

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

# Plymouth Mail.

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

VOL 5 NO 17.

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, JANUARY 1 1892.

WHOLE NO. 225

### WHO MAKES THE PAPER?

Who is dot dot gets der news, Don't have time to get der blues, Und generally drinks, schmokes und chews? Dot's der Reporter.

Who is dot dot uses der "bliss," Marks der copy through und through, Und tells der boys, "Do as I do?" Dot's der City Editor.

Who is dot dot curses de vices, Likes good news, but hates der fires, Und has no use for any liars? Dot's der Telegraph Editor.

Who is dot dot knows id all; Has every one at his beck und call; Und doesn't feel der least bit small? Dot's der Managing Editor.

Who is dot dot sets der type, Has a nose dot's fully ripe, Und schmokes a nasty, stinkin' pipe Dot's der Printer.

Who is dot dot make men schvear, Und would do it if they did but dare, Climbs his frame and pull his hair? Dot's der Proofreader.

Who is dot dot catches "strings," Pays der bills und oder things; Makes der boys all feel like kings? Dot's der Cashier. —[Journalist.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

—Happy New Year.  
—A. H. Dibble was in Northville last Sunday.  
—Fred Dibble was home for his holiday vacation.  
—Jas. McKinney of Livonia was in town Monday.  
—C. H. B. Annett was in Cincinnati this this week.  
—Will Scotten and wife of Detroit spent Sunday here.  
—Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. E. B. Annett spent Christmas at Wayne.  
—Douglas Kellogg ate Christmas dinner with relatives here.  
—Miss Hassinger is spending the holidays here with her mother.  
—Miss Retta Collins is clerking for J. R. Ruch during the holidays.  
—Miss Gertrude Inslee of Detroit is visiting Miss Blanch Starkweather.  
—Coello Hamilton, who is working in Windsor is home for the holidays.  
—O. L. Miller of St. Louis is spending the holidays with his parents here.  
—Jay and Claude Briggs of Detroit spent Christmas with their parents here.  
—Mrs. S. B. Putnam left last week for a visit to her parents in Chatham, Ont. Leave your laundry parcels at the post office.  
—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Woodard of Detroit spent Christmas with Mrs. Fannie Coleman.  
—Charlie Berdan, traveling salesman for the Scott's tobacco factory, spent Sunday here.  
—Sunday school concert at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. Music and recitations.  
—Will Peck of Grand Ledge, formerly of the MAIL office, was in town Saturday and Sunday.  
—A new well at the Pontiac water works is 176 feet deep and has a flow of one gallon per second.  
—Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller went to Chicago last week, where they expect to spend the winter.  
—Frank Wherry and wife and Herbert Wherry and wife of Detroit spent Sunday here with relatives.  
—The Ladies' Aid society of Newburg will meet, Jan. 8th, at Mrs. Hoisington's, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.  
—Miss E. C. Smith of Chatham, Ont., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Putnam, has returned home.  
If you want to sell or exchange your farm go to Teagan Bros. 33 Congress street, West Detroit, or address box 97, Plymouth, Mich. \*226  
—The village of Chelsea is to be lighted by electricity. Twenty-six 32-candle power lights and four 100-candle power lights, at a cost of \$60 per month.  
—The Pontiac Gazette says that M. W. Shattuck of that township has a live turkey that weighs 46 pounds. Isn't that a whopper (the turkey, we mean)?  
—He ought to have known better. A Unadilla, Livingston county farmer went to church the other day and thieves broke into his house and robbed his safe of \$100.  
—Mrs. Cunningham of Belfast is the mother of triplets—bright babies now two years old. When they were younger these triplets were a source of unmix'd joy, but now they are getting to be something of a nuisance to the mother, for every time she goes down town the babies are bound to go, too, and admiring crowds follow them from shop to shop as though they were part of a circus parade.

### The Day's Work.

Do thy day's work, my dear, Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near, Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now The hand must falter and the head must bow, And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet, there is left for us, Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus, A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous.

We can give kindly speech, And ready, helping hand to all and each, And patience, to the young around, by smiling at their teach.

We can give gentle thought, And charity, by life's long lesson taught, And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toll and failure wrought.

We can give love, unmarred By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred By the keen aims of power or joy that make you cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject The gifts we hold—would fain fare on unchecked On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect.

Why, do thy day's work still, The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chafe; And heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill.—[All the Year Round.]

—Miss Lottie Day is visiting in town.  
—Mrs. Harrington is very sick at this writing.  
—Mrs. W. H. Hoyt is quite ill at this writing.  
—Miss Bryant of Wayne is visiting Mrs. Dr. Adams.  
—Miss Jennie Brisson is visiting the Misses Safford.  
—John Tinham of Northville was in town Christmas.  
—Miss Beard of South Lyon is visiting at O. A. Frazers.  
—Miss Ida Crosby of Wayne is visiting at Fred Dunn's.  
—Miss May Harrison of Ypsilanti is visiting Miss Crosby.  
Lost—Bunch of keys. Return to this office and get reward.  
—Dr. Safford of Caro has been in town this week calling on friends.  
—We are very sorry to state that our Northville correspondent is sick.  
—L. C. Hough shipped three car-loads of potatoes to Cincinnati Saturday.  
—John Manning of Detroit was calling on friends here the first of the week.  
—Adin Cummings of Northville died of la grippe last Monday, aged 87 years.  
—W. H. Hoyt, who has been sick for the past week, is able to be on the streets.  
—Miss Dunlap and Miss Babbitt of Northville were guests of Miss Crosby Tuesday.  
—This section of the country had "a puddin'" last week—'twas in the middle of the road.  
—The ladies of the Presbyterian church society desire to return thanks to all who assisted in giving the "Sunflower concert."  
—A change in the weather occurred Friday night last and from the worst of mud we were given an idea of the old time condudry. However it was much preferable to mud.  
—Boys! this is Lean Year and you must put your girl in mind that ice cream, candy, bananas and nuts are sold, just the same this year as the past four years, and if she can't pay for what you want one year, "run them."  
FOR SALE CHEAP—A first class roadster, 5-years old, color, bay. This horse is the property of W. M. Keeley of Bradford, Pa. and is worth \$200. If taken at once \$125 spot cash will buy him. Apply to Lou Hillmer.  
—She said to her grocer: "I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?" Yes, ma'am. There are ten of those hams hanging up there. "Are you sure they are all off the same pig?" Yes, ma'am. "Then I'll take three of them."  
—The F. & P. M. railroad trains only run as far south as Monroe now. Shortly after the smashup at Toledo from which about a dozen people lost their lives, the F. & P. M. company discharged all their men in Ohio and withdrew from the state. Heavy damages will most likely result, several suits having already been started.  
—Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, has just written a new story entitled: "The American Claimant," which will begin in The Detroit Journal of Saturday, January 3d. To the great delight of all lovers of pure wit, that celebrated character, Col. Mulberry Sellers will reappear as the hero of this story, but with entirely new and dramatic surroundings.

—W. J. Scanlan, the actor, is sick.  
—Grant Joslin was buried yesterday.  
—Mrs. Herman Gottschalk is on the sick list.  
—Marvin Berdan is wrestling with an attack of la grippe.  
—Last Thursday night a young man lost one leg by the cars at Wayne Junction.  
—Alfred Duntley and family of Dakota are here visiting his mother and other relatives.  
—The Pontiac asylum was damaged about \$150,000 by fire last Saturday afternoon. It is stated that out of the 1000 patients not one was injured. The institution is fortunately in a position to repair all damages and the trustees will proceed to rebuild.  
—The Sunflower Entertainment on Christmas evening was a most successful affair, whether looked at from the point of attendance, or enjoyment, or finance, or successful acting. The sunflowers were a sight, and the choruses that ever and anon burst from them delighted the audience. All those who took part in the affair were rapturously applauded, while little Sadie Briggs in her baby song, was beauty, grace and pathos personified. She captured the audience who testified their appreciation with vociferous applause. Great praise is due those who labored so faithfully in the face of great discouragement, in their management and drilling, and persisted in making the affair a grand success, instead of a prophesied failure.

—Among the real estate transfers we notice: E. K. Starkweather to H. F. Jackson, land in the village of Northville, \$475; E. A. Snow to C. Lemay, 10 acres of land on part of the s. w. 1/4 of section 12, in the township of Huron, \$160. Wm. O. Savage, sr., to F. W. Savage, eighty acres of land, on part of the n. e. 1/4 of section 26, in the township of Van Buren, \$3000. Wm. O. Savage, jr., to Wm. O. Savage, jr., part of the s. e. 1/4 of section 26, in the township of Van Buren, \$1000. Ella F. Zimmerman to E. J. Heywood 40 acres of land on part of the n. w. 1/4 of section 10, in the township of Van Buren, \$1850. Hattie Singer to C. G. Shortman, lot 4 of S. W. Kellogg's addition to the village of Plymouth, \$140. P. C. Bird to Alexander Fry, 19 acres of land on part of the n. e. 1/4 of section 22, in the township of Romulus, \$900.

Chicago, via. Grand Rapids.  
Commencing Jan. 4th 1892 the morning train on the D. L. & N. R.R. will connect at Grand Rapids with Chicago & West Michigan R.R. first train at Chicago at 5:25 p. m. From stations west of Grand Ledge, short lines rates to Chicago and beyond will be in effect after the above date, and this new route should be a popular one with the traveling public.  
Geo. DEHAVEN,  
General Passenger Agent.

All Rail to Elk Rapids.  
Elk Rapids is now "out of the woods," the Chicago and West Michigan R.R. having been extended to that point, from Traverse City. Commencing Dec. 28th, regular train service was established as follows: Leave Elk Rapids 5:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m., connecting at Traverse City with trains for Grand Rapids, Detroit, Chicago etc. Leave Traverse City 12:55 p. m. and 11:10 p. m., upon arrival of trains from Grand Rapids and south. Other local trains leave Traverse City at 8:00 a. m. and Elk Rapids at 10:50 a. m. Distance from Traverse City is 20 miles.  
Geo. DEHAVEN,  
General Passenger Agent.

Obituary.  
We are sorry to announce the death of Asher F. Millard, which occurred on Friday the 25th, after an illness of some five or six weeks. The immediate cause of his death was typhoid fever. The deceased had just lived in Plymouth one year, removing from Livonia where he had farmed it for upwards of half a century. Mr. Millard was born in Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y., Feb. 23d 1827 and at nine years of age came with his parents to Michigan in 1836, settling upon the farm adjoining the one upon which he subsequently lived. In 1853 he was married to Caroline Crosby, by whom he had twelve children, of whom eleven survive him.  
From his long residence in Livonia Mr. Millard was well known, and had won many friends. He was always found to be a pleasant, genial and obliging person and as such he will be greatly missed, not only in his family, but also among his acquaintances. He was buried from the Presbyterian church on Monday noon and interred in Riverside cemetery.

### NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing.

MANY INTERESTING ITEMS.  
Special correspondence to THE MAIL.  
B. G. Webster is quite sick at this writing.  
H. C. Valentine of Plymouth was in town last Tuesday.  
Miss Stuart of Detroit is the guest of Miss Jessie Steere.  
A reception was given Dr. Keeley at the sanatorium Wednesday evening.  
Rev. Wallace of Plymouth was calling on friends here Wednesday afternoon.

Mead's Mills.  
The condition of the roads about here are just awful this week.  
Our school is closed this week for the holidays and the children are enjoying the vacation.

The attendance at the Christmas tree was rather small on account of the inclemency of the weather. The exercises consisted of recitations and singing by the children. After which the tree was freed of its load and distributed among them.  
H. Greene and sister are visiting friends in Romeo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bradner spent Christmas at Trenton, with Mrs. B's parents.  
—Mrs. Barber, who has been quite sick is decidedly better at this writing.

We are glad to hear that H. rb. Hughes is improving. He has been ailing for several weeks.  
G. P. Benton and wife entertained friends on Christmas Day.

The tax payers in district No. 5, are demurring considerably on account of the high school tax levied upon them.  
Arthur McRoberts is unable to attend the Plymouth high school the rest of this term.

Salem.  
Special correspondence to THE MAIL.  
Happy New Year!  
Albert Seidleberg of Lansing visited friends here this week.

The Christmas tree held at the Congregational church was well attended considering the bad roads.  
Will Thayer of Chicago visited friends here the fore part of the week.

G. S. Wheeler has been suffering from la grippe, but is able to be out again.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Walled Lake are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Ryder.

Rufus Thayer, principal of the Manistee high school is spending vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Thayer.  
Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Beain have been suffering from la grippe, but are convalescing at present.

The free supper given by the Baptist society at the Smith store for the children of the Sunday school was well attended and a good time was enjoyed by those present.

Mr. and Mrs. Elam Warden of Ann Arbor took Christmas dinner at D. E. Smith's.  
F. B. Waterman sustained quite a severe injury to his shoulder last Friday from falling out of his wagon, while unloading material at the depot.

Henry ... of Dakota is visiting friends in ... vicinity.  
Dr. Oliver of Detroit called on friends here on Christmas.

B. F. Packard spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard.  
The Knights of Pythias at their annual election Friday evening, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: P. C. C. B. Truesdale; C. C. Geo. W. Ryder; V. C. A. C. VanSickle; P. N. A. Withee; K. of R. and S. A. D. Chisholm; M. of F. P. H. Murray; M. of E. Seymour Sealey; M. at A. Charles Caldren; Trustees, G. S. VanSickle, G. D. Chaplin and John VanSickle; Delegate to Grand Lodge F. C. Wheeler.

The Salem Lodge K. O. T. M. have elected the following officers for the coming year: P. C. Nathaniel Ryder; C. A. D. Chisholm; L. C. A. C. Wheeler; P. C. B. Truesdale; R. K. F. C. Wheeler; F. K. H. Stanley; S. Fred Coles; M. A. C. J. Austin; 1st M. G., Wm. Gaiger; 2d M. G., Wm. Mash; S. Adolph Gaiger; P., Edward Naylor.

Livonia.  
Special correspondence to THE MAIL.  
Mud, mud, the beautiful mud.  
J. M. Peck caught a coon one night last

week that tipped the beam at 28 pounds.

