

PLYMOUTH MAIL.
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.
In Advance.
J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.
Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as
Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Races to-morrow.
Try the 3c toilet soap at Kellogg's.
—Ray Turk of Wayne, was in town Tuesday.
Leave your laundry parcels at the post office. 129th
—Races at the fair grounds Saturday afternoon.
—The Markham works will start up again next Monday.
A full line of tube paints at Kellogg's.
—Lee Hamilton of Fremont, Ohio, is here visiting his brother, C. J.
English breakfast tea at Kellogg's.
—Walter H. Roesser is the name of the new drug clerk at Kellogg's.
Go to Steers' Restaurant, 45 Monroe Avenue, when in Detroit.
—The Methodist camp-meeting is to be held at Wayne this year, instead of Belleville.
All kinds of stationery at Kellogg's.
—Miss Effie Vining of Wayne, was the guest of Miss Carrie Steers from Monday till Wednesday.
1-4 off on all trimmed hats at Vrooman & Steele's. 148-150
—We are told that C. H. Wilson the lawyer, will remove to Reed City about the 10th of next month.
—George Goldsmith of Wayne, a resident of that place for fifty years or more, was buried there Tuesday.
Old papers cheap at this office.
—Some South Lyon advertisers posted bills on a church door and were fined \$3 for it. Such bill boards come high.
—Daniel Scotten's city taxes amount to \$21,584.46, and those of the Brush estate \$21,848.91. They are the largest taxpayers in Detroit.
—The house of James Savage, which is near the Belleville M. E. campground, was struck by lightning Monday afternoon and Mrs. Savage stunned.
—John Atchinson was arrested at Ypsilanti, Tuesday, charged with stealing a horse, harness and buggy, from Walter J. Scott of Salem, two or three weeks ago.
New goods arriving daily at Dohmstreich Bros.
—Harvey Barker of Portsmouth, Bay county, an old friend, made us a pleasant call Saturday. Mr. Barker has lately been appointed postmaster at his place.
—It is said that J. C. Weller who, a short time ago, accepted a position in the Northern part of the state, will return soon to his old place at Geo. A. Starkweather & Co's.
—Daniel Whitacre and Gyle Denton were drowned in the Huron river near Belleville on Sunday while in bathing. Whitacre was 20 years of age and Denton 14. Both bodies were recovered.
Go to Kellogg's for 25c tea.
—The fourth annual camp-meeting of the Big Rapids of the M. E. church, is to be held at Riverside Park, Reed City, Aug. 5 to 13. Reduced rates on most railroads. The secretary is D. C. Riehl, Reed City.
At Vrooman & Steele's all trimmed hats sold at 1-4 off. 148-150
—A bill is before the House at Washington appropriating \$12,000 for the purchase of the grounds and buildings of the Northville fish hatchery; \$3,000 to purchase additional grounds and \$5,000 for the erection of new buildings.
—Our village is very quiet now-a-days, owing to the farmers being busy in their hay and grain, and such of the village people as could get away have been rusticated at some of the many beautiful lakes—mostly at Island lake this year.
If you want any book, paper, magazine or sheet music, leave your order at the MAIL office.
—Mr. Van Vliet and family, foreman of the N. Y. Post, has been in town for a few days past. He is a brother of W. B. Van Vliet who formerly resided here, and is taking his summer vacation. He left for Ionia, Wednesday, where W. B. resides.

—L. C. Mough expects to leave next Monday for Ellisville, Miss.
—The farmer's picnic is to be held at Whitmore Lake, August 23.
—L. L. Lewis of this place, the saw-mill man, will do threshing this season.
—Sewell Bennett's son Walter, about eight years of age, felt off a load of hay last Friday and broke his left arm about two inches above the wrist. He was attended by Dr. Lum.
—Our band boys speak in high terms of their treatment at Northville on the 4th. We are pleased to see such kindly feelings between the two bands and hope it may continue to exist.
—We neglected to mention last week that the Northville band were the guests of the Plymouth band on the 5th. The two bands rendered some excellent music in the park and afterwards at the races. We trust they will make visits here often.
Don't buy ready made pants when you can get them at Dohmstreich Bros. for \$3.00 to your measure.
—Miss Nettie Walker of Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., who has been visiting at Rev. G. H. Wallace's for two or three weeks past, returned home on Tuesday. She is a sister of Mrs. Wallace. Miss Walker, her mother and a younger sister leave New York tomorrow evening for Scotland.
—Lost.—On Saturday, July 12th, between Plymouth and Mr. Kinyon's or Mr. Moore's farms, by way of the Ann Arbor road, a lady's light colored leather pocket-book, with the owner's name on the inside of the cover, and containing somewhat over \$25. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at Plymouth National Bank.
—At last reports nearly one hundred horses were at the Detroit Driving Park undergoing preparations for the great "Blue Ribbon" meeting which takes place July 22 to 25. There are \$50,000 in the purse and the best horses in the country will be there. Sam'l will endeavor to beat the best record—2:66 3/4. Excursion rates on the railroads.
Box papers—24 envelopes and 24 sheets paper—from 10 to 40 cents per box at the MAIL office.
—The Pinckney Dispatch has the following to say of Westfall & Smith: "The new proprietors of the Monitor House are slicking up in fine shape. The walks are scrubbed and the yard cleaned, the rubbish burned and everything put in first-class shape. There is no reason why a hotel, run as it ought to be, will not make a success in this place."
—A young span of horses belonging to Mr. Truesdell of Canton, became frightened while standing before H. Loss' hardware store yesterday forenoon by a lady passing by on the sidewalk and raising her parasol when in front of them. They ran up Monroe street to the postoffice, where they were stopped. The harness was about all that was broken up—Wayne Review.
Marriage certificates at the MAIL office.
—The pastors of the various churches here have entered into an arrangement whereby, up to the first of September, there will be but one service on Sunday evenings, and that a union one. This will be no doubt a pleasure to the congregations, and a help to the pastors, most or all of whom are doing a little outside work upon the Sabbath. Each pastor will conduct the service in his own church, and the other pastors, if wearied, or otherwise engaged, are not expected to be present. The first service was in the Methodist church, and Rev. Cluck preached a good sermon on "Boast not thyself of tomorrow," to a large audience. The next service will be in the Baptist church, July 20th.
All trimmed hats sold at 1-4 off at Vrooman & Steele's. 148-150
—One of the worst looking gangs of gypsies that ever traveled the roads struck this place Saturday morning. There were two wagons, two men, two women, two bears and eight or nine children. The whole set were too dirty and filthy to describe. During the couple of hours they remained here the women and children were on the streets offering their services to dance and sing for a nickel. During their "engagement" here a boy shot one of the men with an air gun and the man got mad about it and seeing Hite Weeks, started after him with a big club in his hands. Weeks made his escape over the fence just before the club and fence came together. After jawing and swearing vengeance on the lad who fired the shot, they left town, one wagon going west and the other south.

Is Consumption Incurable?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."
Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store. 5

Notice.
All persons having claims against, or indebted to the undersigned, are requested to call and have a settlement at once, as the firm has been dissolved.
GEO. M. BURNETT,
H. C. ROBINSON.
Plymouth, March 19, 1890.

Berdan House Barber Shop

—Is the place to go for a—
Clean Shave and Neat Hair Cut.
LADIES AND CHILDREN HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.
Everything Neat and Clean. Come and see us.
JAMES MURDOCK, Prop.

Dead Shot on Moles!
IF YOUR LAWN IS BEING DESTROYED BY MOLES, SEND \$2.00 TO
W. N. WHERRY,
Plymouth, Mich.
For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them.

Once more the Season has opened up with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Boys' Bicycles.
Boys' Bicycles for \$35.00
Ladies' Bicycles, \$65. to 80.
Latest Styles and Lowest Prices.
CALL ON ME BEFORE BUYING.
A. R. TAFFT.
Plymouth. 149

VETERINARY!

P. M. Campbell, Veterinary Surgeon. All diseases of domesticated animals treated on the Latest Scientific Principles. Calls answered night or day. Office over Teichner's grocery, Northville. Night office, Park House.
Will be at Berdan House, Plymouth, Tuesdays and Saturdays from 2 to 3 p. m. 136-148

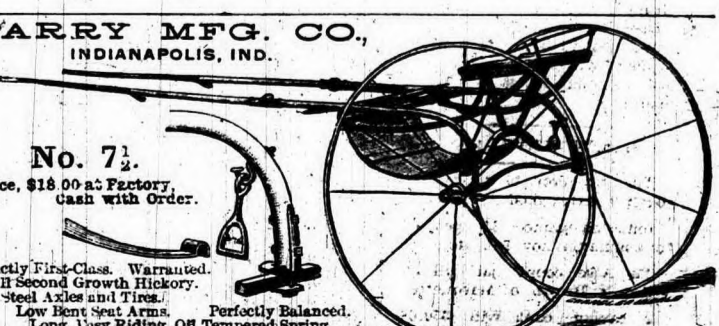
Bassett : & : Son,
—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—
FURNITURE
Upholstering and House Furnishing Goods Etc.
PICTURE : FRAMING : A : SPECIALTY.
Undertakers and Directors of Funerals in all Branches promptly attended to. Embalming when requested.
We Guarantee our Prices on Caskets and Coffins as low as any of our Competitors for the same quality of goods.
May Block, Main Street, - PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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
BICYCLES!

ALL SIZES, STYLES & PRICES, FOR PEOPLE OF ANY AGE OR SEX.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE!
LARGEST BICYCLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.
AGENTS WANTED.
CHAS. F. STOKES MFG. CO.,
293 and 295 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

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ALL THE NEWS FOR
\$1 PER YEAR.

FARRY MFG. CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

No. 7 1/2.
Price, \$18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.
Strictly First-Class Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil-Tempered Spring. Best Wheel, and Best All Over.
IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

IN MICHIGAN.

ITHACA, BADLY SCORCHED BY FIRE THURSDAY NIGHT.

A Frightful Case of Murder and Suicide at Owosso.

The Events of the Past Week Briefly Summarized.

Big Fire at Ithaca.

ITHACA, July 12.—About midnight fire broke out in the three-story frame hotel building situated on the northwest corner at the intersection of Main and Center streets here, and the fiery element could not be mastered until it had given Ithaca the worst scorching it has ever received, about 30 buildings in all being consumed. A complete windrow is opened up from the southeast to the northwest corner of one of the principal business blocks in town. The loss is variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$50,000. The buildings burned were all of wood, and their real value was small. The buildings will all be replaced with brick business places. But few of the buildings were insured, and most of the stocks were saved in damaged condition.

The loss of plate glass is very heavy, every piece on the opposite sides of Main and Center streets being broken by heat. Only two small wooden buildings now remain on the business portion of Center street.

Following is a list of the losses and insurance as nearly as can be ascertained at this time:

J. A. Deserms, loss on hotel building \$2,000, no insurance; W. H. Healey, loss on building and grocery stock and household goods \$2,500, insurance \$400 on building; Laura Howd, loss on building \$500, insured; Davis & Moyie, loss on building and meat market stock \$1,000, insurance \$400; H. C. Leland, loss on building and saloon fixtures \$3,000, insurance \$1,000; Robert Smith, loss on store building \$0, insurance \$500; Henry Kinkert, loss on building \$0; insurance \$300; N. C. Church, loss on building burned and other damage \$0, no insurance; G. A. R. hall, loss \$1,400, insurance \$0; Hiram Wilson, loss on building and blacksmith shop \$1,500, insurance on dwelling \$500, no insurance on shop; Blanch Foster, damage to goods \$300; James W. Howd, loss on dwelling house \$500, insured; J. Wright, loss on dwelling and barns \$850, insurance on barns and contents \$200, no insurance on house; Mrs. Caldwell, loss on store building \$1,000, insur. not \$100; J. S. Liger, loss on grocery stock \$200, insured; J. F. Strouse, loss on photograph gallery \$200, insurance \$0; J. Thompson, loss on stock \$100; I. N. Coleman, loss on storehouse, \$100, no insurance; Mrs. Maxwell, loss on millinery stock \$600, insurance \$300; Jesse McIntyre, damage to drug stock \$1,000, fully insured; George Richardson, damage to building \$1,200, fully insured; O. C. Kunze, loss \$300, insured; Mrs. L. B. Rumsay, damage to millinery \$200, insured; George Swartz Miller, loss on saloon stock and fixtures and household goods \$1,600, insurance \$1,000; M. Jacoby, loss on building \$1,000, insured; L. M. Lyon, loss on barn \$800, no insurance. The business stock of Theodore Rickman was saved in a damaged condition. J. M. Nichols' jewelry stock was moved with slight damage.

The total loss is \$23,800 and the total insurance where actual amounts are given is \$13,500.

The fire is thought to have been the work of an incendiary.

Murder and Suicide.

Owosso, July 15.—Perry Comstock, a well-to-do farmer, murdered his young wife and attempted to kill his adopted son, Oliver, then committed suicide by shooting himself this morning.

Comstock has been twice married. His former wife died three years ago. Comstock has since married and as a result of that union a fine baby boy was born which is now 13 months old.

Of late family jars have been frequent, Comstock becoming very jealous of his adopted son, who is a young man of good appearance, and his wife, who is perhaps 23 years old, while he was a man of 45 years. He attempted suicide once before, but failed.

