

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL 5 NO 42.

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY JUNE 24 1892.

WHOLE NO 250

## WHAT THEY SAY.

—Dearborn as usual will celebrate the 4th.

—George Streng of Detroit Sundayed here.

—Leave your laundry parcels at the post-office. 129 tf.

—Home-made strawberries have been plentiful for the past week.

—Mr. Reed of Howell was a guest of Mrs. W. S. Paphworth this week.

—Miss Jennie McGran of Detroit was a guest of Maud Markham last week.

For Hungarian, Grass and German millet, see stock at F. & P. M. Elevator. tf.

—Miss Mary Newbitt of Detroit has been a guest of Miss Mary Creiger over Sunday.

If you want a Reliable Phosphate, use the "Homestead". For sale by L. C. Hough. tf.

For Sale—Horse, carriage and harness For further particulars inquire of C. B. Crosby. 47tf.

—May White, the Stockbridge sleeping girl, has commenced her second year of sleeping.

—Mrs. F. D. Butler and Miss Richard, son of Northville were over here Saturday on their bicycles.

Crocker's Super-phosphate an honest fertilizer, tested and for sale at lowest rates by Geo. A. Starkweather. tf.

—Principal Geo. S. Curtis, of our school left Monday for his home in York State, where he will pass his vacation.

—Mial Clark of Plymouth gave the Herald a friendly call on Thursday of this week. Call again, Mial.—[Howell Herald.

—Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery? Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me five dollars a visit.

—A hotel in Boston 96 feet high built of stone and weighing 10,000 tons was moved fourteen feet, in seventy hours, to widen the street.

—Frank Har'suff of Plymouth spent Sunday with his parents in Howell, returning on Monday. Frank reads the Herald for the next year.—[Howell Herald.

—The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, from New Boston, met with the ladies of Newburg at their last aid society. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all. — \*

Miss Una Abel, who has closed another season with Rhea, arrived in the city yesterday after a two-weeks' visit with her relatives, Maj. and Mrs. Baily, at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

—Prince Michael, of Detroit, of the Fly-Roll fame who has been on trial in the Washtenaw Circuit Court, by a change of venue, was convicted and sentenced on Friday to five years in State prison.

—It is said that in case of fire a wet silk handkerchief, tied without a fold over the face, is a complete security against suffocation by smoke; it permits free breathing and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

—Emmons Blaine, son of Ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine, died in Chicago last Saturday after a short illness from inflammation of the bowels. He was recently married to a daughter of McCormick the reaper man.

—Some persons when they need a little help in the way of cussing some one, usually fly to the newspaper men and ask them to bear their burdens for them and assist in giving "the other fellow" a dig between the eyes. This might be an editor's business, but it isn't, as he has enough else to do.—[Dexter News.

—A yacht with twenty-seven young people was capsized near the head of Detroit river on Sunday afternoon and two of them—Carrie Bieber, aged 19, Lizzie Mogk, aged 18—were drowned. Henry Pathow, Jr, one of the crew of the schooner Duke, was drowned from that boat, while on its way to assist the others.

—An exchange says: "Let a timid dog start through the streets of a town, and the first dog he meets will take a snap at him. Then the timid dog will move faster, yell, maybe, and other dogs will chase him. Before he gets through the town, half of the dogs will have taken a bite at him. Many dogs have chased him which would not think of attacking a dog standing still and showing fight. A dog afraid to fight will take after another dog running and yelling. Had the timid dog walked down the street with confidence and glared impudently at other dogs when he encountered them and raised his bristles a little, he would have gone through the town in peace. It's a good deal the same with men. A man should not be too amiable. There are times when every man must defend his rights, or he will be imposed upon."

## Plymouth Takes Water.

### THAT INJUNCTION DENIED.

The question of the village getting its supply of water from the Northrup spring is settled, at least for a time, the injunction having been denied, on Monday.

We clip the following concerning it from the Detroit Times:

This morning Judge Reilly denied the injunction requested by David B. Wilcox, restraining the village of Plymouth from using a spring known as the Northrup spring, which the village authorities had purchased for a water supply.

The complainant alleges that he has a mill at Plymouth, which is operated by water power from the River Rouge. About three miles above the village the river separates into the west and north branches, the latter being fed by the Walled Lake and the former by several springs, of which the Northrup spring is the main supply. The complainant alleged that this spring and two others furnished 1,640,000 gallons every twenty fours, and that the largest volume of water flowing by his land comes from the west branch.

The village replied that their former water supply was so often contaminated by refuse water that they purchased the spring in question, which at present has a capacity of 350,000 gallons a day, which they propose to so develop as to double the present capacity. This has been done in the Village of Northville, by which the natural flow of a well of 40,000 gallons was increased to 500,000 gallons per day.

The court in passing upon the question said: "Under the law the water of a river cannot be diverted from its natural course without compensation to the abutting property owners, but in this case if the spring is developed to 700,000 gallons per day, and the defendant uses but 100,000 gallons, much more water will flow into the west branch than formerly. If it is not developed, the damages can easily be computed and obtained, as the defendant is perfectly responsible."

—EJ Bennett has been on the 'sick' list this week.

—Charlie Northrup of Northville was a guest at A. H. Dibble's last week.

—Mrs. Inslee and Miss Inslee of Detroit attended the commencement exercises.

—The patrons of industry will give a dance at their hall, Perrinsville, July 4th.

—Miss Celia French of Rurlington, Mich., spent a few days at Mrs. H. A. Spicer's last week.

—A large load of our young people drove over to Walled Lake Tuesday for a day of recreation.

—A lecture under the auspices of the Christadelphians, will be given at the village hall Sunday, June 26, 3 o'clock. Subject: "Salvation, what is it?" Seats free—everybody invited.

—John P. Mason was riding along the road near Lynchburg, Va. the other day when he was startled by screams. He jumped from his horse and climbing the fence saw a bull trying to gore a colored woman. The bull at once left the woman and attacked Mason, who grabbed it by the horns and threw it, breaking the bull's neck. Bully!

—Ed Cook lost a horse a few days ago by its getting into a mire and before it was discovered it had become partially paralyzed. On Monday he had the misfortune of losing a colt which appeared perfectly well the day before.

Anybody can make his own ice-cream in five minutes, and for an expenditure of two or three cents, says a correspondent. If the preparation desired to be frozen is placed in a tin bucket or other receptacle it can be readily congealed by putting it in a pail containing a weak dilution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this throw a handful of common Glauber salts, and the resulting cold is so great that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen solid in a few minutes, and ice-cream or ices may be quickly and easily prepared.

An interesting experiment with salt, which children particularly enjoy, is made by putting into a goblet one tablespoon of salt, then filling it two thirds full of water, and placing in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch the growth, day by day, until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this experiment can be made by adding one spoon of bluing to the salt, or a little red aniline dye. The crystals will then be blue or red.

## Fifty Dollars Reward.

The above reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of the party, or parties who have been engaged in poisoning dogs in this village, for a few weeks past.

Signed, Geo. Vandecar, E. K. Bennett, E. C. Leach, Wm. N. Wherry, Charles Miller, R. L. Root, Henry Whipple, J. H. Steers, W. O. Allen, L. C. Sherwood, F. B. Park, L. C. Hough, Geo. Hunter, C. F. Bennett, D. M. Adams, H. C. Robinson, Wm. T. Cooner, Fred Dunn, J. R. Rauch, and others.

Plymouth, Mich., June 23, 1892

Rag Carpet only 40c at Rauch's.

—Baby boy born to Mr. and Mrs. John Birch.

—W. O. Allen lost a dog on Tuesday from poison.

—Baby girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Northrup.

Fifty cent black straw hats for thirty-seven cents at Rauch's.

—A new walk has been built in front of the Markham gun works.

—Fred Cody of Belleville was over here Wednesday on his cycle.

—We understand that E. P. Woodard of Detroit is sick with typhoid fever.

—Mrs. Scotten is building a new walk along side of her residence.

—The Wayne county teachers institute will be held in Detroit, August 29th.

Fifty cent black straw hats for thirty-seven cents at Rauch's.

—Miss Starkweather and Miss Crosby were visiting friends in Northville last Tuesday.

If you want a good vapor stove, buy the "Reliable," of Geo. E. Waterman & Co., Northville.

—Cyrus B. Packard has been appointed guardian of Hannah M. Packard, incompetent.

—Fraser M. Smith, wife and daughter of Manistee, are guests of Mrs. Tyler this week.

Try the Cardova coffee. Warranted to give satisfaction, only 25 cents a pound at Dohmstrich's.

—The Ladies' of the Maccabees will serve ice cream and cake at Mrs. C. A. Pinckney's, Saturday evening, June 25.

—Chauncy Rauch left Wednesday for Pennsylvania. He went by boat to Cleveland and the balance of the way he intended making on his bicycle.

Binder Twine and "Caldonia" grain cradles at Geo. E. Waterman & Co's, Northville.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian society will give a lawn social, Saturday evening, July 2d. Place will be made known next week.

—Rev. Mr. Huntington of the Baptist church was called to New York this week to attend the funeral of his only brother. His pulpit will be filled next Sunday morning and evening by a supply from Detroit.

Ladies Don't forget that Rauch's is the headquarters for Underwear, Corsets, Mitts, etc.

—Some one broke into Wherry's shop Friday night and stole a sledge, a number of punches, brace and bits, a sparrow gun and many other tools. The same night they entered the Phoenix Mills and broke open the safe but didn't get anything worth while.

If you want to save money buy your fruit jars now at Rauch's.

—The Democratic national convention is in session this week at Chicago to nominate a presidential candidate. It is possible that the nomination may be made ere this issue of the MAIL reaches its readers.

—The First National Exchange Bank has moved into its new and handsome quarters in the Amity Hall block. There is some painting and other little work to be done yet before it is entirely completed. When done it will have a banking house that few towns of the size of this can equal.

1/4 off on all Derby and wool Hats at Rauch's.

—The promiscuous poisoning of innocent dogs is one of the meanest and most contemptible things a person can do to his neighbor. Within a short time there have been no less than six dogs poisoned in this village and with a view of putting a stop to this nefarious business the reward mentioned elsewhere is offered. We trust that whoever has the requisite information will come forward at once and secure the reward.

Rauch is selling fruit jars cheaper than ever.

## A Special Inducement!



Owing to the very large stock we have on hand we are going to offer some special inducements

For the next 60 days. in order to lower stock.

Remember these goods must and will be sold at the prices we are going to offer them at.

No old goods; all bright and new.

Do not miss this Favorable Time and opportunity, for it will be of profit to you.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE EXTRA LOW PRICES. WE MAKE IT A BUSINESS OF MAKING BARGAINS.

We commenced the season with We will continue the season with We will end the season with

### BARGAINS!

Come and see us and profit by it. The finest line; the best of goods.

Sure to please you.

Hold on to your money until you see what a few dollars will do in our line.

Common Sense Teaches That to Buy Judiciously means Money Saved, and in this connection points

Directly to Our Store,

where every dollar counts for 100 cents worth of benefit to you.

Yours respectfully,

## Bassett & Son,

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Have you seen our new American Autotype Photographs?

They are the finest finished photographs made and we are making them at the same old price of \$3.00 per doz.

Our line of Picture Moulding

is superb. All New Styles, bought since Jan. 1st. No old stock. You should see our pattern in Ivory, Bur-nished Gold, White and Gold, Terra Cotta, Green, and Gold, Cream and Gold, and Cream Enamel.

A full line of the latest Picture Matting, Art Studies, Canvas, Academy Board, Stencils, etc., etc.

BROWN & CO Photographers; Northville.

## GALE and OLIVER



## Chilled Plows,

—AT—

## M. CONNER & SON'S.

## 44 VICKS SEEDS

"Brilliant" Poppy packet ..... 15c. Garden Pea "Charmer," packet ..... 15c.  
Rosa, Waban and DeGraw, both for 50c. Potato "American Wonder," per lb. 30c.  
6 Rare Chrysanthemums, each 50c. Parsies, our superb strains, look almost human, packet ..... 50c.  
6 Choice Geraniums, each 25c. set 1.00 Pansy, Extra choice, packet ..... 35c.  
Sweet Corn "Golden Nugget," packet 10c.  
Any one not now a subscriber can have VICK'S MAGAZINE one year free, who orders \$1 worth from us before May 1st.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1892. One writer says: "Stands at head person interested in Plants, Flowers or Vegetables, of all former catalogues." Every cent, which may be deducted from first order.  
A packet of 40-lb. Oat FREE with each order when desired.

44 JAMES VICKS SONS, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

# WOLVERINE WHISPERS.

## NEWS OF THE STATE TOLD IN A BRIEF FORM.

**Prince Michael is Sentenced to Five Years at Jackson—Indignant Citizens Become Aroused.**

Special from Ann Arbor: The great trial which has been the exciting event of the past few days, is at an end. On Friday the attorneys for the plaintiff and defense having concluded their arguments, Judge Kinne charged the jury in a splendid manner and the jury retired. A recess was then taken until 7 o'clock.

The word was soon passed throughout the town and when court re-assembled the room was filled and large crowds gathered on the lawn and on the corners near by to await the verdict. When the jury filed into the rooms and announced that they had reached a verdict Foreman Clark in response to the judge's question as to what the finding was said the one word, "Guilty."

"Stand up, Mr. Mills," said the judge sternly. "Mr. Mills," continued Judge Kinne, "under the statute the punishment for the crime of which you have been convicted is not more than five or less than one year's imprisonment. I feel it my duty to impose upon you the maximum penalty named in the statute—that you be confined in the state prison at Jackson five years from and including this day."

The charge preferred in the information upon which Michael was convicted was carnally knowing a girl between the ages of 14 and 19 years.

The verdict and the sentence each in turn provoked the hundreds that crowded the court-room to the wildest enthusiasm, and for some moments the court-room resounded with the cheering and applause of the vast audience.

Amid the din court was hastily adjourned, and this marked the ending of one of the most remarkable cases upon record. Not only is the case the first ever tried under the special statute upon which the information was drawn, but the entire character of the case is unprecedented in criminal history.

The startling and sensational scene presented in the court-room, however, was followed by a scene wilder and more thrilling than any that has been witnessed at Ann Arbor for years. Even though justice was meted out by the court, the indignation and hatred of the crowd did not abate, and in his brief journey from the court-room to the jail in charge of four officers, Prince Michael, with Eliza Court at his side was surrounded by a mob of many hundred people, who conducted him to his prison, hooting, shrieking and yelling like fiends.

When he vanished into the jail the surging wave of humanity rolled back to the court house and then followed another scene which shall become memorable in the history of Ann Arbor.

William Bechel, the father of Bernice, the complaining witness, whose position throughout the trial has been a most peculiar one in turning against his own daughter, was seen for a moment in the doorway of the court house and became the object of the crowd's wrath.

