

PLYMOUTH IS BUT FORTY FIVE MINUTES RIDE FROM DETROIT, BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED AND PLENTY OF SHADE.

# Plymouth Mail.

PARTIES IN SEARCH OF A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE TOWN SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT PLYMOUTH, BEFORE MAKING THEIR DECISION.

VOL 4 NO 50.

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21 1891.

WHOLE NO. 206

### WHAT THEY SAY.

—Mrs. L. C. Hall is home from Bay City.

—Birmingham has three public fountains.

—Fred Dible of Detroit spent Sunday in town.

—Romeo will have \$26,000 worth of water-works.

A good Jersey cow for sale. Mrs. Jas. Williams. #06

Leave your laundry parcels at the post-office. 129th.

If you want a sewing machine, call at the MAIL office.

—Miss Bryant of Wayne is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Adams.

“For Sale” and “To Rent” cards can be had at this office.

—Miss Fannie Beard of South Lyon is a guest of Mrs. O. A. Frazer.

—Do not forget the ice cream social at J. L. Gale's tomorrow evening.

—W. A. Bailey of The Wayne Review made us a short call Monday evening.

—Mrs. Chas. Teopler and her two nieces of Detroit are the guests of Mrs. Will Tarrant.

—Miss Ella Beckhold of Detroit is visiting her friend Miss Theresa Miller of this village.

If you want paper, envelopes or card-boards, it will pay you to call at the printing office.

Box papers—24 envelopes and 24 sheets paper—from 10 to 40 cents per box at the MAIL office.

—Fred Shafer is taking in the neighboring towns with an Edison phonograph. He left last Tuesday.

—Mr. Frazer of Ridgely, Md., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. C. Brower, Monday and Tuesday.

—It is said there are parties in Jackson county who raise sparrows, then kill them and get the bounty.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hough and party returned home Sunday night from a week's outing at Walled Lake.

—Henry Baker and wife and L. H. Bennett and wife spent Sunday at Walled Lake visiting the “Hough camp.”

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Conner returned home last Monday from a two week's trip to Pe-toskey, Charlevoix and vicinity.

—Mrs. Chas. Teopler and her niece of Detroit will visit her sister, Mrs. Charles Miller of this place, next week.

—Washtenaw county is paying out from \$60 to \$80 per week for killing sparrows, but the supply continues just the same.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's Great Worm Lozengers, only 25 cts per box. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

—The ladies' aid society of the M. E. church give a social at J. L. Gale's to-morrow evening. Ice cream and cake 10 cents.

—Station agent Gardner of Milford has been given a boost—he is now agent at Bay City. Burt Hoyt of Novi takes his place.

—E. C. Leach and family, Mrs. H. C. Robinson, Miss Mamie Conner and Ed Bennett returned from Island Lake last week Wednesday.

—The Misses Clara and Rosa Davey, accompanied by Chas. Nolde of Detroit were the guests of their sister, Miss Lottie Davey of this place, last week.

—On Thursday Carlton Gage of Novi had a runaway, by which he was thrown from his vehicle and the horse suffered a broken leg and was afterwards shot.

—Born, on the 6th instant, to the wife of W. J. Manwaring of Lapeer, a son. Manwaring was formerly employed in this office and married Miss Gertie Chilson here.

—The editor of the Manchester Enterprise complains that neighboring cats feed on his Plymouth Rocks. Change their diet by giving them Manchester rocks for a while.

—The following item reached us too late for last week: Miss Anna Rame-dell of Mead's Mills, Mich., will return to Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday afternoon with her friend Mrs. J. G. Gardner who has been visiting the Rame-dell family for the past two weeks, where Miss Anna will make a lengthy visit.

My whole family had been suffering from terrible colds on their lungs. I called at my druggist's and procured a bottle of Dullam's Great Gargam 25 cent cough cure and I can safely recommend it as the best cough remedy that I ever bought. ROBT. CONNER, Iveryman, Flint, Mich. Don't Cough! Cough! Cough! but get a bottle and try it. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

### THREE BIG RACES!

At the Plymouth Driving Park, Saturday, Aug. 22.

NO CHARGE FOR ADMISSION. A Great Crowd Expected.

Tomorrow, Saturday, promises to be a day of genuine sport here, for all lovers of horse racing. Three races are announced with three entries in the first: Hiram Cady's "Beecher," Ole Barnhart's "Charley Casey" and Frank Bennett's "Membrino Frank."

In the second race there are nine entries: M. Berdan's "Thunderstorm," H. Williams' "Cyclone," Ed Cook's "Breeze," John McClaren's "Blizzard," E. P. Coy's "Hallstone," H. C. Robinson's "Tornado," H. Whipple's "Whirlwind," R. C. Root's "Sunshine," P. R. Wilson's "Moonshine."

The third is a farmers' race, for pacers, or trotters, open only for horses owned and worked on a farm. Three nice prizes are offered and entries are free, up till Saturday noon.

### Additional Local

—Fayette Prouty of Wayne was in town last Monday.

—The postoffice building has a new awning, put up this week.

—Miss Patrick of Detroit is the guest of Miss Helen Sherwood.

—Warren Sexton of Dearborn was a guest of Dr. H. K. Lum last Monday.

—Mrs. Julia Hough and daughter, Anna are visiting at Kansas City, Mo.

Closing out sale. All millinery and fancy goods at cost at Mrs. Potter's.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sumner and child of Detroit are visiting at A. A. Taf's.

—School opens one week from next Monday, with Mr. Curtis as principal.

C. S. Gates has opened a new photograph gallery in the Punches Block. Best cabinets \$3.00 a dozen.

All those having negatives in the photograph gallery here can get cabinets at \$2.00 per dozen. C. S. Gates.

—The next union service will be in the Presbyterian church, when the pastor will discuss the question of "Women in politics."

—The Markham Air Rifle company gave a ball for their employees at Amity Hall, last evening. Every one had a most enjoyable time.

—The Misses Frances Eaton and Frank's Tousey of Dansville, N. Y., and Mrs. Margaret Eaton of Ypsilanti are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Steers.

—Mrs. Eliza Ann Kinyon of Caro who has been visiting Wm. McNulty's and John VanInwagen for the past six weeks returned home last Wednesday.

—E. E. Rucker of this place and Miss Delia Wechter of Detroit spent Monday at Walled Lake and as luck would have it they didn't happen to get wet.

—The W. C. T. U. will give an electionary contest at the Village Hall this evening. A prize is to be given to the best speaker and the audience allowed to vote.

—The Prohibitionists of Wayne and Monroe counties hold an Institute on Thursday of this week at Carleton. The Rev. Geo. H. Wallace reads a paper on "The Right of Women in Politics."

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Chaffee, Miss Kate Penniman, Miss Delia Eutrican and Will Allen returned home Monday from their trip to Montreal, Quebec and the Thousand Islands.

—We have heard tell about cattle in hilly countries having long legs on one side and short ones on the other, to allow them to graze on the hillsides, but we never saw a wagon with big wheels on one side and little ones on the other until last week. And the queer part of it is that the owner did not know about the peculiarity until told about it, though he had been teaming about town for several days.—[Manchester Enterprise.

—At the union service Sunday evening, in the M. E. church, the Rev. W. J. Clack preached a most practical and suggestive sermon from the text, Matt. 27-42. He showed that self-preservation was not always the first and highest law of nature; that circumstances were constantly arising in life, in which personal sacrifice was a necessity in order that man could do his duty to his fellow and accomplish that which was eminently, worthy, noble, and beneficent. Self-sacrifice was more Christian-like and was the means by which the greatest good had been and was brought upon man. The sermon was a lesson most applicable at the present day and worthy of much consideration.

—E. W. Beam of Ypsilanti was in town Wednesday and Thursday.

—LaFayette Dean and wife are visiting at South Lake Linden, Mich.

—J. H. Armstrong leaves tomorrow to visit his daughter at Union City.

—“Waxy” Moshler, who has been at Ypsilanti for some time, is in town again.

—Mrs. Frank Jennings and daughter, of Adrian are visiting at the residence of S. W. Kellogg.

—Ed Cortlie, who fell from a load of oats last week breaking his leg, is doing as well as can be expected.

—Miss Hattie Jennings of Palmyra N. Y. and Miss Biddie Northrop of Lansing are guests at S. W. Kellogg's.

—Dr. J. E. Bennett is painting and otherwise repairing his residence, the late Chandler house, on Mainstreet.

—Mrs. Charles Holloway gave a party Wednesday to twenty little people, in honor of her daughter, Bessie's, seventh birthday.

—Geo. Selleck was taken in charge Sunday by officer Dunn for going in the cellar at the hotel and taking some bottles of beer. On Monday he was taken before Squire Chilson and given \$10 or 30 days. He took the latter.

### The Exposition.

For the Detroit fair & exposition the C. W. M. and D. L. & N. railways will sell excursion tickets Aug. 25th to Sept. 4th, good to return until Sept. 5th inclusive, at one lowest fare for round trip, with 50 cents added for admission to the exposition. These lines are the “favorites” to Detroit.

Geo. DeHaven, General passenger agent.

### Excursion to Middleborough.

The C. H. & D. R. R. will run an excursion to Middleborough, N. Y., and return, on Tuesday Aug. 25th, from Toledo. The rate will be one fare for the round trip. Middleborough is one of the marvels of the New South and during the past year has been wonderfully improved. For rates, descriptive matter and full information address Geo. J. Clark, Excursion agent, Toledo, Ohio.

### Board of Review.

Notice is hereby given that special assessment roll No. 1 has been filed with the clerk of the village of Plymouth and there will be a Board of Review held at the residence of C. G. Curtis, sr., on the 31st day of Aug. 1891, for the purpose of reviewing said special assessment roll.

C. G. CURTIS, } Special Assessors.  
L. H. BENNETT, }  
C. A. ROE, }  
J. O. EDDY, clerk.

Dated, Plymouth, Aug. 19, A. D. 1891.

A colored groom from a backwoods town in Virginia applied for a marriage license in Washington, and was shocked when the clerk asked a fee of one dollar. “Is that the cheapest I kin get it?” he inquired. Being told no reduction could be made, he wasn't so sure he wanted to get married, but he presently cast aside his indifference and handed over the dollar.

It is said that there is a man who goes to Gettysburg every memorial day and decorates his own grave. The story runs thus: During the battle he was thought to be killed, and another soldier took his papers from his pockets. The second soldier was buried for the first, and No. 1, who recovered, goes to the place every year to keep green the grave which is marked with his own name.

### JUST IN JEST.

“It's easier to tear down than to build up.” “I don't know about that. Two can get married, but it usually takes twelve to get 'em apart.”—New York Herald.

Senior Partner: “We have now 100 men, and each costs on the average of \$1,000 a year. Would like to save on that.” Junior Partner: “Ah, got good idea! Discharge all of them and we will save \$100,000 a year.”—Jeweller's Circular.

Deacon Hardfacts (president anti-tobacco society): “Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a puff of tobacco in my life.” Young America (puffing cheroot): “Well, you're not too old to learn yet. Cato learned Greek at eighty, you know.”—Pack.

Mr. Snoball: “What I kain't understand about these yere doctors is, what's de use ob dese yere post mortem examinations. What does yo think ob dem, Eph?” Mr. Lillywhite: “Pears to me dey must be fools. Dey might know it wouldn't be no use to cut a pesson up arter he dead. Dey nebber cure him den.”—Munsey's Weekly.

Cousin Mary: “But do you think you can place any dependence on Harry when he tells you he loves you?” Kate: “Oh, yes, indeed. He has told me so many things that I know are true that I can't doubt his word, you know.” Mary: “As for example?” Kate: “Well, he told me among other things, that I was awfully good looking, and that I was ever so much better than the rest of de girls.”—Boston Transcript.

### NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing.

### MANY INTERESTING ITEMS.

Special correspondence to THE MAIL. Beautiful growing weather. Business booming all over the village.

The J. A. Duobor manufacturing company have just shipped a large number of wheelbarrows to Rio Janeiro, South America. And they are now busy on a large order for England.

The Tonquish manufacturing company will occupy the organ factory building and are now nearly ready for business. They expect to turn out a fine variety of tables and other artistic goods.

Louie Priest has a shop of his own now and is prepared to do all kinds of repairing on furniture, as well as to manufacture book cases and other furniture of special designs. He is a good workman and deserves success.

John A. Gibson was in town last Saturday. He is much improved in health and came down to get his tools. He states that he will work at his trade, that of carpenter, with his old boss and as the work is in the country altogether, John thinks it will be much better for his health than working in the shop.

E. S. Horton, postmaster, has cleared away the space between the Hutton Block and Randolph's building and will proceed to erect a building 18x36, two stories high rumor says for a postoffice, but Ed tells us that he does not know whether Uncle Sam will let him have the office or not, but one thing is sure he will build a doorway large enough for people to go in and out without being crushed.

J. D. Murdock of Plymouth was in town Wednesday. He went before the three doctors for examination for a pension.

We judge that there is a new hand at the bellows in The Record office by the report in The Free Press of Aug. 18, T. S. Hoel of The Northville Record was the inscription on the register at the Wayne Hotel, Aug. 17. We trust that this is not true as Bro. Neal has been giving us the brightest and newest paper that the village ever had.

David Perkins and wife of Salem were the guests of your correspondent on Saturday last.

Adin Cummings of this place has been allowed a pension of \$12 per month. Commencing Aug. 8, 1890, the pension allowed is under the law of June 27, 1850, and is for the loss of a son in the service. Mr. Cummings is 80 years old and is in need of the pension.

For echoes from the Epworth Fair see Northville Record.

George Stark, who has been on the sick list improving under the treatment of Dr. Burgess.

H. C. Calkins is once more at work in the foundry the boys have got a new name for him, they call him “One Lung” we suppose this is because he was in the laundry business at St. Louis Mich.

Some of the employees of the condensed milk factory are taking a vacation the company are manufacturing, present use milk, to ship to Detroit for a few weeks.

Frank Butler's mustang ran away last week and made kindling wood of the buggy. Frank had just lifted his little boy on to the seat when the horse started, but I did not let go his hold of him and thus saved him from serious injury or death perhaps. He says he don't care a hang for the buggy as long as he saved the boy.

Mrs. Avery returned immediately after the funeral of her husband and sold her furniture. She returned to her father's in Stockbridge on Friday.

Mrs. P. C. Sherwood of Ypsilanti, sister of Mrs. Geo. Stark, visited at the home of her sister, last week. She returned home on Friday.

We are indebted to the correspondent of The Detroit Courier for an item of news last week, while it was only an ordinary item of news, it was evidently intended that it should only be published in the local paper, but we got it just the same.

U. R. C. meet Friday at two p. m. All members requested to be present.

Whereas in accordance with that universal law of nature to which we must all succumb, our Friend and Brother, John R. Avery has been removed from our midst to the great Castle Hall above. Therefore be it,

Resolved, by Mystic Lodge in conven-

tion, assembled, that we hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for our irreparable loss. In him was found a Brother true to the great principals of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, with heart and hand always ready to respond to the call of the needy, dependant and sorrowing ones in the community in which he lived.

