

"And I wish you would tell the cook not to fry them in lard. Use a little piece of salt pork."

"There ain't any—"

"And wait a moment. Tell her to be very careful not to use halibut for fish-balls instead of codfish. I understand it is frequently done."

"There ain't any fish-balls to-day," reported the waiter, in loud tones.

"You really ought not to serve fish-balls every day, John," she said, pleasantly. "The old New England way was to have them for Sunday breakfasts."

"There ain't any fish-balls," shouted the waiter.

"Yes, serve them with parsley."

The unfortunate waiter glanced helplessly about, and then bending down to the old lady's ear, in tones that proclaimed it to the entire dining-room, he roared out again: "There ain't no fish-balls to-day!"

"Why didn't you say so, then? John," she added, gazing at the flushed waiter severely over her spectacles.

"I think you have been drinking. You have been muttering to yourself there for the last five minutes. Never mind about the fish-balls, but I shall report you to the clerk."

The Negro Race in America.

Nevertheless, when we are in the face of 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 of the African race, it is no child's play. This is the population of a very considerable race in Europe. Magyars or Hungarians in Europe are only put down in the last book of record as some 14,000,000, or about double the population of our negroes. It is a curious instance of the economical obliviousness of the American people that they permit this huge and stalwart black population merely to be enumerated, while our American travelers go to small places like Sumatra, Borneo, etc., and produce books about the splendid instincts of the natives and the romance of their loves and sense of war. In point of fact we have the most remarkable African population on the face of the globe. They are indoctrinated with republican ideas of the west through at least two generations of living here. In some respects they are superior to the white population. What white woman can cook corn meal pone like a black woman? What man can go out into the hot fields of the south and plough and harrow like the African who has been brought up there? We are only upon the second stage of the African question in America. To set a people free is one thing, but to expect them to get along with nothing but reprobation of their success is to give one of the races of human nature a mighty test. The carrying of presidential elections is a sweet boon, but how is that going to boil the pot when the natural domestic and servant population is black? Providence is looking at our continent perhaps as our audiences at the burlesque operas look upon the play; it sees people who have nothing but pride between them fassing about classification and wondering whether the servant population ought to have any political rights. How quickly does a rich people separate on the old feudal and antiquarian lines!—George Alfred Townsend.

Thirty-two per cent of the voting done in New York City was performed in barber shops, which probably accounts for so many candidates being cut at the polls.—Yonkers Statesman.

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