

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.
Published Every Friday Evening.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.
In Advance.
J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.
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Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Dance Thanksgiving night.
Good 50 cent corsets at Rauch's
Miss Mary Hough was visiting at Wayne Saturday.
Go to Steers' Restaurant, 45 Monroe Avenue, when in Detroit.
Net Brown is slowly improving from a several weeks run of fever.
Overcoats, all sizes, \$5.00 to \$12.00 each at Geo. A. S. & Co.
—C. Ruppert of West Detroit, visited his parents here last Sunday.
Rauch has just received a lot of that good 50 cent tea.
—Arle grease at Potter's.
—The receipts of the "Chicken Pie" social were \$11.60.
Good coats and pants at Rauch's, cheap.
Genuine Monadnock blankets, 80 cents at Potter's.
—Interesting letters on the village hall question will be found in this issue.
Genuine bargains in our own make single harness, at Potter's.
C. H. Edwards of Ann Arbor paid his brothers here a visit over Sunday.
Jap wolf robes at Potter's.
Jackson corset waists at Rauch's.
—Mrs. Fraser returned from a visit at Grand Rapids, on Wednesday.
Call at Weiss' tailor shop and see his new stock of goods.
—E. W. Cahfee has been suffering for a few days with pleurisy.
Go to Rauch's and see the new 5 and 10 cent goods.
—Much matter was necessarily crowded out this week.
Round oak stove for sale. A. D. Lapham, Plymouth.
—Edward Merritt of Pontiac was a guest at L. C. Hough's over Sunday.
Ladies and gents underwear and hosiery at Rauch's.
—The family of John Ingalls left here last Saturday night for Saginaw en route to Washington Territory.
Call at Weiss' tailor shop and see his new stock of goods.
—A Rochester, Oakland Co. firm it is claimed has bought 25,000 barrels of apples this season.
Big stock horse blankets at Potter's.
—F. D. Holloway is secretary of the Michigan Division Cracker Salesmen Association.
Another lot of horse blankets just in at Potter's.
—The subject for the Sermogat Grange hall on Sunday afternoon next will be "The one way." Every one invited.
Wool blankets, all grades and prices at Starkweather & Co.'s.
—Mrs. Fanny Coleman returned Wednesday from Laingsburg where she has been for several days with a sick sister.
Don't buy a horse blanket until you get prices at Potter's.
—Fred Gottschalk of Plymouth had a duck that stole her nest under the barn and on Nov. 15th came off with eight little ducklings; he has also four ducks that have layed sixty eggs this fall.
Leave your laundering at Orr Passage's barber shop, with F. A. Shafer. 971f
—The entertainment in the Presbyterian church on tomorrow evening is given by the high school and for their benefit, and not for the Presbyterian society, as one might suppose from reading the hand-bills.
A full line of silk plushes just received at Starkweather & Co.'s.
—Billy Larkin while engaged in turning the sausage machine at the meat market the other day undertook to hurry things, when the crank came off and hit him on the hip, cutting a half inch gash through his hip and loosening one or two teeth. A physician sewed up the gash and now Billy finds more comfort in eating soup than beefsteak.
New stock birthday and Christmas cards at Gale's.

—Thanksgiving next Thursday
Go to Rauch's for salt pork and lard.
Miss Bertha Marker of Wayne was visiting her sister Mrs. J. F. Brown last Friday and Saturday.
Go to Dohmstreich Bros. for Ladies hosiery and underwear.
Improve your sight by buying your spectacles at Boylan's.
—Wallace & Clarke of Ypsilanti wish to call the attention of our readers to their advertisement on the last page of this paper.
Try "white loaf," the finest flour in the market.
—Leave your laundry parcels at the post office any time before Wednesday noon. 1061f
—Dohmstreich Bros. are having a great clearing sale of dry goods and are offering big bargains, before their removal to their new store.
Sixty cent Japan tea for 50 cents at Boylan's.
The best 40 and 50 cent chewing tobacco in Plymouth, at Boylan's.
—The MAIL contains several interesting communications this week. Two on the village hall; one from John S. Tibbitts, of Muskegon, a former resident here.
New stock birthday and Christmas cards at Gale's.
The best Havana filled cigar, "Cuban Puffa," sold by Boylan.
See our new line of boots and shoes Our "King Pin" boot at \$2.50 is a great bargain. Ladies, misses, childrens and gents rubbers, all styles, at Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.
Belleville buckwheat flour for sale at Gale's.
—An Exchange says, "Delinquent subscribers are hereby warned not to let their daughters wear this paper for a bustle, as there is considerable due on it and they might catch cold."
Wanted—Plain family sewing and repairing. Charges reasonable. Mrs. J. Harmon, in Punched building. 116
The place to purchase dry goods, notions, hats, caps, gloves, mittens, carpets, oil cloths, groceries, crockery, glassware and lamp goods. All the above goods at lowest living prices and satisfaction guaranteed at Dohmstreich Bros.
An old couple from the country came into an Adrian bank the other day with two \$1,000 United States bonds which they had been hoarding since the war. They were greatly surprised to learn that the bonds had been called in in 1874, and that they had lost \$900 interest by not reading the papers.—Ex. They couldn't afford to take a paper, most likely.
Try "white loaf," the finest flour in the market.
—Wouldn't it be a good idea for our "protective legislature" to pass another jackassofalaw whereby the state printer can have our auction, letter head printing, etc? The tall might as well go with the hide, and to accomplish this end we would suggest that the printers run the Rev. Jerusalem Poney on the head of the next legislative ticket.—Birmingham Eccentric.
New stock birthday and Christmas cards at Gale's.
—Ypsilanti Commercial: Your correspondent had the pleasure last Wednesday to look over the extensive works of Mr. George Wiard, a little over two miles east of Ypsilanti. I tell you it is business around there. They have 5,000 barrels of apples ready to ship, and ten cars of cider ready for shipment. He has 20,000 bushels of apples ground ready to make up into cider and to evaporate. He uses up 1,000 bushels of apples per day for cider and evaporating, 300 bushels for the latter. He ships two cars of oxide of iron per day. He ships to Springfield Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Ky. He makes 1,000 barrels of cider vinegar per year. I saw one of the largest box cars standing on the side track at his place that I ever saw. It came from the cooperage works at Sandusky, Ohio. It was over 50 feet long, and contained 865 cider barrels. There are forty hands employed about his works. Mr. Wiard is very fortunate in having two able and trusty boys, Will and Frank, who help him to look after his extensive works. He has one or two younger boys who are real workers. Besides the above, Mr. Wiard carries on a large farm, and keeps a large stock of cattle. They milk thirty cows and have sold \$2,500 worth of milk and cream this year.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

- New Dress Flannels,
- New Underwear,
- New Flannels,
- New Shawls,
- New Skirts,
- New Hosiery,
- New Gloves and Mitts,
- New Hats and Caps,
- New Boots and Shoes.
- New Floor Oil Cloths.
- New Carpets.

: At Live and Let Live Prices. :

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.

Great Sacrifice Sale!

On account of our removal soon to our new store we will offer our Entire Stock of

Dry Goods,

At greatly reduced prices. We intend to make a

Terrific Slaughter

Until our removal. It will pay you to visit us early and often during this great sale.

DOHMSTREICH BRO'S.

Bargains!

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

Do not go to the city for a Carpet when we have bargains for you in all grades of Moquettes, Wiltons, Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels. Three-ply, Extra Super Ingrain and cheaper grades.

We sell the very best Extra Super All Wool Ingrains at 65 cents per yard.

Brussels from 40 cents to \$1.20 per yard.

Nearly all of our patterns are cut without waste, saving much extra cost. All Brussels and Velvets sewed with a machine which makes them much better and smoother than can be done by hand.

Smyrnia Rugs from \$1.40 to \$5.00; best quality.

Come and see what we can do for you.

Geo. Starkweather & Co.

MICHIGAN.

REED CITY'S SENSATION.

Dick Taylor Attempts to Kill His Wife and Himself.

REED CITY, Nov. 20.—A laborer named Dick Taylor, in a fit of jealousy, shot the woman known as his wife, the bullet striking her under the left eye and inflicting a dangerous wound. He then attempted suicide by shooting himself in the back of the head, but the bullet flattened against the skull, inflicting a flesh wound only. The weapon used was a .32 caliber revolver. Neither party will die.

Goes Up for Life.

ESSEMER, Nov. 18.—Reimund Holzhay, the bandit whose exploits have terrified Wisconsin and northern Michigan, has been sentenced for life to the state prison at Marquette.

In presenting the case of the people against Bandit Holzhay, Attorney Flannigan devoted most of his time to riddling the theory of insanity and uncontrollable "spells" on the part of the accused by his counsel, and backed by Holzhay in his testimony.

Mr. Chamberlain of the defense, did his level best to make it appear to the jury that it was possible, and probable that Fleischbein was shot by his fellow traveler, McKerber, whom that resolute man was seeking to perform the "uncontrollable" person of Mr. Reimund Holzhay, who at that moment was engaged in the indulgence of one of his "spells" of holding up a stage.

C. F. Hutton of the defense warned the jury about being influenced by popular clamor.

Attorney Gerpheide of Chicago, of the defense was also dead sure that his client was crazy, not was he sure that his client killed Fleischbein, although he admitted that the bullets taken out of McKerber's body, came from Holzhay's gun.

Prosecuting Attorney Charles M. Howell closed the people's case in a strong and able manner.

The defendant's lawyers will ask for a new trial.

A Horse-Thief Liberated.

LANSING, Nov. 18.—The supreme court has ordered the discharge of Henry Franklin, who was sent to the state prison at Jackson five years ago from Kalamazoo, under 10 years sentence, for horse stealing.

Attorney T. A. Wilson of Jackson, brought him here on a writ of habeas corpus, and the court lets him loose on the ground that the indictment on which he was tried contained conflicting charges. A point that had been raised—that stealing a horse should not be punished in excess of what the punishment for stealing other property of like value—was not touched on by the court.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

- Diphtheria at Ishpeming.
Lots of snow at Escanaba.
An inch of snow at Holland Nov. 16.
Escanaba is to have a street-car line.
Gladstone is to have a young ladies' seminary.
Three Rivers is to have an electric light plant.
"Bob" Ingerson is to lecture at the "Soo"—for \$500.
Susan B. Anthony talks woman's rights in Detroit Nov. 29.
Michigan's potato crop will average 25 bushels to the acre.
George Webb, one of the oldest pioneers of Jackson, is dead.
Lorenzo Bixby, a well known banker of Kalamazoo, is dead.
About \$100 poll tax was collected in Escanaba this year.
An immense fish business is being done at Petoskey this fall.
Deer shooting season in the upper peninsula closed Nov. 15.
Mrs. Sally Finch, one of the first settlers of Greenville, is dead.
E. L. Houghton, a prominent business man of Houghton, is dead.
A minister in Hersey says the world will come to an end next April.
Jerry Dixon of Clia is to be tried for selling liquor without a license.
Gov. Luce and family arrived in Sacramento, Cal., on the 18th inst.
An iron furnace is to be established on the Detroit & Petoskey road.
Dr. A. S. Williams has been appointed pension examiner at Petoskey.
Mrs. Ann Starkweather has given Ypsilanti a public drinking fountain.
Speculators have gobbled up over 200 acres of coal land near Sebawing.
Work on the tunnel between Port Huron and Sarnia is going rapidly ahead.
The Morgan manufacturing company of Kalamazoo will remove to Jackson.
John Torrent of Muskegon has bought \$20,000 worth of pipe land in Luce county.
Mrs. Pompelle of Albion is the new matron at the school for the blind in Lansing.
The Delaware, Lackawana & Western road is to be extended from Buffalo to Detroit.
A submarine wire has been laid connecting Star Island and other St. Clair flats points.
It is said that the farmers' alliance is trying to supplant the patrons of industry in this state.
Mrs. Beveridge, one of Jas. McDonald's victims in the Matchwood tragedy, died two days later.
All work has been suspended on the Detroit, Charlevoix & Escanaba railroad. Funds ran short.
Joel D. Andrews of Kalamazoo, while drunk, fell into the river the other day and was drowned.
Rev. Ambrose Wright, D. D., for 23 years pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bay City, is dead.
Fred H. Otis of Olivet died in New Haven, Conn., a few days ago. He was a student at Yale college.
Montcalm county supervisors refuse to furnish tobacco any more to the inmates of the county poor house.
Muskegon saw mills have closed down. Over 1,000,000 feet of lumber are on the docks to be carried over.
Rev. J. Ambrose Wright, for 23 years pastor of the Emeritus Presbyterian church in Bay City, is dead.
A thousand men are at work on the Chicago & West Michigan extension between Manistee and Traverso City.

