

Plymouth Mail.

VOL 7 NO 19

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, JANUARY 12 1894.

WHOLE NO 331

THEY SAY THAT

Advertising in these columns one cent per word each week.

—The Ann Arbor Argus is sixty years old.

—There are about forty water takers here so far.

—James Houston, of Detroit, was in town Monday.

—Eddie Dobbins of Marshal, is making his many friends here a visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Marvin Sundayed with Willard Roe and wife.

—Mrs. W. H. Nichols of Northville, is visiting in town this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Streuz have been visiting in Detroit the past week.

—Rev. N. Norton Clark will spend the Sabbath in South Lyon in the M. E. church.

—The pedro club had its first meeting this season, on last evening, being entertained by Miss Conner.

—Geo. A. Baker, father of Mrs. N. N. Clark, has returned from a three weeks visit to the southern states.

Some desirable village lots for sale cheap, on Ann Arbor St., Plymouth. Inquire at this office.

—Northville has its village clock in running order. Who is the man that will donate a similar clock to Plymouth?

—The few warm days past have given several of our citizens a chance to make connections with the water mains.

—There will be a series of hops given at Penniman hall, beginning Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, and every two weeks thereafter.

—Revival meetings continue at Newburgh with much interest. The young and old are being reached with gospel truth.

For Sale Cheap—Stover Wind Mill Pump and Tank, all in good order. J. S. Kellogg, Plymouth. *332

—Rev. I. H. Riddick will preach at the M. E. church in this village, Sabbath morning, and at Newburgh in the afternoon and evening.

—The grip has taken a severe hold on our people during the past ten days. Probably fifty or more have been under its influence.

—Lots in Ypsilanti and Detroit, also 40 acres near Oscoda, Mich. to exchange for team of cows. Address lock box 71, Plymouth, Mich. 333

—Adams & Curtite have opened a restaurant over their place, in the new Dehnstreich building, which will be known as the Plymouth Cafe.

—A very pleasant evening party was given at the Commercial House on Friday of last week, to a large number of young people, who report having an excellent time.

—Don't fail to come to Village Hall, Friday eve, Jan. 19, and hear "Little Toddlekins," one of the most laughable comedies ever given in Plymouth. There will be good music and lots of fun. As the entertainment is for the benefit of the needy miners, everyone should attend it. Admission 25c, and 15c for children under 12. One evening only.

—A union service under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath eve. A short time ago, a prize of five dollars was offered by the union, to the students of our school for the best essay on "Narcotics." The essay for which the prize is awarded, will be read at this meeting. The exercises will consist of music, readings and recitations, and an address by Rev. G. H. Wallace. A collection will be taken at the close.

—Don't forget the Charity Entertainment, at village hall Friday eve, Jan. 19, for the benefit of the needy miners of the Upper Peninsula. The entertainment promises to be excellent; good music and loads of fun. It will open with a brief program consisting of recitations by Miss Kate Penniman (en costume,) and Miss Ada Safford, solos by Mrs. L. C. Hall, duets (en costume) by Mrs. Minnie Vandecar and Mr. C. O. Dickerson and by our youthful prodigies Frank Burrow and Zaida Pickney. The entertainment will conclude with the presentation, by good local talent, of that most popular and very laughable comedy, "Little Toddlekins." You that have warm comfortable homes and are blessed with plenty, can surely afford to give something to help God's needy ones. Let the village hall be crowded, and let each and everyone feel sure of such an evening of pleasure as will more than repay him for the money spent. Admission 25c for adults, 15c for children under 12 years. One evening only.

—Oliver Westfall, wife and daughter of Ypsilanti, visited here Friday last.

—The Pontiac Gazette is fifty years old and is quite lively for one so old.

—Advertisements to be changed, must be handed in by Tuesday, at the latest.

—We would like to hear from our Dearborn, Denton, Cherry Hill and other correspondents each and every week.

Carpet Weaving, at 10 cents a yard, by J. Williams, foot of Deer street, till March 1st. *329

—The Leach and Bennett families commenced moving into their beautiful new dwelling last Friday, and are now fairly well settled therein.

—Ah Gun, a laundryman, is the father of the first Chinese baby in Worcester, Mass. The little son of Ah Gun is said to be very cute.—Ex.

—Richard Supple and George Henry were killed at Ann Arbor the other day by the caving in of a sewer into which they were working.

Gottlieb Kugath of Ann Arbor was knocked down and robbed of \$34, while walking along the railroad track, two miles east of that place, the other day. Two men did it.

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.

—The high-toned club rooms at Plymouth, excites envious and unkind remarks from jealous people who are not in it.—Ann Arbor Courier.

—"What on earth did your uncle mean by marrying that old dried-up thing?" "Well, you see, he's been a collector of curios and bric-a-brac so long that the habit was too strong to resist."

—Donald Kennedy, the Canadian smuggler who was caught at Detroit last week with \$1000 worth of opium, is said to be a brother of A. Kennedy, who was arrested for smuggling about a year ago, and who formerly lived here. All we believe got off by payment of a fine.

—The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Plymouth Fur Association for the election of a board of directors and transaction of such other business as may regularly come before it, will be held at the office of the Plymouth Savings Bank, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 16, at one o'clock.

—John Pfeifer, an unknown man who had been hanging about Dearborn a few days, attempted to kill himself one day last week by cutting his throat with a jack-knife. He was found in that condition along side the railroad track. A doctor sewed up the wound; John was sorry, and will recover.

—The postmaster at Osceola, Livingston Co., has been arrested and taken before U. S. District Court to answer to the charge of writing on the outside of a letter, which he returned to the writer the following: "The sender would do well to resume the lower grades of study long enough to learn that there is no Osceola postoffice in Osceola County. Return to principal of Milford high school." The postmaster would do well to spend a little time in reading the rules and regulations of the post office department.

—For some time the Methodist society have felt that they were not being used right by the Methodist conference by being supplied with a superannuated minister from year to year. The last appointment was too much to bear, and New Year's morning they took the matter in hand and politely informed Rev. Mr. Church that his services as pastor were no longer wanted. The Elder took his new year's present with as good grace as possible, and retired to his home at Plymouth.—Farmington Enterprise.

—Editor Bailey of the Wayne Review, was married last week to the prettiest girl in Dearborn. May his "take" be a "fat" one.—Northville Record. We embrace this opportunity to add: May she be a "type" of joy, the "font" of household blessings, and possess the "make-up" of an angel.—Ann Arbor Courier. It was currently reported that Bailey's "take" was a "fat" one, weighing 250 pounds, or more. Bailey, however, denies the "soft impeachment", and says it was just an ordinary take of about 150 pounds.

—Scene I. Stranger calls on farmer and gets his permission to paint patent medicine, or other sign on farmer's buildings. Scene II. Signs are finished; farmer signs a paper showing that signs have been painted in good shape—stranger departs. Scene III. The paper which the farmer signed has turned up—it proved to be a note, which farmer pays, after much vigorous sicking.

—John Hood is on the sick list.

—Miss Fairman is visiting relatives at Saginaw.

—James Marshall returned to Illinois, on Thursday.

—C. R. Smith removed his stock of goods to Northville on Monday.

—Dan Jolliffe's new dwelling in north village, is very near completed.

—The Maccabees will give a ball in Penniman Hall, February 22.

—Miss Mamie Grant of Corona, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Myrtle Willett.

—Mrs. F. W. Fairman visited friends at Ypsilanti Tuesday, returning home Wednesday.

—E. W. Chfee has been very sick for several days past. We are glad to say that he is much better at this writing.

—A masquerade ball will be held on Friday evening, Jan. 24th, at Lapham's Hall in north village. All are invited.

—We are pleased to learn that Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Frisbee who have been very sick for the past ten days, are improving.

—Stanley Marshall who has been visiting his sister at Cadillac, was taken quite sick while there, but recovered sufficiently to come home on Wednesday.

—Miss Nellie Melville of Cheboygan, who is studying music at the Melan School Detroit, was the guest of Miss Flora Millard, a few days last week.

—Dr. Hal Curtis is still at Village Hall, giving free nightly exhibitions to crowded houses. He pulls teeth from the mouths and dollars from the pockets of his hearers.

—The Milan Leader kicks because it takes 24 hours to get an express package from that place to Azalia, some five miles distant. Some people never would be satisfied.

—The good ladies of the W. C. T. U. of this village wonder not a little why more of the young men and boys do not patronize their excellent free reading room. Well, we do not know just why, unless it is because the devil is, not in it. Now, for instance, just look for a moment at the club rooms at Plymouth, which, according to the "MAIL" is visited by our best citizens." The front room is a billiard room; two smaller rooms back of it are card rooms; and back of these is the reading room. Our good ladies will readily see that their reading room has not got the right kind of approach to draw the young fellows. Some bad people, probably church members, have been so unkind as to hint that the Plymouth club rooms are used for gambling, but the MAIL says it's a great big no such thing!

—Milan Leader. Charging the circulation of the false reports about the club rooms to church members might be all right at Milan, but we don't think it would apply here. The editor at Milan is one of the leading lights in the church and probably knows their tactics there.

—Hileon Durfee is among the sick this week.

—Although there are half a dozen here who would be willing to take the post office, none of them have taken it yet.

DOWN GO PRICES!

Cash is what we want and must have.

Gents', Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Suits sold regardless of cost.

Special Sale on Derby Hats, commencing Saturday, Jan. 13.

\$3.50, 3.00, 2.50, 2.00, Hats for 2.50, 2.00, 1.75, and \$1.25.

Also great Bargains in Children's, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Gloves, Mittens and Caps. Call and get Our Prices.

J. R. RAUCH.

Plymouth.

Plymouth Savings Bank
PLYMOUTH, MICH.
E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, Vice

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,
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L. C. HOUGH, S. J. SPRINGER,
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Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors.

E. K. Bennett, Cashier.

The First National Exchange Bank

is now ready for business, in all its branches

In Their New Bank Building.

Your patronage is solicited.

IS HERE.



Dr. Hal A. Curtis

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

OPERA HOUSE.

The Dr. will straighten cross eyes and extract teeth on the stage at each entertainment free, and absolutely painless.

Don't Fail to See Him

Admission free, except Saturday night. Children not admitted after first night.

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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.

Stop Thief!

Any one whose Watch has a

Non-pull-out

bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.

A watch case opener, which will save your finger nails, sent free on request. Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

AN Autumn Idyll.



aboard for the North!"

With a sigh of satisfaction Lady Margaret settled around her all the impedimenta absolutely essential to feminine comfort on a railway journey and felt that she was now fairly on her way to that quiet rest for which she so longed.

Lady Margaret was aware that it would be an excellent thing if she "married money," for, though her few thousands were enough for her own wants and enabled her to keep up the estate and grounds in good order, the only daughter of a poor Scotch peer could not afford to live at the castle and take her place as chatelaine.

She loved the dear old home and had not sacrificed the woods nor sold a single acre; all was intact and she would rather keep it so and continue to live with her aunt, paying well for the privilege of doing so than sell part of the estate to enable her to return to the castle and again open its hospitable gates. She had no intention whatever of "marrying money."

Lady Margaret was not an old maid, though she would never see one-and-twenty again; she was a girl bachelor, and the latest development so characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century. She allowed to herself the possibility of marriage some day, but the man would be the first consideration; his possessions would be an unimportant detail.

Certainly, Sir Teddie was quite out of the question. Aunt Bessie was absurd to encourage him. A girl bachelor must draw the line somewhere, and that line should be drawn at an hereditary legislator whose valet buttoned his boots for him.

Then Algernon might have been possible if he had not sent her sonnets. When men, in these days of higher education for women, choose like Mr. Wegg, to "drop into poetry," they should see that their verses scan. No, thought Lady Margaret, as the iron monster, panting with increased velocity, dashed through the fields and hedgerows toward her highland home; the utters this season had not been sufficiently attractive.

"Eh-but, yer ledyship, we're right glad to see ye, though this is a pair plee for such as ye, when ye ought to be taving at yer ain castle."