Resolved, That we extend to his sorrowing widow our sympathy and heartfelt wish that she may be comforted in this the greatest bereavement of her life and that while she mourns it may not seem to her as an eternal separation but ever have an assured hope of a blessed reunion when the storms of this life shall be over and past.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow of our departed Brother by the K. of R. and S. and also that they be published in The Northville Record, PLYMOUTH MAIL and Michigan Pythian and that they be written in full upon the Records of the Lodge.

Resolved, That our Castle Hall be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Adopted by a vote of the Lodge at regular convention held Thursday evening, Aug. 13th, 1891.

W. H. NICHOLS, }  
H. F. BROWN, } Committee.  
B. G. WEBSTER, }

In accordance with a resolution unanimously adopted, by Northville Tent, No. 300 K. O. T. M. at their regular services held Friday evening, Aug. 14, 1891. The following resolutions are respectfully submitted:

Whereas, Death has for the first time entered our Tent and taken from our midst our brother and Sir Knight, John R. Avery. We hereby desire to express the sincere sorrow of our hearts at the loss of one who has ever been ready at the call of duty to fulfill every obligation incumbent upon him as a brother and most important officer in the Tent, but while we mourn our loss it is not as those who can not be comforted. “For while it is our loss it is his eternal gain.” Therefore be it:

Resolved, That we the Sir Knights of Northville Tent No. 300 tender our heart, felt sympathy to the wife and family of our brother. Be it:

Resolved, That we drape our charter and alter for a period of 60 days and be it:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in The Northville Record, PLYMOUTH MAIL and Michigan Mac-cabee and also be entered in full upon the records of the Tent and a copy be sent to his wife.

JOHN W. DOLPH, }  
WM. H. NICHOLS, } Com.  
C. A. McCULLOUGH, }

### Excursion.

LOW Of course the D. L. & N. will sell, as usual, tickets to Detroit for the Exposition, at one fare, with admission added. To accommodate the large number, however who do not wish to spend more than one day from home and yet desire to see the great Exposition, we will run a special low rate excursion to Detroit, Aug. 27th, leaving Plymouth, at 11:43 a. m., arriving in Detroit at 12:30 p. m. and leaving at 7:30 p. m., standard time. Fare for round trip 50 cents.

Geo. DeHaven, General Passenger Agent.

### History of the 24th Regiment.

We have received from the author, Prof. O. B. Curtis of Detroit, a copy of the History of the 24th Michigan Infantry during the rebellion. It is a book of nearly 500 pages and 154 illustrations and will be found very interesting and valuable to all of its old members and to their relatives and friends, as it gives the name, age, nativity, residence and occupation of every original member of the regiment and recruits who joined it at the front and a full list of all other recruits. A full list of all promotions in the ranks and among the officers; of every man killed, wounded or missing and how he was wounded, in every engagement, in which the regiment took part. Portraits of every commander of the Army of the Potomac, as well as those of the Corps, Division and Iron Brigade, in which the regiment served, including all who commanded the regiment. It is profusely illustrated with war scenes in which the regiment was engaged.

The book will be delivered free to any address on receipt of price \$2.00, by the author O. B. Curtis, 280, 25th street, Detroit, Mich.

### Card of Thanks.

The daughters of the late Catherine Durity wish to express their sincere thanks to all who so kindly gave their aid and sympathy during their recent affliction.

## OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

### CAPTAIN GARDNER'S REPORT TO UNCLE SAM.

He Approves Many of the Methods of the State Encampment and Suggests Several Improvements.

#### The State Encampment.

Capt. Cornelius Gardner, of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, was inspector for Uncle Sam at the last encampment of the state militia, and his report is now prepared. Of the 2,492 enlisted men, 1,585 were at the Whitmore Lake encampment, and 150 of the 163 officers. He thinks that the officers and men were too familiar with each other for good military discipline; that the drinking water was not very good, and the drainage of the camp might have been improved. It would be better, he thinks, to give the soldiers only simple food, for the desserts and fruits served at Whitmore Lake could not be maintained in actual service. He found much to praise, and concluded as follows: "The feature of practice marches, I consider to have been of great benefit to all concerned. I do not believe the men could have been worked much harder than they were and that more could have been done in the way of drill than was done. The discipline preserved in the camp was very good. The company discipline could be improved. It is to be regretted that the period of the encampment is so short. I am of the opinion that much expense could be saved and many permanent improvements made if a suitable piece of ground with a good road were purchased for encampments hereafter and for target practice. The canteens were well conducted and perfect order prevailed there. The officers and enlisted men of this brigade were generally intelligent, zealous and enthusiastic. I have no confidential report to make in connection with the encampment."

#### AROUND THE STATE.

Ex-Gov. Luce will speak at the picnic of the St. Joseph county grange, to be held August 27.

The annual reunion of the Nineteenth Michigan Infantry will be held at Constantine Aug. 26.

John J. Tuomey, the ex-merchant baron, of Jackson, will go to work for a Chicago concern on salary.

The catching and shipping of live frogs for the municipal market is a flourishing industry at Delton.

The Kalamazoo county teachers' institute has 164 names enrolled and is growing in number daily.

The water in the Muskegon river is so low that the log drive cannot be moved until after the September rains.

The pioneers of Cass and Berrien counties will form a picnic society and hold a picnic sometime before the snow flies.

Clyde Showalter, of Beaton Harbor, was burned to death by pouring kerosene oil on a burning fire Sunday.

F. Crawford, jr., of Crawford's Quarry, Presque Isle county, has been appointed postmaster, vice A. Deultzein resigned.

The laying of the cornerstone of the \$15,000 Polish church at Menominee took place Monday with the usual ceremonies.

Prosecutor W. F. Riggs, of Schoolcraft county, is suing Editor T. M. McMurray, of the Manistique News, for criminal libel.

D. E. Crandell, of Grawn, Grand Traverse county, will hereafter take charge of the mails there. He succeeds L. L. Ensign, resigned.

The Manistee preachers are waging a relentless warfare on the picnic parks of the city and the people who go to them on Sunday.

The eastern Michigan fair at Ypsilanti will have as one of its prominent agricultural exhibits two balloon ascensions and parachute drops.

Hon. John K. Biegs, of Hudson, who has been in Washington for treatment by Dr. Hammond for a nervous difficulty, is much improved.

Henry Gleason's barn, near Three Rivers, burned Monday morning. One thousand bushels of wheat and a large amount of hay are a total loss.

A co-operative mercantile association has been organized at Greger, Livingston county, by the farmer's alliance, with a cash capital of \$5,000.

Bay City has secured that corset factory from Saginaw and arrangements are being made to locate it in an old building until a new one can be erected.

Sherman Upton, whose parents are well-known people in Big Rapids, and who spent the best part of his 30 years of life there, died in Nebraska.

William Merithew, janitor of the opera house at Bay City, dropped dead of heart disease Monday while attending to his duties. He leaves a family.

Blissfield's latest industry, the canning works, is booming, with 25 hands employed and a probability of the force being increased to 75 persons very soon.

The Ottawa county building and loan association, at its recent meeting, decided to increase its capital stock to \$1,000,000, and elected George Ballard president.

Mrs. Ophelia Hawley, an old resident of Paw Paw, and prominent member of the Christian church was found dead in bed Tuesday morning. Heart failure.

A flock of sheep and herd of swine took refuge from the storm at Port Austin under a tree. Lightning hit that tree and killed a half dozen or more of the stock.

Capt. Ed Cunningham, of the steamer New Orleans, fell through the hatch while the boat was tied up at her dock at Marquette Tuesday, and received fatal injuries.

Frank Holman's infant son got hold of the camphor bottle, at Wayland, and drank about four ounces of the tincture. Convulsions resulting, the little one died.

Richard Griffith, a harnessmaker who recently came from Oshkosh to Kalamazoo, was found dead in his bed. He had no relatives and the remains passed into the hands of the sheriff.

James Baum's children, near Centerville, built a fire in the wheat stubble while their folks were away at a picnic. The fire ran across the field and burned the barn and all the stacks of grain.

Sheriff Bradley, of Losco county, raided the saloons and disreputable resorts of Oscoda Monday, gathering in eight of the proprietors. Selling liquor without a license and keeping disorderly houses are the charges preferred against the eight.

The class day exercises of the agricultural college were held Monday. G. C. Monroe, of South Haven, was class president, and delivered a paper on "Labor, Thought and Success."

George Field, of Jackson, rented the hotel at Hamburg last spring and began selling beer without a license. For a time all went merrily, but now George is in jail in default of \$200 bonds.

The fifth union picnic of the farmers of Eaton, Clinton, Ionia and Iupham counties was held at Grand Ledge last week. The principal event being an address by Hon. J. J. Woodman, of Paw Paw.

Principal Lee, of the Manistee central school, accepted an engagement at \$1,200 a year last June, but having secured a better job somewhere else now resigns. Manistee is mad over his conduct.

The state session of the grand lodge of the select Knights was held in Calumet Wednesday, and William C. Marcellus, of Bay City, was elected commander. James Pitcher, of Saginaw, was chosen recorder.

General Manager Baldwin, of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad, is said to be contemplating more changes and will weed out all the dead wood in the road. A number of changes are likely to occur any time.

St. Louis lost two of its best known people by death last week—Mrs. Betsy Burgess, for 31 years a resident of the county, dying of old age, and Merchant C. A. Smith of the grip. Mr. Smith was 44 years old.

The queer delusion of an insane young man, who has been sent to Oak Grove, the private asylum at Flint, is that efforts are being made to force him to join the Masonic order. He insists that the asylum is a Masonic home.

Joseph Baden, of Big Rapids, a bad 'un, was arrested for creating a riot on the streets. The officers no sooner had him safely housed than he set fire to the jail and narrowly escaped burning to death. He is still in jail.

Judge W. E. Grove, of the Kent county circuit court, has announced his intention of resigning on Oct. 1. He will resume the practice of his profession. He was elected three years ago and has made an enviable record on the bench.

A warrant is out at Williamston for the arrest of Fred Owen, who is accused of having attempted to commit a criminal assault upon a young lady who is visiting friends living near that place. The accused had always borne an excellent reputation.

Mrs. H. Melton, who lives near Crosswell, was accompanying her husband home from town Sunday evening when a thunderbolt darted so near as to deal her a shock, rendering her unconscious. Her condition is critical. Mr. Melton escaped all injuries.

George Pendell, son of Henry Pendell, of this city, and formerly a resident here, fell from a building at Fort Smith, Ark., Monday morning and was instantly killed. He was 50 years old and leaves a wife and six children. He left Saginaw twenty years ago.

Joseph Gunsolus, of Cheboygan, went home one evening last week and found his house in a state of siege, the family being barricaded inside while a tramp sat on the piazza. Gunsolus had no gun and so he pelted the tramp with stones until he dislodged him.

At the meeting of the new board of control of the Industrial home at Adrian last week, Dr. Mina Logue was appointed home physician in place of Dr. Jewett, and Mrs. W. S. Carey was appointed matron of Crosswell cottage in place of Mrs. Powers.

Oscar Harjoja, a miner employed in the Peninsular mine, near Houghton, was instantly killed while sleeping in his house, near the main shaft of the mine, Sunday night, by lightning striking the house. The storm did considerable damage in the neighborhood, but no other lives were sacrificed.

Some three dozen students are taking the summer course in theology at Benzonia. The instructors, who are ministers from all over the state, enjoy the work as much as the students. Their ministerial dignity is thrown off and they get together during leisure hours, and trade lies like a jolly lot of boys.

Three prisoners, Henry Becker, George Tripp and Charles Gale, escaped from jail at Ludington, Wednesday night. Becker and Tripp were awaiting trial for arson and Gale for attempting rape. They removed the grate from the floor and escaped through the basement.

Capt. A. W. Harvey, commander of Merrian post, of Meriden, Conn., who was sick when the post arrived at Grand Rapids from Detroit last week, died Wednesday night. The body was taken to Meriden. He leaves a wife, two children and considerable property.

Wilfred Eames, of Evansville, Ind., will move his extensive windmill and pump works to Ypsilanti. At a recent council meeting the Ypsilanti city fathers decided to help the thing along, and a company was formed to take hold of the business. The company will have \$25,000 capital.

There are instances in which a baby is useful and here is one of them from Bay City. The other night while Peter Van Paris and his wife were sleeping a burglar entered the house. The infant was a light sleeper and began to yell. Mrs. Van Paris awoke just in time to see the visitor sneak out through the window.

## THE MACCABEES.

### THE MICHIGAN HIVE BUZZING AT JACKSON THIS WEEK.

Kansas Woman Accused of Attempting to Blow up a Residence.—Germany's Crops Almost a Failure.

#### The K. O. T. M.

The eleventh annual review of the Knights of the Maccabees of Michigan began in Jackson Tuesday. Great Commander W. S. Linton delivered his annual address in which he showed that the order in Michigan had increased from a total of 700 in 1881 to 26,155 in 1891. The widows and orphans of deceased knights had received \$144,850 and disabled sir knights had received \$3,950. Great Record Keeper N. S. Boynton presented his report after which the standing committees were announced. The Great Hive of Lady Maccabees also met during the day and were presided over by Great Lady Commander May E. Harrington, of Reese. A parade of the sir knights through the principal streets, an address of welcome by Mayor Weatherwax, presentation of past great commander's badge to Sir Knight Linton, the band contest, and the reception at Guard hall were the events of day and evening. On Wednesday the officers did routine business: the Jackson Guards gave a battalion drill; two bicycle races; Devlin's cadet drill; double balloon ascension and parachute drops; fire department display; election and installation of officers, as follows filled the day: Great commander, W. S. Linton, of Saginaw; lieutenant commander, L. N. Case, of Detroit; great record keeper, N. S. Boynton, of Port Huron; finance keeper, R. J. Whalen, of Flint; medical examiner, E. P. Tibbals, of Port Huron; prelate, R. B. Wachtel, of Petoskey; sergeant, W. H. Clark, of Marquette; master-at-arms, A. F. Stewart, of Jackson; first master of guard, Thomas Watson, of Kalamazoo; second master of guard, W. D. Cateheart, of Muskegon; sentinel, Levi Anchembaugh, of Adrian; picket, Robert Elsworth, of Alpena. The next meeting will be held at Detroit.

#### Did the Woman Do It?

Richard M. Juvenal's residence in Kansas City, Kas., was wrecked by an explosion of dynamite Monday night. There were in the house at the time Juvenal, his wife and her sister, Mrs. Ricketts, and her three children. Mrs. Ricketts was struck by a falling picture and received a severe scalp wound. The other occupants were shaken up, but fortunately escaped any serious injury. The explosion was a loud one and its force was felt fully ten blocks away, many windows being broken. From all accounts the deliberate attempt to blow up the residence was made by a woman, as she was seen to enter and leave by the front gate a few minutes before the explosion occurred. Mr. Juvenal who has been twice married, says while he was getting a divorce from his first wife he kept company with Miss Pfaffman, and that when she learned he had married again, sent him letters threatening to blow up his residence. Miss Pfaffman, who is suspected, has not yet been located by the police.