NATION.

A NEW REPUBLIC.

Latter News From the Insurrection in Brazil.

Dom Pedro Deposed.
New York, Nov. 20.—Telegraphic news of today concerning the insurrection in Brazil, say:

The United States of Brazil, constituting a federated republic of the diverse provinces of the empire, is an established government. The new republic is today acknowledged by every province except Bahia in the north. Dom Pedro is on his way to Portugal, having accepted the situation with no attempt at forcible resistance. The flag of the new republic has been adopted, and Brazil is as peaceful today as though no thought of revolution had ever aroused the feelings of her people.

The overthrow of the empire has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life, and the new provisional government is proceeding with its work as methodically and peacefully as though it had been in existence for years instead of hours. Dom Pedro submitted to the terms imposed on him by the new government, and agreed to leave the country within 24 hours after he received the notice at his summer palace at Petropolis. He was offered \$2,000,000 in cash and provision for the rest of his life, in the form of an annual pension of \$400,000, which is to be provided for in the civil list of the new republic. He promptly accepted the offer and came to Rio de Janeiro with his family last night to embark for Lisbon.

The imperial family at 3 o'clock this morning boarded the Brazilian gunboat Parahyba, which was still lying in the imperial bay in the harbor. The Parahyba transferred the imperial party to the Ala-goas, which steamed out of the harbor this forenoon, convoyed by the cruiser Itachulo and the gunboat Parahyba; bound for Lisbon.

No life has been lost in the revolution and the only violence attempted was the shooting of the imperial minister of marine who is now recovering. Business in Rio was suspended only 24 hours, and an empire was destroyed and a republic born almost before the general public was aware that anything was going on. The new cabinet is composed of men who have the confidence of the people. The leaders are representative Brazilians. President Pentesca is recognized as a brave soldier and honest citizen. Barboza, minister of finance, is able and honest, though poor. Bocayuna, minister of foreign affairs is a journalist, an ardent republican and a popular leader.

A Paris correspondent of the London Daily News says: "The republican council at Rio Janeiro decided a few months ago that the anniversary of the French revolution was the most propitious occasion on which to proclaim the republic. The leaders of the party were so confident of success that they ordered a number of republican flags to be made in this city. In the new flag the imperial crown is replaced by a Phrygian cap."

It is reported that Dom Pedro recently expressed to his prime minister an opinion that the government had not much longer to live. Among the causes that led to the revolution were the tyrannical measures to which the government resorted in order to secure the return of its supporters at the last elections, when many electors were arrested and imprisoned.

A dispatch from Lisbon says that the overthrow of the Brazilian monarchy is regarded as definite, and that the Portuguese people sympathize with the Brazilians. Similar events are possible in Lisbon.

BIT THE HAND THAT FED HIM.

A Kansas City Youth Steals \$58,000 From His Uncle and Skips.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 16.—Andrew Drumm, the young nephew of Major Andrew Drumm, the millionaire cattle owner of this city, was arrested at Toronto, Canada, for stealing \$58,000 of his uncle's money. The money was all taken last summer through forgeries and note discounting. In July young Drumm disappeared with what was thought to be \$15,000. The major announced that he would not prosecute, but it was discovered that Andy had not satisfied himself with an ordinary sum. Major Drumm's patience gave away, and he at once put Pinkerton on the boy's track. He was soon located at Toronto, where he was spending his uncle's money as fast as he knew how.

The really romantic side of the story was revealed in October, when Miss Gertrude Dean, a highly respected and dashing young lady of this city, and a former sweetheart of the young defaulter, turned up missing. She at once proceeded to her guilty lover, to whom she was married. Together in Toronto the young husband and wife were found living on the best Canada affords.

Young Drumm was his uncle's confidential clerk. He had the old gentleman's every confidence, and it was never dreamed that the boy had any evil in his heart. He was freely supplied with money, moved with Miss Dean in the best of society, and was looked upon as a very promising young man. He was very popular, and the Young Men's Christian Association had no more earnest worker than Andy.

Major Drumm is worth a million, but he feels sufficiently outraged to put the boy through Andy has been brought to this city as a common felon. His young and handsome wife will likely come back, too, and help her wild young husband in the sore trials to come.

Colored Men Appeal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The central bureau of relief of Washington, an organization composed of colored men, have issued an appeal to the earnest advocates of the equal exercise of political and civil rights for the colored American citizens. The appeal says in parts of this country especially in the southern states—the colored citizen is prevented by force and fraud from exercising the rights of an American, that are guaranteed to them and other citizens by the constitution and laws of our common country.

This disgraceful and barbarous condition of affairs is assented to, if not encouraged, by local governments of these states; and the general government has for 19 years failed to apply any redress or remedy against the inhuman outrages upon its colored citizens.

Believing, however, that a spirit of justice exists among the American people, this organization has issued this circular letter as an earnest appeal to all just and humane citizens, without regard to sex, race, creed or political faith, to assist their efforts to remove this foul blot upon American civilization.

The appeal is signed "in behalf of seven millions of outraged colored American citizens," by the officers and executive committee of the bureau.

The bureau has issued a call for a national convention to be held at Washington, D. C., on the first Monday in February, 1890.

MRS. PARNELL'S POVERTY.

The Mother of the Irish Leader in Dire Distress.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—While Charles Stewart Parnell is fighting Ireland's enemies in England, his aged and infirm mother is fighting starvation in New Jersey. The misfortunes that have followed Mrs. Della Parnell for many years have culminated at last in this—that she is alone, penniless and actually destitute of the necessities of life. She now has a little more than a roof to shelter her. Unless something is done for her relief she will not have that two weeks hence.

Mrs. Parnell lives alone at Ironsides, the estate of her father, Commodore Stewart. Since the death of her daughter, Fanny, there has been very few visitors at Ironsides. The estate is heavily encumbered. Her pride has kept her from allowing her condition to be known even to her son. A lady called yesterday and seeing the condition of affairs, has made public the knowledge of the distress to which Mrs. Parnell is reduced.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE

One Hundred Lives Lost and Many Families Destitute.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 18.—After a struggle of two weeks with snow and wind, the Denver & Fort Worth road is once more open for business. It is believed now that the backbone of the terrible storm is broken and that traffic will be uninterrupted.

The Mora Valley, N. M., for the past ten days the snow has been from three to four feet deep. This section is thinly settled, but the Mexican families are in a destitute condition. A ranchman living near Corona Springs, Col., left three young children in his cabin one day and started with another man for town after food. They have not been seen since. Three cowmen from Las Vegas have been missing several days and they have no doubt perished. It is thought that when the snow melts away the remains of nearly 100 victims will be exposed.

Wool Should be Protected.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 18.—At a session of the farmers' congress Judge Lawrence, president of the wool growers' association, reported a resolution demanding that if the protective policy is continued by the government all farm products should be as fully protected as any manufactured article. Mr. Wilhite of Missouri offered a minority resolution, pledging the farmers of the United States to a reduction of the tariff and a revision that will place the duties on the luxuries, not the necessities.

Judge Lawrence read a paper urging fullest protection for wool and dutiful producers. He was ably criticized, one delegate asserting that where an investment of \$1,017 would yield a profit of 40 per cent the industry was beyond the need of protection. The resolutions favoring protection to wool were, however, adopted by a vote of 171 to 106.

Interest to Pensioners.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Attorneys for pension claimants have for some time omitted from the contract the printed notice on the back, required by law, that the attorney's fee shall be \$10, with the privilege of making it \$25 in special cases; but in no case shall it be more.

Secretary Noble issued an order that applications with such omissions will be thrown out, giving due notice, so that cases then in process of execution would not be covered by the order.

Attorneys complained of this order, saying that the notice was left off the blank merely to save printing expenses. Commissioner Raum, however, to-day decided that "all agreements not in the form prescribed by this office, and executed after Nov. 18, 1889, and forwarded to this office, will not be accepted as formal, but will be returned for correction."

Mary Weeks-Burnett Sues Again.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—Dr. Mary Weeks-Burnett to-day sued Mrs. H. M. Barker, one of the leaders of the W. C. T. U., for \$25,000 for slander. Last week the doctor brought suit against Miss Willard and two other officials of the W. C. T. U. for \$50,000 alleging that a circular which they had sent out concerning the management of the National temperance hospital was false, malicious and libelous and had injured her professional reputation. This last suit is practically based on the same charge. Mrs. Barker espoused Miss Willard's case against Mrs. Burnett, and said in the convention that she believed the circular was all right.

Memorial of the Declaration.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16.—The committee appointed at the meeting of the governors of the original thirteen states held in this city April 23, 1888, and of which Gov. Green of New Jersey was chairman, has issued invitations to the governors of all the states and territories to meet in Washington on the second Wednesday in December as for the purpose of urging upon congress the appropriation of a sum sufficient to secure the erection of a suitable monument in Philadelphia commemorative of the declaration of independence and of the first 101 years of the constitutional history of the United States.

Hoiter White Caps.

COVINGTON, IND., Nov. 16.—Thirty white caps entered Brown's chapel, ten miles north of Covington, marched to the pulpit, took the preacher, Rev. S. Lindsay, out of the building, and carrying him to a place of woods, put him on probation. The unhappy man was given the choice of leaving the country at once or suffering a severe flogging. He knew that the people needed the gospel, but he agreed to leave, and be left.

Strike of 5,000 Miners.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 16.—The coal miners of the four pools in the Monongahala city today decided to strike for an advance of one-half cent a bushel in the price of mining. The miners made the demand several weeks ago, but it was refused by the operators, who claimed that the market would not justify the increase. About 5,000 men will be affected.

Returns From the Ohio Election.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 16.—The official election returns from all counties in the state have been received and that on lieutenant-governor verified which shows a plurality of 41 for Lamson, republican, over Marquis, democrat. With the exception of governor all the republican tickets are ahead of Lamson.

Ohio's Official Count.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 17.—Following is the official count on election for governor: Campbell, dem., 379,424; Foraker, rep., 382,551; Campbell's plurality, 10,927, Helwig, pro., 26,504.

THE CRONIN MURDER CASE.

Coughlin's, O'Sullivan's and Burke's Conviction Regarded as Certain.

What the Defense Will Do.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—The prosecutors in the Cronin case are well satisfied with the case they have made out against the suspects and have no fear of the outcome. The same opinion is held by persons who have listened to the testimony.

Coughlin has been indisputably associated with the white horse that carried Dr. Cronin away. He was seen at the Carlson cottage and is known to have been drinking near the scene of the murder on the fatal night. He also stands accused of falsehood, of flagrant dereliction of duty when assigned to work on the case, and of seeking to ruin Dr. Cronin.

Hurke's testimony of the cottage, his association with the mysterious J. B. Simonds, and his flight for Europe after the murder, will likely convict him.

O'Sullivan has been caught in innumerable lies. He has also been drinking with Coughlin in the neighborhood of the cottage on the night of the murder. The strange contract he made with Dr. Cronin, which eventually resulted in killing the victim to his doom, is another strong point against the iceman.

Little Kunze's complicity in the conspiracy is not so well established as that of Burke, Coughlin and O'Sullivan, yet it appears from the testimony of the state's witnesses that the painter was the associate of Coughlin and O'Sullivan on the night of the murder, that he was seen to drive a bay horse in front of the cottage that evening, and that he visited Simonds' flat on Clark street.

Beggs will probably be acquitted. He was arrested on information which seemed to associate him with a secret circle that had sealed the doctor's doom. Thus far Beggs has not been directly involved in the conspiracy.