"Don't be foolish, Jeannie, ye know I like to come and see my old nurse, and now that ye and Jock have this farm close to the loch, which I love, I feel that this is home, even though I'm not at the castle. I shall stay here as your lodger, as I wrote and told ye, and rest."

"And by the look on yer bonnie face now so pale ye want it. Isn't it so Jock?" as Jeannie's husband entered the room after depositing "her ledyship's" luggage in her rooms.

"Well, Jock, how are the birds this year? Plenty of grouse but no laird to shoot them, eh? And trout? No poaching, I hope?"

"A weel, the birds are none the waur for a bit rest; I'm glad ye did na let the shooting, but the trouts are vera scarce, and I'm hearing a stranger's been seen at the little stream just below the loch. But we'll keep a gude look out, yer ledyship, and soon catch him."

"I'm sure ye will," said her ledyship, as she ran lightly from the house for a stroll along the paths she knew so well.

It was late on the following day that Margaret, after a long ramble became aware that the day which broke so gloriously and had fulfilled its promise of brilliant autumn sunshine had become cloudy and overcast. A cold white mist was rising, and though she tried to fancy it was merely the autumn dew, her instinct told her that it was the beginning of one of those sudden, cold, impenetrable mists so dreaded by all mountain climbers. Born and bred on these moors she did not foolishly underrate the danger of walking in a highland fog; stopping to take her bearings she could just make out the great solitary St. Andrew looming majestically on her right, while in front of her lay the moorland, which a few moments ago aglow with purple heather was now entirely hidden.

How to retrace her steps? To reach home she knew was impossible, but a mile away lay one of the shepherd's cottages. She would make for that and Mrs. MacGregor would make her comfortable for the night. She must skirt round by the great scar, where the pathway would still be discernible.

But the mist rose rapidly and she could only feel but not see the bare ground from which the turf was worn and trest to it to guide her. After a few moments of slow progress she stopped, uncertain, and pressing her hand to the ground felt the turf; all around was the short moorland grass; once she grasped a bunch of heather. She was out on the lonely moor without a clue! Happily, she was well clad and could defy the cold, but as for assistance she might as well call into a bale of wool as shout into that thick, damp fog.

"Hello there!" Margaret stopped; the voice was close beside her.

"Who are ye?" she queried, thankful to feel the presence of a fellow creature, even though in a similar predicament.

thought from the direction indicated, but her arm was seized firmly and a tall figure loomed up beside her, looking ghastly in the gray mist.

"Another step and ye would have been over; why did ye not stay as ye were told?"

The tone was one of authority to which Lady Margaret was unaccustomed, but her peril had been so great that she answered humbly. "I had no idea I was so near the edge. That is not a big hole; it is the edge of the cliff overhanging the great scar, and there is a drop sheer down of 300 feet."

There was a pause. Their common danger was too great to allow of comment. The woman was, of course, the first to recover herself. Freeing her arm from his grasp she said quietly: "Ye have saved my life; another step and I should have been over the edge. We had better move away a few steps and then remain stationary; a mishap like this may clear in a few minutes."

"It may also," he rejoined, "last for many hours, but as we should only walk in a circle and return to this hateful cliff again, we had better do as ye suggest."

Moving a few yards from the place they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow on a jutting slab of rock.

"How is it ye were overtaken by the fog?" said Clifford, "ye seem no stranger here."

"It is my native place," said Margaret, "but no one can account for these sudden mists. Even the shepherds are sometimes lost for hours."

"Are ye far from home?" he said, gently.

"Only a couple of miles away. I am living at the farm by the big loch." "I have come over from Cardroth where I am staying for golf. I've been fishing in the stream below the loch. During an expedition to the old prison up there," pointing in the direction where Lady Margaret's castle lay, "I saw a stream that has since proved splendid fishing."

Saying this, he proudly opened his basket and showed the shining beauties which were Margaret's rightful booty.

Here then was the mysterious poacher—this tall, broad-chested man, who spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world to fish in other people's streams.

Margaret smiled; she could not very well inform the man who had just saved her life that he had been poaching in her water; besides which, his eyes were so merry and his manner so plea ant that she felt quite glad he had been enjoying the sport.

At that moment the mist began rolling away in great clouds, and as the sun broke through it dissolved as suddenly as it had come. Clifford rose and went to the edge of the precipice. Margaret followed him, unable to re-



"WHY DID YOU NOT STAY AS YOU WERE TOLD?"

sist the fascination of looking at the spot where she would have been lying crushed had it not been for the strong cool grasp of the man at her side. Slightly shuddering, she glanced up at him, and as their eyes met there was a link, not easily to be broken, formed between the two souls.

"By what name may I think of you," he asked, "when I recall this scene?"

"I am Margaret Standish," she said simply and held out her hand as if in thanks for the service rendered.

He held it somewhat clumsily for a moment, then turning away took his rod and basket and accompanied her to the gate of the farm, where he left her to hurry away for his four-mile tramp across the mountain, saying with a wistful look, as he left, that he would be fishing the following day.

Lady Margaret made up her mind that she would probably never meet the handsome stranger again, much as she desired it, and yet she was haunted with the idea that Mr. Siddons might get into trouble with one of the keepers. She determined to walk in the direction of the stream so as to be near if any dispute arose, and thus it chanced that day after day they met, and during that time their intimacy ripened.

To Margaret's amusement he seemed to think that she lived always at the farm as the daughter of Jeannie and Jock; her simple country dress and her statement that she was in her native place had, of course, given rise to this impression. Mr. Siddons spoke of his fishing experiences in the colonies, where his free and easy ideas of men and women in the matter of streams was doubtless acquired, such a thing as preserved water being unknown in that part of the world.

"I have been sheep-farming in Queensland," he said one day, "for over ten years and have made my pile, but the mother country draws me back. I shall settle down now. I have no one belonging to me to keep me over there and more money than I know what to do with and unless," he faltered, looking quickly at the gracious woman by his side, "unless I have someone to share it with."

"I think," said Margaret, "I must be going back to the farm now."

"Well," was the answer, "I will come with you; I will ask Jeannie to give me a drink from her dairy before I set off homewards, and she may like these trout."

Margaret laughed to herself as she imagined Jeannie's face when the poacher offered her the fish, though she knew that a few words of explanation would set all right.

She was happier now than she had ever been in life; ah, why should not this sweet autumn dream last a little longer?

To her relief, on arriving at the farm Jeannie was not there, so with her own hands she filled the earthenware mug, enjoying an exquisite pleasure in doing this simple service for the man she loved.

"To the sweetest flower that blooms north of the Tweed," he said, as he drank the cool milk.

Then laying the fish on the bench outside the cottage: "Give them to your mother, Margaret, and tell her she shall have some more to-morrow." But returning after taking a few steps in the direction of the gate he bent over her as she sat in the farm kitchen.

"Why should I leave each day like this," he said impetuously, "when I only count the hours till I shall see your sweet face again? Margie I love you; I think I have loved you since the day you came to me out of the mist from the very brink of death. Let me dare to try and win you? Lift your eyes, dear, and tell me you will try and love me?"

"I cannot try," said Lady Margaret, her face half hidden. "I cannot try," she repeated, lifting her lovely gray eyes to his, "for I love you already."

His arms were around her—those arms that had given her back to life, and she lay now in their shelter she realized that life was sweet indeed. Footsteps were heard and she had hardly freed herself from his embrace when Jock hurried in, with one of the under-keepers.

"Jamie's seen the poacher again," he said, "and we're just going after him."

"But that's the mon there standing by yer ledyship," interrupted Jamie. "There's his rod and tackle. Melbe he's a friend of yer ledyship's?"

"Yes," said Margaret, laying her hand on Clifford's arm as he stood astonished to hear her so addressed, "ye will henceforth treat him as your master, for, with a charming blush, 'he will some day be my husband.'"

"So clever of you, my dear!" said Aunt Bessie, who never would believe but that Lady Margaret had planned her visit to the North in order to pursue the rich Australian. "Quite the best match ye could have made. The Siddons are so well connected; my first husband's cousin married one of the Norfolk branch of the family. Ye were quite right to refuse poor Sir Teddie. I really couldn't have managed it better myself."—Woman.

AGONIES OF THE TRANCE.

A Young Man Describes the Tortures of Suspended Animation.

"Ye have undoubtedly read now and again in the daily newspaper accounts of persons lying in a trance," said a well-known gentleman the other day to a reporter of the National Labor Tribune. "I am one of those persons. It is very harrowing to me to read accounts of people lying in this condition and being put in a coffin, and even stored in a vault, before they came to. I have even read of where a few weeks after some necessity caused disinterment, and then the body was found turned face down, as though there had been a struggle for freedom."

"My experience went no farther than fifteen hours, I am certain, but that was enough, thank you. The fact is, I awoke one morning in my room feeling quite rested. I know that I had spent a pleasant night in sleep and I lay speculating without moving or caring to open my eyes. Then I thought of getting up. I felt rather chilly. I thought, but still comfortable. When I wanted to open my eyes I couldn't. When I tried to put my hands to them I didn't move. Then I struggled to stir at all, but it was only a mental struggle. I then devoted my entire faculties to myself. I tried to call, but couldn't. My mind actually seemed to be ready to burst with rushing blood and confused thought. Then a relapse came and I felt stupefied. I didn't care whether I moved or not."

"Then came alternate periods of mental struggle and stupor. In the afternoon I was discovered by my landlady, who came to look after the room. It seemed astounding to me to think that I should be compelled to lie there and appear as one dead. I heard everything that went on—heard her calls, but couldn't answer. She called others of the family and a doctor. Burning my fingers and feathering my nose didn't disturb me. I couldn't feel it. I came around about 10 o'clock that night. When I did I came with a bound, and I was nervous for a week after. The thought of that probably coming again is a constant source of worry to me."

"The Kind He Didn't Want." "How did your son do at college last year, Mrs. Wilkins?" "Very well indeed. He did so well as a freshman that he got an equestrian." "A what?" "An encore. The faculty have requested him to repeat the year."—Harper's Bazaar.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The official reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, a strength greatly in excess of every other powder tested.

Gold leaf when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but 1-250,000th of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light.

The average annual rainfall in the vicinity of Neah Bay, Wash., is about 100 inches. The average annual precipitation at Pasco, in Washington, a little more than 200 miles east of Neah Bay, does not exceed ten inches.

The Electric Review says that women have great difficulty in making themselves understood over the long distance telephone on account of the high notes of their voices, while all right on short lines, do not carry well for long distances.

Prof. David P. Todd of Amherst college has begun preliminary arrangements for an expedition to Japan in 1896 to view the next available total eclipse of the sun, which will come on August 9, of that year. The party is to be a large one.

Wet boots and shoes can be dried without the stiffness and discomfort which usually follows by filling them up with oats and letting them stand a few hours. The oats absorb all the moisture and leave the boots as pliable as before their wetting. The same oats can be used over and over.

If housekeepers better understood the nature of charcoal there would be a great deal more of it employed about kitchens and in cupboards where fruit is kept. There is no more powerful deodorizer in the world than charcoal. A few lumps of it, each the size of an egg, laid in the cupboard, will effectually prevent that dinner-room smell which many persons find very offensive.

Boodle—A dollar doesn't go nearly so far as it used to. Noodle—No, but then it goes much faster.

She—Charley Touchall never seems to work. What does he do for a living? He, with a sigh—His friends.

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They're not like other pairs at all." "Why not?" "They're softest when they're green."

Johnnie—I guess mermaids must be the happiest people in the world. Mamma—Why, dear? Johnnie—Well, they don't have to wash their faces or black any shoes.

Bad Boy, gleefully—I had the ear-ache this morning. Good Boy—What good is that? Bad Boy—Me mother put cotton in me ears and now I don't hear 'er when she calls.

"I has noticed," says Uncle Mose, "dat de man wot won't do nuffin' less'n he's paid fer it, will do anything, no matter how mean it am, pervidin' he do git paid for it."