He saw his danger and with two companions sought refuge in an office of the court house. For two hours the crowd surged about the building waiting for him to come out and unwilling to go into the building after him. Finally, however, as he did not appear a rush was made and in a few moments Bechel was dragged forth and amid the jeers of a thousand voices was hustled to a barber's shop where his long hair was clipped short and his heavy beard was trimmed until it lost all semblance of what it previously was.

### CUT THEIR LOCKS.

Prince Michael's Successor to Leadership. With His Wife, Get Their Hair Cut.

Edward Durand, the new leader of the Israelites, and his wife were treated to an impromptu and unartistic hair cut at Detroit by two unknown men who made their escape. The hair-cutting took place at the corner of Baltimore avenue and Crawford street. Durand and his wife left the Israelite colony and started for their home at 705 Wabash avenue. On Woodward avenue they met Roundsmen Cuddy, of Fremont street station, and he walked some distance with them along Baltimore avenue, as they were afraid some violence might be done. When he left them they continued along Baltimore avenue, and just as they reached Crawford avenue two men, who were standing on the corner, sprang forward and seized the two Israelites. They produced shears and proceeded to cut off bunches of hair. Mrs. Durand screamed at the top of her voice and a crowd began to gather when the two men released their victims and effected their escape.

The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river near Green & Braman's sawmill at Bay City.

For the fifth time in five years the Anthony Powder company's works, between Negaunee and Ishpeming, has burned. Loss \$5,000.

During the storm that passed over Muskegon a boat containing Easton E. Dowling was overturned and he was drowned in Lake Muskegon.

## MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS.

A large Philharmonic club has been organized at Hudson.

A lathie mill with a large capacity is to be built at Roscommon.

Lewiston, Roscommon county, will build a new school house.

Glanders is doing considerable harm among Allegan county horses.

Adam Love, a 5-year-old Ludington boy, fell into a well and was drowned.

The teachers' institute at Lexington will have a four weeks' session this summer.

Meyer, Harris rag and paper warehouse at Bay City was burned; loss about \$1,000.

August Koch, one of the men charged with the Wixom robbery, is becoming insane.

There are at present 431 boys at the reform school. The number out on good behavior is 235.

The fund for the establishment of factories on the lake front at Muskegon now amounts to \$63,000.

Theodore Hulsizer, of Saginaw, fell off a dredge at the Sault and was drowned. He was 20 years old.

A. J. Barber, a farmer living near Greenville, was seriously, perhaps fatally, injured in a runaway.

Prof. J. M. B. Still delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the normal school graduates at Ypsilanti.

Jonah county's display of woman's work at the world's fair will be a fine set of embroidered table linen.

W. Spink, of Holt township, succeeds G. Newport, resigned, as keeper of Ingham county's poor farm.

Henry Chassonier, of Dollar Bay, has been bound over to the circuit court on a charge of assaulting Mary Balo.

Irene Ensign, a Lansing domestic, started the fire with kerosene. She was seriously burned, but will recover.

Charles White, of Bushnell, was experimenting on a dynamite cartridge. His wife may lose the use of both eyes.

The biennial synod, of the Holland Christian Reformed church of America, held their sessions at Grand Rapids.

A. B. Wood, one of the students of Oberlin college, has been elected general secretary of the Hancock Y. M. C. A.

Miss Hattie Lovell, of Flint, is making arrangements to go to Turkey as a missionary of the Congregational church.

Hope college commencement exercises were very interesting with the baccalaureate sermon by the president, Dr. Charles Scott.

A 9-year-old son of D. H. Bosse fell out of a second-story window at Fife Lake, a distance of 16 feet, and was fatally injured.

A bucket of coal fell on John Adams' head while he was unloading coal at a Port Huron dock. He was dangerously injured.

At the graduating exercises at Dowagiac, the valedictorian was a colored girl, Minnie Steele, and she delivered a masterly address.

A Canadian named R. W. Smith died at Durand from a heavy dose of morphine, which he is said to have taken with suicidal intent.

Isaac Edwards, of Jackson, is one of the 300 heirs of Robert Edwards, who claim a piece of land in New York city, valued at \$200,000,000.

Charles Youngquist, G. R. & I section boss at Big Rapids, was struck and killed by a train while riding on a hand car. He leaves a wife.

It is claimed that at the Grand Haven life saving station a man was brought back to life after he had been under the water for 12 minutes.

Fennville is trying to inaugurate a building boom. A \$3,000 school house and a large new Methodist church will be built immediately.

C. H. Hackley, the Muskegon philanthropist, has donated \$3,000 for the erection of a building for the bathers at the new Assembly grounds.

In the court at Grand Rapids there has been a case of larceny of less than \$25 ever since Oct. 6, 1891. The case has now been adjourned 31 times.

Geo. Carman was killed by a D. G. H. & M. train at Ovid. His body was horribly mangled, being dragged about 80 rods. He was 22 years of age.

Lottie Showerman, a 10-year-old Mattawan, Van Buren county, girl, fell out of a swing, against a tree, producing concussion of the brain. She may recover.

Joseph Sevsame, a Pole employed by the Michigan Central, was struck by a passenger train near Zilwaukee. Both his legs were broken, his skull fractured and he will die.

The Saginaw branch of the Michigan Central was accommodated with a Sunday train about a month ago, but the people on that road are so pious they don't travel on Sunday and the train has been called off.

The Michigan Bankers' association, through a committee appointed for the purpose, is endeavoring to perfect a system abolishing "par lists" with city banks. If successful, it will do away entirely with the custom of country merchants sending their personal checks on local banks in payment of city bills.

Work on Jackson's new public building has come to a standstill, owing to the inability of the contractor to find the rock bottom which was said to exist under the building site. It is expected that an inspector of the treasury department at Ishpeming will be sent to look into the hole that has been dug.

About 200 members of the Ionia, Barry and Eaton county Fire Insurance Co. held a red hot meeting at Charlotte. They decided not to pay any more assessments, which they allege have been excessive during the past few years. A petition is being got up asking the state commissioner of insurance to examine the company's books.

# SELECTION OF ELECTORS

## SUPREME COURT SUSTAINS THE NEW ELECTORAL LAW.

Presidential Electors May Now be Chosen by Districts—The Entire Bench Concurs.

The supreme court has filed an opinion sustaining the Miner electoral law. The opinion was written by Judge Montgomery and was concurred in by all the other justices. The opinion says it is evident that the question of greatest importance is that relating to the true interpretation of section 1 of article 2 of the Federal constitution, which provides that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress." In the judgment of the court these words are clearly susceptible of a construction which confers upon the Legislature a power to say how the State's action shall be voiced. It furthermore concludes that it would be a strained construction which would give to either the fourteenth or fifteenth amendments the effect to annul the power expressly delegated in section 1 of article 2 of the constitution. It is clear that the fifteenth amendment was intended to preclude the State from making any discrimination against citizens on account of color. By neither amendment was there any attempt to place limitations upon the authority of the State as to the choice of officers thereto, for presidential electors are still regarded as State officers.

In the decision it is admitted that the act is in conflict with the federal statutes in so far as it attempts to fix a date for the meeting of electors and method of certifying their action, but holds that this does not render the entire act inoperative, as there is no doubt of the rule that where the law of a state conflicts with the federal law in a matter in reference to which Congress has the right to legislate, the state law must give way to the extent of such conflict.

### Harrison Notified.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—President Harrison was officially notified this afternoon of his nomination by the Minneapolis convention. The ceremony took place in the big east room, which, with its fresh straw matting and decoration of potted plants, was nearly filled with the President's household. The committee formed in semi-circle five rows deep. A quarter of an hour's wait and then from amid the waving palms of the cool conservatory at the end of the promenade the president entered. At his side walked Secretary Foster and behind came Secretaries Tracy, Rusk and Noble, Attorney General Miller, Private Secretary Halford and "Prince Russell." Hearty applause greeted his appearance and grew louder as McKinley stepped forward and grasped his hand. The governor began his speech of notification at once. He read from manuscript and in so low a tone that until, in response from cries "louder," he raised his voice, the President himself could hardly hear him. Applause, led by Elliott Shepard, closely punctuated his remarks, and the same was true when the President made his reply. Like McKinley, the President read from manuscript, but unlike McKinley, he spoke so that all could hear, and at times he grew very earnest and impassioned. He received an ovation when he finished, and then everybody stepped forward and offered him congratulations. To all he gave a smile and cordial hand clasp, and looked particularly happy when a little later Harry Smith presented him with the gavel used at the convention. Then all withdrew to the dining-room, partook of luncheon, departed, and the ceremony being over the doors were thrown open to the sweltering crowd and the President retired to his office.

### Maccabees at the Detroit Fair.

DETROIT, June 21.—Manager Sotham of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition has received official notification from the executive committee of the Knights of the Maccabees that they would need 50,000 entrance tickets to the exposition ground for their members on Wednesday, August 31, known as "Maccabees' day." On that day Mr. Sotham is confident there will be over 60,000 people at the fair. The highest number present on any one day at this fair heretofore has been 42,000, but on "political day" this year 100,000 are predicted.

### Careless Woman and Gasoline.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 21.—Mrs. Sarah E. Warriner was seriously and perhaps fatally burned yesterday. She started her gasoline stove and afterwards poured in some oil from a pitcher. The gasoline ignited and set fire to her clothing. She ran at once to a hydrant, but did not extinguish the flames until her hands, face, arms and side had been badly burned.

Her face is all one blister and a strip of flesh fell from her side. She was placed under the care of a physician, who says that it will be some time before she will recover, if she ever does.

## SENATE AND HOUSE.

SENATE.—No business was transacted on the 14th. The death of Rep. Stackhouse, of South Carolina, was announced and after adopting resolutions of sorrow and appointing a committee of five to escort the body to the place of burial the Senate adjourned. HOUSE.—The Senate amendments to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bills were nonconcurrent in and a conference committee appointed. Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, announced the death of his colleague Mr. Stackhouse. Resolutions of sorrow were adopted and a committee to take order in regard to the funeral appointment. Adjourned.

SENATE.—No business was transacted on the 15th. Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, delivered an address on the silver question and a discussion followed. HOUSE.—The fortifications appropriation bill was passed. The measure appropriates \$2,412,376, or \$1,362,427 less than was appropriated by the last Congress. Authority is given to make contracts for certain works, involving a further expenditure of \$1,376,600. The bill reducing the duty on tin plate,terne plate and taggers' tin to one cent a pound after Oct. 1, 1892, and removing all duty thereon after October 1, 1894, took up the remainder of the day.

SENATE.—The silver bill was discussed by Mr. Morrill and Mr. Stewart, on the 16th, but it went over without action. The anti-option bill was taken up and referred to the committee on judiciary. The conference report on the river and harbor bill was made by Mr. Frye, who stated that an agreement had been reached on all but two amendments, which were for the boat railway around the Dalles of the Columbia river, and for a canal in the state of Washington to connect the waters of Lake Washington with those of Puget Sound. After a long discussion the Senate insisted on its amendments and agreed to a further conference, and then adjourned. HOUSE.—The exodus of members to Chicago detracted all attention from the business of the day. The tin plate bill was up for discussion, but no action was taken and the House adjourned.

SENATE.—No session on the 17th. HOUSE.—The river and harbor bill was sent to conference for a second time, the House insisting on a disagreement on two amendments. After a discussion of the Sibley bill (private) a recess was taken until 8 o'clock, when private pension bills were considered.

SENATE.—A spirited discussion of triangular character was the only enlivening feature of the session of the 20th. Senators Chandler, Gallinger and Call were the speakers and the subject was the influence of railroad corporations on legislation and political elections. A bill was passed making October 21, 1892, a national holiday to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The senate adjourned.

### A BLOODY FIGHT.

Saloon Row at the "800" Results Fatally to Four Quarrelsome Finlanders.

Four Finlanders, whose names it was impossible to learn left their work on the Canadian ship canal went to Sault Ste. Marie with the intention of indulging in a debauch. After having received the money due them for their work they visited all the low grogeries and filled themselves up on various mixtures. They finally wound up at the saloon of Charles Oleson and attempted the almost impossible job of satisfying their desire for strong drink. They were very demonstrative in their actions and not all particular in their remarks to others in the saloon. Quite a number of persons had congregated in the saloon about 10 o'clock, when one of the Finlanders hit a young man in the mouth. This seemed the signal for a general melee in which everyone present joined. Knives were drawn and the combatants made at each other with murderous intent. Blood was soon flowing like water, and on the arrival of the police and the flight of those able to get away they discovered four of the Finlanders lying on the floor with blood pouring from numerous wounds all over their bodies while their clothes were almost cut away and were hanging from them in strips. Their wounds are considered fatal, without chance of recovery.

### Trade-Mark Case Decided.

In the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, June 6th, Judge Woods decided a case wherein The Hostetter Company was plaintiff and G. A. McKee defendant. The plaintiff make and sell Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and defendant kept what is termed a department store in West Madison St., Chicago, and sold an imitation of Hostetter's Bitters, but in the genuine bottles, which had once been filled with plaintiff's bitters. These bottles, still had the original labels, but the corks were sealed with a counterfeit metallic cap, and they were sold at what the druggists call "cut rates." Immediately upon close of the arguments by Mr. Clark for plaintiff and E. C. Dahms for defendant, the court granted a decree of perpetual injunction, with costs, etc.

### Calhoun County Goes "Wet."

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., June 21.—Calhoun county has undoubtedly gone wet in local option election yesterday. Returns from the cities of Battle Creek, Marshall and Albion, and townships of Athens, Bedford, Battle Creek, Leroy and Pennfield, give a wet majority of 1,048. All of these cities and townships went dry four years ago. Opponents of local option gained over 600 in this city. Every city in the county went wet.

### E. Burd Grubb Will Resign.

NEW YORK, June 21.—Gen. E. Burd Grubb, United States minister to Spain, who has arrived in this city, has expressed his intention of resigning his post this week. In reply to a question as to whether he would be a candidate for the New Jersey gubernatorial nomination, the general simply affirmed that he was in the hands of his friends.

# GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

## MANY INTERESTING ITEMS FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

Palacio, President of Venezuela, Resigns.—Emin Pasha Recovers From the Small Pox.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The Department of State was this morning advised by cable from the United States Legation at Caracas of the resignation of the President of Venezuela. The situation remains quiet, little or no excitement prevailing. The execu-



EX-PRESIDENT PALACIO OF VENEZUELA. tive authority of the State has been assumed by the Federal Council until such time as Congress can be convened for the purpose of electing a successor to the presidency. It is expected that Congress will meet for that purpose almost immediately.

### Homeopathic Institute Adjourns.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The closing session of the Homeopathic Institute was held this morning and was largely devoted to routine matters. A resolution was adopted favoring the passage of the Paddock Pure Food bill, now before Congress. At 10:30 o'clock the institute adjourned to meet in Chicago next year.

### Fatally Shot by Her Nephew.

HATFIELD, Mass., June 18.—Mrs. Michael Larkin, a widow, 75 years of age, was fatally shot last night. The old woman who was possessed of some property, arranged to leave it at her death to David Cahill, who married her niece. Cahill is missing, and it is believed that he shot Mrs. Larkin during a quarrel about the property and then went off in the woods and committed suicide.