Last night a quarrel took place, and Mrs. Comstock fled to the neighbors for safety. This morning about three o'clock she was induced to return. She and Comstock sat on the stoop and talked for some time, when he became excited and demanded to know whether she would live with him or not. She became alarmed and darted up the road, when he secured his repeating rifle, started in pursuit, calling to her to stop or he would fire. She sped on until Oliver cried to her to stop or his father would shoot. She did so at his solicitation, and as she turned Comstock fired killing her instantly. Then turning he said to Oliver, "It is your turn now," but the young man was too quick for him and dodged behind a woodpile as the deadly missile sped past. Comstock then went to the house shot himself in the breast, and then placing the gun to his left ear, blew the top of his head off.

Fire at Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, July 15.—The three-story brick block, owned by Brown & Clark, on the corner of Lewis and Campau sts., was gutted by fire early yesterday morning. Brown & Clark estimate their loss on building at \$6,000, with \$4,000 insurance. The Grand Rapids camera company will lose \$3,000, \$2,000 insurance. Heming & Van Haaf, art goods, estimate loss at \$5,000, insurance \$2,000. The Grand Rapids paper company, loses \$6,000, with \$4,000 insurance, and Harvey a Hayward, dealers in paints and oils, will lose \$7,500, with \$5,000 insurance. The total losses amount to \$32,500, with \$17,000 insurance.

STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

The hay crop in the Grand Traverse region is extra good.

Ionia has gained 350 people since 1890. Its population now is 4,540.

The Alger county jail will be built by Wilson & Brown of Marquette.

A savings bank, with \$30,000 capital, has been organized at Marquette.

An Sable business men have raised \$50,000 to start a hardwood factory or sink the pile trying it.

The city of Iron Mountain is to be bonded to the extent of \$10,000 for the building of a schoolhouse.

Fred Irland has secured his life appointment of official stenographer of the house at \$5,000 a year.

Albert Leach, a 15-year-old boy, was drowned while bathing near South Haven Sunday afternoon.

Bronson has a supposed horse-thief, Wesley Needham, who has been held for trial in the circuit court.

Charles Gardner of Sturgis, was run over and shockingly mangled by a freight train at Sturgis Saturday.

Mrs. W. O. Parker of Bronson, has been relieved of a tumor weighing 125 pounds. She will probably recover.

A Kalamazoo capitalist has offered the city \$50,000 for a library if some one provides the site for the building.

An error of 1,500 in Kalamazoo's population has been discovered at the census office, raising it from 16,500 to 18,000.

A 7-year-old lad named Carpenter went bathing near McEwan's mill, Bay City, Saturday afternoon and was drowned.

J. Ashworth of Lansing, has sent a prohibition petition signed by himself and 67 other Lansing people to Representative Brewer.

A vein of natural gas has been discovered on a farm near Benton Harbor and the Harborites are bugging themselves with gas.

The count of Porter's is so terribly wrong in Port Huron that a special enumerator has been ordered to investigate the discrepancies.

A band of seven childish desperadoes are under arrest at Saginaw for burglary. The members had been faithful disciples of the yellow-covered books.

An Albion coroner's jury has decided that Byron Angevine had a perfect right to shoot and kill Bert Mellich who was caught breaking into Angevine's house.

A vicious horse kicked Mrs. Miner of West Fremont, in the head Saturday fracturing her skull and inflicting injuries that will probably result in her death.

Prof. J. H. Simons, formerly of Northville, but more recently of Pontiac, has gone to Napa, Cal., to take the professorship of music in the Napa college.

Miss Jessie Beach of Battle Creek, was thrown from a buggy Saturday evening, and the horse kicked her in the head, inflicting injuries that may result fatally.

George Bentley has received notification of \$5,000 back pension. It won't do George much good, as he is in the Pontiac insane asylum, but it does please his sister and guardian.

Alger county supervisors have voted to pay Judge Steere \$300 additional salary and Schoolcraft is now the only county in the district which refuses to come up to the scratch.

Northville is happy in the thought of soon being the site of a \$50,000 automatic scale company's works and Freeport thinks that a \$5,000 fruit evaporator will soon be placed there.

For five months the Jackson physicians have been puzzled about the condition of J. C. Weldon's infant child. Now they have found out that the child is blind, and has been so since birth.

Harper, Heisner & Co., of Bay City, estimate their loss by Saturday's fire at \$42,000, with \$6,000 insurance. The loss on Richter's museum is estimated at \$20,000, with no insurance.

Otto Worlds of Buchanan, applied for a pension 10 years ago. Monday he received notice from Washington that he had been granted back pension and that a check for \$600 was on its way to him.

The wool yield at Coldwater is about marketed, amounting to 125,000 pounds, with prices ranging from 26 to 31 cents. Branch county yielded 294,236 in '88, showing that the crop has very materially fallen off.

Thomas Q. Hamilton, for some time head of the Middlebrook schools, has left for parts unknown. So have four hundred dollars of the Oddfellows money. It may be a coincidence, but it looks more like a skipping out.

The boys at the house of correction at Ionia raised \$450 as a purse for a man from Lowell, who had his pocket picked while visiting them. They couldn't afford to have a blot on their characters for a paltry \$450; so they said.

William Reese, convicted of killing Robert Alexander by knocking him down and jumping on him in front of the Marshall house, Saginaw, last March, has been sentenced to state prison for two years and six months.

Hon. Charles E. Mickle of Adrian, an early anti-slavery agitator and the man to whom credit is due for the admission of women to the university of Michigan, died at his home of paralysis Tuesday. He was 72 years old, and had filled many important state offices.

Old Indian traditions located rich coal beds on the Ojibwa river in Presque Isle, and a man named Haskins who believed in the yarn went there and found a vein which has shown up rich on the opening. He is now laughing at those who laughed at him for starting.

Daniel Simpson, a farmer living near Tawas, seems to have more sand than sense. He is a grouchy chap and for a long time has had a grudge against the highway near his house. A short time ago to work off his spite he cut down the highway bridge. Now Daniel, like his namesake of old, lingers, not in the lion's den, but in jail.

A young lady at the home of John Struble of Galesburg heard burglars down stairs. She shouldered a gun, cautiously slipped below, and before the men knew what was going on, they stood looking into the dark depths of a blunderbus. She thereupon called for help and now has her prey in all awaiting trial in the circuit court.

A BIG CYCLONE.

GEN. FREMONT JOINS THE GREAT MAJORITY.

General Fisk the Great Temperance Advocate Dead.

Terrible Loss of Life and Property Near St. Paul.

A few minutes before five o'clock Sunday afternoon a threatening storm began to collect in the region of Lake McCarron, two or three miles north of St. Paul, Minn., soon taking on the rotary motion and the terrible appearance of the cyclone. When the storm struck the little lake the boat house was lifted up bodily and overturned into the lake, and a boat-load of persons were given similar treatment. Other buildings were demolished or badly wrecked.

The passengers on the St. Paul & Duluth train were approaching Gladstone when they observed the cyclone forming, and watched its whirling motion with interest, rather than fear or excitement. Not so with the engineer, however. He saw the threatening aspect of the sky, and with a startling look ahead to see if it was clear, he took a firmer grip on the throttle and the engine leaped forward under his touch. His judgment and quick judgment undoubtedly saved the lives of the whole crowded train, for the twisting, terrifying devastator crossed the track scarcely more than a minute after the train had passed.

The place where the cyclone struck the ground and caused loss of life was on the shore of Lake Gervais, where J. H. Schurmier of St. Paul had a summer cottage in a little basin, where Simon Good was also located. The funnel-shaped cloud swooped down on them and demolished the dwellings, and a number of other buildings in the same neighborhood. The camp of Col. Helleher and a large party also of St. Paul were blown down, but the party all escaped injury. In the wreck of the Schurmier house, however, five were killed and ten injured there and at the Good cottage. Following are the killed: Mrs. J. H. Schurmier and Charles Schurmier of St. Paul, and Rev. Mr. Phneffer of Brennan, Texas, who was visiting them; George Miller of the First National bank of St. Paul; "Pete" Schurmier's driver, whose last name was not known. The bodies of Mrs. Schurmier, her son and Mr. Phneffer have not yet been found.

It is said that the cyclone was confined to a district only three and a half miles long, and that the worst damage was within a limit of half a mile.

Late advices from Lake Gervais indicate that the loss of life at that point may reach 50. The man who had charge of the boat house says that he had rented out not less than 15 boats before the storm burst. There were not less than two people in any of these boats and some contained three or four persons. The keeper says that since the cyclone passed over the lake nothing has been heard of any of the boats or their occupants.

Mr. and Mrs. Schurmier were sitting near the door of the cottage at Lake Gervais when the whirling winds picked it up. Mr. Schurmier was dashed against a tree and frightfully mangled, every bone in his body being broken. Mrs. Schurmier was buried beneath the debris of the adjacent cottage, and her head was pinned by heavy timbers. Simon Good was struck by a piece of flying timber and the falling limb of a tree, twisted from its roots, dashed out his brains as he fell bleeding to death.

A widow named Mullaney and her four children, the eldest a boy 11 years of age, ran to the shore of the lake when they saw the storm cloud approaching. The mother and her children lay flat on the sand hoping against hope that the cyclone would pass them by. The swift revolving cloud picked up the little family, and in its embrace, they were carried out into the lake and drowned. The bodies of Mrs. Mullaney and her second son were recovered by grapplers. The bodies of the two other children are still in the depths of the lake.

Strange to say, a group of cottages, all within one hundred yards of the Schurmier and Good dwellings, escaped the storm although their occupants almost died of fright as they saw the awful devastation in progress around them.

All the telephone and telegraph wires were prostrated, and a few small buildings were wrecked. Bridges on every road leading out of St. Paul were washed out by the torrents of rain that preceded the cyclone, and the damage to property, to say nothing of life, will be enormous.

TWO HUNDRED DROWNED.

A dispatch from Minneapolis, Minn., Sunday says the steamer Sea Wing in returning from Lake City with about 250 people aboard, where the state encampment of the state militia is in progress, with a barge in tow, were in the middle of the lake of Lake City when the cyclone struck the city. The boat became unmanageable at once. The barge was cut loose and after an hour drifted to shore with about 80 people on board. The other 200 or more were drowned. Among the dead are some of the best known and most prominent people of Red Wing and vicinity. A number of bodies are already washed ashore. The storm did great damage to property in and about Lake City.

Express Robbery.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The general offices of the Northern Pacific express, at 81 Dearborn street, were entered at 11 o'clock Saturday by masked robbers. After covering two clerks who were in charge with revolvers, the robbers secured between \$8,000 and \$10,000 and made good their escape.

Double Murder and Suicide.

TRON, N. Y., July 12.—Mrs. James Williams, near Fairhaven, Vt., this morning about three o'clock murdered her two children, a girl of 17 and a boy of six, set fire to the house and cut her own throat. She was undoubtedly insane. About two weeks ago her husband was killed in a slate quarry.

DEATH OF GEN. FREMONT.

This Man Passes Away After a Short Illness.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Gen. John Charles Fremont, the first candidate of the republican party for president, died at the home of his adopted daughter, the wife of Col. H. M. Porter (Nina Fremont), at 49 West Twenty-fifth at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon. Death was due to inflammation of the bowels. His sickness was of brief duration and dated from the excessive heat of last Tuesday, when the thermometer went up to 100 in this city. On that day the excessive heat affected him very seriously, he felt ill and on the following day, Wednesday, he experienced some pain, and on Thursday was worse, but he did not complain. The doctor advised the sick man to take a sail and get a little fresh air. While he was out on the water he got a bad chill. Friday night he sent for the doctor again. On the following morning (Saturday) the disease had developed enough to show its true character (peritonitis). Final dissolution was sudden. The general was 77 years and 6 months old, to a day at the time of his death.

A dispatch was sent to Mrs. Fremont and Elizabeth Fremont, a daughter, who were at Los Angeles, Cal., of the death of the husband and father; also to his son, Frank Preston Fremont, at Fort Snelling, near Minneapolis.

THE FUNERAL.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Arrangements for the funeral of Maj.-Gen. John C. Fremont were made today. It will take place on Wednesday morning next from the Protestant Episcopal church of St. Ignacius.

The pallbearers will be Gen. Sherman, Gen. O. O. Howard, Rear Admiral D. L. Braine, ex-Gov. Rodmauch Price, Maj. George P. Edgar, formerly of Gen. Fremont's staff, and the following representatives of the pioneers of the territorial days of California: Mark D. Wilbur, William Colligan, James E. Nuttman and Francis D. Clark.

General Fisk Dead.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Gen. Clinton B. Fisk died at his residence in this city yesterday, in the 62d year of his age. The funeral services will be held at the Madison avenue Methodist Episcopal church on Friday. The burial will be at his old home, Coldwater, Mich., on Saturday, the 12th.