Charles Base takes his best girl out in a new carriage.

Our School closed last Friday for one week's vacation.

Miss Orrie Joslin is on the sick list at this writing.

The P. of I. held a pop-corn social at the Town Hall last Saturday evening.

George Bentley received a \$75 gold watch from his parents for a Christmas present.

Mrs. H. P. Millard returned from Ann Arbor last Saturday.

Wm. O. Minkley is entertaining a friend from Bay City.

Some of our citizens attended the funeral of A. F. Millard at Plymouth Monday.

C. L. Ferguson went to Ann Arbor last Monday on business.

As the citizens and young folks were enjoying themselves and having a good time on Christmas Day, there was a dark cloud of sorrow and sadness cast over this little village in the afternoon, long to be remembered, when we heard of the sad news of our old neighbor, and former townsman, A. F. Millard's death. Less than one year ago he removed to Plymouth with his family to take life more easy after years of toil and hardships on the farm. Mr. Millard settled on a farm with his then young companion, one and one-half miles east of the Center, a great many years ago, when their house was surrounded by forests, and saw all the hardships of a pioneer's life. Brought up and schooled a large family of children, who all but one has lived to see their kind father laid in the silent tomb. There was no better man to be found in time of sickness and sorrow than Mr. Millard. He leaves a wife, eleven children and a large number of friends to mourn his loss. It was a Christmas long to be remembered by the family and they have the sympathy of this whole neighborhood.

In your bright realm where all of hope Expands to its undying bloom, Both memory stills survive the tomb, And thought still there unbounded roam.

—J. S. Tibbits, who is living at Geo. Stewart's, west of town, is helpless from paralysis.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester; a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

Card of Thanks.  
Mrs. Asher F. Millard and family desire to return their sincere thanks to all who so kindly aided them in their late bereavement and assure them it was appreciated and will be remembered.

Wise Mothers  
Will never be without Dr. Hoxxie's certain croup cure. It is a sure and prompt cure for croup in all forms; also a preventive of diphtheria and pneumonia. It contains no opium and causes no nausea. Ask your druggist to send to any Detroit wholesale drug-house for it. 50 cents per bottle. 3

Mark Twain's New Story.  
Don't fail to read the opening chapters of Mark Twain's latest great humorous novel, "The American Claimant," in The Detroit Journal of January 2d. Ask, or send a postal card to Paul Voorhies, The Journal agent for Plymouth, to leave you a copy. If not convenient to do this send a 2 cent stamp to The Journal, Detroit, and it will be promptly sent you by return mail.

Good Looks.  
Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach be disorderly you have a dyspeptic look and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic, acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Chaffee & Hunter's drug-store, 50 cents per bottle.

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

Try Dullam's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills 40 in each package. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 7

Read Carefully.  
Messrs DULLAM BROS.,  
Gentlemen: For over four years I have been afflicted with an eruption of the skin, which became very troublesome and I could get no relief, I was troubled very badly with constipation, which nothing I tried gave me permanent relief until I took Dullam's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Remedy and since taking I have been entirely cured. For a tonic, blood purifier and general health restorer I can heartily recommend it. \$1 a bottle.

Mrs. Wm. COPELAND.  
For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 8

# OUR OWN STATE.

## NEWS FROM ALL PORTIONS OF THE TWO PENINSULAS.

### Grand Rapids Girl Brutally Assaulted While Intoxicated.—Buck Murray Granted a New Trial.

**"Buck" Murray Gets a New Trial.**  
In the case of the People vs. Thomas, better known as "Buck" Murray, convicted of the murder of Edward Shoemaker in the recorder's court of Detroit and given a life sentence at Jackson, the judgment of the court below is reversed by the supreme court and a new trial ordered, and the prisoner remanded to the custody of the Wayne county sheriff. This is based upon the ground that the respondent was denied the right of a public trial, and the whole proceedings are declared a mistrial. The court refuses to order his discharge upon the ground that he has once been in jeopardy. The court says the judgment and conviction are set aside in this case in a proceeding instituted by the prisoner, and is to be treated as if the judgment had been arrested on his own motion, and the judgment and verdict set aside. In such cases the plea of former jeopardy cannot avail.

### A Curious Death.

Alexander K. Pike, a banker at Ubley, Huron county, and late a resident of Detroit, has died under rather peculiar circumstances. A report that he committed suicide is denied and a statement of what purports to be the true circumstances of his death is to the effect, that having been taken ill he arose and went down stairs to take a dose of epsom salts. By mistake he swallowed a quantity of paris green. His mistake was discovered when the poison began to get in its work, and a doctor pumped him out. He seemed to be doing the worst for his experience in the morning, but on arriving at his bank to open up he fell over dead. Investigation showed that he died from the rupture of a blood vessel caused by his vomiting after taking the poison.

### Arrested for Arson.

Thomas L. Carl, a resident of the town of Brant, Saginaw county, has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of two citizens of St. Charles, George G. Goodrich and Sylvester D. Robinson, on a charge of arson. The complainant sets up his affidavit that on June 24, 1887, his dwelling house in Brant township was partly burned, and that he has good reason to suspect and does suspect that the parties above mentioned set fire to it. Goodrich was arrested and arraigned. He demanded an examination, which was fixed for Dec. 30. His bonds were fixed at \$1,000.

### Boomers at the Rapids.

A largely attended mass meeting was held at Grand Rapids under the auspices of the new improvement board, at which speeches were made by Mayor Uhl, Colonel James Penny, Congressman Belknap, John S. Lawrence, Geo. W. McBride and others, explaining the object of the board, which are to boom the city and work for the improvement of the river. Resolutions were adopted calling attention to the importance of the river improvement. A Grand river improvement association will be formed to further push the enterprise.

### Can Recover Damages.

The Michigan supreme court holds that a wife can recover damages for the alienation of her husband's affections. Justice Morse, who writes the opinion, says: "The reasoning that deprives the wife of redress when her husband is taken away from her by the blandishments and unlawful influence of others, is a relic of the barbarity of the common law which, in effect, made the wife the mere servant of her husband, and deprived her of all right to redress her personal wrongs except by his will."

### The C. J. & M. Sold.

The Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw railroad has been sold at Toledo at master's sale by Master B. F. Wade. One bidder was incoincidentally supposed to be the Toledo company. The road was bid in by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for J. Kennedy Todd, of the reconstruction committee, of New York city whose attorney Col. Ingersoll is. The price paid was \$150,000 and \$15,000 was paid down. This is the second time this road has been offered for sale.

### A Suicidal Gang.

The body of May Shell, who died mysteriously at Battle Creek, was taken to Lonia and interred in a neighboring cemetery. Relations of the girl say that she tried to commit suicide a few weeks ago at Lonia. An intimate friend of Miss Shell—Fred Butler—shot himself in the head last July and Grace Cook, one of May's chums, committed suicide by taking morphine in September.

### Fatal Boiler Explosion.

Two, and possibly three lives, were lost in the explosion of a boiler in the shingle mill of John Provoze, six miles from Port Austin. The entire mill and machinery were destroyed. Mrs. Provoze and daughter were within 40 feet of the mill and were struck by flying pieces and killed. Mr. Provoze was seriously and perhaps fatally injured.

### AROUND THE STATE.

George Hatcheson, of Colon, who was injured by jumping from a hay loft astride a door is dead.

Joseph Huskins, of Fairfield, has gathered and husked 600 bushels of corn from five and a half acres of land.

The regular annual meeting of the state millers' association will be held in the senate chamber at Lansing Jan. 13 and 14.

A flock of wild geese was seen at Niles flying to the northwest. It is supposed that they were in quest of cold weather.

Frank Leland, of Whitehall, aged 85 years, while hunting accidentally fired a charge into his right arm and it will have to be amputated.

# WASHINGTON LETTER.

## SCENES, INCIDENTS AND NEWS OF INTEREST TO MANY.

### Senator Plumb, of Kansas, Succumbs to Apoplexy.—Sealer's Question Again.

**HOUSE COMMITTEES.**  
The house committee have at last been appointed by Speaker Crisp. Many of the democratic members were sadly disappointed. The chairman of the ways and means committee was the most important appointment and was given to Mr. Springer. The chairmen are as follows: Ways and means, Wm. M. Springer; elections, Charles T. O'Farrall, of Virginia; appropriations, W. S. Holman, Indiana; coinage, weights and measures, R. P. Bland; banking and currency, Henry Bacon; judiciary, D. R. Culbertson; Pacific railroads, J. B. Riley; levees and improvements of Mississippi river, S. M. Robinson; inter-state and foreign commerce, R. Q. Mills; rivers and harbors, N. C. Blanchard; foreign affairs, J. H. Blount; military affairs, J. H. Outhwaite; merchant marine and fisheries, Samuel Fowler; agriculture, H. H. Hatch; pensions, R. P. C. Wilson; naval affairs, H. A. Herbert; post-offices and postroads, John S. Henderson; public lands, T. C. McKee; Indian affairs, S. W. Peck; territories, J. A. Washington; railways and canals, T. C. Catchings; Columbian exposition, A. C. Durbin; manufactures, C. H. Page; mines and mining, W. H. Cowles; public buildings and grounds, J. H. Bankhead; patents, G. D. Tillman; invalid pensions, A. N. Martin; claims, B. H. Burn; war claims, T. E. Beltzhoover; education, W. I. Hayes; labor, J. C. Tarsney; militia, Edward Lane; library, Amos J. Cummings; printing, J. D. Richardson; enrolled bills, J. G. Warwick; reform in civil service, J. F. Andrew; election of president and vice president, J. Logan Chipman; eleventh census, W. F. Wilcox; ventilation and acoustics, W. G. Stahnecker; alcoholic liquor, traffic, W. E. Hayes; irrigation and arid lands, S. W. T. Lanham; immigration and naturalization, H. Stump; private land claims, A. P. Fitch; District of Columbia, J. J. Campbell; revision of the laws, J. H. Outhwaite; expenditures, state department, R. E. Lester; expenditures, treasury department, G. H. Brickner; expenditures, war department, A. B. Montgomery; expenditures, navy department, C. A. O. McClelland; expenditures, postoffice dept., W. C. Outens; expenditures, interior dept., J. W. Owens; expenditures, department of justice, J. M. Allen; expenditures, department of agriculture, P. C. Edmunds; expenditures, public buildings, H. M. Youmans. The Michigan delegation fared exceedingly well, taken as a whole, in the distribution of committee places made by Speaker Crisp in the house. The state gets two chairmanships, two places on the committee on ways and means, two places on rivers and harbors, which is of the greatest importance to Michigan waterway interests, two assignments on the committee in foreign affairs and a large number of places on other important committees.

**A KANSAS SENATOR DEAD.**  
The popular Kansas senator, Preston B. Plumb, died suddenly on the 20th at his apartments on Fourteenth street. Plumb had been long known as a most energetic and untiring worker, and it was his disregard of needed rest that led to his death. Though repeatedly warned by his friends and by physicians against overworking himself, he pooh-poohed their alarm and continued his labor. For some time past he had been troubled with insomnia and severe headaches, with impairment of memory. Two weeks ago Dr. Wales made a careful diagnosis of his case and told him that he was threatened with apoplexy, advising him to take a vacation. However, the senator thought his unnecessarily alarmed and continued his night and day work as before. Their fears have proven only too well-founded and the senate has lost one of its most brilliant and energetic members. Vice President Morton, upon learning of the sad event, took steps to the appointment of a senatorial committee to direct the obsequies, and communicated with Speaker Crisp for the appointment of a similar committee from the house. The funeral services were held at 1 o'clock on the 21st in the senate chamber and the remains were escorted to the Pennsylvania depot by a congressional escort.

Preston B. Plumb was born in Ohio in 1837; began life as a printer; removed to Kansas in 1855; chosen to constitutional convention in 1859; admitted to the bar in '61 and went to legislature the year following; enlisted in '62 as second lieutenant and rose to rank of colonel; he next was elected member and speaker of the Kansas house of representatives and took his seat in the United States senate in 1876, where he has since served.

**THE SEAL FISHERIES.**  
The president and the secretary of state have had several consultations recently in regard to the seal fisheries. An agreement having been reached with the British government as to the basis of arbitration, all that now remains to complete the convention is an agreement as to the arbitrators. This, too, has practically been done, so far as the number and powers of the arbitrators are concerned and it is confidently expected that their appointment and the terms of arbitration will be officially announced in a few days. The nominations have been made and await only the concurrence of the governments interested.

**Capitol City Gossip.**  
The senate and house adjourned on the 23d and will resume their work on Jan. 5. Representative Chipman has received a letter from President Palmer, of the deep water convention, including the resolution of the convention paying tribute to Judge Chipman's eminent services in behalf of improved waterways throughout the northwestern lakes. Senator Stanford has introduced his bill of last session appropriating \$450,000 for the extension of the executive mansion in accordance with plans prepared by Mrs. Harrison. Also his bill of last session appropriating \$1,000,000 for the establishment of a gun factory on the Pacific coast.

# HATTIE GAGE.

## A Roving Ocean Steamer in Serious Trouble at San Francisco.

The steamer Hattie Gage, which has arrived at San Francisco, is in serious trouble. The men on board of it seem to have been carrying on a practical cruise in the Arctic, and are not only guilty of mutiny, but have robbed a mine, a church and a supply depot of the Alaska commercial company. She sailed last June for Coal Harbor. On board were two men named Tibbey, as passengers. The first row occurred at Victoria, where the Tibbeys wished to smuggle liquor aboard. At Coal Harbor the Tibbeys proposed a sailing cruise in Behring Sea. They inveigled Captain Downs ashore and abandoned him. Then, with Mate Andrews in charge, they sailed away for adventures. They stopped at the deserted village of Nicholaski, in Alaska, and robbed the Greek church altar. While on the Behring sea the Alert warned them out. They then visited the gold mine at Little Squaw harbor and took material and lumber worth \$3,000. Among the plunder was a railroad, for carrying ore, which they took to Coal harbor and set up. A fortnight after they raided the Alaska commercial company's storehouse at Portage Bay, taking provisions and hardware. The Gage was seized at Point by the cutter Corwin and taken to Sitka, where it was released. The captain and five of the crew are at San Francisco and will libel the vessel for wages, while George W. Sessions, owner of the mine at Little Squaw Harbor will also libel it.