"Begprah," said Mr. Dolan, "O've thought av a way to siod a poshial carrud so that no wan kin tell phwats in it." "How do ye do it?" "I put it insoide av an invillup and siod thot."

Judge—What is the charge against these young men? Detective Sleuth-pup—Malicious cruelty, yer honor. "How so?" "I caught them wakin' up night watchmen and policemen and then running away."

Husband—Let us go to the concert, my dear; I understand that there are some beautiful love songs on the program. Wife—All right. If ye wish to refresh your memory by listening to love songs I certainly have no objection.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES
PAIN.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures
CATARRH
Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 36 Warren St., N. Y.

N. H. Downs' Elixir
WILL CURE THAT
Cold
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Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10:45 a. m. Bible Study and Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal—Sabbath Services 10:45 a. m. followed by Sunday school. In the evening at 7:30 p. m. Social Meeting in the church for the young people and others, followed by preaching service at 7:30. Prayer meeting 1:30 p. m. Tuesday. Seats free. N. NORTHON CLARK, Past. or, Residence, 2d door West of Church.

St. Charles—(Brethren of Christ) meet for worship and general explanation of the Scriptures, at the residence of H. W. Hudson, North Village, every Sunday at 1:30 p. m. All the laymen 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. O. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, in Hadden Block, on second floor across from photograph gallery, Mrs. C. A. Friabee, president.

Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

K. of L. Lapham Assembly No. 5595.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at E. of L. hall. C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

Tongues Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m. J. H. Kimble, N. G., E. C. Hoag, Secy.

Clover Leaf Lodge No. 111, K. of P.—Regular convocations Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. Visiting Knights cordially welcomed. L. C. Sherwood, C. C.; P. B. Hoag, K. of R. & S.

Grassie, No. 328.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block. Joel Bradner, Master.

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NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing.

MANY INTERESTING ITEMS.

Grip weather is about the only kind we are having in Northville at the present time.

W. H. Amblet was in Detroit on business Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Northville Division No. 48, U. R. held and adjourned regular meeting at their armory on Monday eve. of this week.

Ed. Simonds will leave for St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21st, where he has secured employment in a Condensed Milk Factory.

Allea M. Harmon Post will have a special meeting Friday eve, Jan. 12, to make final preparations for the public installation of their officers, which occurs Friday eve, Jan. 19.

Mrs. Chas. Bristol who has been suffering from a severe attack of the grip, is somewhat better at this writing.

Will Somerville is visiting his relatives at Sarnia, Ont., this week.

Orauel King, and his son Ray, returned from Romeo on Saturday night of last week. They had been visiting Mr. King's mother and other relatives during the early part of the winter.

Arthur J. Shaw, of Saginaw, is canvassing the village this week in the interest of Union and Savings Trust Co. They do business on the co-operative plan, agreeing to pay a \$250 bond at the end of five years or sooner, with monthly assessments of 60 cents. The Co. have already paid 80 of these bonds within a period of six months. Mr. Shaw expects to establish an agency here.

Mrs. A. K. Dolph is again a widow, as Gus was sent away again on Friday of last week. This time he is at Flint putting up seats for the Globe Furniture Co.

Cards of invitation are out for a graduation recital, to be given by Miss Inez May Rockwell and Miss Mary Elizabeth Ler, on Friday evening, Jan. 12th, at SS. Peter's and Paul's Academic Hall, Detroit. The program is a very attractive one. There will be plenty of music, both vocal and instrumental and no doubt a very pleasant time will be enjoyed by those who are fortunate enough to be present, as both young ladies have developed great talent as elocutionists.

Andrew Houk and his good wife were gladdened by a short visit from J. A. Mead, of Ludington, on Monday of this week. Mr. Mead is a brother-in-law of Mr. Houk.

Miss Nellie Priest, the compositor in the Record office, is sick this week.

It is Charles Van Valkenburg, not Wm. that has secured a position at the U. S. Fish Hatchery, as the types made us say last week.

Mrs. Brooks is still alive at this writing, but no hopes are entertained of her recovery. We mentioned her case last week and Mr. Brooks was substituted for Mrs. Perhaps it was our own mistake in writing.

Mrs. E. E. Webster suffered a very severe attack of the grip last week. She is somewhat better at this time.

Geo. Coe, of York, Washington C., was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Stark on Monday of this week.

There are 1,000 destitute old soldiers in the city of Detroit, and the Soldiers Relief Commission are nearly out of money. The law provides that one-tenth of one per cent, may be assessed upon the assessed valuation of the property in the county. The commission only called for one fiftieth of one per cent, and are about out of money, and so the very thing that it was sought to avoid will happen, and the old vets. who are indigent will have to go to the poor father for help.

The new post master will be Charles Avery Downer. His name has been sent to the Senate, and the appointment will no doubt be confirmed. Mr. Downer is a young man and well qualified for the office, and we have no doubt that his appointment will please a great majority of his people. The retiring P. M., Mr. Horton, has held the office for 22 years, and has made an acceptable postmaster. Here's hoping that the new postmaster will do as well, or better than the old one.

Henry Cooper is at present boarding with Capt. Joe. Nicholson. His father brought a complaint of assault against him, of which he was convicted in Esq. Ely's court, and Constable White took him down to the big boarding house.

CAWS ANDEFFECT

The Doings of a Little Thief.

There's a fellow at Northville who carries off everything he can find, that is not too heavy nor too hot. He visits the houses about the neighborhood and if there is a thimble, spoon of thread, money, or any light article about, he manages to get hold of it and carries it away. He has been caught in the act; is well known, and yet, so far as we know, has never been arrested. There is possibly some caws for this.

He is not only a thief, but is exceedingly quarrelsome, at times, and also takes great delight in pestering the neighbors dogs.

He lives in the western part of the village and, we are told, makes his home at D. J. Wicks. This fellow is none other than a big black crow.

He makes himself quite familiar with the neighbors and exceedingly interesting for a dog owned by one Hinchman, who lives but a block away. The crow visits Hinchman's several times a day and if he can see the dog, he makes for him, alighting on his back and presenting his bill in such a vigorous manner that the dog is glad to seek shelter. The dog was formerly chained to his kennel, but the crow made it so hot for him, that they were obliged to let the dog run loose in order that he might escape his tormentor by being let into the house, when attacked.

Last Saturday the dog was down street, and a few minutes later was seen going home at a lively rate, with the crow on his back and hurrying him along by repeated jibes with his bill. The dog didn't seem to enjoy the sport nearly so much as the crow.

The other day this crow was seen trying to carry away the basin in which the Hinchman dog is watered. He managed to move it for some distance, but it was too heavy and he abandoned it.

He is also fond of milk and visits some of the milkman's customers. If the milkman has been there first, he helps himself to milk; if the crow gets there first he steals the milk ticket and skip out.

The crow is a very intelligent bird and becomes quite cunning when domesticated.

The Bible has an annual circulation of 10,000,000 copies.

In the British museum, according to the catalogue just issued, there are 2,700 complete Bibles in all languages.

A copy of the Latin Vulgate, claimed to be printed in 1480, has come into the possession of James Watson of Hartford, Conn.

Antiquarians generally consider the Mentz psalter, printed on vellum in 1457 by Peter Schoeffer, to be the first book with a printed date.

A copy of the original edition of Izaak Walton's "Angler," printed in 1653, was recently sold for nearly \$1,500 by a Cleveland book firm.

Some very ancient books are to be found in the sacred relics of Ceylon. They are formed of palm leaves written upon with a metal pen and are bound merely by a silken string.

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—healthy in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufacturing—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.

MURDERED FOR MONEY.

BABIES KILLED FOR THE LIFE INSURANCE.

The Terrible Crime Practiced in London—Horrible Torture to which the Little Ones Are Subjected—Starvation the Favorite Method.

Child murder in London is a science—a science so practical it has become a business and the basis of operations which declare handsome dividends. The recent imprisonment of Lady Montague for killing her baby by hanging her by the arms is but the punishment of a single conspicuous instance of inhuman cruelty among the thousands that happen yearly and are never brought to light. The ferribleness of the practice exceeds the atrocities of the wildest savage in darkest Africa, and no cannibalistic native ever tortured his victim with fewer pangs of conscience than does the English professional murderer wipe from the earth his share of children whom devil-possessed parents sacrifice for paltry life insurances. Spanish history, or the red pages of the days of the inquisitions, show no such art of diabolism. It is officially known that at least 1,000 children a year are killed for hire in the world's metropolis alone.

The slaughter of the babies on the Ganges was two-fold more human—death by an alligator's jaws—than the new methods employed by the English Bill Sykesses. Some are hung by straps until they become limp; others are scarred and burned with hot pokers; one case was recently reported where the child had been held against a blazing stove until its body was cooked; one was held in a tank of ice water until dead; others were tortured by having hot oil poured in fresh wounds, several were killed by alleged accidental falling from high windows. Yet such desperate means are rarely used—means likely to betray the murderer. Starvation is the favorite method. It leaves no clew, and is equally as deadly as arsenic or laudanum. Other favorite procedures are medicines for diseases the child has not, man's food for suckling infants, neglect for the ailing, chilling drafts for the feverish—killing the victim and earning the reward as easily as they would pluck a petal from a rose.

The greatest incentive for the slaughter of the children is the reward offered for their death. While the original intention of the system of child life insurance was to enable the needy to suitably bury their dead, the good end of it has been entirely perverted. It has now become simply a plan, whereby persons of no conscience obtain a cash profit by a comparatively safe method of murder—a scheme of neglect varying in degrees of cruelty with the age of the victim. The younger the child, after it is old enough to be insured, the easier the killing and the less the reward. The prize increases with the difficulty of the nefarious game, and so it happened that children of very mature age are the most frequent victims.

In fact, the business has grown so extensively that it is one of the problems now before parliament. There are 50,000 men in England working from door to door, pestering parents to insure their children. These are working for profit, and for each first penny premium they get twenty pennies pay. It matters not to them that they are selling tickets in a lottery, where the thriftless parent gambles his penny a week against the company's thirty shillings that the child will die, and the coroners of the kingdom swear before the investigating committees that one half of the children who die mysteriously die with this thirty shillings on their heads.

The cold mathematics to which the profit and loss of this child-killing has been reduced is one of the most awful of modern facts. The law allows a value of \$30 to be placed upon the life of a child under 6 years; up to 10 years it is \$50, and over that \$1,000. The traffic is largely among the desperately poor people, those whom poverty has made desperate and debauch has made brutish. The parent usually insures for a penny a week premiums. The figures show that the crisis is usually reached within six months, when the premiums paid amount to 2s 2d. Consequently the family has netted £2 1s 6d upon the death of an infant. From this must be paid the funeral expenses, which thrifty London undertakers have reduced to a minimum by burying poor children in job lots—five and often more in the same man-size coffin.

There is a society waging an unequal war against this business—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It has a big hospital on Harper street, Bloomsbury, within shadow of the British museum, and here are seen scores of children rescued from the hands of their intending slayers. Hardly an hour in the day passes but that a carriage rolls up to the door and there is lifted out a child covered with dirt,

filth and mildew, found by some agent in a stench-filled attic, alley shed or damp cellar. But the other day five victims were brought from a single slaughter-pen. When the door was broken in a strong man vomited, so strong was the atmosphere.

Upon the floor were two boys unable to stand from hunger and disease; two more were strapped to old chairs, and the third lay upon a rotten blanket. Two had single flannels around their loins, and the others wore short cotton frocks. When found they did not cry; they were too weak. Not one of them belonged to the owner of the den, but all had been sent to her to dispose of. This monster is now doing prison service, and the children live—all but one. The society's books show 8,000 just such cases unearthed; and now it has 3,051 parents under supervision for cruelty, and the prisons hold 1,130 fends for cowardly, foul child murder or cruelty.

Black Dress Coats.

Lord Lytton's novel of "Pelham" was written with the idea of counteracting the affectation of Byronism which was then in vogue, and in this it to some degree succeeded, though only by substituting another affectation, that of Pelhamism, in its place. It is even said to have affected the fashion of dress, for in it Lady Frances Pelham says, in a letter to her son: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when last I saw you; you look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Till then coats worn for evening dress were of different colors, according to the fancy of the wearer; and the adoption of the now invariable black is said to have dated from the publication of "Pelham."