Clinton Bowen Fisk was born at Greggsville, Livingston county, N. Y., December 8, 1828. His father was a blacksmith. Shortly after the birth of Clinton B.—the fifth arrival in the family—his parents removed to Michigan, where the father bought out a trader, whacked away at the ax, and managed to pound out considerable money, which he invested in western lands. He died in 1832. Clinton B. was "bound out" to Deacon Wright, a farmer, who was to rear the lad and when he had attained his majority agreed to give him a horse, saddle and bridle and \$200 in money, besides his schooling. Young Clinton was a great reader—in fact, his love for books amounted to a passion. When 12 years old he walked 12 miles to Jackson in order to sell to a traveling circus a pet which he had taught many tricks, the money being invested in "Anthon's Latin Lessons." He united with the Methodist church about this time. He also succeeded in securing his release from the old deacon, to whom he was bound, and turned bookkeeper for a laundress at 10 cents a week. He also did odd chores and attended district school, to which he was obliged to walk three miles morning and night, winter and summer. Later he attended the Albion seminary, but was unable to complete his course. At the age of 21 he married and settled down at Coldwater. He was an abolitionist, and helped manipulate the "under-ground railway" of ante bellum days. When the war broke out Mr. Fisk enlisted as a private in a St. Louis regiment, where he had been in business since 1858. One year later he was made brigadier general, and in 1865 was breveted major general. He served in the army of the Tennessee until the fall of Vicksburg, and then in Missouri until the close of the war. Then he was ordered south to carry out the provisions of the Freedman's bureau. Gen. Fisk about this time founded the famous Fisk university in Tennessee. The general lost nearly all his fortune in the war, but soon picked up again by investments in Missouri railroads and real estate.

For years he was an ardent prohibitionist, and in 1888 he was the party candidate for the presidency.

COWBOYS CUT THE WIRES.

They Make Targets of the Insulators on the Western Union Poles.

Every telegraph wire on the Union Pacific railroad near Sydney, Neb., was recently cut and all communication with the west and Pacific coast by this, the main route of the Western Union telegraph company, was completely severed from daylight in the morning until late in the afternoon. It seems that a lot of cowboys who had been working on a round-up near Sydney visited that town the night previous and when they had exhausted all the pleasures of the metropolis of Cheyenne county, at daylight they mounted their ponies and proceeded a few miles west of town, where they set up a target against a telegraph pole. They spent some time in hitting it from various distances, but the mark proving too easy for their skills, they turned their attention and their six-shooters towards the insulators and wires and only desisted when they had knocked off all the insulators in the vicinity and cut every wire with their bullets. The Western Union telegraph company sent a large force of repairers to the scene, but it took them all day to repair the damage.

Three Murders at a Dance.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Last night William Freeman shot William Williams in the abdomen, because the latter was paying too much attention to a mutual female friend, Freeman escaped. George Lawton had his head crushed with an axe, and John Greer was arrested charged with the crime. A third killing was committed by John Smith, and his victim was Frank Vellie, who received a bullet in the abdomen. Smith was arrested.

WASHINGTON.

THE PRESIDENT APPROVED THE SILVER BILL.

The New Treasury Notes Approved and Adopted.

The President and the Tariff.

WASHINGTON, July 15.

The President approved the silver bill immediately upon its receipt at the White House.

The President and Secretary Windom have approved the designs of the new treasury notes provided for by the new silver bill prepared at the bureau of engraving and printing. These notes will be of eight different denominations, as follows: One dollar, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$1,000. They will all resemble in form and general characteristic the present legal tender note. They will all be printed in black on the face and in green on the back. A new feature of the new notes to prevent raising or alteration is the printing the denomination in big black letters across the back. This will be done in the case of the ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties and fifties.

The department of state has effected an arrangement for the appointment of three veterinary inspectors for the purpose of inspecting all American cattle landed in Great Britain. One will be stationed at Liverpool, one at London and one at Glasgow. They will sail for Europe at once.

A bill constituting eight hours a day's work for all laborers employed by the government is being considered. The government can well afford to set an example of liberality to the rest of the world, and it does the same hours to its laborers as it accords to its clerks. Recommended that the bill be passed by the committee on labor.

The President and the Tariff.

CHICAGO, July 12.—A telegram under the date of Carlisle, Pa., gives the text of a letter written by President Harrison in response to an invitation to attend the National Grangers' exhibition. The president in part said:

The tariff question, which is now before the people, is the most important question of the day, and the people should be thoroughly educated on it. As there is no doubt that the farming element of this country is the backbone of this government or any other free government, it is necessary that they should understand this question so that they can choose between free trade and protection, one of which would be ruinous and the other would be prosperity to the government. This free trade question is a dangerous one to handle, and if it should win in 1892 it would cause great distress throughout the land—something never experienced by the American people.

The President and the Tariff.

FORT WORTH, TEX., July 12.—Mayor W. S. Pendleton was, on July 5, married to Addie G. Cullen, a telephone girl in the employ of the Fort Worth telephone exchange. When the news was made public here to-day it created a sensation, as it was supposed Mayor Pendleton had a wife and an interesting family in this city. It transpired that last August Mayor Pendleton went to Chicago and got a divorce from his first wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper, but to all appearances the family relations were most cordial.

Dr. and Mrs. VanDusen's Gift.

KALAMAZOO, July 15.—Dr. and Mrs. E. H. VanDusen of this city have donated to the school district \$50,000 to erect a city library building and board of education rooms, and at the annual meeting of the district to-day it was unanimously voted to spend \$15,000 for a site. It will probably be built on the corner of Rose and South streets. The site preferred by the liberal donors.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Jobbing Prices.

OATS—Unusually large exports are now being made from this country to Europe.

WHEAT—New York papers report a sharp demand both for the home trade and for exportation.

WHEAT—When the market opened on Monday morning after a three days' rest, prices were not materially changed.

APPLES—New, are quiet at 80¢ to 85¢ a box.

FALLOW—In fair demand and steady at 4¢ per bush.

EGGS—Are strong at 13 to 13½¢ per dozen outside for cash.

HONEY—Comb dull at 12½¢ and extracted at 11½¢ per bush.

BEANS—City hand-picked medium are dull at \$1.00 to 1.05 per bush.

HAY—Barn timothy \$10.50 to \$11.00; No. 2 \$9.50; clover \$1 per ton in car lots.

CHEESE—Market easy at 7½ to 8¢ per pound for Michigan full cream.

DRIED FRUIT—Evaporated peaches, 12½¢; dried peaches, 13 to 14¢; evaporated apples, 12½¢; dried apples, 14 to 15¢ per bush.

PULTRY—All live is quoted as follows: Spring chickens, 12 to 14¢; turkeys, 12 to 14¢; young ducks, 12 to 14¢; turkeys, 10 to 11¢ per bush. Pigeons are easy at 12 to 20¢ per pair.

BUTTER—Strictly first-class dairy is not very plentiful and is firm at 25 to 26¢ per pound. Common stock is very plentiful and easy at 10 to 11¢, and creamery is quiet at 14 to 15¢ per pound.

HIDES—Quoted as follows: Green city, 6¢; country, 4¢; cured, No. 1, 5¢; No. 2, 4¢; calf, No. 1, 6¢; No. 2, 4¢; veal kip, No. 1, 4¢; runners and No. 2, 3½¢; sheepskins, 10¢; No. 1, 11¢; No. 2, 10¢.

WOOL—The condition of the market is unchanged. It would bid itself to outline a dollar or more unit-interesting state of affairs than exists at present. Every one is waiting, growers, dealers and manufacturers, wait for a change in some factor of the situation which will affect the wool market. Signs are multiplying that the sudden export in wool, which occurred some weeks ago, resulting in the buying of early California Utah and Texas wools at growers' prices, had completely died out; in fact, scarcely anyone appears to have confidence enough in the future to bid the price demanded in the interior. The almost entire absence of manufacturers from the market, which strengthens the argument that quite a large part of the woolen machinery of this country is idle, or running on short time.

COL. A. A. Harris, member of the board of managers of the national soldiers' home, a veteran of the war of the rebellion, ex-mayor of Cincinnati, and for many years a prominent Ohio politician, is dead.

ROY BERRY;

OR,
THE FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY GEO. W. WOOLSEY.

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[CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.]

"That is just what I was coming to. After the wreck was cleared away the dead were all recognized and claimed by their friends except two young men, whom the trainmen said had traveled a long way and carried with them a good deal of baggage and had a large amount of money in their possession, and in looking through their valises with the hope of finding something by which they might be identified the only thing found was the picture of what was supposed to be a family group."

"How many persons were there represented in the picture?"

"Five. An elderly lady and gentleman,



She turned her attention to Mrs. Goodwin, and two boys, almost grown to manhood, and one girl."

"Did you see the picture?"

"Yes. While attending the inquest I saw it, and I have been impressed ever since first looking upon the face of the sick girl that there is a most remarkable resemblance."

"Do you know what became of the picture?"

"Yes. The picture was taken with other things belonging to the dead men to the general office of the railroad and there safely stored away."

"And do you suppose there would now be any chance of getting the picture?"

"Yes, I have it," and as he took it from his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Goodwin, he continued: "Surely that is the picture of her face, though she looks to be several years older now."

Mrs. Goodwin looked long and earnestly at the picture, and a sad expression came over her face, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered her husband's anxious look.

"Yes; it is her picture, and those are her brothers whom she has well nigh sacrificed her own life to find."

"Too bad! too bad! She has found them. But alas! they are in the grave!"

"She must not know the worst now. The shock would be too great for her now until she is stronger."

"Three months later Mrs. Goodwin and Hettie were out walking together as they had been accustomed to ever since Hettie had sufficiently recovered, to be out afterwards, when their conversation turned from surrounding scenes to events of the past.

"Hettie, do you still have hope of finding your brothers?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"Not alive," calmly answered Hettie.

"Why not alive?"

"A few nights ago I dreamed that I had found George and Harry, and that they were both dead. The dream was too real not to be true, and I shall find it so sometime."

"And would you be surprised to find them alive?"

"Yes; for I know them now only as the dead, and I am resigned to my fate."

Taking the picture from her pocket Mrs. Goodwin handed it to her without saying a word.

Hettie looked at the picture a few moments in silence, and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed, "Mother!" And then, growing calm, she turned her attention to Mrs. Goodwin, and asked her where she got the picture.

She told her all that she had learned from her husband; how he had gotten the picture, and all she knew of the affair.

Hettie appeared calm and perfectly resigned, since of late her troubles had come so unexpected and so severe that she had given up to almost everything that might occur.

She was assisted by Mr. Goodwin in finding the railroad officials and from them learned the sad particulars of George and Harry's terrible death. She got considerable money left by them, and over their graves she erected a handsome marble monument, upon which, as a warning to others, she had these words engraved in bold letters—

"Beware of strong drink!"

Hettie remained several weeks longer with Mrs. Goodwin, to whom she had become so greatly attached that it was hard to part with her forever. But she longed to be at her old home again, and when her arrangements were about completed to leave for home she wrote a brief note as follows, and posted it to her friend, Ola Berry:

DEAR OLA.—When I left you I promised to write when I had found George and Harry. I have, after so long a time, found them, and I am now preparing to return home. I shall leave here on next Monday. Best wishes to all. Hope to be with you soon. I feel a horror for the lake voyage, but of course it is folly to think of danger. Sincerely your friend,

HETTIE HINES.

In all the twelve months Hettie had been in Canada she had never heard from

Roy. Her letters had all been returned and marked "not found." She did not know that Roy had left the north and returned to his southern home, and when her letters were sent back she was grieved lest some misfortune had befallen him, but still she had hope of one day finding him, and this hope was her anchor, both sure and steadfast, and she lived on day by day with a confident assurance of some time being re-united with him.

She hastily completed her arrangements and at the appointed time bid her friends and protectors a long farewell, and left them with sorrowful hearts as she journeyed homeward.

CHAPTER XIV.—ROY AT HOME.

Roy made all possible haste and arrived home on the second day after he received the telegram. As he came in sight of his home and looked again upon the dear old scenes of his boyhood days his heart leaped with joy, but when the thought came into his mind like a flash that he might not find his mother alive, joy for the present turned to sorrow, and he approached the house with a sad, heavy heart. But when once inside the house he was welcomed by his mother's smile, and all his sorrow was changed to rejoicing.

Mrs. Berry lingered between life and death for many weeks, but by good medical attention and the best of nursing she was again restored to her usual health, and was once more happy with her reunited family.

During all this time Roy had tried in vain to learn something of the whereabouts of Hettie. He had written to every point where he thought it at all likely a letter would reach her, but they all came back postmarked "not called for." He advertised for her in a number of Canada newspapers, and still no tidings of her came.

He decided to wait yet a little while with the hope that she might become discouraged in what he considered a useless search for George and Harry and return home. He watched the daily mails and eagerly scanned the columns of the newspapers with the hope of getting some news to her whereabouts, but no information ever came to gladden his heart.

Roy decided to remain at home with his mother, and not return to the north, although he received a number of letters from Mr. Gaylord, urging him to do so just as soon as he could again leave his mother.

At that time real estate in southern Kentucky was being sold far below its real value, and Roy very wisely decided to invest his money in land and engage in farming and stock-raising in the future. A tract of four hundred acres of finely timbered and valuable farm land lying between the Hines' plantation and Mrs. Berry's small estate, was offered for sale very cheap, the owner having left it and settled in the northwest during the late war. Roy realized that within a few years the land would more than double its present cost in value, and considering it in that sensible light he lost no time in purchasing the entire tract. After paying for the land he had money enough left to buy stock and machinery and enter into farming on a larger scale, which was profitable for him from the first notwithstanding his inexperience.