### Trouble for Chile.

In Washington the Chilean matter is becoming more and more interesting daily. President Harrison and Secretary Tracy have held long consultations, but the results have been carefully guarded from the public. It is known, however, that great activity is manifest in the navy yards, plans are being prepared for converting vessels of the merchant marine into cruisers and torpedo boats, ammunition is being purchased in large quantities, and experiments with the latest rapid-firing guns are being conducted in a thorough manner. All this is as secretly as possible, but the newspaper men are on the alert and no matter of any importance escapes them. Several prominent officers in the navy who have all along thought the trouble would be settled without a demonstration are now convinced that matters are assuming a serious aspect. The constant and increasing ugliness on the part of the Chilean authorities have made an amicable settlement a practicable impossibility. It is believed that President Harrison will address a special message to congress immediately upon its reassembling, and it will be more urgent than his former address. The new Chilean congress which assembled Dec. 26 will be made to understand that if a satisfactory reply to our demands is not forthcoming something is very liable to drop in their immediate neighborhood. Valparaiso specials say that the U. S. cruiser Boston has arrived there and that the Charleston has left Honolulu for the same port. Several other war vessels are pointed in the same direction while ostensibly making for other ports within easy reach.

### Literally Blown to Pieces.

A boiler being used by some stone contractors near the new Baldwin theater in Springfield, Mo., exploded, killing Engineer Philip Davis, Assistant Engineer Robert Baer and fatally wounding George Crews, laborer. The explosion was caused by turning a stream of cold water into the boiler, which was hot and almost empty. Engineer Davis was literally blown to pieces. A piece of his skull was found in front of the Calvary Presbyterian church, 100 yards distant, while particles of flesh were found at the same distance in the other direction. Robert Baer the assistant engineer, had his head almost severed from the body, and was otherwise mangled almost beyond recognition. He was unmarried. Crews was a laborer and received a wound in the side from a flying missile, which resulted in his death after removal to the hospital.

### Celebrated the Pilgrim's Landing.

The New England society of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave its annual dinner in the assembly rooms of the academy of music in commemoration of its twelfth anniversary and the two hundred and seventy-first anniversary of the pilgrims. The rooms were appropriately decorated for the occasion. Covers were laid for 276 guests. The Hon. Calvin E. Pratt, president of the society, presided, and made an address. Ex-President Cleveland, Gen. Horace Porter, Hon. Roswell G. Horr and Rev. Chas. H. Hall.

### MEN AND THINGS.

McKinley is now rapidly convalescing. The government will pay \$9,000,000 for the Cherokee strip. Capt. E. L. Baker, has committed suicide at Racine, Wis.

Prince Bismarck entertained James Gordon Bennett at Friedrichsruhe. The great storms have destroyed part of the severe south cliff at Heligoland.

John Hobbs was shot dead at Philadelphia by Mrs. Josephine Smith, aged 25, a daughter of a wealthy miller. She at once surrendered herself.

Walt Whitman is very ill at his Camden cottage. The disease is pneumonia and, as the poet is over 72 years of age, there is slight hope of his recovery.

Verestchagin, the Russian artist, claims that the selling of "L'Angelus" and the subsequent gawling to France were bogus, being tricks of American art dealers to enhance the value of Millet's works.

Isaac S. Sawtelle, the Concord, N. H. fratricide has been stricken with apoplexy and remained in an unconscious condition for some time. It is not thought he will rally from the attack as he is in a very critical condition.

Engineer Davis, of Springfield, Mo., turned a stream of cold water into a hot and almost empty boiler and the thing went off. Davis was blown all to pieces, Assistant Engineer Baer was badly mangled and a laborer named Crews was struck by a flying missile and killed.

# A MONSTER BRIDGE.

## NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY TO BE CONNECTED.

### New York World's Fair Commission Give a Banquet.—An Indiana Girl's Novel Consumption Cure.

### Another Monster Bridge at New York.

The acting secretary of war has accepted the designs for the New York and New Jersey bridge, and work upon the structure will be begun as soon as possible. The designer of the bridge states that his plan will unite the efficiency of the suspension cable with the rigidity of the cantilever system. The under side of the bridge will be 50 feet above high water mark and the top of the rails 154 feet. The openings will be wide, beginning from New York 900 feet, 1,700 feet, 1,160 feet and 900 feet. These large openings are necessary, because no obstruction should stand in the channel of the river. The bridge will be 120 feet wide, have three tracks and be composed of five girders and eight suspension cables, the whole to be so constructed as to be able to carry a load of 14,400 tons, which will never be put upon it at the same time. In addition to this it will have an extra system of girders to withstand the wildest hurricane. The cables are composed of 3,721 steel wires of 3-16 inch in diameter. The weight of the eight cables will be 5,400 tons, the weight of the girders 23,000 tons and of the bridge 32,500 tons. The aim of the company in erecting the bridge is to concentrate all the railroads coming from the east, north, west and south into one great union depot.

### Chicago Police Have a Fight.

Two horse races and a big free fight in a saloon on Custom House place, gave the Chicago police a merry day's work on Christmas day. Bullets were crashing through the windows when two officers in citizen's clothes gained entrance to the saloon, and being recognized, the cry went up "Lock the doors and kill the officers," and at the same time the key was turned in the lock. Backing into a corner the officers drew their revolvers, faced the ugly crowd and threatened to shoot the first man that moved. Their nerve paralyzed the crowd for a moment, and by that time other officers burst open the saloon door and rescued their comrades. The crowd was determined not to leave the saloon, but after a desperate struggle the officers emerged from the place, each with a fighting, struggling, desperate prisoner. A patrol wagon was waiting near by, and despite the efforts of the crowd in the street, whose sympathies were with the prisoner, the officers succeeded in landing their prisoners in the wagon. While not a shot was fired by the officers they were forced to keep up a running fight while in the neighborhood, using their revolvers as bludgeons. At the police station another fight was in progress when a load of officers arrived from a neighboring station and the desperadoes were locked up.

### House Blown to Atoms.

A three-story brick dwelling in Pittsburg, Pa., was blown to atoms on the 25th by an explosion of natural gas. Mr. Pritchard, the owner, his wife and three children, and a hired boy named Davis Bennett, and Barbara Reich, a servant girl, were buried in the ruins. When rescued they were all found to be more or less seriously lured and bruised, but no one was fatally injured. The cause of the explosion was a leakage in the cellar. Mr. Pritchard keeps a grocery store in his building, and went to the cellar to get a basket for a customer which he had stored away. He struck a match and the explosion followed. The combustion was terrific pieces of the building being blown half a square away. It is considered a miracle that any of those in the building at the time should have escaped with their lives. Mrs. Pritchard and the three children, aged 4, 7 and 9 years respectively, were in bed on the third floor and were taken out of the cellar.

### Dog Meant for Consumption.

Miss Maggie Donoghue, of Shelbyville, Ind., who has been eating dog meat the past seven weeks for the cure of consumption, is now confined to her bed with the grip, and not knowing the nature of the cause which made her take her bed many skeptics proclaim the dog treatment a failure. The girl has been persistent in the treatment and has consumed seven dogs. When she began the treatment she was much reduced in flesh and had taken her bed, as many supposed, to die. After continuing this diet two weeks she arose from her bed and began to work and has continued doing housework until within the past few days, when she was attacked by the grip. It is believed by those who saw her nearly every day, that she gained health and strength rapidly and continuously until the few disease, which is epidemic in this locality, attacked her.

### More Canadian Scandal.

A special from Quebec, says: The action of Lieut.-Gov. Angera in dismissing the Mercer government, promises now to wreck the federal government at Ottawa also. It has opened the mouth of Mr. Tarte, now Mercer's ally, who created a tremendous sensation at a mass meeting called at Mercer's interest by disclosing that in making his famous charges at Ottawa relating to the Quebec harbor works boodle which drove Sir Hector Langevin and Hon. Thomas McGreevy out of public life, he was aided in and abetted by Sir Hector's colleague and apparent friend, but real rival in the cabinet, Sir A. P. Caron, minister of militia, and claims to be able to prove that the federal government received \$500,000 with which to run their elections.

### Embezzlement Charged.

True bills have been found by the grand jury at Pittsburg, Pa., against Mayor Wyman and ex-Mayor Pearson, of Allegheny, for embezzlement. The charges were preferred by the city solicitor of Allegheny at the instance of council, and were the outgrowth of the recent investigation of the affairs of the mayor's office of that city.

# A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

How many times did I go over in my mind the one confidential interview there had been between Mr. Gascoigne and me? I had promised not to reveal what passed until my marriage-day, and I knew now that he must have resolved then, when he saw his intentions as to Hilda, and Gilbert were finally frustrated, what should be his course.

The servants, the old clergyman, even the cousins, were fairly friendly and congratulatory. None of them had expected more than they had got, and I do not think any of them regretted greatly the peculiar way in which Mr. Gascoigne had chosen to settle the family feud. For the Thornes, too, were an honorable family, and the daughter of my father was no unfit match for the heir of St. Gabriel's Grange and the name of Gascoigne.

Gilbert himself was puzzled as much as any one, and even declared a doubt as to whether the accepted reading of the will could be correct.

"It seems to me," he said, "that my uncle never intended to prevent you from marrying me by leaving more than I can ever offer you, and a house from which he exiled me."

I told him he had been a lawyer so long, he could scarcely believe in common-sense views of things; and then he laughed, and said my wealth had made me impertinent. But his brows remained knitted and his eyes grave.

I thought Mr. Gascoigne's niece were wonderfully good to me, seeing that they must have expected to inherit the Grange. To be sure, Lord Martin Pomeroy had his own beautiful house, Lord Ormsby was exceedingly rich, and Ulric Gascoigne had not looked for so much as he was to get with his pretty wife, and would, I was sure, prefer that Gilbert should succeed to his rightful property. But still the house was so beautiful, the property so fine, and I myself such a more stranger and interloper, that I wished a hundred times a day my kind eccentric old master had consented freely to forgive his nephew in the face of the world, and spared me this painful and anomalous position.

However, for a time there was no chance in their manner, except that Annis was more affectionate and tranquilly happy than ever. Hilda showed no sign, and Gwendoline was strangely passive. I thought the calm was the calm of fair and settled weather; but the air was too still for that. It was like the stillness of the electricity-charged atmosphere, when birds are silent and the elements breathless before the thunder-storm.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first flash of the storm came upon me one day as I was sitting in the morning-room, the pleasant little room where I spent most of my time now with Lady Martin, Hilda, and Annis. I had been reading, but the book lay unheeded on my knee; I had broken off to watch a blackbird on the lawn, and had noticed at the same time that already the lime-trees were growing golden in tint and the chrysanthemums were coming into bloom. And as I gazed out on the terrace I pondered the wonderful thought that all I saw was mine—the room, the house—and I looked round at the dainty pictures and the furniture and the Japanese kakemonos—mine only in trust for Gilbert, but mine as his mistress when it was Gilbert's. I thought how good Providence had been to me—how wonderful, how strange to have given me so grand and true and noble a lover!

Our marriage was not to be postponed very long. I was going home for a while first—home, where the news of my stupendous fortune had greatly flattered the devoted. Lady Martin would, I hoped, join her husband. Hilda was to return to London, in care of the military cousin's wife until she became Lady Ormsby; and Gilbert and I were to settle down at the Grange, with Ulric and Annis at the Lodge. Did not life seem pleasant as it was unrolled before my eyes? Could my book be so enchanting?

So I sat dreaming, with a smile on my face, when Hilda came into the room. She looked very fair in her mourning, and her pale gold hair shone in contrast to the long black dress that trailed after her. But during all the months I had been at the Grange she had never spoken to me pleasantly; the sapphirine eyes had never softened, nor the proud curve of the mouth grown gracious for me. Now, as she advanced and stood opposite to me, she fixed those eyes on my face with a gleam like the glitter of bright steel; but there was a slight tremor in her bell-like voice.

"I think it fair to tell you, Miss Thorne," she began—she never called me Viola—"that you may possibly be resting on false security at present, and that in a short time you will find the scene changed. I tell you this that you may be prepared to hear from my lawyer, and also that you may know what I think, and that every one is not deceived by you."

I looked up at her wonderingly.

"What do you mean, Miss Farquhar?" I asked.

"I will tell you what I mean," she answered calmly. "Simply this. You came here, to find an eccentric old man and three girls you thought, I suppose, fools. You hustled up family quarrels, and spied into family secrets—No; allow me to speak."

For I was about to interrupt her with indignant anger; but I let her speak on, holding back my wrathful words; and the clear voice grew more passionate and intense.

"You shall hear me out, Miss Thorne. You are clever—I admit it. I did not think so at first, and I scorned to interfere with you; and so far you have been successful. You exerted your influence over a childish old man by telling lies about his niece and betraying confidences you should have been the last to reveal. To be safe on both sides, you threw yourself into the way of his nephew, and managed him with brazen skill too. But I, at least, shall not tamely submit to your schemes. Gilbert is befuddled, and you have charmed Annis, child as she is; but I can act for myself and fight against your schemes. And I tell you this—that I intend to fight my uncle's will to the last, and, whether lawyers and judges can or cannot be brought to see the influence you obtained over a decrepit, half-crazed invalid, you shall, at least, be better known than you are now!"

When she paused, her voice, still clear

and steady, had in it the white heat of suppressed rage. I was startled, bewildered, confounded. But I tried to answer her quietly. I wanted to be at peace with them all, and Hilda was the last who held out against me.

"You do not believe what you have said, I am quite sure, Hilda. You know Mr. Gascoigne was as clear-headed as yourself; and you know, and I know too, that he left the Grange to me that Gilbert might have it. I did not want it; I have no wish for it now but for his sake. It is simply preposterous to suppose he would ever have bequeathed it to me, or that I could have schemed for such an outrageous thing. If I have done you any wrong, I am sorry; but you have no right to insult me by such words as those."