There's Room in Washington.

It is said there is room behind the Olympic range in Western Washington for 8,000 homesteaders, in addition to the 4,000 or 5,000 already settled there. As yet the country is cut off from the outside world, is sparsely settled and is as much of a wilderness as Kentucky was in the days of Daniel Boone.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

The largest room in the world unbroken by pillars is a drill hall in St. Petersburg, 620 by 150 feet.

While under lock and key, a New York "composer" is to produce, complete, within forty-eight hours, an operetta, or forfeit \$100.

On many of the railways in Germany the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been adopted, and proves economical.

A hen on the farm of Lewis Livingston, near Pensacola, Fla., recently laid an egg with, it is claimed, a correct representation of the dial of a clock on the shell.

An ocean steamship that arrived in New York recently had among its passengers a young lion and a lamb, confined in the same cage, who appeared to be great friends.

A chain made for the United States government at Troy, N. Y., in 1883, was six miles and a fraction in length. It was made of bars of iron each two and a half inches in diameter.

A whistle for the shops at Third and Berk streets, Philadelphia, is four feet two inches high, and the cylinder is eighteen inches wide. The whistle can be heard twenty-five miles.

WITS AT WORK.

Artist—Do you think the expression in this picture is good? "Well, yes; if you intended it to be bad, it is excellent."

One reason why an alligator at a certain aquarium is left alone is because of a sign reading: "Idiots will please stir him up."

"Girls is queer things," wrote Tommy on "composition" day. "Whv? Because a girl is not in it in society till she comes out."

"Willie, where are those green apples gone that were down cellar?" "They are with the Jamaica ginger that was in the closet."

Bagley—Do you have your clothes made to order? Brace—When I strike a new tailor; with the old ones they are made "by request."

"You say Tom is going to marry you, Miss Capsett? Why, he never told me so." "Probably not. He doesn't know it himself yet."

"This, I suppose," said the stranger in the city, "is one of your club houses?" "Well, you might call it one. It's a police station."

Mabel—How strange one's own writing seems to one when read years after writing it. Carson—Yes, especially in a breach of promise case.

Flattering Friend—Oh, yes, I always keep your books on my center table and I read them as I do my Bible. Flattering Author—What? Not oftener than that?"

"Mr. Longtalk seems to be growing in popularity, doesn't he? His congregations are increasing wonderfully." "Yes; nearly everybody goes to church now that he isn't able to preach."

CHOLERA'S ENDEMIC HOME.

Not India, But Arabia, Is the Real Breeding Place of the Plague.

Shocking as are the statistics of mortality among pilgrims to Mecca reported in the Sun from Tunis a few days ago, where of 9,000 who set out but half the number returned, the death rate of last season is but little greater than that of ordinary years. The health officials of Bombay and other India cities have for some time been collecting facts and statistics to show that India does not deserve the ill reputation it has of being "the endemic home of cholera" but that Arabia is the home of the plague, and they are preparing to make strenuous efforts to arouse the Arabian authorities and convince them of the fact, and to have them apply a remedy. Some of the statistics printed in the Bombay Gazette reveal a terrible state of affairs.

According to the official returns of the health officer of Bombay, of 91,000 pilgrims who left the city for Mecca during the last eight years only 60,000 have come back. Thirty pilgrims in every hundred have perished in every year of that period, and very many who survived to return home have come back only to die of disease contracted on the pilgrimage. The facts adduced go to prove that the pilgrims do not carry disease with them from India. There is a rigid inspection at Bombay before embarkation, and every pilgrim is required to pass a medical examination, to undergo a certain quarantining process and to possess a certificate of good health. The mortality on the voyage from Bombay to Arabia is very small. It is after the pilgrims have entered the holy cities and during the return that the mortality is great.

A record is kept by the British consul at Jeddah of the number of pilgrims arriving at and departing from that port, with such particulars as will insure identification. The figures of this record fully corroborate those of the Bombay officials. An average estimate of a mortality of one-third among the Indian pilgrims in each year, when there is no general epidemic of cholera, is clearly established, and the belief is expressed, founded on such corroborative statistics as are obtainable, that fully one-third of all pilgrims to Mecca perish in every year.

The Indian officials assert that the cholera plagues which periodically sweep around the world "have their origin in the filth of Mecca and Medina." There is a great scarcity of water in these places, and the quality of the little obtainable is bad. The famous holy well at Mecca offers the most complete conditions for spreading disease. It ordinarily contains but little water. One of the most essential devotions in the pilgrimage is to bathe in and drink of the water from this well, and its brink is always crowded with pilgrims, some drawing its water and pouring it over their persons, others dipping it up in cups and gourds and drinking it. The water used for bathing runs directly back into the well and thus diseases are directly spread.

The authorities did for a time this year close up the well. Drainage in the city there is little or none, and the most ordinary sanitary precautions are utterly disregarded by the choked crowds of pilgrims. Not alone cholera is thus bred and spread, but the holy cities are hotbeds of small-pox and other like terrible diseases. The same conditions are true of El Tor, Jeddah and Camaran, and the Indian health officials will, for the protection of its people as well as for the sake of the country's reputation, make strong endeavors to induce the authorities of the holy places of pilgrimage to take an interest in drainage and general sanitation; to have more scavengers, even if they have to have fewer priests. They think that the Western nations might profitably take an interest in the condition of things in Arabia, and the result of their investigations will be offered in the hope that steps will be taken to crush out the cholera plague in what they assume to prove its real endemic home.

Satisfactory Reason.

So you're editing Slappingger's Weekly, are you, J Robinson?"

"Yes."

"Control all the departments, don't you?"

"Yes; I run the whole thing."

"Why don't you change its name, then, to something with a more civilized sound about it?"

"Why—why, you see old Slappingger owns seventy-five per cent of the stock."

Chinese Birth Day.

In computing the age the Chinese always reckon back two years from the celebration of the first birthday, or, in other words, as though the person had been a year old at the time of birth.

His Affections.

First Boy—Which do you like best, your father or your mother?"

Second Boy—Well, I like my father best, mostly, but I like my mother best at mealtime.

APPLES OF DISCORD.

"What beautiful apples!" said she, stopping suddenly.

The tree whose apples she stopped to admire, was a fine one, and its branches hung full of delicious red fruit.

"I dearly love apples," she resumed. "I will find the owner of the orchard and ask him for some," I said.

"I prefer stolen apples," said she, quietly and a little sharply.

This try of the heart, and of the stomach, which revealed the natural fancy of the woman, recalled to my mind the temptation several thousand years ago. Without wishing to decry Mother Eve's beauty, I must say that she could not by any possibility have been so deliciously pretty, or so enchantingly lovely as was my fiance as she stood there gazing rapturously at those apples.

"The ditch is not wide and the wall is not very high," said my temptress, who looked as demure and innocent as a nun. This was plainly an invitation directed to my physical abilities. It was as if she had said: "You have long legs and strong arms; go and gather some apples for me."

I comprehended her meaning at once, and I also comprehended that I was placed in a very delicate situation, because if I am an officer of Chasseurs, I have distinct ideas in regard to the ownership of property.

After due reflection I courageously informed my fiance that I would not steal any apples for her.

"You are very gallant," said she in a tone which plainly signified that I was quite the reverse.

I saw at once that I was to be punished for this disobedience.

She turned her black eyes upon me, and gave me a most disdainful look; closed her rosy lips tightly together; withdrew her arms from mine; and, in fact, she brought to bear upon me all the cruel machinations that a lovely woman knows how to employ in such cases.

On our way to the house, I did my best to soften her, but without success.

The dinner, during which she never glanced in my direction, was a dull affair, and as soon as it was finished she started to leave the room without showing the least sign of forgiveness. I precipitated myself toward the door, however, and extended my hand for the usual friendly clasp; but though she allowed me to take her hand in mine, her fingers did not respond to my warm pressure; her little hand lay limp and cold in mine, while her manner indicated that she would have refused me even this, but for the people present.

"Bertha!" I murmured in a supplicating voice.

"Sir," she replied coldly, "I love apples—stolen apples."

After pronouncing those words my cruel love left the room and I at once took my departure and returned home. Arrived there, I threw myself upon a lounge and enjoyed the pleasure of going into a terrible rage.

May the Lord pardon me, but I believe I swore like a sous-officer, so furious was I against my fiance, against myself, against those apples and against everything and everybody. How could a promenade begun so happily end so disastrously? Is the caprice of a pretty woman of so much importance? But was she alone culpable? Had I not equally to be blamed for having surrendered myself in such a servile manner to her despotism that it was sufficient for her to assume a little displeasure in order to torture me to this point? I felt that I was a miserable coward. It made no difference in my estimation that I had displayed bravery on the field of battle. I felt that I was wanting in true courage, especially the kind that would promptly misused lover to revolt and shake off the tyranny of two beautiful eyes. In thinking of these things I evoked in spite of myself the face and form of Bertha. Fatal evocation! How beautiful! how seducing she appeared!

The dear little girl, she had had a caprice, a simple caprice, and I had brutally refused to gratify it.

And all of this trouble was on account of a few apples.

Would it be robbery to get those apples?

One does not steal apples, he takes them! One steals watches and purses. And then, where would there be any proof of love on my part unless I made an occasional sacrifice or did something besides agreeable and pleasant things in order to gratify my loved one?

"She shall have those apples," said I, at last, rising to my feet, and since she wishes it they shall be stolen apples.

It was an unusually dark night and the wind blew in violent gusts as I started on my errand.

In a few moments I stood in the street opposite the apple tree. Without a moment's hesitation I leaped the ditch and clambered over the wall into the orchard.

At the instant I raised my hand to grasp an apple a very near voice cried: "You thief! There you are at last!"

As I peered into the darkness whence the voice came, I saw the shining barrel of a gun pointed at my breast.

Instinctively I threw myself at my assailant who fired at the same moment, and I bore him to the ground.

I at once relaxed my hold upon his throat and springing to my feet, I was

about to fly, when to my horror he uttered a deep groan, followed by a sound which, when once heard, can never be forgotten—the death rattle.

I lit a match and, falling on my knees, held it close to the prostrate man's face. Great God, what a spectacle!

The face of an old man, with open, staring eyes, his long white hair bathed in blood, which flowed from a gaping wound near his temple; was what I saw by the flickering light of my match.

I also saw close beside his head the sharp and ragged point of a large stone and the cause of his death was at once revealed to me.

The moving lights of several lanterns in the distance warned me that the report of the old man's gun had aroused his family and neighbors, and, at once losing all control over myself, I fled, like a madman, straight before me.

At the end of a few steps I brought up suddenly against the door of an out-house, and, pressing on the latch, I penetrated into a region much darker than the night outside. I hastily lit a match, and looking about I saw a lantern hanging upon a nail directly in front of me. I lit the lantern at once, and by means of its light discovered a ladder, which led to a loft above.

I scrambled up the ladder and found myself in a large room filled with hay, containing a single window that overlooked the fields that skirted the lawn.

I had scarcely time to glance about me when I heard my pursuers with shouts and yells approach the barn, and in a moment they had gained the room below.

Cornered and desperate I threw my lantern aside and, rushing to the window, sprang to the ground below.

I fled like a deer through the field and, completely exhausted, I gained at last a piece of wood about a mile from town.

As I lay panting upon the ground I heard the clanging of a bell, then several, until in a moment the air seemed filled with their brazen peals. Springing to my feet I looked toward the town and I was horrified to see great sheets of flames issuing from the barn, where, in my mad flight, I had overturned the lantern. In a few moments the fire spread to the adjoining building and soon the whole street was in a blaze. Above the pealing of the bells I seemed to



THE FACE OF AN OLD MAN.

hear the words: "Assassin!" "Robber!" "Incendiary!" shrieked in menacing tones. And well I knew that I merited those infamous epithets. Yes, I, who had dreamed of a life of honor, had committed three terrible crimes in a few moments, by an enchantment of circumstances all proceeding from my weakness before the caprice of a pretty woman.