Time passed along and his hope of Hettie's voluntary return faded away and his grief became almost unbearable. Thus the long winter passed away and in the early spring he resolved to make a trip to Canada with the hope of tracing her by hotel registers and other means which he would employ when once there. He remained at home and superintended his farm work until the crops were all planted, and then having employed sober, industrious laborers to work in his absence, he left for Canada, to be gone, if necessary, during the summer.

He went direct to Toronto, and as soon as he arrived there, proceeded to examine all the hotel registers in the city. This required much more time and labor than one not experienced would suppose. He searched page by page but no familiar name was written on any of them. Thus day and night for many weeks he labored in vain until he had thoroughly examined all the hotel and boarding house registers in the city. He next resorted to the banks, but could find no checks that would in any way aid him. He finally became discouraged, and gave up all hope of finding her there.

He decided to visit other cities and towns in Canada, and pursue the same course he had followed in Toronto, and also to use the newspapers and all means available to find her. He received a letter from home every week, but still no tidings came of Hettie. When he had done everything in his power and all had failed he gave up in despair and prepared to return home.

It was the middle of August when Roy Berry again landed in the United States. He had scarcely stepped from the steamer which brought him over when his attention was arrested by a newsboy crying out in loud, shrill tones—

"Chicago Tribune—all about the lake disaster!"

Roy lost no time in buying a paper and hastily read the account. The steamer was a small vessel and loaded to her greatest capacity. Somewhere on the lake she was lost in a gale. The officers had become careless and the engineer and pilot were both drunk, and consequently incapable of managing the vessel, and when the wind struck them they were driven out of their course and lashed about at the mercy of the gale. The waves rolled high, and still higher, and every moment the frail vessel in the power of the raging elements threatened to go to pieces. The captain warned the frightened passengers to prepare for the worst. "For," said he, "she cannot stand the storm twenty minutes longer!" The vessel's ballast of boxes and bundles of goods of every description, and horses and cattle were being tossed about promiscuously, while among the passengers there was the wildest confusion, save with those who were in a drunken stupor, and did not realize what was coming, and every possible means of escape was secured. Hettie was among the excited crowd, but unlike the rest of the passengers, she was undaunted by the raging billows which would soon sweep over the three hundred persons who

were passengers on the ill-fated steamer and probably sink them all together to the bottom of the lake.

At last all hope vanished as the captain informed them that she was going down. Five minutes later and her tall smoke-stacks had disappeared beneath the waves.

But one man had been found who escaped with his life, and from his best information it was ascertained that the disaster had occurred not many miles from the shore but the exact location was not known.

Roy was strangely affected when he read the very imperfect report, and his thoughts were, if possible, more than ever of Hettie. He could not tell why it was that her image was constantly coming up before him as his mind pictured the helpless men and women struggling for life amid the turbulent waves which closed in and covered in the depths of the lake the bodies of the greater number of the passengers and crew.

Roy tried in vain to learn more of the horrible affair, but there was no way possible to obtain a list of the names of the passengers as the rescued man was a stranger to all those who were aboard the doomed steamer.

Roy had intended to continue his journey homeward that afternoon, but he changed his mind and determined to remain there for a day or two, or until he might learn something more. As night came on and the guests at the hotel had ceased thinking and talking of the lake disaster and were enjoying themselves in innocent social amusements, Roy was uneasy and could not enjoy himself in the gay and happy crowd, and he walked out so that he might in solitude brood over his troubles. He strolled out and down near the edge of the lake, and upon a high peak overlooking the water he found a seat and sat down to meditate. He briefly recalled his past life; his mind went back to the hour when he left Hettie with the promise to return and claim her when he had provided for her a comfortable home. That promise he had kept sacred; he had been successful beyond his most sanguine expectations; but alas! for his fondest hope, the idol of his life, had flown like an uncaged dove and he was left to mourn for the living, yet dead to him, forever, so far as he then knew.

Thus his thoughts wandered from one event to another until a late hour in the night, when he was aroused from his reverie by some strange sound coming from the direction of the lake. He sprang to his feet and looked anxiously out upon the smooth surface of the water. In the dim moonlight he thought that he could see an object of some kind floating along slowly toward the shore. It was star off and in the faint light Roy could not discern whether it was a living object or not. As he was gazing intently and was about to decide that it was a human being, a cloud eclipsed the moon, and darkness closed around him for a few moments, and then the feeble light appeared again. The floating object came nearer and nearer. Roy watched in breathless silence, and his heart almost ceased its pulsation as his ear caught the weak but distinct words, which, when connected, form the following sentence:

"My God! hast Thou forsaken me?"

Who can it be? was Roy's first thought, and as he was about to turn away and run back to the hotel to give the alarm and call for help, a woman's voice, soft and low, floated over the surface of the water in familiar strains as she feebly sang—

"Rocked on the bosom of the deep,
Lord, it is I, thee: Thou wilt ever keep."

The voice grew fainter and fainter until it was entirely lost before the last lines of the song were reached.

Roy again turned to go, but was this time arrested by the same voice, but in feebler tones, calling his own name, and then he became desperate. The voice was again lost and everything was as silent as the grave, but still the floating object with its human freight was slowly coming nearer the shore, and Roy could now plainly see that it was the form of a woman.

A small boat lay anchored by the shore a few rods away. Roy ran with all possible haste and loosened the boat from its mooring, leaped into it and rowed with all his power toward the floating craft, but before he reached it another cloud obscured the moon, and he was compelled to anchor for a few minutes. While thus surrounded with darkness his ear again caught the same sweet voice in song, only a few rods away—

"Dear old boy, beckoning her in,
Calling me away to hoar, my luns."

Roy urged his boat forward, and a few strokes of the oars brought him alongside a woman lying upon a piece of broken timber. He leaned over her and saw that she was too weak to as much as move her hand. He lifted her head upon his arm and as he did so their eyes met and in the same breath, they exclaimed—

"Hettie!"

"Roy!"

A few days later Roy and Hettie returned together to their old Kentucky home, and their coming created the greatest excitement in the neighborhood that had been known since the close of the war. A number of their friends had gone along way to meet them and welcome them home again, and there was joy and sorrow mingled together in each heart. Joy for the safe return of Hettie, who was the pride of all her young friends, of whom she had many, as well as all the elder persons within the boundary of her almost unlimited acquaintance; and sorrow for the sad ending of two young lives of once noble young men whom everyone in that neighborhood had loved and respected in their youth while they were innocent and free from the accursed monster evil—liquor!

Uncle Mose was so greatly overjoyed that for a time he forgot his rheumatism and old age and fairly danced for joy.

"For the good Lawd's sake, Miss Hettie, w'at am you w'arin' ov black mourning fur?" when he saw her in full mourning.

Hettie explained to him all about George and Harry's death, and this was the first intimation Mose had of the fate of his young friends, and as Hettie related to him all that she thought best for him to



"Hettie," "Roy,"
know, his poor sympathetic heart ran over with honest sorrow and he wept like a child.

CHAPTER XV.—HAPPINESS AT LAST.

For the past few years Roy had scarcely lived the real, but merely existed on the faith with which his hope was fixed for the near future. He started out for himself very early in life, but not until he had carefully considered what he was doing and sincerely obeyed the scriptural injunction: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." In this light he could see no time for idleness or immaturity. He now, more than ever before, saw the wisdom of his course in life, and he most graciously thanked his heavenly father for protection through his boyhood years while he was thrown among those who were tempted and yielded—and were lost! He too would have fallen had he not listened to the whisperings of his own conscience and left the distillery when he did. His success financially was phenomenal, and only an occasional one meets with his good fortune in that respect.

Hettie could attribute the cause of so much sorrow alloted to her to nothing she had done herself. Perhaps it was the bitter experience of a young life to sweeten middle-age. Be that as it may, she had drunk the cup to its dregs.

About that time a powerful temperance revival was in progress in that part of the state, and public meetings were being held in school-houses, churches, and at private houses. Roy took great interest in these meetings, and contributed largely to their success, and as the old Hines' distillery building was still standing on the land that he had recently purchased, he suggested that it should be converted into a temperance tabernacle. Accordingly the place was comfortably fitted up with a seating capacity for a large audience and a platform for the orators. Persons came from a long distance to these meetings and great good was accomplished. The tabernacle was also made a place for the worship of all religious denominations, and scarcely a sabbath passed without a powerful sermon of some nature being preached there. It was in a short time known throughout the country as the Berry Union Meeting House.

Just one year from the time Roy and Hettie returned home a double wedding took place and the ceremony was pronounced in the old distillery meeting-house, and near the spot where Roy had spent many hours at labor in his youthful days. Hettie was the picture of beauty and contentment as she appeared in her bridal costume, and Roy was justly proud of his fair young bride.

John Henderson was no less proud of Ola, for in her he found a wife who in every particular would be a help-meet through life.

Three years later we find Hugh Lovelace a raving maniac occupying a cell in an insane asylum, while his mother, with a broken heart, is bending over the grave in which she will soon rest. Her property has all been sacrificed in a vain effort to reclaim her boy from the drunkard's certain doom.

Mrs. Haywood died of a broken heart when she found that no amount of persuasion would win Willie back from intemperance, which she saw was fast robbing him of every principle of his natural manliness.

Mrs. Berry has found a pleasant home alternately with Roy and Ola, and her declining days are made happy because she has lived to see her children attain to a position where they can be a blessing not only to her and their own families, but their boundless charity has brought to many homes happiness.

Roy is the most successful farmer and stock dealer in southern Kentucky, and while he cannot number his cattle on a thousand hills, he can number them by the thousands on the hills of more than a thousand acres of his own land. He furnishes employment for scores of poor laborers, and in consequence is of more real value than any of his predecessors.

Uncle Mose is too old and feeble to do any kind of work, and much of his time is spent in childish amusements with Thomas Hines Berry, who is the first born of the third generation since he has been connected with the family as a slave and a free man.

[THE END.]

As a rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always highly expedient to know all one tells.—Troy Times.

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.—Rochester Budget.

It is not enough to be ready to go where duty calls. A man should stay around where he can hear the call.—New Orleans Picayune.

The course of true love is too rough to run smooth when it comes to muddy coffee and heavy biscuit—there's a damp at that point.—Ocean.

"The human race is a great one," said he. "Yes," said the widow to whom he was engaged; "I am now on the second lap."—N. Y. Sun.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain as commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

The newest German is to make North Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy.

Six novels free, sent by Crain & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

One is company and two is a crowd in a summer hammock.

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.

The latest thing out—a bachelor's night-key.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquis, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it 75c.

A Michigan photographer can converse in 20 different languages.

Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know that they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth. Mrs. C. M. BROWN, Iowa, writes The Bradford-Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. "Sold by all druggists."

Stanley's latest book brought him \$70,000.

Progress. It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

Speaker Reed has been made an LL. D. by Bowdoin college.

Summer Tours, 1890.

Is the title of a new illustrated summer tourist book of the Michigan Central. "The Niagara Falls Route." It is a practical guide, and profusely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage by O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

"Board wanted," said the chap who fell overboard.

The Problem Solved.

An Unrivalled Blood Purifier. Found at last in Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup—a remedy which expels all poisonous matter and taints of disease from the blood. A well known citizen of West Lebanon, Ohio, testifies to its value:

GENTLEMEN:—It affords me pleasure to state that my wife has received greater benefit from Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup than from any medicine she has ever taken. We have used six bottles, and find it to be the best family remedy and greatest blood purifier that we have ever used. It is truly all it is claimed to be by its founder. You cannot recommend it too highly.

Yours Truly,
FRANK WALLACE, West Lebanon, Ind.
Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Lightning seems to be exceptionally destructive to life thus far this year, but we observe that it hasn't struck Kemmer yet.

A New Sleeping Car Service Detroit to Boston.

Commencing Monday, June 7, an elegant Wagner Sleeping car will leave Detroit for Boston daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, via the Michigan Central (the Niagara Falls route) thence via the New York Central and Boston & Albany railroads, affording an opportunity to reach Albany, Springfield, Boston and other New England points early the next day without change of cars. Berths can be secured in advance by applying to C. A. Warren, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Union Ticket office, 66 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Do You Know

That you can take the North Shore limited of the Michigan Central. "The Niagara Falls Route," at 7:45 p. m. from Detroit, after the day's business; eat, sleep, smoke, read, write, chat, and lounge luxuriously on board, and reach any New York or Long Island Sound and the Jersey Coast or Saratoga, Rutland, Burlington, Springfield, Boston and other New England points, if you doubt it, try it.

Michigan Central's

DETROIT & MACKINAC LINE.
Train leaves Detroit daily (except Sunday) at 8:05 a. m., arrives in Mackinac City at 9 p. m. Train leaves Detroit daily at 6 p. m., arrives in Mackinac City at 6:30 a. m. Parlor cars on day train. Sleeping car on night train. Connections made to all points north. Tourist excursion round trip tickets sold to Grayling, Indian River, Topinka, Cheboygan, Mackinac City, Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton (Portage lake), Duluth, AuSable, Alpena, Traverse City and Petoskey.