"Insult you!" she cried. "I am only preparing you for what every one will say before long."

"I have not sought," I went on, "to learn a single word of your private concerns. I asked for no one's secrets; once told me, I have betrayed none. For betraying confidences you can hardly impugn me, you who tried to injure me, even at the cost of your sister's happiness, by telling my secret, which you had learned, to your uncle."

She made no answer; but a faint color stole over her face.

"You have been very hard and very cruel to me since I came and put myself in some measure at your mercy, Hilda, and I thought at first you were unjust without intending to be so. You supposed me to be everything you had imagined I might be, and you never sought to learn whether your supposition was true or not. But you cannot believe in these accusations. Why are you so unjust?"

"Am I unjust?" she said. "At least I am, no hypocrite. Why did you come? Why did you stay when you knew we wished you gone, and allow yourself to be thought a spy and an informer?"

"You had no right, no excuse to think such abominable things of me. Ask your sisters if, a week after I came, they did not both ask me to stay. I came, innocent and ignorant of the persecution which you and Lady Martin had determined to subject me to, and I stayed to fight against your prejudices, since they had no ground in reason or justice. I know my position tempts you to say hard things; but it is fair and right that the Grange should come to Gilbert, and I hold it for him. Lord Ormsby's home is a hundred times grander, Hilda; you need not be envious of Gilbert and me."

I had thought that she was growing softer, and I did not speak angrily. I was wounded to the heart that Gilbert's cousin, should cherish such implacable hatred of me, and sorely grieved, but not angry.

Now however her face was set more relentlessly than ever.

"Gilbert and you!" she echoed in bitter tones. "You talk well, Miss Thorne; you should have been an actress. But I know you too well to be deceived by evasion and clap-trap! You have heard what I intend to do. I have no more to say to you."

I did not attempt to say another word, and she left me.

I marvelled over and pondered what she had said, and for a time I was very miserable, wretched, and pained; that any one should think so cruelly of me, and that one of Gilbert's relatives should be my enemy. But as I thought of her words I became more wroth, and the hot indignation dried up my tears. I had done no wrong, I had injured no one; it would not have been right that she should inherit the Grange. What was it to her that Gilbert had chosen me to be his wife, to share whatever fortune should be his; and how dared she thus insult his promised wife in what was already my own house?

I should have understood better her words and actions, which seemed to me then madly unreasoning, had I known that the lawyer she consulted was Crawford Carden, who had told her the lies invented by his own black heart, had told her that my promise was given to him—him whom I hated from the first moment I heard his false voice—and only broken when I learned that the old man I dis-simulated to was relenting towards his nephew—had told her that it was I who had persuaded Mr. Gascoigne to leave the property as it was left, and that she, Hilda, had played my game in betraying the secrecy with which I theoretically enshrouded for a while my meetings with Gilbert.

"I do not doubt," Carden had said, "that you can get the will set aside on the ground of unsound mind or undue influence; but you will see how impossible it is for me to undertake the case. I believe she is marrying Mr. Gilbert Gascoigne now only to silence talk and stop such an action."

They could do him little good, these wanton, deliberate lies; but he knew I hated him, and he sought but to injure me in any way he could, infuriated as he was by the slight put upon him by Mr. Gascoigne's will, for which he imagined I was partly responsible.

One or two, who know the story, say that they believe he loved me and wished in any way to break my engagement with Gilbert. But I do not credit it. There are many ways of loving; I have learned to know; but I do not believe one spark of real affection dictated his treachery. It was ambition—ambition which made him feign love for me when he watched my growing favor in Mr. Gascoigne's eyes, and disappointed ambition which made him anxious to wreak his vengeance on me, whether by so doing he might or might not think ever to obtain for himself the riches of the Grange. He was furious too with Gilbert, who frankly and steadfastly independent, had won what he had plotted and lied to win.

I can understand that jealous love was the mainspring of Hilda's cruelty; it filled her whole heart and mind, and perverted her reason so that she may have accepted as truth what she was ready and willing to believe. But she? No; there was no room for love in his self-absorbed and scheming life.

But of all this I thought nothing then. I guessed nothing of Hilda's jealousy; it never for a moment occurred to me that she would consult Mr. Carden, and I fell to wondering what would come of her threat, whether she could do anything, supposing others thought as she did, to dispossess Gilbert and me of the Grange. I never imagined it was I only she wished to drive away. My every thought was bound up in Gilbert.

I told Gwendoline of the threat, but of Hilda's insulting words I told no one. She only laughed sarcastically.

"You need not be afraid, Viola. Hilda can do nothing. No one else will ever ac-

cuse you of influencing my poor uncle. Is there any other will?"

"I don't think there is one in existence." "Then what can it matter? Without a will, everything, Hilda's fortune and my own also, goes to Gilbert; and I do not suppose Hilda can dispute existing arrangements without Gilbert's aid. So long as you two love each other, child, you need not care."

"Are you sure?" I asked her wistfully.

"Are you sure," she said, in return, "that she cannot make Gilbert believe as she does? If accusations are made, will he stand by you through them all?"

"I hope so," I faltered. "I think he would."

She put her hands on my shoulders and looked me keenly in the face.

"There should be no 'thinking,' Viola," she said earnestly. "Don't marry him unless you can trust him wholly, and he you. Take my word for it, nothing will make marriage bearable but confidence in one another."

And then there came before me the honest handsome face of my lover and his clear true eyes.

"We do trust each other," I answered proudly and fondly.

She turned away with a little sigh.

"Happy child!" she murmured softly. "Don't fret over Hilda's words," she added aloud, in gentle accents. "Believe me, it is only empty talk."

And I did believe her. If I grew sad sometimes as I remembered them, I feared no evil result.

CHAPTER XVII.

A letter came from Lord Martin Pomeroy to tell his wife when he should be in England, and expressing a hope that she would return with him to India in October.

"I suppose you will go?" said Hilda.

"I suppose so," answered Gwendoline, in those dull inanimate tones she always fell into when speaking of her husband.

As the time of his coming drew near—for he was to follow closely on his letter—I fancied she grew restless and agitated; but that was natural enough, seeing how long they had been parted.

One morning I came upon her unexpectedly in the drawing-room. She was sitting by a low table, one elbow resting on it, and the other hand raising the large photograph album on which she was gazing earnestly. She shut the book hurriedly and rose from her seat when she saw me, and a crimson flush dyed her face.

"Do you want me?" she asked quickly.

And when I said "No," she left the room. Half heedlessly I took up the album, marvelling at her agitation. One silver clasp had, unnoticed by her, caught the leaves and marked the place at which she had held the volume open. There was only one portrait in the page, within a border of painted flowers and leaves—a large photograph of Martin Pomeroy.

Why should she rise in confusion from looking at her husband's portrait? And there was a tear-drop on the page. Was she afraid of him, or anxious, now that he was coming back to her? I looked intently at the picture. It was a good face—not handsome, but what some people would call cold and stern. Yet there was a thoughtful look in the deep-set eyes and a kindly expression, I fancied, about the firm mouth. He looked a man to respect and esteem. He was a good deal older than Gwendoline; but he was barely forty, and she was six-and-twenty.

Gwendoline still never alluded to his return, nor in any way betrayed how she would welcome it. If I tried to draw her to speak of him, she answered, with a quietness almost amounting to restraint, always in the same dead voice. I knew this was a morbid unhealthy state, and longed even for a return of her old petulance. But she passed her days, and walked and talked, apparently only half knowing what she did, half conscious and wholly callous. Her sisters never noticed this strange phase. Hilda had wrapped herself in her impenetrable pride, concentrated on her own plans; Annis was too happy, full of dreams of Ulric and her future; and I was even yet little better than a stranger, ignorant of her past life, entitled to none of her confidence.

My thoughts, too, were very busy with my own life. I was going home very soon, and Gilbert was preparing for an early marriage; and I was very happy in his love, very peaceful and glad in my great unmerited fortune, very thankful to Heaven for a good man's love.

I had no fear of Hilda since Gwendoline had known her threat. I thought she would and could do no more, and I shrank from deepening disunion in the family that I did not tell Gilbert what she had said. It was nothing to me whether St. Gabriel's Grange was mine or Gilbert's, seeing that nothing could part us.

One Sunday evening Annis and Hilda had gone to the village church, and Gwendoline and I were alone together.

She had not been well all the day, pleading a headache, and she sat now silently in her low arm-chair, a book in her hand, but its pages never turned. I had been writing to my mother; and, when I finished the letter, I turned to Gwendoline and offered to read to her. A sting of self-reproach shot through me for not having offered sooner, for doing so little to relieve her pain, as I saw how terribly white her face was, how heavy were her hazel eyes. The dull black dress and the dark velvet chair intensified her pallor, and the red-gold hair, turned back from the broad forehead, shone brighter by contrast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SORRY BOY.

Joannie, aged 6, has been banished to the bedroom for using bad words to his younger brother, Sam, and told that he must remain there until he was sorry for his misconduct. After a few minutes of kicking and screaming, and then of quiet, he called Sam to the door to receive the following communication:

"Sam, if I'm ever sorry for calling you names—and I'll have to stay here a while while before I am—the first thing I'll do when I get out will be to lick you for telling on me."

"Another long pause and he continued: 'You'd better be getting ready, Sam; I'm beginning to feel pretty sorry.'—Philadelphia Press.

# NOT DEAD, BUT LIVING

## AN UNDERTAKER TELLS A STRANGE TALE.

An Instance Where Practical Knowledge Saved a Girl's Life—She Was Pronounced Dead, But Is Still Living.

"Do you see that lady in the carriage with the little girl in her arms?" asked W. D. Curtin, the well-known North Side undertaker of a Chicago Press representative.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is Mrs. ——— and eight years ago I was called to her home by her father to prepare her body for burial."

"What! prepare a live person for burial?" asked the reporter in amazement.

"In this case, yes," responded Mr. Curtin; "but her parents and a drunken physician thought she was dead."

"It was shortly after I opened up my establishment on the North Side, when one evening a nicely dressed gentleman came into the store and asked for the proprietor. I informed him that I was the individual he was seeking, and asked him what I could do for him. He told me he desired my services to prepare his daughter's remains for burial, and wanted her embalmed so that the body would keep a month."

"This was about my first good job in this vicinity, and I know if I did my work satisfactorily to the old gentleman that it would help me in my business, which at the time was not very brisk, as I was comparatively a stranger in that section of the city. The old gentleman seemed to be anxious to have me take charge of the remains myself. After packing my instrument case and taking an extra quantity of embalming fluid I started for the residence."

"When I rang the bell I was admitted by a servant who conducted me to the room where the alleged corpse lay. As yet nothing had been disturbed. The body was covered with a sheet, and when I uncovered the face I found it was that of a beautiful girl about 17 years of age. Total appearance life was extinct, as the body was cold and rigid. I lifted her onto my cooling board, and it was then that I discovered when the features were plainly visible that her eyes were bright and not covered by a film, as is usual, and that her lips were remarkably red for a dead person. At first I was about to call the old gentleman and tell him that his daughter was not dead, but I thought, better of it, as I was sure I was mistaken. Nevertheless, I determined to make the usual tests, and was about to prick her with my lance when I thought I noticed a slight movement of the eye. Nor was I mistaken."

"I bared the neck so as to get near the artery we use in arterial embalming, and when I made a slight indentation with the knife a small drop of blood dropped on my finger. This blood was warm, and I then knew that life was not extinct. I called a servant and asked her what form of disease her mistress had died of. She told me the doctor said it was typhoid malaria. I then asked for the death certificate, and found that the servant was right."

"I said nothing to any one in the house, and after wrapping the body in several blankets, placed it back on the bed."

"I had often read of people being in trances and taken for dead, and was sure that this was a similar case. Not knowing whether she was conscious, I spoke to her and told her that I knew she was in a hypnotic state and not dead, and that I would return in a few moments with a physician. I passed quietly out of the house, after telling the servant to allow no person in the room until I returned, and found a medical friend who accompanied me back to the house. He was not long in determining the facts, as his diagnosis proved beyond all doubt that the lady was not dead but in a deep trance. He also thought she was conscious, and spoke kindly to her, telling her not to fear, as she would be all right in a little while."

"He injected a drug into her arm, and in a short time was rewarded by hearing a slight flutter of the heart, which gradually grew stronger."

"When I went down stairs the old gentleman was pacing up and down the parlor floor, and when he saw me he started for his hat and coat, saying he would go back to the store with me and pick out a casket. I told him to be seated, as there was some mistake, as his daughter did not need a coffin at present and I hoped it would be a long time before she did. At first I could not make him comprehend that his daughter was still alive, but finally convinced him that it was a fact and introduced him to the doctor, who in the meantime had come into the room."

"The old man was partly stunned and acted more like a crazy man than the sensible person that he was. Well, both the doctor and I sat at the bedside of the girl all night, but it was not until the following afternoon that she recovered consciousness. She knew absolutely nothing of what had taken place, and it was not until

some weeks after, when she had fully recovered, that her father told her all. Three years later she was married and is to-day as happy, a wife and mother as lives in Chicago."

## GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE.

### Strange and Terrible Suspicious Concerning Garibaldi's Third Wife.

The family of Garibaldi have readily accepted the pecuniary assistance from the government, which the old patriot so persistently refused up to the very last. His sons, although gallant soldiers, are shady characters in business matters. His son-in-law, Canzio, was one of the closest generals in times of war, but he shares the discredit of the young Garibaldi. As for Garibaldi's widow, Franseca Ramosino, it is probable that had she not borne the great liberator's name, she would have been called upon to answer before the tribunals for the death by poisoning, at Caprera, of Anita, the daughter of Garibaldi by his first wife, as well as for the mysterious death of a beautiful woman, who had attracted Garibaldi's notice, and who was found strangled with a cord around her neck at La Maddalena, although, of course, these two crimes have never yet been definitely brought home to Garibaldi's third and least commendable wife. Nor are these two murders the only tragedies connected with the honored name of Garibaldi, for his father's faithful secretary, Colonel Basso, the confidant of all his secrets, as well as of his wishes, was placed under restraint by the liberator's widow, under the pretext that his mind had become unbalanced through grief at the death of his master. Having succeeded in making his escape from the insane asylum at Genoa, where he was incarcerated, his body was discovered a couple of weeks later, with a knife driven through his heart.—The Argonaut.