I held myself in horror and detestation, and I resolved that in piece of trying to save a life of so little value, to yield myself up to justice at once. With this object in view, I started for the town, and upon my arrival I went directly to my colonel and confessed my crimes. This accomplished, I fell into a state of unparalleled torpor. I had no perception of time, neither of the hours nor the days, and lived as one rushed by the weight of an inexorable fatality. Two terrible shocks, however, drew me for a short time from this lethargy. The day when condemned by a council of war, I stood before the comrades of my regiment, to undergo the horrible ceremony of degradation, I asked myself how it was possible to suffer such shame and live. Then came my trial before the civil authorities, who hastily condemned me to death. The decree of death was a deliverance; but I dreaded the mode of execution, and I recoiled in horror from the scaffold. "Not that! not that!" I cried and struggled madly against those who tried to place me under the noose.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my right hand; I heard the crack of breaking glass and, opening my eyes, I found myself in my chamber on the lounge, where I had fallen asleep while thinking of Bertha and those detestable apples. In my struggles I had broken a goblet which stood on a stand near by and one of the fragments had cut my hand.

The next day I told Bertha all about my agonies, real and imaginary. "It seems to me," I said in an impressive manner, "that my dream conveys a solemn warning and..."

"Bertranquill, my dear," she said. "I shall never ask you to steal apples for me again."

"Oh, thanks!" I cried.

"No," she resumed, "if I want any apples I shall know enough not to ask you to get them for me; I shall steal them myself."

I do really think I shall have trouble with that girl yet.

Educational Item.

Teacher—You were not at school yesterday.

Tommy—No, my father needed me at home.

Teacher—Why?

Tommy—To give me a licking.—Texas Siftings.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smokes 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 and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac," sold by all druggists.

Books at Drug Stores or by mail from Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. 361

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE In the matter of the estate of Donata Pierce, deceased, 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 ten 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 November, A. D. 1893 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

JOHN SMYRE, THEODORE CHILSON, Commissioners. Dated December 14th, 1893. 327-330

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19, 1893. Trains leave 21 months as follows: STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Train No. 4, 10:23 p. m.	Train No. 3, 3:30 a. m.	No. 6, 2:55 p. m.	No. 3, 9:15 a. m.
No. 8, 8:55 p. m.	No. 5, 2:10 p. m.	No. 10, 1:31 a. m.	No. 9, 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 the East.

For further information see Time Card of this company.

W. H. BALDWIN, JR., General Manager. W. F. POTTER, General Supt.

A. F. MARCHE, 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 Point, 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	7:00	11:20		6:40
Howard City	3:50		11:10	4:15
Ionia	7:30			6:10
Grand Lodge	8:30	2:38	12:02	7:20
Lansing	8:54	3:00	12:50	7:43
Williamston	9:20		1:21	8:10
Webberville	9:31		1:32	
Fowlerville	9:41		1:42	8:30
Howell	9:56	3:50	2:00	8:45
Howell Junction	9:59		2:03	
Brighton	10:13		2:19	9:02
Green Oak				
South Lyon	10:29		2:34	9:17
Salem	10:38		2:44	
Plymouth	10:53	4:40	3:03	9:40
Ar. Detroit	11:40	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	11:10	1:45	6:00
Plymouth	8:30	12:03	2:20	6:40
Salem	8:42	12:17		6:51
South Lyon	8:52	12:27		7:01
Green Oak				
Brighton	9:07	12:45		7:15
Howell Junction	9:19	12:57		7:27
Howell	9:23	1:05	3:07	7:38
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	4:00	8:34
Ar. Grand Rapids	10:55	2:55	4:16	9:00
Ionia	12:05	3:30		10:05
Howard City	1:45			11:45
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. 1:25 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. 1:31 p. m. 5:45 p. m. Local for White Cloud, Fremont and Big Rapids 5:45 a. m.

ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth. GEO. DEHAVEN, General Pass'r. Agent, Grand Rapids.

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12 B is Tickets \$1.

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C. A. FRISBEE,

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

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

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



With the only complete bicycle plant in the world, where every part of the machine is made from A to Z, is it any wonder that Victor Bicycles are acknowledged leaders? There's no bicycle like a Victor, and no plant so grandly complete as the one devoted exclusively to the manufacture of this king of wheels.

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MISSING LINK IS FOUND

THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

Write at once for prices to

THE referee in an Eastern prize fight became personally interested and walloped one of the principals. Unfortunately the police interfered before he had time to attend to the other.

MRS. MARTIN O'NEIL wept bitterly when for an atrocious murder her husband was sentenced to ten years in prison. She had recognized him as a brute, declined to live with him and laudably sought a divorce. But he killed a defenseless woman and the wife came back to shed tears down his neck. The case is merely cited as interesting to students of psychology.

A VERY grave mistake is made by persons out of work and in want who go from small towns to large cities in the hope of bettering their condition. As a rule the villages have less excessive and unusual poverty to relieve than the great centers of population, in proportion to their resources. Able-bodied single men, especially, should make their way toward the country rather than the cities. Many farmers who cannot afford to hire anybody for regular wages could give one or two men a piece a chance to earn their board and lodging by work in clearing up fields lately timbered, or in making improvements in farm buildings and fences.

THAT was a queer plea made by Prendergast's lawyer in the Chicago murder trial that if the prisoner had been in Washington during the silver agitation he would have killed the president instead of murdering Carter Harrison and throwing a black pall over the closing scenes of the great world's fair. It is an unusual thing for a lawyer to base his defense on the plea that if his client had not committed the crime in question he might have been guilty of even greater ones, but there is good reason for doubting the justice of such a plea. Its object is, of course, to prove the prisoner insane, but to the thoughtful mind it indicates simply that he has far too much method in his madness to escape punishment for his misdeeds.

It is pitiful to see Mr. Gladstone forced to defend the robbery of the British taxpayers, who are asked to pay the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha \$50,000 a year, while he is drawing salary as a reigning sovereign in another country. "You would not have his highness cease to be an Englishman," said Mr. Gladstone in reply to Labouchere's protest against the grant. And yet this is exactly what his highness has done. He has expatriated himself, and given his submission to the emperor of Germany, but with the avarice characteristic of his family he is willing to take money from the British people merely because he is the son of his mother. His highness has not only ceased to be an Englishman, but from an American standpoint he has ceased to have much claim to the title of gentleman.

THIS country is likely to have no aid from England in clearing the ocean of derelict vessels which are now so great a danger to commerce. The secretary of the British admiralty responded to a call for co-operation with our government, that it could not give any aid. This unwillingness to help in what it did not originate has always been characteristic of John Bull. It has, however, given this country the greater honor in doing the work alone. It was the United States that first proclaimed the doctrine of neutral rights and freedom of the high seas. So, too, with the general postal union, which now includes nearly the whole civilized world. Uncle Sam can afford to take the lead in clearing the high seas of derelicts. When the job is done the owners of English merchant ships will compel England to do its part in keeping the seas clear of the avoidable dangers which now threaten life and property.

THERE is such a thing as being overzealous—not to say premature—in the defense of one's domicile and household effects. The prevalence of a burglaristic epidemic justifies caution on the part of the citizen, but it does not warrant indiscriminate shooting. The case of Thomas Matthews and Daniel Ambrose is one in point. Mr. Ambrose, under the influence of wasail, wandered into the backyard of Mr. Matthews and caroled joyously. Mr. Matthews, disregarding the fact that house-breakers do not, as a rule, announce their presence with shout and song, jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Ambrose was a burglar, and riddled his anatomy with bullets, causing wounds from which he will be laid up a long time. This is all wrong. Bandits do not travel with brass bands, nor do burglars sing "After the Ball" while operating on back doors. Caution is necessary, therefore, in order to avoid making mistakes.

LONG HAIR THE BANE

THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS HAVE SET THE FASHION.

Use of a Sheaf of Hair to the Rushers of the Gridiron Field—if the New Fad Is Kept Up Long Barbers Will Go Hungry.

N EPIDEMIC OF long hair is upon us. On the streets, in the theaters, in cafes and everywhere people gather together may be seen flowing locks adorning the heads of men of all kinds. This capillary profusion is particularly noticeable in the cases of young men. At first sight one might suppose that the rising generation was universally suffering from unrequited love or afflicted with the divine afflatus. But it isn't pious or passion that is responsible; it is football.

It must not be supposed that all these hirsute individuals are football players, any more than that every man who wears a yachting cap knows the bowsprit of a boat from its keel, remarks the New York Sun. Many of them have never seen a football out-



SCRUBBING BRUSH, CHRYSANTHEMUM, AND MOP VARIETIES.

side of the windows of a sporting goods store; but the football man with his flowing locks is the hero of the hour, and so every young man must needs let his hair grow in the hope of making people think that he, too, is a leader on the gridiron field of mud and glory. The real football men who are primarily responsible for this new fashion have a good reason for their capillary luxuriance, as will be seen on consideration.

All other parts of the body except the head are protected by artificial means from injury. The canvas jacket worn over a heavy jersey protects the body and arms. Heavily padded canvas breeches cover the lower part of the body to below the knees, and stiff guards keep the feet of opposing players from the shins. The face of a full-rigged football player is a study in perverted physiognomy. Not only does he hold in his teeth a rubber mouth-piece and wear over his own nasal organ a false nose of hardened rubber which reaches up to the forehead, but even his ears are strapped down to prevent some enthusiastic foe from yanking them off. So all has been provided for but the head. A well-known rusher of past years once had a head guard made of metal pointed in front to fit over his head like a wig. The first time he wore this in a game he had lots of fun chipping pieces out of his opponent's head with the sharp point. When the opponent had been half scalped he became tired of this playful performance, and appealed to the umpire, who ruled the head piece out of the game. Since then hair has been the only protection.

When a candidate for one of the college teams leaves college at the end of the spring term he turns his attention to raising a crop of hair. By the time he returns in the fall he is generally ornamented with a luxuriant growth.



A certain latitude is allowed to personal taste in this matter. A player may keep his neck mowed close, letting the hair on top of his head grow long and hang over in a protecting mat. This is the style that Newell of Harvard affects. Or, like Phil King, the Princeton quarter back, he may let it grow all over his head. The value of this was seen in a recent game when the field was very muddy. King, being tackled about five yards from the goal line, plunged forward on his head and gracefully slid over for a touch down. But for his chrysanthemum capillary crop he would now probably be under medical treatment for gravel on the brain.

For a rush-line player the aggressive pompadour style is popular. It not only looks savage, but it is useful to poke into the eyes of the other team. Capt. Henkey of Yale is fixed in this way. His hair looks as if he could impale a man on it, but Yale men deny the rumor that he intends to braid it into horns with which to destroy the eyesight of his opponents. Whether it be of the chrysanthemum, mop or wire-brush variety, every football player must have his hair long, and a field on which two teams are gamboling and shaking their manes at each other is truly a remarkable sight. After witnessing a game a lady recently remarked that there was at least one point of difference between a football player and a prize fighter, and being asked what it was, replied: "About two and a half pounds of hair per capita."

It would be all very well if this hirsute peculiarity were confined to the bona fide players; but it isn't. The successful pigskin pursuer being the hero of the day, the less stalwart of his race and sex must needs imitate him, so all the chappies are discussing hair tonics and the barber shops are going into bankruptcy.

"Must be the propah thing, y' know," say the chappies. "Football's the real swaggah thing now. Gyurils all crazy ova the playahs. Short-haired fellah isn't in the race now, y' know."

So they are giving time and thought that might profitably be expended on the interior of their heads to the exterior, and Fifth avenue on a pleasant afternoon looks like a procession of Sutherland sisters in male attire. The flowing locks of George Francis Train are no longer a matter for comment as in the past, when an inebriated student who had been celebrating recent victory accosted that gentleman in Union Square and remarked:

"I say, ol' gent man, I do know what team you play on, but ain't it pretty near time y' got off th' field an' gave yer grea' gran' children a chance at th' ball?"

