

Plymouth Mail.

VOL 7 NO 18

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, JANUARY 5 1894.

WHOLE NO 300

THEY SAY THAT

Advertising in these columns one cent per word each week.

- 1894
- School began on Wednesday.
- Caps at 1/2 price at Riggs now.
- Claude Shafer, of Detroit, New Years, ed here.
- W. H. Ambler of Northville, was in town last Friday.
- Harry Bradner, of Lansing, has been visiting here this week.
- Ed K. Simonds, of Northville, was in town Wednesday.
- Lincoln Mott is spending his vacation at home with his family.
- Great bargains in boots shoes and rubber goods at Riggs this week.
- Queer winter, this. Much of the time it is warm enough for April.
- Mr. Gibson, of Detroit, has been calling on friends here this week.
- Alfred Noble, of Chicago, called on friends here one day this week.
- Street fakirs in Owasco, are taxed \$10 a day. It's none too much.
- George Sly, of Amberstburg, Ont., has been visiting here during the past week.
- Mr. Julius Selton, of Kalkaska, is visiting his brother in North village.
- Unheard of bargains in shirts and underwear, at Riggs, now.
- Schuyler Arnold, of Caro, has been holidaying at the parental home.
- Get an overcoat or suit at Riggs this week, at less than manufacturers prices.
- Mrs. Johnson, a sister of L. M. Stevens, attended his funeral here Saturday.

—Hiram A. Newman of Brighton, has been the guest of Jacob Bogart, of this place.

—Mrs. Lydia Cortite, of Norwalk, O., returned home Monday, after a brief visit here with relatives.

—Martin Kinyon, of Ogemaw county, is visiting among his numerous friends here this week.

—An enterprising undertaker makes the announcement: "You kick the bucket, we do the rest."

—Carl Hillmer has been spending a few days during the past week with his brother, Lou, at Monroe.

—Mrs. Florence Sackett and children, of Northville, were visiting her mother, Mrs. Platt, here this week.

—Professional nickel-rim banjo for sale, nearly new; is a bargain—Inquire of Steve Fraser, Opera House.

—Miss Nettie Hart who has been quite sick with the quinsy, for some time, is reported much better.

—Frank Durfee, of Novi, and Albert Durfee, of Grand Rapids, were here to attend the funeral of Monroe Stevens.

—Cornelius Parsons, one of Saline's old and honored citizens is dead. He was one of the leading merchants.

—John and Junius Noyes returned to their Minnesota homes the first of the week. John says they are experiencing dull times there as well as here.

—Mrs. Emma Hall, of Plymouth, deputy great lady commander of the Maccabees, installed the new officers of the Farmington lodge, Wednesday evening.

—C. R. Smith, the merchant, closes his store here after this week, and will remove his goods to Northville, where his main store is located. We are sorry to have him leave. He leased the store for a short time only, not intending to stay.

—Through an oversight, the notices of the deaths of G. R. Patterson and Monroe Stevens were omitted last week. Both gentlemen were old residents. Mr. Patterson died at the Wayne Asylum, where he had been for several months. Mr. Stevens had been sick for some time.

—We hear that Miss Lina Larkins of this place, and Harry K. Roberts of Lansing, were united in marriage Dec. 20th, at the residence of J. W. Covey of that place. They will be at home to their friends 604 Allegan street, West, Lansing Mich.

—Little Toddlekins" one of the most laughable comedies ever presented in Plymouth, will be given Friday evening Jan. 19, by local talent for the benefit of the needy miners. All the cities and towns around us are nobly responding to the pitiful appeals for aid that come from the Upper Peninsula, and it is sincerely hoped that Plymouth will show a like spirit of generosity and that there will not be standing room in Village Hall, Friday evening Jan. 19. Remember that you will not only help the needy, but will also enjoy an evening's pleasure.

1-4 OFF FOR CASH. 14

We Still Continue the 1-4 off Sale another Week.

Groceries.

Do not forget that we have a larger and fresher stock than ever before, and are giving special attention to our fine line of Coffees and Teas.

Great Bargains in Cottonade Pants.

Gents Heavy Knit Underwear, only 39c.

We Are Headquarters For

Everything We Advertise.

Crockery.

We are now ready to show you the most elegant line in Plymouth. Look it over before buying elsewhere.

J. R. RAUCH.

Our large stock of Overcoats and Suits at 1-4 off for Cash, as we must have Cash. It is hard times and we are bound to give you the best of the bargain, and we cannot give credit on goods going below cost.

Remember we now occupy the 2 Mammoth Stores in the Penniman Block.

J. R. Rauch.

—Mrs. M. C. Harrington is very sick.

—L. C. Sherwood, of Detroit, spent New Years here.

—Mrs. Ida Manning of Detroit, has been visiting here.

—Miss Be tha Stever of Monroe, was in town New Years.

—Miss Patrick, of Detroit, is the guest of the Misses Sherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Friesbee have both been sick this week with the grip.

—John McGill of Detroit, visited his parents here the first of the week.

—The Misses Amelia Stever and Emma Wilske off Detroit, spent New Years here.

—Joseph Tessman went to Saginaw, Monday, to visit his daughter, Mrs. Weiss.

—Rev. J. H. Riddick is assisting Rev. N. Norton Clark in revival services at Newburg.

—Carpet Weaving, at 10 cents a yard, by J. Williams, foot of Deer street, till March 1st.

—The remains of Mrs. Sarah Young, of Detroit, a former resident here, were brought here for burial on Wednesday. She was 86 years old.

—Lost—On Golden street, a black muffled straight fur. Please return to this office and be rewarded.

—Dr. Hal A. Curtis and his troupe are giving free exhibitions each evening at the village hall to good houses.

—Thomas Patterson who has been laid up with rheumatism for several weeks, is improving somewhat.

—A union service, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be held in the Presbyterian church Sabbath eve, Jan. 14th. "Narcotics" will be the subject under discussion.

For Sale—25 yards or more of new striped rag carpet, at 35 cts a yrd., usually sells at 50 cents. Call at this office, and be quick about it.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and son, of Manitowoc, Wis., arrived here last week, and expect to make it this place their home.

—John R. Sherwood will sell a large amount of personal property at auction,

one and one half mile south of Elm, on the town line, on Tuesday, Jan. 16th. John Bennett is the auctioneer who will cry the sale.

—An exchange says:—There are nine classes of people who are no good to a town. First, those who go out of town to do their trading. Second, those opposing improvements. Third, those who prefer a quiet town to one of push and business. Fourth, those who imagine they own the town. Fifth, those who think business can be done without advertising. Sixth, those who deride public-spirited men. Seventh, those who oppose every movement that does not originate with themselves. Eighth, those who oppose every public enterprise that does not benefit themselves. Ninth, those who seek to injure the credit of a fellow-townsmen.

—The Michigan Central Railroad Co. have fortified their trains for protection against "hold ups" which are becoming altogether too popular to suit them. An exchange says: In the future veritable arsenals will plow along the route between Detroit and Chicago every night. In one end is a sort of warehouse and the other is fitted up for the comfort of the men, with a stove, chairs, etc. Between the two is a compartment taking in the space occupied by two men, but entirely walled in by three sixteenth-inch steel plates. There the guards are on the lookout for attacks, and from their position they can shoot in any direction without the chance of being made a target of, unless the robbers can see well enough in the dark to send a bullet through a hole hardly large enough for a man to squeeze his fat through.

—A "Charity Entertainment", for the needy miners of the Upper Peninsula, will be given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., in Village Hall, Friday evening Jan. 19. The council has kindly offered the use of the hall free of charge and everyone has, thus far, evinced the greatest interest. The entertainment will open with a brief musical and literary program, in which some of our first musicians and speakers have promised to assist, and will conclude with the laughable comedy, entitled "Little Toddlekins," with a cast including some of our best local talent. It is to be hoped that Plymouth people will appreciate this opportunity for doing a charitable act and

at the same getting more than a full return for their money, and that every seat in Village Hall will be filled, Friday evening Jan. 19.

—Miss Lena Genz has returned after a two weeks visit with friends in Detroit.

Something We Would Like To See.

One of the next improvements that our village needs, is electric lights; not alone for street use, but for private use as well.

We believe there is abundant water power going to waste, between here and Northville to supply sufficient electric light for both Plymouth and Northville. With power of this kind light could be supplied at a price that would be within the reach of almost anyone. At Milford they charge \$6.00 per year each, for the first three lights, and \$1.00 per year for each additional light. It is quite likely that a lower rate than this could be made here, by having the patronage of the two villages to draw from.

We would like to hear the matter discussed, and the columns of the MAIL are open for any who wish to have their say on the subject.

The Bee Dance.

—The Ladies of the Maccabees of this place, gave a dancing party at Penniman Hall, New Years evening, and a grand feast over the First National Exchange Bank, which knocked the spots off all the bees we have seen yet. One hundred and eighteen tickets were sold, at one dollar each, for dance and supper. They made the hall expand to hold the crowd, and also made the crowd expand to hold the supper. The dancing floor was in tip-top order, and everyone seemed to be pleased. The repast was very fine. Harmon's orchestra furnished splendid music for the occasion. The ladies worked very hard to make a success of the undertaking, and did so. Very many dancers were here from the surrounding country. Nearly all in Plymouth who enjoy such entertainments, and a large number from Detroit, Dearborn, Northville and Wayne were present. It was voted a complete success.

National grants in aid of education were first made in the United States in 1893.

Called Home.

Another of our citizens have been called by death, Mr. Lewis Monroe Stevens, on Dec. 27th, 1893, at the age of 62 years, 7 months and 19 days.

He was born in Hope, N. J., May 8th, 1831. We number him with the pioneers of Plymouth, for he came here 60 years ago. He was one of a family of ten children, six boys and four girls, only one brother remains, Nelson, of this village. His four sisters, Mrs. E. Kinney, of Plymouth; Mrs. S. A. Knight, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. O. Miller, of Plymouth; and Mrs. S. M. Johnson, of N. Y. City, are all living.

Forty-one years before the day of his interment, he was joined in marriage to Miss Julia Ann Whipple. Six children blessed this happy union: Calvin, Homer, Albert, Lewis, and Mabel, each of whom are married and were present at the funeral. By his request the four sons and two sons-in-law acted as bearers.

The funeral services were held in his late home, where he had lived 40 years, by Rev. N. Norton Clark, his pastor, and all that was mortal of this kind husband, father and friend, was laid away to rest in Riverside cemetery.

The Harem in Modern Turkey.

"Harem," in the modern conception of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelor's establishment inhabited solely by men; but generally it is applied to every place intended for women. The end of the Turkish railway carriages, curtained off from the rest, is harem; so is the ladies' cabin on board ship, and the latticed gallery in a mosque. In the dwelling-house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family; and here I may say in passing, that a very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom.—From "Constantinople," by F. Marion Crawford, in the January number of Scribner's Magazine.

The woman in the case—the photograph in the pocket.

Handwritten note: *up to July 13 in show*

MICHIGAN MY MICHIGAN.

NEWS GATHERED FROM THE TWO PENINSULAS.

State Teachers' Association at Lansing—
Chippewa County Mystery Uncovered—
—Made Death Doubly Sure.

Teachers Discuss Many Matters.
The meeting of the State Teachers association was held at Lansing with about 800 in attendance.

Prof. W. E. Cheever, of the Milwaukee State Normal school, read the president's address to the teachers association, and an informal reception was tendered Gov. Rich. Dr. R. G. Boone, principal of the State Normal school, read a paper upon "General Culture as an Element in Professional Training." The discussion of Dr. Boone's able paper was led by Prof. W. G. Sperry, of Olivet, and was participated in by several leading members of the association. Prof. H. H. Redfield, of the Chicago Normal Training school, read an admirable paper on "Normal Training," which was discussed by H. E. Kimball, of Bay City, and others.

Prof. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, presided over a meeting devoted to college matters at which Prof. Smith Burnham, of Albion, read a paper on "The Place of Athletics in Education," which called out a discussion which continued for several hours. The opinion was unanimous that athletics were beneficial, and the sentiment was equally as strong that late years football especially is attended by too much brutality, gambling, drunkenness and kindred vices, which should be eliminated, or the sport suppressed entirely. Dr. Fiske was chosen president of the college section, and Dr. C. H. Gurney, of Hillsdale, was made secretary.

The work of primary schools was also under consideration. Papers were read upon reading, history, literature and nature as basis for unification of work in the primary schools. The principal speakers upon these subjects were Miss Regina P. Henlae, of the Detroit Training school; Miss Maud Ball, of the State Normal school; Supt. J. W. Smith, of Bay City; Miss Grace Goodrich and Miss Rose Barlow, of Detroit; Miss Lathrop, of Grand Rapids, and Miss Miller, of Saginaw. The primary section elected Miss Louise Miller, of Saginaw, president, and Miss Margaret Wise, of Ypsilanti, secretary.