## A Large Horse.

Jumbo, a horse owned by a Savin Rock shipbuilder, is said to be the largest horse in Connecticut. He is nearly seven feet high and weighs 1,700 pounds. He is a powerful animal, and has dragged with apparent ease a two-ton load. With the children he is a great favorite. It costs a good deal to feed him, as he has eight pecks of oats at each meal and makes away with 200 pounds of hay every week. His shoes are of unusual size and weigh four pounds each.

## TWO NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

Bishop of Liverpool: Jelly-fish Christianity is the great danger of these times. The jelly fish, though pretty and graceful in the sea is no sooner cast ashore than he becomes a mere helpless lump. Jelly-fish Christianity makes an idol of Christian virtues, while it proposes to sweep away all denomination barriers. There are thousands of jelly-fish clergymen, and countless jelly-fish sermons every year. Legions of jelly-fish students are turned out of the universities, and there are myriads of jelly-fish worshippers, all of which is the result of an unhappy dread of dogs.

Archdeacon Farrar: Where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English bible the three words "damnation," "hell," and "everlasting." Yet I say unhesitatingly—I say, claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here in the sight of God and my savior and it may be the angels and spirits of the dead, that not one of these words ought to stand any longer in our English bibles, for in our present acceptance of them they are simply mistranslations.

## HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHIC

Spectacles were invented in the year 1320, but were not in general use until nearly 200 years later.

The giant Galabard, brought from Araldia to Rome during the reign of Claudius Cæsar, was ten feet high.

Melons were first called canteloupes from being cultivated at Canteluppi, a village near Rome, where they had been introduced from Armenia by missionaries.

The Carthaginians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driven through the center were issued in France by King John the Good in 1303.

Antelope valley, in the upper part of Los Angeles county, Cal., which a few years ago was regarded as a semi-desert and an irreclaimable wilderness, now boasts eight schools, with an aggregate attendance of about 240 pupils, and is soon to establish another school district. The valley turned out something like a million dollars' worth of produce—mostly grain—last year.

The locating of St. Paul, Minn., where it was due to too much whisky elsewhere. According to Father Galtier, the officers at Fort Snelling drove away the settlers who had located across the river because they furnished too much whisky to the soldiers, and they settled at various places along the river. Many having located at "the Cave," now St. Paul, a church was built there and a city grew around it.

The famous oak under which Tasso is supposed to have spent the greater part of the day during the last year of his life, when he had retired to the convent of Sant Onofrio was blown down during a violent gale recently. The tree, which all visitors to Rome used to visit, was kept standing by supports of masonry on all sides, but at last, notwithstanding all the care taken to preserve it, it has succumbed to old age. The trunk will, however, be kept as a relic in the convent of Sant Onofrio.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:15 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

Trinity W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at 4:30 p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhees, President.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. H. K. LUM, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Dr. Safford's old stand. Night calls at office. 108

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

From the Howell Herald. The people of Mason climb the stand pipe of their water-works plant and view the State Capitol, at Lansing. Let us do the same at Howell.

there were no leap-years, years of 366 days instead of 365, it would happen once in seven years regularly; that is, there would be an extra, or 53 1/2 Thursdays every seventh year, and each day of the week would take its turn at having an extra, as there are but 364 days in 52 weeks.

What Makes a Beautiful Woman.

FLKHAHT, IND., July 1st, 1891. DULLAM'S GREAT GERMAN MEDICINE CO. My daughter has been afflicted with female trouble for over six years and I have paid out over \$750 in vain trying to find relief for her.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up saying that I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined that if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman."

Bartlett's Golden Oil—the wonderful Indian Remedy. Cures rheumatism, catarrh; coughs, colds, lung and kidney troubles. Sold at Gale's. 165td.

Mr. Bacon—"So you want my daughter's hand in marriage! What have you got to support yourself on?" Mr. Franke—"Nothing, sir. I have tried my hand at everything, now I would like to try your daughter's."—Yonkers Statesman.

Deacon Jones—"But, my dear man, why can not you and your wife agree to live in harmony?" Dear Man—"That's just it. I'm agreed, but she isn't. I, of course, want her to harmonize with me, but she insists that I shall harmonize with her. Just like a woman, you know. Bound to have her own way every time."—Boston Transcript.

First Young Man (at summer resort)—"I have met a good many amateur photographers, but I never saw one quite so devoted to the fad as you are." Second Young Man—"I never take photographs." "Eh! Then why do you carry that detective camera around with you all day, week in and week out?" "Because when the girls see me coming all the ugly ones run away and all the pretty ones stay."—Good News.

MITES OF MIRTH.

Johnson—"And so Jimson has gone to his reward?" Bronson—"Yes, poor fellow. I'm afraid he has."—Boston Gazette. Passmore—"So you are married. I hear!" Hipple—"Yes." "Gone to live with the girl's parents, I suppose?" "No; they have come to live with me."—Epoch.

Mr. Flaxseed (sampling the first course)—"By ginger, mother! This here Tabul dee Hoot we've heard so much about ain't nothin' more nor less than soup, b'gosh!"—Puck.

"Snicker, do you believe that brevity is the soul of wit?" "I think it must be, Hunker, for I know at least one professional humorist who is always 'short.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Gotham Citizen—"That was a horrible murder last night. Have you locked up the man who committed it?" Policeman—"No, but we've locked up twenty people who saw it."—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Gazzam—"Why, Mrs. Swayback, the last time I saw you your hair was blonde. Now it is dark." Mrs. Swayback—"Yes; you know my husband died since then." "Yes." "And I dyed, too."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"Do you think, Mabel, that your father would ever help me in business?" "I'm sure he would, George. He said the other night that he would have given you a lift if you hadn't got away from the front door so quickly."—Washington Star.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark. "Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light. Do tell me where you got the recipe?" "I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Youth's Companion.

WHOM TO ANTAGONIZE.

An Interesting Essay on the Gentle Art of Making Enemies.

A certain eccentric writer has recently stated in a certain eccentric book that one cannot be too careful in choosing one's enemies, and there is undoubtedly a modicum of truth in the remark, admits the Chicago News.

A little more thought, a little more care, might make one's enemies a positive pleasure instead of a nuisance, but that thought and care are seldom or never exercised. If they were we should not witness perpetually mistakes such as really jar upon the sensible mind.

He can whistle in such a way as to be heard for many shops and his vindictive and contemptuous "Yuh!" is more penetrating than the voice of the file. He is also an adept at bespattering with mud those who have offended him.

Therefore in choosing your enemies avoid selecting your butcher boy. But do not, on the other hand, fly into the opposite extreme and make choice of your next door elderly vegetarian as your sworn and most particular foe.

When a vegetarian "turns nasty" his rancor is apt to partake of the nature of the green and gulfish crab. He is as hard to put up with as an angry pea, his insults are as difficult to swallow as an ill-cooked turnip.

The poet Wordsworth remarks somewhere that children come from heaven "trailing clouds of glory." This may be solemn truth or merely poetic license, but certain it is that they possess an equal power of enveloping those whom they do not love in trailing clouds of shame.

A toddler in rose-colored ribbons, decked out in the voluminous sausage curls that so majestically adorn the small round head of infantine innocence, can with a word dye the furrowed cheek of the hero of a hundred fights with burning scarlet, or fill the kindly heart of the famous philanthropist with a Herod-like lust for numerous murder.

Whatever indiscreet thing you may do during the voyage of life never be so mad as to rouse the animosity of "sweet, sinless childhood." Fly in the face of prime ministers ride roughshod over the tenderest susceptibilities of councilors, defy Mrs. Grundy, try to get the last word with a talkative shrew, do what wild things you list, but as you value your piece of mind always defer to children under the age of 8. Be kind to them. Offer them the frequent sugar-plum and you will have your reward.

Black Walnut. Black walnut formerly so extensively used in the manufacture of furniture, is said to be growing exceedingly scarce in Florida. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that the black gum, which grows so plentifully throughout the Southern states, and especially in Florida, is an excellent substitute for black walnut, and can be stained so that an expert could hardly detect the difference between the two woods.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever-sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 274

Public Indorsement

IS THE HIGHEST TRIBUTE THAT CAN BE GIVEN.

The increase of our Sales this year by at least 100 per cent of any preceding year demonstrates in an unmistakable manner that the public have appreciated our war against high prices on

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.

For the Holidays.

Our stock has been newly replenished in all lines, and another great cut has been made.

COME. COME. COME. We Can Please You One And All. ADOLPH ENGGASS, THE POPULAR Wholesale and Retail JEWELRY HOUSE, 78 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH. ESTABLISHED 1865.

THE SUN Has secured during 1892:

- W. D. Howells, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Rudyard Kipling, R. Louis Stevenson, W. Clark Russell, H. Rider Haggard, Norman Lockyer, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, J. Chandler Harris, William Black, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and many other distinguished writers.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5 cents a copy. By mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN

STILL CONTINUES The Most Popular Family Newspaper in the West. IT IS THE BEST NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME, THE WORKSHOP, OR THE BUSINESS OFFICE. FOR THE PROFESSIONAL MAN, THE WORKINGMAN, OR THE POLITICIAN.

IT IS A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER, and as such is ably conducted, numbering among its writers the ablest in the country. It publishes ALL THE NEWS and keeps its readers perfectly posted on important events all over the world.

THE BEST STORIES AND SKETCHES IN THE LANGUAGE. Its FOREIGN and DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE is very extensive and the best. The Youth's Department, Curiosity Shop, Woman's Kingdom & The Home Are Better than a Magazine for the Family.

THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN Is One Dollar per Year, postage paid. THE SEMI-WEEKLY INTER OCEAN Is published every Monday and Thursday at \$2.00 per year, postage paid. The DAILY INTER OCEAN is \$6.00 PER YEAR POSTAGE PAID. The SUNDAY INTER OCEAN is 2.00 PER YEAR POSTAGE PAID. Liberal Terms to Active Agents. Send for Sample Copy. Address THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World. ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City. "The Rochester."

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple, yet powerful 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 remedy, in German, French or English, with full directions, for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NIXON, 231 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it Chaffee & Hunter. Sewing machines repaired, and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

Plymouth Savings Bank

PLYMOUTH, MICH. E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, Vice Pres. 4 PER CENT. paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up. Come and open an account with us. DIRECTORS: E. C. LEACH, L. H. BENNETT, L. D. SHEARER, I. N. STARKWEATHER, G. S. VAN SICKLE, O. R. PATTINGELL, L. C. HUGHES, S. J. SPRINGER, A. D. LYNDON, J. W. HOSIE, WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GEEB, L. C. SHERWOOD.

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES DESTROYED. If your land is being infested by Mole, send for \$1.50. W. N. WHEATLEY, Plymouth, Mich., for one of these above traps. They are sure to catch them.

CIRCUIT RIDERS.

An Old-Time Type of Men That is Fast Dying Out.

The old circuit rider, who long ago vanished in the North and West, still survives to some extent in the South.

A few years more and he will be a reminiscence, because railroads are beginning to penetrate the primitive communities existing in a great portion of the Southern states.

The old circuit rider was a remarkable man, twin type, as it were, of the class of men who penetrated the wilderness of the Western world in advance of civilization.

The old circuit rider was the avart courier of Methodism in America. He could ride all day, exhort and sing at revivals at night, and throw himself down on the cabin floor for a few hours, rise early and re-sume his journey to some other spot where souls to save; handy were his fists if assailed, and last, but not least, he was a good judge of horseflesh.

The old circuit rider, I am sorry to say had some small vices, such as chewing and smoking, and occasionally took his dram, and in my region some few still retain these habits.

We in the South are beginning to draw the line firmer in these things. We don't object to his owning a good piece of horseflesh; but young men who ask to be admitted to the ministry are sharply questioned as to whether they use tobacco or not, and it is understood that the use of tobacco in any form is a bar to admission.

Then, too, the exhorter is no longer the ignorant man that he once was. We now encourage a regular course of study for admission to the ministry.

There is only one thing I regret about my last failure," said a Chicago business man, confidentially to his friend.

"What's that?" asked his friend inquisitively.

"The 33 cents on the dollar that I was obliged to pay."—Somerville Journal.

LITTLE JOCARULARITIES.

"What on earth is Jimmie crying about now?" asked papa. "He wants to give his goldfish a bath," returned mamma.—Puck.

"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he's down!" "Begorra, what did I work so hard to get him down for?"—Brandon Bucksaw.

Foley—"Have you nice neighbors?" Patterson—"Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the spring and summer in Newport."—Epoch.

Lasher—"Dasher says that you are a fool." Masher—"Deah me! I shall certainly cut him when I meet him." Lasher—"Don't. He will feel more insulted if you recognize him."—Puck.

Wildman—"Excuse me, old fellow, for saying this about your wife, but as often as I've met her I can't seem to get acquainted with her, isn't she an awfully distant sort of person?" "Mildman—"Gosh, no! I sometimes wish she was, though." Boston Courier.

Wagg—"It's too bad about that girl that jumped off the Washington monument, isn't it?" Wooden—"Why, what did she jump off for?" Wagg—"Why, you see she was very thin." Wooden—"What had that to do with it?" Wagg—"Why, she thought she'd come down plump."—Boston Courier.

Smart Youth, to rustic old party on opposite side of the street car—"You seem to be looking at me pretty close, uncle. Do I remind you of some one you used to know?" Rustic Old Party—"Yes. You remind me of an aunt of mine in Pennsylvania. Only she's got a little more beard than you've got."—Chicago Tribune.

"Mamma," said Chippy Oldblock, looking up from the newspaper that he was slowly spelling out, "I should like to be Annie L. Jorkins' little boy." "What makes you say that, dear?" asked Mrs. Oldblock. She had tried hard to do her duty by him, and it grieved her to think that his affections should go out to some one else.