Even the schoolboys are in the clutches of the epidemic of capillomania. A 13-year-old lad who attends one of the Brooklyn academies could not be prevailed upon to get his hair cut. Finally his father ordered him sternly to go at once to the barber shop, and gave him a quarter with which to pay the barber. The boy went forth, and returned still with his hair unshorn, to the wrath of his father.

"Didn't I tell you to go to the barber's?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the young hopeful. "I've been there."

"Humph! Can't see any sign of it. Did he refuse to mow that crop at ordinary rates?"

"No, sir; the quarter was enough."



PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF HAIR PADDING.

"What did you do with the quarter, then?"

The lad dived down into a pocket and produced a bottle of hair tonic, which he held up to the gaze of his astonished parent.

"A feller isn't any good with his hair cut," he explained. "What you going to do when you go down on your head and get pushed along in the mud for five yards if you ain't got any hair?"

"Huh!" was all the astonished parent could find breath to say.

"Yes, sir. And sposed after you're down you get kicked in the head, where are you then? How'd you suppose a feller with his hair clipped would look after three or four other fellers had been walking 'round on his head?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the father. "Do you expect to become a victim of mob violence, or are you fearing an attack from highwaymen?"

"Nope; but all the fellers are wearing their hair long 'cause some time you might get on the football team, and then where'd you be without any hair?"

So the fad has reached the proportions of a fashion and extends to all classes. Hair tonics are at a premium; there is a financial stringency in the tonsorial line, and the man of fashion who is bald has a chance of wearing a long wig or going into seclusion until the football season is past.

Dedicated Graves of Distinguished Dead. The Woman's Literary club of Baltimore the other day scattered flowers on the graves of Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier, the poet; William H. Rinehart, the sculptor; Mrs. Almira Hart Lincoln Phelps, a noted educator; John P. Kennedy, the author; Mrs. Anne Monomee Semmiller and Mrs. Mary Spear Tietman, novelists; Junius Brutus Booth and others. They also sent a star of chrysanthemums to Frederick, Md., to be placed on the grave of Francis Scott Key, there. It is the club's annual custom to devote one day each year to decorating the graves of writers and artists.

WIT, HUMOR, SATIRE.

CURRENT PLEASANTRIES AND SHARP POINTS.

Original and Selected Reflections By the Fanny Writers—Every Man Has His Price—The Burglar's Predicament—School-Sick.

His Mother-in-Law Did It. Friend—So you and your wife have separated?

Bouttown—Yes. My mother-in-law is to blame. She was always making trouble between us.

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Yes, every time I told my wife anything that wasn't the exact truth, that mother-in-law of mine would find it out and tell her."

School-Sick.



Willy Staome—Say, where you going?

Johnny Gunn—Shooting. Ain't no school—teacher's sick.

Willy Staome—Confound him! Why didn't he tell me he was going to be sick? and then I wouldn't have been sick myself to-day.—Puck.

A College Journalist. Friend—How's that? Lost your position already? I thought you were the highest honor graduate in the Great American College of Journalism.

Young Journalist—That's what's the matter. All the professors kept dingling into my head the great journalistic motto, "Boil it down."

"Well?"

"Well, the first work I was given was editing the special cable dispatches. I boiled 'em down to about three inches, and this morning the proprietor kicked me out."—New York Weekly.

A Fortunate Boy. Papa—Don't you think you might get a prize this term if you should try hard?

Small Boy—No use. Sammy Smart takes all the prizes in our school.

"Why is that?"

"I don't know for sure, but I guess mebbe he's got a papa wot knows enough about arithmetic to help him out in his sums."

A Neighbor's Mistake. Little Miss Freckles—Your sister is taking music lessons, ain't she?

Little Miss Mugg—Yes, she's going to learn to play and sing.

"Is that wot it's for?"

"Of course."

"Then my papa made a mistake."

"How?"

"He said he guessed your papa wanted to buy th' next door neighbors' houses at a sacrifice."

He Lost Flesh. Mr. Weighbigg—Doctor, your anti-fat remedies are doing me a great deal of good. I'm losing flesh right along. But, seems to me, your charges are ruinously high.

Doctor (calmly)—That's part of the treatment.

Where the Tug Comes. George—It's easy enough to marry a rich woman if you wish to.

Gus—Eh? How can it be done?

George—All you have to do is to steer clear of the dowdier little angels who want to marry you.—New York Weekly.

"Every Man Has His Price."



In the Wrong Office. Actress—You are a divorce lawyer, I understand?

Lawyer—Yes, madame; I secure divorces without publicity.

Actress—Um—I'm in the wrong office. Good-day, sir.

Johnny's Soap. Mother—Goodness me! Your face and hands are almost black.

Little Johnny—Well, that new soap you bought me is sort o' brown.

McKINLEY ONCE MORE.

The Governor of the Buckeye State Inaugurated for a Second Term.

Columbus special: Gov. McKinley's inauguration to a second term as the chief executive of Ohio, was more of a social than political event. Col. James Kilbourne, a leading business man, and a possible Democrat nominee some day for congress, was chairman of the committee on reception. Lincoln Fritter, of the Thurman club; Dewitt C. Jones, postmaster during Mr. Cleveland's first term; Hon. T. F. Powell, who ran against Foraker for governor; John L. Trauger, who will probably be appointed postmaster by Mr. Cleveland; Allen W. Thurman and other Democrats of state or national reputation were conspicuous in the ceremonies.

About 5,000 men were in the procession, which was in charge of ex-Adj.-Gen. Axline and consisted of political clubs and militia from all over the state. The inauguration proper was held at the west front of the capitol. The governor was escorted by the legislative committee, consisting of members of each house, and received a cordial welcome from the large audience. Rev. Archibald A. E. Taylor, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church, invoked divine blessing upon the occasion, after which the governor was sworn into office by Chief Justice Bradbury, of the supreme court. The governor then spoke to the assembled people, but did not touch upon political subjects, but dealt principally upon the progress of the state.

The event of special social importance occurred in the senate chamber, when the governor, in charge of the committee on reception, received the people. The Arion, Liederkrantz and Maennerchor singing societies sang as one and also separate organizations. Neddermyer's orchestra and other music of high character constituted part of the program.

Whiting Talks of Our Navy. Washington special: Representative Whiting, of Michigan, who is a member of the ways and means committee, takes a novel view of our naval policy.

In an interview he said: "We have had no international complications worth mentioning of late years, except when some of our ships were anchored at foreign ports with nothing for the men to do but take a hand in any trouble which might come up. What is our naval policy, anyway? To employ a lot of experts to conduct experiments at an enormous expense to devise some sort of armor which no known projectiles can possibly smash? We hire another lot of experts at an equally great cost to experiment for the invention of projectiles which can pierce any armor that is made. We cannot possibly succeed along both lines. Where is it all going to end?"

An Aged Man's Sad Death. Old Mr. Vaughn, grandfather of W. W. Vaughn, president of Roscommon, went out for a walk along the Au Sable river bank near his grandson's residence. It was a high, steep bank, covered with snow and ice, and the old man got too near the edge and lost his footing, slipping down the steep incline into the river. The river is shallow at that point, but Mr. Vaughn was so feeble he could not get out nor make any one hear his voice, and he froze to death. He was 97 years old.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for location (Detroit, Chicago, New York) and various market items (Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, etc.) with prices.

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WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

New York, Jan. 8.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: It is questionable whether the working force in the great industries has increased as yet, though about the first of the year considerable increase was expected. The number of mills starting and stopping work is about the same. The volume of business represented by exchanges outside of New York is 12.2 per cent less than for the same week last year. Regarding the extent of decrease in various branches of business during the last half of '03 actual sales have been reported by 1,177 houses or companies showing a decrease of 21.7 per cent. In textile manufactures the decrease is 41 per cent, over 47 per cent in all woollens, 43 per cent in silk, 32 per cent in cotton manufactures, 23.2 per cent in hosiery and 2.6 per cent in mixed textiles. In dry goods the sales decreased only 12.2 per cent; stocks previously held having been much reduced. Decrease in sales of clothing 12.3 per cent; in iron and steel manufacture 3.8 per cent; hardware only 1.5 per cent; boot and shoe manufacture 16.6 per cent, but in the retail trade only 11.5 per cent. The decrease in furniture is 27.3 per cent, in jewelry 24.5 per cent. It is an interesting and encouraging fact that sales of groceries are slightly larger than last year, though a little less at the east and west, but greater at the south. The fact that in most branches the decrease appears smaller at the west than at the east, and smaller at the south than at the west, is one curious result of this novel investigation. The final classified returns of failures for 1903 are not yet complete, but the reports received for the latter part of December have swelled the aggregate of commercial liabilities to \$38,483,461, of which \$167,545,98 are of manufacturing failures, \$12,716,930 of trading failures and \$47,550,500 of other concerns. Complete returns will be given next week. For the past week the failures reported have been 511 in the United States, against 223 last year, and 41 in Canada, against 17 last year.

The best remedy for rheumatism—Mr. John W. Gristle, Newburgh, N. Y., writes: "I used Salvation Oil for Rheumatism and obtained great relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried, and I shall always keep it in the house."

Our best sugar crop last year was 8,000,000 pounds.

A great cure for cough—Dr. A. K. Morris, 456 Canton street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I took several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a bad cough and was entirely cured."

Over 2,000 tons of snails are annually eaten in Paris.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.



AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c, and \$1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels once a day. Address

GRATOR H. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—fat. The greatest fact in connection with

Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is partly digested fat—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED. Free.

ASTOR

CHAPTER VI

He was a man of middle years, with a high forehead, eyes shifty, a head low, lips thick and ohn, the head of a bulldog, harsh and hoarse, his breath When he was angry that round out in cursings and fury, m out-hoing of a savage dog than the humanity.

Serizier had his own particular well as his own particular battal house in the Avenue d'Italie had been formed into a gaol; and here this man kept those victims who were known as his prisoners. At the final day he cleared his prison by a massacre.

Serizier had not forgotten the Dominicans and their companions. At his bidding a detachment of soldiers came in search of them, and they were marched into Paris by the Barriere Fontainebleau, amidst hootings and insults and curses from the crowd, a little company of twenty hostages, five of whom wore the flowing black and white robes of the order.

No help from the French army. All yesterday they had been held at bay by the Federal artillery at Montrouge, and were only able to cross the ravines of La Bievre on the morning of the 31st.

The prisoners were hurried along, almost at a run, to the gaol in the Avenue d'Italie. Embarrassed by the voluminous folds of their robes they did not always walk fast enough, whereupon the soldiers struck them with the butt-end of their guns, calling out, "Quick, magpie!" in mockery of their black and white raiment; and so to the prison, which was already full to the brim, containing ninety-seven prisoners arrested in that district, and detained at Citizen Serizier's good pleasure. Bobecha, the gaoler, fatigued by having to write such a list of names, had gone out to refresh himself with a drink. While he was away the Communards came to the prison to ask the Dominicans to help in making the barricades; but the deputy-gaoler having some respect for the religious character sent fourteen National Guards, imprisoned for some military irregularity, instead of the priests. Bobeche, returning immediately after, was furious with his subordinate, and accused him of shedding the blood of patriots in order to spare the monks. He had a detachment of the 101st battalion at his heels and he ordered those tattered scoundrels to be brought out.

Bertrand, the subordinate, yielded after some opposition, and opened the door of the gaol.

"Come, magpies," cried Bobeche, "off with you to the barricade!" The Dominicans came but into the avenue, where they saw the detachment of the 101st, with Serizier at their head. This time they believed that all was over; but they were deceived, for their agony was to last a little longer.

Father Cotraut, the parveyor, stopped on the threshold of the prison.

"We will go no further," he said; "we are men of peace. Our religion forbids us to shed blood; we cannot fight, and we will not go to the barricade; but even under fire we will search for your wounded, and succor them."

This compromise would not have been accepted by Serizier, but the Communist soldiers were wavering, they were crying out that it would soon be impossible to hold the barricade against the hail of bullets from the Versailles.