#### Yankee Land Must Feed Germany.

Dispatches from Berlin say that it was at first believed that the Russian ukase was directed against Germany, but the government now appears convinced that the ukase was prompted chiefly by economic motives. Germany's imports of rye in the last decade have amounted to only about one-sixth of her own produce, but the failure of the German crops this year makes the situation more serious. The latest statistics, however, leave ground for hope that the harvest will be much better than was expected. The exactness of her military arrangement and preparedness to meet all emergencies characteristic of Germany will prevent difficulty with the army. Reports of a rise of rye in Holland caused a further rise of one mark in Berlin, but toward the close a calmer spirit prevailed and the price receded two marks. Wheat advanced 3 1/2 marks on unfavorable reports from New York.

#### An Old Man's Awful Crime.

A. W. Wilcox, aged 70, who resided two miles east of Waters, Wednesday afternoon split open the head of Mrs. West, his granddaughter, with an ax and then shot himself in the head and near the heart. He is dead and she will die. Mrs. West has been keeping house for him and it is supposed that he was angered because she was about to go and live with her husband, from whom she had been separated for awhile. The only witness of the crime was Mrs. West's 14-year-old sister, who ran screaming to inform the neighbors. She says the old man tried first to kill Mrs. West with a revolver with which he later took his own life, and failing used the ax. He took a big dose of par's green before shooting himself.

#### A Jail Delivery.

Peter Bowman, Henry Vanderhoff and Bert Hammond, tramps, who were bound over to the circuit court from Covert, for burglary, broke jail at Paw Paw. They pried the hasp and staples from the jail corridor door with the leg of an iron bedstead. The timbers holding the fastenings were rotten and weak. Sheriff Thomas has been unable to find a clew to the fugitives, but is scouring the country and using the wires freely. The three are tough characters and their rearrest is important.

The Bay county courts will have two murder cases for next term—Henry Holjacker, who killed A. Panjson, and James Crobie, who deliberately shot Mat O'Shea in the Portland house bar-room.

Livery stable-keeper Hoses Burden, of Three Rivers, lost a horse by letting it to an unknown party some months ago, and repeated the trick by letting another rig to an irresponsible man last week. The fellow sold the rig in Indiana, but was caught and Burden got it back. The next man who wants to hire a rig at this particular stable will put up a deed of \$4,000 worth of property if he is not personally known to Burden.

## SHE SWALLOWED IT.

### Novel Way of Keeping a Will From Being Executed.

Victor Antoine Berge has been sentenced at the Gironde assizes to life imprisonment at hard labor for the murder of his mistress, Marie Bouden. The circumstances surrounding the case are of the strangest and most peculiar character, and are largely responsible for the saving of Berge from the guillotine. Berge, whose father is a small land owner at Cahoes, department of the Lot, was a medical student in the city. He met Marie, who was a dressmaker, and shortly afterwards the couple lived together. By the death of the maiden aunt, a short time ago, Berge came into possession of 10,000 francs. The will naming him as heir he had had in his possession, and showed it to Marie, whereupon she demanded that, as a recompense to her, he give her one-half of the legacy. This Berge refused, and the woman snatched it from his hand. A terrific struggle ensued, which was finally ended by his throwing the woman heavily to the floor, but not, however, before she had by a final effort swallowed the will. In a few hours the woman was dead. Berge, in order to regain possession of his inheritance, cut the body open and removed the will. It was in this condition that the body was discovered.

#### An Enormous Swindle.

The postoffice authorities have been investigating the National capital saving, building and loan association of America, with head office at Chicago, and say that it is a huge swindle. President Downing and Vice-President Tollman have been arrested. Thousands of people throughout the entire country have been made victims of the corporation. It is estimated that the swindlers have taken in from \$200,000 to \$350,000. The concern was capitalized at \$20,000,000, and had agents in every state in the Union. The evidence of prosperity were so great that two commercial agencies indorsed the association. The method of the swindle was to sell shares at 50 cents each, with a monthly payment of \$1.50. At the end of 96 months the shareholder was to draw \$10,000. Vice-president Tollman is believed to have reaped the richest harvest from the swindle.

#### MEN AND THINGS.

The Alabama State Alliance has reelected all its old officers.

The population of Mexico, according to official statistics, is 11,633,824.

The Glenion Lumber company, of Boston, Mass., made an assignment Monday.

Mr. Harrington says an appeal will be made to establish a daily paper in Dublin in Mr. Parnell's interest.

A vein of silver running 300 ounces to the ton, has been struck within a block of Leadville's main thoroughfare.

An epidemic of smallpox in Santiago has been followed by the announcement of a number of cases at Valparaiso.

The Ohio fuel gas company, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, was incorporated at Springfield, Ill., Thursday.

Wood fires have broken out in Mecosta county and considerable damage is feared unless rain falls in copious quantities soon.

Dudley Frayser, a prominent citizen of Memphis, Tenn., was decoyed to a hotel in that city and chloroformed and robbed.

A waterspout on one of the islands of the Azores group, has caused immense damage and resulted in the death of six persons.

The President on Monday appointed Richard Colts Shannon, of New York, minister to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and San Salvador.

Two New York Chinamen, who were pronounced lepers by the doctors, have been turned loose from Charity hospital, and are now at large.

The agents of the anthracite producing companies met in New York city Thursday and ordered an advance of 15 cents per ton to take effect Sept. 1.

The Balmaceda troops have returned from Coquimbo and gone further south. Many of the troops have rebelled and gone to Vallena and Erelnina.

C. P. Huntington and others, of New York, have purchased the railroad running from Dallas to Cedar, Tex., and will extend it to New Orleans.

Charles F. Wolf, who was elected executive officer of the world's fair commission from Pennsylvania dropped dead on his way from the state capital.

Abraham Gottlieb has resigned his position as chief engineer in the bureau of construction of the world's fair. His successor has not yet been appointed.

Enormous crowds in Fleury, France, repeatedly sang the Russian national anthem, with heads uncovered, and afterwards cheered the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia.

The landing of Chinese from the steamer Oceanic was stopped at San Francisco by the collector of that port, acting under instructions from the treasury department.

The wife of Matthew Quizer, a Langenburg, Man., farmer was found dead in bed Monday. It is supposed that she starved to death, her husband being absent from home.

Advices from Venezuela state that United States exports to that country are now ahead of all others, their aggregate in the last fiscal year having been \$10,000,000.

The United States immigration commission has left Berlin and started for Russia. After concluding their work they will return to Germany and will visit Hamburg and Bremen.

The people's party of Maryland, in secret session at Baltimore refused, by a close vote, to indorse Frank Brown, the democratic candidate for governor, but recommended his candidacy to the farmers of the state.

Edward Langan, of Cleveland, was caught at New Castle, Pa., last week, while attempting to enter the rear room of the First National bank. It is believed that he is the fellow who robbed the Columbus Grove, O., bank and shot two men while doing so.

## FOURTEEN KILLED.

### A BROOKLYN EXCURSION PARTY MEETS WITH A SAD ACCIDENT.

The Deck of Boat Blown in on the Passengers, Killing Fourteen and Injuring Many Others.

#### The Deck Fell In.

A terrible disaster occurred at Cold Springs Harbor, R. I., Wednesday, by which 14 persons—eight women, four children and two men—lost their lives. The steamer Crystal Stream with the barge Republic in tow, and having about 500 adults and as many children on the excursion of the employes of Theodore Kaffer, a Brooklyn dry goods dealer, arrived at the Cold Spring Grove dock. An hour later the last whistles for all to get aboard were blown by the steamer and everybody was ready to start. The larger portion of the excursionists were on the barge, while the younger people were dancing. Just then some heavy clouds covered the sky, then came a squall, the wind driving everything before it. The boat hands anticipating a shower, had let down the canvas curtains which are attached to the hurricane deck of the barge and fastened them down to the port side. This prevented the wind from blowing through, and as one strong gust struck the barge it lifted the starboard side of the hurricane deck clear from its fastenings and supports, and forced it and the posts, and partitions in the center over the port side. As it pushed over, the end of the deck nearest the dock, to which the barge was fastened, dropped upon the hundreds of women and children who had crowded over to that side of the barge in an effort to escape. When the deck was raised, fifteen minutes later, 14 dead bodies were found.

#### The Same Old Game.

Chief Detective Hazen, of Omaha, Neb., received a telegram from Denver asking him to look out for Marie Babes, wanted on a charge of stealing \$5,500 worth of diamonds from a Denver jewelry firm. The woman is reported by the police to be conspicuous, and reputed wealthy in Denver. Last week she sent to the jewelry store asking that a lot of diamond breast pins and diamond rings be sent to her for selection. The firm sent by an employe of the store two trays of diamonds valued at \$5,500. The woman invited the clerk into the front parlor. He went in and drank wine with her. The diamonds were brought out and the woman laid them on the piano. As she was doing this the young man reeled and fell on the floor. The wine had been drugged. When he recovered his senses he looked for the woman, but she had disappeared. She was traced to Omaha in company with a man with whom she had become acquainted on the train. The last seen of the couple they left on the train for Chicago.

#### Changes on the F. & P. M. Railroad.

The first official circular of W. H. Baldwin, jr., the new general manager of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad, abolishes the office of assistant general manager, gives P. Patiarche, traffic manager, charge of all freight and passenger business, and names W. F. Potter general superintendent, vice Sanford Keeler, resigned. E. M. Written is appointed superintendent of water lines, with charge of steamers and lake terminals, with headquarters at Ludington. T. J. Hatawell is the new master mechanic and George M. Brown superintendent of railways and structures. The changes go into effect today.

#### Mrs. James K. Polk Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Polk, widow of ex-President James K. Polk, died Friday morning at Nashville, Tenn. She was 88 years of age. Her death was that of a Christian; she sank gently to rest without a struggle. She was surrounded by the members of the immediate family, and just before her death she called them up, and placing her hand upon their heads, offered a prayer and blessing. Her remains will be laid in the vault beside those of her distinguished husband.

#### Suicid Seriously Injured.

It is understood that Robert Bonner's marvelous mare Suno! is to be retired from the turf. The mare recently sustained a serious injury in the thigh, and horsemen think she will never be able to lower her own record, or that of Maud S. Charles S. Marvin, the trainer, says: "If Suno! should be driven it would probably ruin her for life. It is doubtful when she can be driven again."

#### Prohibition in Georgia.

Gov. Northend, of Georgia, has signed the bill to prohibit the sale of liquor within three miles of any church or school except in incorporated cities. This means prohibition in Georgia, as either schools or churches exist every three miles and where they do not exist cheap structures will be erected at once.

Mrs. Lella Robinson Sawtelle, an author and a member of Massachusetts bar, died Monday from, it is supposed, an overdose of medicine, taken inadvertently.

John Wildanger, of Flint, while going home Tuesday night, was sandbagged and robbed of quite a sum of money. The crime was committed on one of the principal streets of the town. There is no clue to the robber.

The Manistee Hoop company's mill at Copenish, valued at \$20,000, was burned Tuesday and is a total loss. Insurance, \$14,000. There was \$9,000 worth of manufactured stock in the yard, in which there was no insurance.

Three men were arrested in Adrian Tuesday charged with the burglary of a store at Delta, O., on Sunday. They had much of the jewelry and clothing with them, and go back to Ohio with the sheriff, who came for them.

Mrs. George Casey, of West Bay City, says she took two ounces of laudanum and persists in lying with rigid muscles in a condition which she innocently imagines is the proper thing in a candidate for the sageship degree. The doctors say that she is shamming and that she didn't swallow a bit of the poison.

## A CHURCH REVERIE.

The time, a lovely Sunday morn,  
The place a country church;  
The organ pipes in its squeaky way,  
From out its lofty perch.  
The sermon's dry as dry can be,  
The preacher worn and old,  
His voice cracks like the organ's notes,  
As he harangues his fold.  
But when he's through, from out the loft,  
There bursts a happy song  
From a maiden's lips, who's sweet, and  
fair  
And good as the day is long,  
And what to me is the sermon dry,  
Or the organ's uneven pace,  
As I listen to my sweetheart's voice  
And look on my sweetheart's face!

## A STORY OF A PREACHER.

Jack Brighton was one of my dearest and most peculiar friends.  
He was a preacher—pastor of a little church in a small Alabama town. He was not more than thirty when I met him, unmarried, and one of those strange beings who have a strange and mysterious experience stamped upon their countenances, unreadable except to the extent that something wonderful or some great struggle has been gone through.

I knew him well for two years, was with him daily and found him a most devout Christian, charming companion, and of magnificent brain powers. I was undoubtedly his most intimate friend, but of his past life he never uttered a word to me. Five years before he had suddenly appeared in the town, and that was all known of him. For a while the people wondered at the veil drawn before his life, but his noble nature and actions soon caused them to forget all else save the good he was doing.

I wondered at first and made several attempts to penetrate the mystery, but soon fell into the opinion of the people, and only knew him as he then was.

Handsome, brilliant and genial, he was a man who would attract any to him, and it is no wonder that all loved him. One day I was called away for a week. While in a city not far distant I received a telegram. It read thus:

"Am called to Heaven. I leave papers addressed to you. Do with it as you like. JACK."

I was terribly shocked, and thoughts of many of my friend's strange actions entered my head. I fought it, but the idea was constantly present that he was insane and had been mildly so all along. Now he had become raging and would commit suicide.

It was a horrible thought, and to refute it, I took the first train to town. I reached it and found everything quiet and peaceable. Where was Jack? I asked; and several told me they had seen him enter the little church but a few moments before. With a sigh of relief I entered, but saw no one. I searched for an hour there, at his home and elsewhere, but with no better result. Others soon joined in, and on into the night we hunted him. Many declared he must be in the church, but he was not. His bible was there, and in it was a manuscript addressed to me. I hurriedly thrust it into my pocket and continued the search until way into the next day. Then, broken down, I fell asleep. I awoke the next night and inquired for Jack. The people were still looking for him, but not a trace had been found.

I betthought myself of the letter and berated myself for having not read it before. I give it to you just as it was.

DEAR FRIEND:—My heart is overflowing with gratitude to a merciful God. I have just been made conscious of the fact that in one short hour I will be out of this cold, cheerless world, and will be in the land of plenty and continual happiness. My thoughts turned towards you and I could see no better way of spending the hour than to tell you something of my past life, leaving it with you to do as you will. The time is short and I must be brief.

I was born and reared in a large Eastern city. My father was largely possessed of this world's goods, and I had every advantage, socially and otherwise. With my disposition it is but natural that I became wild. Up to my twenty-fifth birthday and a little more, my highest ambition was to get the good things out of this world, paying no attention whatever to the future.

One night, in a small Western town, I met a fair, young creature. The instant I saw her my eyes and attention were fixed. What was this herculean but softly mysterious feeling that swept through my every fiber! What meant this sudden weakness and then heavy throb of my temples! This trembling of the knees!

And what meant that alternate paling and flushing of her cheeks! Those sparkling, mesmeric eyes set upon mine! Was it fate that we two should meet! Half unconsciously we wandered out to a lonely spot. Then comes an almost blank.

I remember how in a state of almost wildness we both were. How at the lingering touch of her lips my soul leaped forth, and heaven's doors could have tumbled neither to depart. How my heart beat like a heavy engine, and the heavy surges swelled the elastic arteries to almost bursting and then relaxed them to emptiness. How in this embrace our hearts throbbed in perfect unison, producing a thrilling and overpowering intoxication, performing their physical functions together as they were together in love.

All this I remembered and was on the

eve of returning to her, when a note was handed me.