Michigan Central "Summer Tours" will give you routes and rates to all Northern and Eastern summer resorts. Send six cents post to O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!

Our Well Machines are the most reliable, durable, successful! They do MORE WORK AND MAKE GREATER PROFIT. They PUMP Wells where others FAIL. Any size, 2 inches to 64 inches diameter. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio. Catalogue FREE!

Churches.

PREBTERIAN.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10 15 a. m., 7:30 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. Voorhis, President. PLYMOUTH ROCK LODGE No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary. K. of L., LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 1595.—Meets every Monday evening, at the hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. F. B. Adams, W. G.; Chas. H. Bennett, Sec. Sec. GRANDS, No. 380.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, John Root, Master. CLOVER LEAF LODGE No. 111, K. of P.—Regular convocations Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. Visiting Knights cordially welcomed. L. F. Hatch, C. O.; Ed. L. Crosby, K. of H. & S.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

D. R. E. LUM, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at Doctor Safford's old stand. 105 Night calls at office.

CHRISTOPHER H. WILSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Plymouth and Detroit, Mich. Office over Plymouth National Bank, Thursdays and Saturdays and every forenoon until 10. Detroit office, 100 Griswold-street, Room 12, Telegraph Block. Telephone 527. 105

WHAT THEY SAY.

Notice.—Hereafter all obituary and other alleged papers sent to this office for publication must be accompanied by five cents for each and every line, otherwise the "copy" will be fed to the official. THE PUBLISHER.

—Census Enumerator—"Have you any children?" Old Plainman—"Yes, two." Census Enumerator—"Sons or daughters?" Old Plainman—"Neither, con-found 'em! They're both dudes."

Autograph Albums, Photograph Albums and Scrap books at cost, at the MAIL office.

—James J. Parshall tells about a German woman who picks 94 quarts of raspberries in eight hours for him, and then doesn't consider it much of a days work.—Saline Observer. We don't imagine that story would need stretching much to get it beyond the truth.

—Country pleasures. Auntie (who is on a visit in the country)—"What a heavenly morning it is, Nina. I feel as though I should like to make some one supremely happy to-day?" Nina (catching the same feeling)—"Yes, Auntie, and so do I. Let's go and scratch the pig's back."

Only \$2.00 for workmens' coat vest and pants at Dohmstreich Bros.

—Jane Simmons, of Middle Edgeville, Ga., is the first woman in the South to adopt the business of butcher as a regular calling. She is very expert with the knife and cleaver and can kill, clean and cut up more hogs than any man in the county. She talks the animals to death, most likely.

—When Prof. D. A. Sprjager returned to Ypsilanti with his bride recently, the Normal boys 100 strong, unbitched the horses from the hack and drew them up to their home.—Saline Observer. That must have been a funny sight—one hundred Normal boys drawing a span of horses home.

—His sister having stepped out for a moment, Johnny asked Mr. Hawkinson if he was going to stay very late. Mr. H. inquired why he asked that question, and Johnny replied: "cause Irene's other beau agreed to give me half a dollar if I'd stay here as long as you do, and I'm getting very tired and sleepy."

—After long and calm consideration a Piety Hill man decided that the proper thing to do would be to whip his father-in-law, but as the same man was looking for a Justice soon after that pugilistic encounter took place it is supposed that he found the "old gent" as young as he used to be.—Brighton Citizen.

—A committee appointed by the fish commission to examine some of the Oakland county lakes, found the water coolest, and planted fish most abundant in Walnut lake. The depth of some of the lakes are reported as follows: Elizabeth lake 90 feet; Walnut lake 115 feet; Orchard lake 97 feet; Pine lake 67 feet; Cass lake 117 feet.

—Two brutes, not fit to be called men, hired a horse of an Ann Arbor liverman one day last week and had so abused it by whipping and hard driving that the poor animal dropped exhausted upon reaching the stable and is not expected to recover. A man who will thus abuse a poor dumb brute is devoid of a spark of humanity and no punishment is too severe.—Ex. There is a penalty of \$100 and three months imprisonment for the parties guilty of the above, if there is a justice of the peace in that county with any sense and humanity, and the officer who knows the brutes and fails to make a complaint is guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to punishment. See compiled laws sections 9,391 to 9,401.

—A farmer over in York, Washtenaw county, sold eleven head of fat cattle the other day, averaging 1,600 pounds, at 4 cents a pound, or over \$700 for the eleven.

—An immense hotel, complete in all its parts, has lately been constructed of paper in Hamburg, Germany. It is claimed that paper, as building material, possesses great advantages over all others, as it is capable of being made fire-proof, and also impervious to the action of water.

—The courts have decided that if a man on the road wishes to drive faster than another, he has a right to pass, and if prevented and an accident should happen, the party obstructing the road shall be held responsible for damages. No one has a right to prevent another from passing.

—A subscriber of a paper recently died, leaving fourteen years subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave just as the lid was being screwed down for the last time, and put in the coffin a palm leaf fan, a thermometer and a light linen coat—very useful articles in his next place of abode.

—The peddler who passed through Green Oak some time ago and bought Jerry Murray's paper rags, in which he had hidden his greenbacks, passed through there again last week. Jerry hardly recognized his old friend as he was fitted out with a new horse, wagon and harness.—Brighton Citizen.

—Brighton Beach is again becoming a popular resort. Nearly 2,000 people went down there from Detroit yesterday on the Eighth Ohio, which makes regular trips every day and evening from the foot of Griswold street.—Evening news. The Eighth Ohio is the boat owned by D. B. Newkirk, formerly of Wayne.

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—Farmers, fight shy of a man who claims to represent Montgomery, Ward & Co. of Chicago, and is forming clubs throughout the state, which he claims have for their object the selling of mowers, plows, etc., at a reduced rate to farmers. He is a fraud and a slick one. He collects one dollar as a membership fee from every one who joins, and after he has secured all the names he can he skips the country. Fire him from the premises if he should appear.—Ex.

—One who has tried it sends an exchange the following: "Let two men try two opposite policies; let one man advertise in the home paper—not putting in an 'ad' written in a minute on a scrap of paper, but preparing an announcement with care and study, changing it frequently, always with the same care, keeping the series going steadily. Let the other man try any plan of pushing business he pleases, and see how it will come out. For the same money the newspaper advertiser will beat the other man two to one."

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—Miss Otis Hedden of Fliht, is visiting with Miss Eva Leach.

House to rent. Inquire of Mrs. Ruth Bowen, Ann Arbor street.

—S. W. Burroughs of Belleville, was seen on our streets Tuesday.

Fifty good chairs, nearly new, for sale very cheap. They are here and can be delivered at once. J. H. STEERS.

—Detroit is to have a new afternoon penny paper. Our popular state secretary G. R. Osburn, is to be the general manager of it.

The Portrait Work carried by R. M. Lane and agents, canvassing here, are first class. Those who patronize them will find them gentlemanly and reliable and their work all they claim for it.

An Old Timer.

Michael Conner is the possessor of a small leather covered book of 172 pages printed in the year 1776, which besides being interesting, is quite a curiosity.

Below will be found a fac-simile of the title page, as near as we are able to produce it:

V O Y A G E ROUND THE WORLD. In His MAJESTY'S SHIP The D O L P H I N, Commanded by the Honourable C O M M O D O R E B Y R O N. In which is contained, A faithful Account of the several PLACES, PEOPLE, PLANTS, ANIMALS, &c. seen in the VOYAGE. And, among other Particulars, A minute and exact Description of the Straights of MADAGASCAR, and of the Gigantic PEOPLE called PATAGONIANS. Together with An accurate Account of Seven ISLANDS lately discovered in the SOUTH SEAS.

By an OFFICER on board the said SHIP.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. FRIDDEN, FLEET STREET. M. DCC. LXXVI.

In an appendix to the book the editor says that many other voyagers have spoken of the "Gigantic people called Patagonians" and that Magellan, who was the first to visit that coast in 1519, in speaking of one of those people who went on board his ship says:

"His bulk and stature were such, as would easily allow him the character of a giant: the head of one of our middle-sized men reached but to his waist, and he was proportionably big. His body was formidably painted, especially his face, a stag's horn being drawn upon each cheek, and great circles about his eyes: his colour was otherwise mostly yellow, only his hair was white. For his apparel he had the skin of a beast clumsily fewed together; but beaft as strange as he that wore it, neither mule, horse nor camel, but something of each, the ears of the first, the tail of the second, and the shape and body of the last. It was an entire fait, all of one piece from head to foot. The arms he brought with him were a trout bow and arrows; the string of the former was a gut or fine of that monstrous beast, and the latter, instead of iron heads, were tipped with sharp stones. The Admiral made him eat and drink, and he seemed to enjoy himself very comfortably, till, casting his eyes on a looking glass, he was in such a fright, that, starting back, he threw a couple of men that stood by him to the ground; however, he fared so well, that we had soon the company of more; and the Admiral, being very desirous of making some of these people prisoners, his crew filled their hands with toys that pleased them, and, in the mean time, put iron shackles on their legs, which they thought were very fine playthings, and were pleased with their jingling sound, till they found how they were hampered and betrayed; but then they fell a bellowing like bulls, and in that extremity implored the help of Setebos. One alone tried the utmost force of nine men that were employed to master him; and though they had him down, and bound his hands tightly, yet he freed himself from his bonds, and got loose, in spite of all their endeavors to hold him. Their appetite is proportionable to their strength; for one of them ate up a whole basket of ship-biscuit at a meal, and they eat their flesh raw. They have no fixed habitations, but certain moveable cottages."

Races!

There will be a race on the fair ground track Saturday afternoon July 19, at two o'clock, between H. B. Bennett's bay mare Marguerite, and Hop Williams' bay gelding Mosher, for \$50. This will make an interesting race.

Additional Local.

—A. A. Taff and wife, E. W. Chaffee and wife and Mrs. H. C. Robinson left yesterday for a few days outing at Island Lake.

—Mr. Taff, a prominent republican politician of Plymouth, has been accustomed for several years to pull off his coat and work on election day like a beaver for the success of the party. This year he vows he will work for the democracy, and all because a deputy internal revenue collector complained of him for non-payment of revenue tax. Mr. Taff had been in the habit of waiting until Deputies Hiscock or Ellis called around, but Deputy La Fleur, who was a new man grew warm when he was asked why he did not call around and get the tax. Mr. Taff said the money had been waiting for some time and they might as well be blanked. Taff was fined and the g. o. p. loses a hustler thereby.—Evening News, July 16. Mr. Taff was out of town when the MAIL called at his store, but from the clerk we learned that Mr. Taff paid the fine to the Deputy-collector, and that he (Taff) had since learned that collector Stone knew nothing of the affair at the time; that when he did learn of it, he returned the amount of the fine.

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

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

Sleepless nights made miserable by the 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.

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

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Bolls, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price fifty cents and one dollar per bottle at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store. 5

Subscribers!

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

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

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of CHARLES C. SMITH, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the late residence of said deceased at 2411 E. Main in the township of Redford, in said county, on Tuesday the ninth day of September, A. D. 1890, and on Wednesday, the second day of December, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the first of said days, A. D. 1890, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. JOHN M. PRINDLE, CHARLES D. COLLINS, Commissioners. Dated June 18th, 1890. 146-149

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of EBENEZER J. PENNINGTON, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the store of M. Connor & Son in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1890, and on Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of each said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 25th day of August, A. D. 1890, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. CALVIN B. CROSBY, Commissioners. BOBWEIS L. BURT, Dated Plymouth, June 19, 1890. 146-149

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the fifth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM F. GATES, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Joseph Gates, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other suitable person: It is ordered, that the fifth day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, 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. FLINT, Register. 148-150

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 fifteenth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of JAMES DOWNEY, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Jane Downey, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her, or some other suitable person: It is ordered, that the nineteenth day of August, 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. FLINT, Register. 149-51

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Della M. Gates to Evelyn Fletcher, dated November 8th, A. D. 1887, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Wayne and State of Michigan, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1887, in Liber 173 of Mortgages, on page 178 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of six hundred and sixty-three dollars and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in Act No. 158, Public Acts of Michigan, 1885 which applied to said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof; Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1890, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon standard time, there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the Water or Griswold entrance to the City Hall, in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne and State of Michigan, (said City Hall being the building in which the circuit court for said county is holden) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with interest thereon, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars, as above set forth, the premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the village of Plymouth in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan, and being more fully described as follows: Viz: Beginning at a point in the center of the highway leading from the village of PI month to Bradner's Mill formerly so called, thence (S) chains and fifty (50) links easterly from a point in the center of said highway which said last point is seven-seventeen (17) chains and fifty (50) links on a line north of the middle stake on section twenty-six (26) in the township of Plymouth, thence south four and one half (4 1/2) degrees east fourteen (14) rods, thence west eight (8) rods, thence north four and one-half (4 1/2) degrees west to center of said highway, thence east along the center of said highway eight (8) rods to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and twelve (112) square rods of land. Plymouth, Mich., May 9, 1890. BERTHA PLETCHER, Mortgagee. CHRISTOPHER H. WILSON, Attorney for Mortgagee. 158-161

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS. R. E. CHAPMAN & CO., Richmond, Va.