"Enough," said Serizier to Father Cotraut; "promise to look after our wounded."

"Yes, we promise," answered the monk; "and you know it is what we have always done."

Serizier made a sign to Bobeche, and the prisoners were bundled back into the gaol. But they no longer deceived themselves with false hopes. They knew the respite was but brief. They prayed together, and made confession to each other. They might have been spared, perhaps; but the news brought to Serizier was exasperating and alarming. Some men flying from the Quartier Latin to fight again in the Avenue d'Italie told how the Pantheon, the great citadel of the insurrection, had been taken by the Versailles before there had been time to fire the mine which would have shattered dome and walls, arches and columns, in one vast heap of ruin. They told how Milliere, the chief of the insurgents in this quarter, had been shot, and that the French troops occupied the prison of La Sante. The circle which was soon to enclose the Communards of the 13th arrondissement was growing narrower and narrower.

What should they do? Fly, or stand their ground to the death?

A great many of the National Guard made off.

Serizier gathered himself together for a final effort.

"Burn!" he gasped; "we must burn everything!"

He rushed into a wine-shop and drank glass after glass of brandy. His wolfish soul, excited by alcohol, by fighting, by defeat, by the sight of the blood which reddened the road and the pavement, appeared in all its hideousness.

"Ah, has the end come so soon?" he cried, striking his clenched fist upon the pewter counter. "So be it! Everybody must die!"

He ran back to the avenue.

"Come, come," he roared, "men of the right metal, to smash the skulls of those magpies!"

A little crowd of Communards answered to his call, and, in advance of the band, two women presented themselves.

They were both furies—both had streaming locks of tangled hair, which were hideously suggestive of Medusa's snaky tresses; but one of the furies was young, and would have been handsome if her face had not been smeared and spattered with blood, and blackened by gunpowder. She wore the costume of a vivandiere, and had once been smart; but the gold-lace on her jacket hung in shreds, the blue cloth was stained with blood and mire. She carried a gun, which, in her exhaustion, she handed to Serizier, signing to him to reload it for her. She had hardly breath enough left for speech.

"The priests," she murmured hoarsely, as Serizier gave her back the loaded gun; "are they to be finished—at once?"

"At once," he answered; "there is no time for ceremony with those scoundrels. They

when a convulsive movement showed that life still throbbled amidst this mass of death, and one poor bleeding form that had faintly stirred received thirty-one bullets.

"See," cried Suzon, as Mortemar, slender, active, lithe, with youth and vigor on his side, sped lightly along the boulevard and vanished at a distant burning, "there goes one that will cheat us!"

She rushed off in pursuit of him, breathless, panting, mad with rage. Two of Serizier's lancers ran with her, pleasantly excited by the chase. The hunters reached the turning, and there, a few paces down the narrow street, leaning against a lamp-post, exhausted by the rapidity of his flight, stood the quarry.

The men fired instantly. Suzon lifted her gun to her shoulder, and then suddenly let it fall to her side. She dashed her hand across her eyes. Was it a dream? Was she for ever haunted, waking as well as sleeping, by that one face? Through the haze of blood and fire she saw the face of the man she loved—loved and hated, and hated and loved. She scarce knew which feeling was dominant in a breast where both fires burned so fiercely. She saw him, pale as ashes; his livid lips parted, his eyes staring wildly, as men look into the face of sudden violent death; hunted humanity at bay, the hounds closing round, the huntsman ready with his knife. A thin stream of blood trickled down the pale face. One of the bullets had grazed his temple.

"Hold, hold!" shrieked Suzon, throwing aside her gun, and stretching her arms wide in passionate entreaty; "do not fire!"

Too late; another volley whistled past her, as she sank on her knees, screaming, pleading, blaspheming. She did not know how to pray.

Gaston Mortemar fell without a groan. Suzon sprang to her feet, picked up her gun, and struck at the Communards with the butt-end, flinging about her like a devil.

Serizier's lancers burst out laughing. They thought she was drunk. In those days, when the atmosphere breathed cognac and absinthe, it was only natural that a woman should be drunk. They laughed, and left her, having done all there was to do here; left her grovelling on the ground by the lamp-post, alone with her dead, the warm May sun shining on her through the smoke of the battle, the air smelling of blood and burning.

While she hung over the prostrate figure, lying face downwards on the bloody dust, the rhythmic trot of the cavalry sounded in the distance, and the French troops were entering the Avenue d'Italie. Serizier had retired into the prison when the carnage was over, and was occupied in revising a list of victims who were to be despatched with something more of formality than he had deemed necessary in the case of the Dominicans; but at the moment when he was about to order out the first prisoners upon his list, his lieutenant rushed in, and whispered in his ear.

All was over. The column of cavalry was seen advancing. The colonel of the 13th legion flung aside his papers, dashed into the avenue, threw himself into one of the houses communicating with the Avenue de Cholsy, and disappeared.

When the French troops arrived they found nothing but mutilated corpses.

CHAPTER LX

THE NIGHT WATCH OF DEATH.

Fearful was the night that followed that hideous day. Burning, burning, burning; burning and bloodshed everywhere. The battle had become a massacre, the conflagration a sea of fire. Never had been seen such destruction. The public granaries on the quay, the vast storehouses of Villette, eight hundred burning houses, and as many more newly set on fire, the D'Orsay barracks, the Tuilleries, the Palais Royal, the Façade of the Legion of Honor, the Court of Archives, the Hotel de Ville, theatres, manufactories, libraries, the Rue de Lille, the Rue du Bac, blazing and falling into ruin, made Paris seem one mighty brazier, through which wound the Seine, like a river of molten brass.

During the earlier part of the struggle the regular troops had obeyed the orders of their leaders with calm submission, doing their duty bravely in that work of all combats—street warfare. But as the conflict went on, the sight of those flaming ruins, the savagery of the insurgents, exasperated them, and it was no longer possible to restrain their fury. Their hearts were hardened by many a bitter memory of past sufferings—of wasted heroisms, of captivity, sickness, hunger, long stages upon inhospitable roads, the shame of undeserved defeat—sufferings for which their sole recompense had been injury and insult. And these, who had fired the most glorious monuments of France, assassinated her bravest and best, what had they done during the war? They had drunk and swaggered, and held forth in wine shops; they had strengthened the hands of the foe by their squabbles and revolts, and had garnered their strength for the work of bloodshed and universal destruction.

The soldiers, who had been accused of cowardice, who had been hooted as "capitulators," felt that striking a terrible blow they were not only obeying the law, but avenging their country. The revolt had been pitiless; the punishment was untempered by mercy. The sanguinary laws which the Commune had promulgated reloaded upon herself. She, who had murdered her priests and soldiers, her justices and senators, perished in her turn by slaughter as merciless as her own.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Result of a Charm.

The following from the Rangoon Gazette about the origin of a fire gives a fairly good idea as to the extent people there are superstitious: "The fire originated in the house of a Burmese trader, whose wife, Mah Shwe Me, was disappointed at the non-appearance of her husband for the past month. She had consulted several neighbors as to the best means to be adopted to secure his return, and on Sunday evening saw a 'charmer,' who told her to place a lighted candle on her bed and leave the house at half an hour. She placed the lighted candle under her mosquito curtain, and went away, only to return to find the house and the adjoining on flames. Such is said to have been the origin of the fire. One hundred thirty-three houses were destroyed

The merchant fisheries off the coast of New England and Canada are practically exhausted.

Massachusetts has 2,121,203 savings bank depositors with aggregate deposits of \$399,538,196.

The Boston S. B. C. T. A. has bought a camera to photograph tight cheek reins and such like.

According to the United States consul at Singapore, one-half the world's tin is mined in the Straits Settlements.

During the present century the food supply of the principal nations has increased in a much greater ratio than the population.

Quiteau's skull was kept in the army medical museum which collapsed in Washington, killing and maiming so many people. It is probably buried in the ruins and ground to powder.

The Imperial canal of China is the longest in the world and greatest in point of traffic. Its length is 2,200 miles and it connects 41 cities situated on its banks. It was completed in 1350, after 600 years spent on its construction.

Mrs. Luther Bryant of Neshannock township, Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, had a desperate encounter with a bull, lately. She was driving the animal into a barn when it turned and tossed her in the air. When it renewed the charge she caught it by a ring in its nose and held it until help arrived.

BROWN'S PILLS stimulate the system in the saliva; remove depression, give appetite, and make the sick well.

The strawberry crop of this country is estimated at 3,000,000 tons a year.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Paris killed last year 11,853 old horses for roasts and soup.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.

The English eat every year 95,000 tons of American apples.

Cole's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The world annually makes and eats 1,000,000 tons of butter and cheese.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and give that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

There are 50,000 bushels of peas annually grown in this country.

Jane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.

This country's crop of peas is estimated at 70,000,000 bushels.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy and give prompt relief. 25c. a box.

The pork packers of this country last year killed and packed 20,912,000 hogs.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1884.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the inflamed mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The fruit crop of this country, mostly devoured at home, is valued at \$210,000,000 a year.

It is said that 900 tons of cottonseed oil are annually refined and sold under other names.

The wheat product of the world is 45,000,000 tons, which is mostly devoured before the next crop.

IT FILLS THE BILL

—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Glen Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va. R. V. PRITCH, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food fermented in my stomach. A physician pronounced my case "Catarrh of the stomach," but he could not help me. I lived a month without solid food and when I tried to eat I would vomit. At this time I began taking Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better. I am now in good health, and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating—having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.

Yours truly, MARY ANGLISE.

The Plan of Selling Medicines Through Dealers, ON TRIAL, IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE

CATARRH

IN CH...

For over two years was made miserable. The discharge from constant and became inflamed.

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Saturday morning will find us located in the Safe where we will be pleased to see all our old customers and many new ones. We shall be glad to sell you the very best goods at very lowest prices. We shall also add to our present line of Men's and Childrens Shoes, which will be bought of the very best manufacturers and every pair guaranteed perfect in quality, style and fit.

SATURDAY As an opener, we have the greatest bargain ever shown in town, in Overcoats, Ulsters, Suits, Odd Pants, Shirts, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Trunks, and Valises.

Everything will be offered at Special Bargain Prices.

Everybody invited to call and see our new store, whether you wish to buy or not.

Respectfully, **E. L. RIGGS**, The Plymouth, Outfitter.

ACCUMULATED WISDOM.

How we all admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice. If happiness in this life is your object, don't try too hard to get rich. Bad men do it, but only because they have to; good men, because they love to. Whenever we try to make others happy, we get paid, for it in heaven's money. Some people never do find out that there is joy in giving, because they do not give enough. Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best, in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best. The man who starts out to be a reformer should be well prepared for bad roads and rough weather. There is seldom a line of glory written on the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it. Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength. It is a form of excuse for wrongdoing that we meant to do right, if we have not used our best powers to discover what is right. He who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal. We should rule ourselves with a firm hand. Being our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions. False happiness is like false money—it passes for a time as well as the true; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss. The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

OVER THE SEA.

A mine in Bohemia is 3,280 feet deep. Ukase No. 227 makes 150,000 more Russian soldiers. Nearly as much fish is said to be eaten in London as meat. In Norway men have to be vaccinated before they can vote. The projected canal from Marseilles to the river Rhone is receiving great attention in Marseilles. A ship canal across Ireland is the latest project in that line of undertakings. The cost is estimated at \$40,000,000. The question whether a female claiming to be a "lady" was libeled by being called a "woman" was decided by a British judge and jury in the negative. The famous Lion brewery at Munich has a hall that will hold 4,000 guests, placed around little tables where they can enjoy the celebrated brew of the place, while listening to the bands. The Paris exposition of 1900 will be in a more central site even than the last one. It will extend from the Trocadero to the Tuileries garden, so that visitors will not be taken so far from the shops and restaurants. Recent discoveries in Egypt and Chaldea, says Mr. Boscawen, indicate that although the monuments there date back about 5,000 years before the Christian era, they do not constitute our sources of history. The origin of these people is traced to Western Persia. In Persia, show more than in any other part of the world. The poet says: "When you'll see the church clock."