Mechanically I opened it. Joy! It was from her! No! "Misery! Read it: 'I can not stay here. I leave for a far off land before this reaches you. I pray God we may never meet again. My duty, as a Christian, allows no human idol. Thou shalt have no other God before me.' Such love that burns within me for you is sinful, and I must put it away. I hardly know what happened last night, but I know that our frenzied passion is too great. Oh! love, darling fate, it is death, but duty and Christianity—"

That was all. The note was covered with blisters from hot, passionate tears. Cruelty of cruelties, my heart was breaking and this was Christianity! For the next three days I can not account. Of the remainder of the week I know but little. At the end of that time, still as in a dream, I found myself in a little, peaceful village, a thousand miles away. Why or how I went there I know not.

I had hardly reached it before like one in a trance, I walked out into the country. On I went for a mile. Finally I stopped before a little three roomed cottage. I entered the yard with no purpose whatever in view. I stepped upon the porch. Then, without a thought, I opened a door into a room.

My heart stood still. There she was. My love, my fate; before me, and alone. With a pitiful, passionate half moan she threw herself into my open arms. "Why did you come?" she cried. "I knew you would. I have been expecting you, but it is death, death, death!"

For a minute, hour, day, I know not how long, we sobbed in each other's arms. Then I felt a dead weight. She had swooned. Yes, that was all, though I tried for hours to awaken her. Her limbs grew stiff and cold; her face bloodless; I could feel no pulsation of the heart. Could she be dead?

The thought struck me like a thunderbolt. Crazy and almost fainting I rushed out into the open air, and on out into the country. I must have gone miles when I came partially so my senses and found myself sitting on the road side, hot, weary and dusty.

I was a fool to leave when I did, and started back to find out the true state of my darling. I reached the house after dark. I slipped around to a window and looked in. There was a group of people talking in low mournful tones. They were shrouding the body, and wondering at the death. Soon they all went out, even the death watch.

I must see her once more. Softly I entered the window, stealthily I reached her side, and removed the cloth from her cold, stiff body.

A heavy, dry sob escaped me. How white she was! How pale and bloodless the face! On her lips was frozen a smile—an angelic smile.

My heart was bursting, and I cried out: "Why did you die! Oh, darling one, I know you were too pure and holy for human love. Holiness triumphed, but 'twas as you said—death, death, death!"

"But, darling, I can not leave you without one word from your lips. I know you loved me, and love me yet. Fate drew us together and through fate you must speak. Come back, my own, and speak!"

Slowly the color entered the face of marble. Slowly the eyelids quivered and opened. Slowly, the now pulsing hand reached mine and pressed it. Softly she spoke: "Love, I come from Heaven at your call, and I await you there." The color fled. The hand went back and crossed the other on her breast. The eyes closed and all was still. With a smothered shriek of horror I fled. The next day, from a distance, I saw the body lowered into the cold grave. That night I spent groveling on the mound, swearing to follow her wherever she might be.

Suddenly there was a death-like quietude, and I seemed to freeze. Somebody or something was present, but I could see nothing. I heard a soft, low voice saying: "If you would follow her, you must enter as she did, through love of me."

I remember no more until I awoke in a large Eastern city, cool and collected, with the above facts burned into my memory. Reason and deep thought followed, and by the grace of God my heart was changed. I sought quietude and came here.

My being is full of love for a merciful God and Redeemer. I have striven to live right, and have prayed unceasingly for strength. Now I leave you and go to my Master. He has conquered me and is uppermost in my mind. He used her, one of his creatures, as an instrument to point out the errors of my way and lead me to Him. I am filled with joy for the call has come. Him first and then my guardian angel. The time has come. I see you approaching the church. Meet me in heaven. JACK.

For weeks the little Alabama town was shaken with excitement. No traces of my friend could be found. I kept my letter secret, but continued in the search. The people all loved him, and finding no clue to his departure, came to a strange conclusion. They knew him as a perfect man, tender, loving, and to the extent of their knowledge, without sin. He must, in their opinion, have been taken bodily to his Maker.

I would give them no opinion, and said nothing of what he wrote to me. Now that years have passed I have come to the conclusion that no harm can come of making it public. Many inhabitants of the town will doubtless be strengthened in that belief by reading his story. It is certainly strange. Where is he?—Alf. Harper in Atlanta Constitution.

### Valuable Curiosities.

Near Pendleton, in Umatilla county, Oregon, have been discovered two mummified Indians—one is that of an old man and the other that of a child. They are queer specimens and are regarded as valuable curiosities. Dr. Morrow, who owns the relics, has refused \$500 for them, but the curios are considered much more valuable.

## A HUNTED HEIRESS.

A TALE OF FACTORY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Major MacNamara.

CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.

Gertrude seemed terribly anxious—Madge never saw her so frightened before in her life; and she asked: "Did you recognize him Gertrude?"

"Yes!" was the brief reply. "Who is he? I'm sure I've seen him somewhere."

"I will tell you when we are at home.—Be watchful now, and tell me if he appears!"

They had now arrived at the millinery store which they entered, and in a short time Gertrude, having completed her purchases, came forth; her feet had hardly touched the sidewalk when she uttered a loud shriek; and, throwing down her bundles, she rushed into the middle of the street, and just in time! a carriage—a double team was dashing madly down the highway, driverless and wild with fright; and a little child of exceeding beauty, was toddling across the street, of course, utterly unconscious of danger, as well as utterly incapable of avoiding it. Like a lioness, Gertrude leaped in front of the frightened animal, and seizing the infant in her arms sprang to the walk, the hoofs of the plunging horses brushing her dress as she reached it—the child dropped from her arms as she reached the sidewalk, and, overcome with faintness, she was falling to the ground, when a young gentleman who had just appeared in the crowd caught her in his arms, and then, lifting her up as if she were a child, he carried her across the street, and into an apothecary store—where the child and another lady were already receiving attention from the clerks.

The lady already there was the mother of the child whose life Miss Weldon had so gallantly saved; and the young gentleman was her brother—Tom Arkright—it appeared from the story of the young man that they—Mrs. Bascombe and himself—were walking quietly along, leaving the little fellow to run on behind—that he was never missed until their attention was called to him by our heroine's shriek of horror—a horror which communicated itself to them when they beheld her throw herself before the infuriated animal, but which changed to thanksgiving and joy when they beheld their little darling safe in the arms of his beautiful savior!

Mrs. Bascombe had recovered from her faint, and was now assiduously attending on Gertrude who soon recovered from her shock.

Our heroine blushed with pleasure and embarrassment under the deluge of Mrs. Bascombe's gratitude, and the eloquent silence of young Mr. Arkright—whose eyes, filled with unspeakable admiration, gazed upon her with gratitude—and—and an indefinable something which, at this time, we can't explain, but which I have no doubt is very evident to the reader!

After much beseeching on the part of Mrs. Bascombe, and mute eyed pleadings on part of Tom Arkright, Gertrude informed them where she resided. She had no false pride, this heroine of ours—and received, in turn, a warm invitation to visit Bellville park, just a mile or two outside the city; indeed, Mrs. Bascombe said she would call for her, herself, in a day or two, whereupon Miss Weldon and her companion bade them adieu and hastened home to their boarding house. Tom's eyes following Gertrude all the way—not literally, you know—but beaming brightly in Miss Weldon's mind, as it were!

### CHAPTER XI.

THE SORROWS OF BARBARA GLENDON—MUSIC WINS HER HEART AND SHE CONFIDES HER TROUBLES TO GERTRUDE.

Barbara Glendon, who used formerly to be a leader in all the fun and mischief perpetrated among the boarders, of late days seemed greatly changed. So much so that many of her companions noticed and commented upon it.

Her joyous laughter was no longer heard ringing through the house; her rich, strong voice was silent; and since her interview with Phillip Blake, given in a former chapter, a change outwardly and inwardly was apparent to all who chose to observe.

Her secret meetings with Phillip Blake were continued and regular. She fully believed in his passionate avowals of love—yet an invisible something seems to warn her to beware!

Her love for the man was fond—devoted—intense. When she was in his company her heart was all his own. Her will seemed to vanish—she had no power over her feelings—and it was then that she keenly felt how needful was her idol to her existence.

At such times she never questioned his love, truth or honor. It was only when alone with herself, secretly communing with her own thoughts, that she made comparisons, weighed words and tried to judge his actions.

It was then that doubt and misery took possession of her—but never for an instant did she contemplate breaking off her engagement with him or disappointing him by staying away from their nightly trysts.

One evening she was passing the door of Gertrude's room on her way down stairs. Gertrude was playing a sweet hymn tune, and singing to the air. Barbara paused on her way, involuntary, to listen, and these words clad in melody, floated to her ears from within.

"Then a rainbow bridge the angel laid  
Over the sea; and he took her hand,  
And led her on through a golden mist,  
Over the bridge to the Eden land!  
Bright forms she saw, as a shower of light,  
Fell from their wings, like sunbeams bright  
Voices she heard—and she knew them too—  
Come to us, mamma, we're waiting for you,  
Here, on the shore of the sunset sea!"

The eyes of the listener filled with tears as the sweet song went on—they rolled over her cheeks, and, ere it was concluded, she was sobbing as if her poor heart would break. She had forgotten where she was, when the door opened, and Gertrude Weldon stood before her.

Our heroine intuitively comprehended the cause of Barbara's emotion. She had observed of late, a great change in the conduct of the girl toward herself—and other changes which constituted her ter-

rest sympathy—she felt that some secret trouble preyed on the mind of Barbara Glendon, and she would, if it were in her power, willingly try and assuage her sorrow.

She said not a word, however, but took the weeping girl by the hand and led her silently into the room—a single look passed between her and Madge Holly, as she did so, and the latter, without a word, slipped from the room and went below to the parlor where a coterie of damsels were crowded together, bouquet-like, over a late fashion book containing the newest styles and latest plates. There was such a chattering about "Princess polonaise," "Chenille fringe," "box plaiting," "trained skirts in colors," and, "oh, ain't that stylish!" and, "oh, my sakes alive, ain't that dowdy?" that Madge's entrance was scarcely noticed, except by little Miss Grey, the pretty blonde to whom she had taken quite a fancy, which was heartily reciprocated.

When the door closed behind Madge, Gertrude Weldon led Barbara to a seat, and throwing her arms about her, besought her to try and control herself—which bit of advice only caused Barbara to sob more than ever.

In a little while, however, the poor girl managed to control herself; and, wiping her eyes, she turned to our heroine with a sad smile, saying:

"Perhaps you are wondering at my tears—but I could not help it—when I heard you singing I paused to listen, and a strange feeling came over me, and I seemed to see home, and my mother—dead, oh, for ever so long; and I scarcely remembered where I was, and hardly knew the song had ceased, or the door opened till I felt your hand on mine—I hope you will excuse me, Miss Weldon?"

Barbara arose as she concluded—but our heroine pressed her back into her seat, saying—

"No—you don't Barbara! I have you in here now, and I am going to keep you for a while. You have never visited me before—so, while you make yourself at home, I'll make some lemonade."

Barbara glanced at her beautiful face with pleased delight, and looked about the room, daintily furnished with a score of nick-nacks, a nice carpet, handsome chairs, a shelf of books—why, it looked like a little palace, compared to the rooms of the other girls—such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Barbara while Miss Weldon was engaged in the closest decocting the lemonade.

In a few moments it was prepared, and the two young ladies sat cozily together partaking of a glass, and chatting upon subjects furthest from the thoughts of either.

"Barbara," exclaimed Gertrude at last, unable longer to repress her interest in her companion, "you seem greatly changed of late—what is it that worries you—tell me, for I may be able to assist you, you know?"

Barbara looked into the strong handsome face of the beautiful creature before her, and longed to unburden her heart of its doubts and fears, and give the precious secret of her love into her keeping.

"Come, Barbara, speak up—tell me what troubles you so, for I know that you have trouble—I see it in your face and hear it in your voice—speak up dear, and tell me—for I know it is nothing to be ashamed of!"

"I hardly know what to say Miss Weldon—you are so good."

"Never mind that Barbara—and you mustn't call me Miss Weldon, call me Gertrude—never mind about my kindness but tell me what grieves you. I know what a great relief it is to unburden one's bosom at times of its little sorrows—for we all have them you know, and will to the end of time."

"I hardly know whether mine is a blessing or a curse!" murmured Barbara, shaking her head thoughtfully and gazing vacantly on the floor.

Our heroine was startled at the tone of the answer she received—but she said nothing; merely putting her arm about the girl's waist and murmuring "poor Barbara; confide in me—you surely do not doubt my sympathy."

And Barbara did confide in her.

She told the story of her meetings with Phillip Blake; how she had encountered him the summer previous at a picnic or pleasure party of some kind—how the acquaintance gradually progressed into a declaration upon his part, and to the acknowledgment on hers that she reciprocated his affection.

Then she spoke of the doubts and fears that assailed her—how sometimes when away from him she seemed to doubt his truth—and that—that—

Here the poor creature again burst into tears, and bowing her head upon the shoulder of Gertrude, wept as if her heart would break.

"Do you know anything about this man Barbara, beyond his name?"

The girl could only shake her head in reply.

"Not even where he lives, nor his business—nor—"

"No, nothing—only that his name is Phillip Blake—and that he loves me!"

Gertrude at once realized the dangerous position of this poor and friendless girl—she knew somewhat of the wickedness of the world, and the unscrupulousness of certain of the creatures it contained—but she was wise enough to know that the present was not the time to advise; so she only put Barbara on her guard by saying—

"Barbara, before you have any further meetings with that man you must ascertain who he is, who his friends are, what is his business—if he be rich or poor; surely if he is an honorable man he cannot decline to tell you this. Have you ever written to him—do you know his address?"

The girl shook her head sadly.

"What! Not know even his address—worse and worse—"

"I have a letter of his in my pocket, which you may see." Barbara drew a letter from her pocket, and handed it to Gertrude, but the latter no sooner opened it than her face whitened and her eyes flamed and she exclaimed:

"My God!"

She looked at the letter and turned it over in her hand, and then asked Barbara to describe Phillip Blake to her.

Barbara did so fully and completely.

"It is he! It is he, as sure as Heaven. My God what a scoundrel! Was a villain!" murmured Gertrude to herself—

Barbara was too agitated to notice the emotion of her companion, which, by an effort of will, on Gertrude's part soon disappeared.

The result of the conversation was that Barbara must ascertain something definite relative to the social standing of Mr. Blake, and to the honorableness of his intention. In the meantime Miss Weldon determined within herself to become satisfied regarding her own surmises.

### CHAPTER XII.

WHICH SHOWS HOW POWERFUL THE WORDS OF THE WICKED ARE WHEN THEY FALL FROM THE LIPS OF A LOVER. THE MAN BEHIND THE ELM TREE.

\* No one ever heard of a girl allowing herself to be guided in relation to her affections, and we never will until the "Tail of time vanishes in chaos!"

They will listen to advice, and probably with the intention of taking advantage of it. Will determine in their own mind that the advice which has been given them is for their best and highest interests; will go and meet their lover with the firm resolve to break off all further connection between them, and carry a blush-rose in their fingers to give to him as a reminder perhaps, of the delicious fleeting moment—"soon to be repeated, never again—forever!" which line we have extracted from the letter of a blooming damsel to a lover to whom she was about to give the coup.