Papers were read by Dr. N. E. Wadsworth, of the Michigan Mining school; C. W. Hill, of Pentwater, advocating the township system; Prof. Lyon, of Detroit, "Vertical Writing"; Hon. A. S. Draper, of Cleveland, G., gave a splendid address upon "Teaching as a Profession."

Officers were elected as follows: President, C. T. Gray, Traverse City; vice-presidents, A. Lodeman, Ypsilanti and N. W. Richards, Greenville; secretary, F. R. Hathaway, Hudson; treasurer, F. L. Evans, Jackson; executive committee, B. A. Heinsdale, Ann Arbor; Miss Florence Fox, Lansing; W. A. Ellis, Detroit; members of the pupils' reading circle committee, C. O. Hoyt, Lansing, and J. W. Simmons, Owosso.

The resolutions adopted strongly indorsed the aggressiveness of the state superintendent in matters pertaining to teachers; approved the action of the college section in taking steps toward suppressing objectionable features of collegiate sports; recommended the establishment of another Normal school; extended the kindest wishes to Prof. W. H. Cheever, the retiring president, in his new field; The exhibit of the work of the schools of the state which were confined to kindergarten work, language work and maps and written work on geography, was voted a success.

The county commissioners of schools listened to addresses by President E. Andrews, of Barry and others. Ashley Clapp, of Kalamazoo, was elected president, D. M. Brown, of Big Rapids, vice president, and J. A. Cleary, of Paw Paw, secretary and treasurer.

Bloody Murder near Sault Ste. Marie.

The body of Mrs. Peter Paccoloni, the woman missing from her home in Dafter, near Sault Ste Marie has been found. Inspired by the offer of a reward of \$50 for the body dead or alive Tom Egan and John McIsahey, farmers near by, went to the Paccoloni homestead. They found evidences of a crime in the house. Blood was on the floor and spattered on the door. The sons of the missing woman had found a shovel covered with fresh sand. These things convinced the men that the body was not far off and they began a systematic search.

After searching the cellar they went to the hen house. It is a low coop under the granary about five rods from the house. There they found the sand had been disturbed so they dug down about two feet and found the body. The almost nude body covered with sand was excavated. The face, head and neck were covered with bruises and the body was a horrible sight.

Peter Paccoloni, the husband, is in jail charged with the murder. The feeling is very high against him. Paccoloni had been married twice before and so had his wife. They had several children by previous unions but none from the last. Neighbors say they fought incessantly and that when one did not start a quarrel the other would. He is 55 years old and she was nearly as old. They were nearly the same size and in the family rows Mrs. Paccoloni did not always come out second best.

Took Poison, Then Hung Himself.

Jacob Kopp, a German of Grand Rapids, was found hanging by the neck from a shaft in the chemical works building at Belding. His face was covered with Paris green, and it was evident that he had taken a dose of this. Out of employment.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

Sabotaging is to have a chair factory.

Coal prospectors are at work in Tuscola county.

A fine Masonic temple is to be erected at Tecumseh.

A thick seam of coal has been discovered in Bedford township, Calhoun county.

The South Haven stove works have closed down on account of the falling off in orders.

The Marcellus common council has passed an ordinance prohibiting boys catching on cutters.

Norway, the upper peninsula mining town, now has her electric lighting plant in operation.

The papers of Escanaba are demanding of the city officials that all disreputable houses be closed.

The Maybee quarries will be operated all winter long, and thus many needy men will be given work.

Hillsdale college students have flooded their athletic grounds and will make them into a skating rink.

John Ayers, of Michigan City, Ind., was instantly killed near Three Oaks by a Michigan Central passenger train.

Earl, 10-year-old son of D. J. Palmer, broke through the ice while skating on Pine Lake, at Charlevoix, and was drowned.

Hawley Gould, a young man 20 years of age, broke through the ice on Merlake, near Athens, while skating and was drowned.

Mrs. J. Fred Whittemore, a prominent Bay City lady, has died from the effects of a kick from a horse received over a year ago.

Romeo will have an electric lighting plant if E. P. Kinney, of Detroit, is granted a franchise. The necessary stock has been subscribed.

Peter Gustafson tried to walk from Stephenson to Talbot while in an intoxicated condition. He fell down in the snow and was frozen to death.

The Second Michigan Cavalry at Muskegon elected H. M. Hempstead, of Saginaw, president; Edwin Hoyt, of Grand Rapids, secretary and treasurer.

South Haven will organize a law-and-order league for the purpose of closing up the numerous "tonic joints" which now flourish in that local option village.

J. R. Wirts, freight agent for the Lake Shore at Clayton, was severely burned about the face and hands while removing an over-heated lamp from a semaphore.

There are several hundred counterfeit 5-cent pieces in circulation in Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. Two fellows were detected shoving the queer, but they escaped.

Fred Stevens' barn, four cows and all this year's crops were burned at Birmingham. The family was absent, and the fire is supposed to have been caused by tramps.

William H. Ashley, of Eckford township, Calhoun county, hanged himself in his barn. Despondency brought about by sickness was the probable cause. He was about 45 years old.

Harriet Dennison, has commenced suit by summons against Charles Van Wormer and his bondsmen for selling her husband, an habitual drinker of Lansing, liquor. Damages claimed \$10,000.

Miss Lizzie McSweeney, of Detroit, has been admitted to practice at the Wayne county bar. She is the first of her sex to be admitted at Detroit, and also the first female graduate of the Detroit College of Law.

Ira Bailey, while hunting with his son in the woods near Coleman was accidentally shot by the latter, one of the shots entering his face, near the nose, and another striking him in the neck. Bailey will recover.

E. Krusen, a Brookfield farmer, was found in his house, near Charlevoix, hanging by the neck. It was evident that he had hanged himself several days before as the body was in bad condition. Krusen lived alone.

Martin Stern, of Macomb county, was run over by a train at Milwaukee Junction, Detroit, both legs fearfully mangled and were amputated below the knees at Harper hospital. He is 70 years of age and his recovery is doubtful.

A mail bag stolen from the Bronson depot two weeks ago was found two miles from town. The mail was valuable, but not a letter was touched. The only things taken were pension certificates, of which there were many in the mail.

A split switch in the Ann Arbor railroad yards at Ann Arbor was found broken. It had apparently been started by some one using the rail. It is claimed that the switch was turned by an unknown man in the face of the approaching yard engine.

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, is now enthusiastically advocating a scheme to tear down Detroit's old-style and inconvenient city hall and begin the erection of a structure to cost \$3,000,000. He wants to begin at once in order to give employment to idle men.

The Erie flyer ran over a heavy log on the track near Attica, grinding it into little pieces. Bert Ferguson, an Attica boy, only 17, confesses that he is responsible. He was drunk at the time and wanted to see some excitement. The attempt at derailing the train was at first kept secret, but the arrest of Ferguson brought the thing to light. The log had been placed on the track in a different way the train would certainly have been wrecked, and as it was a passenger train many lives might have been lost.

PRENDERGAST TO HANG

THE MURDERER OF CHICAGO'S MAYOR SENTENCED.

Showed His True Character as a Cringing Coward.—Yellow Fever at Rio Janeiro.—Other Important General News.

Prendergast, the murderer of Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, will be hanged for his crime. The verdict of the jury has said it, and the people of Chicago approve it. Ably defended as the assassin has been, strong as has been the evidence adduced to save his neck from the halter, the jury has found him sane, responsible for his act, and demanded that he pay the highest price for his offense against the law. This price, however, is a sorry one at the best. The value to the world of one life such as that of Carter H. Harrison would weigh down the scale against the existence of an hundred such as Prendergast.

When Clark Fitzgerald arose to read the finding of the jury the prisoner stood clutching the back of a chair, eyeing him with the most intense eagerness. His knees trembled violently, his face was flushed, and his spiteful looking mouth opened and closed as though he would say something, but lacked the power to speak. The clerk said: "We, the jury, find the defendant, Patrick Eugene John Prendergast, guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment and fix the penalty at death."

Then Prendergast revealed himself the utter coward. His face turned pale, he opened his mouth to speak, but only a faint murmur came from between his hot and quivering lips. He moved slightly and would have fallen to the floor but for the assistance of a bailiff. He was half led, half carried back to his cell, where, refusing to speak, he threw himself upon his bunk in the attempt to hide from his fellow-prisoners, whose expressions of satisfaction over the verdict were more emphatic than graceful, and more sincere than polite.

Yellow Fever at Rio.

Cable from Buenos Ayres: Very bad news has been received from Rio de Janeiro. It is announced that the unfortunate city, which has for months past been suffering from the ravages of war, is now a victim to the ravages of the worst and most dreaded of all diseases—yellow fever. The government is taking every precaution possible under the circumstances to prevent a spread of the disease, but the work of the officials at Rio de Janeiro is greatly hampered by the condition to which the city has been reduced by the horrors of war. It is added that the yellow fever is not the mild form of that fever, but is the worst form of black vomit.

Other dispatches from Rio Janeiro tell of the conflict between the government and the rebels. The insurgents besieging Baga, in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, assumed active operations against that place and suffered a severe repulse. Their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 600. This is the second time this month that the loyal troops at Baga have defeated the insurgents. The previous engagement took place at the beginning of December, when the insurgents were defeated with heavy losses.

Rio Janeiro is being violently bombarded. Many persons have been killed from shots of the insurgent vessels. A heavy fire is returned from the government forts. The severity of the cannonading has greatly alarmed the populace. All the shops are closed. The United States warships in the harbor are under orders to be ready to get out of the way of firing at an hour's notice.

Scouting Party Annihilated.

London cable: A terrible disaster is said to have occurred to the scouting party under the command of Capt. Wilson which has been in pursuit of King Lobengula, and which has not been heard from for some time past. Several South African merchants received cable messages announcing that Capt. Wilson's command had been completely annihilated by the Matabeles, who are said to have cut them to pieces.

Later.—It is stated now in addition to Wilson's party that the party under Capt. Barrow, sent out to reinforce him, have been cut to pieces. The number of men composing the Wilson detachment is said to have been about 60 and the Barrow detachment is reported to have been composed of about the same number of men. The absence of news from the Wilson and Barrow columns and the fact that when Maj. Forbes left the Shanghai district the Wilson detachment was, beyond any doubt, in a critical position, causes the belief that one or more of the detachments have met disaster.

Corbett and Mitchell Arrested.

Champion James Corbett and would-be champion Charles Mitchell have been made "martyrs" to the profession of prize fighting. Both these "famous gentlemen" were arrested at Jacksonville, Florida. They were arranged separately and each gave bonds and was released. This whole proceeding was merely a scheme to test the legality of the law for the arrest of prize fighters. One of the men will be surrendered by his bondsmen and after being taken into custody a writ of habeas corpus will be applied for. If it is decided that the arrest was an illegal one, then preparations for the fight will continue with increased vigor, as that will be looked upon as an evidence that no further opposition to the fight can legally be made. If the arrest is considered legal, then the managers of the Duval club say that the battle will be declared off, and all work will be stopped. The managers are confident, however, that the decision will be favorable to them.

MICHIGAN JUDGES

Organize an Association and Elect Officers at Lansing.

A well attended meeting of the judges and judges-elect of the circuit courts of Michigan was held in the supreme court at Lansing. A temporary organization was effected with Judge Russell, of Hart, to whose efforts the meeting is due, as chairman, and Judge Vance, of Port Huron, as secretary.

Gov. Rich spoke briefly on "Our Penal Institutions" and papers were read as follows: "Circuit Judges and the Criminal Law," Justice Grant, Lansing; "Avoidable Delay in the Circuit Courts of This State," Judge Moore, Lapeer; "The Rotation of Judges," Judge Daboll, St. Johns; "The Duties of Judges in Ex parte Divorce Cases," Judge McMahon, Ludington; "The Court and the Jury," Judge Aldrich, Cadillac; "Some Questions Arising Under Recent Tax Laws," Judge Maxwell, Bay City; "Measures for the Prevention of Perjury," Judge Dodds, Mt. Pleasant. Each of the papers were discussed more or less, some of the discussions being quite animated.

An organization was effected with the following officers: President, F. J. Russell, Hart; vice-president, S. J. Daboll, St. Johns; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Moore, Lapeer. The association will be known as the Association of Judges of Michigan. It is to be composed of the supreme and circuit judges and judges of municipal courts of record.

K. of G. Convention.

The Michigan Knights of the Grip convened in Saginaw with the largest attendance in its history. Many business houses decorated in their honor. The annual report of the president, N. B. Jones showed a large increase in membership. He said 13 death benefits of \$500 had been paid during the year. There are now 1,528 members. There is a treasury balance of \$600. A magnificent banquet was held in the new hearing building and about 800 were seated. Dr. G. P. Barker acted as toastmaster. Mayor Linton welcomed the guests, and President N. B. Jones responded. Gov. John T. Rich, C. L. Benjamin, Editor John T. Winship, Judge R. B. McKnight and Mrs. N. B. Jones responded to toasts. A grand ball followed at the Masonic temple. The annual parade was a big affair.