### Fell Down His Elevator-Shaft.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, June 18.—Mr. Fred Eckstein, one of the foremost men in the American whitelead combine, met his death yesterday afternoon by falling down the elevator-shaft in his new building at the corner of Fifth and Elm streets, a distance of eight stories.

### Emin Pasha All Right.

BERLIN, June 18.—A dispatch from Zanzibar says that Emin Pasha has arrived at Bukoba. He has recovered from the small-pox, which was rumored to have caused his death.

### Oxford to Row Harvard in September.

LONDON, June 19.—Oxford has accepted the challenge of Harvard to row on the Thames in September.

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

Many were reported lost in a thunderstorm at Scranton, Pa.

The First National and the Lincoln National banks of Lincoln, Neb., will be consolidated.

Gov. Boies of Iowa attended the commencement exercises of the State university at Iowa City.

Joe and Dolph Cunningham, contractors, shot and killed Lewis Taft and I. Staffeld, the result of a quarrel.

A call for campaign funds at the Kansas Alliance State convention resulted in a shower of silver on the platform.

The suburban handicap, the greatest of American turf events, will be run at the Sheephead track Saturday.

A passenger and a freight train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway collided at Rockford.

Representative Holman of Indiana and Mrs. Holman celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at Washington.

Foreign bankers expect a large amount of gold to go out on Saturday's steamers, the majority of estimates placing the amount as high as \$4,000,000.

There is no probability of any of the regular appropriation bills being passed before the end of the fiscal year, and the existing laws will have to be extended.

The late Father Mollinger's will has not been found yet, but later facts show that he left an estate of over \$1,000,000, including his sacred relics, all of which, it is believed, has been devised to the church.

Ed Alson, a Norwegian hardware merchant at Northfield, Minn., died with old-fashioned leprosy. The corpse was a most horrible sight, the flesh dropping off his body. The Alsons have all died in the month of June.

# A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

## CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Never mind," frowning painfully. "I will say it. It is a good punishment for me. If he knew I had even thought of running away with Mr. Eyre, do you think he would still be anxious to marry me himself?"

"He might," says her cousin.

"Oh, Andy!" says Dulcinea, with keen reproach. "Well," resignedly, "it doesn't matter. I shall tell him the truth, whatever it costs me."

"But look here!"

"I shall tell him the truth," repeats Dulcinea sadly. "Why should I leave him in ignorance? I shall tell him everything. It is only honorable to do so."

"You are looking after your own honor most carefully," says Andy, with a very unpleasant smile. "Of course," slowly, "it has never occurred to you to look after mine? To consider that you are rather giving me away?"

"Your honor!"

"Yes, mine—that I have sacrificed to your welfare," says Mr. McDermot, with considerable indignation and a prolonged shake of the head.

"What are you talking about, Andy?"

"About you and your ridiculous plans. You will run away with an organ grinder, and you won't! You will marry a respectable baronet, and you won't! And, in the meantime, you let your good, kind, devoted cousin in for—"

"What?"

"Unlimited lies, if it comes to the point," says Mr. McDermot, staking into his chair once more, with very distinct rage written in his ordinarily beaming face.

"Lies!"

"Well, d'ye think he won't regard them as lies when you tell him what you believe to be the truth? And I shall be the teller of them; I shall be the liar."

"But what have you said, Andy?"

"Didn't I tell him you had walked to the station with me; that it was quite a coincidence your meeting Eyre there? That I hoped he would take you home safely, and let you in at the back door without the governor's knowing anything of your escapade, I didn't call it that to him, because if he found you were out he would lay the blame on me, who had induced you to go for a walk so late at night. You can do as you like, Dulcie; but I wish you had told me beforehand you meant to make a confession to him. I should not feel so poor a fellow now as I do."

"If, by speaking to Sir Ralph, you think I shall betray you, Andy—you, who have been so good to me!" says Dulcinea, with a pale face. "I certainly shall not speak. I shall simply tell him I wish to put an end to our engagement, and shall decline to say why." She looks up at him with a pale, steady expression.

"It is beyond a doubt that he would regard me as a liar of the first water," says Mr. McDermot; "and yet—if it can help you, Dulcie, to let him know the truth—why," generously, "let him know it."

"I could leave you out of the confession," says Dulcinea. "I could let him think—that—that you know nothing about it. That you—thought too—I—Oh, no!" miserably, "that wouldn't do; you told him we had walked home from the station."

"Just that," grimly, "never mind, Dulcie! I've been thinking, and I've really come to the conclusion, that to tell him everything will be the best plan, after all. And as for my share in it—why—why—it comes to this, that I'll be glad when he knows the truth of my lying too!"

"Oh, Andy! but to betray you!"

"Betray me by all means! I'll live through it. And—I dare say—he'll understand I did it for you, that'll set me straight with him."

"But—but, indeed, Andy, I couldn't be such a sneak as that. You told a lie for me, and do you think I don't value that? No—oh!" stopping short, "what's that?"

"That" is a thundering knock at the hall door!

"He's coming!" says Dulcinea faintly. "Andy," picking up her skirts and preparing to run, "receive him. Go into the drawing room. Say anything—that I've a toothache—anything at all."

"But you'll come to dinner!" indignantly.

"Yes—oh yes!—I suppose I must."

"Why, I thought you were mad to tell him about it—to confess, as you said."

"So I will—so I will; but not just now" breathlessly. "No—" with a last backward glance, "just—not now, Andy!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Go lovely rose, that wastes her time and me; that now she knows, when I resemble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to me."

Dinner has come—has gone. And to be just to it, it was a most dismal affair. In spite of Andy's jocularities, which, in despair at the end took rather a pronounced turn, this one meal beneath the McDermot's roof has proved a complete failure.

Miss McDermot has refused to help in any way. Just before dinner, as she entered the drawing-room there had been a little flush upon her white cheeks, a nervous, yet hopeful sparkle in her dark blue eyes. The tall, child-like figure had been quite drawn up—over the nut-brown hair coiled on the top of the shapely head had helped to give her the conquering air that she had vainly dreamed might be hers.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss in the cup, and I'll not look for wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine; But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine."

"Yes, it is me," said she, regardless of grammar, "I have come to tell you all about it."

"About what?" His face is now as white as her own, and that is saying a great deal for it.

"You know—that is—do you know?" asks she, that old doubt returning.

"Even if I do, don't let us talk out here; it is miserably cold; come in."

"No, no; let me tell you here."

That old frock—it was old, of course; but she looked—she knew she looked well in it. Once, a long time ago, he had said he liked her in it; perhaps now, when he saw her again in it—he might—

Alas! her hopes even as she crossed the threshold fell dead. Sir Ralph, talking to her father, lifted his eyes, glanced at her, came forward—reluctantly, it seemed to her—shook hands silently, and dropped back to the hearthrug beside The McDermot, without so much as the appreciative smile. The poor child huddled herself into an arm-chair somewhere, and told herself it was all over. When she didn't care for him, he cared for her. Now that she has too late awakened to the fact that she loves him, he—he does not love her.

As for Anketel, to see her—to go to her—to take her hand and coolly press it—has been torture. Oh! did she ever look so desirable as at this moment, when he so fully realizes what he has lost in her—so much loveliness, but not for him. A shabby frock indeed! a poor little frock! but did ever woman yet wear a frock so altogether becoming? Such a shabby gown and without ornament of any kind; but what ornaments could compare with that sweet, soft neck, with those snowy, slender arms? what jewels could outvie those gleaming eyes? Oh, what a pale but perfect face! and the head—it seemed born to wear a crown! How sad she looks—how sad! Remembering, no doubt.

She had almost thought his glance cold. She could not see that his heart was well-nigh broken! She could not know, seeing him there talking platitudes to his host, with his eyes determinedly turned away from hers, that yet in his soul he is looking at her, seeing each curve of her gown. It has come to him that, if she can look so charming in that indifferent garment, how beautiful she might be made to look in something better! Oh, that he might be allowed to give her such things as might deck her dainty beauty to its utmost! that he might give her all he possesses! Some part of him she has already, a pure gift of his, that she will carry to her grave, whether she will or not—his heart!

The dinner is over at last, and the dreary half-hour afterward in the drawing-room. The snow is still falling, and The McDermot has elected that his guest shall spend the night beneath his roof. No going home until morning. Dulcie had gladly left them to see a chamber warmed and sheeted and prepared; and sick at heart, and seeing no chance of a tete-a-tete with her betrothed in which to betray to him her one small act of folly, has refused to come down again.

She has gone to her own room, and, still dressed, sits cowering miserably over the huge fire that the old nurse had built for her.

Ten—eleven—twelve has struck. Rising at last, she goes to the window, and, pulling aside the blind, looks out upon the silent night. The snow has ceased! There is no wind. What!—not even rain? She opens the window, and, leaning out, looks first up at the heavens bedecked with stars, then down at the earth beneath!

The latter proves infinitely more interesting!

Below runs a balcony from which The McDermot's den, that in other richer houses would be called the smoking-room, opens. To her surprise a lamp shines through the window, casting a dull, half-shadowed light upon the night outside. Not gone to bed yet? Surely her father—

If any one is there, she could, from where he now is, hear them talking. Leaning a little further out, she strains her ears; but no sound comes. No voice floats out upon the chilly air. They must have gone to bed and forgotten to put out the lamps.

She had better run down and extinguish them.

She is about to draw in her head with a view to accomplishing this purpose, when the window beneath her leading from the smoking room to the balcony is thrown open, and a man dressed in evening clothes steps on to it. He has a cigar in his mouth and the red tip of it shows through the mirk of his surroundings. To mistake this man for any other than Sir Ralph would be impossible!

Dulcinea, drawing back hurriedly, leans against the shutters of her window. The first impulse was not to be seen; the second compels her to stand upright and face a situation, although it be with blanched cheeks. Now—now is her time—to speak.

He is alone. She is sure of that. If she hesitates now she may not for a long time, perhaps a whole interminable week, get a chance of squaring herself with her conscience. She must tell him. Then why, not now?

It takes but a little minute to run down the stairs, open the smoking-room door, and crossing it reach the balcony.

"Dulcie!" says Anketel's sharp—as sharply as though he had seen a ghost.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss in the cup, and I'll not look for wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine; But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine."

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"Even if I do, don't let us talk out here; it is miserably cold; come in."

"No, no; let me tell you here."

"where you can't see me," she would have added, had she dared.

"As you will, of course; but it's madness. It is the coldest night we have had yet, and there is a fire within and—"

"You did not seem to feel it too cold to come out a few minutes ago," says she.

"How do you know I came out?"

"I saw you; I was looking out of the window. And . . . I have wanted all day to see you alone."

"To see me alone? For the first time in your life, surely," with sudden bitterness.

"Oh, never mind all that now," says she, with a touch of impatience that is full of despair. "At all events I did want to see you, to—tell you the truth about—"

"Don't go on—don't if it hurts you!" says he hoarsely.

"Hurts me? Oh, it is more than that," says she in a stifled tone. "It is so bad that I can't live until I tell you."

"Tell it, then," says he, freezing again. Her grief! her misery! and such strong grief that it seems to shake her slender frame to its very soul. And all for that other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WYOMING.

An American War of One Battle and Its Hero.

In the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the Wyoming at Shimoneok. Happening on the other side of the globe, during our civil war, this daring exploit passed unnoticed at the time. Ignored by our naval historians, it has thus far found no chronicler. The modest report of the hero in about five hundred words, conveys no idea of the splendor of the achievement, says the Century.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop of war of six guns in a narrow strait engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns, and three men-of-war carrying eighteen guns—in all forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised probably twelve hundred men. The Wyoming, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sunk two ships, disabled a third, and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

The Wyoming was a sister ship to the Kearsarge and on the same errand. At the outbreak of the war, being one of the few national vessels within call, she was despatched to the Asiatic station. Built in 1858 by Merrick & Co. of Philadelphia, she was rated as a sloop of war, second class, of 726 tons. Like the Kearsarge, she was of the type recommended, as far back as 1841, by Captain Matthew Galbraith Perry. This sailor diplomatist was not only one of the most accomplished artillerymen in the navy, but the trainer, as both officers repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, of David McDougal and the able executive officer of the Kearsarge, James S. Thornton. Long and narrow in build, of great speed, the Wyoming was armed with the heaviest ordnance. With only four 32-pounder broadside-guns, she mounted amidships two 14-inch Dahlgren pivot-guns.

In anticipation of confederate privateers being let loose in the eastern sea, the Wyoming received a new crew at Panama, and was put under the command of McDougal in June, 1861. This tried and true officer was then a commander. He was fifty-four years old, had seen service for thirty-two years on many seas, and had been under fire in the Mexican war. Having been trained especially on steamers, he had little of that fear which in 1861 occasionally possessed like a paralyzing demon, naval officers who had never fought over a boiler. Though he had served for sixteen years in one grade—that of lieutenant—he was not a creature of routine, afraid of taking responsibility when necessary. One of his companions in service had been Lieutenant James Glynn, who, at Nagasaki, in 1849, with his little fourteen-gun brig Preble, in the teeth of all the Japanese batteries, had dashed through the cordon of spy-boats and compelled the release and delivery of eight shipwrecked American seamen. With such precedents in Japan as Glynn and Perry, McDougal was the man to make most of his ship and men. Among these, mostly native Americans inured to danger and burning with patriotism, were some foreigners who required watching, and McDougal found it expedient occasionally to shift or change the personnel of the gun-crews. Even after the battle with the smell of powder still in their clothes, he found a Portuguese fighting an Englishman because the latter had said, "My stomach is on the Wyoming, but my heart is on the Alabama."

## How They Smoke

The inhabitants of the Cook Peninsula in Australia are passionate smokers. Their pipe—a bamboo 3½ feet long and 4 inches in diameter—passes around the company after one of the persons present has filled it with smoke from the tube.

## Loss Left Over, Too.

Sunday School Teacher—Man was made from dust.

Dicky Boy—Well, I suppose that's why there are so many people in New York.—Puck.

# IT MAKES THE DEAF HEAR

## SUCCESS OF A NOVEL INSTRUMENT.

The Mysterious Restoration of Hearing by an Unseen Device—Old Theories Successfully Applied.

During the past few years there have been many rumors of the restoration, in some mysterious way, of the hearing of those who were known to have been deaf for many years. This led to an investigation by those interested, and it has been found that this happy change has been made by the use of a most simple yet ingenious device, which was invented by a gentleman in Bridgeport, Conn., named H. L. Wales. This device is the same to the ears as are glasses to the eyes, and is simply a soft rubber disc, arranged on a rubber spring, and so shaped that when inserted in the ear it will focus the waves of sound on the natural drum, thus increasing the vibration of the latter.

The possibilities of a device of this nature having been known, but the many attempts to use this knowledge have been such utter failures that it was considered beyond our present knowledge of the ear to make a practical instrument of the kind. Consequently when this device was first invented, not much attention was given the same, as it was thought to be merely an old enemy in new dress; but gradually this slight prejudice was dispelled, until, at the present time, most physicians and aurists look kindly upon the instrument, and are pleased at the success it is meeting.