Now this was precisely the case with Barbara Glendon. She determined to act on the advice given by Gertrude and see her lover, and put the several questions to him our heroine had suggested, so she met him by appointment the following evening, and was received with such warm indications of overwhelming affection, that she forgot entirely her resolutions and purposes, and fell deeper and deeper in love than ever.

"Have you reflected Barbara, darling, over the proposition that I made you at our last meeting?" asked Phillip Blake after his first effusive greeting was over.

"You cannot but fully understand, dearest, the strength and integrity of the love I bear you. In spirit you are with me day and night, and without you life has not a single charm for me. I would willingly have our marriage known to all the world, but I am surrounded by circumstances of such a nature as to make it impossible for the present. Should my father suspect it for a moment, the large fortune he intends leaving me, would surely go to others, and, darling, I would be penniless. For that, of course, I would not care. It is your comfort and pleasure that I think of—in a few months, however, things will assuredly change, and you would then be installed in the position in which I so much desire to place you—that of my own beloved wife. And again, Barbara, private marriages are very common events—indeed the union of my father was of that very kind; I have a pretty home already prepared, and I only wait your consent to bring you there. Think, darling, for a moment of my warm devoted affection—of the hard-working, thankless life you are now enduring, and the home of ease, pleasure and contentment, with my unwavering love, all your own, dearest, that I joyfully offer you—and consent; speak, darling and tell me that you will marry me!"

The honeyed words of Phillip Blake sank deeply into the warm and affectionate heart of the deluded girl—a vision of home amid wealth and splendor—a position she felt herself well fitted to adorn—a life spent in one round of noble enjoyment, among associates with whom she had always longed to mingle—such a life with its high pleasures and golden promises—contrasted with her present poverty and obscure position, blinded every faculty of reflection—and such a future with the man she loved so fervently and fondly, seemed to her almost too pleasurable for belief.

But still she hesitated, not from doubt, not from fear that time would dispel the vision—but because of an indefinable something which she could not realize or understand.

"Oh, Phillip, I hardly know how to answer you—I do not doubt your love, but something seems to tell me, that to do as you wish me, would not be well—did I allow my head to have its way, I would—I would—"

"You would consent, dearest! Then let your heart speak—it is only for a time, a few months, perhaps weeks of happy seclusion, and then you may appear in the full brilliancy of your beauty in that circle of society for which nature, darling, has so eminently fitted you."

How admiringly the villain flattered the self-love of the guileless and inexperienced girl. He looked sideways from under his bent brows into her innocent face. He saw the dreamy smile on her ripe red lips, and the dreary gaze she bent upon the gravel walk of the common, as she moved along by the tempter's side—a modern Mephistopheles, insidiously plotting, and, with honeyed words, swiftly achieving virtue's ruin.

They had now arrived at an unfrequented part of the walk, and Mr. Blake seeing a vacant seat at the foot of a great elm, suggested that they rest themselves for a moment and Barbara agreeing, they took the seat and resumed their conversation.

"Sooner or later, Barbara, you must leave the life you are now leading. You know as well as I how unfitted you are for such work as you are now engaged upon. Heavens! Look for a moment, dearest upon your associates—low, vulgar—"

"Do not say that, Phillip; many of them are noble—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

### A Barbarian.

To pierce a child's ears is now regarded as execrable bad form. Of old no sooner was the little one christened and vaccinated than straightway the careful mother whisked her daughter off to be punctured at the jeweler's. Fashion has completely reversed these ideas, and to-day even the school girl whose pretty pink lobes have been preserved intact looks with commiseration upon the mutilated ears of her less fortunate companions. Pins and earrings are now rarely sold in sets for young people, and it begins to look as though one relic of barbarism had been definitely laid aside.—E. Y. Sw.

Churches.

First Presbyterian—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

The W. G. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhees, President.
Plymouth Book Lovers No. 47, F. A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M.; J. O. Eddy, Secretary.
K. of L. LAFAYETTE ASSEMBLY, No. 5565.—Meets every Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. H. K. LUM.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Dr. Safford's old stand. Night calls at office. 108
J. H. KIMBLE.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Taff's store. Hours: 12:30 to 2:00 and 6:30 to 8:00 p. m.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

From the Chelsea Herald.
Grass Lake may boast of her beautiful women. Dexter of her fine horses, etc., but when it comes to dogs. Chelsea leads. It is estimated that we have more dogs to the square inch than any other place in the state. We have large dogs, small dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, fat dogs, lean dogs, be dogs, she dogs, sun dogs, etc.

From the Pontiac Gazette.
A noise that awoke the echoes, was heard in the vicinity of Watkins Lake on Monday afternoon, which was found on investigation to emanate from a capsize sailing craft belonging to S. R. Cole, Esq. The genial proprietor had taken aboard a party of ladies and gentlemen and was giving them a sail about the lake when a sudden squall struck the sail at an inopportune time for the gallant captain capsize the craft and precipitating the astonished and terribly frightened occupants into the water. There was no time for argument. The legal acumen Blackstone himself was powerless to rescue the imperiled party. It was not so much law as labor, that was needed now; less notes but lots of noise. Hence the echoes. Timely assistance brought the party in shore, the ladies safely seated on the side of the boat, cool as cucumbers, while "ves" had the dejected air of having been beaten in a bad case.

From the Ann Arbor Courier.
A flowing well has been put down on the farm of Prof. J. B. Steere, by C. M. Thompson. The well is 31 feet deep and throws a stream six feet high. This makes the 18th flowing well Mr. Thompson has struck.

We have heard of haunted houses, barns, etc., but we believe we never heard, until this week, of a haunted sidewalk. It is told and solemnly vouched for by parties never believed to be superstitious that at a certain place along the sidewalk on West Huron street, of late "raps" have been loudly and repeatedly heard in broad daylight. One young lady was passing by when she distinctly heard the raps directly under her feet; she shortly after informed a party of three or four more of her sex and they returned to investigate. The raps were sudden and distinct that all but one of the party hastily leaped from the walk—some of them accompanying their leap with a scream—the one remaining, getting down on her knees and looking up for the sidewalk, but discovered nothing that would in any way account for it. One of the young ladies on going home informed her father of the facts and on investigation it was found to be at the identical spot where Mr. Holden was killed some thirty years ago. Who can account for this strange noise at this late day.

From the Holly Advertiser.
Ed White, a young man about 17 years, who has been working for Ed Greese, was drowned in Green's Lake, a short distance from the house, Tuesday evening just before dark. It seems that he, in company with Ernie Post, went to the lake to bathe. White could not swim and the boat drifted from his reach and he went down not returning to the surface again. His companion gave the alarm but it was too late to endeavor to find the body. All day yesterday was spent dragging the lake where he went down but early to-day it had not yet been recovered. His parent's live at Clio. His father arrived here this morning following the drowning and is anxious by waiting the finding of the body.

From the Rochester Era.
An occurrence which rarely occurs took place this week in the meeting of the six Hawken brothers: John, of Goodson, Mich.; Joseph W., of this village; Wm. H., of St. Joseph, Mo.; David, of Petrolia, Ont.; Jas. of Toronto, Ont.; George, of Adelaide, Ont. They had not met for 37 years, their last meeting being at the Treverer House, Cornwall, Eng., in April, 1854. Last Sunday they gathered at John Hawken's for dinner, from there attended church at Goodson in the afternoon, meeting Monday at Joseph Hawken's for the day.

WRITTEN BY HISTORIC HANDS.

Letters by Washington, Lafayette and Benedict Arnold.

Three original letters, one by Washington, one by Lafayette, and one by Benedict Arnold are attracting much attention here in a down-town show window, says a Washington, Penn., correspondent to the Phila. Press. They are the property of Thomas Morgan, who secured them from General Morgan, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. The writing of Washington and Arnold is very plain, while that of Lafayette is very difficult to decipher.

Washington's letter is to Colonel George Morgan at Princeton. It says: Mr. Morgan: I received your favor of the 9th inst. by Captain Dodge. It will be convenient for me to see the Delaware chiefs and those who attend them at headquarters to-morrow evening at 5 o'clock. The whole or part may come as will be most agreeable to them and you will be pleased to accompany them.

I am, your most obedient servant, G. WASHINGTON.

The Arnold letter reads as follows: (Benedict Arnold to the Continental Board of War.)

"A captain and fifty men should be left at Kiskaskie, on the Mississippi, 110 miles above the Ohio, to secure the pass. As it is very probable that there may be a British frigate, or one or two armed sloops at Pensacola, I think it will be necessary intelligence, for which purpose an officer should be immediately dispatched to New Orleans to treat with the governor, who I am informed, is inclined to favor the expedition. Colonel Morgan, who is well acquainted with the difficulties and route attending the expedition, is the best judge of the time it will necessarily take up, also the quantity of provisions and the best method of procuring it, as well as the boats. I have not entered into the minutes of the affair, as I conceive Colonel Morgan, from his intimate acquaintance with the country, &c., more capable of doing.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant, B. ARNOLD."

The letter from Lafayette is as follows: (Lafayette to Col. Morgan.)

"PARIS, February the 10. The enclosed, my dear General, is a vocabulary which the Empress of Russia has requested me to have filled up with Indian names, as she has ordered an universal dictionary to be made of all languages, it would greatly oblige her to collect the words she sends, translated into the several idioms of the nations on the banks of the Ogio. Poesley Neville at Morgan's at Fort Pitt, Muteberg of Fayette county, and one other friend could undertake it for us, and be very attentive to accuracy. I beg your pardon, my dear general, for the trouble I give you, but have been so particularly applied to that I can not dispose without paying great attention to the business. This goes with so long an epistle of mine that I thank you. Herewith my best love and wishes and am, my dear general, Your respectful and tender friend, LAFAYETTE."

WITH A MORAL.

The Story of the Man Who Told the Cost of Everything.

Here is a story which may contain a hint to any woman who finds herself forgetting that the most perfect hospitality is such as conceals its weight. The story is told of a certain New Yorker whose splendid country seat has not always housed himself and family and whose plethoric bank account is of comparatively recent date. There was, not so very long ago, as a guest at this house, a man whose usual courtesy was greatly taxed by the ostentation of his host. Did he admire the view of a distant river, he was told what it cost to cut the vista through; when the stables were visited an estimate was given of the expense of building and stocking them; a fine painting was commented upon only to have its value in dollars and cents proclaimed, and so on in the most trying manner.

At length dinner was announced, and beyond giving the amount of the wages he paid his French cook the host was fairly quiet. At dessert, however, whose fruit included some hot-house peaches, he pressed a second upon his guest who took it with the remark that such luscious peaches at this season were a tempting delicacy. "Yes," said the host, "they are, and an expensive delicacy, too. I estimate that these peaches cost me about thirty-five cents apiece right here in my own hot-house."

Whereupon the guest, taxed beyond his endurance, reached over and took a third peach from the dish, produced a dollar bill from his pocket, and, saying calmly, "I suppose you are willing to say three for a dollar," laid it down and left the table.—New York Times.

A Candid Statement.

Old Moneybags—Before I give my consent to your marriage with my daughter I shall have to inquire how much property you have, Mr. Gawle?" Young Gawle—Not much at present, sir, but I expect to inherit a large fortune.

Old Moneybags—From whom may I ask? Young Gawle—From my father-in-law.

Cleaning a Gun Barrel.

The only proper way to keep a gun barrel in good order is to wash it out with boiling hot water, dry with linen swabs, and oil with vaseline by cylinder oil, every time that it is used. It should never be laid aside uncleaned to for a day or two after firing.

Prepared Perfect by a Practical Engineer.

I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for seven years, and hearing of the success of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup concluded to give it a trial. I have tested the curative properties of the mineral springs without finding relief from that or any other source until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, which has done wonders for me. I can now walk with entire freedom from pain and my general health is very much improved. It is a splendid remedy for the blood and the debilitated system.

FRED HERMAN, Engineer Water Works, Big Rapids, Mich.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared only by the Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Organ For Sale.

A good organ for sale, on easy payments. Will exchange for a gentle horse. Inquire at this office.

A Fearful Heritage.

GENTLEMEN: My wife and babe, fourteen months old, and a boy of five have suffered for years from hereditary scrofula or King's evil, and would frequently break out in sores. I have employed the best physicians, but found nothing to relieve them until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Have used fourteen bottles, and find to my astonishment they are entirely cured. Words cannot describe the value of your medicine as a blood purifier. I shall recommend it to all who are troubled from impure blood.

JOHN MUELLERWEIS, JR., Dealer in groceries and provisions, Alpena, Mich.

Prepared only by the Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

Mothers' and Daughters'.

Over twelve years I was afflicted with a very serious female difficulty and for the last sixteen months was under the treatment of three of the very best physicians that money could employ. Under their skillful treatment I gradually grew worse, until they decided they could render me no permanent help. One of my friends persuaded me to try a bottle of Dullman's Great German Uterine Tonic and after taking three bottles, can say I am in better health than I have been for twenty years and am now 60 years old, but feel as young as at thirty. One dollar a bottle. June 2, 1890. Mrs. THOS. TANDY, Flint, Mich. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Chaffee & Hunter's Drug Store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Bartlett's Golden Oil—the wonderful Indian Remedy. Cures rheumatism, catarrh; coughs, colds, lung and kidney troubles. Sold at Gale's. 185ft.

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

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

Catarrh cured, health and breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector, free.—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

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

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

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

MASCULINITIES.

In China all wines are drunk hot. The thrifty Chinaman believes that heated wine intoxicates more expeditiously than cold wine.

The amount of food, liquid and solid, which the average man consumes in his seventy years is calculated at no less than eighty tons.

One of the shortest wills on record has been offered for probate in Brooklyn. It contains just 11 words including the testator's signature.

A mathematician has discovered that a bicyclist can travel 15 miles over a good road on his wheel with less exertion than he can walk three miles.

Brooklyn physicians are being swindled by a rogue who calls during their absence and pays fictitious bills with bogus checks, receiving the change in cash.

A rich miser in Detroit was too stingy to see a physician and too proud to allow the city doctor to be called in, so he died without receiving medical attention.

Strawber: "I heard that you made an hour's speech at the debating club. Was it well received?" Stingerly: "Well, I know they cheered me when I sat down."

The night refuge of the Salvation Army in Paris has been closed by the prefect of police, on the ground that it has become the rendezvous of dangerous characters.

A Texas infidel rode ninety miles to get religion under the auspices of Major Penn, an evangelist. He listened to two sermons, professed religion, and mounting his horse started for home.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease of life. Only 50c. a bottle at Chaffee & Hunter's Drug Store.