Election of officers: Edward P. Waldron, of St. Johns, president; Lloyd M. Mills, of Grand Rapids, secretary, and George A. Reynolds, of Saginaw, treasurer. Vice-presidents were elected, one from each congressional district in the state.

She Horsewhipped the Ex-Mayor.

A most sensational thrashing took place on the main business street of Escanaba. Mrs. Victor Tiede, after being insulted, she claims, two or three times by ex-Mayor P. M. Peterson, and being the recipient of a letter of most obscene language, resolved to take revenge out of his hide. Nothing was said or done by the insulted woman or her husband until the receipt of a filthy letter which was illustrated by pen drawings. Thereupon she obtained a rawhide and laid for the ex-mayor, whom she caught. She proceeded to lash him to the queen's taste at the point of a drawn revolver and gaily marched him down the streets amidst a large crowd. Peterson has a wife and several children. He has had Tiede and his wife arrested.

Two Men Buried Alive.

Two deaths have resulted in the work of putting in a new system of sewers at Ann Arbor. The work was being rushed between Huron and Washington streets, through a section where there is a quantity of quicksand. Extra precaution was taken in curbing the ditch, but a small quantity of sand running out underneath caused the curbing to tip, and without warning a large amount of dirt gave way and filled the ditch. One pipe-layer and two graders were working when the cave-in came, seventeen feet below the surface. One man jumped and saved himself, but George Henry, colored, and Richard Sipple, were buried underneath the immense mass of dirt. A rescuing party was immediately put to work, but both men were dead when found. Both were middle-aged men, Henry leaving a widow and two children and Sipple a dependent mother.

A Boy Tries to Kill a Playmate.

While a number of boys were skating at Port Huron the 14-year-old son of ex-County Treasurer Burns, and Ferguson Lander, aged 15 years, became involved in a boyish fight in which Lander was worsted. He then left the ice, went to a friend and borrowed a shotgun, and returning waited for a chance, and when all the other boys were out of range he fired point blank at Burns, who fell severely, but probably not fatally wounded. Lander escaped, but was captured later on a freight train at the tunnel yards, two miles from the city.

Two Broke Through the Ice and Drowned.

Mrs. Andrew Trim and an unknown man were drowned near Detroit while crossing the ice from Drummond Island with a dog team. Residents at Detroit heard a woman's screams on the river. They could see no one, but went in search in boats. Soon they found a team of dogs and a dog sleigh. On the ice were discovered a man's cap, a woman's muff and other articles. Two holes in the ice showed where the unfortunate persons had broken through.

4,500 Men on the Mesaba Range.

Orders sent to the Mountain Iron and Rathbun mines at Mountain Iron on the Mesaba, in Minnesota, to close down for the winter, throws 350 men out of employment. These mines are the property of the Lake Superior consolidated. On the Mesaba range only one mine is now at work, and out of a possible employment for 5,000 men only 300 are actually at work.

Triple Railroad Fatality.

Three persons were instantly killed by a New York express train at Patuxent, on the Baltimore & Potomac railroad, eighteen miles from Baltimore. Thomas P. Varly, his wife and their 10-year-old grandson, were crossing the tracks in a carriage when the engine struck it and all three were instantly killed. The bodies were terribly mangled.

MAKING THEM SLAVES.

THE U. S. COURT AT MILWAUKEE ISSUES AN INJUNCTION

To Prevent the Employes of the Northern Pacific Railroad From Striking Because of a Cut in Wages.

The receivers of the Northern Pacific railroad have adopted a new schedule which carries a cut of 5 to 10 per cent in all employes' wages. The schedule was rejected by the employes' representatives in a conference with General Manager Kendrick at St. Paul, and the result was a determination by the railroad men to quit work if the cut was persisted in.

The receivers had foreseen this, and on Dec. 19 had applied for and obtained from Judge Jenkins, of the U. S. court at Milwaukee, an order to put the schedule into effect and restraining the employes and their unions from "combining and conspiring to quit with or without notice the service of the road with the object of crippling or embarrassing its operations, and generally from interfering with the officers and agents of receivers or their employes in any manner by actual violence, intimidation, threats or otherwise." When the receivers perceived that the employes would not accept the cut they had the injunction served by U. S. marshals all along the line.

This injunction is the first order of its kind ever issued in the United States and is regarded as most extraordinary. The grounds given for the issuance of the injunction are set forth in a lengthy petition by the receivers. They say that two days after their appointment they found the road's finances to be in a deplorable condition and ordered a reduction of 10 to 20 per cent on all salaries over \$1,200. The week following a reduction was ordered of 5 per cent on "all salaries of \$50 to \$75 and 10 per cent on salaries of \$75 to \$100 per month. These later cuts were to go into effect January 1.

In enumerating those who are enjoined from striking or ordering strikes the petition of the receivers mentions the names of 32 men who were the conference committee with the receivers and asks that they be enjoined from ordering a strike, which the court grants. The petitioners say that the employes cannot carry on a strike without the pecuniary assistance of the different national organizations to which they belong. They therefore pray that their organizations through their chief officers, such as P. M. Arthur, E. C. Clark, E. P. Sargent, D. G. Ramsey, S. P. Wilkinson and others be enjoined from ordering and sanctioning a strike. The court grants this also.

To combat the injunctive proceedings against them the employes of the Northern Pacific railroad contemplate taking their case into the court by filing a motion before Judge Jenkins to have the old wage schedule continued in force. They are inclined to obey to the letter the order of the court enjoining them from causing trouble to the road by striking, but they claim that they should be given an opportunity to present their side of the case to the court. They say it comes with bad grace for the receivers to order a cut in the wages of the railroad men after applying for a yearly salary of \$18,000 each.

"THINGS ARE LOOKING UP."

Several Pittsburg Mills to Resume Work at Once—Signing the Scale.

The advent of the new year is being accompanied by a decided boom in industrial circles about Pittsburg. By announcements made by the various mill owners on the south side, nearly every mill will be in operation by the middle of next week. The resumption on the south side alone, it is estimated, will give employment to 4,000 idle men.

All the Carnegie plants are now or soon will be in operation. The various wage scales are being rapidly accepted by the men. Assurances have been given the men that work will be reasonably steady, as the company is taking all the orders it can secure with the intention of operating the mills as continuously as possible. After an idleness of nearly ten months the Carrie furnace No. 1 at Keating Station will be put in blast next week. About 300 men will be given employment. Munhall's coal works, near Homestead, will resume after being closed down for nearly five months; over 200 men will be given work.

At Johnstown: The Cambria Iron company has begun the erection of a steel rail mill, the estimated cost of which will reach \$1,000,000. There is a veritable boom in all the departments of the Gautier steel works there. It is reported that the works are two months behind orders. It is at least certain that over 1,000 men are working overtime, many making 15 hours a day.

Triple Railroad Fatality.

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THE DEAD SINGER.

"She is dead!" they say: "she is robed for the grave there are lilies upon her breast..."

"She is dead!" they say to the people, her people for whom she sung. Whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love...

"She is not dead," says to their hearts true singers can never die. Their life is a voice of higher truth...

And they raised her body with tender hands, and bore her down to the mourning ship. They lay her in state on the mourning ship...

No need of a tomb for the Singer! Her fair hair's still now in the sacred clay of her country...

Undreaming there she will rest and wait, in the tomb her people make. Till she hears in new hearts like the seeds in spring...

Do Their Own Marketing. There is one custom peculiar to life at the capital which has become so commonplace that it no longer attracts attention...

Mrs. Carlisle is constant in her attendance on the market. Few official women feel that they can spare the time to spend an hour or so at the market three times a week...

Dr. Manouvrie, professor of the school of anthropology in Paris, by a great number of experiments made on male and female skulls...

robust and society makes heavy demands on her.

The Right Way to Sit. When our grandmothers were girls, and straight-backed chairs instead of cushioned divans were the usual resting places...

A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part shall be felt in the right place.

Therefore, it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it...

The arms should rest squarely upon the floor, the hands should rest lightly in the lap, and thus perfect equilibrium and rest is assuredly secured.

Once in a while it is a good thing to place the arms behind the back, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion to the upper part of the body.

Sweet Dishes. To make orange salad, choose not quite ripe oranges, peel and slice them, dredge them well with sugar and soak them in brandy, liqueur, or liqueur syrup...

A very pretty dish is quickly made in this way: Cut the top from a sponge cake and remove all the center, leaving only the base and sides...

If you think this too sweet, peel, slice and core a couple of apples, blanch them for a minute or two in boiling water...

Another form of it is to line a glass dish with slices of the cake, pour the hot compote on it, and when cold cover it rockily with whipped cream.

Do Your Own Manicuring. Every woman can afford a pair of small, sharp scissors, a nail file, a bit of chamois skin and a little box of pink powder...

Skills of Men and Women. Mrs. Manouvrie, professor of the school of anthropology in Paris, by a great number of experiments made on male and female skulls...

A Sure Test. Mrs. Comehome—You say you are a good washer and ironer; how do you tell when the irons are too hot? Servant, looking for a place—How? By smelling the burning linen, ma'am, of course.

\$1,000,000 IN SMOKE.

Globe Theater and Other Boston Structures Bared. The splendid Globe theater, of Boston, is in ruins for the second time in its history. It was after 1 a. m. when the fire was discovered...

The Globe theater was burned on Decoration Day 1873. During this last disaster Hanlon's "Superba" was the current attraction and all their splendid scenery and costumes were destroyed...

England grabs the Gilbert Islands. The Helen Army, which has arrived at San Francisco from the Gilbert islands, brings news that Great Britain has determined to seize the whole group...

Sir John S. Thurston, British high commissioner of the western Pacific and governor of Fiji, recently completed an inspection of the Gilbert islands. He reported that the British flag should be hoisted on all of the islands...

IMPORTANT ITEMS CONDENSED

Senator McMillan, of Michigan, in a private letter says the Wilson bill will be radically changed or will be defeated in the senate.

Paul Schwartz, proprietor of the American metallurgical works, died of pneumonia at Phoenixville, Pa. He was the only living holder of a chemical secret for making cheap high grade steel...

Chairman Holman, of the House Indian affairs committee, favors erecting a separate state for Indians in the Oklahoma territory. He would give the Indians two senators and a congressman...

Geo. Lewelling, of Kansas, has made the Populists of the state howl by issuing an order for the removal of Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the Populist female orator...

Table with market prices for various goods like Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Wheat, Corn, etc. in Detroit, Chicago, and New York.

Table with market prices for various goods like Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Wheat, Corn, etc. in New York.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York, January 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: Starting with the largest trade ever known, mills crowded with work and all business stimulated by high hopes...

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder. Includes an image of a cake and a man in a hat. Text: 'IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.'

Organ Man—How's business? Rag Man—Picking up. How's yours? Organ Man—Same old grind. Wife—Oh, John, I saw an ideal bonnet down town to-day. Husband—Yours is better than that, dear, yours is real.

"Why is my little wife so cheery this evening?" inquired Mr. Pottles. Mrs. Pottles. "Because..." "Well on \$70 a Year," because I've just got the butcher's bill last month and it's only \$180."

FOR SORENESS OR STIFFNESS FROM GOLD, USE ST. JACOBS OIL. IT RELAXES, SOOTHES, HEALS, CURES.

Advertisement for Colchester Spading Boots. Includes an image of a man in a hat holding a spade. Text: 'COLCHESTER SPADING BOOTS ARE THE BEST. Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY.'

Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of Rubber Boot wearers testify this is the best they ever had.

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm. Text: 'At a Price... Ely's Cream Balm... Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell, Heals the Sores.'

Advertisement for The Judges Highest Awards. Text: 'THE JUDGES WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION Have made the HIGHEST AWARDS (Medals and Diplomas) to WALTER BAKER & CO. On each of the following named articles: BREAKFAST COCOA, Premium Jo. J. Chocolate, Vanilla Chocolate, German Sweet Chocolate, Cocoa Butter.'

Advertisement for Thompson's Eye Water. Text: 'I afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water. MARRIAGE PAPER FREE, 500 ladies and gentlemen correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, TOLEDO, OHIO.'

Advertisement for Patents, Trade-Marks. Text: 'Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.'

Advertisement for Smoke Your Meat with Kraussers Liquid Extract of Smoke. Text: 'SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Hholds the worst cure with ease under all circumstances. Perfumery, Adjustments, Cosmetics and Cure New Patent Improvements. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-insurance sent absolutely free. G. V. HODDGE, 215 Broadway, New York City.'

Advertisement for Are You a Catholic? Text: 'Are you unemployed? Will you work for \$18 per week? Write to me at once. J. R. BAY, 56 Fifth Av., Chicago. W. N. U. D.--XII--1.'