At a recent interview Mr. Wales made the remarkable statement that, to his knowledge, the device which he called Sound Disc, had never failed where relief was afterward obtained by any medical, surgical or mechanical means, excepting a powerful ear trumpet, which he says is more powerful than his device. It would seem to be an ideal device for the deaf, as it is worn in the ear out of sight, for months at a time, and as far as we can learn, is pronounced safe and comfortable for the patient. Many times it has proven itself to be an advancement in the science of acoustics by relieving the most obstinate cases which had defied medical treatment for years.

What may be the ultimate result of the use of this device—whether the results thus far obtained will warrant its use in such a variety of cases that it will stop the progress of deafness in the future to such an extent that it will avoid the use of ear-trumpets we cannot say; but the desirability of a device of this nature, as regards its safety, its benefit and general comfort to the user, none will fail to admit.

## FUN AND FOLLY.

Mrs. Snaggs—"Easter is very generally observed nowadays." Snaggs—"Yes, even the children celebrate it eggstensively."

Rev. Mr. Dryasdust—"And, my hearers, Joseph served in the courts of Pharaoh." Lawne Tenys (waking up)—"What's the score?"

Beaver—"Robinson tells me that his salary has been reduced." Melton—"For what cause?" Beaver—"He has just been taken into the firm."

"Just been studying Burke's Peerage." "Well, what did you find out?"

"It struck me that the aristocracy travels under an awful lot of aliases."

Teacher—"What is your name, little boy?" New Kid—Jonah Cicero Tarbox.

Teacher—"What do your playmates call you?" New Kid—"Pants."

Cunso—"So Mrs. Bunting is a Daughter of the Revolution, is she?" Mrs. Cunso—"Yes, why?" Cunso—"To me she looks old enough to be the mother of it."

Little girl—"Oh, mamma, you'll have to send that nurse off. She's awful wicked!" Mamma—"Horror! What does she do?" Little Girl—"She tells us Bible stories on week days."

"I've been taking nerve tonic," said Willie Washington, "and it has worked first rate, don't you know?" "Indeed."

"Yes, I called on Miss Bankins last night, and the first thing her fathah said to me was: 'Well, young man, I like your nerve.'"

A miner who died lately at Lancaster, N. Y., in apparent poverty was found to be possessor of \$5,000 in greenbacks.

Tertullian, who wrote about A. D. 195, said that kissing was first instituted for the purpose of discovering whether the person kissed had been guilty of tipping.

Experiments have shown that a person speaking in the open air can be heard about equally as well at a distance of 100 feet in front, 75 at each side and 30 feet behind.

Twenty-five cents was paid for a horse at a sale in Bucks county, Pa., the other day, and the auctioneer threw in a halter to make a respectable bargain. The horse dropped dead before the purchaser got him home.

John Good left New York a couple of months ago to overlook the building of a factory on the Bay of Naples and returned to have his structural plans altered, as these were drawn for the employment of wood in the building, and he finds that marble is much cheaper than wood in Italy.

The error by which Mr. Aldrich, who had written "A potent medicine for God and men," was made to appear in print "a patent medicine," etc., recalls to a Boston Transcript correspondent that on another occasion the same author wrote: "Now the old woman breaks out afresh" and was horrified to learn by the types that he—a bachelor—had said: "Now the old woman breaks out afresh."

"Wives are blessings to their husbands, Mr. McGerk," asserted Mrs. McGerk.

"Yes, love," was the soothing reply, "in disguise."—Detroit Free Press.

## BEN BUZZARD RETURNS.

Having Wood Without Wishing He Turns His Back on Fickle Fortune.

Ben Buzzard returned from the phosphate camp. He was in the chilling blasts of Bay street and the strange form has but little semblance to the sleek, well-fed dude of bygone days, says the Jacksonville Times-Union.

Ben wore a pair of trousers of red jeans. They were fully three inches too short. A green patch sewed in the seat with white cord gave him a straggly picturesque appearance. His coat was of the pattern and the size of a small boy's. Only one brass button remained.

The only thing that looked like Ben was his upper lip, but in that was a tremor which shook the sidewalk.

Alas! Ben was hungry.

By and by one of Ben's old cronies came along, eyed him laughed at him and lent him a nickel.

Ben made for a restaurant in one of the market slips. He read the list of eatables on a fly-specked sign and ordered a catfish sandwich. He took the two pieces of bread took out the fish, carefully culled out the bones, put the fish back and in three bites the whole was gone.

The reporter, curious to know what Ben would do next, waited by the door. After awhile he heard the conversation:

"Well, if dat ain't Ben Buzzard."

"Dish yer is me."

"Hello, Ben, how's you?"

"I'm well, how's your family?"

"My family is well, how your family?"

"Dey's all well. How bin?"

"Oh, I been well."

"When did you get back?"

"Dis mawnin'."

"War you bin?"

"Prospectin' in phosphata."

"Laf so?"

"Yep."

"Any dust in it?"

"You bet."

"What you quit fer?"

"Dey was talkin' 'bout formin' a truss."

"Is dat so?"

"Yep. An' you kin bet yo' life dis nigger wants his money on Saddy nights. No truss in mine."

An hour later Ben was stretched out in the sunshine of the wharf. He had his hands behind his head, his hat over his eyes, and he slumbered peacefully with his mouth wide open.

## Business is Business.

As further confirmation of the prevailing opinion that "business is business," says the St. Louis Republic.

Alexander Konta, recently returned from Hot Springs, affirm, declares and otherwise insists: "It was in the rounda of the Eastman hotel and Capt. Knorr, the livery stable man, was taking orders. Up came a Boston tourist very rich and very deaf. When he had anything to say he shouted it, as is the habit of deaf people, and everybody in the neighborhood heard him exclaim: 'I've taken a great fancy to that nurse of yours, captain! How much do you want for him?' 'Three hundred dollars,' was the answer. 'Too much,' said the deaf man, who had not caught the figures quoted by the captain; 'but—with the sir of one who knows how to make a bargain—I'll give you \$100 for him.' 'One,' came the quick acceptance; and it's hard to tell who was better pleased, the man who made that \$100 or the man who thought he had."

## Blessings.

"Wives are blessings to their husbands, Mr. McGerk," asserted Mrs. McGerk.

"Yes, love," was the soothing reply, "in disguise."—Detroit Free Press.

## HUMAN NATURE.

Several years ago, in order to avoid paying some debts, a Manchester, Me., farmer conveyed his farm, worth \$4,000, to his wife. The wife died recently, and, according to law, the property goes to her three children, the widower's right of dower excepted. The children refuse to reconvey the farm to their father.

Some citizens of Oakesdale, Wash., annoyed by a large mud hole in the main street of the town, planted three or four old hats and a pair of boots in the center of it and labeled them with the names of the city council. But the council retaliated by posting up a card with the notice: "Pay your taxes and we will fill this hole."

After a long march during the war, the captain ordered, as a sanitary precaution, that the men should change their undershirts. The orderly sergeant suggested that half of the men only had one shirt each. The captain hesitated for a moment and then said: "Military orders must be obeyed; let the men change with each other."

At one of our Highland ports recently a man came down to a steamer lying at the pier, and walking up to the purser, said: "Wis you the purser of tis post?" Purser—"Yes." Highlander—"How much wis it pe to tak' a deed body wip her?" The purser told him and said to him to hurry up if he was going with that boat. "Och," said the Highlander, "ah! he'll no pe deed yet, but maybe she'll be ready for de next trip."

# NO FLIES ON US

If you use Dutcher's Fly Killer. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, destroy their eggs and prevent reproduction. Always ask for Dutcher's and get best results.

Fredk. Dutcher Drug Co., St. Albans, Vt.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal - Sabbath Services 10:30 a.m. ... Baptist - Rev. Willis G. Clark, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. ... The Christadelphians - (Brethren of Christ) meet for worship and general explanation of the Scriptures...

Societies.

W. C. T. U. - Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Woodside, President. Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M. - Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. KIMBLE. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Tuff's store. Hours: 12:30 to 2:00 and 6:30 to 8:00 p. m. M. R. GRAINGER. Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. Honorary Grad. State of Ontario Veterinary College. Treats all Diseases of domestic animals. Surgery a specialty.

MAID VROOMAN. Has bought the stock of Millinery goods of Hattie Shattuck and will continue the business at the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Shattuck. Children's hats a specialty. Call and examine my stock of ribbons.

NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing. MANY INTERESTING ITEMS. Special Correspondence to the Mail. Too hot to push a pencil and so the weather is responsible for a lack of news this week. Wm. H. Ambler and F. N. Clark went to Detroit on Saturday of last week on business.

of their best men being unable. Will Yerkes had his hand badly cut by the bursting of a bottle and Rob Yerkes was also disabled. When the boys get well they will be ready to play. -Detroit Ideal Paints at Geo. E. Waterman & Co's. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stark, went to Hartland on Tuesday of last week returning on Sunday. Mr. Stark returned to Hartland on Monday morning to attend to matters of business of pressing interest on his farm.

H. F. Brown was called to his father's in Superior on Wednesday by the alarming intelligence that his daughter Daisy was very sick with tonsillitis. He found her much better when he arrived there and was able to bring her home. Friday was field day in Northville but there was no very wonderful things done that we saw. No putting the shot, no hurdle race, no high jumping, no tug-of-war, no, no, no—well it is easier to enumerate what was done. There was a bicycle race in which Knapp and Fry Contested. They each paid 25 cents entry fee and Knapp came out victorious and won the prize—25 cents. It was a great field day! German won the foot race, prize 25 cents.

-Tin and Sheet Metal Work of all kinds at Geo. E. Waterman & Co's.

Our B. B. boys were complimented by citizens of Farmington at being the best behaved club that ever visited their village. Good for the boys.

Remarks of O. A. Hutton.

MADE ON MEMORIAL DAY. Brother Knights and Friends:—As we meet here upon this occasion surrounded by the evidences of a past, with tombstones and mounds that remind us of those who once lived among us, whose places are now vacant, we are led to inquire: "Is it all of life to live?" History and all nature comes up with indisputable evidence and answers without a fear of contradiction in the negative. All of life to live! We see the tiny blade, the blossom, the ripened fruit, and as we gather here today to pay heartfelt tribute to the memory of our fallen companion, his life comes back to us and we live over again the life when he was among us.

Those of you who knew our departed brother, Starr Toleman, forget his errors and emulate his virtues. How he lived true to the banner under which he had subscribed his name ever exemplifying in his life the true meaning of our grand motto—Friendship, Charity, Benevolence. Why is it that when we stand by the grave of a departed Pythian our hearts are thrilled with emotion that cause us to feel that here lies my brother. Our hearts are knit together with golden cords of true friendship that are never severed.

Half mighty friendship of radiant form. The minds chosen one in sunshine or storm. Half angelic maid of infinite love The Pythian best thou'lt ever move. While we do not claim that Pythianism is a savior of men, we do claim without a fear of successful contradiction that no man can become a true Knight of Pythias without becoming a better man; better prepared to live; encouraging and stimulating those who may have become indifferent to life's purposes, with a comforting friendship that shall serve to awaken and impel noble thoughts and acts that shall lead to honor and happiness.

Life is not mean if it is grand. If it is mean to any, he makes it so. God made it glorious; its channels He paved with diamonds; its banks He fringed with flowers. He over-arched it with stars. All, all is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude. God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur if it did not mean something. How much life means, words refuse to tell, because they cannot. The very door-way of life is hung round with flowery emblems to indicate that it is for some purpose. It is my firm conviction, that man has only himself to blame if his life appears to him at any time void of interest and pleasure.

None of us liveth to himself alone. We live, but we leave influences behind that survive. It is what a man was, that lives and acts after him; what he said, sounds along the years like voices among the mountain gorges; and what he said is repeated after him in ever multiplying and never ceasing reverberations. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world. We live and we die, but the good or evil that we do lives after us and is not buried with our bones. No, no! None of us liveth to himself alone. It is not all of life to live.

We are reminded on this occasion that there comes a change called death. Death comes equally to us all and makes us all equal, when it comes. No sex is spared, no age exempt. The majestic and courtly roads that monarchs pass over, the way the men of letters tread, the paths the warrior traverses, the short and simple annals of the poor, all lead to the same place; all terminate, however varied their routes, in the one enormous house prepared for all living. One short sentence closes the biography of every man as if in mockery of the unsubstantial pretensions

of human pride. The days of the years of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died. That was the end of it. He died; such was the frailty of this boasted man. It is appointed unto men, unto all men, once to die. Now ask the question: Is it all of death to die? No matter what station of honor we may hold, we are all subject to death. There cold and lifeless is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. My brother, we stand upon the border of an awful gulf that is swallowing up all things human, and is there amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten. Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you from his deathbed and his illumed spirit, still whispers from the heavens with well known eloquence the solemn admonition, mortals, hastening to the tomb and once companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Savior I have chosen; live for immortality and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God. Since our earthly life is so brief and the night will soon come when all the number and hum of our days is dumb eye more, it were well to have these mile stones by the way pointing us to a better land when all the glitter and tinsel of our earthly life is ended and the great unknown and mysterious eternity is spread out before our immortal vision.

Will it not be a source of greater joy to have wiped a tear from the eye of the sorrowing, to have soothed a weary pilgrim in crossing the river of death, pointing by an eye of faith to a better country—even a heavenly, to have plumed one wing for its eternal flight, than to possess a kingly crown or wear James brightest laurels? Let us go forth then to the sphere that we occupy, to the employment, the trade, the professions of social life, go forth to the high places or the lowly places of the land, mix with the roaring cataract of social convulsions or mingle in the eddies or streamlets of quiet domestic life. Whatever sphere we occupy, carry into it, honor and purity. We will radiate around us life and power and leave behind us beneficent influences. Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream, For the soul is dead that slumbers And things are not what they seem. Life is real, Life is earnest, The grave is not its goal, Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

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 disorderedly 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.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

From the Howell Democrat. Last Tuesday night Well Curdy, Oceola, had forty sheep mangled by dogs and B. F. Batcheler had twenty-five injured in the same manner. Several of Mr. Curdy's flock have died already and there is danger that he will lose others. Several of Mr. Batcheler's flock are badly bitten and may die. From the Ann Arbor Courier.

The buffalo bug, or perhaps more familiarly known as the carpet bug, has made its appearance in several Ann Arbor homes. It is an insect to be greatly feared and prompt attention and extreme methods are necessary, where it once gets a foothold. Salt placed around the edges and along the seams of carpets is said to be a good preventative of their ravages, and gasoline is about the only liquid known that will kill them. By taking a hot flat iron and running it over the carpet or any other garment infested, is said to also kill them and their eggs. Cracks in the floors are their favorite haunts, and any red garment appears to be preferable to their tastes, though they are not at all aesthetic in that respect, as they will chew up almost anything from a tramp's stocking to a bedpost. The bug is black, and covered with fuzz and when it runs it appears to be going backward. For further particulars try and find one. You may be surprised to learn that there are such visitors in your house.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hard 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." Trial bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store, regular size, 50c and \$1.00.