Banckler'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 cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box For sale by Chaffee & Hunter, druggists 116

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHEAST R.R.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a. m., p. m., p. m. p. m.
Lv. Plymouth 8:40 10:32 6:13 9:07
Ar. Sta. K. 8:47 10:32 6:13 9:07
" Elm 8:52 10:32 6:13 9:07
" Beach 8:56 10:32 6:13 9:07
" Greenfield 9:08 10:32 6:13 9:07
" Detroit 9:30 11:15 6:44 9:38

Table with 4 columns: Station, a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m.
Lv. Plymouth 7:43 5:49
Ar. Howell 8:55 6:30
" Williamston 9:32 7:35
" Trowbridge 9:54 7:59
" Lansing 10:30 8:35
" Grand Ledge 10:53 8:52
" Portland 10:53 9:06 2:35
" Ionia 11:25 9:35 3:45
" Greenville 12:22 10:32 4:57
" Mecosta 12:22 10:32 4:57
" Big Rapids 6:35

Table with 4 columns: Station, a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m.
Lv. Grand Ledge 10:35 8:45 8:40
Ar. Lake Odessa 11:10 9:14 9:15
" Clarksville 11:20 9:26
" Grand Rapids 12:10 5:06 10:15
Lv. Grand Rapids 7:05 4:30
Ar. Howard City 8:40 6:40
" Edmunds 9:25 6:25
" Alma 10:13 7:10
" St. Louis 10:23 7:37
" Saginaw 11:45 9:09

Parlor cars on all trains between Grand Rapids and Detroit. Seals 25 cents. Trains week day only. Connections in Union Station Grand Rapids with the "Favorite."

CHICAGO, AND WEST MICHIGAN, R.R.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids 10:00 1:15 11:35 6:30
Ar. Holland 10:42 1:52 12:20 7:25
" Allegan 4:00
" Grand Bay 3:44
" Muskegon 4:15 10:13 10:45
" Benton Harbor 12:45 3:28 2:50
" St. Joseph 12:50 3:33 3:15
" Chicago 3:55 6:30 7:5

Table with 4 columns: Station, a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids 6:25 7:25 11:40
Ar. Sparta 6:05 8:05 19:09
" Newago 6:52 8:52 1:3
" White Cloud 7:15 9:15 1:30
" Big Rapids 8:10 10:15
" Fremont 7:15 10:51
" Baldwin 8:30 10:20 2:40
" Lindington 9:50 2:00
" Manistee 10:15 12:23
" Frankfort 1:00
" Traverse City 10:50 12:38 6:00

Every day. Other trains week day only. 10:00 a. m. train has free chair car to Chicago. 1:15 p. m. train has Wagner parlor Buffet cars from Grand Rapids to Chicago. Seals 50 cents. 11:35 p. m. train has Wagner sleeping car from Grand Rapids to Chicago. 5:25 p. m. train has free chair car from Grand Rapids to Manistee. 6:30 p. m. train connects at St. Joseph with the Graham & Morton Steamers to Chicago. GEO. DE HEAVEN, General Passenger Agent, Grand Rapids.

E. J. comes to the front again this week with a Fresh line of groceries. Goods arriving every day. A yard long and a pound wide. If you want anything in groceries don't make any difference what it is E. J. keeps it. Headquarters for choice brands of Cigars and Tobaccos. Anything and everything in Candies. Give us a try and don't pass us by and we will save you money. We are headquarters for all kinds of papers and magazines.

An Assorted Line of Paints.

E. J. Bradner,

Plymouth.

BRIDGMAN'S FEMALINE I AM THE WOMAN'S FRIEND. I AM A PURELY VEGETABLE COMPOUND. I PURIFY THE BLOOD, ANNIHILATE DISEASE GERMS, REGULATE ALL THE VITALITIES. I AM YOUR FRIEND. TRY ME. YOU WILL REJOICE AT OUR ACQUAINTANCE. THE PHYSICIAN'S OPINION: I frequently see multitudes of women who, after using my medicine, decline to use any other. I do not provide room for me on his shelf and tries to palm off substitutes. Decline to use and send direct to those who manufacture me at \$1.00 per bottle or 3 bottles for \$2.50, which will be sent carefully packed. Remit by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, or Currency in Registered letter, naming this publication, payable to THE A. BRIDGMAN CO., Proprietors, 373 Broadway, New York. Also Mothers and Nurses use BRIDGMAN'S LAXATIVE INFANTA for children and infants. See all druggists.

DR. FAY'S NEW TREATMENT Best Lung Medicine. Recommended by the best Physicians. Cures after all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Ladies and children take it with pleasure. Samples free at druggists or sent by mail. Address DR. O. J. FAY & CO., CARLETON, MICH. FOR CONSUMPTION Samples free at J. L. Gale's drug store, Plymouth, Mich.

New Acme Pulverizing Harrow, And Leveler. THE CHEAPEST, OR LOWEST PRICED RIDING HARROW ON EARTH For Sale by Robert Birch, Plymouth, Mich.

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 manufacturers—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.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, Vice Pres den

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Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors.

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RHEUMATISM CURED BY Mitchell's Rheumatic Plasters. EFFICIENT REMEDY FOR ALL RHEUMATIC PAINS. SORES UNDER THE RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA AND SCIATICA. Sold by druggists everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES DESTROYED. If your farm is being infested by Mole, Brand W. W. WHEATLEY, Plymouth, Mich., for one of the above traps. They are sent to catch them.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1891.

Cherry Hill.

Special correspondence to THE MAIL. P. T. Gill raised a large barn last Wednesday.

Horace Wilkins and family of Northville are visiting their relative here. Horace has been an invalid for a long time but is improving now.

Salem and Cherry Hill clubs played a game of ball last Saturday, that is the Salem club played. After the score was announced the home club said they wasn't in it.

Miss Myrtle Comer visited at Belleville from Saturday till Wednesday.

E. E. Newton is home from Ann Arbor for a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Huston are spending most of their time in Plymouth helping to care for their two babies. They have been sick for several weeks.

Stillman Cobb has been quite ill but is recovering. His son, Dr. Cobb, of Belleville attended him.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holmes have been visiting at Alpena since the encampment.

Mrs. Lydia Westfall is staying in Detroit with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Holmes. The doctor feels proud in the possession of a fine new son.

Salem Notes.

Special correspondence to THE MAIL. Twenty-one tickets were sold for the show at Detroit, Monday, Aug. 17.

The ball game of last Saturday, between Salem and Cherry Hill, resulted in a score of 10 to 4 in favor of Salem.

Miss Minnie Ryder of Grand Rapids is visiting friends and relatives here.

G. S. Wheeler has been on the sick list for a few days, but is convalescing at this writing.

Married on Wednesday, Aug. 13th at the home of W. H. Shannon, Miss Carrie Sheffield to George Roberts, Rev Shannon officiating.

Mrs. W. H. Shaw left last Tuesday for a few days visit with her parents in Canada.

Miss Minnie Baugher of Orchard Lake visited her uncle Elias Chapin a few days last week.

Mead's Mills.

Special correspondence to THE MAIL. To your inquiry in regard to the "correspondents being asleep," I would say, the weather has been too warm a part of the time to enjoy such a luxury.

Mrs. W. B. Ames of Grass Lake who has been visiting friends and relatives in this place for the past three weeks, returned to her home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Wesley of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. W's parents who reside in our little hamlet.

Mrs. Wm. McRoberts is on the sick list this week.

Mr. Elliot goes to Detroit on Friday of this week and will remain there until after the Exposition.

C. Bentea is erecting an apple drier between here and Northville.

Most farmers in this vicinity have done their thrashing, the yield of grain is fair.

Burt Huggins has moved his family into the house formerly occupied by Wm. McRoberts.

The dry, hot weather continued toiling the soil of potatoes and vegetation generally.

Livonia.

Special correspondence to THE MAIL. Mrs. A. Turnbull and her sister, Mrs. Susie Leach, visited their brother, John Van Houten, at Webberville.

Willie Millard of Detroit visited his young friends at this place last Saturday.

The dance at the bowery is at Friday evening was a success, 74 numbers were sold. The young men that come from other places would be thought just as much of if they would leave their whiskey bottles at home.

John Baur and family visited J. Leslie in the town of Webster last week.

Mrs. Farmer of Northville visited her mother, Mrs. C. Sherwood at this place last week.

We had a fine shower last Tuesday.

Oats are turning out well in this town. Some fields yielding as high as 55 bushels to the acre.

H. B. Millard of Detroit called on old friends in this village last week.

Miss Edna Flint of Detroit is visiting her young friends at this place.

Miss Calla Millard of Detroit visited her mother, Mrs. A. M. Stringer, in this village last Saturday.

Wallace Hutten of Farmington was in our village last Monday.

C. Brems of Plymouth passed through us on Friday last Sunday.

E. Bennett threshed one thousand bushels of grain for J. R. and T. Y. Shaw last week.

Some of our farmers think potatoes are going to rot.

Thomas Bennett of Fowlerville is visiting his father, E. Bennett at this place.

L. Wolfson of Detroit is visiting friends in this place.

W. O. T. U.

ADDRESS READ AT THE 18TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. O. T. U. HELD IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, PLYMOUTH, ON TUESDAY JULY 16TH, 1891. BY MRS. JENNIE VOORHIES, PRESIDENT.

(Continued from last week.)

Beloved, were you ever in the presence of some quiet, unassuming, it may be unprepossessing person and suddenly feel your own unworthiness? It was not that he or she spoke of your faults, but as if some one suddenly turned on the lights and you saw things hidden away in the corners of your heart that you did not dream were there. That was the light of their virtues shining into your heart. It was a reflection from Christ's spirit within them. When He turns the full light of His countenance upon us, how small seems this great big I, and for the things done by this great big Me, and for a time at least we are humbled. It would be interesting if we could pause right here (and I wish we could) and permit each one of you to tell just how you were led out to work for something outside of yourself.

I fancy one would say, "My blessed mother taught me to live for others." Another "it was the children God gave me to rear in this world of temptation and danger." Another, "I was influenced by a friend," and more than one would say "the hand of affliction was laid upon me and God made me uncomfortable and I was not content to live for self alone."

"As an eagle stirreth her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings; taketh them; beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead them."

I never saw the beauty of that scripture lesson until it was brought out at one of our recent meetings, from a Bible lesson prepared by Hannah Whitball Smith.

Just as an eagle forces her young to leave the nest by making it uncomfortable for them; so the Lord forces some of His children to work for Him. Just as the mother eagle flutters over the young eaglets; spreads out her wings and bears them aloft, when they would sink, so the Lord upholds His weak children when they would fall. Sometimes we are tempted to think that notwithstanding all our efforts evil predominates. Rev. G. W. Barlow at a meeting of the Detroit Presbytery last winter stated that Michigan avenue had but one church, but for four miles there was one saloon in every block. When we think of the miles and miles of saloons in our large cities—low places where the ignorant and vicious pass, and carry out the worst of crimes, high toned places whose gateways lead to death—all legalized and protected by law, we would give up in despair, were it not that the history of the past and our faith in God's promises assure us that "amid the shadows standeth God keeping watch above His own."

It is because of these outside evil agencies that woman is no longer influenced by sentiment concerning "her sphere" and home to her is no longer "four square walls" but "Tis home where'er the heart is," and no true mother, sister, wife or daughter can fail to go in spirit after her beloved and tempted ones, as their adventurous steps enter the labyrinth of the world's temptations. Our boys are hardly out of their cradles before the world claims them and home becomes a place in which to eat and sleep. How important then that the world should be made home-like and as pure and free from danger as possible.

It cannot be, unless the influence of home is permitted to influence the world outside, unless the man who goes out from a good and pure home, shall determine that "come what will, God helping me, I will use my influence and my power to make the atmosphere of the world pure and safe for the young and defenceless." But unfortunately, our brothers have grown lax in this respect and they even are forced to confess that the state of affairs is doubtful, yes even dangerous.

Selfishness is at the bottom of most of the evil in the world and the golden rule is more than a match for it, it pitted against a clear brain, but what effect has the golden rule, the ten commandments or moral suasion or God's wrath even, on a brain muddled with alcohol. Mayor Uhl of Grand Rapids when addressing our recent State convention quoted Shakespeare, "O thou invisible spirit of wine if I had no other name to call thee I would call thee devil." No doubt many of you read in the Detroit paper Judge Reiley's remarks, when he sentenced George Simmons, the man who committed the atrocious crime in our vicinity a few months ago. "It was drink that did it the prisoner had spent most of that day in the saloon," said the Judge.

What saloon? Why some saloon in Plymouth. A place into which our boys are liable to be drawn any day, a place into which good and respectable men cannot enter for a social glass without doing an injustice to their own manhood and a greater injustice to the boys whose ideals they may be: a place where a man generous and gentle by nature may be transformed into a criminal in a single night. "Why am I behind these prison bars?" said the son of a prominent gentleman in the East. "You murdered your wife last night," was the reply. "That's a lie I could never have done that!" My wife dead; and at my hand? My God! I did not do it. It was whiskey."

Sometimes I am led to wonder if we are as aggressive as we ought to be, especially when some one refers to the violations of the law in our own village and expresses surprise that the W. O. T. U. is so passive, but it is the duty of officials and not societies or individuals to enforce law and the experience here as elsewhere has taught us that a protest from a society of ballotless women is like Miss Ophelia's whip, which Topsy said, "wouldn't hurt a skeeter." However if there could be a united movement on the part of moral and religious societies in our village such a remonstrance as is being made in Detroit against the proposed "wine banquet," at the coming G. A. R. encampment, it might do some good. If our village officials felt that more was expected of them and they were urged to do more by the moral and religious sentiment of our company they might make a greater effort to enforce the law, but it is difficult to force people to do right when you have accepted their money for the privilege of doing wrong. Our work must be chiefly educational and our greatest hope of success from the rising generation. Through the successful efforts of our organization, the children in 38 states and all the territories are being taught the truth about the nature of alcohol, tobacco and other narcotics and the peril of beginning to use them at all. No man expects to become a drunkard and when an intelligent boy is shown that there is a scientific connection between the first glass and the drunkard's fate he will be quite likely to be more cautious.

When the Scientific Temperance Instruction is thoroughly instilled in the minds of our youth, they will know that it is almost as fanatical to say to a person addicted to the use of stimulants or narcotics, "Be moderate my brother," as to shout to a man falling from a balloon, "Don't increase your velocity my friend; drop easy on your feet."

"Thus saith reason; thus saith science; thus saith God," has effectually silenced the voices of some who once delighted in the frequent use of the term fanatic. What is a fanatic? Webster's definition is, "One who is governed by the imagination rather than the judgement." Go down to the Wayne county Poor House and you will get a definition in the form of an object lesson. Those "I can drink of let it alone fellows" are there; those proud fellows too, who once resented with scorn that any one should "dictate to me what I shall eat and drink," but now they march in line with the others to the dining room and eat and drink what is set before them.

A few weeks ago a murder was committed in a Detroit saloon at seven o'clock on Sunday morning. One of the Detroit papers said "The law ought to be so amended as to hold all saloon-keepers as accessories to all crimes committed on their premises, during the hours when it is illegal for them to open their saloons and to sell liquor. Supposing the murder had been committed from the effects of liquor sold during legal hours, should any one be held responsible beside the murderer and the saloon keeper? How about the voters who entered into a legal contract with that saloon-keeper to grant him on certain conditions (with which he had complied) the privilege of selling the poison which caused the man to commit the deed? The Mammoth mine disaster last winter, by which so many lives were sacrificed, is now traced to the drunkenness of the mine inspector. The miners must have known of this habit which put them all at his mercy; but they would probably have thought it disgraceful and outrageous to complain of a little fault like that. Much has been said in Detroit about a drunken sewer inspector by whom not only human lives are endangered from the disease caused by imperfect sewerage, but tax payers are robbed beside. So it is that the liquor traffic menaces our health, happiness, character, life and property.