It is said that the state has some witnesses held back that will surprise the Cronin suspects. J. J. Clancy, a New York news paper man, testified to an interview he had with O'Sullivan shortly after Dr. Cronin's body was found, in which O'Sullivan denied all connection with the Clancy-Gael, acquaintance with Dan Coughlin and Alexander Sullivan, and a great many other material facts that have since come out in evidence. The state has a witness who could follow up Clancy and make his statements important, but not one will be used until the defense has concluded its case.

Mrs. Griffin has been kept off the stand because one of the things the defense will endeavor to prove is that O'Sullivan and Burke were not friends before the murder was committed. The state can also prove that O'Sullivan was keeping watch near the cottage when the murder was committed, and stayed there until Coughlin and Kunze arrived. The state has also much more evidence that will be more valuable when the defense is through than it would now. The belief is strongly expressed in some quarters that either Cooney, "the Fox," or Simonds, is within reach of the state and may be put on the stand.

The lawyers for the prisoners are so communicative as to what their defense will be. It is understood, however, that they are going to prove alibi.

O'Sullivan, the iceman, will try to prove by seven witnesses that he was not away from his house on May 4 after 7:00 o'clock. It is alleged that five of them came home at 9:15 o'clock, and that O'Sullivan got up and let them in.

Mr. Niemann, a saloonkeeper, testified that O'Sullivan, Kunze and Coughlin were in his place at 10:30 o'clock on the night of May 4. The iceman will prove, by two witnesses, that it was Sunday, May 5, when he was at Niemann's saloon, and that the saloonkeeper was mistaken as to the identity of Coughlin and Kunze. He will have several other alibis whenever needed.

Dan Coughlin will stick to his original story, and attempt to prove that it was not Dinan's white horse that drove Dr. Cronin to his death.

It is said that Mr. Forrest has two witnesses who will swear that they saw Dr. Cronin near Lincoln park on the evening of May 4, and that the horse was a dark bay. These two witnesses will testify, it is said, that they bowed to Dr. Cronin, and that he returned the salutation.

Martin Burke's defense will be that he hired the Carlson cottage for Patrick Cooney, not knowing what it was going to be used for. He will prove by several witnesses that he was in the town of Lake on the night of the murder. His flight from Chicago will also be accounted for in a plausible manner. He will prove that when arrested at Winnipeg he was on his way to England to do "factitious" work for the Clancy-Gael. That was the reason he assumed the name of W. J. Cooper.

Kunze will deny everything and offer in evidence the time book of the man he worked for on Cottage Grove avenue. It is said that the book shows that Kunze worked until 5 o'clock May 4.

John F. Beggs will have nothing to say. The state introduced an evidence connecting him with the conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Corn, Oats, etc. in New York, Chicago, Toledo, and Detroit.

A MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to the Italians at Brindisi, on His Trip.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine Draws a Lesson from His Own Experience—He Exhorts His Hearers to Be of Good Cheer, Every One.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the Brooklyn divine, spent the Sabbath at Brindisi, Italy and addressed an interested audience on the text—Acts xvii, 4: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Apollan Way, and for its mighty fortress overlooking a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must tomorrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst storms, and yachts, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman and be a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brush a spear, and tossed the bulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but for the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it twenty fathoms. Speding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but catching hold of a timber come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plough the sand, and they rise up and ring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject: First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah, me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fasts, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to rely on the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks ahead and on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have my friends, had illustrations. In your own life, of how God delivers his people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of frightened passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouched in the surf, and as the waters gurgled through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. He! man, dead at a wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers dead in the cabin! Buried in the cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came buck bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Small I sink it, or let it go this once!" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the over-tasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home

again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do! What shall I do!" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the watchful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother "if I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee. O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when he puts his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun shined round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters." It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wavecrests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

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Softly we drift on the bright silver tide, Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er; We stand secure on the glorified shore. Glory to God! We will about evermore. Home at last!
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LUNATICS LEARN FARMING.

More Than Three Hundred of Them Employed at Central Islip.

An insane village. A section of land two and a half miles long and nearly one mile at its greatest breadth, situated within fifty miles of the city of New York, is peopled by the unfortunates who have lost their reason. They till the soil and reap the harvest, and the cloud of their lives is lifted a little by work in the fields under the great canopy of heaven.

It has long been the dream of those whose hearts go out to the afflicted that the time would come when the service of the care of the insane would reach a point where it would not be necessary to confine them within stone walls and iron-barred windows, and that instead active outdoor work might be the aid to the physician in building up the body and strengthening the mind.

The time has come and to New York is due the credit of first putting this principle into operation. The first transfer of patients was made May 6 last. Immediately on their arrival they were put to work cleaning the ground. By degrees other patients followed, until 311 had arrived. Since the day the pioneers went to work fifty acres have been cleared of underbrush, roads have been built, lawns laid out, and a very creditable stock of garden truck raised. This, too, without any outside help. The wants of these 311 patients are looked after by thirty attendants and three doctors. Each of the doctors, besides looking after the health of their patients, is a specialist in some branch of agriculture. They have studied the men under their care and singled them out for the branch of work most suitable to their preference.

For several minutes after their arrival the most obstreperous of their number harranged their comrades and declared that they were not farmers and would not work. One wanted to be a printer, another to paint, and each told the vocation most preferable to his tastes. It was a very amusing sight to see some fifty of the new recruits working stoutly along without paying the slightest attention to the ravings of these malcontents no matter what they said or how loudly they talked or how near they happened to be. Finally, when the discontented ones had had their say, they all went quietly to work and received instructions from their keepers. By supper time they were fully content with their lot and were ready to enjoy what was provided for them and after a ramble around the veranda of the cottage to retire for a good night's sleep in the quiet of the country.

These same scenes that were enacted were only repetitions of what had occurred on the arrival of every contingent that had been sent down. Now they all work in harmony together, and it is one of the sights of the farm to see an insane man skillfully handling a plough or driving a yoke of fine oxen.

Among the patients is one who before his affliction was a builder. He has charge of the work of putting up a green-house for the protection of the shrubs and plants during the winter. His hallucination is that he is at present earning a vast sum of money, and nothing could induce him to leave the premises. Another patient has charge of one of the chicken-coops and takes especial pride in distancing his rivals, of which he has three, in the care of his house and the number of eggs which he obtains every day. He has a fine litter of spaniels under his care and also a "baby" cow, which he has cared for since its birth, its mother having died at that time.

It Happens That Way.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," he observed as he rubbed his hands together. "The next alderman from our ward must be a clean, decent, honest, intelligent man, and a credit to his constituents. Yes, sir—yes, sir; we have made up our minds to that—all citizens irrespective of party. We shall go in en masse. The candidate? Why, he'll be selected from my party, of course!" —Detroit Free Press.

It Reminded Him.

One of the church letters read at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia association contained this: "We are spiritually dead, but we thank God that things are with us as they are." The Rev. Dr. Murdock turned to the Rev. J. T. Beckley, D. D., and said: "That reminds me of a young man who arose in my meetings when I was a young pastor, and said: 'Brethren, I am a great sinner and I am determined to hold out to the end.'"

Not Much at Stake.

Eastern woman: "You're married you say? Ah, marriage is a lottery!" Western woman (calmly): "Yes, but I only hold a tenth ticket. You see, my husband's a Mormon elder."

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

A petrified alligator was recently found on the beach at Cutler, Me.

Seals have reappeared in the Penobscot river in quite large numbers.

Nipe-tenths of the razors used in this country are made in Europe.

A company has been organized in St. Louis to manufacture granite shingles.

The new postal card works at Shelton, Conn., are turning out 4,000 cards per minute.

John L. will not be a boodle congressman. He has gone dead broke and drunk also.

The ideal slumber pillow is filled with pulverized orris root and may be bought for \$30.

Raone Kozalaki, a Polish boy of five years, is the latest musical prodigy of Europe.

Woman suffrage has gone out of fashion in Boston. "Esoteric Buddhism" has taken its place.

Ancient Greek saying: A man, hearing that a raven would live 200 years, bought one to try it.

A dog and a hawk were seen in fierce combat near Norristown recently. The bird was victor.

A Springfield (Mo.) ordinance prohibits "girls, women and females from loitering about the saloons."

Plants in liquor saloon windows have to be frequently replaced. They wither in the atmosphere of alcohol.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of \$1,000,000 a year from the profits of the Hofbrauhaus brewery.

The Trans-African Railroad, forming another railroad line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be finished in 1892.

Still westward the star of empire takes its flight. The Sandwich Islands want to be annexed to the United States.

Johnson Mundy, a Tarrytown (Pa.) sculptor, who is nearly blind, is modeling a statue of a union soldier by the sense of touch.

Ten cents was the reward given a Pottstown, Pa., man who found a stray \$3,000 team and spent an hour in finding the owner.

Churches.

Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

L. F. HATCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Peabody.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Boylan sells the finest coffees.—The Thanksgiving service on Thursday the 29th will be held in the Baptist church, at 10:45 a. m.

The place to purchase dry goods, notions, hats, caps, gloves, mittens, carpets, oil cloths, groceries, crockery, glassware, lamp goods.

The second of the series of special sermons on the prevailing ends of the times to be given in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, will be on the subject, "The modern Midas."

School Flag Raising.

According to an announcement the exercises connected with the raising of the flag at the high school, took place last Friday afternoon the 15th.

The children were marched into the upper room, and what space was left was occupied by the invited guests.

For two weeks it will float every school day, and thereafter only on the anniversary of any historical event in the national history.

Music.—America History of the Flag. Address.—Rev. George Clark. Recitation—"The Palmetto and the Pine."

\$10 Reward.

Will be paid for evidence that will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who stole three turkeys from my premises in Canton during Wednesday night, Nov. 20, 1889.

Important to Subscribers.

For the benefit of our subscribers we have made arrangements with Christopher H. Wilson, of the firm of January & Wilson, attorneys, Detroit, to answer free of charge legal questions propounded by them.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Chaffee & Hunter.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—Chaffee & Hunter.

The Village Hall.

MR. EDITOR:—In the "communication" from Mr. Starkweather in the last issue of the "MAIL" there are a few statements which he demonstrates "facts" which will hardly be accepted as such, by many of our citizens.

At the village election held last spring, the issue—Hall or no hall,—was squarely met. Mr. Conner being the candidate of those who wished a village hall, and Mr. Starkweather the candidate of those who opposed such a building.

At the same election, a proposition was submitted to the voters, to bond the town for \$2,000—to be used toward the construction of said hall.

The result of the vote was 166 for Mr. Conner and 103 for Mr. Starkweather. 168 votes for the loan and only 85 against the loan.

The council acting for, and in behalf of the people, immediately took measures to carry out the will of the voters.

The contract for building the hall was made, and the work commenced.

A petition was circulated by those opposing the building, in which the petitioners asked the council to erect a building for corporate purposes only. This petition was unanimously accepted by the council.

Mr. Starkweather says in his communication, "a proposition was then made to submit the legal power of the council in the matter, to any jurist learned in the law, or to the circuit court judges without litigation," their opinion to be final in the matter.

Now Mr. Editor, this is one of Mr. Starkweather's "facts" and lacks one very essential element in a fact, namely: truth, as no such proposition was ever made to the council. But the matter was submitted to the judges of the circuit court, through the application of Mr. Starkweather for an injunction restraining the erection of a building for other than corporate purposes.

The order of the court was not construed by the council as an injunction restraining the building of an assembly hall, but the contractors, not knowing all the circumstances, refused to proceed until the court dissolved, what seemed to them, at least a partial injunction.

All agree that an assembly room is necessary. All the difference is in regard to the size of said building. Now who has the right—who are the proper persons to decide this matter? Should it be the council composed of a president and six trustees all taxpayers selected from among our best citizens; men whose honesty and integrity have never been questioned—men who give their time and best judgment for the good of the village, and without benefit or remuneration?

From whom does Mr. Starkweather obtain his authority, or what right has he to cause unnecessary trouble or to inflict additional taxes upon the people to pay the cost of defending a suit in the courts? Every suit costs a large amount of money and the tax payers have to foot the bill.