Churches.
Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m.
Methodist Episcopal.—Sabbath Services 10:30 a. m. followed by Sunday school. In the evening at 7:30 Social Meeting in the church for the young people and others, followed by preaching service at 7:30. Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Thursday. Seats free. N. Newton, Pastor.
Trinity Episcopal.—(Brethren of Christ) meet for worship and general explanation of the scriptures, at the residence of E. W. Hodson, North Village, every Sunday at 10:30 p. m. All the innocuous are cordially invited.
Baptist.—Rev. Jay Huntington, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Young People's League meets the first Tuesday evening in every month. Covenant meeting the last Saturday afternoon of each month at 7:30.
Societies.
W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall in Hedden Block, on second floor across from photograph gallery. Mrs. C. A. Frisbee, president.
Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evenings on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.
K. of L., LAFAYETTE ASSEMBLY, No. 5595.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 8:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, 41 G. Curtis, Jr., B. S.
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, No. 22.—Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m. J. H. Kimble, N. G., E. C. Hough, Secy.
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, No. 111, K. of P.—Regular convocations Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. Knights cordially welcomed. L. C. Sharpe, E. C., E. P. Hough, K. of P. & S.
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, No. 299.—Meets every second Thursday evening, alternately, at their hall, in Hedden Block, J. O. Bradner, Master.

BUSINESS CARDS.

AMBLE.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence and office 2 doors south of farming mill shop Main street. Prompt attention to all calls.
M. R. GRAINGER,
 Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. Honorary Grad. of Ontario Veterinary College. Treats all Diseases of domestic animals. Surgery a specialty. Calls by day or night promptly attended to. Office with E. P. Lombard, Plymouth, Mich.

NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing.

MANY INTERESTING ITEMS.

It is 1894 now; good bye 1893—the hardest year this county ever saw.
 Chas. Blackburn left town on Tuesday, moving for Chatham, Ont. where he will attend school.
 M. B. Webster and son Willie, of Detroit, spent the first day of the new year with relatives in this village.
 Will Kingswell and wife have been visiting friends and relatives in town during the past week.
 Rev. J. M. Beidling, entertained a large party of young people at his home on Monday evening. A very enjoyable time is reported.
 I. H. Webster is again employed at the condensed milk factory.
 The town clock came last week, and when it was unpacked, it was found that one of the dials was broken, although the glass is three eighths of an inch thick, and was packed very carefully. The dials are ground glass, and very large. It will be quite an expensive job for somebody and the dials cost about \$75.00. In accordance with the proclamation of the president of the village, a large crowd gathered at the M. E. church at the appointed hour on Monday afternoon and the clock was presented to the village and started by uncle John Gardner, the donor. The ceremony was a great success all around. A new dial has been telegraphed for which will be put in place as soon as it arrives.
 Miss Edith Webster has been suffering from a severe attack of the grip, for the last few days, but is somewhat better at this writing.
 Will Hake of Detroit, spent the New Year day with his parents here.
 R. H. Beal is in town hustling for insurance in the Rockford Insurance Co. for which he is the local agent.
 Mr. Brooks is alive at this writing, but very low.
 The Tuxedo Club held another of their very popular dancing parties at Richardson's Hall, on Monday evening. There was a good attendance and a merry time was enjoyed.
 Allen M. Harmon Post will have a public installation of officers at their post room, Friday evening Jan. 19. The W. R. C. will unite with them and install their officers at the same time. Eddy Post and Relief Corps have been invited to be present, and a grand time is expected. Mr. Ambler will improve and beautify the hall, by putting down new carpet, new chairs, beautify the ante room, etc., for the benefit of the old boys and the R. C.
 On Friday night of last week the Presbyterian society held a Christmas festival at their church, which was beautifully decorated. There was a splendid Christmas tree on which was placed a great number of presents to gladden the hearts of the children, as well as the older people. The festival was a great big success.
 Ben Porter is spending the holidays with his parents at Howell.

We are glad to learn that C. H. Johnson is slowly but steadily recovering from his severe illness, by which he has been confined to the house for a long time.
 Wm. Van Valkenburg has secured the position of night watchman at the U. S. fish hatchery. He began the first of the year.
 Chas. Burgess and family of Grand Rapids, have been enjoying the holiday week with Mr. Burgess' mother and brother, Dr. J. M. Burgess.
 Ed. Simonds has received a position in a wood used mill factory at East St. Louis, Mo. Ed. has had lots of experience and will make a good man for the company that employs him.
 Miss Edna Dean spent the New Year day with her friend, Miss Flora Clarkson.
 The saddest words of tongue or pen—yes the most distressing and disheartening that the human mind can conceive of is, that it might have been, and as we look back over the record of the past year, the force of the words "it might have been," must come to every one. It might have been, nay, it should have been, the most prosperous year for the people of our country that was ever known in its history. The most conservative of the trade reviews estimates the loss in material values during the year to be one billion dollars, and what is the outlook for 1894? Tens of thousands of people are being supported by public charity. The great manufacturing interests of the country prostrated; more than three millions of workmen out of employment; want, destitution and suffering in all the great business centers. The cause of all this can be very easily determined, but what the outcome will be, there is no man in this or any other country wise enough to foresee. But there is one statement of facts in which all will agree, and that is, there has been a change.
 Mr. Whitehead, of Hartland spent the holiday week with his son, who is in the tin shop of Knapp & Yerkes.
 Miss Parsons, of Detroit, spent the holiday with her friend, Miss Inez Rockwell.
 Miss Ella Dunlap went to Ypsilanti on Tuesday. She has been afflicted with rheumatism for some time past, and will take treatment at the baths at that place.
 Superintendent Lyon, of the milk factory, spent Monday with his parents in Detroit.
 Geo. Carson has left the employ of the Condensed Milk Co. He has worked for the Co. a long term of years.
 Fred Fenn says it keeps him guessing to milk eight cows and do all other chores on a 160 acre farm, but Fred is a hustler and does the work alone and takes the milk to the factory.
 Will the Editor kindly give us this week some information about the Peninsular Car Works that is coming to Plymouth.
 Mr. Milford Wile, of Kingsville, Ont. was a guest at Mrs. Eaton's this week.
 Mr. Robert Black, of Kingsville, Ont. visited at Mr. J. W. Little's this week.
 Miss Steers is spending the week at Wayne.

CABINET PHOTOS.

One Dollar Per Dozen ONE WEEK ONLY.
 Mr. C. H. Pierson the Photographer, of Grand Rapids, will open a branch studio in Plymouth on Monday Jan. 8th, on Main St., over Chas. Miller's liquor store.
 Beginning on that date and for one week only, I will make my very best grade of "Aristo" Cabinet Photos at the popular eastern price of \$1.00 per dozen.
 This is a responsible firm, doing business at 485 South Division Street, Grand Rapids. We are the only firm in the state making a specialty of one dollar cabinets, and every dozen we turn out are made under the guarantee of being fully equal in finish to any costing from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per dozen elsewhere. Our methods of working should not be classed with that ordinarily made by "fake traveling concerns" but is the best obtainable at any price. My experience extends over a period of 25 years in photography and I respectfully refer to every newspaper in Grand Rapids, as to my responsibility.
 Proofs are shown and absolute satisfaction assured in every instance.
 Times are hard and we have adopted "popular prices" as our motto.
 Call and see our specimens. Come prepared to sit and we can please you.
 Yours for the Dollar,
 C. H. PIERSON.

RIGGS. RIGGS.
Our Great Mid-Winter Clearing Sale Still Goes On!
 Crowds are flocking to our store daily and picking up the great bargains we are offering.
1-4 off Sales and Fire Fake Sales are Not in it, compared with Our Great Clearing Sale.
Everything Goes at Less Than Cost To Manufacture.
 Overcoats, Ulsters, Mens and Boys Suits, Underwear, Shirts, Odd Pants, Fine Neck Wear, Boots, Shoes, Felts, Rubber Goods of all description, Trunks, Hand Bags, Valises, Hats, Caps, Gloves and Mittens, in fact everything in our store at less than manufacturers prices.
Our Loss is Your Gain.
 We want the money and must make room for our Mammoth Stock, which will be the largest and finest ever shown in this part of the country.
 Respectfully, **Riggs,** THE—
 PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE. OUTFITTER.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK,
 At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 19th, 1893.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	108,561 24
Stocks, Bonds, Mortg., etc.	44,313 42
Total	\$152,874 66
Overdrafts	1,016 15
Banking houses	2,100
Furniture and fixtures	4,398 86
Other real estate	1,204 30
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,037 09
Interest paid	12,661 27
Due from banks in reserve cities	
Due from other banks and bankers	
Exchanges for clearing house	2,250 81
Checks and cash items	1,670
Niches and pennies	683 70
Gold coin	4,701
Silver coin	9,307 17
U. S. and National Bank Notes	
Total	\$184,431 50
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus fund	4,800 00
Undivided profits	4,661 50
Dividends unpaid	30
Commercial deposits subject to check	33,332 19
Commercial certificates of deposit	33,289 54
Savings deposits	54,377 57
Total	\$184,431 50

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
 COUNTY OF WAYNE,
 I, E. K. BENNETT, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 E. K. BENNETT, cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of Dec. 1893.
 EGORUS P. LOMBARD,
 Notary Public.
 Correct—Attest:
 S. J. SPRINGER,
 L. C. HOUGH,
 E. C. LEACH,
 Directors

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Exchange Bank,
 of Plymouth, at Plymouth, in the State of Michigan at the close of business, Dec. 19th, 1893.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$ 96,675 38
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	20 10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	12,500 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	1,875
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	6,716 11
Banking houses, furniture, and fixtures	
Other real estate and mortgages owned	12,074 69
Due from approved reserve agents	
Due from other National Banks	860 00
Notes of other National banks	7 83
Fractional paper currency, notes, and coins	3,785 80
Specie	1,000 00
Legal-tender Notes	4,736 80
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	562 50
5 per cent of circulation	37 50
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	
Total	\$184,970 97
LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus fund	1,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3,954 14
National Bank notes outstanding	11,250 00
Dividends unpaid	
Individual deposits subject to check	19,018 24
Demand certificates of deposit	49,668 29
Due to other National Banks	
Total	\$184,970 97

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
 COUNTY OF WAYNE,
 I, O. A. FRASER, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 O. A. FRASER, Cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of Dec. 1893.
 EGORUS P. LOMBARD,
 Notary Public.
 Correct—Attest:
 E. W. CHAFFEE,
 W. H. HOTT,
 E. C. SAFFORD,
 Directors

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

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

Plymouth Savings Bank
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.
 E. C. LEACH, President, L. H. BENNETT, Cashier.
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,
 J. B. TILLOTSON, J. N. STARKWEATHER,
 G. S. VANSICKLE, T. V. QUACKENBUSH,
 L. C. HOUGH, S. J. SPRINGER,
 A. D. LYNDON, J. B. HOSE,
 WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GEER,
 L. C. SHERWOOD.
 Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors.
 E. K. Bennett, Cashier.

FIFTH ANNUAL Holiday Offer.
 The greatest we have ever made! Low prices on frames and dull times for crayon artists make it possible for us to give you, during December and January—only—
One doz. Cabinet Photographs and a 14 x 17 Crayon Portrait for \$5.00.
 The crayons are made by our regular Crayon Artist, and are not made by cheap portrait houses, are not Bromides like those given by stores and cheap galleries.
They are Genuine.
 And will be handsomely framed in white and gold.
 We have never deceived you. Our Xmas offer is always bona fide. Come and see a sample of the work and remember we have by many times the largest and finest stock of picture framing goods in Northville.
BROWN & CO.,
 Northville, And we are here to stay.

Sore Nipples, Scrofula, Pimples, Piles, Ringworms, etc., etc., Good-Bye to Pain
 Knocked out easily by **Hamilton's Indian Ointment.**
 For fifty years this wonderful remedy has held first place as a non-irritating without advertising. Unexcelled for instant efficacy. If you suffer with any kind of skin disease, such as Scrofula, Pimples, Ringworms, etc., and do not know where to get it, send for a sample of this ointment. Sold by all druggists. Mail order on receipt of price.
HAMILTON REMEDY CO.,
 Canastota, N. Y.

The First National Exchange Bank
 is now ready for business, in all its branches
In Their New Bank Building.
 Your patronage is solicited.

Star. Grocery.

Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Etc. PAINTS AND OILS.
 School Books and Stationery.
 Statement Every Three Months.
 No goods sold on Sunday.
 Mrs. C. E. Passage.

Livery and Sale Stable
 Good Riggs Day or Night. ALSO Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection
12 B is Tickets \$1.
H. C. Robinson
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.
C. A. FRISBEE,
 Dealer in
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Co.
 A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Lath and Lath Coats.
Prices as Low as the Market will allow.
 Yard near F. & P. St. Depot, Plymouth.

Livonia.