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

C. E. Passage

Successor to E. J. BRADNER. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Paints, Oils, and Varnishes. Books, Papers, and Magazines. Star Grocery, PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth Savings Bank

PLYMOUTH, MICH. E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, Vice president. 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, M. CONNER, I. N. STARKWEATHER, G. S. VAN SICKLE, J. B. TILLOTSON, L. C. HOUGH, S. J. SPRINGER, A. D. LYNDON, J. R. HOSIE, WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GEER, L. C. SHERWOOD.

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES. DESTROYED. I. B. O. W. N. W. HERRICK, Plymouth, Mich., for one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FANCY ROCKERS, MUSIC CABINETS, CHEVAL GLASSES, FOLDING BEDS, CHIFFONNIERS, RATTAN ROCKERS, COUCHES, SETTEES, TABLES, MANTEL TOPS, PARLOR DESKS, WARDROBES, PIER MIRRORS, CARD TABLES, CATTREDES, SPRING BEDS, COT BEDS, ETC. ETC. CHARLES A. KLEIN, 129-127, 125 Jefferson Avenue, between Griswold and Shelby streets, DETROIT, MICH.

"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, write to us and we will send you a lamp solely 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."

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's Great Worm Lozenges, only 25 cts per box. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. -Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R.R.

Table with columns for Local Time, Grand Rapids, and various stations. Includes times for Grand Rapids, Howland City, Grand Ledge, Lansing, Howland, Howland Junction, Brighton, Green Oak, South Lyon, Salem, Plymouth, and Detroit.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE. In effect June 12, 1892. Trains leave Plymouth as follows: STANDARD TIME. GOING SOUTH. Train No. 2, 8:15 a. m. No. 8, 8:45 p. m. No. 10, 1:42 a. m. GOING NORTH. Train No. 1, 8:25 a. m. No. 3, 9:30 a. m. No. 5, 2:15 p. m. No. 7, 6:31 p. m. No. 9, 7:12 p. m.

Livonia.

Special correspondence to the MAIL.

We had another flood at this place last Monday.

They have begun to clay the hill west of the Centre.

Mrs. N. B. Shaw died at her home last Saturday night very suddenly, of heart failure. She was a former resident of this place and highly respected. She was a daughter of David Phillips, one of the pioneers of Plymouth township. She leaves a companion, one sister and a number of brothers to mourn her loss.

Mrs. R. Z. Millard of Detroit is visiting her parents at this place.

Potatoes rot about as fast as they are planted, on low ground.

Mrs. Sarah Garfield of Northville is visiting her parents at this place. Mr. and Mrs. A. Turnbull.

Frank Myers went to Ann Arbor last week to see if the Drs. at that place could tell what his complaint is. He has been sick about four months.

H. Wollgast has a pure white tame squirrel.

Some of our citizens went to Walled Lake fishing last Saturday.

P. Chilson had a horse die last week.

Mr. Rivard of Detroit was in this village last Sunday.

Cherry Hill.

Special correspondence to the MAIL.

Mrs. Maydale died on Wednesday of last week of old age, 87 years. The deceased was a highly respected lady. She had been a widow for 17 years. A family of 5 children survive her. The funeral was held at the church and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Cheney, Baptist minister of Ypsilanti.

We misunderstood the date of the Union grange picnic. It will be held tomorrow (Saturday) the 25th, instead of today.

The date for holding the School picnic has been changed to Saturday the 2d of July.

Prof. and Mrs. S. D. Huston of Leroy are home for vacation.

Prof. A. D. Chisholm of Salem visited here this week.

The oldest inhabitant fails to remember the time when the amount of rain fell in so short a time as came down last Monday.

Our base ball club have purchased a new out-fit, including uniforms and would like to cross bats with any of the amateurs hereabouts.

Frank Cape smiles wide and deep since last Monday. A little daughter is the occasions.

Belleville.

Our school closed last Friday.

It is reported that our mills will change hands again.

The commencement exercises of the Belleville high school was held at the M. E. Church Friday evening, June 17th long before the opening of the church, throngs of people stood out side waiting to be admitted, and fifteen minutes after opening, nothing but standing room could be secured. The exercises under the management of Prof. E. R. Nethercott, were finest ever seen in our bustling little village. The stage was very artistically decorated, being draped with cheese cloth from each corner, and up the centre hung the class motto "Clear Grit". The orations and essays were delivered very nicely, which showed careful and skillful training. At the close Miss Emma Fehlig, in behalf of the class, presented the professor with an elegant work case.

Prof. I. D. LaRee, of Ridgeway, next Supt. of our schools was in town Friday.

The alumni banquet of the Belleville high school, held Friday evening was a complete success. About 150 sitting down to supper.

Mrs. Jas. Cody is ill at present writing.

Miss Lottie Burroughs, of Detroit accompanied by her sister Mrs. Cora Reynolds are guests of M. C. Green and wife.

It is reported that a large elevator with Chas. Forbes as manager, will be erected by some eastern parties.

Denton.

Special correspondence to the MAIL.

Andrew McKinstry, a carpenter of Sheldon's Corners, was badly hurt while working on John Padgett's barn, last Tuesday. A heavy stick of timber, 43 feet in length slipped from the hands of the men above, striking Mr. McKinstry, breaking his ribs and collar bone. He has been removed to his home in Canton and is now able to sit up. Dr. Jenks of Ypsilanti thinks he may recover if he is not injured internally. He has the sympathy of his friends and neighbors in this sad accident.

Wm. Smith of Milan was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Holmes' horse ran away from him

last Wednesday, doing but little damage to the vehicle and the doctor.

Strawberry picking is in full operation in and about Dentons. This crop is very extensively cultivated in this vicinity. A ready market is found in Ypsilanti and Detroit. It is not much of a task to raise one hundred bushels to the acre, or 3200 quarts which will sell quick at 13 cents a quart, amounting to \$400 from the acre. Farmers why will you persist in raising wheat for 85 and 90 cents a bushel when you can make more money in cultivating something else?

Chas. King was badly hurt last Sunday by a cow, on the farm of J. W. Gillispie. The animal had been of a kind disposition until she attacked Mr. King. She first threw Mr. King in the air, and then to the ground, rolling him over the yard, tearing his clothes from his body, and doing much harm to his head and side. He being a powerful man, especially in his arms, at last got the infuriated animal by the horns and held her head from his body. His neighbors heard him call for help, ran to his assistance, and were very much surprised to find their old friend holding the cow, and blood streaming freely from the body of Mr. King.

Mr. Moon and wife were taken by surprise last Saturday evening by a large number of their friends. They came from all directions of the compass, filling his spacious house full. Mr. Moon in a few well chosen words made them welcome. Singing, speaking, and select reading were the order of the evening. They remained until nearly morning, when they took their departure, expressing their appreciation for their generous reception by Mr. Moon and wife.

How to Deposit Money.

From the Confectioners Journal.

1. If you wish to open an account with a bank provide yourself with a proper introduction. Well-managed banks do not open accounts with strangers.

2. Do not draw a check unless you have the money in bank or in your possession to deposit. Don't test the courage or generosity of your bank by presenting or allowing to be presented, your check for a larger sum than your balance.

3. Do not draw a check or send it to a person out of the city, expecting to make it good before it can possibly get back. Sometimes telegraphic advice is asked about such checks.

4. Do not exchange checks with anybody. This is soon discovered by your bank; it does your friend no good and discredits you.

5. Do not give your check to a friend with the condition that he is not to use it until a certain time. It is sure to take an out-of-town check from a neighbor pass it through your bank without charge and give him your check for it. You are sure to get caught. Discount or accommodation note, in the meaning of a bank is a note for which no value has passed from the indorser to the drawer.

6. Do not give your check to a stranger. This is an open door for fraud, and if your bank loses through you it will not feel kindly toward you.

7. When you send your check out of the city to pay bills, write the name and residence of your payee thus: "Pay to John Smith & Co., of Boston." This will put your bank on its guard if presented at the counter.

8. Don't commit the folly of supposing that because you trust the bank with your money the bank ought to trust you by paying you overdrafts.

9. Don't suppose you can behave badly in one bank and stand well with the others. You forget there is a clearing-house.

10. Don't quarrel with your bank. If you are not treated well go somewhere else; but don't go and leave your discount line unprotected. Don't think it unreasonable if your bank declines to.

11. If you want an accommodation note discounted, tell the bank frankly that it is not, in their definition, a business note. If you take a note from a debtor with an agreement, verbal or written, that it is to be renewed in whole or part, and if you get that note discounted and then ask to have a new one discounted to take up the old one, tell the bank about it.

12. Don't commit the folly of saying that you will guarantee the payment of a note which you have already indorsed.

13. Give your bank credit for being intelligent generally and understanding its own business particularly. It is much better informed, probably, than you suppose.

14. Don't try to convince your bank that the paper or security which has already been declined is better than the bank supposed. This is only chaff.

"Economy is wealth," money well invested, will sometimes pay an hundred fold. Therefore it is Economy, when making a purchase, to get the best your money will buy. If you invest a quarter in a bottle of Hartzell's Cough Syrup, you have been economical, you have made a good investment and one that will pay you an hundred fold. For sale by J. L. Gale. 50

The Commencement.

The commencement exercises of the Plymouth high school were held at the village hall last Friday evening and were attended by an appreciative audience—the charge of twenty-five cents cutting off a large number of children who have been in the habit of rushing in and filling the larger portion of the house as soon as the doors were opened.

The graduating class numbered six, as follows:

- Miss Gerie Taff,
- Miss Addie Dibble,
- Miss Alice Safford,
- Mr. George Wilcox,
- Mr. Charles Durfee,
- Mr. Clay Hoyt.

The class did their parts exceedingly well and their efforts were heartily received by the audience.

Each member of the class received numerous beautiful presents from their friends—mementoes, which in years to come will bring back to them, recollections of this day for which they had so faithfully worked.

The hall was beautifully decorated, the work of the teachers and the junior class.

The music was furnished by the Society Banjo Club, of Detroit and its numerous selections were heartily enjoyed.

During the evening a thing occurred which was not on the program. One of the large lamps over the stage got into a "tantrum" and it looked as if an explosion might not be far off, but presence of mind of Fred Dunn the lamp was got under control.

Prof. Curtiss who has had charge of the school for the past year has proved himself a very efficient teacher and has won the respect of the school and our citizens as well. Miss Durfee, the preceptress, has won the love and confidence of all her pupils by her gentleness and the interest she has taken in all their work—in fact all of the teachers so far as we can learn have given excellent satisfaction.

After the exercises the class was entertained by Mrs. Ann Durfee, at her beautiful residence on Main street.

The Beau-Knot.

Chas. Smith, 45 Wayne; Arletta Williams, nee Letton 56 Saginaw.

John Neckel, 29, Springwells; Minnie Nocker, 21, Dearborn.

Additional Local.

Ladies silk parasols at Rauch's.

—Philadelphia it is claimed has 30,000 bicyclers.

—There has been plenty of rain for several days past.

Ladies go to Rauch's for mitts parasols and underwear.

—Cleveland is the Democratic nominee for president.

—Rev. Lee S. McColleston will preach in the M. E. church next Sunday at three o'clock.

—The pipe layers for the water-works are at work in the neighborhood of Hill Benton's.

—Dwight Chaffee, son of Mrs. J. S. Kellogg, who has been living here for the past year or two, left Wednesday for Kansas, where he expects to remain.

Detroit is knocked out by Rauch's prices on clothing. Call and see for your self.

—At the 25 mile bicycle race, on Belle Isle, Monday afternoon, Will C. Rand of Detroit broke the record in 1:15:59 4/5. The record up to this time had been 1:17:11. There were about 75 in the race, among them Frank Woodman and Edward Hines of Detroit, well known here. Woodman made the 25 miles in 1:27:34 2/5. Hines in 1:32:51, exceedingly good time, especially when about four-fifths of the distance was made in a drenching rain, and the roads very heavy. Woodman took the eleventh prize, a \$30 gold seal ring.

—H. C. Robinson attended the Democratic convention in Chicago returning home Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. R. Willett and daughter Myrtle returned home Tuesday after a month's visit with relatives at Coruna.

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

Don't Get Imposed Upon.

Is a good motto to follow in buying a medicine as well as in everything else. By the universal satisfaction it has given and by the many remarkable cures it has accomplished, Dullam's Great German Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure has proven itself unequalled for building up and cleansing your system and for all diseases arising from impure blood. Do not experiment with an unheard of or untried article which you are told is good, but be sure to get Dullam's. All druggists keep it. \$1 a bottle.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's Great German Worm Lozengers only 25 cents per box. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 251.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The Sea-Shell Was the First Trumpet and a Tortoise Shell the First Lyre.

Apollo was the old god of music and his favorite instrument, the lyre, was invented by Mercury. When the latter was four hours old he found the shell of a tortoise and made it into a lyre with nine strings in honor of the nine Muses. This instrument Mercury gave to Apollo, who became a wonderful player upon it. The lyre was used by the Greeks in olden times, and from it was fashioned the harp.

The old-time viol was the first instrument of its kind, and furnished the plan for the modern violin, which, however, is 700 years old. It is said that Charles II. introduced it into England. One of the finest makers of violins was Stradivarius of Cremona, who existed in the early part of the eighteenth century. Violins made by him are worth thousands of dollars now, and are highly esteemed by collectors and performers.

The flute is very old in its origin, but the flute of to-day is different from that of the ancients. It has been improved upon from time to time, and the old people would probably fail to recognize it now. The flageolet, which is somewhat similar, is credited to Juvigny about 1581.

The first trumpet was a sea-shell, and was used by very old nations. Trumpets were well known in the days when Homer lived, and a Jewish feast of trumpets is spoken of in the bible, nearly 1,500 B. C. Alexander the Great is said to have used a speaking trumpet 335 B. C.

The harp which was suggested by the lute, says Harper's Young People, is ascribed to Jubal, 3875 B. C., and was King David's favorite instrument. The harp was used by the Welsh and Saxons and also by the ancient people of Ireland. One of the oldest harps in existence is in the Dublin College museum, and originally belonged to Brian Borohme, king of Ireland.

THE GREAT VICTORIA FALLS.

Among the Grandest in the World Though Little Can Be Seen.

Livingstone was the first to describe to us the great falls of the upper Zambesi river, which he calls the Victoria Falls. These falls are among the greatest in the world. The most recent visitor to them is Mr. Decla, states the New York Sun, a French explorer, who is now carrying out ethnological investigations in the upper Zambesi region. He has made some remarks about these falls which give us a different impression of them from that commonly held.