"Why, you see, this paper says that the Annie L. Jorkins has just come into port with her spanker gone."—Boston Post.

A touching instance of the humor which never deserts a true Irishman, even in his worst troubles, is recorded. A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hand above the earthwork. His captain asked: "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied with a grin, as he worked his fingers: "I'm feelin' for a furlough, sure!"

Just then a rifle ball struck his arm below the wrist. He drew it down quickly and grasped it with the other hand to check the blood. Then a queer expression of pain and humor passed his face, and he exclaimed: "An' faith, it's a discharge!"—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO REYAIN HEALTH.

Rules as Adopted By the Physical Regeneration Society, London.

Abstain from fish, flesh, fowl and dishes prepared from them; alcohol, tobacco and all intoxicants; mineral water, fermented foods, mineral salt and salted foods, any tin-preserved foods that are in the least degree acid, baking powders, vinegars and pickles, tea drawn for longer than three minutes, boiled coffee or chicory used as an adulterant, unboiled milk or un-boiled water.

"Eat slowly and chew well." Be moderate in the quantity, and particular in the quality of all food.

Drugs—Abstain from drugs of every description, whether in the form of sleeping or other draughts, pills, castor oil, codliver oil, p.e.k.-drops, tonics, jujubes, lozenges, &c.

Clothe in undyed all-wool, all-over-porous materials, whether for under-clothing or linings, using colored stuffs only for upper or outer garments. Have all underclothing washed at least once weekly, and oftener if subject to odorous or excessive action of the skin. Do not sleep in any clothing worn during the day.

The Sleeping Room—Furnish the sleeping apartments with single beds, with wire or spring lathe frames, upon which place a horsehair or wool mattress. Do not have a feather bed on this. Let all night clothing and bed covering, (except perhaps the sheets) be all wool, and light in weight; do not use, close, heavy cotton quilts, either down or fur rugs, have windows open night and day, and protect from draughts by screens, and from colds by head-coverings; do not have gas, lamp, candle or night-lamp burning in your sleeping room, nor standing soiled water. Keep drinking water covered.

The Bath—Wash or bathe the body at least every twenty-four hours in cold, warm or hot water, according to your condition of health; bathe the whole body, including the head, in hot water at least once weekly.

Exercise and Employment—Systematically exercise every muscle of the body daily, but do not produce a sensation of exhaustion or weakness. Practice deep breathing, and always through the nostrils, with closed mouth.

Employ yourself from six to eight hours daily in some useful and non-injurious occupation.

Rest and Sleep—Take bodily rest for bodily fatigue.

Sleep as many hours as you find necessary to completely recuperate your strength, and take half of those hours before and half after midnight.

Avoid artificial light as much as possible.

Observe regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The White Man Killed Them Off With Poison and Bullets.

The aborigines of Australia were exterminated by poison as well as by bullets, declares a writer in the Chicago Herald. I can well remember when a child listening to an old Moreton Bay settler giving an account to a number of admiring auditors of the manner in which he had "dosed" a number of the savages. They had been the cause of a good deal of trouble among his sheep and cattle, and of constant alarm to the whites residing on his station. So he determined to teach them a lesson. Under a pretense of a desire to renew friendly relations he sent a message to the tribe that he required a number of able bodied men from among them to come and strip bark to roof some new huts that he was about to build. He promised to feed them well and they were to have unlimited supply of damper and beef. The place of meeting was appointed in the neighborhood of a stringy bark mountain. He would himself take out the flour and bake the damper.

The time had come, the blacks had arrived, and the good white man (as they now thought) had brought a sack of flour with other provisions.

In anticipation of the feast the blacks scattered about and commenced their work of stripping bark, while their good white man baked. Not the slightest suspicion of poison entered into the minds of the blacks. They gathered up for the great feast, after putting in a morning's work, commenced to eat ravenously, and the white man, anxious that they should eat so much that they should never want to eat again, urged them to eat more and more. Soon the effects told. One jumped up with a spasm, then another, and soon the word went round. "The white man has poisoned the damper." Maddened with agony and rage, they rushed for their enemy, who had already mounted his horse but only barely escaped by galloping full speed away. I heard this white man describe how, a few days after, upon coming back to the spot the scene all round like a chamber of horrors. The damper had only too well done its work.

In traveling about the bush I have often seen skeletons, skulls and the scattered bones of dead blacks who had fallen victims to the anger of the white man.

A man's declining years begin at fifty; a woman's begin from fifteen to eighteen.

—Acheson Globe.

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

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-fourth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Adaline Crosby, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Calvin B. Crosby, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the twenty-sixth day of January, 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.

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 fourteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Voley, deceased.

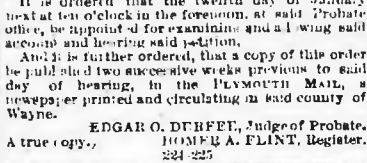
Huldah Passage administratrix of the estate of said deceased having tendered to this court her final administration account and in accordance with her petition praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the twelfth day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published two 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.

Free! Free!



The "Life of Gen. Sherman," the "Life of P. T. Barnum," and "Our Home Cyclopaedia" positively given away to my customers.

The finest line of drugs, drug sundries and perfumes in town.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

Fine Teas, Coffees, Etc

GIVE ME A CALL.

H. HARRISON.

UNDER AMITY HALL.

C. E. Passage

Successor to E. J. BRADNER.

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Paints, Oils, and Varnishes.

Books, Papers, and Magazines.

Star Grocery.

PLYMOUTH.

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

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

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

Christmas

IS COMING! SO ARE WE WITH OUR ANNUAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

A beautiful 8x10 Frame Given away

WITH EVERY DOZEN CABINET PHOTOS.

Come Early.

Cloudy weather as good as a machine for making snapshots—and put this on your list.

For Artistic Picture Framing

In all the latest designs and novelties. We lead them all.

200 STYLES of Mouldings and Frames to select from. Inspect them! You are always welcome.

Gallery lighted by electricity and open evenings.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, BROWN & CO. NORTVILLE.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Exchange Bank

of Plymouth, at Plymouth, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 21, 1891.

Table with 2 columns: Resources and Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U.S. Bonds, etc.

Table with 2 columns: LIABILITIES and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid up, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. I, O. A. FRANK, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Dec. 1891.

Correct—Attest: GEO. A. SPARKWEATHER, E. W. CHAFFEE, R. C. SAFFORD, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK

At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 2, 1891.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Bonds, etc.

Table with 2 columns: LIABILITIES and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid up, Surplus fund, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. I, L. C. SHERWOOD, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of Dec. 1891.

Correct—Attest: S. J. SPRINGER, L. C. HOUGH, E. C. LEACH, Directors.

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

MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Charles A. Lowrie of Genesee, Michigan, to William F. Reed and Miriam Reed of the same place, dated the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Wayne, and State of Michigan, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1891, in Liber 318 of Mortgages on page 184 and whereas by reason of said default there is due and unpaid at the date upon said mortgage and the notes accompanying the same including principal and interest, and an attorney fee of the five dollars, provided for in said mortgage, in case the same should be foreclosed, in all the sum of one thousand four hundred twenty-two and 10/100 dollars, (1,422 22/100), and no suit or proceeding having been instituted, either at law or in equity to recover the same, or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute of the State of Michigan, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Saturday the 5th day of March, A. D. 1892 at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Westernly door of the City Hall, the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne is held in the city of Detroit, the premises described in said mortgage, not heretofore released by us from said mortgage, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said indebtedness, interest, attorney fee and expenses of sale: Lots numbered from four (4) to twenty-two (22) both inclusive; fifty-six (56) to fifty-three (53) both inclusive; fifty-six (56) to fifty (50) both inclusive; thirty-seven (37) to thirty-three (33) both inclusive; two hundred thirty-three (233) to two hundred thirty-two (232) both inclusive; two hundred thirty-one (231) to two hundred thirty (230) both inclusive; two hundred twenty-nine (229) to two hundred twenty-eight (228) both inclusive; two hundred twenty-seven (227) to two hundred twenty-six (226) both inclusive; two hundred twenty-five (225) to two hundred twenty-four (224) both inclusive; three hundred thirty-three (333) to three hundred thirty-two (332) both inclusive; 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CIVILIZATION as it exists now is the sum of what has been accomplished by all the right human effort of the past. As far as it exists as a reality it is a change in the original human nature, and all accomplishments such as the machinery of production and distribution through the use of steam and electricity, are only manifestations of this change.

While unfair or hostile criticism is to be deprecated it must not be forgotten that the author expressly invites public judgment and that he has no claim to favor except as he merits it. He puts his wares on the market with the unspoken declaration that they are worth the price asked and the time necessary to read them; and anyone who finds them worth neither time nor money has express license to say so.

A GENERATION or so ago children were sent to school almost as soon as they could walk and talk. Then came a period during which they were kept at home until well along in their digits, and taught if at all at home. The kindergarten avoids the objection to the old way without entailing the serious loss of time incident to the new way.

UNTIL within a very recent period civilization has never been studied at all. There has been some theorizing about it by poets, historians and metaphysicians, but no study; no slow and laborious putting together of the facts of one century to the facts of another to reach the truth of the whole. In this study the nineteenth century has been pre-eminent; and from whatever standpoint the subject has been approached, the conclusion has been reached that there is a purpose in civilization above the conscious purposes of any or all who have worked from century to century to bring it about.

THERE are other than purely political and economic issues which, in our day, challenge public attention and deserve thoughtful consideration. And among these pertinent issues is the source from whence we are to draw our supply of the new citizens of this republic. Two sources of supply are accessible to us—immigration and the growing up of American children. We are all keenly alive to the dangers that threaten our government when ignorant, immoral and vicious foreigners are made citizens by humorists and thousands, and the importance of surrounding the process of naturalization with proper safeguards is readily appreciated by all who are awake to the danger of the republic from this quarter.

The Nativity of Christ and Lessons Drawn Therefrom—They Came in Haste and Found Mary and Joseph and the Babe in a Manger—A Night in Bethlehem.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1891.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning a sermon appropriate to the Christmas season. Taking up the subject of the Nativity he drew from it lessons which, though perfectly familiar, are commonly overlooked. His text was Luke 2:16, "And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the ox and camel kneeling that night before the new-born babe. Add well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest nor a worm-out horse on low path, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the heavy to market without water, though a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection, but an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan, he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in the world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have allied orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into the manger, and taken his first infant slumber amid Tyrian plush and cauponed couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of animal suffering as well as the Redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, look out, how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to these birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous little picture of the Nativity, while you point out to the child the angel, show him also the camel, and what they hear the celestial chant. Let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world, when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadruped world when he allowed himself to be called in once place a lion, and in another place a lamb. Men who have mercy on the suffering stock-yards, that are preparing diseased and levered meat for our American households.

Behold, also, in this little scene, how, on that Christmas night, God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud, as he will descend on his next visit in a cloud. In what a chorus of illumined vapor he might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry, with lightning for drawn sword, Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to take him down? Or, ever the archangel bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory kneelings of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection

of that one child's face be seen in all faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under obsequy. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be intentional and intentional, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and as a quadrilateral God has infinite resources, and he can give presence of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world, he gave about 181 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adorned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples, to teach the lesson of humanity. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blücher how they could be shot out through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian General would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate Generals in conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg, instead of Harrisburg; and this, reported to Gov. Curtin, the Federal forces hurried to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the destinies, and whether in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as a child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Notice, also, that in this little night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the divine infant? Not bores, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Archimedes and Faradays of their time. Their chemistry was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that we have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living let us should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Nicholson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abernethy and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the gospels, and Amasis, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York and of this land and of all lands, reverent to the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say, "Before Jesus and legislatures and senators. All theology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, "We must, by the help of God, get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child, before whom, eight hundred years ago, the wise men bent their tired knees in worship."

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, someone dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No, the shepherds heard the first two notes of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yea, the fields were honored.

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man, in his dying dream, calls, "Mother, mother." It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fire-place, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life. If you painted a Madonna, her's would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and what there anyone who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible as you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to you, you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough, and bereavements enough, while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal home of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your throne, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. "Hail, enthroned anarchy! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet."

HELP FOR THE HORSE.

THE GREAT ADVANCEMENT IN EQUINE SURGERY.

When Injured the Animal is Almost as Well Cared for as a Man—What Medical Science is Doing for Man's Friend.

When it was announced that Uncle Rob, the American derby winner of 1890, who broke his leg at Garfield park, would not be shot, there was great rejoicing among the sporting fraternity, says the Chicago News. Several of his admirers paused a moment while celebrating the glad tidings to pay a passing compliment to veterinary surgery, which put a horse's broken leg in splints instead of putting a bullet into his brain.

There seems to be a general impression that the only remedy for a broken bone in a horse is plenty of powder and lead judiciously and promptly administered. To the great majority of people the idea that the unfortunate animal need not give its life as a penalty for a fractured limb was so novel as to excite wonder, yet splints are placed daily around broken legs of horses.

One of the young doctors on the staff of the Chicago veterinary college, when the inquiry was put "Why is it necessary to shoot a horse when it breaks a leg?" promptly answered: "There are plenty of fool ideas floating around regarding horses, but the most foolish of the lot is the idea that broken bones of a horse will not unite. The plain fact is that they will join as readily as the bones of a man, and all that is necessary to make a union is to keep the patient quiet. Now, that is the sum and substance of it all. If you can keep your horse quiet you can set any bone in his body, but there is where the trouble comes in. It is impossible to make a horse keep still."

Much depended on the locality of the fracture. If it is below the knee and not comminuted, that is if the bone is not broken in fragments, the leg can be put in a plaster cast, the horse placed in a sling, and the chances are that the bone will unite all right. It will take four to six weeks to make a union, and the horse will probably go lame for three or four months after. A fracture below the hock can be treated successfully, but if it is above the bullet is the only thing to recommend, for there is no way to keep the leg fixed and the horse will not keep still. Thus the conditions are against a union, and the broken bones keep the animal in such agony that it is a merciful act to kill it.