Tonquah.

Miss Ammon Warner has a niece from Caro with her. Mrs. Clara Hughes and daughter are guests of Mrs. Hayward. S. A. Cady presented his daughter with a fine gold watch last week. Miss Josie Miller of North Branch is visiting Mrs. Julia Hayward. Mrs. O. R. Pattengell got a bad fall July 2nd, which has laid her up ever since. There was a farewell party at the home of Louis Stoll last Monday night. Louis left for Washington, D. C., stopping for a visit at Cleveland, Ohio, on the way, Tuesday p. m.

Livonia.

We had a light shower last Monday. Harvest hands are very scarce here. Mrs. Geo. W. Green is on the sick list. The ground is getting very dry in this town. The cemetery at this place needs cleaning very bad. John Stringer and Charles Beaubien went to Delray last Sunday. Miss Sophia Lauffer of Plymouth, visited Mrs. E. Stringer last Sunday. E. C. Leach of Plymouth, was down on his farm helping Wm. Smith in his buying. There was a large amount of hay put in the barns last week, in the best condition. Mrs. G. P. Benton and daughter of Waterford, visited A. Stringer's family last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. A. Turnbull visited their daughter Mrs. Sarah Garfield at Novi last Sunday. The suit between E. Benaett of this town and H. Peck of Plymouth, was settled before it came to trial. Fred Sump of the town of Novi, a former resident of this town, had the misfortune to lose a \$200 horse last week. Mrs. Mary Fuller who has been confined to her bed the most of the time for four years, died at the home of her sons last Monday morning, aged 93 years. She came here a great many years ago and was highly respected by all her neighbors and friends. We are glad to learn that Miss Sophia Lauffer of Plymouth, who taught five terms of school at the Centre and gave the best of satisfaction, has been engaged to teach in one of the rooms at Northville. We think the school board at that place have level heads.

Hankin Centre.

Hot weather has struck us again. A fine shower Monday afternoon. Sunday was the hottest day we had this year. Dannte Mahoney is laid up with a boil on his knee. Mrs. Geo. Thompson is able to be up and around again. John Thompson of Saginaw, visited his brother George over Sunday. Mr. Yoxen drove through our quiet street Saturday and Monday last. A boy came to the home of Mr. Yoxen on Wednesday of last week. All are doing well. Will Smith, wife and child of Newburg visited her father Mr. Cholett Cady on Sunday last. Mr. O'Larey has bought 46 acres of land in Romulus township. Consideration six hundred dollars. The Rev. J. A. McIlwain formerly of Wayne but now of Weston, Mich. was married a short time ago. The Epworth League of Wayne will hold a park meeting on the public square in the near future. Will give date next week. Rev. G. C. Squires of the M. E. church at Wayne, called on members of his flock on Friday last, taking two of his children with him. Charley Goudy was home one night last week and called on ye scribe. Charley is working for Mr. Merriman this summer. Hiram Hix has been working for highway commissioner Robinson the past few weeks, building a bridge in the east part of the town near Inkster. Quite an accident happened just east of here one day last week. A boy of Mr. Hawk's was raking hay with a horse rake and the horse ran away with him throwing him off the rake in front of the teeth, injuring him quite badly but he is better at this writing. Those desiring pension papers made out, would do well to call on Wm. H. Sugars, as he has his papers on file at Washington. Deeds, mortgages and all kinds of papers made out by him, correct and on short notice. Residence 2 1/2 miles north and 1/4 mile east of the village of Wayne.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

What Science Learns With the Aid of the Spectroscope.

The solar spectrum, as shown in the rainbow or dewdrop, has always been a familiar object to mankind, says the American Analyst, but it is only within the last quarter of a century that the marvelous facts written in the rays of light from the sun and stars have been revealed to us. Two German scientists, Bunsen and Kirchhoff, first carefully investigated the phenomena of the spectra of the light proceeding from various luminous bodies, and their labors, with those of others following in their footsteps, have opened up a field of investigation which is apparently limitless. One of the most useful applications of the spectroscope is to the analysis of different substances. The chemist would be unable to detect with his reagents the presence of small quantities of certain elements, but let him bring the substance into the flame of a lamp and glance through his spectroscope, and in a moment their presence or absence is indisputably proved. A tenthousandth part of a grain of sodium can be easily detected by this means, and simply clapping his hands near the flame will give off enough of this omnipresent element to cause its characteristic yellow line to appear at once in the spectroscope. We have by this means proved the presence of the rare element lithium in the blood of a person who has been drinking a mineral water containing a trace of its salts. Not only does spectrum analysis show us the presence of familiar elements, but sometimes lines are observed indicating the presence of those previously unknown: Barium, rubidium, indium, gallium, thallium, and several others were thus discovered, although present in such small quantities that no ordinary re-agent could have discovered them. But still more wonderful are the facts made known to us when we turn the spectroscope toward the celestial bodies. Every ray of light reaching us from the sun bears a message which, with the aid of the spectroscope, we can read as easily as we can read those photographs which are only visible through a microscope. The characters of many ancient inscriptions are still undeciphered, but the story told by the little dark lines crossing the spectrum is perfectly familiar to us, although only a few chapters of it have as yet been interpreted.

We know that iron, sodium, platinum, and many other elements are present in the sun in shape of vapor, and it has been well said that if the word "iron" appeared on the disk of the sun the proof of its presence would be much less perfect than is that furnished by the lines it causes to appear in the solar spectrum. The spectrum of fixed stars, comets, nebulae, variable stars, etc., all give us an immense amount of information concerning them. We may judge of the temperature of the stars and calculate the speed at which they are moving toward or from the earth. It tells us that comets are, in part at least, gaseous bodies, and distinguished between those nebulae which are simply distant clusters of separate stars and those which are masses of glowing glass not yet cooled down to the liquid or solid state. The spectroscope shows the presence of more or less moisture in the upper air, with the accompanying probability of rain or fair weather. It shows the presence of the constituents of blood in solution, besides many other organic substances; and, finally, the spectrum of the light from certain rare metals glowing in a vacuum under the influence of an electric current proves their compound nature, although to the coarse chemical and physical tests they appear as simple elements.

Wretched Descendants of Kings.

A Lusignan descendant of the Kings of Jerusalem died miserably lately in a hospital at Milan. A Marquis descendant from the Doges is selling matches in the streets of Venice; in the same city a porter at one of the most splendid palaces keeps the door of the house where he ought to be master. At Naples the Duc de Lerma, grandee of Spain, is a lawyer's clerk. At Palermo the Duc de Santa Croce goes about the streets picking up cigar ends and anything else to be found. The Princess Fignatelli is a singer in a cafe-chantant in Berlin. At Buenos Ayres there is a lovely flower-girl about 20 who, when asked where she came from, replied that she was a Lombard, but that her parents were Romans of the name of Pecci. The girl, whose name was Leonilda Pecci, when asked if she was a relative of his holiness, said she did not know, but in her family it was believed they were nearly akin.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

German Colonies in Africa.

Great changes appear to be imminent with regard to the territories under German protection on the east and southwest coasts of Africa. The chartered companies which had been formed at Berlin, Hamburg, and Frankfort for their development, and which had received from the emperor powers of administration, have failed to yield the returns that were anticipated, and are reported to be on the eve of liquidation. Their means are exhausted, and arrangements now are being made for the cession to the German state of their territories. These will be thereby transformed into full-fledged imperial colonies, like the Cameroons, and Eritria. Pasha, who has now entirely recovered from his accident, is to be appointed governor-general of those on the east coast.

How a Chromo is Made.

We see tens of thousands of chromos, which are given away by every enterprising business man, says the Nashville Times, yet I venture the assertion that very few know how they are produced. To properly produce a chromo the lithographer must be in rapport with the artist. He must analyze the picture, fully realize the combinations of colors, and the spirit of the work. Having determined just how many basic colors enter into the picture the artist commences his work by preparing a lithographic stone for each separate color. The artist commences his work by making a delicate and elaborate ink-tracing of the picture; not only its general outlines, but the minute and intricate touches and shades of color of which it is composed. The tracing-paper is chemically prepared, so that the lines upon it can be readily transferred to stone. A press is employed to transfer the impressions on the paper to the stone, considerable pressure being used. Thousands of impressions can then be taken from the stone by simply running an ink-roller over it. The tracing thus transformed forms what is known as the keystone. Suppose there are twenty colors in the chromo. This number of impressions is taken from the keystone and each carefully dusted with red chalk. A dim offset of the entire tracing is then pressed on each one of these stones. The drawing then begins, and often occupies many months. Each stone is to be printed in a separate color, and therefore must contain not only all that is necessary of that color of the picture, to the minutest detail, but all of the compound colors, made by printing one or more over others. A variety of gradations of color from its full strength to the faintest tinting can be produced on one stone, just as in using an ordinary pencil or crayon on drawing paper. These various colors are, of course, worked up in black by the artist, and it is the printer who applies the colors. The lines on each separate stone are etched with the wash of nitric acid and gum arabic, and are ready for the presses. The printer must be as skillful as the artist in applying his colors, and must fully realize the blending and effect of each color. As fast as each color is printed it is submitted to the artist, who has thus a progressive proof of the work. It has been probably noticed that lines cross each other on the margin of a chromo. These are the registering marks and enable the printer to place the sheet in the same relative position every time a new stone is used and a new color applied. These lines are drawn in the original tracing and appear on each stone. When the first color is printed very small holes are punctured in each sheet at the intersection of these lines. Very fine holes are also drilled in corresponding positions on each of the subsequent stones, and the holes in the paper are to correspond precisely with the holes in the stone, and thus, as each additional color is put on a perfect register is secured and each color falls just where it belongs. The next process is to make the chromo have a rough surface like an oil painting. A stone is now prepared which has a rough surface, similar to canvas. The chromo is then laid upon it and passed through a press with heavy pressure. When it comes forth it is an exact imitation of the painting. It is then varnished, and thus you have the chromo ready for the market. The world is practically dependent on one quarry in Bavaria for its lithographic stone. Stones have been found in France, England, Canada and the United States, but none possess the qualities of the best German stones.

A Deadly Ring.

A costly ring, unguarded by police or special watchmen, hangs suspended by a silken cord around the neck of a statue of the Maid of Almodena, the patron saint of Madrid, in one of the beautiful parks in the Spanish capital. It is set with diamonds and pearls, notwithstanding which there is no danger of its being stolen. The greatest thief in Madrid would not touch it any quicker than he would the plate on his own mother's coffin. Its history is curious and interesting and equal to anything found in medieval folk lore. The ring was made for King Alfonso XII., who gave it to his cousin, the pretty Mercedes, on the day of their betrothal. She wore it during her short married life. On her death the king presented it to his grandmother, Queen Christina. She died soon, and the king passed the deadly little circle to his sister Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month. Again it started on its deadly rounds, next finding a place on the finger of Christina, the youngest daughter of the duke of Montpensier, but in less than three months she also was dead. Alfonso next put the ring in his own casket and lived less than a year after so doing. No wonder it safely hangs on a statue in an unguarded square.

His Feelings Outraged.

Hotel Clerk (to bell boy)—"See what the rumpus is in 621." Bell Boy (returning)—"Col. Bluegrass is mad because there's a pitcher of water in his room." Clerk—"But that's not to drink. That's to wash in." Bell Boy—"That's what I told him, and he got madder still. He wanted to know if they thought he was a heathen. He said he washed before he started away from home."—Lark.

Newburg.

Dr. S. M. Arnold of Caro, is here. Cecil Wright of Muskegon is here on a visit. Mr. P. Broadbent and Miss Minnie Bovee of Ionia, are visiting friends here. Services will be held in Newburg hall hereafter until the church is repaired and papered. Mr and Mrs. J. A. Frasier of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting friends here and at Plymouth.

Walled Lake.

Hot weather and harvesting now. Haying is nearly done. Mrs. John Gillies of Jackson, visited friends here last week. Miss Carrie Paulger of Detroit, visited at A. A. Riley's last week. Dr. Adams and family of Plymouth, were at Walled Lake Friday on a pleasure trip. Miss Anna Hough who has been staying with her mother the past two weeks, returned to Ypsilanti Monday. Mrs. Cooper and her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Riley and daughter of Greenville, Mich., visited their brother Albert Riley, last Friday. Mrs. J. M. Hough has been quite sick for the last two months but is improving slowly under the care of Mrs. A. E. Riley of this place. Rev. George Howard of Lowell, Mass., preached in the Baptist church in this place. His father was once pastor of the Baptist church at Wixom. Cap Nichols was arrested for selling intoxicating drinks on the 4th of July and has his examination this week. He has since rented his hotel to a man from Detroit by the name of Mainard, who has taken out license to sell everything.

Squibs—"Are you often afflicted with writer's cramp?" Penn (a poet)—"Yes, I have it constantly." Squibs—"It makes your hand ache, doesn't it?" Penn—"It never takes me in the hand; it's always in the pocketbook."—Lawrence American.

Jake—"I tell you what, Bob, Stevens must be getting rich. Bob—"You don't say! What business is he in?" Jake—"He's in the trunk business. But he has ten sons, and they're all baggage men on the Crescent railroad."—Harper's Bazar.