He says that all his predecessors have spoken so enthusiastically of the falls that he hardly dares to express his own opinion. "I will content myself," he adds, "by saying that they would be very grand if one could only see them. The great river, about a mile wide at this place suddenly contracts and disappears apparently into the bowels of the earth, falling from a height which I estimate at about 400 feet into a gorge which is about 500 feet wide. The water dashes itself with such violence to the bottom of this gorge that much of it rebounds high in the air and a column of spray and vapor rises at least 300 feet above the level of the river. One can see this column plainly marking the location of the falls seven miles away, and their roar can be heard for several miles. I could find no position where I could see the bottom of the gorge, and there was not a single place where it was possible for me to see as much as 600 feet in width of the falls at one time. It is impossible to compare the Victoria Falls with those of Niagara. The latter are very grand and the former are terrific, but more on account of what we imagine that because of what we see."

The Sick Man Recovered.

A New York man who was ill with pneumonia called in a physician, who he says gave him this treatment: He blew something in the patient's face, and afterward scarified his hands, feet, and body with a razor, causing the blood to flow freely. The blood he rubbed over Sassano's chest. Then he cut off some of the sick man's hair, and wrote a letter to Satan, prince of hell. He burned the hair and letter in the stove. These operations were repeated for four days, and for them Libertino demanded \$140, but a settlement was made for \$120, with the promise that if Sassano recovered he was to pay \$380 more. The sick man recovered. This proves what I have long suspected, that in most diseases the cure depends less on the kind of treatment than on the kind of the doctor presents. If the bill is sufficiently outrageous any man whose constitution is not entirely destroyed will get mad enough to restore himself to health. —Buffalo Express.

Modern Battle With Arrows.

Many readers will be much surprised to learn that at the battle of Lepsis the Russians brought into the field numbers of Baskir Tartars who were armed only with bows and arrows. So we read in General Marbot's memoirs written by himself and lately published. The general was himself wounded by an arrow in the battle.

The Late O. H. Burrows.

From the Cassellon (Dak.) Reporter.

Perhaps never in the history of Cass County has a death occurred that has brought with it more profound regret than that of the death of Mr. Chas. H. Burrows, of Elm River Township, which sad event occurred on Monday last from the effects of being gored by a Jersey bull. It seems that Mr. Burrows was leading the animal to water; he being of an ugly disposition the usual precaution was practised, viz: of fastening a short stick in the ring of his nose which by a sudden jerk tore loose from his nose. The animal gaining his liberty attacked Mr. Burrows tossing him in the air some fifteen feet. Not satisfied with this the bull made a second attack crushing him against the barn and injuring him internally. Mr. Burrows cry for help brought two men that were working near by, who with the aid of pitchforks and a great risk of themselves being gored managed to keep the animal at bay until the wounded man could be relieved. Dr. Critchfield was immediately summoned and did all that medical skill could do to relieve the suffering of the victim, but of no avail, death bringing the only relief which occurred after 48 hours of intense pain, during which time and up to the last he remained conscious. Mr. Burrows was a native of Plymouth, Michigan, and was one of the first settlers in Elm River Tp. who took up government land on section 12 of that town early in 1879 and which he brought to a high state of cultivation and improvement and that is now considered one of the best farms in the country. He was a man of fine physique, upright and honorable, and a citizen beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and two daughters comfortably provided for to mourn his early demise. The funeral took place on Thursday from the family home and the remains were buried in the Hunter cemetery followed by a large concourse of friends who paid the last tribute of respect to a kind husband, a generous father and a noble citizen.

Physicians Outdone.

My wife has been suffering with female trouble of the severest kind for over three years. I have paid \$25 during the last three months and she had no relief. She had doctored continually with the best of physicians. I bought three bottles each of Dullam's Great German Female Uterine Tonic and Dullam's German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure and can say to-day that she is entirely cured. \$1 a bottle. W. H. DROWLEY, Flint, Mich. Sworn to before me on this 23d day of June, 1890. JOHN C. DULLAM, Notary Public, Genesee county.

For Sale by CHAFFEE & HUNTER.

Try Dullam's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills 4 in each package. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 251.

I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullam's Great German Liniment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle. Signed, A. B. SNEEL, Hamilton, Mich April 11, 1891. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 251.

Help Wanted.

Good girls can find steady employment at the Ypsilanti Woolen Mills. Apply at once in person or address.

HAY & TODD MFG CO.,

Ypsilanti, Mich.

My whole family had been suffering from terrible colds on their lungs. I called at my druggist's and procured a bottle of Dullam's Great German 35 cent cough cure and I can safely recommend it as the best cough remedy that I ever bought. ROBT. CONNER, liveryman, Flint, Mich. Don't Cough! Cough! Cough! but get a bottle and try it. For sale by Chaffee & Hunter. 6

**We Want Work E's**  
Salary of commission to good men. Fast selling Imported Specialties; also full line GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK. Stock falling to live replacement. R. D. Luteschford & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**PATENTS**  
SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about \$13 from Detroit or \$18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, \$2.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Potoski, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

There are some men who stand on the debateable ground between talents and genius without belonging to either; they have a strong love for all that is beautiful and great without the power of producing them; instead of all the radii of their mind tending, as in men of genius, to a single point, they stand in the center and send forth rays in every direction, but these antagonistic forces destroy each other.

To get through one thing and to begin another seems to be the whole of life to some people. The element of well doing is forgotten; there is no time allotted for that. The mind, concentrated on getting on, or getting through the business on hand, has no opportunity for consideration, reflection, comparison, judgment—no time for proving methods or testing results. Yet without all this, how poor a thing is work of any kind!

Cultivated people are apt to deprecate the value of great shows. The vulgar glory in them; and there is a tendency to draw from them that inference that it is mere idling to watch them. So it is idling for idlers but not for intelligent observers. Where there is a spectacle there is a crowd, and people of delicate habits dislike crowds. But crowds are good to study, particularly representative crowds of intelligent men under the stress of strong emotion.

The real trouble in dispensing charity is not to be found in the want of tact depicted and often found in people charitably inclined, nor in the impossibility of a perfect understanding of the needs to be met, although these are great barriers, too. But when we come to the actual fact that the benefactor is offering support to the beneficiary, we have the root of the trouble. The price of manhood is paid often enough, but what a price it is to give for the means of life. There is no disease so insidious as pauperism and philanthropy is handicapped at the start in the struggle against it.

It is time that the United States stood before the world of commerce with something like its rightful share of the carrying trade. When we consider that American capital has paid millions every year into the coffers of foreign steamship lines when the money might quite as well have gone to the enrichment of our own resources the wonder is that at least a small opening has not been given before. The prospect of seeing merchant ships sailing into and out of our ports under the stars and stripes, is most flattering to national pride, which has suffered not a little from the restrictions of the past.

Funny world we live in. A man who has access to six head of horses, they standing idle in a stable, walked two miles out in the country on a little matter of business a day or two ago, while another man who had no horses and very little money hired a team to go the same distance. This was an actual occurrence, and shows the perversity of human nature. He who has the facilities for driving prefers to walk, while he who could much better afford to walk and has no team goes and hires one. Men are crazy to own a team, and it soon becomes a bore to give the horse necessary exercise. It has always been thus, and we presume always will be.

There is an insouciance that is even more intolerable than the Chadband and Pardiggle philanthropy, for it does not pretend to any aim but that of diversion, and it contents itself with looking on at something new and strange apparently unconscious that the something is human, with sensibilities, dulled though they be. Yet there is even in much, perhaps in most, well-meant philanthropy, an invasion of the rights of others that tends to undo the very good that benevolence accomplishes. Does the man or woman live who can receive, in poverty, of the abundance of another, and not lose something of the blessedness of independence? To receive and to remain unbittled by it is possible to few. It is this which makes the wide gulf between the rich and poor so impassable, and which ultimately throws down the most carefully planned efforts at bringing the two together on a common ground.

TALMAGE SAILING TOWARD THE MOTHERLAND.

He Dictates a Sermon for Use in the Press—"The Hour of My Departure Has Come"—Echoes from the Life of St. Paul.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 18, 1892.—Rev. Dr. Talmage is now on the Atlantic, having sailed from New York on the 15th inst. for Liverpool, for a preaching tour in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Sweden. Before visiting Sweden, Dr. Talmage will go to Russia, there to witness the reception and disposition of the cargo of breadstuffs on board the Christian Herald relief steamer Leo, which sailed last week for St. Petersburg. Previous to his departure, he dictated to his stenographer the following farewell sermon, to be read by the vast and widely scattered audiences whom it is his weekly privilege to address through the medium of the newspaper press. He took his text from 1 Timothy 4:8: "The time of my departure is at hand."

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the bible. But it is a word often used in the court-room and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say: "The time of my departure is at hand." Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be mid-ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure, when applied to exchange of continents as when applied to exchange of worlds as when Paul wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Now, departure implies a starting-place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting-point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1889. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor, and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high, and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Trossa, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—one hundred and ninety-five bruises on the back (count them!) made by the Jews with rods of elm-wood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he, says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn-out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the

place as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the King. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon, "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say, "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acqua Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar or martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul! why not now strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunder-bolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malarial Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm-wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed Kings like wise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped, the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amidst pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been debauched with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose sceptre is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

What he endured, oh, who can tell. To save our souls from death and hell! When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wedding-bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while good-bye! I have no morbid feelings about the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of his grace which is able to build us up, and give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

A new lightning arrester consists of a discharging device having separated points, between which is an insulating liquid, so that when a disruptive discharge takes place, a destructive arc is prevented by the closing in of the liquid.

A Berlin physician has prepared an apparatus for the convenient inhalation of ozone by patients for whom this treatment is prescribed. It consists of an ebonite tube, in which are two metallic points connected with a high tension electric current.

AN AMUSING SCENE.

It Occurred in the Erie Depot, New York, and the Husband Got Left.

The last boat to meet the Mountain Express on the Erie had arrived the other evening, and the last passengers to board the train was a family consisting of a husband, wife, and five children. Three of the children looked as if they were triplets, and the other two were undoubtedly twins. They were all small. The father and mother were out of humor, and the children were ushered into seats without ceremony. It was evident that all had run to catch the train. They were just getting settled nicely, and the conductor, on the outside was raising his hand for the engineer to go ahead, when the man turned angrily to his wife, and said:

"Give me those checks!" "What checks?" asked the wife. "What checks you mouse?" "Yes, what checks, you idiot!" "Why the trunk checks, them's the checks. Where are they?" and his eyes flashed fire.

"I ain't got any trunk checks you parrot!" "You ain't got any checks! Who has got them?" and he springing from his seat rushed wildly toward the door.

The woman and the three smaller children followed at his heels the latter crying in chorus. The train was now beginning to move out but the husband bounded boldly from the platform.

"There is the man I gave them to!" yelled the woman; "that man over there!" and she pointed to a sweeper with a railroad cap on who was just entering a train on the opposite side.

The husband made a wild lunge for the man and seized him by the throat. The sweeper, thinking he had a crank to deal with grappled him with a deadly embrace and tried to throw him down. Then the woman shouted:

"No, that ain't the man that has the checks but looks the world and all like him! Come on, come on!" and she waved frantically at her husband.

"Go on, go on!" returned the husband, running with all his might to catch the last car.

"Come on, come on! Run, run, run!" were the parting words from his wife.

But it was no use, the train was running too fast, and he dwindled into a pigmy in the distance.

When the woman returned to the car she spanked the triplets for crying and threatened to "dress down" the twins if they looked out of the window before they reached Port Jarvis.

NOT GOING TO DIE.

So She Got Out of Her Sick-Bed and Lived for Years.

The Harrisburg Telegram prints the story of a remarkable case of "miraculous cure." The patient was an elderly widow, a Mrs. Norton, who had been her husband's second wife. She was now to all appearance nearing her end, and sent in some haste for a lawyer. He hastened to the house where he found a chair and table waiting for him at his client's bedside. She wished him to draw up her will. He wrote the formal introductory phrases.

"First of all," she began in a faint voice "I want to give the farm to my sons, Harry and James; just put that down."

"But," said the lawyer, "you can't do that. Mrs. Norton. The farm isn't yours to give away."

"The farm isn't mine!" she broke out in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"No, ma'am," answered the lawyer, "you have only a life interest in it."

"This farm, that I've run for going on twenty-seven years, isn't mine to do as I please with? Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean?"

"Why, your husband gave you a life interest in all his property, and at your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children will get the city houses."

"And when I die John Norton is to have this house and farm whether I will or no?"

"Just so."

"Then I ain't goin' to die!" said the old woman, in a ringing voice; and with that she threw her feet over the front of the bed, gathered a blanket about her, straightened up her gaunt form, and walked across the room to a chair before the fire. The doctor and the lawyer went away.

That was fifteen years ago, and the old lady is alive to-day.

The Next Thing to It.

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the store.

"Are you the head of the firm?" asked a man with a sample case, entering the establishment.

"No, sir," remarked the young man, with great urbanity, "I'm only the heir of the head."—Detroit Free Press.

Rendering Glass Transparent.

A new method of quickly rendering glass transparent during the process of manufacture consists in forcing into the melted materials a stream of oxygen gas, the enormous heat generated oxidizing all deleterious materials.

REPUBLICANS PROTEST.

Ask for a Mandamus to Compel the Issuing of Election Notices Under the Act of '85.

LANSING, Mich., June 21.—The constitution provides that the apportionment of the senatorial districts in Michigan shall be made on the basis of population. The Republicans claim that the last legislature, however, used the Democrat vote as the basis, with the result that whereas one district has a population of 97,000, others have less than 40,000. The Republicans claim that for this reason the act deprives numerous sections of the state of their just representation in the Senate and is therefore unconstitutional. The supreme court will today be petitioned to issue a mandamus to compel the secretary of state to issue notices of election under the provisions of the statute of 1885, which the gerrymander act of the last legislature assumes to repeal. The petition will be made by Theron F. Giddings, of Kalamazoo, which is included in one of the most unequally constituted districts. Fred A. Baker, of Detroit, and ex-Attorney-General Taggart, of Grand Rapids, have charge of the case. It is also alleged that some amendments made by one house were not concurred in by the other.

INTELLIGENT JURORS.

Change of Venue in the Molitor Murder Trial at Rogers City.

ROGERS CITY, Mich., June 21.—Judge Kelley has granted a change of venue in all the Molitor murder cases and the trials will begin in August at Alpena. It became evident several days ago that it would be impossible to secure an impartial jury in Presque Isle county, but the work of examining talesmen continued. Nearly the whole voting population of the county were brought into the jury box and excused. Attorney-General Ellis and Prosecutors Inglesby, of Presque Isle, and McNamara, of Alpena, entered a motion for a change of venue and, the defense being not unwilling, the judge issued the order.

The ignorance of the English language and of American customs showed by some of the Germans examined as jurors was almost appalling. One being asked if he knew the defendants in the case said "yes," and pointed to Mr. Ellis and to Mr. McNamara. Another said that "an opinion" was a "wheel in a threshing machine," and that a "bid" was "what you sells and I buys." The total number of summonses issued at Rogers City was 255.

Detroit Convict Dead.

JACKSON, Mich., June 21.—John Mourer, sent from the recorder's court in Detroit in 1888 for life on conviction of murder in the second degree, died at the prison from the effects of the amputation of a leg. He suffered from a disease of the knee. The remains were taken to Detroit.