In an affidavit made by 58 firms and members of firms in the village of Plymouth, the manufacturing and business tax payers declare that the building is necessary, and not too large for village purposes.

Of the "hundred or more" who Mr. Starkweather says remonstrated against it (when in fact there were only eighty seven) seventeen out of twenty one asked, signed an affidavit stating that they would not have signed it if it had been explained to them, and that in their judgment it was not larger than was needed.

By these affidavits the people say the council was right in their decision as regards the size of the building, and further believe that the people's money is much better expended in erecting the beautiful building on Main street than in defending a law suit, instigated by jealousy, self-honesty and spite.

The Village Hall Again.

EDITOR MAIL:—While I do not desire to enter upon any newspaper controversy with anyone about the public building under course of construction by this village, yet as attorney for the village and at the request of many of our citizens I deem it my duty to correct some of the alleged "facts" stated by Mr. Starkweather in his letter in your last issue.

First, G. A. Starkweather states that he proposed to the council to submit the question of legality of the proceedings of the council to any learned jurist, or the

circuit judges of this county. Every member of the council except Mr. Lapham denies that any such proposition was made to that body.

Second, Mr. Starkweather then states that the injunction issued upon the bill of complaint filed in the Wayne court is still in force. This is not true as he can find by an examination of the records of the chancery division of the Wayne circuit court. I as attorney for the village made a motion for the dissolution of the injunction granted against the village and the contractors. The motion was fully argued on both sides and Judge Reilly dissolved the injunction. The relators then made a motion for a second injunction which was brought to a hearing in the same court and the same judge refused to grant any further injunction against the village in this matter.

The application for the second injunction was based upon the court records and the affidavit of Mr. Starkweather annexed to the motion. The only conclusion that can be arrived at from reading his letter, by one ignorant of the facts would be that the council had made a great stir and spent a lot of money and accomplished nothing, and my desire is that those who have to pay for this useless litigation may know the actual facts.

Do not take my word for it; look at the court records over yourselves and be satisfied and I would suggest to my friend Starkweather that he look over the records more thoroughly before he again launches out on this matter. The best evidence that the injunction granted has been dissolved on my motion is that the sum of \$1500 and costs was awarded the village against Messrs. Starkweather, Lapham and Pooler on the hearing of the motion. J. F. Brown, Village Atty. Nov. 18, '89.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due.

EDITOR PLYMOUTH MAIL:—It was my invariable practice during the twenty five years I was engaged in teaching school to commend the pupils whenever they acquitted themselves even fairly well in their exercises. This I found a great stimulus to trying to excel in their studies. I have followed this practice in all my intercourse with all with whom I have been associated. If a barber gives me a good shave I praise him for it. A little commendation builds me up wonderfully, whereas, a very little fault finding hurts me terribly. I find the same effects are produced on others. Allow me therefore Mr. Editor, a little space in your paper to thank the people of Plymouth for the hearty greeting they gave me, and the cordial reception accorded everywhere I went on my recent visit among them. Most royally was I entertained. These warm greetings and hearty handshakes did my old heart good. I did not know I had so many friends there till I had mingled with them. If I have any enemies there the Lord forgive them as I do. The sixty odd days I spent reviewing old acquaintances, exploring every nook and corner of the old homestead where I spent over fifty years of my life, going to every apple tree in the old orchard set out over sixty years ago, and to every pool in the brook where I used to catch minnows with a hook made of a bent pin, were all too short, but probably never to be renewed as, like scores of others with whom I met, my head is "silenced over with age," having nearly reached the limit assigned to human life. I have expressed a wish that after visiting all my old friends and kindred, I would like to die and be buried in the old family burying ground where sleep most of my kindred, but I found such a mass of tangled brush that I found it difficult to locate the exact spot where all my kindred were buried. Such a state of things is not very creditable to any christian community. The first white man dying in Plymouth was named Chase, who died at our house, and was buried in the old cemetery sixty three years ago. J. S. Tibbitts.

Muskegon, Nov. 16th

Grange. Communicated:—There was a good attendance of the members of Plymouth grange on Saturday evening last. All officers present except one who had just been getting married and was excused by common consent. Program was carried out with very few exceptions; two degrees conferred with a fair promise of more work in the near future.

We are called upon as a grange to celebrate the 23rd anniversary of the organization of the order on the fourth day of December and by invitation will meet at the residence of Charles F. Smith, at ten o'clock of that day, where we hope to meet all the members and friends of the grange for a social treat.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.—Chaffee & Hunter. 146

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Sleepless night made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Shiloh's cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis.—Chaffee & Hunter.

FORECLOSURE SALE.—Default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the tenth day of December, A.D., 1887, made by Gertrude M. Pease to Sarah J. Whittemore and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne, Michigan, on the 12th day of December, A.D., 1887, in Liber 241 of Mortgage, page 14. Said mortgage was afterwards duly assigned by said Sarah J. Whittemore to the undersigned Henry C. Moore, by assignment dated April 20, 1889, and recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on the 5th day of October, 1889, in Liber 32 of assignments of mortgages, page 290. By said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative. The sum of seven hundred, eleven and 72/100 dollars is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice. Applicant an attorney at law—five dollars provided in said mortgage to be paid on foreclosure of same. No suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale in public vendue on the 7th day of January, A.D., 1890, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the westerly front door of the City Hall in the City of Detroit in said County of Wayne (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county) of the premises described in said mortgage, viz: All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate in the city of Detroit in the county of Wayne and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: Lot two (2) situated on the north side of Michigan Avenue, according to the plat of the subdivision of that part of the Peter Godfrey farm, P. C. 122, between Michigan Avenue and Grand River Avenue, as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said Wayne county in Liber one (1) of plats, at page 234. Dated, October 7, 1889. HENRY C. MOORE, Assignee of Mortgage. CUTCHEON, STELLWAGEN & FLEMING, Attorneys for Assignee.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 27th day of September, A.D., 1887, made by Patrick Trement and Helen Trement of Detroit, Michigan, to the Detroit Fire and Marine Insurance Company, a corporate organization under the laws of Michigan, of same place, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, on the 5th day of October, A.D., 1887, in Liber 238 of Mortgages, at page 4, which mortgage was assigned by said insurance company to the undersigned Henry C. Moore, by assignment dated April 20, 1889, and recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on the 5th day of October, 1889, in Liber 32 of assignments of mortgages, page 297. By said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and said default having continued more than thirty days, the whole of the principal of said mortgage and all arrearage of interest is hereby claimed to be due. The sum of the principal of said mortgage and \$9.10 in dollars is claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal, interest and insurance premiums paid, besides thirty-five dollars provided in said mortgage to be paid as attorney fee on foreclosure thereof. No suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale at public vendue, on the 7th day of January, A.D., 1890, at ten o'clock, forty-five minutes in the forenoon, standard time, at the westerly front door of the City Hall in the city of Detroit in said county of Wayne (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county) of the premises described in said mortgage, viz: All the following described lands and premises situated in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne and state of Michigan, to wit: The westerly one half of lot No. two (2) of P. Godfrey farm, private claim No. 736. Said premises having a frontage on the northerly side of Michigan Avenue of twenty (20) feet and with a depth of one hundred (100) feet to an alley. Dated, October 7, 1889. HENRY C. MOORE, Assignee of Mortgage. CUTCHEON, STELLWAGEN & FLEMING, Attorneys for Assignee.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 27th day of September, A.D., 1887, made by Patrick Trement and Helen Trement to the Detroit Fire and Marine Insurance Company, a corporate organization under the laws of Michigan, of Detroit, Michigan, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for Wayne county, Michigan, on the 5th day of October, A.D., 1887, in Liber 238 of Mortgages, page 4, which mortgage was assigned by said insurance company to the undersigned, Henry C. Moore, by assignment dated April 20, 1889, and recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on the 5th day of October, 1889, in Liber 32 of assignments of mortgages, page 297. By said default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative. And said default having continued more than thirty days, the whole of the principal of said mortgage and all arrearage of interest is hereby claimed to be due. The sum of thirty-one hundred, seventy-nine and 52/100 dollars is claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal, interest and insurance premiums paid besides an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars provided to be paid on foreclosure of said mortgage. No suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale at public vendue on the 7th day of January, A.D., 1890, at ten o'clock, thirty minutes in the forenoon, standard time, at the westerly front door of the City Hall, in the city of Detroit, in said county of Wayne, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county) of the premises described in same mortgage, viz: All the following described lands and premises situated in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne and state of Michigan, to wit: The westerly one half of lot No. two (2) of P. Godfrey farm, private claim No. 736. Said premises having a frontage on the northerly side of Michigan Avenue of twenty (20) feet with a depth of one hundred feet to an alley. Dated, October 7, 1889. HENRY C. MOORE, Assignee of Mortgage. CUTCHEON, STELLWAGEN & FLEMING, Attorneys for Assignee.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in chancery, made and entered the third day of October 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein the First National Bank of Plymouth is complainant and Nathan T. Sly, Boby F. Sly, Chas. J. Book, George Sly, Lily M. Sly, Alfred Sly, Elmer Sly and Annie Sly are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the westerly front door of the City Hall in the City of Detroit, county of Wayne and State of Michigan, containing 6 1/2 acres more or less, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. October 15th, 1889. JOHN CONNOR, JR., Circuit Court Commissioner, Wayne County, Mich. EDWIN F. CORLEY, Solicitor for Complainant.

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 twelfth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of FRANKLIN S. STURTEVANT. On reading and filing the petition of Ellen E. Sturtevant, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her, or some other suitable person: Ordered, that the seventh day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLEMING, Register. (A true copy.) 115-117

NEW TAILOR SHOP

over Vandecar's Barber Shop. Suits and Overcoats to order. Fit Guaranteed.

Clothes cleaned and neatly repaired.

Give me a call. Prices the Lowest. W. G. WEISS, Plymouth.

Berdan House Barber Shop



Clean Shave and Neat Hair Cut.

LADIES AND CHILDREN HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY. Everything Neat and Clean. Come and see us. 1107 1/2 MURDOCK & PASSAGE, Props.

Bargains in Real Estate.

For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address TWO GOOD HOMES IN PLYMOUTH, ONE OF 1 1/2 acres with two lots and another with six lots; for sale cheap. SEVERAL PIECES OF GOOD PROPERTY IN Wayne for sale or exchange. TO EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM. A NICE brick house, almost new, on Lafayette avenue, Detroit. DARGAIN 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. DARGAIN NO. 2. Six acre 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. DARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 3 1/2 acres fine garden land; 50 trees, chert, private apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceiling, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floors; weight and pulleys in windows, etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and also a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its kind within ten miles. This property no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold very cheap. J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE

Several building lots for sale, at a low price. Splendid location; the very best natural drainage, and within five minutes' walk of our factories which are bound to make these lots double in value in less than three years. Call on or address, L. Hillmer, Plymouth, Mich.

Plymouth People

Do you know that for Artistic Merit, Elegant Finish, Stylish Posing, Beautiful Tones, our recently

IMPROVED CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS are unequalled. If our last \$3.00 Cabinets don't equal any \$5.00 work in the state we don't want your money. We can furnish your work in one week from the time of sitting and will guarantee to please you.

Give Us a Trial, If you will make a special trip for this purpose within the next 30 days, we will deduct your R. R. fare from price of Cabinets.

H. F. BROWN & CO., Successors to GIBSON & BROWN. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Plymouth National Bank

L. D. SHEARER, President. E. C. EACH, Vice President. L. C. SHEERWOOD, Cashier. L. D. Shearer, E. C. Each, L. H. Bennett, J. R. Hoyle, E. F. St. John, L. C. Hough, Wm. Geer, A. D. Lyndon, R. J. S. Ricker, I. N. Starkweather, O. R. Patengill, G. M. VanRickle, L. C. Sheerwood.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

Dead Shot on Moles!

IF YOUR LAWS ARE BEING DESTROYED BY MOLES, SEND \$2.00

W. N. WHEERY, Plymouth, Mich.

For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them.