Beloved comrades, you who are a part of us and yet seldom meet with us, sometimes say to us, that you are unprofitable members and express doubt about your benefit of any benefit to us or our cause, but permit me to assure you that your influence is worth more in many quarters than that of some of us, who are at the front and are therefore the targets for misjudgment and criticism. We have been sustained by the assurance that your sympathies and prayers have followed us and what we thought you would like us to be, we have tried to be. A great saint of the Catholic church, St. Francis, said to one of his brethren, "We have to go out and preach to-day" and they went along through the streets holding themselves very modest and silent all the time and after some hours perambulating the city, they came back and the brother asked Father Francis, "What about the sermon you had to preach? He said, Brother dear, we have preached it—the exhibition of their modest, humble demeanor through the streets of the city; their patient, meek acceptance of the jeers and insults with which they were met, being the sermon the mild saint wanted to preach."

(Continued next week.)

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

A Great Cyclopaedia.

We cordially commend to the attention of our readers the announcement of the Columbia Cyclopaedia, which appears in very striking form elsewhere. It is a thoroughly excellent work, remarkably cheap, and upon the easy installment terms offered, it is within the reach of almost anyone.

The Columbia has heretofore been known as Aiden's Manifest Cyclopaedia, being the same work in slightly different form, the former being in 32 volumes of about 800 pages each, the latter is 40 volumes of about 640 each.

Our readers who would like to examine the work in our office are invited to do so, and may, if they please, forward their orders through us; combining orders for several sets will save each one something in cost of transportation.

A Contractor's Advice.

MESSES DULLAM BROS.—Gentlemen:—I take great pleasure in testifying in behalf of Dullam's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I never took such medicine as that to cleanse the liver, stomach and kidneys. I was suffering for years with biliousness, indigestion and loss of appetite and sleep. One bottle did for me more good than six months' other treatment and I feel it my duty to testify in its behalf, so others may try it and get cured. WARREN E. RUSSELL, Contractor and Builder, Flint, Mich. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

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

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, and uniform in action. No gripping pain so 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 and Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation. 309

C. H. & D. R. R.

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Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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NO CHARGE FOR SURVEY.

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A. M. POTTER,

PLYMOUTH.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of James Mappelbeck, 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 office of E. T. Wood, No. 38 Market building, Detroit in said county, on Tuesday the sixth day of October, A. D. 1891, and on Friday, the 13th day of January, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that any creditor or claimant of said deceased, who has any claim against said deceased, is to present his claim to us for examination and allowance. Dated July 29th, 1891. WILLIS G. CLARK, Commissioner ALTON M. PERINE, Commissioner

A Winner.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. In the matter of the estate of William F. Gates, late of the township of Livonia, in said county, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, Lafayette Dean, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Wayne, at a session of the said court, held at the city of Detroit, on the sixteenth day of June, A. D. 1891, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the lands and premises hereinafter mentioned and described, in the township of Livonia, in the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, on Monday, the third day of August, A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, subject to all incumbrances, existing at the time of the death of said deceased, the following described real estate, to-wit: Commencing at the northeast corner of the west half of the southeast quarter of section number twenty-nine (29), in the township of Livonia county of Wayne, state of Michigan, running thence westerly on the section line twenty (20) rods; thence south forty (40) rods; thence east and parallel with said section line twenty (20) rods; thence north forty (40) rods to the place said beginning, containing five (5) acres of land, more or less. LAFAYETTE DEAN, administrator of the estate of William F. Gates, deceased. Dated, June 19th, 1891. 197-307.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of REUEL DURFEE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Albert B. Durfee, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Albert H. Dibble, or some other suitable person: It is ordered that the twenty-fifth 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. 203-205

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-third day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of MARY CORCORAN, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Catherine Cox and John Corcoran, praying this court to adjudicate and determine who are or were at the time of her death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the lands which she died seised. It is ordered, that the twenty-fifth 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. 203-205

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ALLEN DURFEE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Albert B. Durfee, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Albert H. Dibble, or some other suitable person: It is ordered, that the twenty-fifth 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. 203-205

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of MARY CORCORAN, 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 office of F. Russell, No. 27 Market building, Detroit, in said county, on Tuesday, the sixth day of October, A. D. 1891, and on Tuesday the third day of February, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that any creditor or claimant of said deceased, who has any claim against said deceased, is to present his claim to us for examination and allowance. FRANCIS G. BURNELL, Commissioners. WILLIS G. CLARK, ALTON M. PERINE, Commissioners. Dated Aug. 6th 1891. 205-208.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne and State of Michigan, to me directed and delivered, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Thomas M. Munger, I did, on the sixth day of May, A. D. 1891, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of said Thomas M. Munger in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan, to-wit: All those certain piece and parcel of land, being the township of Brownstown, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, known and described as the undivided one third (1/3) of the east half (1/2) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast 1/4 quarter (1/4) of section thirty-two (32), shown four (4) south of range ten (10) east, all of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder as the law directs, at the westerly front door of the City Hall, in the city of Detroit, (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for said Wayne County, State of Michigan, is held), on Monday the tenth day of August, A. D. 1891, at 12 o'clock noon. JAMES HANLEY, Sheriff. E. T. WOOD, Plaintiff's Attorney. FRED E. GARTNER, Deputy Sheriff. Dated June 26, 1891. 198-202

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 sixteenth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of MARY ANN EVERETT, deceased. Seneca W. Everett the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased having rendered to this court his first administration account. It is ordered that the twenty-fifth day of August next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 203-204

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 sixteenth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of MARY ANN EVERETT, a mentally incompetent person. Calvin B. Crosby, having rendered to this court his final account as guardian of said incompetent person. It is ordered that the twenty-sixth day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 202-204

THE police court records of eastern college towns show that it is no unusual thing for the young men attending these schools to be convicted of 'keeping liquor saloons under the guise of Greek letter societies,' and of committing other acts of lawlessness and blackguardism.

WHEN a college makes it clear that no student is wanted who cannot submit to decent discipline, no matter how wealthy his parents may be, it takes itself outside the list of fashionable colleges and ranks itself among those which are honestly fulfilling the purposes of its endowments.

DURING the last decade there has been such a remarkable increase in immigration that the number annually added to the population from this source alone is stated to be 517,621, and in the ten years amounted to 33.08 per cent of the entire previous arrivals during the greater portion of the century.

WHEN the leaders of the Mormon party in Utah suddenly come forward and profess that they are ready to support suitable men for office without any regard to religious belief, and that they have no desire to exercise political control over the members of the Mormon church, it is time for the people of this country to 'fear the Greeks bearing gifts.'

STUDENTS seem to think that a bruised and shattered anatomy is indispensable to the acquisition of knowledge. Does a student with his kneecap kicked off and his nose spread out over his face acquire a knowledge of Latin and Greek more readily than the student who has not broken a bone in his hide? Does an unjointed hip or an assortment of shattered ribs help the student master the intricacies of the calculus.

THE American government is the product of centuries of evolution in politics, the result of the thought of all past ages. In our country, having now passed the critical period of its history, progress is pre-eminent. Chemistry may resolve the physical universe into its elements; but what magic art has analyzed a single human emotion? Biology may trace the descent of species and reveal a plausible evolution, but who has found the germ of being? Already the eyes of the work are upon the Anglo-Saxon. In him is recognized the exponent of liberty, the advocate of moral reform, the inaugurator of a true philanthropic spirit, and the defender of the rights of Christendom.

ACCORDING to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat a fiend in human guise has invented an electrical alarm that will run for two hours after getting started unless its victim gets out of bed and turns it off. The old-fashioned alarm clock would run five minutes or so and then a man could turn over and go to sleep again. It allowed its owner to set it at night and then change his mind in the morning. But the new device is inexorable. The man who sets it must get up at the hour specified, unless he has previously died in his sleep. A well-known principle of ancient justice should be applied to its inventor. He should be compelled to have one of his own clocks setting at his bedside every night, set for 4 o'clock in the morning.

THERE are in round numbers 15,000 inmates of juvenile reformatories in the United States, and relatively small as our foreign born population is, statistics just published by the census office show that of the 9,578 whose birth place and parentage are known, the foreign population of the country contributes, directly or indirectly, in the persons of the foreign born or their immediate descendants 5,851.5 to the population of the juvenile reformatories, while the entire native population contributes only 3,726.5. Former bulletins relative to penitentiaries had shown that about one-third of the inmates of state prisons and penitentiaries belong to the foreign born element. In Illinois the showing is still more remarkable. The total number of inmates in the reformatory, located at Pontiac, is 383. Only one of these is reported as having native parents, while those with parents foreign born number 103, and 86 of these juveniles were themselves born abroad.

TALMAGE IS AT HOME.

HIS VOICE AGAIN HEARD IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

He Preaches a Timely Sermon on the Evil of Borrowing Trouble—Trouble Wept Over that After All Never Came.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1891.—Dr. Talmage has returned from his Western tour reinvigorated in health, and cheered by the hearty and enthusiastic greetings he has received in the numerous cities he has visited. Thousands of persons who have read his sermons in their local newspapers have struggled to get within sound of his voice wherever he has spoken. His sermon this week is on the very common and foolish habit of borrowing trouble, and his text is Matthew 6:34:—'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

The life of every man, woman, and child, is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman, or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy; his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud, and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaunces to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and spring to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarched all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First: Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden; the one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business, and sent the man dogging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and back-biting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, see if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, 'I do not think I shall be answered.' If he give, he says, 'I expect they will steal the money.' Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, 'Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite,' and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The M'Cheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! They distill poison; they dig graves; and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line, and hook, and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks, and rats and hawks; you will find, Hunt for robin-fed-breasts, and you will find robin-fed-breasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness and the king of the air fell helpless, but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle, and the owl, and the night-hawk, and the bats came a second time to the combat; now the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall 'renew your youth like the eagle.'

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck-deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread though all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread-tray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds

with benediction, and attends with angels escort, and hovers ever with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stunted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother comes into your bank where gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger comes by the safe, you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously of him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

It is high time you began to thank God for the present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that shades in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Savior to deliver.

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

The shadows of to-day are thick enough; why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful; why halloo to disasters far distant to come, and wring out more gall into the bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and manage affairs, as they now are, but what if there should come a panic? Go to-morrow and write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in 1881. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock-gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies, and rheumatisms, and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming life-long invalids. Take care of your health now, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon, and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present, and let the future look out for itself. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle-paths, and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling for ever Sabbath, and jubilee, and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song. 'Tis not the song for me. To woe sing it will turn e'er long. For this is heaven's decree;

But there's a song the ransomed sing. To Jesus their exalted king. With joyful heart and tongue; Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board, and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

The town of Sandwich, Ont., was founded in 1681.

DIED CLUTCHING HIS GOLD.

The Miserable End of the Once Noted Prof. Herman Kottinger.

One of the best-known men in California died lately in a squalid hut on Colfax street, says a San Francisco correspondent to the New York World. He was Prof. Herman Kottinger, who, up to twenty years ago, was the leading violinist on the Pacific coast, and well known as a writer of prose and poetry, of a 'World's History,' and also a text-book on free thought. He was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, acquired by a lifetime of miserly frugality. At the time of his death \$1,600 in gold coin was found secreted in his bed.

But one child, William Kottinger, a farmer, was present at his death. When the old man, in his death throes, raised himself up in bed, the son rushed to his side. His father, mistaking the act, with a frenzied yell, waved him back, and clutching at the bed clothes pulled them back, disclosing to view the gold. He made a grab at it with both hands, and, with bright pieces in his fingers, fell back with a gasp and expired.

Prof. Kottinger was once a doctor in Heidelberg university, and was 90 years old. He was so wasted by hunger and want that his body weighed less than forty pounds, and was in a disgusting condition. His bed and clothes were reeking with filth. Over the head of his bed hung a violin of great value, for which the 'old miser,' as he was called, has repeatedly refused \$1,000. It is 200 years old, and descended to Kottinger from his grandfather.

The deceased has a brother, John W. Kottinger, a ranch and mine owner, who is worth \$2,000,000. He has another wealthy brother in Milwaukee, where he formerly lived, and a son, Ned, at Galena, Ill.

So miserly was the old professor that fifteen years ago he drove his wife and all his children from home, saying that it cost too much to feed and clothe them. From that day until this morning, when the end was approaching, not one of his relatives had come near him.

Two big, fierce Danish mastiffs, gaunt and half-starved, have for years been the old man's only companions, and they guard the shanty so well that not even the tax-collectors could approach. They had to be killed to-day before the undertaker could get into the house.

When it was learned that Kottinger was dead a number of relatives hastened to his hut. All day and all night long there was a shameful neglect of the dead shown and indecent haste in ransacking the place from cellar to garret in search of the gold and other treasures known to be hidden. Before morning every foot of the little garden had been dug over.

As yet not even a single 'weed to the many houses and lots the old man owned has been found, so cunningly were the hiding places selected.

A VORACIOUS FISH.

He Eats Everything from Other Fish to Mice, Sparrows and Cheese.

In a water-trough in front of Sullivan's hotel on Chelton avenue, Germantown, there is a black bass that has attracted the attention of hundreds of people because of his peculiarities and the degree of intelligence exhibited on many occasions, says the Philadelphia Times. The fish is the only inmate of the trough and has occupied it for two years, to the exclusion of 200 others which had been put in it for propagation purposes, but the bass killed them one by one until the entire number had fallen victims to his voracity. He not only killed the fish, but ate them. He swallows flies by the dozen, which the boys of the neighborhood gather for him, and the more they give him the better he appreciates them. He is fed almost daily on cheese, jobsters, and choice beefsteak, and after he receives his morning complement of the latter he rises to the surface and splashes the water furiously with his tail. This is presumed to be his method of returning thanks.

He also eats mice, and several times John Letthead, of engine 19, provided him with this quality of bait, only to be swallowed without any ceremony. He likewise eats birds, and hardly a day passes that he does not dispose of at least two sparrows and two chippies. The fact that the feathers are upon the bodies of the birds makes little difference to him, and it is only when the legs have not been removed that he refuses to touch them. Otherwise he gulps them down with great rapidity. Although he measures eighteen inches in length and weighs about five pounds he causes no trouble to horses at the trough, and never has been known to molest one of them, excepting Joe Ladley's gray mare, and several times he has risen out of the water and snapped at her while she was drinking.

Hot Spring Under His Pillow.

A railroad man who has spent some time in surveying in the Colorado desert was awakened one night while camping out by a sick feeling in the stomach. When he arose he found the tent filled with gas and under his pillow a hot spring that had evidently burst forth during the night.

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

A Wife Murderer Pays the Penalty of His Crime at St. Louis, Mo.

Henry Henson, has expiated his crime on the scaffold. Considerable apprehension was felt of a scene, which at one time threatened to become a tragedy. About half an hour before the death walk began the entire crowd present to witness the execution were admitted into the exercise hall of the jail into which the doors of the prisoner's cell open. This rendered Henson stubborn, for he has refused to see anyone, except the officials, and it was found necessary for the crowd, newspaper men included, to retire. Even then the hanging was delayed half an hour. The other factor that threatened a scene was the fact that the murderer weighed over 300 pounds and had a large neck and a small head. In spite of these facts, the drop was five feet. However, no untoward accident occurred. The crime for which Henson suffered the death penalty was wife murder, the dead having been committed Feb. 2, 1889.