The crime for which John Mourer was sent to Jackson was the killing of his sister-in-law, Mary Mourer, on July 27, 1888, at Detroit.

Probably Insane.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., June 21.—John Hoekstra, an elderly German who wandered away from home several days ago, was found in the woods near Bedford, nearly dead and unable to talk and had no clothes on at the time he was found. He died soon after being discovered. He age was 74 years.

THEE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, LAMBS, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

# "August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

## SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Affection. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, 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.



This represents a healthy life. Just such a life as they enjoy throughout the various scenes. Who use Small BILE BEANS. Panel picture 7, 17, 70 and sample dose, 4c. Address: Carter's BILE BEANS, Small, 255 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**  
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

**"Why Are You Sick?"**  
"I know precisely how you feel; it is that nervous, irritable feeling; your back troubles you, and when you try to read a little, your head aches. Isn't that so?"  
"I knew it. Oh, bother the doctor! Get a bottle of Vegetable Compound, and take it faithfully, as I have done. I've been through this thing myself, but am never troubled now. Do as I tell you, my friend."  
Prudent women who best understand their ailments find in the Compound a remedy for all their distressing ills. It removes at once those pains, aches, and weaknesses, brightens the spirits, restores digestion, and invigorates the system.



All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of 50c. Lozenges, 75c. Cash. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address in confidence: LEXIA & FISHER'S MED. CO., 175 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by drug stores on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the 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 Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

## DR. KILMERC'S SWAMP ROOT

**Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.**  
**Rheumatism,**  
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.  
**Disordered Liver,**  
Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary troubles, bright's disease.  
**Impure Blood,**  
Scrofula, malaria, gonorrhea or debility. Guaranteed—One cent of One Dollar, if not cured, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. "Swamp-Root" is the name—See-Consumption free. Dr. KILMERC & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

In His Youth He Possessed "Innocence," In His Age as "Guilt."  
A painter once wanted a picture of innocence and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little supplicant was kneeling beside his mother, the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheeks spoke of health, and his mild blue eyes were upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it on the study wall and called it "Innocence."

Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of "Guilt," but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. In the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and sunken his eye; vice was visible in his face.  
The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for "Innocence and Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in a damp and shameful dungeon.—Irish Times.

## A PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAT.

A Simple Process That Affords Entertainment to Amateur Photographers.  
Striking results in photography are obtained by the use of a black or non-actinic background and a process of double exposure on the same plate. Popular Science News describes an excellent and amusing example where a youth sitting at a table is surprised, as he naturally would be, to see his own head served up to him "on a charger," a la John the Baptist.  
In this case the opened door to a darkened house formed the background. A piece of blackened cardboard pierced with a hole small enough to cut off all parts of the scene except the doorway was placed inside the camera, and the larger head photographed first, its position being accurately marked by a bit of paper gummed to the ground glass screen. The pasteboard was then removed and the rest of the group arranged and photographed in the usual manner. Upon development the two different exposures were combined with the amusing result shown in the illustration.  
Photography with a non-actinic background is an easy, simple and inexpensive process, capable of an infinite number of modifications, and for these reasons is particularly well adapted to the amusement of the ever increasing army of amateurs in photography.

**Hard to Get At.**  
Inquisitive city people in the country sometimes get small satisfaction in catechising little country boys about their names and affairs. A "summer boarder" once said to a small boy dressed in a broad straw hat and a gingham waist, long trousers and bare feet:  
"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"  
"Same as pa's" said the boy.  
"What's your pa's name?"  
"Same as mine?"  
"I mean what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"  
"They don't never call me to breakfast."  
"Why don't they?"  
"Cause I alluz git there the fust one!"—Youth's Companion.

**Small Expectations.**  
The Princeton Tiger prints what purports to be a conversation between an undergraduate and his cousin, a young lady.  
She—Will you write to me on your return to college?  
He—Why—er— you know I can't write.  
She—Oh, I don't expect you to write brilliantly or amusingly, just write as you talk.

**Learnings Appreciated.**  
Cultivated Stranger—You advertise for a man who can speak twenty-six languages?  
Mr. Gotham—Yea, sir. The position is still open.  
"May I ask concerning the matter of its duties?"  
"Certainly. I own considerable property in New York, and I want a man to collect the rents."—N. Y. Weekly.

**Kept Quiet.**  
"I hope you were not impudent in return," said mamma, after Willie had told her of some mean things a playmate had said.  
"No. I just kept still," said Willie. "I couldn't think of anything to say that would make him mad."—Harper's Young People.

**The Family Cake.**  
"You can't eat your cake and have it," said the wife to her complaining husband.  
"And I can't eat yours and get rid of it," he replied, branching off into another branch of domestic infelicity. —Detroit Free Press.

**F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc.**

It is estimated that there are 22 1/2 acres of land for every living person.

"Hanson's Magic Cure Salve," warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Texas is raising Irish flax.

To Become Successful in Business Life you need a good business education, such as may be acquired by mail: Bryant's College Buffalo, N. Y.

India has railway schools.

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

Georgia has a lumber trust.

If you are troubled with malaria take Beecham's Pills. A positive specific, nothing like it. 15 cents a box.

There is collapsible life raft.

Mr. Darius Waterhouse, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "It costs but little to try Bradycrine, and a trial is all that is necessary to convince the doubting thousands that it will cure headache."

There are 10,000 steamships in use.

**IN LUCK!**  
The person who is troubled with Salt-Rheum will find themselves in luck when they try one box of Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. Largest box and best remedy for Salt-Rheum on the market. 25 cents. At all druggists.

Do not allow twigs to start out on the trunks.

I have used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for Dyspepsia and Constipation, and have been cured by them. I cheerfully recommend to all who suffer from the same. STEPHEN BURHANS, Sexton Wayne St. Ref'd Church, Jersey City.  
Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Coal ashes make a good mulch for the quince.

**WHAT THEY SAY**  
of Hill's Pile Pomade: "I find it the best remedy in the world for piles, and recommend it to my patients." A. L. Hawkins, M. D., Compton, Cal. "We think it the best remedy on the market for piles." M. D. Fisher & Co., druggist, Springfield, Vt. Try it to-night! At all druggists.

The soil should be kept from baking hard around the trees.

**THE TRUE LAXATIVE PRINCIPLE**  
Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will use the true-remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.  
Senator Stanford is said to receive a larger mail than the president.  
Three painters were blown from the great Forth bridge in Scotland and killed.

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

Scientific men say that a wink occupies about the sixth of a second.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

A pinch of soda beaten to a foam in either molasses or honey will cut the phlegm from baby's throat.

**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. Harter 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 LITHOGRAPH OR SAMPLE FREE.  
"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."  
Shrunken, half worn bed blankets or comforts, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a state carpet.

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I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and half bottles of SSS. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Yorkville, S. C.

**TRADE SSS MARK**

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of SSS cured me permanently. WALLACE H. HART, Massachusetts, U. S.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWISS BREWERY CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## CUB BERDAN

Said instruments, "One night in a Ball Room," No. 1, 2 & 4, each set published for nine cents and piano. Each book \$1.00; Piano book \$2.00. Flute, Violin, Banjo, Guitars, Clarinets, everything in the music line. Catalogues sent free. 375 Woodward Avenue. DETROIT. MICHIGAN.

In growing fruit for market quality is placed as the last essential.

Clean, fresh fruits and vegetables will sell while others will be a drug.

In a year 8,500 churches have been built in the United States.

French street railway employes will hold a national convention.

The fountains of Trafalgar square spout 800 gallons of water a minute.



It's flying in the face of Nature to take the ordinary pill. Just consider how it acts. There's too much bulk and bustle, and not enough real good. And think how it leaves you when it's all over!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets act naturally. They help Nature to do her own work. They cleanse and renovate, mildly but thoroughly, the whole system. Regulate it, too. The help that they give, lasts.

They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest, and best to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get. This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

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

10 CENTS pays for an Aluminum Lord's Prayer Souvenir Charm and sample copy of our 100-pag Magazine. T. J. GILMORE, 90 Olive St., St. Louis.

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Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No stay a fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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AMERICAN FLAG Mfg. Co., Easton, Pa. Send for prices.

Notice! Republican (its "History, Principles and Policy") 50 pages. Agents outside prepaid, 50 cents. M. W. HAZEN Co., 19 Church Street, New York.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** A sure Asthma relief. Sold by all Druggists. Charles W. Hazen, Boston, Mass.

**LADIES!** Brown's French Dressing on your Boots and Shoes.

**FAT FOLKS REDUCED**  
16 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no moon violence, and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send for free circulars and leaflets. Address Dr. O. W. F. BRIDGES, 107 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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Cures All Female Diseases. Sample and Book Free. Send 50 cent stamp to Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 325 Passaic Pl., Chicago.

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Shipped Anywhere on Trial. Catalogue Free. GEO. HERRL & Co., 7 Ky St. QUINCY, ILL., U.S.A.

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50,000 Pieces at 10 Cts. Each. Full Sheet Size. Splendid Paper. Enclose 2 cent stamp for Catalogue. Liberal Terms to the Trade. Remit five 2-cent stamps for sample. CHEAP MUSIC STORE, 294 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK.

## DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN. Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid bowels. They regulate vital organs, remove nausea, dizziness. Magical effect on Kidneys and bladder. Cures Bilious nervous disorders. Establish natural Daily Action.

Beauty complexion by purifying blood. PERFECTLY VEGETABLE. The dose is nicely adjusted to suit case, as one pill can never do too much. Each vial contains 60, carried in neat pocket like lead pencil. Business man's great convenience. Taken easier than sugar. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send 2-cent stamp. You get 32 page book with sample. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires. Diamond Frame. Steel Drop Fergings. Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle. Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular. Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

**\$85**

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# MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back, Neuralgia, Headache, Etc. WERE FUND MONEY IF 5 BOTTLES does not cure you or 1 bottle does not give you benefit.

TRY IT! Per Bottle, 25 cts. 5 Bottles, \$1.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT! MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

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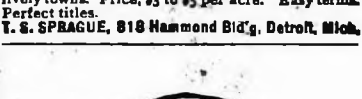
Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PATENT LAW and COUNTY LAWS. PATRICK O'FARRELL - WASHINGTON, D. C.

## CENTRAL MICHIGAN FARMS

Grow the largest and best paying crops, as proved by U. S. Agricultural Reports. We offer at low prices very easy terms. 20,000 Acres of good improved Farming Lands in Isabella County, center of Lower Peninsula. Write for pamphlet, mailed free. Wells, Stone & Co., Saginaw, Mich.

## FARMS CHEAP

20,000 ACRES of first-class MICHIGAN farm lands near railroads, in Alcona, Alpena and Montcalm counties; soil, rich clay and gravel loams; hardwood timber; well watered by springs and living streams; near churches, schools and lively towns. Price, \$3 to \$5 per acre. Easy terms. Perfect titles. T. S. SPRAGUE, 818 Hammond Bld'g, Detroit, Mich.



H. S. PINGREE.

Do you wear the Pingree Shoe?

A shoe with a record! For Ladies, Gents, Boys & Girls.

IF YOU CANNOT get our goods in your town, write to us giving particulars and we will see that you are supplied.

We are the pioneer shoe manufacturers of the west, having been manufacturing shoes exclusively for over a quarter of a century, and SELL NO GOODS THAT ARE NOT OUR OWN MAKE.

Pingree & Smith, Detroit.

W. N. U. D., -10-26.

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### THE SOUL'S RIDE.

"Horseman, springing from the dark,  
Horseman, flying wild and free,  
Tell me what shall be thy road,  
Whither speedest far from me?"

"From the dark into the light,  
From the small unto the great,  
From the valleys dark I ride  
O'er the hills to conquer fate!"

"Take me with thee, horseman mine!  
Let me madly ride with thee!"  
As he turned I met his eyes—  
My own soul looked back at me!  
—Lilla Cabot Perry in the Atlantic.

### THE BLUE VEIL.

"Look out for Lizzie, in blue veil,  
By 6 p. m. train!" FRED.

"A dollar and twenty cents, sir,  
and sign your name in the book, if  
you please," said the boy from the  
telegraph office.

"A dollar and twenty cents! sign  
my name in the book!" I repeated  
stupidly, "but the telegram isn't for  
me."

"Yes, sir! it is sent to Mr. Charles  
Chester, at the Lakeville House,  
Lakeville, N. Y. There is no other  
Mr. Chester in Lakeville."

Lizzie—Could it be Lizzie Clara, or  
was it one of Mrs. Stowell's hand-  
some daughters? There was no time  
for me to idle in surmising which Lizzie  
I was to meet. I paid the boy and  
drove hurriedly to the depot, to look  
out for Lizzie. The New York ex-  
press had already arrived. Passengers  
were crowding in the cars, baggage  
was rattling by, the bell ringing, and  
where was Lizzie?

At length, near the door of the  
ladies' room, looking uneasily around  
her, I espied a lady wearing a blue  
veil.

"Is this the Lizzie whom I am to  
meet?" I venture to ask, groaning in  
spirit at the ignorance in which I had  
been left regarding any other cog-  
nomen.

"Oh, yes! And this must be Mr.  
Chester, I suppose. You knew me by  
my new veil, did you not?" Fred said  
that would be a sufficient signal. You  
are very kind to take charge of me.  
I was fearful that you would find the  
care of a lady a great burden on a  
night journey, but Fred insisted that  
you would not mind it, if you took the  
trouble for him; so here I am as you  
perceive. Are not the cars about  
starting?"

"I have time to see to your bag-  
gage," I managed to say.

"Oh, thank you, but Fred checked  
it through and bought my ticket. It  
is all right."

I know it was all wrong; but what  
bachelor of two-and-thirty would de-  
cline to escort a charming "Lizzie,"  
in a blue veil, thus mysteriously  
committed to his protection?

We had just a minute and a half in  
which to secure our seats ere the  
Western train was off, and my com-  
panion uttered a very contented little  
murmur of satisfaction as we slowly  
steamed out of the depot.

"Oh, I was so fearful that you  
wouldn't be here to meet me, Mr.  
Chester," she said, "and I dreaded to  
take the journey alone."

"It is a long journey," I replied,  
with a faint hope that I might tempt  
her to mention her destination.

"Very long," she answered dem-  
urely.

But a call of the conductor revealed  
the fact that the lady was going to  
Cleveland.

My ticket was purchased for Cin-  
cinnati, and I thought with satisfac-  
tion that I could stop in Cleveland if  
I pleased, without any change of  
route.

I scanned my traveling companion  
as closely as I dared; but only a sug-  
gestion of bright eyes, ruby lips and  
a dazzling complexion reached me  
through the blue veil.

"I think we have never met before  
to-day," I remarked, hazarding an ob-  
servation which might, or might not,  
prove to be correct.

"Oh, no! but I have heard Fred  
speak of you so frequently that I do  
not feel as if we could be strangers  
long."