If a horse had as much sense as a dog we could treat it more successfully, for a dog will hold its broken leg up and travel on three legs, but a horse apparently does not favor the injured limb, but will rest its weight on a fractured bone as though the bone were whole. It will not do to sling a horse completely off its feet, for the entire weight would come on the respiratory and digestive organs, producing such distress that the horse would die. The sling is used to prevent the horse lying down, and is so adjusted that the animal can put its weight on the sling by slightly bending the knees.

When the young surgeon had finished talking he led the way to the operating room, where Dr. Sayre, assisted by Dr. Hughes, was performing an exceedingly nice operation in veterinary dentistry. The tooth in the case was far back in the upper jaw, so badly decayed that it had disappeared from sight. The operating table had a tilting top, moved by a screw lever. Straps for binding the legs, body and neck were firmly attached to the table top, which stood on its edge, while the blindfolded horse was strapped securely. The wheel was turned and the table tilted from the perpendicular to a horizontal position, carrying the horse with it. As there was nothing of the tooth for the forceps to grasp, it was decided that the only way to extract the tooth was to push it out.

After giving the seat of pain an injection of cocaine Dr. Sayre drilled a hole straight into the jawbone above the tooth, passing through a large pus cavity and severing several small arteries, which were carefully ligatured. The tooth was so soft and so rotten that large pieces were found floating in the pus. When the loose fragments of the tooth had been crushed and drawn out through the incision an iron bar was placed against the roots and the tooth was driven down and out by a mallet.

During the operation the sufferer gazed wonderingly at the doctors with patient eyes, moaning with pain and fright and struggling whenever a nerve was pierced. But the removal of the tooth ended the pain, and when all was over the wound was carefully dressed and the horse led to a stall. Sometimes horses keep their teeth filled, and extracting, filing and cleaning the teeth are common occurrences.

At the Club. Gay Bachelor—Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones? Henpecked Friend (wearily)—Oh, I don't know—seems longer.—Life.

COLD AND FOG.

Londoners Get a Rare Taste of Cold Weather and Don't Like It.

Londoners get a rare taste of cold weather prevails throughout England and causes more or less distress everywhere. The water on the lowlands where the Thames overflows its banks is covered with good, strong ice. Aside from the intense cold, to which Londoners are but in a small measure accustomed, the city is covered, almost obliterated, by a thick, choking fog, and all traffic on the river has been suspended. Very few wagons, carriages or other vehicles are moving about the streets and it may be said that all business except that which is carried on in doors is at a standstill.

Several accidents caused by the fog have been reported. The fog also covers the Irish Sea, and the commanders of the mail boats plying between Holyhead and Kingstown have refused to venture on their usual trips until the fog lifts.

An Insane Man's Suicide.

An officer found a man lying in a pool of blood on the sidewalk in front of a five-story building in Plymouth Place, Chicago, on the morning of the 20th. The patrol was summoned, but the man died before reaching the station. Letters found in his pockets showed that his name was Carl Edgar Johnson, a furniture varnisher, and that he had apparently been living in the city for some time. The proprietor of a small hotel on South Clark street said the man registered there and was assigned a room. Early in the morning he arose and left the hotel. Investigation showed that Johnson went into the Manhattan building, walked up to the fifth floor and then jumped through a window into the street below. He had not stopped to raise the sash, but jumped through the glass, the sidewalk being strewn with the pieces. His hat was found on the fifth floor, Johnson's head was crushed to a pulp and the sidewalk spattered with his blood. He is supposed to have been insane.

An Iowa Cyclone.

A storm having elements of a summer hurricane struck Marshalltown, Iowa, causing much damage. The house of Andrew Oleson, in the southwest part of the city, was blown down and burned. Oleson was caught in the wreck and so badly crushed that he will die. Many barns and outbuildings were demolished and trees uprooted. The farm-house of Thomas Hughes, six miles southwest of town, was lifted up bodily and carried 100 feet but not greatly damaged. The occupants escaped injury. The storm went in streaks, leveling stalk fields as if by a roller. It was a straight wind and accompanied by violent lightning, thunder and hail, and preceded by a roar like that of a heavy freight train.

The nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as secretary of war has been confirmed by the senate. Other confirmations were Eugs I. Nebeker, of Indiana, United States treasurer; J. C. Le Gar, refiner of the United States mint at New Orleans; J. C. Quinn, collector internal revenue, first California district; William H. Brooks, collector internal revenue, for the first Pennsylvania district; W. E. Simonds, of Connecticut, commissioner of patents. All of the military nominations, 263 in number, received up to the present date, were also confirmed.

THE MARKET.

Table with market prices for various goods in Detroit and New York. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

Table with market prices for various goods in Kansas City and Buffalo. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

Weekly Review of Trade. NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—(U. S. Dan & Co. in their weekly review of trade says: Holiday trade is not always a true measure of the prosperity of the people, but it is satisfactory to know that at most points it was unusually large this year. Though some localities report that it is less than last year's, general trade this season is usually light, but at many points it is reported larger than last year. Reports show less complaint as to collections and a large trade in products. Speculation continues moderate, wheat having risen 1/4c with sales of 13,400,000 bu; corn having declined 1c and out of a fraction. Coffee is unchanged. Cotton has dropped a sixteenth below its with receipts from plantations exceeding last year's to date by 536,000 bales. The very large output of coal leads operators to expect lower prices. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last six days number 292, as compared with 335 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 333.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

German Syrup

Asthma.

I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario.

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. THE GREAT COUGH CURE. A COSE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, I will cure you promptly. If your child has CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c, and \$1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Plaster. Price, 25c.

SALVATION OIL. TRADE MARK. KILLS ALL PAIN, 25c A BOTTLE.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 Pure. THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

IN LUCK.

A House and Two Ghosts. Furnished for Five Dollars a Month.

A tall, dignified-looking gentleman, stood facing an unoccupied house on a prominent West Side street, the other day, closely scanning a large white sign which hung on the front door. The house was a handsome, modern structure two stories high, and had evidently been built by some wealthy man, for residence purposes; but was now advertised as being: "For Rent."

The tall man had just finished taking observations and jotting down the owner's address in a small note-book, and was turning to leave, when a neighbor came along and pleasantly remarked:

"It's a pity that a fine house like this should stand idle for such a long time." "Why, how long has it been idle?" "Well, the last tenant moved out two years ago, and the owner can't find another who is brave enough to live in there."

"What's the matter with it? Danger of collapsing?" "Oh, no! The house is built solid enough. The great trouble is, that it's haunted."

"You don't say!" And the tall man seemed to grow more interested. "It's a fact. Every Wednesday and Friday just at midnight, the people in the neighborhood are startled by a series of wild, blood-curdling yells; and immediately after that, two white figures appear at the upper windows; I've seen them myself, and the good man shuddered, as he thought of it."

"Have you any idea what rental the owner demands for the whole house?" "Yes, I heard him say he'd let anybody have it for five dollars per month."

"Five dollars a month! Great Caesar! but that's a bargain. Guess I'll take it before some other fellow gets ahead of me."

"But wouldn't you be afraid of living in a house infested with spooks?" "Oh, I'm quite used to them. I am a spiritualist and, as I hold my seances every Wednesday and Friday night, those spooks will come in very handy. You'll excuse me, sir, while I go and see the owner and sign a lease for ninety-nine years."

And as he walked off, he muttered to himself: "Five dollars a month, and two full-fledged ghosts to boot. That is indeed a bargain."—Geo. E. Peters in Arkansas Traveler.

CAN'T UNDERSTAND AMERICA.

Novelist Howells' Amazing Experience with an Official in Venice.

The ways of English and Americans are still appalling to the more indolent and less cleanly Southern nations, which have had for many decades large opportunities for studying these race peculiarities, and yet have never ceased to wonder, says Youth's Companion: When W. D. Howells was consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occupied by him gave occasion for the following suggestive incident:

In my account of this affair to the commissary of police I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window sill, and his hand extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open?" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly."

"Pardon," said the commissary, suspiciously, "do all Americans sleep with their windows open?" "I may venture to say they all do in summer," I answered. "At least, it is the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience, and but for my official dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his armchair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Pardon!" and turning to his clerk, said:

"Write down that according to the American custom, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwags.

A Clever Sheep-Dog.

The intelligence of sheep-dogs is a well-known fact of canine history. A sheep-dog without sheep feels that his occupation is gone, especially if he has been trained to herd a flock. Not long ago the people of a small village were in great distress, not a child could be found. After a long search, there was a great outcry; all of the small children of the village were found in a deserted yard, watched over by a sheep-dog. Not having any sheep, he had followed his instinct by collecting all the children of the place into one fold. Saturday Evening Post.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

A prep into the sanctum of a managing editor at night, will reveal some funny things. The editor will call out "Boil down Gladstone!" put a bead on "Tug Wilson!" make a display of Mrs. Langtry, and "Bring me my Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, as I fear I have taken cold."

None can be called deformed but the unkempt. The apple you must have always looks the sweetest.

Once upon a time the course of true love never ran smooth. The young lovers would meet in the gloaming, would hang on the gate late, and catch rheumatism. Now, they do likewise, but the pains they get from cold are all rubbed out with Salvation Oil. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink.

Riches lie in self sacrifice.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

"I serve," is a truly moral motto.

Short-hand by mail. Good Positions secured all competent pupils. W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

True freedom stands in neckless.

Dr. Foster's new pamphlet on Varicocele tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 70, New York.

Ignorance never settles a question.

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

Every man is some kind of a coward.

Don't fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

Any work is hard work to a lazy man.

Though the McKinley bill has a bad name, its effects cannot yet be foreseen, but the effect of indigestion is still the same. And the tariffs no higher on Coalite.

The cross can only be seen from a cross.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION (monthly) with its hundreds of superb illustrations ranks first, 50c yearly, with free 25c et. copy of any style. Send 2 (2c) stamps for sample copy. Blackwell & Co., 40 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

In nature there is no bluish but the mild.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troche," give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Every good man builds his own monuments.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. To THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, Dr. J. B. MARCHESI, 804 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word. There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Carter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHIC OR SAMPLE FREE.

Pride, generally, is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

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

Evil shall hunt the violent man, to overthrow him.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The law is always written on stone, but grace comes to us through a loving heart.

MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine room when one said: "How was it Tom?" "I was caught up, slumped against the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained. I was cured in one day." What cured him?

ST. JACOBS OIL

with equal facility and certainty, has cured promptly and permanently worse cases. Here is one after suffering half a lifetime.

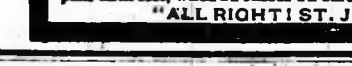
14 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., August 11, 1888.

In 1881 sprained my arm, climbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1888, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JACOB TZENSBERGER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

DOES THE PRICE SUIT YOU?

Offer you almost a \$1.00 bottle of FORESTINE COUGH SYRUP and 25c FORESTINE PASTER all for 50c New. Even Consumption can be cured by this wonderful combination. Put the plaster on the Chest, Change with each new bottle, and take the Syrup as directed. "Fights the Disease both ways at once and guaranteed to cure in less time than any other known treatment, or money returned. All Dealers.



The Poor Man's Friend

Offer you almost a \$1.00 bottle of FORESTINE COUGH SYRUP and 25c FORESTINE PASTER all for 50c New. Even Consumption can be cured by this wonderful combination. Put the plaster on the Chest, Change with each new bottle, and take the Syrup as directed. "Fights the Disease both ways at once and guaranteed to cure in less time than any other known treatment, or money returned. All Dealers.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Where it is used, or money returned. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15c.

No man is who knows himself proud.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. Not a single remedy used. Absolute cures. Treatise and 50c BOTTLE FREE to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The man who undertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will find that he can't do it.



"How do I look?"

That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

"Times have changed." So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help Nature, instead of fighting with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. DO YOU COUGH DONT DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE.

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large Bottles 50c. Small 25c.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleaning the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores a sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 26 Warren Street, New York

CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN. Daily at 6 P. M. from Chicago. New and elegant equipment, built especially for this service. Train heated throughout by gas. Tickets and further information of your local ticket agent, or by addressing, A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER impurities, build strength, renew appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency, or feeling absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, all nervousness, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, will find it a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom to cheeks, beautifies complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Greenland" brand. Send us 2 cent stamp for 25-cent sample.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA

We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. Dr. P. Harold Hays, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. N. U. D., 10-1.

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

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

SHORTHAND AND BOOKKEEPING thoroughly taught by mail and personally. NATIONAL INSSTITUTE, Detroit.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

\$500.00 can be made by you selling Norway Stock for us this winter. Don't delay. Start at once. Write for terms. ALLEN NITSEY CO., Saginaw, Mich.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS. SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN. Daily at 6 P. M. from Chicago. New and elegant equipment, built especially for this service. Train heated throughout by gas. Tickets and further information of your local ticket agent, or by addressing, A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC. Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER impurities, build strength, renew appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency, or feeling absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, all nervousness, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, will find it a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom to cheeks, beautifies complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Greenland" brand. Send us 2 cent stamp for 25-cent sample.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. Dr. P. Harold Hays, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. N. U. D., 10-1.

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

**SPINNING WHEEL SONG.**

When the flax was blue,  
The days were so bright,  
For my life was new,  
And my heart was light;  
And my lover said  
He was fond and true,  
And that we should wed  
When the flax was blue;  
When the flax was star-eyed and blue.

The flax has been blue  
Again and again;  
Ah! me, if he knew  
That I watch in vain,  
He would come, could he yet,  
And be fond and true,  
And he would not forget  
That the flax is blue;  
That the flax is star-eyed and blue.

—Detroit Free Press.

**ONLY A FRIEND.**

There was gloom in the office of Casey & Co. The bookkeeper—a monarch in his way—had ceased to smile.

For two long months it had been thus and the office-boy and caligrapher-girl were, on the quiet, of anxious anticipation for the result.

That something was coming they did not doubt, for, of all the changes possible in man, that of John Lawson from a merry, jocular fellow, never unkind and always considerate to a cold, harsh and scowling visaged man, was about the greatest they had ever known.

'Twas ever since the middle of July that this change had been: they remembered it well, for one evening, after kindly bidding them good night he remarked that he would not be in the next day; but when he did return, two days later, they found him as he had been ever since, as told above.