Mrs. Temple, wife of the bishop of London, is a shorthand writer. There is nothing a man hates worse than to have his wife say she wants to have a private talk with him. "Fweddy, we can't get through this crowd." "Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with an umbrella. We will follow her." There are gracious, serene, hopeful and happy old women, who are more beautiful in their wrinkles than they were in their maiden roses. Women who have babies don't look so pretty when they are young as those who have none, but they are better looking when they become old. Personal in daily paper: "The young lady to whom I became engaged at the ball last night is hereby requested to send her name and address to the office of this paper." Mamma, after the elderly visitor had gone away—You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie. She was not going to harm you, Willie—She wasn't, hey? She had her mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow. The czar of Russia is very fond of music, and he is an accomplished singer. The zarina also delights in hearing the well known Norse ballads of her childhood. All the children of the czar and zarina are likewise endowed with a deep love of music, particularly the youthful grand-duchess, Xenia. Dr. Lankester has been searching the old newspapers and quotes the following curious advertisement: "Wanted—A woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fashion and fortune; the woman must be of the church of England, have had the small-pox in the natural way, very sober, steady and well-behaved, and understand dress, getting up lace and fine linen, and doing all things necessary for a young lady that goes into all public places and keeps the best company. Inquire of the printer of this paper.—October 1, 1774."

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT.

Toole, the great comedian, is an inveterate practical joker. Several years ago he gave a supper to eighty of his friends, but beforehand he wrote a note privately to each one asking him if he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. When Toole rapped on the table as a signal for grace and the eighty men arose to their feet, the faces of the company were a study never to be forgotten. Although so many were ready to say grace, it was a graceless performance. A humorist in Japan who jested all his life told his friends when he was dying that his body was not to be washed after his death, but was to be taken at once to the family temple to be cremated. When he died his instructions were followed and the chief priest took the body to the cremation ground. As soon as it was set on fire the mourners were astonished by several loud explosions. At first they were inclined to take to their heels, but curiosity got the better of fear, and careful inspection showed that the humorist had stowed away a large number of firecrackers about his person before his death. When Coleridge was staying among the Quantox hills he was fond of riding over to Taunton whenever he could find a sober steed. One day on a familiar road his horse cast a shoe and he stopped at a village to have it replaced. "What time is it?" he asked the smith, chiefly with the desire of making conversation. "I'll tell 'ee present, sir," said the man. "Then he lifted a hind foot of the horse, looked across it attentively and added, "Half past eleven." "How do you know?" asked Coleridge. "Do 'ee think as I've rode horses all my life and don't know what o'clock it is?" The poet was puzzled, but he returned to the smith and offered the blacksmith a shilling to show him how he could get off a horse's hoof. "I'll show 'ee with a twinkie in his eye, do 'ee stoop down and look through the hole in yon pollard and you'll see the church clock."

Johnnie—So you were really in the war. Colonel Jenks—Yes, Johnnie; why, one bullet grazed my arm. Johnnie—Couldn't you find a wider tree. She—So you've really made up your mind to go to Scotland next week? He—Rather. She—None of your larks with the Highland lassies. He—No; only grouse and partridges—no larks! "I think your figures are pretty high," said the lady who was pricing feather beds and pillows. "Madame," said the clerk, with a scarcely perceptible twinkle in his eye, "all our best goods are marked down." "I hope you will be lenient with me, your lordship," said the thief, as he stood to be sentenced; "I have a good many dependent on me for their support." "Children?" said the judge. "No. Police detectives." "Your daughter has a remarkably pretty foot, Mrs. Snagg," said Mrs. Bloomfield to her friend. "Indeed, she has," replied the grateful mother. "And I have decided to let some good sculptor make a bust of it." The marquis de Calinaux is angry with his old friend Tampin and wishes to annoy him in some way. After long thought he goes to the postoffice and says to a clerk, "Kindly let me have a defamatory postal card." "Can't you wait upon me?" said the impatient customer. "Two pounds of liver; I'm in a hurry." "Sorry," said the butcher; "but there are two or three ahead of you. Surely, you would not have your liver out of order. The Young Housewife—You have some potatoes, Nora? Nora, the cook—Yes, ma'am. The Young Housewife—And there's plenty of sugar in the house? Nora—Yes, mum. The Young Housewife—Well, then, let us have a dish of sweet potatoes at dinner. Friend—What a perfectly lovely dress you wore last evening—the very latest Parisian style, too, only received two days ago. Your dress-makers must be wonderfully quick. Where did you get it made? Miss Bangupp—My grandmother found it in my great-grandmother's old trunk. Mrs. Parvenu—Here are Mrs. Du Monde's cards, left this afternoon. What does she mean by 'P. P. C.' down in the corner, I wonder? Her Daughter—Only that she is about to go away—to travel, I fancy. Mrs. P.—Oh! I suppose she wants people to know that she's going on a Pullman palace car. Stuck-up thing.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

A Hoboken woman's husband remarked testily that he "wouldn't give two cents for her way of cooking," and she has made it the basis of a suit for divorce. A good tonic for the hair is of salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to a half pint of water, applied two or three times a week. The good effect at the end of a month will be surprising. Robert Wagner and Harvey Allen were found dead in a barn on the outskirts of Allentown, Pa. The men are said to have drunk nearly two kegs of beer. Forty years ago a mulatto boy of Chatham county, North Carolina, was sold into slavery and was taken to Georgia. A few days ago he returned, a venerable-looking man and worth more than \$500,000. At Scranton, Pa., Grant Griffin and Stephen Doyle were at the theater and saw a Western border act. The boys next morning took a Flobert gun and battled with imaginary Indians. Doyle accidentally fired the gun and Griffin was shot through the heart. A black mare employed at a hotel in Skowhegan, Maine, leaves drummers' trunks at certain stores in the morning and after dinner she will of her own accord back up to those very stores to get the trunks. She knows the time tables and seldom misses a train. Three-year-old Charlie Snider fell into a sixty-foot well at Mountain Top, Huntington county, Pennsylvania. His mother descended the rope, head over hand, and found her child unconscious. Barring some bruises he is as well as ever, but the mother's restoration will require time.

Boodle—A dollar doesn't go nearly so far as it used to. Noodle—No, but then it goes much faster. She—Charley Touchall never seems to work. What does he do for a living? He, with a sigh—His friends. "It's funny about bridal pairs. They're not like other pairs at all." "Why not?" "They're softest when they're green." Johnnie—I guess mermaids must be the happiest people in the world. Mamma—Why, dear? Johnnie—Well, they don't have to wash their faces or black any shoes. Bad Boy, gleefully—I had the earache this morning. Good Boy—What good is that? Bad Boy—Me mother put cotton in me ears and now I don't hear 'er when she calls. "I have noticed," says Uncle Mose, "dat de man wot won't do noffin' less'n he's paid fer it, will do anything, no matter how mean it am, pervidin' he do git paid for it." "Begorrah," said Mr. Dolan, "O'ive thought av a way to find a poshtal carrud so that no wan kin tell phwats in it." "How do you do it?" "I put it inside av an invillup and sind thot!" Judge—What is the charge against these young men? Detective Sleuth-pup—Malicious cruelty, yer honor. "How so?" "I caught them waking up night watchmen and policemen and then running away." Husband—Let us go to the concert, my dear; I understand that there are some beautiful love songs on the program. Wife—All right. If you wish to refresh your memory by listening to love songs I certainly have no objection. Young Minister—What can we do to make our services sufficiently interesting to draw in the non-church-going? Deacon, thoughtfully—I dunno of anything except to do away with the sermons and substitute a service of song. "Rose," said the adorer, taking his hat and cane for the seventh time, and making the third bluff at leaving since 11 o'clock, "Rose, bid me but hope. I could wait for you forever." "That's all very well, Mr. Staylate," said the beautiful girl, coldly, "but you needn't begin to-night."

SO SCIENCE SAYS.

In Malta the virus of the bee sting is regarded as an infallible cure for rheumatism, and the remedy is resorted to in all severe cases. A new method of coloring iron has been discovered in England which entirely prevents rust, even though the metal be brought to a red heat. Gold leaf when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but 1-250,000th of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light. The average annual rainfall in the vicinity of Neah Bay, Wash., is about 100 inches. The average annual precipitation at Pasco, in Washington, a little more than 200 miles east of Neah Bay, does not exceed ten inches. The Electric Review says that women have great difficulty in making themselves understood over the long distance telephone on account of the high notes of their voices, while all right on short lines, do not carry well for long distances. Prof David P. Todd of Amherst college has begun preliminary arrangements for an expedition to Japan in 1896 to view the next available total eclipse of the sun, which will come on August 9, of that year. The party is to be a large one. Wet boots and shoes can be dried without the stiffness and discomfort which usually follows by filling them up with oats and letting them stand a few hours. The oats absorb all the moisture and leave the boots as pliable as before their wetting. The same oats can be used over and over. If housekeepers better understood the nature of charcoal there would be a great deal more of it employed about kitchens and in cupboards where fruit is kept. There is no more powerful deodorizer in the world than charcoal. A few lumps of it, each the size of an egg, laid in the cupboard, will effectually prevent that dinner-room smell which many persons find very offensive.

In India there are more married women, in proportion to the population, than in any other country. Of women between fifteen and forty years of age, eighty-four per cent are married. In Europe, with the exception of Hungary, the percentage is only forty. D. E. Bestwick's clothes were caught in a shaft at the New Brighton, Pa., hollow ware works. He was whirled around so rapidly that the eye could scarcely follow him for a minute, and then flung to the floor, stripped of every stitch of clothing. One arm was broken and one shoulder dislocated. A broomstick and a bucket bail were the implements used by Andrew Johnson, a criminal in the jail at Grantsburg, Wis., in hanging himself. He placed the broomstick across the ventilator of his cell, tied one end of a pillow case to it, made the other end fast to the bucket bail that he had fastened about his neck, and then dropped and slowly strangled to death. It may not be known to the general reader, says a medical journal, that a rifle ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass directly through. That is to say, a ball turned from its course by a rib, passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight, if enough of its initial velocity remains. King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a little town, which was festively decorated for the occasion. Among the rest, a huge transparency, affixed to a gloomy looking edifice, attracted his attention. It bore the inscription: "Welcome to Your Majesty!" in gigantic characters. "What building is that?" the king inquired. "That is the country prison, your majesty," replied one of the aldermen. The king laughed, and was heard to observe: "That is carrying matters a little too far!"

SONS OF ADAM.

The man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby. It will make any man vain to see his picture in a photographer's show window. John E. Collins of Rimini, Montana, was married, divorced and committed suicide inside of one week. Rev. A. S. Freeman of the Central Presbyterian church, Haverstraw, N. Y., has completed forty-seven years of pastoral service. Fish Dealer—Do you think your wife would like a fine roe shad? Customer—No. She can't talk and eat shad at the same time. It is not safe to gauge a man's courage by the tone of voice he employs when he speaks to the office-boy. Wait till you hear him address his wife. In Paris there are several women who are empowered by police permits to wear masculine clothing. These include a famous artist and several whose professional duties are arduous. A certain country sexton in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: Died, John Smith, male; aged 3 days; unmarried. "Yes," said the old man, "I have always found it best to pay cash. I have paid cash for everything I've got, but my wife. I got her for nothing, and she's the dearest thing I ever got. A man was seen loafing about a building that was being painted at Belfast, Maine. When asked if he wanted a job he said he was only waiting for the men to be paid off, as he wanted to borrow a dollar. "Do you find enough to keep you busy these days, Jim?" "You bet. I'm putting up a bigger day's work these days than I ever did before." "Why, I thought you had given up your job?" "So I did. I'm looking for another." "By rra, but I've got the best of that purchasing railway this time, anyhow," said a Hibernian, who had a grudge against the company in question. "How is that, Dennis?" asked a bystander. "I bought a return ticket, and faith I'm not coming back at all at all!" was the triumphant reply.