She smiled, and put up her blue  
veil. With the veil lifted she looked  
somewhat older than I expected. I  
had fancied she was 17, but she now  
appeared seven-and-twenty. Yet she  
was so fair, so dazzling white—with  
eyes that matched her blue veil—that  
I forgot the question of her age.

"This is rather a sudden journey of  
mine," remarked my fair companion  
—my trunk was nearly packed, and  
I expected to leave next Monday and  
travel alone; but when Fred heard  
that you were going to take the  
evening train he telegraphed to you  
immediately and hurried me off."

"Ah, Fred!" thought I, "it seems  
to me I have you now! It's just like  
gay Fred Dalrymple to surprise one  
with such a telegram; this must be  
his sister Lizzie. She is going to  
Cleveland to visit Robert and his  
wife."

The mystery was explained, and,  
with a lighter heart, I turned to the  
young lady, stimulated by this dis-  
covery in my previous determination  
to render myself desperately agree-  
able.

"How is your dear Jenny?" sudden-  
ly inquired my comrade of the blue  
veil.

"My dear Jenny?" mused I. "Oh  
—yes—sister Jenny. I presume she  
means." "She is very well," I re-  
plied.

"We have so often exchanged mes-  
sages with our love, through the medi-  
um of your correspondence with  
Fred, that I feel quite well acquaint-  
ed with that dear Jenny, Mr. Ches-  
ter."

"Hum!" I said to myself, "just  
like Fred Dalrymple to forget to de-  
liver his sister's messages, and then  
invent replies to satisfy her questions  
and cover his negligence."

"And do tell me something about  
that baby," continued Fred's sister.  
"You need not be afraid of praising  
it to me, for you know we ladies al-  
ways take a lively interest in babies."

"I would gladly gratify you if it  
were possible," I replied; "but to  
own the truth, I seldom take much  
notice of the baby race."

"As if I should believe you in this  
particular instance!" returned my in-  
terlocutor, gayly. "Why, somebody  
told Fred that you burned the gas  
light on purpose to see how cunning  
this wonderful baby looks asleep."

"Me!" I exclaimed in horror.  
"No! you need not deny it," said  
she. "I can understand that bashful-  
ness conceals your raptures. Of course  
it is named for you?"

It happened that sister Jenny's  
youngest had been christened Charlie  
in honor of his bachelor uncle, and so  
I answered that her supposition was  
not incorrect.

"When I see Jenny I shall feel it  
my duty to tell her what heartless in-  
difference you have feigned in regard  
to that baby; but you cannot impose  
upon me," said the owner of the blue  
veil. "I shall acquit you of possessing  
any of the old-bachelor nonchalance  
with which you have tried to veil your  
interest."

"You must not expect to manufac-  
ture a baby worshiper out of an old  
bachelor," I said, jestingly.

"Oh, no; but young fathers are not  
such sublime savages as you would try  
and believe!"

"Gracious! what can she mean?"  
was my silent ejaculation; but as she  
did not seem inclined to rally me fur-  
ther, we fell into a quiet conversation  
upon commonplace themes, very much  
as if we had been a dozen years ac-  
quainted.

"We are to ride all night," I said,  
finally, "and ought I not to secure a  
berth for you in the sleeping car? I  
notice that you seem very much fati-  
gued."

"I am weary, but I detest those  
sleeping-cars!"

"So do I the same," was my hearty  
rejoinder.

But I could not sleep; too many  
visions were haunting me.

Was this really Fred Dalrymple's  
Lizzie? Would I ever see her  
again after this journey was ended?  
And oh, most desperate and enticing  
speculation of all could I ever hope  
to take to myself the life-long burden  
of "Looking out for Lizzie in a blue  
veil?"

The night sped past in these deli-  
cious reveries. When we were  
within a few miles of Cleveland my  
fair charge awoke.

"Do you feel rested?" I inquired.

"Oh, very much! You are exceed-  
ingly kind to have taken so much  
care of me. Fred told me that Jenny's  
husband would be a most desirable  
escort, but I find that he scarcely told  
me half the truth."

Jenny's husband? It struck me  
dumb. So I was Jenny's husband,  
was I?

"Neither shall I believe, after your  
gentleness and attention to me that  
you can be so indifferent to your baby  
as you would try to have me think."

"Your baby?"

The woman was adding insult to in-  
jury! First a wife, and then a baby  
bestowed on me, at five minutes'  
notice, as if they were the most every-  
day affairs in the world!

"I think we must be near Clevel-  
and," continued my companion, ar-  
ranging her tangled curls and putting  
on her bonnet. "It is possible that  
my husband may be at the depot to  
meet me, and relieve you of any  
further trouble on my account. If he  
is not there I shall only ask you to  
put me in a coach, and send me home,  
unless I can prevail on you to stop  
over one or two trains in Cleveland,  
and visit us. My husband would be  
delighted to have you. Will you not  
consent to do so?"

Not Fred Dalrymple's sister after  
all! I muttered something in reply,  
I knew not what, but she took it as  
a refusal to accept her hospitality, and  
continued—

"And if you cannot or will not stay  
with us now, I want you to promise  
that you will come soon and bring  
dear Jenny and the baby, and make  
us a long visit."

But the cars had stopped. We had  
reached Cleveland, and the ensuing  
bustle relieved me from the necessity  
reply. I assisted her to alight, and  
consigned her to the arms of a tall,  
bearded fellow who kissed "dear  
Lizzie" before my very eyes.

"And this is Mr. Chester—Fred's  
friend; you know Harry?"

Harry rolled his eyes around, but  
evidently did not recognize me, and  
said nothing.

"Fred received a letter from Mr.  
Chester saying that he would be in  
Lakeville on business Tuesday, and  
would take charge of me if I would  
meet him at the evening train; so  
Fred telegraphed to him to look out

for me, and here I am, very much  
obliged for his escort."

"But where is he all this time?"  
asked the husband impatiently.

"Hang the blue veil! There is  
some mistake here," I exclaimed,  
pulling out the telegram as a voucher  
for me. "I am Chester of Lakeville  
at your service. I reside in Lakeville  
and I received this dispatch yester-  
day. I took charge of this lady as  
well as I knew how, and though I  
could not satisfactorily decide who  
she might be or by whom committed  
to my care, it is only within a half  
hour I have discovered that I myself  
was not the Charles Chester who  
should have been on the lookout for  
Lizzie, in a blue veil!"

They started. They read the tele-  
gram. The oddity of the mistake  
bewitched us all, and they took me  
home with them to laugh it over,  
when they found that no Jenny was  
waiting me at my journey's end. And  
as "all's well that ends well," let me  
tell you that my young wife to-day is  
Lizzie's sister, and equally partial to a  
blue veil.—New York News.

### WEEDS.

An Exemplification of the Law of the  
Survival of the Fittest.

A question often debated is what  
constitutes a weed, says the Chau-  
taquan. There is in nature no such  
thing as a weed. The distinction is  
purely human and artificial. We  
may call any plant a weed which ob-  
trudes itself where it is not wanted.  
Wheat plants in the flower garden  
and flowering plants in the wheat  
field are equally weeds. The plants  
most commonly called weeds are those,  
which, with inveterate persistency,  
force their presence into our fields  
and gardens, crowding out the useful  
plants whose seeds we have sown.

The reason why the weeds of culti-  
vated grounds are so obtrusive is be-  
cause, by the continued "survival of  
the fittest" in the war waged against  
them by the husbandman and by other  
species, these plants have developed  
at length wonderful powers of seed  
production, or contrivances for dis-  
seminating and protecting their seeds.

On the other hand, our cultivated  
plants, having been petted and pro-  
tected from free competition for ages,  
have at length, in a great measure,  
lost their natural stamina, and when  
the weather or some other accident  
restrains human aid and gives the  
weeds an opportunity, our cultivated  
plants make a sorry fight. One of  
our most notorious weeds is chess or  
cheat grass, which in wet seasons  
sometimes takes entire possession of  
wheat and oat fields. Farmers often  
say that under stress of the weather  
their wheat has turned to chess. The  
real fact is that wheat belongs to a  
particular and well-defined genus  
called by botanists *Triticum*. Chess  
belongs to a different but well-known  
genus called *Bromus*. Wheat, hav-  
ing for 4,000 years been artificially  
cultivated and protected, has become  
physically degenerate. Chess hav-  
ing been allowed to shift for itself or  
been ruthlessly hunted, has by the  
continued survival of the strongest  
individuals increased its native stam-  
ina. Wheat is favored by rather dry  
weather, chess by wet weather, hence,  
when wheat is sown upon ground  
already infested by self-sown chess  
seed, and the season proves very  
moist, the chess gets the upper hand  
and smother the wheat. But there  
has been no transmutation of genus.

The chess came from chess seeds, not  
from wheat seeds. It is just as im-  
possible for the weather to cause  
wheat to turn to chess as it is to cause  
a sheep to turn to a goat or a horse to  
a cow.

### Gold and Silver at the Fair.

The gold and silver and other  
mineral exhibits at the Exposition in  
Chicago will probably aggregate in  
value several million dollars. In ex-  
hibits of this description Colorado  
will naturally take front rank. It is  
announced that the gold and silver  
nuggets to be shown by that state  
alone are worth a quarter of a million  
dollars. There has been made a  
splendid collection of native gold  
specimens, from all the richest min-  
ing districts. A single collection,  
valued at \$60,000, has already been  
secured. This will be supplemented  
by the finest collections secured as  
loan exhibits. The exhibit will be  
both technical and economic in its  
character, showing a scientific classi-  
fication of the mineralogy of Colorado  
and a correct presentation of its  
geology. At the same time a popu-  
lar and massive display of ores, build-  
ing stone, commercial clays and other  
mineral products will be made. Models  
maps and diagrams will be employed  
to show the progress made in mining.  
These will be accompanied by his-  
torical data and reliable information  
regarding the product and formation  
of veins in the mining districts. In the  
display will be the "Silver Queen," a  
beautiful statue of an ideal female  
figure executed in silver and valued  
at \$7,500 to \$10,000.

### One Thing Sure.

"Sympathetic Mother—I can't under-  
stand why you should have so much  
trouble with your wife. Perhaps she  
only married you to please her par-  
ents."

Son—Not much. She ain't that  
kind.—N. Y. Weekly.

### THEIR SCHEMES WORKED WELL.

She Raised Her Voice, He a Row, and  
Both Some Money.

It was a demure looking little  
woman that walked into the ladies'  
cabin of a Pennsylvania ferry boat a  
few evenings ago and took a seat in  
the cabin that fast filled up, says the  
New York Herald. A respectable  
looking man who followed the woman,  
took a seat beside her, and, unfolding  
a newspaper, was to all appearances  
quickly engrossed in reading.

The jingle bell had sounded and the  
ferry boat had just cleared the slip  
when the woman commenced singing  
in a rather melodious voice. The  
passengers ceased talking and those  
who were reading dropped their  
papers and all eyes centered on the  
demure little woman, who evidently  
intended making an appeal to the  
charitable.

The man who came into the cabin  
behind the woman dropped his paper  
also and eyed the singer sharply for an  
instant. She paid no attention to him,  
and at last in a voice clearly heard  
of the passengers near about the  
man asked the woman to stop singing,  
as she was disturbing the passengers  
and him in particular.

The request, or rather command,  
attracted the attention of those who  
heard it, and they looked upon the man  
with expressions of disgust. But the  
woman paid no heed to the insolent  
remark and continued with the little  
song. The man left his seat and went  
to the forward deck. He reappeared  
with a deck hand, who assisted the  
man in getting through the crowd, and  
to where the little woman still sat  
singing. "I want you to make this  
woman stop her noise," said the man,  
now apparently aroused. "It's against  
the rules. She's evidently going to  
ask for alms." The woman had  
stopped singing and was now looking  
innocently at the man and the deck  
hand.

From two or three passengers came  
the cry of "shame!" but the man  
whose nerves were so shaken by the  
woman's voice, and who wanted the  
rules enforced, seemed to pay no at-  
tention to the remarks until the  
woman addressed him.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you,  
sir," she said rather loudly, "but I  
thought I might be able to gather a  
little money, which I need."

"Your singing did annoy me ex-  
ceedingly but if you are needy I'm  
sorry I stood in the way of your ob-  
taining money and I'll help you," he  
said, taking off his hat and dropping  
a dollar bill in it. Then he started  
around the passengers and one after  
another dropped silver pieces into the  
hat until a considerable fund had  
quickly grown. This the man trans-  
ferred to the woman and repeated  
himself and buried his face behind his  
paper.

The ferryboat had reached her des-  
tination and the passengers left the  
boat. Five minutes later the man and  
woman stood on the corner of Liberty  
and Church streets.

"How much did we get?" the man  
asked.

"Nearly \$5," she replied.  
"Well, let's try the South ferry  
now," he said, and off they walked to-  
gether.

### HERE'S A RARE VIOLIN.

It Antedates the Declaration of Inde-  
pendence and Has a History.

Probably one of the oldest and  
most valuable violins to be found on  
Long Island is owned by Prof. George  
Hewmann, the well-known musician,  
whose country residence is in the  
picturesque north side village of  
Huntington, says the New York Ad-  
vertiser. The instrument is of Italian  
make and Mr. Hewmann thinks it is  
the only one of its make in this coun-  
try.

According to the stamp on the in-  
side of the top of the instrument it  
was made by David Tichler, in 1707.  
The present owner of the violin  
bought it from a man named Horatio  
Benson, whose home was at Soysett,  
L. I., in 1861. Mr. Benson was a tal-  
ented musician and played in theaters  
in this city after coming to this coun-  
try in 1800. Benson bought seclusion  
at Soysett in his old age and while he  
was there Mr. Hewmann came into  
possession of the violin.

Soon after receiving the instrument  
from Benson Mr. Hewmann sent it to  
Strodel in this city, to be repaired.  
It was not until then that the fact of  
its ancient manufacture became known  
to its owner, for, on taking it apart,  
Strodel found the maker's name on  
the inside inscribed in quaint Roman  
letters and the year 1767.

Mr. Hewmann has often received  
flattering offers for his violin. Not  
only have these offers come from  
curiosity hunters, but from some of  
the leading musicians of the present  
day.

The instrument is indeed a hand-  
some one and possesses a tone of rare  
richness, being fairly loud but entire-  
ly devoid of harshness. The sweet  
trains of the old instrument have  
been heard on both continents and in  
nearly every city in the old and new  
world.

### After a Barzain.

Lady—How do you sell these hand-  
kerchiefs?

Clerk (briskly)—Eight cents apiece  
or three for a quarter, 'm.

Lady—I'll take three.—Judge.

"Time is money." Of course if you save  
time you save money. If by avoiding an  
attack of sickness which would prevent  
you from attending to your business or  
earning your daily bread, you have saved  
time and money. The way to do this is to  
have some remedy at hand which will pre-  
vent and cure many of the sudden attacks  
liable to occur during the summer months.  
Hartzell's Hindoo Oil is such a remedy  
and is invaluable for all pains, internal  
and external. For sale by J. L. Gale. 50 c

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