For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them. FERRITS FOR SALE.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

Canton.

Mrs. A. Traver of Grand Rapids is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tyley. Frazer M. Smith formerly of this place, later of Grand Rapids, has been sent to Manistee as manager of the Standard Oil Co. of that place. Mrs. Wm. Tyley after an absence of eighteen months, has returned to her home in Canton, very much improved in health owing to the skillful physicians of Grand Rapids.

Tonquish.

Joe Tait took a trip to Chicago last week. Abraham Miller has been quite ill for a week or ten days. There will be evening service in the church here next Sunday evening. Mrs. Bailey and Jayson Barber spent Sunday last in Ypsilanti at their sister's Mrs. Mowrer.

Mead's Mills.

A private party was given at N. Hughes last Friday evening. Earl King has been quite sick but is much better at this writing. No school in district No. 5 after Wednesday, the week of Thanksgiving. Northvillians step high just now. They have electric lights, is the reason. The people in this community are not complaining of dry weather just at present.

Henry Clark who has lived in the Homer Johnson house for the last two years has removed to Ypsilanti. The rush at the cooper shop is a thing of the past, and the next departure will be the manufacturing of mast hoops.

Cal. Thomas of this place, was at Walkerville Canada last week in the interests of the Globe Manufacturing Company of Northville.

G. P. Benton drove his carriage horses to Detroit last Friday with the intention of selling them, but for some reason or other the sale did not take place.

Mrs. Barber is improving slowly from her recent illness, and Charley Barker's foot is healing rapidly, but whether he will have the use of the cords or not remains to be found out.

Wm. McRoberts and G. Green intends to start a meat market in Northville soon. We wish them success, financially, and they may bring about the same result which they have in view.

Livonia.

Wm. C. Smith is working in Detroit. John Base is laid up with his foot again. Jack Holloway was in town last Saturday.

A. Turnbull and wife visited friends at Wayne last Sunday.

Frank Peck of the town of Novi moved to this town last week.

Wm. Crum has rented the widow Blue farm near Elm Station.

Some of the boys have given cider a new name and call it-old Jack.

Wm. B. Ewing's pacer ran away last Saturday. No harm was done.

The Tennessee fever has all died out in this town and every body will stay at home.

The dance held at the town hall last Friday evening did not pan out very heavy.

The Germans built a new slat and wire fence around their church yard last week at this place.

How is this, Mr. Farmer? pork \$4.50 a hundred. Don't you think the hog should have his salary raised?

Charles Beaubien scraped and filled up the school yard at this place last week and it looks much better than it did.

Harmon Gottchalk while drawing wood from Geo. Ryder's farm last week fell from the wagon and got hurt very badly.

Yes, the farmers that think the merchants are getting rich had better sell out their farms and go to selling goods and be convinced.

It must make a fellow feel sad to lay by a coon tree all night and wake up in the morning and find a hole in the tree with nothing in it.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend" and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. PAYNE, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

Clarenceville.

Henry Kent, and Mrs. Mary Grace were married on Friday of last week. Mrs. Sarah Dickinson has returned home from her visit at her daughter's at Fowlerville. Several of our young people attended the singing school concert at Southfield given by Prof. C. H. Smith of Farmington. Miss Bertha Herron who has been visiting at Mr. Robert Maiden's returned to Bay City last Thursday, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Anna Maiden.

Wayne.

Our village has placed a cannon in the park in front of the jail. Herb Wingard of Northville formerly of this place gave us a short call Monday. The ladies library have changed their quarters to the rooms over the post office and bank. Our dancing master is still progressing in his art and we have nice parties every Friday night.

The rail road boys will give a dance during the holidays. It is to be grand masquerade ball. Prizes will be given. Look for cards.

Hubbard and Woz took in Plymouth Sunday. We wonder what's the attraction. Please explain.

The carriage works will soon be running again but it seems some of the boys cannot wait and are leaving.

Thanksgiving.

The season of thanksgiving to many of us particularly the younger generation, brings up before the mind visions of reunited families, large and well spread tables, decked with all the delicious and beauties that delight the eye, and tempt the appetite, while the crowning beauty of the board, in all its plumpness, and browned to a turn.—Mr. Turkey,—sends both his steaming odors of thyme and savory, or other titillating condiments that makes the mouths of the hungry savages around, water expectancy.

It is well, and we hope that every household, poor as well as rich, tramp as well as the stranger within thy gates, may, for once in the year at least, rejoice in the abundance of the land which god has given for our inheritance, and in the christian character of the people, that does not forget, nor despise, the poor and helpless.

With many of us, however, memory is busy and brings before us past days and long gone-by scenes. For a time, we live in the years that are gone, when youth with all its hopes and ambitions was ours, and when fathers and mothers were with us to counsel and protect. Many of these have entered into their rest, and their bodies have gone back into earth's elements. Would we have all return again? It is hard to say, we would hardly dare to assume such a responsibility and say it were best. Life has not been as satisfactory to us as it might have been, and most of us are perhaps, content to push on, finish our course with honor and joy, and enter into that new and better life in which will be no regrets, no doubts, no sorrows nor separations.

Many no doubt will ask themselves the question, "why, or what for, should I be thankful?" The past year has not brought me any particular successes; has not increased my honors or my happiness; has not not given me much to show of increase, ben-fit or blessing." Indeed some may say, and truly, the past year has been a year of loss, or sorrow, or suffering to me and mine, and instead of any feelings of gratitude arising within them, there are murmurings of complaint and anger. Yet friends in spite of all these present things, the days will come in the Providence of God, if you will patiently submit and learn, when you will look back and say, that these checkings and clouds were the rich fountain of your later honors, joys and life. But turn the leaf, and count your blessings and mercies. You have had the sympathy, love and help of friends; you have learned many things about yourself, your friends, your business, that you did not know before, or knowing had forgotten. You have seen that unrighteous conduct does not pay, and righteous does. You have seen the peace and prosperity of loved ones; you have had the wherewithal to eat and be clothed; you have seen piteous harvest and abundance of all good things, of which directly or indirectly, you have reaped the benefit; you have seen a prosperous nation and a happy people; education, religion and the avenues to honor and wealth are open to all and on the same terms. There is peace, growth and advancement everywhere, and if because of sins of omission or of commission in the past, we do not reap the immortalities and blessings of others, we have only ourselves to blame, and we should not cast any cloud over the sunshine of others. The proclamation has gone out from the highest authorities in our land. Let us honor it, gather in our respective places of worship, acknowledge our indebtedness to the Giver of all good, then "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our God; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." (Nehemiah 8-10.) G. H. W.

The Tailor Social.

The "Tailor Social" given by the young ladies Temperance Union, last Friday evening, at the home of Mrs. George Vandecar, proved a decided success. The house was filled to overflowing and everybody seemed in the best of spirits and ready for the fun. The first part of the program consisted of music and recitations. Several fine selections were rendered by Miss Sarah Durlee and Mr. Calvin Hillmer, on the piano and violin, and recitations were given by Miss Lena Paddock and Miss Nettie Pelham. After these exercises were over, Miss Wilkey asked that, eight gentlemen volunteer to help with the remainder of the evening's program, and the following volunteered: John L. Gale, Calvin Hillmer, D. Jolliffe, Melvin Patterson, W. K. Gunsolus, Robert Mimmack, J. M. Shackleton and Ralph Pinckney. Miss Wilkey explained to them that they were to engage in a sewing contest; each one was expected to hem an apron and a prize was to be awarded for the best hemmed apron, and in order to encourage future effort on the part of the poorest workman, a prize was also to be awarded for the worst hemmed apron.

The rules were as follows: Five minutes were allowed for threading needles, but no allowance would be made for near-sightedness; (any man who could not thread a needle in five minutes was deemed ineligible as a contestant.) Five minutes were allowed for turning the hem and thirty minutes for hemming the apron. At the close of the thirty minutes each gentleman was expected to wear his apron for five minutes and then hand it over to the judges who were to award the prizes.

The contestants were highly elated when they learned what their task was to be. They had often watched the women folks hem aprons and it looked "awful, easy." As they drew up their chairs around the table there was a look of grim determination upon each face which seemed to say that its owner had made a solemn vow to have the prize (the first prize, of course.) It did, indeed, seem like an easy task but alas! alas! Nature has decreed that the average man shall do sewing with about the same degree of skill that the average woman splits wood or throws stones at an audacious chicken. And after all, it was not quite so easy as it looked. They grumbled when threading the needle because its eye was not larger, and when the needle unluckily came unthreaded, they grumbled because the thread was not coarser, and when the thread playfully twisted itself into dainty little knots, instead of patiently picking them out as a woman would have done, they grumbled loudly and even accused the young ladies of buying a cheap grade of thread.

The longer they worked the more excited they grew, their faces flushed scarlet and their hands trembled visibly. An admiring throng of ladies hovered constantly about them giving sage bits of advice and cheering them on to victory. At last the time was up and the aprons given over to the judges.

The contestants sat expectantly awaiting the decision; each one knew, in his heart, that he was entitled to the first prize, but of course someone else might get it, for there might be partiality shown.

One gentleman was heard trying to borrow a quarter with which to bribe the judges. After mature deliberation a decision was rendered in favor Melvin Patterson and the judges awarded to him the first prize, a scented-sachet made of white satin, on which was a picture of three men industriously sewing. Below the picture was printed, "A stitch in time saves nine." Those present (the other contestants excepted) felt glad that Mr. Patterson had received the prize, as, on account of the size of his family, there must be considerable sewing to be done and it is well to encourage all his efforts in that line.

One of the contestants nearly fainted when he learned that he had lost the first prize, but upon being told that the last prize, the Booby prize was his, he revived somewhat, and amid the applause of the house, Mr. Robert Mimmack secured the second prize, which was a card upon which was written "2 L 8" and a tiny bottle of catch-up attached to it, making it read "To late to catch up."

After an appetizing repast of coffee, doughnuts and cake, all went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

W. O. T. U.

If the "Newberry bill" which became operative on Nov. 1st, be enforced, Missouri will have the saloon stripped of all the attractions which have proved so seductive and destructive to the young. It forbids dice, cards, chairs or tables in the saloon; musical instruments of all kinds are prohibited, and singing is declared a misdemeanor. Pool tables, billiard tables, bowling alleys, these must go and sparring and wrestling go with them. Games of chance for drinks or fun will be a misdemeanor. Licenses can be revoked on conviction of violation of the law at any point. No such humiliating set of restrictions was ever passed upon any trade.

Catarrh Can't be Cured. with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucus surface. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the life of the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alternative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store. 8

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

Brooklyn's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter, druggists 116

Toledo Weekly Blade. 1889. ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

The most popular weekly newspaper in the United States, the largest circulation and the only strictly weekly newspaper that ever succeeded in obtaining and holding, year after year, a circulation in every State and Territory (and nearly every county) of the United States. All the news, better departments, and more first-class entertaining and instructive reading than in any other dollar paper published.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. In December we shall commence publication of the most powerful temperance serial story of modern times. The well-known author of the Boy Traveler series of books, Col. Thos. W. Knox, is now engaged in writing the story, for which we pay a royal sum. We want this story to have the wide circulation it deserves. In the interest of humanity parents should see that their children read it, and especially the young men of every community in this broad land should be urged by those who have an interest in them to read this story. The other features of the Weekly Blade need not be stated here. They are well known. Send for a free sample copy and see for yourself.

WE INVITE EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER AND EVERY READER OF THIS COUNTY, TO WRITE US FOR TWO SPECIMEN COPIES. First, write us a postal card immediately for a specimen copy of the Weekly Blade that you may get a full description of Knox's temperance serial story, "Teetotaler Dick." Write us again about December 1 for another free specimen of the Blade, and will send you a paper containing the opening chapters of the story. Send the names and addresses of all your friends at the same time.

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Save the Cents, And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Commence Trading with BASSETT & SON, Main Street, PLYMOUTH. THE FINEST STOCK, THE LARGEST CHOICE, THE TRUEST VALUE, PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS, Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodore, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc. We also carry a Large Stock of Moldings and Picture Frames, Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings. COFFINS AND CASKETS, And a Full Line of Burial Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt, Considerate and Reliable.