The Barbed Wire Fence Trust is to put up the price of wire with the fences. No trust was ever invented for the benefit of the farmer; not even the trust he is given at the village store, where the bad liquor is sold.—New Orleans Picayune.

Artist Von Brush (rapturously)—"What a picture is yonder town, suffused in the lurid light of the setting sun! Ah, the sun is a great painter." Jagley—"No, mor'n I am. I've painted that town (hic) red a hun'd times myself!"—Texas Siftings.

A new sewing machine at the MAIL of fee. Will be sold very cheap. Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—Chaffee & Hunter.

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

MORTGAGE FOR SALE.—A \$450 first mortgage on farm worth nearly three times the amount. Mortgage has several years to run. Title perfect. Abstract of the property. Anyone having money to loan cannot find a better opportunity to safely invest it. Inquire of J. U. Steers.

No more of this! THE COLCHESTER RUBBER CO. "ADHESIVE COUNTERS." At Retail By, G. A. Starkweather & Co. A. H. Dibble.

Plymouth in Brief.

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation, healthful in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides. Persons seeking for homes or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

Catarrh cured, health and breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.—Chaffee & Hunter. Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Important to Subscribers.

For the benefit of our subscribers we have made arrangements with Christopher E. Wilson, of the firm of January & Wilson, attorneys, Detroit, to answer free of charge legal questions propounded by them. Questions sent in one week will be answered through the MAIL the next week. Make your questions as short and to the point as possible.

Booklen'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.

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.

COMPOUND CREAM OF PRUNES

A very pleasant Laxative, made from the juice of Fresh Prunes combined with a few harmless vegetable ingredients of well-known and highly medicinal qualities. Put up in the form of Cream Drops.

Making a very valuable preparation for infants and children, assimilating the food and regulating the stomach and bowels.

It promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, Rest IT IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY For Constipation, Sour Stomach, Convulsions, Loss of Sleep, Worms, Feverishness, Etc. Price 25 cents.

Briggs Medicine Co., Elisabeth, N. J. FOR SALE BY J. L. Gale, Druggist, Plymouth, Mich.

Mitchell's Kidney Plasters. Absorb all diseases in the Kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition. Old chronic kidney sufferers say they get no relief until they trial MITCHELL'S KIDNEY PLASTERS. Sold by Druggists every where, or sent by mail for the Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass. Sold by Chaffee & Hunter.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Rows include Detroit, Lansing & Northern R. R., and various stations like Detroit, Lansing, and Grand Haven.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Rows include Detroit, Lansing, Grand Haven, and other stations.

CONNECTIONS. Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway. Trowbridge with Chicago and Grand Trunk R'y. 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 Bigelow Division D. L. & N. R'y. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan. Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. CHAS. M. HEALD, Wm. A. GAVETT, Gen'l Manager, Act'g Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Grade Percheron Stallion! FOR SALE. Coming three years old in May. Weight 1,400, perfectly balanced and fine action. A bargain. P. R. Wilson, Wayne.

AUSTIN DOBSON, the English poet, is said to be by profession an engineer, which probably explains his eminent success in grinding out machine poetry.

HOWELLS, the novelist, lives in a Boston flat, yet his novels deal with the most quiet and uneventful phases of society and reflect none of the confusion, turmoil and vicissitudes of life in a city flat.

In a recent speech Mr. Henry M. Stanley said that "women, white or black, are more amenable to new ideas than we of the opposite sex." Whether Stanley will entertain the same opinion a year from now remains to be seen.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD says that the six problems before the American people for solution are: Honest government, woman suffrage, the negro race, the rights of labor, the government of cities and the government of corporations.

Of twenty-three presidents of the United States seventeen have had only one Christian name. Indeed this is true of eighteen, for Grant's middle initial was not baptismal. It is also true that no president with more than one baptismal name served a second term.

THE position which the honest and industrious laboring man of today holds in society is very different from that accorded the class or caste to which he has been considered as belonging in foreign countries for many centuries past, and it is more noticeable in this country than in Europe and England.

CHICAGO derives little benefit from the lake except in a commercial way for two reasons: Several miles of shore were given to a railway company which put down a large number of tracks. These, with the numerous cars upon them, almost ruin the view of the lake and prevent persons from visiting it.

IT is a tremendous drain upon the resources and mental vitality of even the most gifted preacher to grind out two sermons every week which shall approximate the standard of excellence, and a congregation should not be captious, if the minister occasionally finds relief from the tension by duplication.

THERE is on exhibition in a St. Louis saloon a beer-barrel twenty-three feet high, twenty-two feet wide, and of a capacity of 34,000 gallons, which is said to be the chief attraction of the city. No doubt of it. There is nothing like a beer-barrel to arouse the wildest enthusiasm in the St. Louis heart, unless it be a whisky-barrel.

THERE is now a good prospect that some form of a gas motor will be a complete success. It will have many advantages over the steam engine. Its construction will be simple and it will occupy but little space. It will produce little or no smoke, and will need no one to stand constantly by it. It will be of small operations what the steam engine is to large ones.

Gov. HILL has signed the bill providing for shorter forms of deeds and mortgages, and by so doing deserves the gratitude of all who feel that a modern deed or mortgage should be stripped of its feudal verbiage. John Doe and Richard Roe were useful personages in their day, but their ways of doing and saying things are not adapted to the age of the telephone and the telegraph.

THE condition of the working class, and this is the only class recognized in America, was never more promising of better than at the present time. It has been progressing and advancing, and it is to be hoped that it will be kept moving onward, for it is in this way and by this means that our nation is to become the nation of the world in all that pertains to the great and the good, in art, literature, science, industry and social position.

A BUSHEL of wheat is hauled by rail 1500 miles for five cents. That is pretty cheap, and the farmer cannot expect much cheaper railway service very soon. It costs him five cents to haul the bushel about eight miles by wagon. If the cost of the wagon-haul were reduced to one cent per bushel it would still be thirty-six times the cost of the haul by rail for the same distance, and the cost by rail be ahead four cents a bushel, a saving of \$21 on the average crop of wheat harvested from forty acres of land. Here is the place for economy.

POWER OF TESTIMONY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks of the Influence of Witnesses.

The Celebrated Brooklyn Divine Preaches a Sermon to an Immense Out-door Congregation in Nebraska—His Elegantly Clothed Arguments.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached to an immense out-door assemblage at Beatrice, Neb., last Sunday. His text was: "We are witnesses." (Acts 3:15). Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a puff of wis laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him that God raised from the dead, wherof we are witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic. "For I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed, at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christ unity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses."

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul, and never will save a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical. Our weapons in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and testify that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laugh at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 21,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 25,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Hawaii seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gorgias, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great sin! Oh, my great Savior!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-nationals, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace." Oh, it was free grace! There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The "al" appreciate had

sent down its roots around the palate and tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that! Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea-captain who wore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer! Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all these people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingled with their exhilaration as they cried "We are witnesses." And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No! When I blush, be his my shame: That I no more reverse His name."

Again I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "Al! this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh, you say, 'I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave.'" Come, all ye who have been out of the grave to keep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upsetured with bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why; along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Cortes's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "E-flat Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done! Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business!" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into his eyes and the face of the dear one, and say, "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that! What's that! Why those black plumes on the top!" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who, three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression on me that I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before me one, you bowed perhaps. I saw in the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to be? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give

it up! "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composure! Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weepy." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she tolled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in that hour! Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of all heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or a chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the test men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avail!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and soled in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of try soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope! It is the Star of Bethlehem.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was aessed on the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decluce through her dissipation. Years passed on and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother, that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, bear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, did hiss the Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee his ven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

Wrestling with Spelling. Not long ago a citizen of Austin had a small house to rent, and he got a joint brush and a board and hung out a sign reading: "To Wrent." Everybody who passed by had a smile at the orthography, but it was three or four days before the owner ventured to ask of a butcher:

"Say, what on earth makes everybody grin at the sign?" "Why it's the spelling that gets 'em." It was explained that the word "wrent" was not exactly in accordance with Webster's "latest," and the spell-er went away mumbling: "Well, if they are so very particular about it I can change it." And he did. Within two hours there was a new sign reading: "Two Let."—New York Ledger.

MISSING LINKS.

The French army officers are now all armed with revolvers. During the war of 1870 they had none.

In a handful of clover plucked in his yard, Edward Koehler, of Bethlehem, found fifty four-leaf stalks.

The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has survived all but two of his fellow members of the Maine Legislature of 1836.

There is still \$40,000 in the hands of the relief committee of Seattle, Wash., and they don't know what to do with it.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year.

Florida produces crocodiles as well as alligators, but they are harder to capture, being more wary and "chuck full" of fight.

The two sides of the face are not alike. As a rule, says a German professor, the want of symmetry is confined to the upper part of the face.

The shareholders of the Eiffel tower have got all their money back from the profits and will take half the net receipts during the twenty years the concession runs.

Some Wheeling boys put up a job on a user of the weed, concealing a piece of soap in the plug. The tobacco chever masticated some of the compound and was sick for two days.

The Lancaster, Pa., police, unable to fix any crime on a suspicious character arrested there, bought a railroad ticket with the money found on him and shipped him out of town.

Prince Louis Napoleon, son of "Plon-Plon" and younger brother of Prince Victor, has received his commission as Major in the Russian army and will go on duty in the Caucasus.

Mrs. Eva Hamilton, wife of Robert Ray Hamilton, divides her time in the New Jersey State Prison between sewing buttons on shirts, reading the Bible, and scheming for a new trial.

Dom Pedro was Emperor of Brazil for fifty-eight years, and yet he is not an old man—63 at his last anniversary. His reign has been longer than that of any living monarch. Queen Victoria is next.

The Queen of Italy is growing stout, to her great distress. She has several times tried to become a vegetarian, in hope of reducing her weight, but is too fond of good living to persevere in such a course.

Swooping down on a weasel a chicken-hawk at Manatawy carried the animal up, but before many minutes the weasel planted its teeth in the bird's neck and killed it. The weasel was not hurt by its fall to the ground.

The Czar of Russia has become, both in appearance and manner, a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being a giant both in height and in girth, quite bald, with a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest.

Three men being unable to drive or drag a 400-pound pig from its pen at Reinhold, Berks County, Pennsylvania, they called in the assistance of John Berkley, a giant in strength. He deliberately picked the kicking porker up and carried it out unaided.

At Cincinnati a horse backed over the bank and fell down a declivity of 100 feet, dragging his cart and driver with him. The driver did not get into the water, but the horse plunged into the river and swam across to Covington, detaching the vehicle from him in mid-stream.

Unacquainted with the game birds of this country, a newly arrived German living near Scranton shot a barnyard turkey under the impression that it was a wild fowl. He took it home and had it cooked, and was about to sit down at the dinner table and eat it when he was arrested for killing his neighbor's poultry.

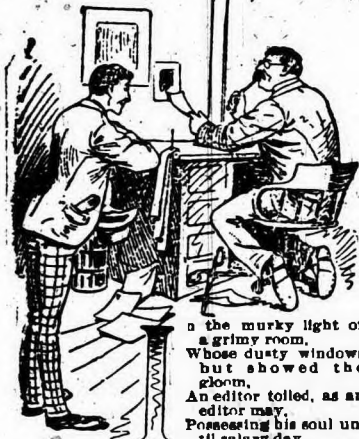
A sign that is attracting hundreds of people to where it hangs, on a carpenter shop, in Paterson, N. J., reads: "Coffins made and repaired. Extra strong ones for country people." The old man who owns the establishment has his own coffin on hand. It is made of pine wood, and is covered with a neat pattern of wall paper.

The most fashionable hen in New York State is said to live at Winslow's Mills, in the town of Waldoboro. She started in life a plain, dark-brown pullet, but soon exchanged this for a black and white suit. The next time she shed her feathers she came out as white as snow, and last fall she appeared in a black, white and-tan dress.

Gerónimo and his renegade Apaches will remain at Mount Vernon Barrack, Alabama, during the winter. Gerónimo has become quite civilized. He has learned to twang the banjo, and his old surly manner has left him. It is not probable, however, that his education will go far. He would rather play cards than learn to read, and his former fondness for firewater remains. He has to be closely watched or he will get drunk at the first opportunity. He has, however, made a better prisoner than was expected.

A supernatural visitant, described as a white figure in human shape of unusual height, which stalks through the woods at night, bearing in its right hand a flaming torch and in its left a black banner emblazoned with skull and cross-bones, is reported to have been seen in Crenshaw County, Alabama. His ghostship is said to make his appearance every night at 10 o'clock, emerging from a cavern in a side hill at the eastern extremity of the woods, and traversing westerly until he disappears in the dense pine forest.

THE EDITOR AND THE POET.



In the murky light of a grimy room, whose dusty windows had showed the gloom, an editor tolled, as an editor may, possessing his soul until salary day.

For though he had labored for weary years, might else could he claim in this vale of tears. And he murmured at fortune's feers and flings, and dreamed of the pleasures that money brings.