Happy new year to all.
The ice men look blue.

Miss Annie Kingsley of Salem is here visiting her sister, Mrs. John M. Gates. A green New Year at this place.

John Shaw paid the biggest tax in town. Wm. B. Ewing has bought a large quantity of timber of Mrs. Harriet Chilton.

What an easy job it is to sit on boxes and complain of hard times. They are not the fellows that cut four foot wood for two shillings a cord, or put a bushel of corn on a horse's back and go through the woods to the mill. No they "ain't" built that way now-a-days.

Our school teacher spent New Years with friends at Farmington.

Joseph Lumber of Smith Creek, visited his uncle, N. B. Kingsley last Sunday. A Turnbull removed from Northville last week, to his old home in this village.

John Cort and wife are on the sick list. Call Stevens took a large number of turkeys to the city last Monday.

Meads Mills.

We date our letters 1894 now.

Miss Avis Greene has been visiting at Romeo.

Miss Lantenslager returned Tuesday from her holiday vacation.

Rich Benton's christmas present was a little pug dog.

Mary Kennedy of Farmington, has been visiting at G. P. Bentons's.

Some of our young people attended the party at Plymouth New Years evening.

Mr. George Greene who has been a respected resident in this neighborhood for a long time, has bought a farm four miles west of Plymouth, and is about to move there. He will be missed here.

Miss Vina Allen of Detroit, called on Mrs. Frank Johnson Tuesday.

La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all the troublesome after-effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it, and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free trial bottles at John L. Gale's.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them, and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold by John L. Gale, Drug store.

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Dr. Hal A. Curtis

of the Japanese Remedy Co. of O-saka, Japan, is here with his advertising party and bringing a series of entertainments at the

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CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

He Takes a Tramp in to Dinner and Makes Him Eat It.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet of the plains, tells a story on himself that will bear repeating, says the Chicago Post. The captain, it may be stated for the information of those who never saw him is a tall, muscular fellow, who wears his coal black hair down over his shoulders and presents a striking appearance.

He is as mild a man as ever drew breath, with a heart as tender as a woman's, but to a person who does not know him he looks as though he might eat a giant raw every day for breakfast. His tout ensemble is that of the hero of a yellow-backed romance. Well, the captain was on his way to lunch one day when a seedy specimen accosted him with a request for a quarter to buy a meal.

"Indeed, mister, I haven't had a bite to eat for twenty-four hours," he put in appealingly as he saw the long-haired Westerner hesitated.

"I am here on expense, and can't right well spare a quarter, but I am going to get something to eat myself, and if you will come along with me I will give you a square meal."

The man followed sulkily and entered a cheap restaurant, where the captain ordered two big boiled dinners. Being hungry he soon dispatched his own dinner, when he chanced to look over at the mendicant, and was surprised to see the latter nibbling his food daintily, not at all like a hungry man.

"Look here," said the host, leaning over and speaking in a low voice to his guest. "I brought you in here because I believed you were starving. You lied to me. Now I want to say to you if you don't eat every bite of that boiled dinner and polish the platter I'll give you the cussedest lickin' a white man ever got. Now get to work."

The man obeyed with terror-inspired alacrity and swallowed his corned beef and cabbage like a starving harvest hand. The waiter, who had overheard the captain's threat, told the proprietor of the restaurant and he shook his fat sides as he watched the gastronomic performance of the frightened tramp. When the meal was dispatched the captain called for pudding and ice cream for two.

The fraud gave a great gasp, and throwing up both hands turned beseechingly to the poet with this supplication: "Say, cunnel, let me off this time, won't you? I just got up from a square meal when I met you. It wasn't something to eat I wanted, but something to drink. Please, cunnel, have pity on a feller, won't you?"

The "cunnel" told the fellow to go and be quick about it or he would kick him through every street in town. No second invitation was needed. The gorged beggar "skated."

When the charitable captain tried to pay his bill the jolly Teutonic proprietor refused to let him liquidate for the tramp.

"Why not?" asked the astonished gentleman from the far West.

"I pays half dollar for a good laugh any time. You haf gif me a good laugh."

A Penal Offense.

The girl had a lovely complexion, but, sad to relate, it was mostly from the drug store. One day a stranger in town met her on the street and right away he rushed to an acquaintance.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I passed a complexion on the street just now that was simply perfect."

The acquaintance had seen the young woman.

"Hist," he said nervously, "don't talk so loud."

The stranger gasped.

"Why-er-um-why shouldn't I? What is wrong?" he asked.

"You've committed a penal offense."

"How do you mean? What have I done?"

"You've passed a counterfeit," and the acquaintance thought he was a great fakir.

The Problem of Fireproof Dwellings.

The adaptability of paper is regarded as likely to lead to a solution of the problem of rendering dwellings and business structures fireproof. It is now found that paper can be made perfectly fireproof while remaining amenable to same treatment in the matter of coloring, polishing and handling as most woods. Such a material offers all the advantages of an ideal substance for floors, and it can be used equally well for the walls of buildings. Besides this it can be used in the finish and furniture of houses and would unquestionably do much to reduce the peril of fire, against which an insufficient provision is but too often taken.

Snakes in Venezuela.

Poisonous snakes are so numerous in Venezuela that snake bite is almost as common there as in India. But there are fewer fatalities, for the natives have discovered that a plant known as the oemillo, when powdered and applied to the wound, results in a cure in almost every case.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac" sold by all druggists. Books at Drug Store or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., 10 Tuba Mineral Springs, Ind. 361

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE In the matter of the estate of Emma Flies, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased. Do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Monday the 28th day of February A. D. 1894, and on Wednesday the 29th day of May, A. D. 1894, at one o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 28th day of February, A. D. 1894, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

N. SMYRE, THREDDORE, CHILSON, Commissioners. Dated December, 14th, 1893. 227-330

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 19 1893.

Trains leave Grand Rapids as follows: **STANDARD TIME.**

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Train No. 4, 1:28 p. m.	Train 1, 3:30 a. m.
" No. 6, 2:25 p. m.	" 3, 9:15 a. m.
" No. 8, 8:55 p. m.	" 5, 2:10 p. m.
" No. 10, 1:35 a. m.	" 7, 6:45 p. m.

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest. Sleeping Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit. Drawing Room Cars between Manistee, Saginaw and Detroit. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union depot for all points South, Canada and East. For further information see Time Card of this company.

W. E. BALDWIN, JR., General Manager. W. F. POTTER, General Supt. A. PATRICKSON, Traffic Manager.

(General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich.) No. 9 runs daily from Detroit to Bay City, and on signal will make all stops between Wayne Junction and Flint, Sunday nights. Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

NOV. 19, 1893

STANDARD TIME.

Going East.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids	7:30	11:20		5:30
" Howard City	8:50		4:15	
" Ionia	7:30	11:10	6:10	
" Grand Ledge	8:30	2:38	12:02	7:20
" Lansing	8:54	3:00	12:25	7:43
" Williamston	9:20		1:21	8:10
" Webberville	9:31		1:32	
" Fowlerville	9:41		1:42	8:20
" Howell	9:56	3:51	2:00	8:45
" Howell Junc.	9:59		2:03	
" Brighton	10:13		2:18	9:02
" Green Oak				
" South Lyon	10:29		2:34	9:17
" Salem	10:38		2:44	
" Plymouth	10:48	4:40	3:03	9:40
Ar. Detroit	11:50	5:25	3:50	10:25
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Going West.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Lv. Detroit	7:45	11:40	11:45	6:00
" Plymouth	8:30	12:05	2:30	6:40
" Salem	8:45	12:15		6:51
" South Lyon	8:54	12:27		7:01
" Green Oak				
" Brighton	9:07	12:45		7:15
" Howell Junc.	9:23	12:57		7:27
" Howell	9:25	1:02	3:07	7:33
" Fowlerville	9:41	1:22		7:48
" Webberville	9:51	1:32		7:58
" Williamston	10:01	1:42		8:10
" Lansing	10:27	2:10	4:06	8:34
Ar. Grand Ledge	10:55	2:38	4:16	9:00
" Ionia	12:05	3:50		10:05
" Howard City	1:45			11:15
" Grand Rapids	12:45	5:40		10:45
	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Every day. Other trains week days only. Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats 25 cents.

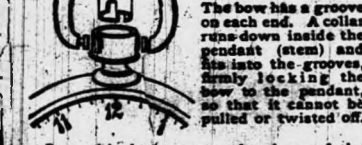
CHICAGO & WEST MICHIGAN RY.

Trains leave Grand Rapids: For Chicago 7:30 a. m. 1:35 p. m. *11:30 p. m. For Manistee, Traverse City, Charlevoix and Petoskey 7:30 a. m. 3:15 p. m. For Muskegon 7:30 a. m. 1:27 p. m. 6:15 p. m. Local for White Cloud, Fremont and Big Rapids 5:45 p. m. Ed. FELTON, Agent, Plymouth. Geo. DeHAVEN, General Pass' Agent, Grand Rapids.



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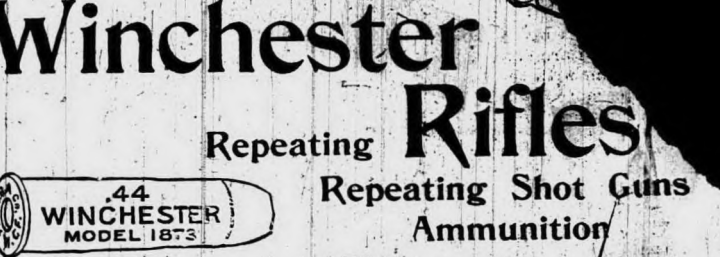
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TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE DEAD YEAR

And Draws Many Interesting Words Therefrom—The Just Who Die Young Perhaps Escape Impending Dangers on the Sea of Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1893.—In the forenoon service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on the subject of "Shortened Lives; or, A Cheerful Good-bye to 1893." The text selected was Isaiah 57:1: "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

We have written for the last time at the head of our letters and, business documents the figures 1893. With this day closes the year. In January last we celebrated its birth. To-day we attend its obsequies. Another twelve months have been cut out of our earthly continuance, and it is a time for absorbing reflection.

We all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiment when it said: "I would not live away."

If one be pleasantly circumstanced he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house in a festive group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote the immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed at about 86 years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world, at 70 said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1893, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about the advantages of an abbreviated earthly existence.

If I were an agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on "terra firma," because after he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defense lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing because it makes one's life-work very compact.

Some men go to business at 7 o'clock in the morning and return at 7 in the evening. Others go at 8 o'clock and return at 12. Others go at 10 and return at 4. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed. Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at 9 o'clock in the morning. If he die at 45 years of age, he gets through his work at 12 o'clock noon. If he die at 70 years of age, he gets through his work at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at 90, he has to toil all the way up to 11 o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble field, but shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under a tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done and well done, the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. A man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for fifteen years. Twenty years before there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial

dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad that if one's youth be right his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school mates or college mates of some great defrauder, "What kind of a boy was he?" What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid life or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic ocean it was as smooth as a mill pond and I thought the sea-captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction; at about forty-five years of age, a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonest action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in mid-life, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been cursed by arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age. Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty-five? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the door to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air brake against railroad collision. There are many ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defense against cold, defense against heat, defense against sickness, defense against the world's abuse, defense all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade. If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defense and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion; common sense about everything but transference from this world.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Resides that, some men have a natural repugnance about dissolution, and ever and anon, during forty or fifty or sixty years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at 16 years of age? He escapes fifty funerals, fifty cakes, fifty obsequies, fifty awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but it is not easier for us to

bear their departure than for them to stay and bear fifty departures? Shall we not by the grace of God rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it."

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short-lived child or the long-lived father? Had David died as early as that child did he would, in the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom, his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perjury of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household, he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer, and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean, and he put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the center of things. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great center. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth his hand to create the universe, he did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, that center is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is the great metropolis of immensity.

Now, does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the center toward the circumference, rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact we are studying under such great disadvantage. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory, is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the center of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the freshman class? We study God in this world by the biblical photograph of him; but we all know we can in five minutes interview with a friend get a more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures of words. The little child that died last night to-day knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly whirled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments, trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." We stick to the world as though we

preferred cold drinks to warm habitations, discord to cantata, sack-cloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a plane with four or five keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though heaven and earth had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation and I want to break up your infatuation for this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon be true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world "in transitu." It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone; but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living—not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas morning, one of my neighbors, an old sea captain, died. After life had departed, his face was illuminated as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the light ship. The captain often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when was about to go in New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat, he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night, they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea and the captain said to his mate, "You call me at 10 o'clock at night." At 12 o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at 10 o'clock, and here it is 12." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at 10 o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at 12 o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At 12 o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience. Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of him, who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

Dieting is all right until you get hungry.