New Harness Shop.

I have opened a Harness Shop in Plymouth. I have come to stay and make my home among you. I intend to carry a full line of only First - Class - Goods, and sell at Live and Let Live Prices.

One Price to All.

Come and examine my goods before buying and be convinced.

Repairing done on short notice

F. S. ADAMS.

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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

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFLUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. OR MONTHLY SICKNESS. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED. BOOK TO WOMAN. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, Taking Effect October 6, 1889.

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

CONNECTIONS. Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago Junction with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R. R. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan. Grand Rapids Div., Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div., Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. J. B. MULLIKEN, W. A. CARPENTER, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.



Gen. Green B. Raum, who has been appointed commissioner of pensions, vice Mr. Tanner, resigned, was born in Golconda, Ill., December 3, 1829. He received a common school education, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Three years later he took his family to Kansas. It was in the midst of the great struggle for freedom, and his influence was at once thrown on the side of the free state party. Such action was dangerous, and for his family's sake he moved back to Illinois in 1857, settling at Harrisburg. He has always taken an active interest in political affairs, and is regarded as a very capable business man.

The report of the corresponding secretary of the National W. C. T. U. presented at the annual convention in Chicago, shows that there are now about 7,000 local unions in the United States, having a total membership of 142,163. Last year the officers of the national association claimed that there were 10,000 local unions in the United States, with a membership of 200,000. One of two conclusions must be drawn: either the claim was too high, or the organization has lost ground because of the third party controversy. It is certain that some of the strongest unions have withdrawn from the national organization, notably those of Cleveland and Minneapolis, and all the local unions in Chester county, Pennsylvania. One cannot but ask, "Why is this thus?"

Postal clerks and others employed in handling mail have some novel experiences, and tell of queer things which Uncle Sam transports to absent friends. A clerk in the Philadelphia office discovered a registered package addressed to a young lady in Delaware, which he was obliged to open on account of the terrible stench emanating from it. To his horror he found a human ear in an advanced stage of decomposition. Visions of the muffled remains of Dr. Cronin passed before him, and he was confident that he had in his possession evidence of the most damaging character. He tremblingly unfolded the bit of paper that was in the box, and, to his disgust, read these words: "Dearest Nell—I send you an ear cut from a colored woman—my first stiff for dissection—Lovingly, Harry."

The question "which twin is the elder?" arises in the case of North and South Dakota, and it is asked "which of the Dakotas entered the union first?" When the proclamations were taken to President Harrison for his signature, he learned that there was some question as to which should take first place, so he had the documents shuffled around just as they do in a grab bag at a church fair, and then the papers were carefully covered, all but the space for the name. The President signed them, and then some more shuffling was done, and the proclamations were completed and the Secretary of State announced the consummation. It was a great head that suggested so easy a solution of what promised to be a cause of political disturbance.

The best evidence of the progress in Georgia is the act of the last legislature establishing a training school for girls, in which they are to be instructed into all the mysteries of house-keeping, cooking, sewing and the numberless accomplishments that add to the comforts of the home.

HIS FORM HIS FORTUNE.

Black Scheme of a Sawed-Off Resident of San Francisco.

A Handy Deception for Those who Wish to Increase the Apparent Size of Things—The Fisherman and Farmer are His Best Patrons.

A familiar figure on the streets of San Francisco is that of John F. Prendegast.

Jack is a man of the world, says the Examiner, even if he is only 3 feet 11 inches high. He knows everybody that is worth knowing, and they are all glad to meet him. Unlike most men who fall so far below the average height, there is no lack of proportion between his head and limbs and diminutive body. He is simply a miniature of a fine-looking, hearty, middle-aged gentleman.

Often the question is asked: "Where does he get his money?" Jack Horner seems to have plenty of leisure and enough money to get along nicely on, but how he makes it or where he gets it has been one of the mysteries of the town. To a reporter Mr. Prendegast explained: "I'm not ashamed of my profession. I am a comparative engineer."

"A comparative engineer?" "That's what I said. You have heard of locomotive engineers, sanitary engineers, and civil engineers. Well, I am an engineer of comparison, but don't, I beg of you, tell anybody."

But after Mr. Prendegast had enjoyed his fun he agreed to explain what constituted a comparative engineer.

"I am, I guess, about the only man in the business. I am a monopolist in a small way and I am not afraid of opposition. I will just tell you of the events of my life that started me in this business and that will give you an insight into it better than any definition. In the first place, my being so much smaller than other men handicapped me in the race of life more than I can tell you. I could have gone into a dime museum or a circus—I have had a number of pretty good offers of that sort—but I could not bring myself to be a freak. The idea is repulsive to me, and I think I'd saw wood before I'd do that. I had a few hundred dollars left me ten years ago, and that gave me a chance to look around. Good luck befell me, and an accident showed me a way to make a good living without humiliating myself. I was on a train that stopped at a little station up in the Sierra Nevadas and on the station platform was a man with a camera under one arm and the carcass of a little black bear cub under the other. His hands were blistered and his Winchester rifle was broken. It seems that he had climbed a tree to avoid the bear, and after shooting all his cartridges into the little beast he dropped his rifle. At last he discovered that some of his shots had killed his bear and he came down. He was greatly disturbed by the comments of the crowd on the size of his game and the marks of his struggle on him. Just then an idea struck me and I called the hunter one side. As I talked his face brightened up and we went to his hotel together. I got me a hunting-coat, a wide hat, and a pair of fringed buckskin trousers, and we carried the bear cub back to the woods. Under a small tree we kindled a fire for a back-ground, put some blankets and camp utensils around, and I stooped over the bear with a knife as about to skin it. Then he took a photograph of the whole business. You'd ought to have seen the picture. That baby bear was larger than I was and his open mouth could have taken in my whole arm. The animal showed up as if it had weighed 400 pounds instead of only forty. The comparison with the only man in the picture gave it the enormous proportions. He labeled the photograph 'Buckskin Pete Skinning My First Bear,' and sent copies to his friends with the explanation that the weather was too hot to admit of his forwarding any meat. He gave me \$50 for my trouble, he was so delighted with that picture.

"He made me stay with him several days, and soon he had photographs of a man holding up a string of trout, the smallest of which was as long as his leg. He did the decent thing for me, and made a contract with me to accompany him every year on his hunting and fishing excursions. That suggested the idea to me, and I became, as I said, a comparative engineer. My size is my fortune, and my proportions are all right. A photograph doesn't show that I am a dwarf unless there is something else in the picture that would give it away, and I look out for that. I have to keep changing the cut of my clothes and the shape of my whiskers in order to appear differently in the photographs that my various customers take, for I have plenty of customers now. I won't tell you

the names of the gentlemen whose reputations as hunters and fishermen I have made, but don't let any of the doctors or lawyers fool you with photographs. They don't count.

"But the sportsmen don't by any means take up my time, though their trade pays me better than any other. The farming boom helped me along considerably. Within the last month I have stood beside a score of squashes in the field that came up to my shoulders. I have had to educate the grangers up a little, but they are quick at catching on to a scheme that is to their advantage. I know of two pretty big farms that were sold because there were squashes and melons on them as big as a man and the photographs showed it. I am a great convenience to the orchard men, and you have doubtless seen my photographs, holding a giant orange or pear in my hand. Put a label like 'Los Angeles orange' or 'Snooma fruit,' and the land it is taken in jumps about a foot higher in value. It's an excellent scheme for the grangers.

"I call to mind one job that I performed for an Alameda county farmer that sold his crop at a splendid figure. I rigged up as a farmer and stood beside a big ear of corn. The result was brilliant, and the farmer gave me double the price I contracted for.

"There is one trouble about some of the photographs, due to their being taken for the most part by amateurs. One instance of this was a picture taken for a Fresno vineyardist. In the picture I was holding up a bunch of grapes that reached from my outstretched hand to the ground. The pose was perfect, but somehow a cow got behind me, and in the photograph the animal towered above me like an elephant. There have been numerous other instances of this sort of thing, but usually they would be noticed only by artists. To others a few deep sounding words about perspective and foreground will make them believe that there is nothing wrong.

The Heart of the Sea.

Oh, tireless waves, do ye never rest,
With your panting heart and heaving breast!

By a stern decree must ye onward roll,
Nor reach at the last your shining goal!
The fleecy clouds with their chaplets white,
Hang calm above in the Heavens bright.
The brooklet rests in its quiet pool,
And winds are asleep in woodlands cool.
But ye, with your strifes that never cease,
Are ever at war with white-robed peace.
Dwells there within an ambitious heart
That from its fixed purpose ne'er can part!
Has passion branded its lasting seal,
And left a wound that no time can heal!
What is your secret, oh, troubled sea!
Give me, I pray, its mystical key.
Share with me to-day your ancient quest,
And gain for yourself a sweet day's rest.

A Train-Caller's Gibberish.

"Aw bor, bin thar, poly an' wa-y stations," shouted the brass-buttoned, black-mustached train-caller at the Broad Street station, says the Philadelphia Record. A hundred anxious people who were impatiently waiting for their train glanced imploringly at the young man and then looked at one another in despair. The woe-begone expression on the faces of all, translated meant: "What did he say?"

Nobody could tell, and up to the train-caller they ran and beseechingly asked:

"Oh, what train was that?" "For Bryn Mawr, Paoli and way stations. I said," answered the brass-buttoned individual with a disgusting look that seemed to say: "Are you deaf?"

A reporter who stood near by had been listening to the train calls for the past half hour trying his best to interpret them, but it was of no use. The train-caller might have yelled in Greek, Hebrew or Chinese, and could not have been understood less.

"Boo wa, wa hash borg, pitch an' wies," again shouted the train-caller, with a decided nasal twang and in a louder key than usual. He didn't like to be misunderstood. An impatient man ran up to the train-caller hurriedly and implored:

"What's that?" "Train for Harrisburg and the west," indignantly responded the train official.

"Oh! thought you said hash pitcher, or something like that—beg pardon." A Harrisburg reader of the Record writes to learn what this cry of the Broad Street station caller means, which he scribbled down recently: "Bor hash—pitch—toona and chic-ar—"

The cry, scribbled on a piece of paper, was shown to the train-caller yesterday. "Humph, that means Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Altoona, Chicago and the west," said the train-caller with a tired look. "My! but people are deaf."

I take it to be a rule, proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased.—Spectator.

WHOLESALE JUSTICE.

Judge Lynch's Long and Active Career in Montana.

Montana people are as honest and virtuous and law-abiding as their fellow-American citizens, says a Helena correspondent, but they have their own ways of doing things. Perhaps their long isolation from the rest of the country has had a good deal to do with the development of peculiar characteristics. Occupations may have had their influence. Montana's two great industries are mining and stock-raising. In no state of the union is the proportion of agriculturists so small.

The state was settled in 1862. It did not have a judicial hanging until 1874. But Judge Lynch opened court on Alder Gulch within fifteen months after the first settlement. At that first term of this popular tribunal there were twenty-seven hangings in fifty days. Vigilantes inflicted the death penalty when ever it was deemed necessary for more than ten years. The first execution, according to legal process occurred at Helena in 1874. It was such an innovation that the people celebrated it in a remarkable manner. The day following the execution a procession was formed and the committee led the way over the hill to the spot which had usually been chosen for lynchings. With appropriate ceremonies, the tree that had done duty for a gallows so many years was chopped down, cut up for relics and carried away. The place where the tree stood had become known as "Hangman's Gulch." This name Helena has been trying to get rid of ever since, but without marked success. The idea at the time of the destruction of the tree was that lynchings days were past. It was impossible, however, to change the character of a people so easily and so suddenly. Legal executions have gradually taken the place of mass-meeting executions, but there have been some brief periods when it was deemed best to return to the more expeditious and popular methods of primitive days in the territory. The year 1884 is known as one of the "hanging years" of Montana. It was the time when stock thieving had become unendurable upon the ranges of eastern Montana. Vigilantes organized for that raid without any concealment. Members of the band which carried out the orders were recruited openly from the cowboys, who were willing to do that kind of work for \$10 a month. When the round-up ended sixty-three thieves had been shot or hanged. The man who engineered this extermination of the stock thieves is one of the best known and most respected citizens of Montana. He makes his home in Helena. Public sentiment regrets the necessity for such extreme measures, but fully sustains the penalty inflicted.