He sighed as he thought of a future blest, when the weary toiler could sometimes rest. Then entered a youth with a jaunty tread, and these were the words that he blithely said:

"I would like to read, if your time is free, a poem of mine that is GREAT," said he, and the editor scarce for a breath had time before he unbosomed the following rhyme:

"I know a bay whose waters blue mirror the warm skies' tender hue, and far on the dim horizon's verge, where the dimpling seas with the skies unite, languid and wan in the lazy light, the distant islands faintly merge.

"Fragrantly wafted over the sea, the scent of the seaweed comes to me, or hint of spice from some tropic isle, while floating fair on the languid tide, stately vessels at anchor ride, whose crews with songs the hours beguile.

"The air is filled with a slumberous heat, and the sound of the surf is low and sweet, as it breaks on the barbor's outer bar, while only the tide with its ceaseless flow, swift on its flood, on its ebbing slow, knows or reckons of the world afar.

"I know a maid with roguish eyes, where Cupid ever in ambush lies, to trap some merry, careless heart, the gown the adorn with its trim, hides and reveals an ankle slim, in an artless manner, outdoing art, 'Soft is the touch of her dimpled hand, soft



"HURLED TO THE STONY PAVE," low lies the bard of the sweet refrain, and the daisies grow on his grave again; for, from the casement's dizzy height, he was hurled to the stony pave below by an outraged soul who would have him know there were certain topics 'twere best to slight. —Ray Brown in Chicago Post.

IT WAS A NEW THING.

HOW BILL TALBOT, FILLED UP ON HIS FIRST FREE LUNCH.

Had He but Known When to Stop Much of the Subsequent Trouble Would Have Been Averted.

Old Bill Talbot of east Tennessee was summoned to Nashville to appear as a witness before the United States court. The old fellow had never before seen a town; but he was by no means dazed. He looked with indifference at the state capitol, he blinked with unconcern at the electric lights, and regarded a railroad engine, the first he had ever seen, with a sort of mild contempt; but along in the afternoon he encountered something that made him gasp with astonishment. In company with a balliff he went into a saloon and there on a table he saw an elaborate lunch of the free species. There was a roast as large as a horse-block, a half bushel of blaw, an enormous baked fish, and a number of other appetizing features.



"HANGED IF THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN ME HERE."

"Hanged if they don't b'lieve in eatin' in here, anyhow," said Bill, as he gazed longingly at the spread. "Ef I jest had a little money I'd step up thar an' show

"em how a white man kin eat when he's got his pegs set right."

"Money!" said the balliff; "why, it won't cost you anything. It's free."

It was then that old Bill lost his breath. "What!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that I mout pitch in thar an' he'p myse'f?"

"That's what you can do."

"Look here, don't tamper with me this way. You may joke my clothes and you may call me an old fool, but I don't 'low no man to projic with my appetite."

"I'm not joking. What I tell you is true. Just go up there now and help yourself."

The old fellow threw aside his brown jeans coat and squared himself at the table. Old rounders had never seen a man eat with such determination. Every once in a while he would look up and say: "Beats anything I ever seed. Ef a man had told me that thar was sich a thing in the world I wouldn't 'a' believed him. Jest come in an' eat all you want to without payin' a cent. Sholy the world must be gettin' putty close to the end. How I do wush mur an' the gals wuz here. I jes' know that when I go home an' tell 'em about it they won't b'lieve me. They'll say that thar couldn't be sich a thing. May I have another hunk of that beef?"



"WHAT WOULD THEY SAY AT HOME?"

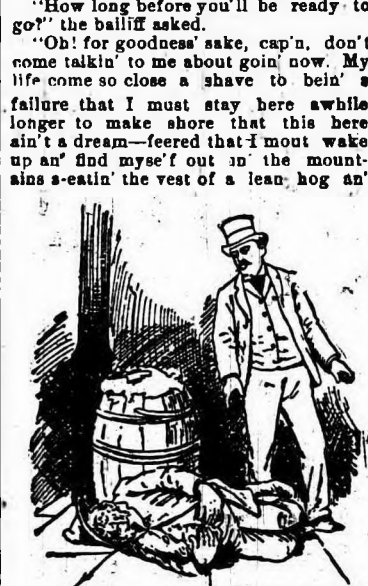
"Help yourself," said the bartender.

"Wall, wall," he remarked as he cut off another piece of meat, "I never seed the like. No wonder Jim Pettygrue al-lus wants to be 'lected to the legislatur. Ef the fellows at home know'd what I'm doing now wouldn't thar mouths be waterin'? Oh, it's all mighty well fur you men that live here to stan' thar an' not eat, but you live as I've been doin' fur the last forty year and eat co'n bread an' acorn-fed hog, an' then not git enough of that except when the preacher comes, and you better b'ieve you'd dive at this feast too. Wall, wall jest to think that ef I had a died yistidy my life would 'a' been a failure—yes, gentlemen, a plum fat-footed failure.

"It was a mighty narrer escape, for I mout never have seed this place. I have been a fightin' agin towns all my life, but I am thar friend from this time on, I tell you. Oh, ef mur an' the gals could jest see me a slatherin' 'round here now, what would they say? I an't got no boys; jest got ten gals, and I have been mightly disapp'nted, an' thought that my life was a failure, but it's all right now."

"How long before you'll be ready to go?" the balliff asked.

"Oh! for goodness sake, cap'n, don't come talkin' to me about goin' now. My life come so close a shave to bein' a failure that I must stay here awhile longer to make shore that this here ain't a dream—feered that I mout wake up an' find myse'f out in the mountains s-eatin' the vest of a lean hog an'



"I'M DYIN'."

lookin' at mur and the ten gals. You jest go on an' drap in here sometime this evenin' an' mebbly by that time I mout be ready to go with you."

The balliff returned about two hours later. The old fellow had suddenly disappeared, the bartender said. Didn't know which way he had gone. The balliff went out and while going through an alley heard some one groaning.

"Why, helloo," said the balliff, coming upon a man who lay near an ash barrel. "What is the matter with you?"

"I'm dyin'," answered the east Tennesseean.

"Oh! I think not."

"But I know, you see. Hafer hour from now an' I'll be as dead as a rat."

"Let me help you to a room and get a doctor."

"No, sir jes' go on an' let me alone. A man thar an't got no mo' sense than I have ought to die, an' the quicker the better fur the community. Went in thar an' eat like a blame fool jest because it didn't cost nothin' an' now I am dyin' an' I'm glad of it."

"My friend, it won't do to let you lie here this way."

"Yes, it will—it's got to do. I alius thought I was a blasted fool, an' now I know it. But findin' it out cost me my life. Wush you would right a letter to mur an' the gals. Say suthin' like this: "Pap died about 6 o'clock this evenin'. He would 'a' lived a few years longer, but he didn't have sense enough. He found a place whar he could eat without havin' to pay fur it, an' died right thar, with a hunk of beef in one hand an' a

fish bone stickin' through his teeth. He done his duty as he understood it, fur he made a whole beef look no bigger than a cat, but the trouble was he didn't have sense enough to understand what his real duty was, an' laid down his life in consequence. Put the lovy ground in wheat next year, wife, and marry off as many of the gals as you conveniently can. Giva Sal to Zeb Spencer, fur I alius did have a spite agin him. Let Sur hussle around fur here's ef, an' I would be mightly pleased ef you'd mout marry the preacher. He never did treat me right nohow."

"Shall I write it just as you have gived it?" the balliff asked.

"Yes; jest exactly."

"But some of it seems to come from another man and the other part comes directly from you."

"That makes no diffeence; send it along."

"Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"Yes, tell mur that I left the cross-cut saw out in the woods an' that she better have it brought in. Now leave me an' let me die."

"Hanged if I don't believe you will die."

"Tibby sho. Oh, I'm gone an' thar an't no mistake about it. Jest stood right up thar an' eat my fool se'f to death, when I had so much on hand, too. Wanted to clear up a piece of new ground, an' had a hafer notion of tradin' the gray mar' off, but it is all too late now."

"Say, I'm not going to let you lie here any longer. Come, see if you can't get up," added the balliff, attempting to raise him.

"Oh, I tell you it an't no use, for I'm a gener, an' it sarves me plum right."

"I've got some excellent whisky in my room," said the balliff; "and if I had it here I know that it would help you."

"You'd better send fur it, I reckon. Don't you think so, cap'n?"

"I've got nobody to send."

"Wall, kan't you run over thar and git it?"

"I'm afraid to leave you."

"Wall," said the old fellow, scuffling to his feet, "I reckon I better go with you. It alius distresses me to hear of a spillin' somewhar. Come ahead."

"Hold on! But what about dyin'?"

"Wall, we kin fix that some other time. Jest suthin' mo' important on hand jest now." —Opis P. Read in N. Y. World.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

Runs on a Track It Lays for Itself, Plows Harrows and Hauls.

A very curious looking machine running up and down Clinton street in front of the Hercules Iron Works yesterday afternoon attracted the attention of passers-by and evoked thousands of questions as to its use and intent. It is very large, being not less than fifty feet in length and weighing nearly fifteen tons. Its inventor and owner, John A. Gardner, a wealthy real estate agent, claims for it an absolute revolution in traction power, and, certainly, nothing like it was ever seen before. The motor movement is a combination of plane and wheel. The machine literally lays its own track and picks it up again, the latter being a belt of steel plates or laths four and one half feet long, and inclosing four large cog wheels which play into the sockets of the plates and urge it forward. This steel belt is oval in shape as the double wheels inside it would indicate, and the machine is so constructed that the entire weight rests upon it.

There is at present attached to this machine a gang of twelve plows and as many harrows with seeding attachments. Mr. Gardner claims that he can plow 100 acres in a day at an expense of less than \$12. But he is not content with making plowing easy; he expects to have it applied to thrashing, ditching, hauling, railroad construction, derrick work in bridge building, and many other things. The belt-plane-wheel constantly presenting a surface of twenty square feet to the earth, it is claimed for it that it will plow in ground too soft for a horse to walk. It will, besides, run up, down, or alongside a hill, ever ridgy or unequal ground of any kind and may be made even to do the hauling for the farmer as well as all his other work. Let it do one-half of what is claimed for it and the machine would be a labor-saver beyond anything heard of or conceived in connection with farming. Mr. Gardner has been engaged for fourteen years upon his invention, and now conceives that he has it so perfected as to be ready to place it on the big western farms. He will leave with it next week for Kansas. He claims that it is the only machine in the world which will plow successfully in soft and uneven ground, and he speaks confidently of its being used in the construction of Chicago's great drainage district. —Chicago Herald.

A MARVELOUS EAST INDIAN CANON.

To the cannon at Kubberpore-Najeal, India, is attributed miraculous and supernatural powers. It is 17 1-2 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches around the muzzle, with a caliber 18 inches across. By the natives it is called Jaun Kushal, or the destroyer of life. History does not record the date of its casting, which the superstitious people attribute to the gods. Persian inscriptions on this great death-dealer prove that it has been captured in some war with that country, but the letters and characters are so nearly obliterated the date can not be ascertained. The cannon has rested for ages between two mammoth trees of the peepul species, which have grown so firmly around it that it could not be removed without felling one or both of them. Tradition says that the cannon has been fired once and that the ball was impelled twenty-four miles.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE at the MAIL OFFICE, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

WILSON & HARRIS, LIVERYMEN, Wayne, Mich.

Have opened a repository in the Cheney Block for the sale of

Surreys and Buggies of all kinds, Road-carts, Jackson Wagons, Harnesses, etc.

Have the Neatest Little Road Wagon in the Market.

GIVE US A CALL AND WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.

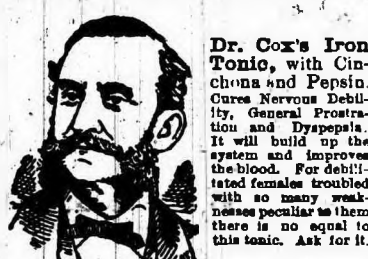


TANK HEATER, A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price. Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 6 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



COSTS FROM 20c TO 50c PER DAY. 4 SIZES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO., LAFAYETTE, IND.



Dr. Cox's Iron Tonic, with Cinchona and Pepsin. Cures Nervous Debility, General Prostration and Dyspepsia. It will build up the system and improve the blood. For debilitated females troubled with so many weaknesses peculiar to them there is no equal to this tonic. Ask for it.

Dr. Cox's Balsam of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs and Colds and all Bronchial troubles is the BEST on EARTH. Try it and know for yourself. Costs only 25 Cents. For Bilious Obstructions, Headache and Constipation, Dr. Cox's Little Mandrake Liver Pills are invaluable.

If your children have a coated tongue, bad breath pain in the stomach or restlessness at night, get a box of Dr. Cox's Worm Powders, they always cure.

Genoux's Magnetic Oil, cures all pain in ten minutes. Specific for Neuralgia and Headache. For sale by 117-168.

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For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Village property in Wayne for sale; or exchange for Detroit city property, or a good farm.

TWO GOOD HOUSES IN PLYMOUTH, ONE OF 1 them with two lots and another with six lots; for sale cheap.

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A GOOD FARM OF 120 ACRES, 6 1/2 miles from Plymouth. Will sell, exchange for small farm or desirable Detroit city property. Farm has good large home, 2 large barns, good shed 26x89 feet and other buildings; never failing spring of water, small orchard, 120 acres imp. woods. Address J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

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