MAIL
MICHIGAN
A petty ceremony and has been robbed of its ancient impressiveness and solemnity. A little bit of plaster, the raising of a tiny blister, unconscious punctures of the blister and insertion of the points without the knowledge of the vaccine—that is all there is to it. Time was when less than a full moon of pox bigger than the largest strawberry mark was deemed insufficient to guard the fastidious individual from a scourge just ripe enough to justify the vigilance shown by the health department and the insistence of physicians that families, presumably not exposed, shall resort to the only known means of security.

VACCINATION, is now reduced to a petty ceremony and has been robbed of its ancient impressiveness and solemnity. A little bit of plaster, the raising of a tiny blister, unconscious punctures of the blister and insertion of the points without the knowledge of the vaccine—that is all there is to it. Time was when less than a full moon of pox bigger than the largest strawberry mark was deemed insufficient to guard the fastidious individual from a scourge just ripe enough to justify the vigilance shown by the health department and the insistence of physicians that families, presumably not exposed, shall resort to the only known means of security.

THE BURDEN of housekeeping lies heavy upon the women of the civilized world, and nowhere is it more heavy than in the United States. Many of the burdens are self-imposed. Vanity or custom, or love of odd or beautiful things leads us to fill our houses with knickknacks of all kinds, with one thing and another that for their main purpose serve to collect dust and require an infinite of labor to keep clean. House furnishings and carpets, and the invention of the arch enemy of mankind that the ladies know as "tidies," are of a character to make the maximum of work for the housekeeper, to the small comfort, and probable discomfort, of those who have to make use of them.

AN extensive clothing house in New York went into bankruptcy one day last week, failing with liabilities amounting to \$600,000, all because of the speculation of a confidential bookkeeper. There are a great many women bookkeeping in the country and the number is constantly increasing. We do not think it malapropos to inquire at this particular time if anybody ever heard of any firm going into bankruptcy on account of the speculation of a woman bookkeeper? Was there ever a woman bookkeeper or cashier heard of as a fugitive in Canada? We are not offering these queries as arguments against the confidential man who occasionally lapses into betting on horse races or on the turn of a card. They are queries, pure and simple.

CODFISH has been popularly believed to be about as economical a class of food as it was possible to buy, considering the price of it and the amount of nourishment it is known to contain. To adulterate it therefore, or to palm off some spurious article as genuine codfish is an imposition for which there can be no possible charity. But this is precisely what Eastern dealers are now guilty of. A quintal of cod, that is 112 pounds, costs from \$6 to \$7, and instead of supplying the genuine article the dealers have been caught substituting a quintal of what is known as husk, a kind of fish resembling the cod, but not half so valuable as an article of food and worth not half so much. Husk is being largely sold now for codfish. The difference between the cod and the husk is that the former has a split tail while the tail of the latter is square.

AN interesting innovation has been made by the faculty of the girls' normal school in Philadelphia. A requirement that the pupil shall be versed in current topics has been added to the curriculum. Accordingly the attention of the pupils for an hour or so each day will be given to the affairs of the world as set forth in the newspapers. A professor will review the latest items of news before the school, conveying to the pupils an understanding of the relations and importance of current events. No comment will be made of a kind that may prejudice anyone, the intention being that each may reach a conclusion of her own, upon the facts set forth. The theory of the faculty is that this method of treating current matters will be of use in the study of history and geography, besides affording much general information.

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Should be kept at stable and stock yards. Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man, but of dumb beasts as well. For swollen joints, strained tendons, old sores, saddle galls, and wounds of all kinds, there is no remedy like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents per bottle.

What is waiting but the wise man's hour of preparation?

The testimonials which the mail brings in every day run thus: "Dr. Sull's Cough Syrup cured the baby of croup," "It cured me of a most distressing cough," or "It cured my little boy of sore throat." "We could not do without it."

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.

"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice. LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death. I send you my photograph and this description of my case and you can use it if you wish. My hands were as cold as ice, fire would not warm them. Dropsical swellings of the lower limbs; I could not button my shoes. Exertion completely exhausted me; death seemed so very near. The swellings have gone and all my troubles have disappeared. My health is better now than it has been for years.



"SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME." Tell doubting ones to write me I will tell them all about it. Mrs. R. J. CURSINGER, Jan. 15, 1898. Marietta, Shelby Co., Ind. At Druggists 50c cents and \$1.00 Size. "Invalid's Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1888.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per box. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., THE SALK BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

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DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

R Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief to advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

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WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes. MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

WISDOM'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Wisdom's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not had to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

ASTORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

In all these troubled days—with surrender and shame far away yonder at Metz, with defeat on this side and on that, here a general siasm and there a gallant leader sacrificed, a little gain one day only to be counterbalanced by a greater loss the next, a threatened revolution, Florens and his crew strutting, booted and spurred, on the tables in the Hotel de Ville, little explosions of popular feeling at Belleville, semi-revolt at Montmartre—through all this time of wild fears and wilder hopes the Red Flag has been boldly unfurled in the face of Paris, and has managed to pay its contributors. When bread and meat are so dear, who would stint himself of his favorite newspaper, in which, for two sous, he may read words that burn like vitriol, sentences that sound like the hissing of vinegar flung upon white-hot iron? The Red Flag finds some pretty strong language for the expression of its opinions about William, and Bismarck, and Moltke, and the hordes of black helmets yonder; but this language is mild as compared with the venom which it spits upon the Empire that is vanishing—the Man of Sedan, the Man of Metz, the Emperor who surrendered Empire and army—all that could be surrendered—in the first hour of reverse; the general who kept the flower of the French army locked up within the walls of a beleaguered city, tied hand and foot, when they pling to be up and doing, hungering for the fray, eager to fling themselves into the teeth of the foe; to cut their way to liberty or to death, only to hand them over to the enemy like a flock of sheep when he found that his imperialist game was played out, and the stakes lost irrevocably.

At last came that which seemed the crowning humiliation, a capitulation which, to the soul of the patriots, was more shameful than that of Sedan, more irreparable than Straasburg, more fatal than Metz. Paris surrendered her forts, and opened her gates to the invader; France gave up her provinces, and pledged herself to the payment of a monstrous indemnity. The flag of the Germanic Confederation floated above Mont Valerien, and the Guard of the Emperor of Germany defiled along the Avenue of the Grand Armes to encamp in the Champs Elysees. Dark and mournful was the aspect of Paris on that never-to-be-forgotten day. The populace held themselves aloof from the region occupied by the invaders, as from the scene of a pestilence. Those who came as captors were as prisoners in the conquered city. The theatres were closed, and Paris mourned in gloom and silence for the ruin of France. And on the morning of departure, when, after an occupation of only twenty-four hours, the barbarous flood swept back, the Parisian *gamins* was seen pursuing the rear-guard of William's soldiery, burning perfumes on red-hot shovels, as if to purify the air after the passage of some loathsome beast.

Unhappily for Paris there were worse enemies than William and his square-heads lurking in the background, enemies long suspected and feared, and now to be revealed in all their power for evil. With the opening of the gates began an emigration of the respectable classes. Husbands and fathers hastened to rejoin their families, provincials returned to their provinces—one hundred thousand of the National Guard, good citizens, brave, loyal, devoted to the cause of order, are said to have left Paris at this time. Those who remained behind were for the most part an armed mob, demoralized by idleness, by drink, by the teaching of a handful of rabid Republicans, the master-spirits of Belleville and Montmartre.

Too soon the storm burst. There is no darker day in the history of France than this 18th of March 1871, on which Paris found itself given over to a horde of which it knew neither the strength nor the malignity, but from which it feared the worst. Hideous faces, which in peaceful times lurk in the depths of a city, showed themselves in the open day, at every street corner, irony on the lips and menace in the eye. A day which began with the seizure of the cannon at Chaumont and Montmartre by the Communards, and the desertion of the troops of the Line to the insurgents, ended with the murder of Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, and the withdrawal of the government and the royal troops to Versailles.

When night fell Paris was abandoned to a new power, which called itself Central Committee of the Federation; and it seemed that two hundred and fifty battalions of the National Guard had become Federals. They were for the most part Federals without knowing why or wherefore. They knew as little of the chiefs who were to command them as that doomed city upon which they were too soon to establish a reign of ignominy and terror. But the Central Committee, sustained by the International and its powerful organization, was strong enough to command in a disorganized and abandoned city; and on the 19th of March began the great orgy of the Commune, the rule of blood and fire. The official Jaugralism, the scum of the goals, sat in the seat of judgment. Rigault, Ferre, Eudes, Serizier—Blanquists, Hebertistes—these were now the masters of Paris. They held the prisons; they commanded the National Guard. They made laws and unmade them; they drank and smoke and rioted in the Hotel de Ville; they held their obscene orgies in palaces, in churches, in the public offices, and the goals, when the innocent and the noble were languishing in a shameful bondage, waiting for a too probable death. There were those who asked whether William and Bismarck would not have been better than these.

For Gaston Mortemar, an enthusiastic believer in Communism and in International, it seemed as if this new reign meant regeneration. He was revolted by the murder of the two generals, but he saw in that crime the work of a military mob. He knew but little of the men who were now at the helm. Assy, one of the best of them, had protested against the violence of his colleagues, and had been flung into prison. Florens, the beloved of Belleville, was killed in a skirmish with the Versailles, while the Commune was still young. Hard for a man of intellect and honor to believe in the scum of humanity which now ruled at the Hotel de Ville, and stratted in tinsel and feathers, like mountebanks at a fair. But Gaston

and Mortemar cause if he doubted the men. That red rag flying from the pinnacles, where the tricolor had so lately hung, was, to his mind, a symbol of man's equal rights, the uprising of a down-trodden people, the divine right of every man to be his own master. For this cause he wrote with all the fervor and force of his pen. The arrest of the Archbishop and his fellow-sufferers, on the 6th of April, was the first shock which disturbed Gaston Mortemar's faith in the men who ruled Paris. That act appeared unjustifiable even in the eyes of one who held the sanctity of the priesthood somewhat lightly. The spotless reputation and noble character of the chief victim made the deed sacrilegious. Gaston did not measure the words in which he denounced this arrest. He had expressed himself strongly also upon the imprisonment of Croyen Bonjean, the good President. From that hour the Red Flag was a suspected paper. The man who was not with the Commune, heart and hand; in its worst follies, its bloodiest crimes, was a marked man.

The denunciation of Gustave Chaudey, the journalist, by Vermesch, the editor of the infamous *Pere Duchene*, followed within twenty-four hours by his arrest and imprisonment, was the next rude blow. Again Gaston denounced the tyrants of the Hotel de Ville; and this time retaliation was immediate. The Red Flag was suppressed, and proprietor and contributors were threatened with arrest. Gaston's occupation was gone. His economies of the past had been exhausted by the evil days of the siege, and he found himself penniless.

He was not altogether disheartened. He sat himself down to write satirical ballads, which were printed, secretly, at the old office, and sold by the hawkers in the streets; and in these days of fever-heat and perpetual agitation, the public pence flowed freely for the purchase of snobs, which hit right or left, Versailles or Paris, Republic or Commune. The little household in the Rue Git le Cœur, a fragile bark to be tossed on such a tempestuous sea, managed thus to breast the waves gallantly for a little while longer, and Durand's kindly offer of help was refused, as not yet needed.

Soon after hearing of the arrest of the Archbishop and the other priests, Gaston made a pilgrimage a little way out of Paris. He went to visit his old friends the Dominican monks, at the school of Albert the Great, and to ascertain for himself whether any storm-cloud was darkening over those defenceless heads. Who could tell where these in power might look for their next victims? Priests and *sergents de ville* were the *betes noires* of the Communards.

All was tranquil at the Dominican School. The house had been turned into an ambulance by the fathers during the siege; and it was still used for the same purpose under the Commune. The Dominicans could have no affection for a government which turned churches into clubs, forbade public worship, and imprisoned priests; but they were ready to give shelter to the wounded Federals, and to attend them with that divine charity which asks no questions as to the creed of the sufferer. They had a right to suppose that the Geneva Cross would protect their homes.

Out of doors they did not pass without insults. The house had the reputation of being rich, and the Communards began to talk of hidden treasures, and of a reactionary spirit among the fathers. The Dominicans let them say their say, *comme un omelette*, as they say, and appeared in public as little as possible, and confided themselves to the mercy of God. Gaston saw Father Captier, the good prior, offered to serve him in any way within his power, which, ungratefully, was of the smallest, thanked him for all his goodness in the past, and talked with him of the future, which was not full of promise. And so they parted, each trying to cheer the other with hopeful speech, each oppressed by the dread of impending troubles.

Serizier, the colonel of the 13th legion, had established his head-quarters in a nobleman's chateau adjoining the Dominican School, and looked with no friendly eye upon the fathers, whose garden lay within sight of his drawing-room windows. The seizure of the fort at Issy aggravated the already dangerous position of the monks. The Federals, forced to evacuate their position, fell back upon Arcueil and Cachan, and the 13th legion encamped in the environs of the Dominican School. The fathers began to fear that the Geneva Cross would not protect them forever.