That Coal-Oil Can.

There is something in housekeeping that awakens all the small curiosity of the people, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The elegant lady of society, when she owns a fine house, is not above commenting on the condition of the back-yard of her neighbor's establishment, noticing the blinds, or the front steps, or the back-windows, or who goes in and who goes out. I shouldn't wonder if even the millionaire's wife knows how much milk the next-door family takes and how much bread, and is perfectly aware by watching the butcher's boy, what they have for dinner.

"I am not a bit curious," the lady said; "not a bit—and I don't care what my neighbors do; but that family opposite must use coal oil all the time."

"No," said her husband, "I see the gas burning now."

"Well, I don't care. They must burn about two gallons of coal oil every day."

"What makes you think that?" "Well, the old man there goes out to the corner grocery with a coal-oil can three times a day and brings it back full of oil."

She worried her husband so much about this extraordinary fact, not because she wanted to know, that at last, having a slight acquaintance with the old man, he took the liberty to stop him one day and ask him about it.

"Do you find coal oil so much cheaper and more convenient than gas?" "No; we don't use coal oil."

"And what do you—?" "You mean this coal-oil can?" "That's all right. Don't give it away. I am only flying the duck, rushing the growler. This is beer."

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines.

One hundred years ago, farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago, horses which

could trot a mile in 2:23 were scarce. One hundred years ago, false teeth were not considered preferable to the original grinders.

One hundred years ago, time and tide waited for nobody; and now nobody waits for time and tide.

One hundred years ago, kerosene lamps did not explode and assist women to shuffle off their mortal coil.

One hundred years ago, every young man was not an applicant for a position as clerk or bookkeeper.

One hundred years ago, men did not commit suicide by going up in balloons and coming down without them.

One hundred years ago, there were no Turkish harems at Salt Lake, and no Ann Eliza, suing for the nineteenth part of a divorce.

One hundred years ago, England was not very far behind the United States in all that goes to make a nation powerful and progressive.

One hundred years ago a young lady did not lose her caste by getting her hands wet in dish-water, or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a wash-board.

One hundred years ago, the physician who could not draw every form of disease from the system by tapping a vein in the arm was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago, the producer carried his surplus produce to market on his horse, the products being placed at one end of the bag and the jug at the other end.

One hundred years ago, our fathers did not light their pipes with matches, but carried fire in their pockets, in the shape of a piece of punk, a piece of steel and flint.

One hundred years ago, a public officer or other citizen could not steal enough to make the act respectable and insure the actor a prominent position in the "first circles."

One hundred years ago, the condition of the weather on the first day of January was not telegraphed all over the continent on the evening of Dec. 31st. Things have changed.

One hundred years ago, every man was estimated at his real value; shoddy was not known; nobody struck "fla," and true merit and honest worth were the only grounds for promotion.

One hundred years ago, to tell the truth, people generally died from natural causes, while in our day they step out through steamboat explosions, railroad smash-ups, hurricanes, circular saws, and a thousand other ways discovered since the birth of the oldest inhabitants.

The Cologne Cathedral.

After about eight hours of most peculiar enjoyment we arrived at Cologne, a town celebrated for its cathedral and for the fragrant water, which bears its name. The foundation stone of the first cathedral was laid in 784, and the building was put up in ninety years, but it was only recently quite finished. In disposition of pillars, arches, chapels and beautiful colored windows it resembles a splendid vision. Externally its double range of flying buttresses and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of pinnacles, strike the beholder with astonishment. It is quite complete now, and is looked on as one of the most regular and stupendous gothic monuments in existence. Indeed it has been pronounced "the St. Peter's of gothic architecture." Cologne is a place of great commercial activity, with a population of nearly 200,000 inhabitants and a garrison of nearly 12,000 soldiers; nevertheless we shall both be glad when we are back again in Paris, even though our host has just come in with a waiter who is carrying a bottle of iced champagne in his arms.—Henry Hayne.

The Development of Kentucky.

According to the report of the Kentucky railroad commission the sum of nearly 25 million dollars has been invested in the building and equipment of railroad lines in that state during the past three years. "There is little question," says the state improvement and immigration committee, "that in the development of the iron, coal, gas, oil and timber resources many millions of dollars could be profitably invested at the present time. There are none of the southern states so richly endowed as Kentucky with any of these products. The rapidly growing South needs the fine ores, coking and bituminous coal, petroleum and the unsurpassed hard woods of Kentucky, while, with the use of natural gas, can be cheaply manufactured here articles that will find universal demand."—Bradstreet's.

Where the Expense Came In.

"Speaking about expensive cigars," remarked McCorkle, "I knew of one which cost \$250." "It must have been fine," commented McCrackle. "Yes, fine and costly. The man had been smuggling the cigars, you see."—Time.

Lucky Cheney.
Fort Smith (Ark.) Times, Oct. 16.
Mr. D. H. Cheney, the popular vendor of fresh meats and vegetables, is holding a very quiet reception to day. He drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery yesterday and a Times reporter called on him to investigate and found the amount of goods. The Western Union vouchers for \$13,500 as the number winning the capital prize \$300,000. Hence Mr. Cheney's share will be \$15,000.

Made Comfortable.
Fort Smith (Ark.) Times, Oct. 22.
In order to finish up the question of Mr. Cheney's good luck, we dropped in at his place of business, 401 Garrison avenue, this morning. "Yes," said Mr. Cheney gently, "The suspense is over and the money is mine," pulling out his bank book and exhibiting the credit. I have drawn \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery on a ticket that cost me just one dollar and I have the money in the Merchants' bank.

A half breed girl named McTavish lays claim to property worth half a million, in the business center of Victoria, B. C.

A Dressmaker's Experience.
DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Hinman, the druggist, told you, I am a great friend of your remedy. I have used it at intervals during the past twelve years. It carried me safely through the critical period of my life without a single sick day, and it did great things for me in many ways.

I always recommend it where I see a case that needs it. It always does splendidly, often accomplishing more than you have ever claimed for it, and more than any one would readily believe who did not personally know the cases.

I now consider myself well, but I work hard at my business—dressmaking—and when I am tired and nervous a small dose of Zoa-Phora quiets and rests me. I always have it in my house.

Yours truly,
MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER.
BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 20, 1888.
To H. G. Coleman, secretary.
N. B.—It is equally good at all times of life.

George Offerle of Warren, Pa., while whipping a carpet a day or so since, dislocated his right arm at the shoulder.

Tourists.
Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Harry Mills, a local thief of Flint, was arrested the other day for robbing Meyer a clothing store. When arrested Harry was about changing his old clothes for a suit which he had stolen. Both father and son are in jail.

A Few Pointers.
The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

Food for Consumptives.
Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvelous food and medicine.

Thirteen rods of wood were sawed from a single tree in Coler in township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

Land.
Printed matter regarding lands in Nebraska, Northwest Kansas and Eastern Colorado, mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

Sportsmen
Illustrated pamphlet "Sport among Nebraska lakes" mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
SPRAINS.

Washington, Tex., June 24, 1888.
Had suffered off and on for fifteen years with strained back; no trouble with it now; two years ago was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return.
H. CARTMELL.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Obstruction. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

A BAGGAGE-MASTER'S STORY
Made Miserable Through a Woman's Forgetfulness.

One night last winter, says a Chicago baggage-master, a brakeman came in and said there was a man with paralysis waiting outside. I went out and found the man sitting in a rolling chair that we keep for the use of invalids. A hackman who was with him said the man had come across the city from another station with a lady. When they got to our station the driver called a brakeman to get the rolling chair, and the lady went, as she said, to get the tickets. There was some delay in getting the chair, but after a while it was brought and the invalid was wheeled to the gate to await the return of his traveling companion. He waited for more than an hour, and then the brakeman called me. The hackman described the lady and said she had two dogs with her. The man at the gate remembered that a lady of that description, with two dogs, had gone through the gate, but he could not tell what train she had taken, and, of course he did not know her name. I took the hackman's number, and he went away. Then, as it was getting cold, the brakeman and I rolled the invalid into my office to wait for the appearance of somebody to take the man off our hands. The man's mind was so affected that he could not give his name, nor tell where he had come from nor where he was going. After a while he said he was hungry and would like some toast and tea. I got the toast and broke it up and fed him as I would a baby. He said he had to take the tea through a glass tube. I had no tube, so I went to the restaurant in the station and got some straws and he used those.

I could not leave the man to go home to supper, and the situation was becoming very unpleasant. About nine o'clock a policeman opened the door and asked if I had a paralytic. I said I had, and asked if he would take him. He said "Great Scott! No! I don't want him, but his folks are coming in after him," and he hurried out, as if he was afraid I would make him take the man.

About half an hour later the paralytic's wife and some friends appeared. The wife explained that the two dogs had caused her considerable trouble, and, as her husband was an invalid, she usually traveled alone, and it did not occur to her that her husband had started with her this time until she got away out to Hyde Park or Delham, or some place out that way. Then she took the dogs home, telegraphed to the police to look for her husband, but had to wait some time before she could get a train back to the city.

I was relieved to get rid of the man, and I don't want any more "lost articles" of that kind to take care of. I don't mind having umbrellas, pocket-books, overcoats, lunch baskets and occasionally a baby—I don't mind babies, for I have had several left in the cars, and they were claimed in a few minutes—but when I have another paralytic I shall be writing to have somebody else take care of him.

Popular Science.
In experiments on the solubility of glass in water, plumbiferous flint glass was found to be the least soluble, and the relative resistance of glasses was different toward hot and cold water.

The results of recent experiments in the Mediterranean, showing how far daylight will penetrate the water, were found with gelatino-bromide plates. The greatest depth was 1,514 feet, or 127 feet short of the limit assigned some years ago.

The new artificial silk made of cotton or the sulphited pulp of young wood, treated with nitric acid and then dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol, is said to have a density, breaking strength and elasticity that compares very favorably with natural silk, while surpassing it in lustre.

Coal is the residue of vast forests buried in the earth during an immense number of years. Those forests were composed mostly of enormous ferns and trees somewhat akin to our firs. The turf or peat in formation at the present day is very young coal not yet buried. The plants of which it is composed are still recognizable.

The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible, is equal to the square root of 1 1/2 times the height of the observer in feet above the surface, and, conversely, the height in feet to which an observer must be placed to see a distant object, is equal to two-thirds the square of the distance in miles.

The deepest or gravest tone that it is possible for us to hear has thirty-two vibrations per second; the highest, the shrillest, has about 70,000. Man's voice can scarcely go below a sound that gives 164 vibrations per second, nor woman's voice higher than 2088 vibrations per second; but you children go much higher than that in the shrill cries you sometimes utter.

The sour musilage used by a Bethlehem (Pa.) clerk, who had been tampering with his employer's mail matter, led to his discovery.

Cotton seed hulls are now known to be excellent food for young cattle. They lend a tallowy flavor, however, to the milk and butter of cows that eat them.

The government monopoly articles of Honduras are gunpowder, tobacco, cigars and liquor. It remains complete and absolute control of the liquor traffic.

Female pall bearers were the feature of the funeral of a colored man at Atlanta, Ga. But one man was present at the funeral—the sexton of the cemetery.

Bondholders will find Salvation Oil a sure cure for gout or rheumatism. It is sold by all druggists for 25 cents a bottle.

It takes a smart man to tell a good lie; but nearly all men grow smarter the longer they are married.

Friends, citizens, countrymen: "Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear." Now, before Jupiter Tonans and all the gods at once, I do solemnly affirm that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is an infallible remedy for all lung and bronchial disorders. If there is any man present who disputes this proposition, "let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"Isn't that a poor light you are reading in, dear?" "O no; the novel is so light I can read by it."

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

A FRIEND NEEDED

BY **GIRLS** who begin to droop and decline at the age of puberty from lack of perfect development.