More Trouble With the Indians.

These promises to be considerable kicking when the government begins to pay the Sioux Indians for the lands ceded to the United States 1 1/2 years ago. In all there were about 11,000,000 acres that the Sioux relinquished to the government, and in pay therefor the Indians are to receive various goods, such as plows, harrows, cows, horses and wagons. The Indians are not pleased at the prospect of receiving this sort of pay for their lands, and there is certain to be a protest made against paying them in goods that will be of no earthly use to the majority of the red men. They want their pay in cash.

The Cattle Can Pass.

Acting Secretary Nettleton has instructed the collector of customs at Burlington, Vt., in accordance with the recommendation of the secretary of agriculture, to allow the transit to Montreal, Canada, of cattle by rail in the Burlington collection district without requiring the quarantine inspection provided by the regulations of Oct. 13, 1880, provided the cars shall be under bond and sealed, it appearing that, as the cattle will not be taken from the cars while in the United States, the lack of inspection will not endanger the health of live stock in the United States.

Another Railroad Accident.

Nine Italian laborers were seriously injured; two fatally, in a railroad collision near Branford, on the Shore Line branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad Monday morning. A gravel train left New Haven about 5:30 a. m. In the caboose, on the end of the train, were 50 Italians. While crossing the main track near the Branford station, a freight train bound for New London struck the caboose and threw it off the track. All were taken to the New Haven hospital.

A California German in Luck.

A young German who has begged at the kitchen door of many a house in Santa Cruz Cal., has received a letter from Germany saying that he is heir to the estates of Count Wolfgang Ballestrom, valued at \$600,000. The young fellow heard of his father's death and for several weeks has been expecting letters giving account of the will. He married a poor girl in the east and declares he will now rejoice her.

A Big Railroad Deal.

Two deeds have been filed for record in the register of deeds office wherein the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad company deeds to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad company all its property, rights and franchises. The consideration named is \$25,223,000. The property named is situated in the states of Mississippi, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Oklahoma.

The Corn Crop a Failure.

Reports from Van Buren, Cass and Berrien counties are that the protracted drought has done much injury to the corn crop of southwestern Michigan. In many places it will be a total failure, while the most favorable estimates indicate a yield of from 30 to 40 per cent of an average crop.

THE MARKET.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, etc. Includes sub-sections for 'Detroit', 'New York', and 'Kansas City'.

# "August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle!"

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**.

**AGENTS** MAKE ONE PER CENT. profit on my Course. Belts, Braces, Corsets & High Heels. Sales Piles FREE. Write now. Dr. Bridgman, 514 Broadway, N. Y.

Laws and **PENSIONS** Experience 25 Advice Free. Write to Mr. A. W. McBRIDE & SONS, (Incorporated), 6 & 8 Washington, D. C.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** A SURE CURE for Asthma. 25c. by mail. Dr. W. C. Kidder, 100 N. 3rd St., Charleston, S. C.

**OPIUM** MORPHINE HABITS, GUARANTEED CURE without pain. TRIAL TRIESTEYER BEER. H. L. KRAMER, SECRETARY, 403 N. INDIANA STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

**PENSION** JOHN A. W. ROHRER, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 15 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, 45 yrs.

**MEN & WOMEN** MAKE \$5.00 A DAY Selling our Standard Medicine. Send reference and we will ship you \$12 worth on commission to start with. Lauderbach Co., Newark, N. J.

**FAT FOLKS REDUCED** Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "A reduction of 125 lbs." For elevator address, with Dr. Q. W. F. B. DEER, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**\$3.50 A DAY!** An exceptional chance for energetic men or women. Clear profit. Write at once for territory. Special inducements if you establish and supply to all agents. Best thing out. Sample by mail. Dr. LOBINER & CO., 40-42 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**MANHOOD RESTORED, REMEDY** FREE. A victim of youthful indiscretion, counter pressure, nervous debility, lost manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address: J. C. MASON, Box 274, New York City.

**Patents! Pensions** Send for inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PATENT and BUREAU LAWS. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**HIRE'S ROOT BEER DRINK** THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK. Package makes 3 gallons. Delicious, refreshing and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful picture book and card set free to any one sending address to HIRE'S CO., Philadelphia.

**BORE WELLS** THE "OHIO WELL DRILL" with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and non-squeezing tools in use. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

**DONALD KENNEDY** Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

## THE COLORED ARISTOCRACY.

Education Not Wealth, Is Title to Rank in Its "400."

There are few persons who realize more fully the rapid progress the colored people are making than the colored people themselves. The general belief of the whites that the only gradation which exists among the colored population is in the color of their skin is strongly protested against by a great number of that class. The line between the "400" and the masses of the colored population is as clearly drawn as if an ebon Ward McAllister had spent a lifetime preaching among them his theories of social distinction.

The more educated among them have drifted into one set and formed an exclusive circle of their own. Of the most influential of them are probably the professors in the various colored schools and colleges in the city. Professor J. M. Maxwell, of the colored high school, says the Courier Journal, who has made a cheerful study of the advancement of his own race and noted at different times in what direction their progress was moving, said yesterday, in speaking of this progress, that one who is unacquainted with the better class of colored people in this community would be greatly surprised by their mode of life.

"In this city," Prof. Maxwell continued, "there is a set of colored people who pride themselves on being exclusive. It is almost impossible for one who is not of that set to obtain invitations to its entertainments or gain admittance to its clubs. Besides the personal appearance and the character of the man or woman who seeks to enter the best colored social circles, there are certain general principles to be taken into consideration before one of the masses can be reckoned among the chosen few. In the first place, just as there are certain fashionable resident streets for the white people, so there are fashionable colored quarters. It is almost impossible for colored people living in certain parts of the city to rise socially. Magazine and Bainbridge streets correspond to Third street and Fourth avenue, while Broadway below Twentieth street and West Madison are also regarded by colored people as fashionable quarters. In these neighborhoods are supposed to live the colored aristocracy. Many of the homes on these streets are tastefully and handsomely furnished, and bear the imprint of considerable refinement. When a soiree, as most of their social occasions are termed, is given, every one invited is supposed to appear in full dress, and it is a great breach of etiquette for any one to come otherwise.

"In colored society money has very little weight, education being the chief requisite. For this reason there are few belles in good colored society who are not either the daughters of teachers or are teachers themselves. It is not considered so important for a colored beau to be educated, but is absolutely necessary for him to be up in all points of etiquette and to speak passably good English. The dialect of the lower class of colored people, which is supposed to belong to the colored people in general, is never heard among the 'four hundred,' and one using such expressions as 'sartin' sure' and 'gwine' for going will soon be ruled out of good society, if by any mistake such a one has been admitted."

Further questioning shows that the better class is to be found in certain societies and clubs. There are numberless clubs in the various grades in the colored population. The most exclusive clubs are the "Once Again" and the "Pickwick Club" and it is the ambition of every colored man or woman to become a member of one or both. In these clubs are gathered most of the education and refinement of the colored population of this city.

**It Should Be Adopted.** Some years ago an inventor thought of the idea of an "order board" to be hung up in the kitchens of private houses. The boards bore columns of the names of articles in the commonest use, with a hole opposite each name and a lot of movable pegs to put in the holes against whatsoever articles the housewives needed to keep up a working supply. The invention may have sold well or it may not, but now the grocers are buying them and distributing them to their customers, because, as one grocer puts it, "they save hours of waiting while women try to think of what they need, as well as the extra trips which used to follow the gradual working of each customer's memory."

**And What Profits.** Matching the stories of valuable and unappreciated oil paintings sold for a song is one concerning a miraculous transaction in Sevres china. Early in the past century a gentleman presented a reverend friend with two vases as a wedding present. These vases stood for more than forty years on a cabinet in a Somersetshire rectory, without attracting any particular notice, until a sale took place after the owner's death, at which they were bought for 2 guineas by a tradesman in Bath. Within a week they resold for 600 guineas to a Bond street dealer who speedily disposed of them to the late Lord Derby for 4,000 guineas.

## Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles

Use and See. Major's Best Liquid Glue 10c.

The colon originally came from Egypt.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age.

"Hansen's Magic Corn Knife," warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Louis XVII of France never actually reigned.

You Can Secure a Good Business Position by learning bookkeeping, arithmetic, writing, shorthand, etc., by mail, Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

In Chile six new Cabinets on an average are formed every year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There are twenty-three acres of land to every inhabitant of the globe.

FITS. An ailment of the most distressing character. It is cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sent by mail, 25c. a box.

"E" is the most frequently used letter in the alphabet; then comes "T."

Mrs. Pinkham's letters from ladies in all parts of the world average one hundred per day. She has never failed them, and her fame is world-wide.

The very finest brand of Havana cigars fetches 1,500 a thousand in Paris.

Spratts Patent Dog Cakes insure your dog sound teeth, sweet breath, glossy coat, regular habit, cures bone thorn, ringworm, mange, skin disease, free from spratts patent, New York City.

Only 20 per cent. of the murders committed yearly are ever found out.

Ask your storekeeper for our Fruit Jar Opener. Don't see how you get along without it. If he don't keep it send 10 cents postage and get one free.

KIRWAN & TYLER, Baltimore, Md.

The finger nails grow between one and a half and two inches in length yearly.

Celebrated Wine Product of New Jersey. The best wine in the country is Spear's Port Grape Wine, which has become a celebrated product of New Jersey. This wine and his brandy are used by physicians everywhere, who rely upon them as the purest to be had.

The earnings of the average practicing barrister do not exceed \$1500 a year.

Can You Find the Word?

The only one ever printed. Can you find the word? Each week, a different 3 inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either set, except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Carter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad. carefully and when you find the word, send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographic and sample free.

In England the average weight of a train is 4 1/2 tons, of an omnibus only 2 tons.

Its Excellent Qualities.

Command to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

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

It will be found that many of the songs sung in heaven were written on earth.

The hand that gives pleasure to a child does something that is noticed in heaven.

The real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate the reason given to us by God to the use and advantage of man.



"A YOUNG WOMAN AT FIFTY," Or, as the world expresses it, "a well-preserved woman." One who, understanding the rules of health, has followed them, and preserved her youthful appearance. Mrs. Pinkham has many correspondents who, through her advice and care, can look with satisfaction in their mirrors.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S** Vegetable Compound goes to the root of all female complaints, renews the waning vitality, and invigorates the entire system. Intelligent women of middle age know well its wonderful powers. All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.



—the life that is fighting against Consumption.

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to use **SAPOLIO**: It is a solid cake of scouring soap, used for cleaning purposes.

I asked a maid if she would wed, And in my home her brightness shed; She faintly smiled and murmured low, "If I can have SAPOLIO."

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**HOW TO KILL A BEAR.**

**A Frisky Colt and Fung Runner Can Do It If You're Smart.**

While Erastus Holland, of Tunkahanna Creek, was on his way home from Stauffer's mills one day he stopped at Darius Myer's place and bought a ram, says a Scranton correspondent of the New York Sun. Holland was driving a skittish colt to a pung, and he tied the ram's legs and put him in the bottom of the pung along with a lot of other things that he had bought at the mills. On his way past Owl Swamp a bear waddled out of the bushes and started to cross the road in front of him. At sight of it the colt snorted and wheeled completely around in spite of all that Holland could do. The pung was upset, Holland landed on his knees in the snow, and the ram and everything else in the pung rolled out. Holland clung to the lines, and after he had been dragged some distance he stopped the colt.

While he was getting the rig righted he heard the ram bleating. And looking back he saw the bear making for the ram. The latter was struggling hard, and before the bear reached him he had broken the strings on his legs and jumped to his feet. The next thing Holland knew the ram ran past him with the bear close at his heels. The ram legged it along the road for dear life, and so did the bear, but the ram was fleet of foot, and he kept several feet ahead of the bear.

By that time the colt had got used to seeing the black beast, and Holland jumped into the pung, whaled the colt with the lines, and sent it racing after the ram and bear. It was down grade, and at a turn in the road the ram sprang over a stone wall and took across a field. Just then Holland overtook the bear, ran the right runner of the pung against it and tumbled it into a ditch. The bear was turned end for end, and when it got up it started on its back track. Holland wheeled the colt quickly, ran the bear down again and knocked it out of the road once more with the runner.

Again the bear was reversed, and when it got up it was unable to move in a straight course. It whizzed round and round in the road, and once more Holland knocked it out with the runner. He kept doing that until the bear was pretty well used up, and then he pulled out his knife, stabbed it in the jugular vein and bled it to death.

Holland found his ram in a barn yard about a mile and a half from where he had killed the bear, and after he had secured him he loaded the carcass on the pung and drove home.

**DRIVING IN LONDON.**

**They Have Some Rules Which Are Found Nowhere Else.**

England is the only place I know of where they drive to the left. English drivers say that by sitting on the right and driving to the left they can better watch the hubs of approaching vehicles, and thus prevent collisions. I don't exactly understand this, but it is the explanation they give for driving to the left.

Quick going vehicles will turn a corner sharply, but the driver raises his whip to notify the vehicle in his immediate rear that he is about to turn. "Cabbies" are more considerate concerning fellow-drivers than they are thoughtful about the lives and limbs of pedestrians. All their attention is given to the roadway. Pedestrians must look out for themselves or be run over. That is why so many of the London police are engaged solely in attending to street traffic. Yet, with all their vigilance, more accidents occur in London, proportionately, than elsewhere. London drivers are polite and very civil to each other. If an obstruction appears in front of a horse, or if for any reason he is obliged suddenly to slow up, the driver will immediately notify the driver in his rear by holding out horizontally his left arm; and this sign is passed down from one driver to another until the very end of the line of blocked vehicles is reached. —N. Y. Home Journal

**The Confederacy.**

The first legislative move toward a southern confederacy was the convention that met at Columbia, S. C., Dec. 17, 1860, and (on account of epidemic) adjourned to Charleston, S. C., where, Dec. 20, 1860, the following ordinance was passed: We, the people of the state of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention, on the twenty-third of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the general assembly of this state ratifying amendments of the said constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other states, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved.

Handsome is Handsome Does. Tom (at hotel table)—"Please pass the butter, Maria." Maria—"Ask the waiter. I would look pretty, wouldn't I, getting up and going to the other end of the table for it?" Tom—"Hand some!" And she did.

**THE COLUMBIAN CYCLOPEDIA**

**What Is It?** It is a Library of Universal Knowledge and an Unabridged Dictionary of Language in one work, in one alphabetical arrangement. This novel combination is an infinitely convenient one, which, together with its unique and handy form, leads one to consult it ten times where he will once refer to any other cyclopedia or dictionary by the side of it.

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**The Basis of the Cyclopedia** proper is the last complete edition of Chambers's Cyclopedia, which is so thoroughly revised, brought down to date, and Americanized, that it would be unfair to the original to say it is "reprinted"—it is virtually a new work, the Chambers being used simply as good material to work with; many thousands of new (especially American) topics have been added. The pronunciation of all titles is an altogether unique feature that gives universal satisfaction.

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**Who Edits It?** Its Editor-in-Chief, RICHARD GLEASON GREENE, formerly editor-in-chief of "The Library of Universal Knowledge," also of "The International Cyclopedia," has probably had more experience in the direct line of his work than any other living American; he is assisted by an able corps of trained writers in the various departments of learning.

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