On May 17th a fire broke out in the roof of the chateau occupied by Serizier. The Dominicans hurried to the rescue, tackled up their robes, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Serizier sent for them, and they appeared before him, expecting to be thanked and praised. To their surprise, they were treated as spies, *sergents de ville* in disguise; they were accused of having themselves set fire to the roof, which was to serve as a signal to the Versailles. They protested, but in vain. "We shall make a quick finish of the shaven-polls," said Serizier. On the 19th of May, Leo Meillet, commander of the fort at Bicetre, was ordered to arrest the Dominicans, with all their subordinates. To accomplish this perilous expedition he required no less than two battalions of Federals, one of which was the notorious 101st, commanded by Serizier. Gaston Mortemar heard of the intended arrest on the evening of the 18th. He spent the greater part of the night going from place to place, interviewing those delegates of whom he knew something, and from whose influence he might hope something. He urged each of these to strike a blow in defence of those guiltless monks, to interfere to prevent an arrest which might end in murder. But in vain. The chiefs of the Commune had grander schemes in hand than the rescue of a handful of harmless monks. Gaston was at the school early on the 19th. If he could do nothing to help his old friends, he would at least be near them in their day of peril. He was with them when the 101st battalion invaded their house, and he shared their peril. Serizier recognised him as the orator of the Folles Bergeres, the editor of the suppressed Red Flag—a paper which had published some hard things about the colonel of the 101st. He ordered Mortemar to be arrested with the monks. "So you are a pupil of the Dominicans," he exclaimed—"a worthy pupil of such masters. We know where you learnt to spit venom at honest patriots. You shall stew together in the same sauce!"

The capture was made, after but little resistance. Father Captier, feeling the responsibility of his office as prior, entreated to be allowed to put his seal on the outer doors of the house. This grace was accorded without difficulty. Those who granted the boss well knew the facility of such a precaution. At seven o'clock in the evening the prisoners arrived at the fort of Bicetre, after having endured every kind of outrage on the way there. They were flung into a yard, huddled together like frightened sheep, standing bareheaded under frequent showers, stared at like wild beasts by the National Guard. At one o'clock in the morning they were thrown into a casemate, where they could lie on the ground and rest their heads against the stone wall. In vain the Dominicans asserted their innocence, and demanded to be set at liberty. The only answers to their prayers were the obscene songs of their custodians.

CHAPTER VIII. GIRT WITH FIRE. On the 21st, Father Captier was taken before a magistrate in a room in the fort, and submitted to an informal examination. Then followed two weary days, the 22nd and 23rd, during which the prisoners were left without food; and while the monks languished and hungered in the gloom of their prison the good people of the Commune were busy with the work of spoliation. Upon an order given by Leo Meillet, two battalions of Federal soldiers entered the school at Arcueil, violated seals, broke open doors, and carried off every object of value, including even fifty thousand francs in railway shares, the savings of the servants attached to the establishment. These were impounded as national property, and passed by a kind of communistic ledgermain into pockets which were never known to disclose their contents. A dozen ammunition-wagons and eight hired vehicles were needed to carry off the spoil.

The school only escaped being burnt to the ground by reason of its well-filled cellars. Once having descended to these lower depths, the Federals had no desire to return to the surface, until they had done justice to the Dominican wines. They drank and wallowed there side by side, like swine in the mire, till the hour for burning was past, and thus the school of Albert the Great escaped the flames.

On the following day Leo Meillet and the officers began to feel themselves in danger at the Fort of Bicetre. The army was drawing near. They resolved to evacuate the fort and fall back upon Paris, where numerous barricades, well provided with artillery, made resistance possible, and where the steep and narrow streets, the labyrinthine windings and twisting of courts and alleys, in the old quarter of the city made flight and concealment easy.

Carrriages, carts, wagons, were hurriedly requisitioned on every hand, and then came a flight so eager that the prisoners in their casement were forgotten. "Thank God!" cried Gaston, with a wild throbbing at his heart, forgetting for the moment, that he was an inmate. "The Versailles will be here in time to save us." And the good Dominicans, the men who had turned their backs into an ambulance during the siege of the Commune, and who had nursed the wounded Federals without a question as to their belief or their impiety, began to utter their thanksgiving, and murmur psalms of triumph and rejoicing—those verses which Jewish captives of old had sung by the waters of Babylon.

Alas for those pious hearts uplifted in gratitude to the great Deliverer! not thus, not by Versailles, was their deliverance to come. They were to pass to paradise by a rougher road. Their joy had been premature, for they had reckoned without Serizier. And yet this Serizier was one of the master-figures in the Parisian pandemonium. A carrier by trade, he had been in early manhood the tyrant and the terror of a great carrier's factory at Belleville, and in the revolution of '48 he had been leader of the mob which hanged the proprietor of the factory at his own door. He had been condemned for some political offence during the Empire, and had taken refuge in Belgium. He reappeared in Paris soon after the 4th of September, and played an important part in the siege. After March 18th he became secretary to Leo Meillet, and later chief of the 13th legion. He commanded twelve battalions, which fought well at Issy, at Chatillon, and at the Hauts-Bruyeres. Amongst these battalions there was one which he favored above all the others, the 101st, his own particular battalion, composed of his friends and companions.

A man of fiery temperament, a great talker, a deep drinker, a workman without industry, living upon money extorted from the public assistance, Serizier exercised a strong influence upon the ignorant and brutal beings who surrounded him. He was feared and obeyed by all the 13th arrondissement, which trembled before him. His hatred against the priests was a passion that almost touched on lunacy. He had profaned the churches by his foul orgies, and it was only the entry of the troops from Versailles which stopped him from selling saintly relics and sacramental plate by auction. Assassin and incendiary, it was his hand which fired the famous manufactory of Gobelin's tapestry. TO BE CONTINUED.

Nervous and bilious disorders, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills. Custom is the universal sovereign. See Colchester Spinning Boots, in other columns. Whoever thinks seems to be good. Little's Consumption Cure. Books are immortal sons defying time. Heermann's Compound Tea with Glycerin. The original and only genuine. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. See also Beecham's Pills, and Beecham's Compound Tea.

Orality and feanshake hands together. Is the Baby te Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. Warranted to cure the Baby's Teeth. It is not death, it is dying, that kills. Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. Instantly relieves the most violent attacks. Free expirations and ins to those who are unable to sleep, or chair, as a single trial will prove. Free trial package to Dr. A. Schiffmann, Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist.

Let us be silent that we may whisper of the gods. An Extended Popularity. BRONCHIAL TEACHERS have for been the most popular article. Living Gongs and Throat. The highest friend-his and as to the highest pleasure. Coughing Leads to C. Kemps Balsam will stop once. You will see the excellent the first dose. Ask your friend and \$1.00 at all druggists. Republics come to an end. habits; monarchies by power.

Is Olden Time. People overlooked the time. generally used with permanent cure well-known people. injurious system. Partial culture runs to the same culture to simplicity. The name of N. H. Downs' still though he has been dead many years. Elixir for the cure of coughs and already outlived him a quarter of a century and is still growing in favor with the

All those who have used Barter's drake Elixirs speak very strongly in praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle. Remembrance is the only paradise which we cannot be driven. The Puzzle Solved. Perhaps no local disease has puzzled the medical profession more than catarh. While not immediately it is among the most numerous and the most very few or no cases of radical catarh by any of the methods of treatment until the introduction of Cream Balm a few years ago. of this preparation has been a gratifying and surprising.

Nois is small. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch. Deafness Cannot be cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness results, and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sleep is pain's easiest slave, and doth fulfill all duties of death, except to kill. Carefully examine every detail of your business. A man may not have a stitch to his back but still have one in his side.

THE HEART

is liable to great functional disturbance through sympathy. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, often causes it to palpitate in a distressing way. Nervous Prostration, Debility and Impoverished Blood, also cause its too rapid pulsations. Many times, Spinal Affections, cause it to labor unduly. Sufferers from such Nervous Affections often imagine themselves the victims of organic heart disease.

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES, as Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy, or Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Melancholia and Kindred Affections, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of the Invalids' Hotel, For Pamphlet, References, and Particulars, enclose 10 cents, in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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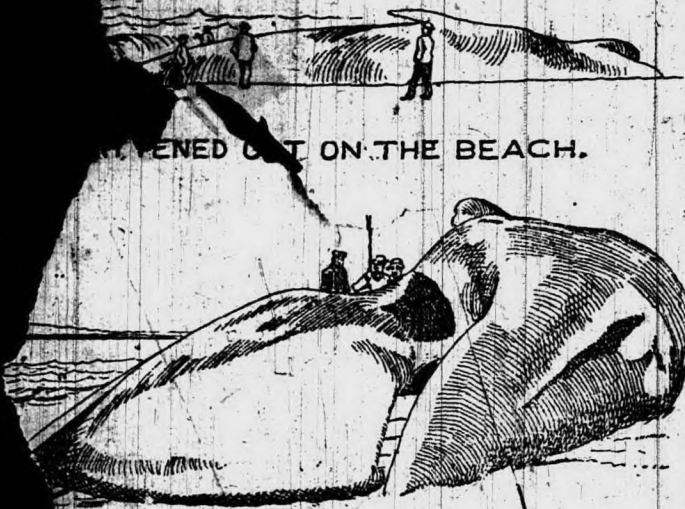
A MONSTER WHALE

RECENTLY WASHED ASHORE ON LONG ISLAND.

English Foot High by Twelve Feet—Could Only Be Seen from a Boat Full of Observers with but Slight Effect.

THE PICTURE you see here are reproductions of photographs of the mighty big whale which was washed up on the beach down at Bridgehampton, L. I. the other day. They were taken especially for publication and they are exceedingly interesting. For who around these parts would care to see a whale near enough to shoot at him? Did anybody, anybody, before snap a shot at a whale?

The whale was dead, of course. But he hadn't been long dead and was a capital specimen for photography. He stood sixty-five and a half feet long, and had a girth that measured eighteen feet in width. He



A NEAR VIEW OF THE WHALE.

could look in a rowboat as easily as you or I could in a mint julep through a straw. He tipped the scales, according to Capt. Jerry Ludlow, at sixty tons or thereabouts. And Capt. Jerry Ludlow, when he converses about whales, speaks as one having authority, says the New York World.

This fellow was a sulphurback. Perhaps that means nothing to you. But you know the high priced rarity conveyed in the mention of the word canvasback. Well, a sulphurback bears the same relation to the ordinary whale that a canvasback does to the ordinary duck. They are chockful of oil.

The monster mammal you see in the pictures here when lying down dead was three feet higher than any man about him, and a good big part of him was buried in the sands like a pyramid when he posed for Prof. Bartholdi. He was such a strapping great creature in fact that a week ago, when he was first washed up by the sea, he could be seen from the neighborhood of Saggs Pond, a mile away.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

The Civilizing Influence of the Iron Horse.

Major Thys, who is in charge of building the Congo railroad, sent a letter home to Brussels, a short time ago, that excited much surprise. He said that the Congo natives themselves had at last begun to show much interest in the iron highway that is building through their villages, and many of them are now employed in the work. During the two years since the building of the road began the enterprise



CONGO TRACK LATER.

has not been able until now to command the services of the Congo natives. They were glad to engage in the carrier service, but drew the line at digging on the railroad. The company was compelled to import all its railroad labor from Zanzibar and ports along the Gulf of Guinea, and this was both inconvenient and expensive. Early this year quite a large party of Chinese laborers were taken to the Congo and put to work on the railroad.

Not only are the Congo natives now working for wages on the road, but Major Thys writes, many of them who are not in the service daily visit the scene of track laying and work for hours, apparently for the fun of it.

Our picture is taken from a photograph sent to Europe by Capt. Weyna, showing a number of these natives engaged in laying track. They are in charge of a white superintendent. Major Thys says they are as easily taught how to do good work on a railroad as any black man he has ever had in his service. They have not grown weary of their new work, and the prospects are that the Congo labor problem is solved. If this experiment succeeds the company will have overcome one of its greatest difficulties. The railroad is now approaching one of the most populous districts of the lower Congo, and the company hopes to draw its working force from these villages instead of importing labor from the Guinea coast. Things have evidently moved on the Congo since Stanley labored in vain to induce these same natives to help him carry his first loads of supplies up the river, when he was on his way to Stanley Falls to found his first settlement.

NAKED IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The Terrible Experience of Three Sailors of a Wrecked Spanish Bark. Naked, famishing for food and water, and almost roasted by the tropical

sun, three Spanish sailors were recently rescued from a small boat in mid-ocean and landed at Philadelphia from the schooner Henry Lippitt. Their story rivals in horror the most thrilling recital of the dime novel writer, and that they were saved at all is considered by them as little short of a miracle.

The men are Pedro Nagoles, Antonio Crimer, and Llogio Peres, and they formed part of the crew of the Spanish bark Juan J. Murga, which, on Sept. 1, sailed from Mobile with a cargo of staves for Seville, Spain. The men were picked up in latitude 30.36, longitude 76.05, the small boat in which they were drifting helplessly having been sighted by the merest accident. The schooner Henry Lippitt was bound for this port from Turk's Island, and the tiny boat was at first supposed to be a bit of wreckage. The lookout, however, thought he saw signs of life, and the vessel was put about and soon came alongside of the open boat. Then it was seen to contain three occupants. All were lying face downward in the bottom. They were entirely naked, and great sun blisters covered their backs.

Tenderly they were lifted to the schooner's deck, but though they could speak no English their cries for food and water were pitiful in the extreme. They were delicious, and when they realized that they were safe began to dance and sing and hug and kiss the drowsy sailors who had rescued them. They were nursed like babies until out of danger, and it was several days before they recovered from the awful experience they had endured.

Finally they were able to tell that they had sailed from Mobile under Capt. Linares in time to catch the early October hurricane. Their vessel was soon thrown on her beam ends and became a hopeless wreck. All hands took to the boats, having time only to save a scant supply of food and water. The sea was running high; the small boats were leaky, and the men realized that they could hardly live through the storm. All removed their clothing in order to be able to swim for the wreckage of the bark, should the boat capsize. The three men rescued were once compelled to swim while they righted the boat, and they managed to live till the Lippitt hove in sight.

The Juan J. Murga had a crew of nineteen men. Four were picked up by the steamer Lampasas and landed at Galveston. They were also naked and famishing. Nothing has been heard of the other twelve, and they are probably lost. The three landed here will be cared for by the Spanish consul and sent home as soon as possible. Yesterday they joined in a card of thanks to Capt. Benjamin Howes of the schooner that rescued them. Both captain and crew are warmly praised for their kind and humane treatment of the men who passed through such an awful experience.

THE BURGLAR AT WORK

HOW HE COAXES OPEN THE MODERN BANK SAFE.

Sometimes the Modern Burglar Is a Scientist Whose Cleverness Is Quite Superior to Every Kind of Protection—Nitro-Glycerine.

The square door is generally held in position when closed by eight round bolts of one and a half inches in diameter. These are shot from behind the door across the joint to the rear of the jamb of the door, and the strength of the door-jamb to resist being torn out is the maximum strength of the safe to resist the quiet but forcible eloquence of the burglarious visitor. The second, or round, class of doors are built of plates similar to those of the safe, and generally have a coarse thread cut on their periphery, the door being screwed into the safe. The square doors are generally more open to persuasion than the other kind.

In opening a modern bank safe the burglar putties up the entire joint or crack except for about an inch at top and bottom, says the Boston Herald. A wall of putty is then formed about the top crack, where it is uncovered, and two and a half or three ounces of nitro-glycerine poured into it. If the safe is not protected by felt or rubber, it will require but three or four minutes for the glycerine to distribute itself over the entire joint of the door and grip out at the lower crack. An ordinary detonating cap, such as is used in exploding dynamite, is inserted in the upper well and the fuse lit. When the explosion occurs the door comes off. When the operation takes place in the vault there is rarely any noise more than fifty feet away.

The burglar does not carry nitro-glycerine with him. He goes to a hardware store and buys a few pounds of dynamite, which he breaks up in a convenient vessel, as a wash-basin, covers with alcohol, and allows it to stand until the glycerine has all combined with it. The alcohol and glycerine are then poured off, and an equal amount of water is added; the water and the alcohol combine, and the nitro-glycerine sinks to the bottom, where it is ready for use.

A bank in a Western state had its safe located within ten feet of the street window, thus making it visible to everyone who passed. In front of the safe at night burned an arc light, while the safe door was arranged so that its opening would ring a bell in the cashier's sleeping apartments by means of an electric connection. After banking hours the burglar called on the occupants, representing himself as an inspector of the electric light company, thus gaining access to the top of the building, where he short-circuited the electric wires and thus prevented the ringing of the cashier's bell.

That night after the street cars stopped running, the burglar cut the trolley wire at two points about six hundred feet apart. Taking one end of the piece between two buildings and placing it in a cistern, the other end was connected to the electric wire, thus making a "ground" and putting out the arc lights in the bank. The safe was then opened in less than twenty minutes with nitro-glycerine and several thousand dollars taken.

The chrome steel, of which the safe and vaults of banks are now largely built, is easily drilled by first heating the steel. A basket of wire netting is made to cover a space of about six or eight inches square, and this is wired to the side of the safe or door. It is filled with charcoal, which is ignited and a fierce heat generated by a pair of bellows. In four or five minutes the basket is removed and the heated spot allowed to cool. It may then be drilled or cut like ordinary boiler iron. Once a hole sufficiently large to admit a man's arm was cut through a chrome-steel bank safe four inches thick in four hours, so that a man's arm was passed through and the locking bolts disconnected with a wrench. In a little less than two hours a smaller hole was cut through the back of the safe into the money vault, and its contents taken out through the hole.

The large vault door behind which the safe is placed is rarely blown with glycerine. It is generally opened by drilling a two or three-inch hole between the handle and the combination lock. This cuts off the locking bolt, and the door opens when the handle is turned. Safes with round doors which are screwed in are often opened experimentally by building a well of putty at the upper part of the joint and exploding about a teaspoonful of glycerine on the outside, the result being to cut out the top of the outer plate of metal.

A large well, embracing the cupped portion, is then made, and two ounces of glycerine placed therein, which seeps around the threads in about ten minutes, tearing the door and part of the frame out and exploding. One round door was mentioned, which was blown in so tight in the third that glycerine

would not flow. This was opened by first cupping out the inside plate, as just explained, and pouring half a teaspoonful of glycerine into the opening. This soon passed down the joint between the plates, and when exploded brought off the outside plate and some of the screws holding it in place.

Glycerine being introduced into these holes and exploded brought off the second plate, and this process was continued until in twenty minutes the entire door was lying on the floor in pieces. The most expeditious mode of raking out round doors is said to be to drill an inch-hole all but through the edge of the door and safe, and to explode glycerine in this hole. In this way the joints between the plates of the safe and door are opened out so that the explosion of a few ounces of glycerine in the crevices will bring out the whole door at once.

HUNT OF THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

Renewed Day by Day Until Hope Deferred Maketh the Heart Sick.

Not all the people who haunt the capitol are office-seekers, but a goodly proportion of them are, says the Washington Star. They come from all sections of the country and represent all classes of society. Of all the great concourse that streams through the corridors of the vast building day after day the office-seekers are the most forlorn looking. They importune their senators and representatives over and over, and refuse to be turned from the phantom they are pursuing. Before congress meets every day the general reception room to the south of the senate chamber is full to crowding with those waiting to send in their cards to senators. A majority of these are, after office, either for themselves or for relatives or friends. By the time the invocation of the chaplain is finished the bits of cardboard begin to fall in showers upon the desks of the statesmen. These gentlemen do not have time to go through their mail before they are interrupted by callers. The visitors hand their cards to one or the other of the numerous door-keepers and assistants and retire to the great leather covered chairs and sofas scattered around the reception room to await the result. It is a notable fact that women largely predominate in these waiting and anxious throngs about the senate entrances. Perhaps it is thought that their earnest solicitude will more favorably and deeply impress the men who are supposed to control the dispensation of official favors. They are of all ages, appearances and conditions. The fashionable society woman elbows her more humble sister of the work-a-day world, and blushing, diffident young girls sit and wait by the side of aged, infirm women in the seat and yellow leaf. Silk rustles against the simple garb of the humble poor, and beauty smiles into the face of decrepit age. Many of them wait long and patiently without reward. Their senator is "not in," or he is "engaged," or he sends word, "please call again." And the recipient of the message goes away with a heavy heart and troubled countenance, to come again in a few days and try it all over.

ALLEGED WITICISMS.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup!"
Waiter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.

"Do you think, Schmidt, that your affection for frauhein is reciprocated?"
"I really can't say. I am loving her at present on credit."

"Why don't you strike the man across the street for a quarter?"
Raggs—I've been waitin' for two hours to see if he won't come over this way.

"Tommy," said Mr. Waters, "isn't that a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size?"
"It looks big," said Tommy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porousses in it."

Girl at the Central—Just wait a second; somebody's telephoning for an ambulance. Man at the Telephone—What for? Girl at Central—Man run over by another ambulance.

Princeling, opening the shooting match—Donnewetter, I have gone too far to the left? Gamekeeper—Oh, not at all, your highness—the target is fixed too much to the right.

A—I can not understand why you shed tears at the theater last night. It was one of the most wretched performances I ever saw. H—Yes, but I was fool enough to pay for my ticket.

He—Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much. She—You oughtn't to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage. He—What's that? She—You can see my face, without looking into a mirror.

"I am not expecting any passage," said the lady of the house. This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery wagon, looking at his book again. "Name's Higgins, ain't it?" "Yes." "No. 374?" "That's our number." "Then it's for you." "I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity." "No mum. It's a case of beer."

NEARLY TEN CENTIMETER

Great Age of a Whale Found at the Mouth of the Nile.

The largest whale which ever entered this harbor, and one of the largest ever seen on this coast, washed ashore at Tokeland lately, says the South Bend Herald. The whale was immediately brought to the pier of the morning steamer, and the afternoon passenger boats were crowded to their greatest capacity by the throngs who were anxious to see the monster.

The fish came in on the high tide, and lies just a little below Charles Fisher's bath house. It was alive and kicking and did not finally surrender its lease on existence for two days. County Attorney M. D. Egbert had taken along a tape line, and carefully measured the monster. The line showed an extreme length of 174 feet and 8 inches, with a "waist measure" of 161 feet and 6 inches. County Surveyor L. C. Vickery figured on the weight of the "animal" and pronounced this member of the baleenoidae family to weigh 477 tons and the blubber and whalebone to be worth, at current prices, oil: \$9,796; bone, \$1,000; making a net total of \$10,795.

Attorney L. E. Grinn attempted to compute the age of the subject under consideration, and concluded, from the traverse lines on the baleen, that the fish had existed for 986 years, lacking fourteen years of having lived the longest term of whale life. The pectoral fins are two feet long and seven feet broad; the mouth is twenty-four feet long, the blow holes eighteen inches long, and the fifty bathers in the water at the time it came ashore say the noise was deafening and the spray ejected ascended at least fifty feet in the air. The thrashing of the tail upon the water in the struggle to regain the channel was heard at McGowan's cannery at the mouth of North river, four miles away. County School Superintendent L. W. Fanscher furnished some historical facts in regard to the whale. Alfred the Great had been dead but six years when his whaleship first began to navigate the waters of the earth. The old boy was 120 years old when William the Conqueror was born, and may have been playing off English shores when he was crowned king. He was on earth at the time of making the great charter at Runnymede, he was middle aged when the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and probably locked upon the wars of Napoleon, the American revolution, and civil war with many a sad sigh and shake of the head for the ruthless slaughter of humanity.

The Nilometer.

During the time of the periodical inundation of the valley of the Nile, a queer recording instrument known as the "nilometer," is hourly and daily consulted by a sluggish Egyptian officer, who, to judge from his motions and actions, cares but very little if the river keeps its bed or overflows the whole northern half of the African continent. But as it is the only labor he is forced to perform, and his bread and cheese usually depend upon proper execution of the duties assigned, the record is taken with scrupulous accuracy. This queer and ancient "thermometer of the Nile" (it dates back to 845 A. D.), is situated at the end of the island of Rhoda. It is simply an immense upright octagonal pillar standing in a well-like chamber, surrounded on four sides with strong walls provided with arched openings which allow the rising waters free access to the nilometer. The recording pillar is covered throughout its length and on all of its eight sides with cubits and digits nicely divided, painted with great precision, much resembling sections of a gigantic checkerboard. There is a huge staircase leading from above down to the bottom of the cistern in which the nilometer stands, the well-worn steps attesting to the immense number of times the instrument has been consulted.

An Electric Omnibus.

An omnibus driven by electric storage cells is now frequently seen steering its way successfully through the heavy traffic streets of London, and a Chinese company have placed upon the market an electric carriage to carry four people at the rate of seven miles an hour.

The Fatal "Hashish."

Fifty-three per cent of the lunatics in the asylums of Bengal are there entirely as the result of using "hashish," a poisonous drug. In Egypt, Greece and Turkey the use of the drug is forbidden by a stringent law.

The Stone Age.

Every nation on the globe has had its "stone age" at some period of its history. Even as late as the time of Moses and Aaron the rite of circumcision was performed with a stone knife.

Record of the Bank of Venice.

The Bank of Venice conducted its dealings for 600 years with such honor that in all that time no hostile criticism or condemnation of its methods has been found.