BY **YOUNG LADIES** suffering from any of the numerous painful complications which so often attend monthly sickness.

BY **OVERWORKED WOMEN** suffering from or threatened with Pro-lapsus or bearing down with its attending pains and debility.

BY **EXPECTANT MOTHERS** as a safe and reliable preparatory treatment for confinement, and a prompt relief for afterpains.

BY **HEADACHE SUFFERERS** afflicted with either "nervous" or "sick" headaches.

BY **WOMEN ADVANCED IN LIFE** who suffer from any of the many irregularities attending the critical period of Change of Life, such as Bloating, Numbness, Wakefulness, Palpitation, etc.

It is no exaggeration to say that we have hundreds of testimonials on each of these points which PROVE, if testimony can prove anything, that Zoa-Phora is just the friend that is needed in such cases.

For further information regarding this valuable remedy, address the Secretary of the Zoa-Phora Medicine Co.

H. G. COLMAN, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE FOLDING SAW.

COMPARATIVELY A NEW INVENTION. Saws Down Trees. Runs Easy. NO BACKACHE. 25,000 NOW SUCCESSFULLY BEING USED.

Actually saves the labor of one man. Adopted by all foreign countries as well as the U. S. Write for Descriptive Catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. Easiest and fastest selling tool on earth. Thousands sold yearly. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A New Invention for filing saws sent free with every machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 200-207 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

FARMERS WANTED TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR RELIABLE NURSERY STOCK. Fill in your old trees cutting Fall and Winter months and draw good wages weekly. Handsome Outfit furnished free. Write BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, 6 to 9 Times Building, Chicago, Ill. (This notice is reliable.)

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Announcements for 1890
COMES EVERY WEEK READ IN 430,000 HOMES STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY CHARMING CHILDREN'S PAGE WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY ONLY \$1.75 A YEAR

See the large advertisement in a previous issue of this paper. Send for Colored Announcement and Specimen Copies, free.

THIS SLIP FREE TO JAN. 1, 1890. To any New Subscriber who will cut out and send us this slip, with name and Post Office address and \$1.75, we will send The Youth's Companion FREE to Jan. 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. This offer includes the FOUR DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS, and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS.

WITH \$1.75
Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is a by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

"OHIO"
TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE
famous for succeeding where others have failed.
SELF CLEANING. Drill drops 60 to 90 times.
CATALOGUE FREE.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

TAR-OLD
A new method of compounding Tar.
SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM and all other Diseases. Send 3 2c-stamps for Free Book and Book of Sold by Druggists and by P. A. R. OLD CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

FREE
by return mail full descriptive circular and full description of this disease. G. H. LINGHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHER & CO., Chicago, Ill.
Trade Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED
for "Uncle Dick" Wootton, the famous Mountaineer of the Rockies. Header take advantage of this golden opportunity. Send immediately for circulars, and judge for yourself. It will pay. If you want the best book and first choice of territory. Terms and description sent FREE. W. E. Dibble & Co., Publishers 124 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS.
Red Cross Diamond Brand.
The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. London. Ask Druggists for the Diamond Brand, in red metal case, and of with blue ribbon. Take one after each meal (except for periods) and the only genuine. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00 by A. L. FIZZ P. KNIGHT, Druggist, 330 State St., Chicago, Ill.

CALTHOS
It is the only remedy guaranteed by Written Contract, signed and executed before a Notary Public of the law, to Permanently Cure all disorders caused by venereal disease, and restore weak men. Sealed pamphlet and contract free. The Von Mohl Co., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, O.

TRAVELING MEN WANTED!
To represent the best houses of the large cities. Salary \$1,000 to \$1,500. We have also calls for experienced men who would be satisfied with a salary of \$100 to \$200 for the first year. Good positions waiting. Write, enclosing references, to Travelers' Employment Bureau, Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS
If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of J. W. H. HUNTER, Atty., Washington, D. C.

LADIES
Knight's English Steel and Pennyroyal Pills for irregular monthly periods, are safe, effective and the only genuine. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00 by A. L. FIZZ P. KNIGHT, Druggist, 330 State St., Chicago, Ill.

WIVES
should and may know how child bearing can be effected without Pain or Danger. Information sent sealed. A Woman's Way. Discover it! DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure ASTHMA relief for all. BROWN & CO., Charleston, W. Va.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. WYANT'S COLLEGE, 451 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where other remedies fail. Owned and sold only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

W. N. U., D.—VII—47.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

HOW THEY MAKE IT PAY.

Fellows Who Act as Go-Betweens for the Politicians and Keep Up Style.

Like the flies of the field, they reap not, neither do they sow, but the Fifth Avenue duds in all his glory is not better dressed, nor has he more cash in his pockets than the city-hall loungeur, says The New York Mail and Express.

Household Economy.

Omaha Man—Well, my dear, if we need new dinner plates I suppose we'll have to have them. What shall be the style?

Omaha Dame—The latest, I believe, are square, but octagon are also fashionable.

"Seems to me the octagon would be the prettier."

"I think so, too; but get the square ones and then we can have both styles."

"How so?"

"They will be octagon after they have been washed a few times."—Omaha World.

A Jolly Red Nosa.

"Golly, what a beak!" said a newsboy to a crowd of his fellows the other day, as a man with a luminous proboscis passed the corner. "Soy, cully; get on to de nose?"

"His nips was paintin' de town, an' de color slopped over," exclaimed one of the young Arabs.

"He wasn't doin' it wid water colors, you bet. Dat trunk cost a heap."—Chicago Ledger.

ROYAL GAMBLERS.

Palaces Where Kings, Queens, and Cardinals Played.

Gamblers being so prevalent and fashionable at present, it will surely be interesting to look back upon some of the old gamblers, their winnings, losses, peculiarities, and experiences.

During the reign of Henry IV. of France gaming in Paris was more universal than in London. Biron, one of the King's friends, lost in a single year 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs. The very evening before his arrest he was playing primero with the Queen, the favorite game everywhere at that time.

After the grand monarch had paid the last debt to eternity, another great character in the annals of gaming made a pyrotechnical debut among the nobility of Paris. He fairly dazzled them, and like the birds who beat themselves to death against the lighthouse beacon, they rushed to their ruin in his chamber of chance, which was, after all, to many of them but an entree to the grave.

So gaming went on unchecked until the Code Napoleon made its appearance, when it fell into a decline. However, it is not dead, but sleepeth. It is hard now, however, to imagine a state of affairs where kings, cardinals and courtiers could play uncriticized and unmolested day in and day out.

In England, after Oliver's time, it was very much the same. Pepys in his ingenious diary, tell us that Lady Castlemaine, afterward Duchess of Cleveland, a favorite of Charles, lost between sunset and dawn in February, 1667, £25,000, and also at another time won £15,000. "Pretty, witty Nelly," not to be outdone, had an evening with the crazy Duchess of Mazarin, and lost to her 1,400 guineas, equal to about £5,000 at the present day.

It was not until 1777 that gambling in London became a serious matter but once becoming fashionable it spread like a plague all through the great city, attacking royalty and costermongers with the same indifference to cast and rank which is so characteristic of disease and death.

Traveler (from Kentucky): "Madam, can I get a drink here?" Lady of the house: "Certainly; there's the well." Traveler (with a courtly gesture): "Madam, you misunderstand me; I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink."—Life.

Chauncey Depew says that the American girl has had her day on English soil. Yes, and she has had a good many heights there, too.—Baltimore American.

Catarrh cured, health and breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 60 cents. Nasal Injector free.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

THE STAR

A Newspaper supporting the Principles of a Democratic Administration. Published in the City of New York.

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, Editor and Proprietor. Daily, Sunday, and Weekly Editions.

THE WEEKLY STAR,

A Sixteen-page Newspaper, issued every Wednesday.

A clean, pure, bright and interesting FAMILY PAPER.

It contains the latest news, down to the hour of going to press:

Agricultural, Market, Fashion, Household, Political, Financial and Commercial, Poetical, Humorous and Editorial

Departments, all under the direction of trained Journalists of the highest ability. Its sixteen pages will be found crowded with good things from beginning to end.

THE DAILY STAR,

The DAILY STAR contains all the news of the day in an attractive form. Its special correspondents by cable from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Dublin is a commendable feature.

At Washington, Albany, and other news centers, the ablest correspondents, especially retained by THE STAR, furnish the latest news by telegraph. Its literary features are unsurpassed.

The Financial and Market Reviews are unusually full and complete.

Special terms and extraordinary inducements to agents and canvassers.

Send for circulars.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY STAR TO SUBSCRIBERS, FREE OF POSTAGE in the United States and Canada, outside the limits of New York City:

Per year.....\$1 25

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Every day for one year (including Sunday).....\$7 00

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Address, THE STAR, 14 and 22 North William St., New York.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Compound of Cotton Root, Sassa, and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used morning, noon, and evening. Price \$1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or include 2 stamps for sealed parcels.

Address FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by J. H. Boylan, Plymouth.

LIVERY, AND SALE STABLE.

Light to let day or night at

REASONABLE PRICES!

Orders left for draying immediately executed.

Anyone contemplating buying a Carriage or Horse should look over our stock of

Carriages,

Cutters,

and Sleighs.

Burnett & Robinson,

Plymouth, Mich.

FARMERS AND HORSE OWNERS

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

'RAPID' HARNESS MENDERS

PATENTED February 24, 1896. March 27th, 1896.

You can repair your own Harness, Halters, Straps, &c., without expense or loss of time. It will make a nice clean job.

NO SEWING OR RIVETING!

No special tools. A common hammer will do the work. It is the most simple and handy little device known. Can be applied to any portion of a harness. They are put up, one gross, assorted sizes, in a tin box, handy to carry in the pocket ready for any emergency. Ask your dealer for them.

PRICE ONLY 25c PER GROSS.

For Sale by Harness Makers, Hardware and General Stores.

Buffalo Specialty Manufacturing Co.

Sole Manufacturers and Patented.

67-69 Washington St. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Christmas is Coming!

—AND—

Wallace & Clarke

Are prepared to offer

Great Bargains in Furniture.

Eight Floors Crowded

With Parlor Suits, Bedroom Sets, Folding Beds, Side-boards, Book Cases, Secretaries, Centre Tables, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Ladies' Sewing Chairs, Dining Chairs, Easels, Pictures, Curtains, Draperies, Etc.

We will make it an object for you to come and see us.

Goods Delivered Free of Cost.

Wallace & Clarke,

5 Union Block, Ypsilanti.

Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish

FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

—That is—

Superior to Most and Second to None.

Every Pound Warranted.

To be found at the stores of

John L. Gale, Red Front Drug and Grocery Store, G. A. Starkweather & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries, A. A. Taft, Dry Goods and Groceries, Peter Gayde, Groceries and Crockery, J. R. Rauch, Postoffice Grocery, E. J. Bradner, Star Grocery,

C. L. WILCOX

Look Over My Pure Fresh Stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

Provisions, Candy, Nuts, Tobacco, Cigars and Yankee Notions, Paints, Oils, Varnish, etc.

A Large Variety of Good Honest Goods.

E. J. Bradner, Plymouth.

SMITH'S BEANS advertisement featuring an illustration of a man holding a can of beans and text: "TIME TESTED" - "VICTOR CROWNED." "If you would be well and live long you should keep a better falling supply of SMITH'S BEANS always at hand."

RICE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, (Late The Madison)

Corner of Jefferson-avenue and Randolph-street, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

J. D. RICE, Propr. R. C. SPRAGUE, Clerk.

CENTRALLY LOCATED,

Being within three squares of the Brush-street Depot, where passengers arrive by the Grand Trunk, Lake Shore, and the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroads.

Three lines of street cars pass the door—Jefferson-avenue line (which connects with Michigan Central Depot); the Trumbull-avenue, and the Congress and Baker-street lines. Woodward-avenue and Fort-street lines pass within two squares.

MEALS 25 CENTS.

RATES—Per day, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Rooms without board, 50c., 75c. and \$1.

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

Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings

Newly Nickel Plated.

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

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.