Often, during the hot summer afternoons, would they hear him sigh, and sometimes, when work was slack and the bills had been made out, he would stand for an hour at a time gazing blankly from a window or at something in the room, as if, as the office-boy expressed it, he was thinking of something "away off."

"Well, John, what do you say? will you go? I'm sure it will be grand; picnics always are, and, besides, as we have invited those young ladies, you surely ought to go."

"Who are these Travers, mother? I never heard of 'em. Say, they're not those giggling creatures that called with Mary the other day?"

"It is very evident, John, that you have never met them or you would not talk that way, for, saying nothing of the family which is, by the way, one of the most honored of old Virginia stock, they are themselves, in manners and looks, simply inexpressible."

"Really, my mother, you make me curious, although I don't suppose there's any difference, for all girls are the same, every mother's daughter of 'em."

"No, no, John, I'm sure you will like the Misses Travers, and especially Belle, who is, by the way, the belle of Plumbank; her sister, Genevieve, is engaged, I've heard, so when you go be sure and pay Belle the most attention, as she will expect it; whereas, it would be wasted upon Genevieve, who, being all wrapped up in some other man, could not of course expect much attention from another."

Now, John Lawson was one of those contrary sort of fellows, and especially when any one dictated to him how he should conduct himself.

However, being a young man of good common sense, he always heeded advice or suggestions made by others, and rarely came to grief through his contrariness.

Though it was said by those who knew him that he was a man of exceptionally strong will and hardheartedness, yet he knew that it was not true, and to himself he acknowledged that he was as weak, as silly and as soft as the rest of them.

Therefore, John Lawson being acquainted with himself, always judged and acted as John Lawson thought best. He had one great fear—of falling in love. 'Twas not that he was not "agreeable" but he wished to get rich first, and consequently always avoided unengaged and pretty girls as much as possible. Therefore, it is a wonder, that under the circumstances, knowing it would be impossible to avoid, going, that he should conclude to pay all his attention to Miss Genevieve?—she who was engaged—thereby making it impossible for him to even more than like her?

Alas for his well laid plans, why had he not one little doubt? He should ascertain to a certainty that it was Genevieve; alack, the perversity of fate.

It was a lovely day, that day in July; everything was beautiful.

The dark woods were literally carpeted with thousands of ferns and wild flowers, while in walking through one would occasionally come upon some bubbling spring. To John Lawson this was a red letter day, for walking at the side of beautiful Genevieve Travers and breathing his annual draught of pure air and ozone, he forgetting at the time that she was engaged, forgot himself, and paid too much attention.

He endeavored to amuse her and believed he had succeeded, but he went too far, and when they parted

that day, he tried, but in vain, to forget her.

There is brightness in the office of Casey & Co.

John Lawson has just discovered that it is not Genevieve, but her sister, Belle Travers who is engaged, and not only that, but having asked her through the mail, if he might call, has just received a—certainly, Mr. Lawson.

The office boy is reading the daily paper, while the caligrapher girl is crimping her hair, for although they were at a loss to understand this sudden change of Lawson to his original self, they are determined upon one thing, and that—to make hay while the sun shines.

A few days later, a business call taking him to Plumbank he decided, although his appearance was against him to call on Miss Genevieve and ascertain, if possible, if she was desirous of continuing the acquaintance.

Upon entering the house and sending up his card, he was conducted to the reception room, there to await her coming. She came presently and was very glad to see Mr. Lawson—at least she said she was—Lawson wasn't certain.

After spending a delightful hour in her company he picked up his hat.

"I did not expect to call," he said. "So you must excuse this take me as I am appearance, as I would not otherwise enter your presence looking as I do; but ah—er, Miss Genevieve," he stammered, "I—er, that is to say, you have no objections to my calling again, occasionally?"

"O, certainly not," she answered, lifting her golden eye-brows, "for I assure you Mr. Lawson, I am always glad to see my friends."

So they parted and later—he rode away—on a street car.—Texas Siftings.

**A DOG WITH A HEART.**

How He Mourned When His Pet Cat Was Laid to Rest.

Here is a pathetic little story, illustrative of the affection that may be cultivated between a dog and a cat, says the Baltimore County Union, and being a strictly true story makes it all the more worthy of telling. A family in the town had a dog about 14 years old and a cat about 9, both of which they had raised.

Between these animals the most marked affection sprang up and they were inseparable friends. They ate together, slept together, played together, and if by chance they became separated they each showed in the most marked manner their discomfort and unhappiness. If the cat got out of the house, the dog whined most persistently and dolefully until she came back, and if the dog happened to be absent the cat acted in a similar manner.

A short-time ago the cat died, and it was then her companion manifested the most unmistakable signs of distress. He pushed her body around with his nose, apparently trying to wake her, all the while whining in the most woe-begone manner.

A little boy in the family, whose constant companions the animals had been, decided to bury his dead friend, and, securing a box, decided to put the body in it, and, after nailing on the lid, carried it into the garden, dug a hole and covered it, as he supposed, securely.

In the mean time the dog moped about the house, refusing to either eat or drink, and looked so distressed that it was painful to see him. One day the boy noticed the dog's nose and head were covered with mud, and the thought at once struck him that he had found his friend's grave and had tried to resurrect the body. He went into the garden and found that his suspicions were correct.

The dog had actually dug down and uncovered the box, but, as the lid was securely nailed on, he could not bring the body to the surface. The dog followed the body to the grave and whined and howled piteously while the boy made arrangements to reinter the cat. After a good many days the dog gradually came back to his appetite, and although still more or less doleful, had apparently regained his normal condition. This is a homely little story, but it has one merit—it is strictly true.

**Suffering Indians.**

A sealing schooner that stopped at one of the villages of Aleutian island, the most westerly of the Aleutian group in the North Pacific ocean, was able recently to give a little relief to the suffering natives, numbering about 150. Several years ago it was a great place for sea otters and when a fur company established a trading post there many Aleuts were attracted to the island, but when the company moved its store the natives were left there. The island is barren and the natives must live on fish and sea lions. They drink the oil from the sea lions, but as they have neither boats nor hunting outfits the supply is small. They make clothing from anything they can get, being thankful for gunny bags that may be left by vessels that pass occasionally. One woman was found who had been on her back for three years on account of a broken leg, the bone not having been set. The Indians cannot get away and must soon perish unless relief be sent.

**THE STORY OF A FORTUNE.**

How a Philadelphian of a Past Generation Became a Rich Man.

A few weeks since a gentleman named Hastings died in New York, says the Philadelphia Times. He had for years lived the life of a recluse, although known to be wealthy. His fortune came from his uncle, Lewis W. Clark, who was at one time a note broker in this city. About 1830 he had an office in Front, near Dock, but was not very successful, being extremely proud and unsociable. It was about this time that he inherited from his Uncle Egmond of Halifax, a large sum of money and retired from active business. The circumstances connected with his inheritance were both curious and startling.

Sable Island, ninety miles east of Nova Scotia, has for centuries been a terror to the mariner. Hundreds of ships have been wrecked here and lives lost. Sixty years ago the dangers were enhanced by a band of wreckers who were in fact pirates, and had no scruples about killing the unfortunates who reached shore, if necessary to make robbery effectual.

The plunder was sent to Boston and Halifax to be disposed of. Egmond Clark, was and had been for years, the agent and counselor of this confederacy of ruffians furnished them supplies, and made a large fortune out of their booty.

In 1809 the wife and daughter of a Boston merchant named Raburn embarked at the port of Havre to return to their native land. It was supposed that the ship was driven north of their course and struck on the deadly reefs of Sable Island. There was no report of her on the coast and all on board must have perished.

It was a terrible blow to the husband and father, and he searched in vain for some intelligence of the ultimate fate of the ship until a year afterward, looking in the window of a Boston jewelry store, he saw a locket set with turquoise with the motto in French, "Toujours et toujours," that he at once recognized as having been worn by his wife.

He entered the place, examined the locket and found, as he expected, his name engraved on the back. The store-keeper was not very communicative until threatened, when he told all he knew. The jewel had been purchased from a Canadian who came to Boston frequently to sell such goods. He was at once looked up and arrested. He gave Mr. Clark, of Halifax, as his principal. Mr. Raburn saw Clark, who was insolent and indifferent in the matter, and this so enraged the Bostonian that he handled the ruffian so severely as to cause his death not long after.

His brother Lewis was an upright gentleman and deeply shocked at the exposure. The estate was left unsettled until after Lewis' death in Bermuda in 1846, when it had become very valuable by the growth of the real estate of which it largely consisted, and about 1850, it came by inheritance to Mr. Hastings, the only surviving relative of W. Lewis Clark. Mr. Hastings never married, and his wealth will go to distant relatives in the North of Ireland.

**Getting a Light.**

The aristocratic and lordly ways of an English lord were well exemplified some time ago on board a steamship going to Europe. The story was told by a well-known lawyer, who was crossing the ocean and happened to have on board as a fellow traveler a real, live English lord. The lawyer appended to take a cigar from his pocket, and, walking over to the lord, who was smoking, asked him, "Please let me have a light?"

"Beg-pawdon," said the lord, in that droll, languishing way of the English. "Let me have a light for my cigar, please?" said the lawyer. "Aw, ye-as; call my servant John, he carries my matches." The lawyer walked off, and in one of those in-a-minute-Charley looks set down in a dark corner and wondered at the increase of crime.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Indians in Massachusetts.**

By intermarriage with colored people the Marshpee Indians in Massachusetts have increased to about four hundred. They occupy a reservation on the shore of the lake in Marshpee called Ma'shpt by the Cape Cod folk. Catachnit, the chief of the tribe is the postmaster, and an Indian boy carries the mail to and from Sandwich. Three islands in the lake are owned by a fishing club of which Grover Cleveland, Joe Jefferson, R. W. Gilder, Alexander Wood of Boston, and C. B. Jefferson are members.

**A Maine Hermit.**

Among the many hermits in Maine, John Hallon, of Key's Corner, in Wakefield, is the queerest. He lives in a tumble-down hut through the roof of which rain and snow, sunlight and starlight have easy access. He cooks his own food, makes his own bed and does all the work about his "estate," including the care of an emaciated horse. He believes in witches, and every night despite his seventy years, he mounts guard with a shotgun to shoot any hobgoblins that may issue from the hedges.

**C. A. FRISBEE,**

Dealer in

**Lumber, Lath,  
Shingles,  
and Coal**

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

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. Depot, Plymouth

**DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN E. R.**

NOV. 15, 1891

	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Lv. Plymouth	8:30	11:11	5:13	9:54
Ar. Sta. R.	8:40		5:22	
" Elm	8:43		5:25	
" Beach	8:49		5:31	
" Grandfield			5:44	
" Detroit	9:25	12:00	6:06	10:40

Lv. Plymouth	8:00	5:43
Ar. Howell	9:30	6:50
" Williamston	9:40	7:02
" Trowbridge	10:00	7:9
" Lansing	10:05	8:05
" Grand Ledge	10:30	8:30
" Portland	11:05	9:11
" Toussaint	11:35	9:40
" Greenville	12:32	10:37
" M-conia		6:03
" Big Rapids		6:35

Parlor cars on all trains between Grand Rapids and Detroit. Seats 2 cents.  
Trains week days only.  
Connections in Union Station Grand Rapids with the "Favorite."

**CHICAGO, AND WEST MICHIGAN R. R.**

NOV. 15, 1891

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids	8:00	12:45	11:35	5:30
Ar. Holland	9:55	12:55	12:20	6:25
" Allegan	10:55	4:0		
" Grand Haven	10:57	3:44		
" Muskegon	11:05	4:15		7:35
" Benton Harbor	12:10	2:25	9:50	
" St. Joseph	12:50	2:30	1:15	
" Chicago	3:55	5:25	7:5	

Lv. Grand Rapids	8:11	7:25
Ar. Sparta	8:58	8:05
" Newago	6:49	8:52
" White Cloud	7:15	9:17
" Newburg	8:10	10:45
" Fremont	7:34	10:16
" Baldwin	8:34	10:25
" Ludington	9:50	2:06
" Mount-lee	10:32	12:21
" Frankfort		1:10
" Traverse City	10:59	12:45

Every day. Other trains week days only.  
9:00 a. m. train has free chair car to Chicago.  
12:05 p. m. train has Wagner parlor Buffet cars from Grand Rapids to Chicago. Seats 50 cents.  
1:35 p. m. train has Wagner sleeping car from Grand Rapids to Chicago.  
5:17 p. m. train has free chair car from Grand Rapids to Muskegon.

GEO. DEHAVEN, General Passenger Agent, Grand Rapids.

**RHEUMATISM CURED BY Mitchell's Rheumatic Plasters.**

INSTANT RELIEF FOR ALL RHEUMATIC PAINS. SURE CURE FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sciatica. Sold by druggists everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

For sale by Chaffee & Hunter.

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

CENTRALLY LOCATED, Being within three squares of the Brew-Street Depot, where passengers arrive by the Grand Trunk, Lake Shore, and the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroads.

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

MEALS 25 CENTS. RATES—Per day, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Rooms without board, 50c, 75c, and \$1.

**The Only FRUIT LAXATIVE**

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Mild and Effectual. Cures Biliousness, Kidney and Liver Diseases, and the only remedy that positively cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.

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PREPARED BY THE NATIONAL PRUNE SYRUP COMPANY, Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR SALE BY H. J. HARRISON, Plymouth.

Mitchell's Belladonna Plasters. Recommended by every physician as a sure cure for Pain or Weakness in the Breast, Side, Back or Limbs; also for Liver Complaint, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Pleurisy, difficulty in breathing, etc., in all of which cases they give relief at once. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents. Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

**Livery**

AND

**Sale Stable**

Good Riggs Day or Night.

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12 B is Tickets \$1.

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**LONGMAN IS THE PURE MARTINEZ PAINT.**

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Absorb all disease in the Kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition. Old chronic kidney sufferers say they got no relief until they tried MITCHELL'S KIDNEY PLASTERS.

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Old and Reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal.